Dynamic out of Silence

THEOPHIL SPOERRI

Frank Buchman's relevance today

DYNAMIC OUT OF SILENCE

Frank Buchman's relevance today

THEOPHIL SPOERRI

GROSVENOR BOOKS · LONDON

Originally published under
the title *Dynamik aus der Stille*
(Caux Verlag, Luzern, 1971).
Also available in French,
Dutch and Norwegian.

This edition published June 1976
by Grosvenor Books,
54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ.
21 Dorcas Street, South Melbourne,
Victoria 3205, Australia and
P O Box 1834, Wellington, New Zealand.

Reprinted 1977 and 1981

ISBN 0 901269 19 0 paperback
0 901269 61 1 hardback

PRINTED IN MALTA BY INTERPRINT LTD

Contents

CONTENTS

Foreword

Theophil Spoerri was a man of great intellect, but greater heart. That was always my impression as I met him through the years from the late 1930's until his death on Christmas Eve, 1975. As he grew older, his mind kept its freshness while his heart warmed further and matured.

Of his learning there can be no question. After studying literature and education at the Universities of Zurich, Bern, Paris and Siena, he first taught at the *Freies Gymnasium* at Bern. Then, at the age of thirty-two, he was appointed Professor of French and Italian Literature at Zurich University, a chair which he graced until his retirement thirty-four years later. He was Rector of the University from 1948 to 1950.

His books on Pascal and Dante gained him a European reputation. The city of Florence awarded him its Gold Medal for his works on Dante, for which the Italian government also entitled him 'Commendatore'. His literary interests were always wide. Between 1943 and 1951, he and a colleague edited and published the literary review, *Trivium*, which brought together original German, French and Italian literary thought.

It was in 1932 that Professor Spoerri met the subject of this book. Spoerri often described how that meeting transformed his life and how, in particular, it brought him down from his study at the top of his tall Zurich house to

the lower floors as people became for him even more important than books. His leadership of the *Gotthardbund* (*League of the Gotthard*) during the war was an extension of that new involvement. Its object was to fight against defeatism and ideological infiltration when Switzerland was surrounded, and it played a distinguished part in the battle for freedom. The picture I have of Spoerri in the years since then is of him surrounded by people—workers, students, Asians, Africans, East European dissidents, all kinds of people, especially young people. Spoerri is always listening—listening and then just putting in the crucial word which liberated a mind or a heart to a wider destiny.

Spoerri was a perfectionist, as the history of this book shows. He once told me that he had written five books about Frank Buchman, and discarded them one after another, through the years, as not satisfying him. The problem, of course, was the difficulty of the subject. How to catch this 'extraordinary, ordinary man', who did so much and was so controversial, in a book of manageable proportions? It is the marvellous economy of the writing of this, his sixth attempt, which I particularly admire.

Professor Spoerri's study, the first by an international scholar who had adequate opportunity to know and observe him, will be appreciated by all who value our Christian heritage.

GARTH LEAN

Oxford, April 1976

THE BEGINNINGS

Introduction

My first meeting with Frank Buchman was a surprise because there was nothing surprising about it. I had heard remarkable things about him and so expected to see an unusual personality. Instead, he turned out to be a man of medium height, wearing glasses, with a rather pointed nose and roundish head. From his well-groomed appearance I would have associated him more with the board-room than the pulpit.

There was nothing spectacular about him. The effect he produced was due more to quietness than to anything he said. His gift was to make the ordinary the basis of the extraordinary, the ordinary man the doer of extraordinary things.

In a day when so many hate what is ordinary and turn to dangerous ways of escape into the extraordinary, Frank Buchman saw with clarity that it is in the midst of, and out of, the ordinary that man can discover and create the extraordinary.

Beloved Pennsylvania

Frank Buchman's origins gave no hint that he would be one of the men who stir and shake the world.

It is not easy now to picture what a small American town looked like at the end of the nineteenth century, though Allentown today still lies in an idyllic countryside reminiscent of Switzerland; and the 'Pennsylvania Dutch', who settled this farming country after emigrating from Europe, still speak—as Frank Buchman did—a dialect that sounds like a mixture of Swabian and Swiss German.

About the year 1750, a certain Martin Buchman and his family emigrated from St Gallen in the eastern part of Switzerland. They sailed in the *Phoenix* from Amsterdam, landed at Philadelphia, and started a farm near Pennsburg, Pennsylvania. One of his descendants, the father of Frank Buchman, was enterprising enough to go as far west as Indiana where he worked on building roads. After catching malaria, however, he returned to the old Buchman farm. In 1875 he married Sarah Greenwalt and set up in a general store in Pennsburg. The income from this enabled him to open a small hotel in a house which is still standing today. It catered mainly for business men and commercial travellers. It was very much a family business. 'I used to wash the dishes,' Frank Buchman recalled.

Pennsburg was a village with one main street and a

population of about twelve hundred. As a boy, if he could not get to sleep at night, Frank Buchman used to count over the inhabitants name by name, house by house. The people there, used to working hard in the fields, very strict in church observance, were noted above all for their hospitality. No matter what house you went into, you would always be invited to sit down and join in the family meal.

Frank Buchman lived there until he was fifteen and liked to recall these early years. 'I used to walk the one-and-a-half miles to the upper Perkiomen River with Daddy Sheip,' he would say. 'It had a creek where there was good fishing and Daddy Sheip knew just which part of the bank to choose. We had to converse in whispers and if a fish got away from him it was always my fault. We were real fishermen though, and next morning I would fry my fish for breakfast. It was a happy time.'

The school in Pennsburg had just been opened when he entered it at the age of eight.

At fifteen he had to move to a high school. As the nearest was in Allentown, Frank Buchman senior sold the hotel in Pennsburg and opened a restaurant on Allentown's main street. He used to sell a drink called sarsaparilla, a forerunner of Coca-Cola. 'Nobody ever came to our home without getting a glass of sarsaparilla,' Frank said.

Frank Buchman senior was a keen sportsman. Every Saturday he drove to the races behind his two spanking black horses. 'I was allowed to go too, but not allowed to bet.'

From his father Frank inherited a sociable nature and a sense of humour. From his mother came deeply rooted moral convictions and a firm faith. A large photograph of her hung opposite his bed, and her eyes show how much

she understood and how little she missed.

She was a magnificent cook. Frank could always bring friends to meals without letting her know ahead.

The Buchmans lived in a two-storey house on 11th Street, one of a row of houses at the end of town where, at that time, the well-to-do families had their homes. A tram drawn by mules, which went as far as 12th Street, passed the house.

Frank enjoyed his high school years. He liked to go to dances and these often lasted all night. In winter time he and his friends would drive home early in the morning by sled. In summer he went on cycling trips throughout the district. He used to described the Kistler Valley, where his relations lived, as 'the second most beautiful valley in the world'. The apples which grow there still retain the scent of their Swiss ancestry.

When the time came to choose a career, his parents' dearest wish was that he should be ordained and become the pastor of some well-appointed church. So he went to Muhlenberg College to study theology. He found there, as is common in theological circles, a cleavage between strictly orthodox views and liberal tendencies. There are clergymen in Allentown today who still get worked up over the fact that their former fellow-student Buchman was, in those days, a conservative Lutheran. One of his professors spoke of him as 'a young man of character who would stand up for his convictions with firmness, though at the same time remaining perfectly natural, friendly, and full of fun'.

He had a strong artistic vein, although a girl in the painting class remarked, 'He came to the classes because he liked me and liked the teacher.' When he moved to the Mt Airy Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, a passion

for the theatre grew alongside his interest in his studies, in outdoor games, in painting, and in social activities. He saw Sarah Bernhardt playing in *Hamlet* and could remember performances he had attended of *Cyrano*, *Götterdämmerung*, and *Carmen*. But his main interest even then was in social work. He read everything he could lay his hands on about the social welfare institutions of the Catholic Church and the Inner Mission of the German Lutherans. He began himself to visit old people's homes, children's homes, and prisons.

It became obvious that his parents' dream of having their son near them on home soil, in secure and dignified employment, would not be fulfilled. However much he may have appreciated the good, solid traditions of his beloved Pennsylvania, it was impossible for him to resist the pull towards a wider horizon.

The wider horizon

In November 1901 there is a note in Buchman's diary that he wanted to travel to India. He was then twenty-three, but the attraction of the Far East had awakened in him much earlier. Among his books, which can still be seen in his study in Allentown, there is a remarkable number on the Indian religions, Chinese philosophy, and Japanese customs.

His parents were horrified when they heard of such strange ideas especially as, in Frank's case, ideas were likely to result in action.

'Mother writes that Aunt Mary says the good Lord

does not want me to go to India. Father says he doesn't even want to hear about it—he's absolutely against it. It makes me sad. I would so much like to go.' (Diary entry).

But another aunt, Mary Eisenhart, felt that his was to be an unusual ministry. When, full of theological knowledge, he was getting ready for ordination, she did not think that the white bands of a preacher suited him. Pointing a fragile yet firm finger at them she said, 'Frank, you can't change people in crowds, you can only win them as individuals, one by one. Personal work—that's what you must do!'

Frank Buchman began to hear, deep inside, a voice that spoke to him across the centuries. At the time of the Reformation there had lived a family ancestor who, following the learned custom of classical scholars, had translated his name, Buchman, into its Greek equivalent—Bibliander. This Bibliander was Ulrich Zwingli's successor as professor of Greek and Latin at the Academy in Zurich, after Zwingli's violent death on the field of Kappel in 1531. At a time when the Turks were besieging Vienna and every pulpit was thundering against the 'Mohammedan adversaries of Christ', Bibliander had the unheard-of courage to publish the Koran in a Latin translation, Latin being the one language which was intelligible to every educated European of the day. It was such a bold deed that the Basel publisher who printed it was thrown into prison and only released from his dungeon at the personal intercession of Luther.

The book reached the public and received widespread notice. But Bibliander went still further. It was only with the greatest difficulty that his friends were able to hold him back from setting off for Egypt to proclaim Christ in the very heart of Islam. So he set down in writing what

was on his heart. In 1553 he wrote the tract entitled *On the most high, lawful, eternal and sole Lordship of the world (Ueber die höchste, gesetzmässige und immerwährende Alleinherrschaft der Welt)*. On the title page the name of the author was followed by a greeting—'To all Christians, Jews and Mohammedan Moslems, Theodor Bibliander wishes grace, peace and every blessing from the Lord God.'

The work was so revolutionary that it never appeared in print. But Bibliander's fighting spirit was not to be suppressed, though some sought to silence him with threats and public accusations. As a last resort he was dismissed from his post for 'mental infirmity'. In spite of that, in 1562 he brought out another explosive work—*The Gospel promise is general and universal, not particular (Die evangelische Verheissung ist allgemein und universal, nicht partikular).* Shortly afterwards Bibliander and his two sons fell victims to the plague, the 'Black Death'.

Buchman did not yet know all this. He was under the impression that Bibliander had translated the Koran into German. Yet the same urge towards the universal burned in him too, and was to find ever clearer expression in his life and work.

At the turn of the century this inborn urge met a movement which came as a fresh stimulus of original Christianity, challenging both the dry-as-dust orthodox and the watered-down liberal theologies. It was a movement of youth, with university students in the lead. At summer conferences of the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) and of the Student Christian Movement (SCM) a fresh ecumenical wind was blowing. The movement went deep—personal renewal on a biblical basis;

and it went wide—renewal of society through social work. In Germany its slogan 'Social Christianity' (*Soziales Christentum*) went out beyond the Church into politics through the work of resolute men like Stoecker and Le Seur. The institutions set up by von Bodelschwingh were putting into practice care for the neglected. F.W. Foerster applied similar ideas fruitfully in the field of education. Youth hospices were opened. A new organisation called 'Settlement' grew up in the cities. For this, a group of young people would come together in simple lodgings, gather in homeless boys, then extend and improve the accommodation as required. They would make their own rules for daily living both on the material and on the spiritual side. A managing committee would see to financial help where it was needed.

A spiritual awakening spread in America through the work of evangelists like Moody and took root in Britain through Henry Drummond and others. An American, John R. Mott, who was a gifted organiser, held these different movements together under his dynamic leadership. His campaigns in the universities of the Old and New Worlds were prepared and accompanied by striking publicity techniques which irritated traditional churchmen. Mott was an imposing personality and was successful in winning the interest of many prominent statesmen. For his efforts in the cause of unity he was awarded the Nobel Prize.

Frank Buchman took part in his summer conferences, and Mott's aim 'to evangelise the world in this generation' kindled a fire in his heart as in countless others. No fewer than 14,000 young university men went out to mission fields all over the world inspired by Mott's vision.

Another man who had an influence on Buchman was

the brilliant student preacher, Robert Speer. Speer's book *The Principles of Jesus* (1902) has a chapter entitled 'Jesus and the Standards' in which he lists honesty, purity, unselfishness and love as the standards of the Sermon on the Mount, standards which became for Buchman the basis of his work.

It is interesting to wonder why it is that an expression of principles whose origins are long since forgotten (who now reads Robert Speer?) became so effective in the hands of Frank Buchman that they still move people today.

First Steps

After his ordination in the summer of 1902, Frank Buchman, tempering youthful ambition with Christian humility, asked for 'the most difficult job in the most difficult part of town'. He was put in charge of a mission in a run-down section of Philadelphia and given two floors above a corner shop in Lancaster Avenue—all this without any guaranteed salary. The building had little in the way of furnishings, as can be seen from a letter to his mother. 'One friend has lent me a bed without a mattress, another a table, still another a bit of carpet.' Soon he turned the corner shop into the 'Church of the Good Shepherd', and it became a gathering place where he and his friends met and where they would often talk far into the night. He kept open house for boys off the streets and would give those who came a meal and, if necessary, a place to sleep.

One night during a snow storm there was a knock at the door. When Buchman opened the door a boy stumbled in. He was welcomed and looked after, though, as it turned out, he was from the home of a well-to-do family.

Then Buchman heard about a student said to be living close to the edge of starvation. He went and found the student and took him in too. There were no more beds however, so he got in touch with a friend whose mother arranged for Buchman to collect a bed from a department store at her expense.

In addition to running this mission, he did a great deal for the blind, helping them with their work, inviting them in for meals whenever he could. A blind girl who later worked among the blind in Asia and was decorated by President Kennedy for her outstanding work there, said of these Philadelphia days: 'Frank Buchman knew just what children liked in the way of food. I will never forget him. He was kind without being patronising. He didn't treat us as "the blind" but as normal people whom he expected to do something for the world.'

In the summer of 1903 he went on a visit to Europe, first to Switzerland and then to Germany where he met Friedrich von Bodelschwingh and was shown the Bodelschwingh hospitals in Bielefeld. Twenty years later he was to write, 'This post-graduate work brought me in touch with Socialism and with the problems of labour, and with men like Stoecker, the pioneer socialist in the German parliament. I made a thorough study of Bodelschwingh's principles.'

He had now found a pattern for his work. On his return to Philadelphia he set up the first 'hospice' for destitute boys in his house. His dealings with all those entrusted to his charge were marked by an infectious frankness, and such an atmosphere of trust grew up in the hospice that

young people from far and near began coming to spend even a brief time with him. 'It was quite literally the church in the house,' as he described it later.

In 1904 the Lutheran Church of Pennsylvania appointed him head of the hospice at a yearly salary of $600. This made it possible for him to equip the house more adequately. The official opening took place in September 1905.

Meanwhile Buchman had gained a valuable helper, Mary Hemphill. She had been cook to the Governor of Pennsylvania and was a widow with two sons. Her husband had been an alcoholic and when the family fell on evil days Mary herself had become addicted too. After her husband's death, Buchman got in touch with her and took the bold step of inviting her and her two boys, very difficult youngsters, into the hospice. This gave her new hope, and as her self-respect grew her cooking skill returned.

The hospice was soon full of young men who either had a job or were looking for one. They appreciated the good food, which was simple but ample, and appreciated even more the trust placed in them. When they went out in the evening they knew that after a certain hour they would have to ring the bell to get in. However late they came home the head of the house would be there to open the door. Far from making any criticism he would give them something to eat.

Buchman had learned from Bodelschwingh that the best way to help a man is to give him the chance to help others. So he encouraged his young men to open a 'settlement'. He rented a big room above a stable in a slum district where there were often whole families living in a single room. Ammonia fumes drifted up through the floorboards from the horse boxes below. But here, above

the stable, a group of boys from the hospice gathered in others even less well off than themselves, boys off the streets who were glad to find a place to stay and something to eat, and even more glad to meet people who took them seriously and expected them to play a responsible part in the community.

These were happy years for Buchman. He was full of creative ideas and nothing seemed impossible. Then unexpectedly clouds began to gather around these promising beginnings. The finances of the project came under a committee of six men—upright, worthy Philadelphia business men. They began to have doubts about the scale of Buchman's generosity. They found out that Mary Hemphill and her sons were living in the hospice but not paying any rent. They thought the food was too rich. They even appointed a supervisor to keep an eye on Mary and her kitchen. She could not stand that and, when Buchman was away on a trip, she began to drink again.

In October 1907 Buchman wrote a seventeen-page memorandum setting out, first of all, the bare facts: 'They refused to let us have good butter. What they provided was rancid. The fish was not fresh. You can't run a Christian institution that way. The young men are far more likely to go wrong if their stomachs are empty.' He closed by trying to give the committee a true vision of the work of the Church. 'The Church of Jesus Christ needs to be in closest touch with the needs of men, whatever those needs are. It may be someone in need of food or a place for the night. It may be someone who is ill and needs a doctor. It may be someone fresh from the country who doesn't know his way around in the city. Is it enough to tell him—"This is a wicked city. Be very careful"?

'I do not believe that the Church will grapple with the

great problems of humanity or reach out its arms to influence and sway the masses of the world until the Church realises this fact, that where there is a man in need there is an opportunity for the Church to do its work. In doing any service for humanity, I help each person with a view ultimately of reaching his soul.

'Whatever conclusion you come to, I would like to emphasise that what is needed is not just sympathy but bold and unbiassed action.'

The effort was in vain. The committee held fast to its demand for drastic economies on food. After one last attempt, Buchman acknowledged defeat.

He had come up against the power of bureaucracy coupled with the power of money. He was never to forget the lesson, though in this case he took it personally. He was so bitter that it made him physically ill.

An underground atomic explosion

Buchman's doctor diagnosed his case as one of extreme exhaustion. He recommended taking hot and cold baths alternately, and advised Buchman to go for a sea voyage to relax.

So Buchman set off on a Mediterranean cruise. At Athens, however, he went ashore with an elderly couple who had fallen ill on the ship, as he wanted to make sure that they received proper hospital care and that the American ambassador was informed.

The ambassador invited him to a reception, and there a lady who had been on the same cruise told a friend how

thoughtfully Frank Buchman had looked after his compatriots. This friend was lady-in-waiting to the Crown Princess Sophie. 'Yesterday I met an American saint,' she told the Princess. 'Impossible!' was the reply. 'I should like to meet him.' So began a lifelong friendship with the Greek and the Roumanian royal families.

Buchman's travels, however, failed to lift the burden that was weighing on him. 'I can never forgive these men in Philadelphia,' he told one of his cruise companions. He went on to Germany and revisited the Bodelschwingh institutions, but still found no one who met his inner need. He crossed the Channel and went on to take part in a conference at Keswick, in the Lake District, where he was hoping to meet the preacher Dr F.B. Meyer, only to find that Meyer was not there.

The big meetings of the conference left him cold. Helpless and alone, he went walking by the lakeside. One Sunday he came on a little chapel where a service was in progress. He went in. There were seventeen in the congregation, listening to a woman speaking about the Cross, a Mrs Penn-Lewis, the kind of Christian who steered clear of anything fanatical and dealt with matters like sin and forgiveness with clinical objectivity.

'A doctrine which I knew as a boy,' Buchman said afterwards, 'which my Church believed, which I had always been taught, that day became a great reality for me. I had entered the little church with a divided will, nursing pride, selfishness, ill-will. The woman's simple talk personalised the Cross for me that day, and suddenly I had a poignant vision of the Crucified.

'With this deeper experience of how the love of God in Christ had bridged the chasm dividing me from Him, and the new sense of buoyant life that had come, I returned to

the house feeling a powerful urge to share my experience. Thereupon I wrote to the six committee men in America against whom I had nursed the ill-will and told them of my experience, and how at the foot of the Cross I could only think of my own sin. At the top of each letter I wrote this verse:

> 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.

'It wasn't difficult to write the first three lines of that hymn,' he said later, 'but to write the fourth line was like writing in my own blood.'

Many Christians have had a similar experience. Why, we may ask, did this experience of Buchman's become a source of power strong enough to set people on the move across the world?

We can begin by trying to distinguish the different elements which emerge more and more clearly in Frank Buchman's life:

1. In this shaking experience of the Cross, the first thing he saw was the *gulf* separating him from God. This is a gulf man cannot bridge. The road is cut. Self-justification is brought to an end. There is no more man can do. At the edge of the abyss he realises his own complete helplessness.

2. Suddenly he realises with consternation that he has come to be in this situation through his *own fault*. He is himself to blame that his bitterness, his hurt pride have separated him from his fellow men and from God. This raises the terrible word 'sin'. It becomes plain that sin is anything that divides me from my neighbour and from

God. Like a pain in one's heart comes the thought: 'You are the man. You have ruined everything. Irreparable harm has been done. All through your fault.'

3. Then the unexpected, the miracle, happens. God Himself in Christ crosses the gulf and comes to sinful men. It is no easy road. There is no bridge to hand. Christ Himself descends into the depths. A steep precipice separates death and life, sin and forgiveness. To bridge it costs blood. *Forgiveness* is not magic. Forgiveness is something that has to take place, something someone does. It is the costly way of the Cross that God takes through the world of sin.

The gulf is bridged. The link is restored. Life is stronger than death, God's mercy greater than the law of sin. The heavy burden of guilt falls away from the heart of man.

4. But there is *a continuing effect*. This was the decisive element for Buchman. He saw that his being reconciled to God did not stop there. It was an event that included others in its scope. Now he himself must take the way of forgiveness, across the gulf separating him from others.

Buchman was a practical man and realised the need to put theory into practice. He wrote those six letters to the six committee men apologising for his resentment. He called it 'ill-will'—a will that hardens one's own heart and turns it against other people, that destroys friendship, destroys people. No one will imagine that it was easy for Buchman to write those letters. It involved taking the way of the Cross for him. That was why at the top of each letter he wrote those lines about the Cross.

5. Doing this brought Frank Buchman unwonted freedom and happiness. 'A prisoner had escaped and had become a free man,' as the French philosopher, Gabriel

Marcel, put it in his book *Fresh Hope for the World.*[1]

This is a special kind of freedom bringing with it a new centre of gravity—'Not my will but Thine be done'. Your own will, now directed by God's, is not thereby made weaker but receives new power, freed from its cramping stubbornness. With this comes freedom from fear, from the lure of money, from the pressure of public opinion. It means being *in* the world but not *of* the world. It means doing the extraordinary thing in the midst of the ordinary.

Such freedom is infectious. Buchman's change led to change in another man the very same day. Fifty years later he told how it came about in these words: 'I left that service (in Keswick) with a consciousness of having the complete answer to all my difficulties and sins. I heard the wind of heaven. It passed over me and through me, and I walked out of that place a different man. When I went out I met a young man, just a young blade. He was staying with his family in the next house to us on the hill overlooking Derwentwater. And he said, 'How about a walk?' And I said, 'All right'. And we walked around Derwentwater. He wanted to know why I looked so different from the day before. I told him my experience—what I had seen at that service and how that revelation of the Cross of Christ met my instant need. And before we had reached the end, he, too, had an experience. He went and told his father and mother who were overjoyed.

'I feel a great many people speak of the Cross, but it does not mean a thing,' Buchman continued. 'It isn't real. It is something they hear about or read about, something somebody else has. But an *experience* of the Cross is vital,

[1] *Fresh Hope for the World*, by Gabriel Marcel, Longmans, London 1960, translated from the French, *Un changement d'esperance, A la rencontre du Rearmement moral*, Plon, Paris 1958.

real, and goes straight into your life.

'You remember the experience of Paul, what happened to him on the Damascus Road. Paul heard a voice, but saw no man, and he was transformed. It is this kinship with the heavenly force which brings that alignment, as we listen to the still, small Voice.

'With an experience of the Cross, you will shrink from nothing. I learned at Keswick that I was as wrong as anybody else. I was most in need of change. I was the one to begin.'

For Buchman this experience was not a mystical experience. On the contrary it made him into the great realist he became.

Among the notes he made there is a sentence which gives a summary of his whole experience. 'The Cross is not the true Cross if it is just something that happened on a hill 2,000 years ago. It is an awesome and devastating confrontation with God's holiness which breaks but also remakes, which condemns but also cures, which hates sin but also loves the best in us, which shatters everything but also makes whole, which is the end but also the beginning, which leads to the death of self but also to rebirth through the power of the risen Jesus Christ.'

The laboratory

A new post gave Buchman the opportunity of putting his experience into practice. A nephew of the American couple he had helped in Athens, Vance McCormick, was

chairman of the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania and a trustee of Pennsylvania State College. He backed up a suggestion by Dr John Mott that they should appoint Buchman as YMCA Secretary at the college. The letter of recommendation described Buchman as 'a man of frank disposition with great personal drawing power'. The starting salary was a hundred dollars a month, and a room.

When Buchman took up the appointment the college was in a sorry state. Prohibition was the law in Pennsylvania but alcohol flowed like a river. It was brought in by one of the college servants who was a bootlegger. There had recently been a student strike. Consistent defeats at football were yet another sign of the low level of discipline among the student body.

Buchman took his duties as YMCA Secretary seriously. He invited a great many people to meetings where they studied the Bible, listened to talks, took part in social evenings. The work of a Secretary is measured by the number of members he is able to enroll. In that respect Buchman was highly successful—membership grew from 491 in 1909 to 1,040 in 1910. But at heart he was not satisfied. This was not because he met with cool rejection from some students. Nor was he worried by the names they called him. 'To be held up to ridicule does not disturb me,' he wrote in a letter. 'During those first months I was the most unpopular man in State College. But when you spend enough time with people, the ones who laughed at you often turn out to be your best fellow workers. Laughter is often the way people cover up inner insecurity and personal tragedy.'

What did worry Buchman was that he felt he was becoming the slave of an institution and that this was

preventing his work from bearing lasting fruit. 'I was working eighteen hours a day,' he said later. 'I was so busy I had two telephones in my room. People kept coming in to see me all the time. But nothing revolutionary happened in their lives. There was nothing lasting.'

At this point Buchman had a decisive encounter. Dr F.B. Meyer, whom he had hoped to meet in Keswick earlier, came on a visit to State College as part of a lecture tour he was making. He observed Buchman at work, saw with astonishment the two telephones, listened patiently as Buchman gave an account of his stewardship. He was not impressed, and went immediately to the heart of the matter. Everything depended on two things, he said: to listen to God more than to the telephones, and to make personal interviews, man to man, central rather than the organising of meetings.

It was another turning point in Buchman's life. 'Since that time,' he said, 'I no longer thought in terms of numbers, but in terms of people.'

It made him a revolutionary, ready to take fresh, untrodden paths, rather than an organisation-man relying on statistics.

'It was then I decided to devote an hour, from 5am to 6am every morning before the telephones would begin to ring, to listen to the Voice of the living God in a daily time of quiet. Everything is so different when the Holy Spirit is a daily reality.'

This practice of silence became the key to Frank Buchman's effectiveness. To listen to the inner voice through which God speaks to man, to write the thoughts down, to take the 'royal road of obedience' that leads to ever widening horizons—these became a daily discipline for him and for hundreds of thousands of people on every

continent. The 'quiet time' began its silent march across the world.

Here again we may ponder why it is that Meyer's name is seldom heard today while the 'guidance' of God's voice which Buchman taught has spread ever more widely and more deeply. The secret may be that Buchman was shown the way to change men's hearts from looking inward to looking outward, from idea to action.

He never stopped learning how to listen and obey. For him it became a lifelong apprenticeship as he discovered its reality step by step.

One morning a name came repeatedly into his mind in his quiet time, like a radio signal: 'Tutz, Tutz, Tutz'. This was the nickname of one of the best-liked students in the college, a man fond of jokes and of the theatre, a most unlikely character for Buchman to enlist. That very morning, the first person Buchman met on the campus was Tutz, and because of his earlier thought he plucked up courage to speak to him and invite him in for a chat. To his surprise Tutz accepted. Before long the change in Tutz surprised everyone.

This experience opened Buchman's eyes to fresh possibilities. His work began to take a new direction. The change in three other individuals—Blair Buck, a popular student, Bill Pickle, the man who was smuggling liquor onto the campus, and the agnostic Dean of the college—brought about a change in the whole climate of the place. The story is told in Buchman's own words under the title 'The Making of a Miracle' in *Remaking the World*.[1]

The influence of the change in these three men was extraordinary. In the years that followed, drinking parties

[1] *Remaking the World*, The Collected Speeches of Dr Frank N.D. Buchman, Blandford Press, London 1961.

stopped. The college teams began to win their games. Academic results improved. An increasing number of the sixteen hundred students began to take part in Buchman's Bible studies. John Mott and other visitors from many parts of the world came to State College to see the miracles God was working. The influence of Buchman's work was widely felt among the colleges and universities of the Eastern States, including Princeton.

Out to the world

Buchman continued his work at State College for seven years until, in 1915, he felt his work there was finished. In 1911 he had visited Europe with his parents and in 1912 he had gone again to Germany and France. In Grenoble he made an effort to learn French, but in vain. Now war was raging and Buchman's thoughts went constantly to his many friends across Europe. Dividing frontiers never hindered him. 'You must learn to think for continents,' he was always hammering into his Penn State students.

In April 1915, he received a letter from John Mott inviting him to take part in a special mission among the soldiers in Europe. In Mott's words, this was to be a 'flying squad' of six experienced social workers who were to operate in the battle-fields. In spite of his mother's anxious attempts to dissuade him, Buchman gladly accepted. At the last moment, however, events took a new turn. Mott received an urgent appeal from India to send out a man who could introduce the new ways of working,

which had proved so effective in America, to the universities out there. Buchman's name had been mentioned. It was an invitation to which he deeply responded. He had dreamed of India for years. He was ready in twenty-four hours.

The work turned out to be quite different from what he had pictured. He was made a co-worker with Sherwood Eddy, the well-known evangelist, and his chief job was to organise huge meetings in which Eddy used to shake the masses through his mighty gifts as a speaker.

'India is the hardest place in the world to work,' Eddy had written Buchman before the beginning of the campaign, and Buchman was not long in coming to realise the magnitude of the task. Between August 1915 and February 1916 there were mass meetings in most of the major cities from Travancore to Rawalpindi. In between, the prison camps were visited. India's leading personalities received the two travelling preachers—Rabindranath Tagore, Mahatma Gandhi, Maharajas of the different States. They were several times guests of the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge.

For Buchman it meant an immense expansion of his horizon. It was the first time he had been brought into touch with such vast masses of humanity. In Travancore, 40,000 people sat tightly packed together on the ground listening to the speeches in intent silence for three hours, though the heat was almost unbearable. That was just the beginning. People described the campaign as an unprecedented success.

But Frank Buchman was far from satisfied. He felt more and more doubtful about mass meetings. He kept asking himself what real results were coming out of them. 'It's like hunting rabbits with a brass band,' he said. His

concern was to find the individual out of the mass who would begin to stand on his own feet and be able to care for others. In a letter to John Mott he wrote: 'You wanted to know my impressions of the work. What is troubling me every day is that here in India we ought to be demonstrating the 'how' of our work. There's an utter lack of consciousness everywhere of the need of dealing individually with men.'

'Some people,' he wrote again, 'do not even seem to know *how* to deal with the simplest needs. For example, there were three Indian secretaries working side by side with one American. The problem of one of these men was dishonesty. The Indians knew it. The community knew it. The man himself knew it, of course. But no one seemed to know how to make the dishonesty the stepping stone to a life of infectious power. A simple twenty minute talk changed the whole tenor of his life.'

'Personal work,' Buchman wrote in an Indian paper, 'means the unfolding of the possibilities that are in men.'

What he meant can be seen from the story of Victor.

After a visit to the Mahatma in Madras, Buchman had been invited by a headmaster to go to his school's holiday camp in the foothills of the Himalayas. There one of the masters sought his help with a boy called Victor, the problem of the camp. Victor was a rebel. He refused to attend lectures and preferred skylarking about, pulling out tent-pegs and making himself happy at other people's expense. The masters had met and decided that Victor must go home, but they thought he should first have a word with Buchman.

'Have you talked with the boy?' Buchman asked.

'No. We've talked about him. But we want you to talk to him.'

Buchman agreed and the master promised that Victor would come along next morning at 10.30. The time came but no Victor. At the midday meal the master asked if Buchman had had an interesting conversation with Victor.

'No Victor,' said Buchman.

'Oh, but he promised me.'

'Victor may have said "yes", but he meant "no",' observed Buchman.

Another appointment was made for 2.30, usually the hot period of the Indian afternoon when everybody wants to be asleep. Again no Victor appeared. At tea the master said, 'But he promised me he would come.'

That evening he tried again but there was a full moon and he was unsuccessful in his efforts to lure Victor away from a boat on the canal.

'And who could blame Victor for staying away?' Frank Buchman commented.

Next morning at eleven o'clock the master came running in announcing, 'I've got Victor! Please come at once.' He showed Buchman the way to a little knoll where Victor and another boy were playing with bamboo canes which they twirled with cart-wheel effect, requiring much practice and dexterity. As Victor twirled, Buchman's voice called out—

'Hullo, Victor. You do that well. I wish I could do it.'

'You try,' said Victor, quite naturally.

He tried unsuccessfully, and Victor enjoyed his confusion. At length they sat down together and Buchman said, 'I went to a camp once and didn't like it a bit.'

Victor grew brighter. 'Were *you* like that?'

'Yes, of course.'

'I am, too.'

'What's the reason?'

'I suppose,' said Victor, 'because there's something wrong inside. I feel rebellious.'

'Was that why you pulled up the tent-pegs?'

'Yes. I felt I'd be in trouble, and so I didn't want to see anyone or be bothered with people.'

Buchman told the boy he understood and after some further conversation Victor said he was sorry.

'How much are you sorry? Do you know what remorse is?'

'Oh yes, I know. That's sorrow for sin when you go ahead and do it again.'

'Then what do you think you need?'

'Repentance.'

'What's that?'

'Oh, that's when a fellow's sorry enough to quit!'

The boy's definitions so delighted Frank Buchman that he used them ever afterwards. He began to talk to Victor about finding a companion who would always understand, a friend he would never wish to run away from.

'I know who that is,' said the boy. 'That's Christ. I'd like to be a Christian, but I don't know how.'

Buchman said he would try to show him. He explained that his own difficulty had begun with the letter 'I', which was the middle letter of the word 'sin'. 'Sin blinds, binds, multiplies, darkens, deafens, deadens. What we need is faith. The big "I" needs to be crossed out. When we are willing to forsake sin and follow Christ, then joy and release come. What we need to do is to get in touch with Him and turn our lives over to Him. Where should we go to do it?'

At once Victor replied, 'There's only one place—on our knees.'

They knelt down together and Victor prayed: 'O Lord,

manage me, for I cannot manage myself.'

Afterwards he said to Buchman that he felt as though a burden had fallen off him, as if a lot of old luggage that was no good had rolled away. 'I must go and tell my friends what has happened,' he said.

Buchman encouraged him. 'When Jesus is your best friend, it would be discourteous not to introduce Him to others.'

At the station, when they were getting ready to leave, the master came up saying he had observed a wonderful change in Victor and asked what had happened.

'Ask Victor,' Buchman said. He believed in keeping confidences.

Meanwhile Victor had seen a policeman with a shackled prisoner and had gone to talk to them.

When he came back Frank Buchman asked what he had said.

'I told the man I was sorry about him and that I was like him once. That I was a slave to sin and a prisoner. I told him that Paul was a prisoner too, though he was really a free man. And that I hoped to see him when he came out to tell him more about it.'

As the man was hungry from his dusty walk, Victor bought him curry and rice, which he gratefully accepted.

Months after, Buchman visited Victor at his school and met several friends to whom he had passed on the message, Muslims and Hindus as well as British.

Some weeks later Buchman met a Bishop in a distant part of the country. The Bishop's first words were, 'I don't need any introduction to you. *I've seen Victor!*' Then he asked Buchman to look up his son who was studying in Cambridge. It was this request which led to Buchman's work in Cambridge and Oxford Universities and from

there to its rapid expansion across the world.

Buchman's unconventional and direct way of dealing with people was not in line with usual missionary methods and many felt it was a challenge to them. Some joined in opposing him. However, it is the fire of persecution that forges prophets, and Buchman was all the more grateful for those who did understand him.

One of these was a gifted young American, Howard Walter whom he met in what is now Pakistan. Walter knew Asia intimately and was an authority on Islam. A friend described him as 'a rare combination of a trained mind and a childlike heart, a born poet whose will had been surrendered to Jesus Christ.'

Walter regarded Buchman as a 'miracle man' and his presence in Lahore as 'like a fresh breeze'. When Howard Walter returned to America in 1916 to take up a post at the Hartford Theological Seminary, he strongly recommended the faculty to offer Buchman an associate professorship to provide a livelier basis and a wider perspective to the curriculum. Buchman accepted the position largely because he was keen to work with Walter in writing a practical book on 'Personal Work'. It was to describe how to make the Christian faith more effective in rebuilding society by passing it on from man to man, a task which Professor Henry Drummond in Edinburgh and Professor Henry Wright in Yale had already taken in hand.

Buchman was given permission by the President of his college, Douglas Mackenzie, to travel overseas in addition to his teaching duties. This provided him with a golden opportunity to establish the spiritual basis of his teaching, and to test it in practice on a wider scale, a combination of theory and practice in tune with his

deepest convictions. But his approach to his teaching at the college was so unconventional that opposition was aroused in some academic circles. For him, the aim of any theological seminary was to train revolutionaries who would be able to change the structure of society.

At this time Buchman was greatly influenced by Professor Henry B. Wright of Yale. Wright, who was Professor of Greek and Latin, had had such an effect on the spiritual life of the university that a special chair had been created for him to lecture on the application of Christianity to daily life. He had taken as his theme, 'The Will of God and a man's life-work'. Like Henry Drummond, he had come under the influence of Dr Moody, and on the wall of his lecture room there were written Moody's words: 'The world has yet to see what Jesus Christ can do in, by, for and through one man wholly given to Him.'

Buchman would make the journey from Hartford to Yale regularly (four hours there and back) simply to hear Wright's lectures. It was from Henry Wright that he learned to use the four moral standards that Wright had found in Robert Speer's book: honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. Similarly, the triangle—God, myself, my neighbour—came from Wright's teaching and Buchman frequently used it himself in later years.

He often spoke of how much he owed to Professor Wright. In a letter to him from China, Buchman wrote, 'Much of the best in my message is due to you. Among all my acquaintances up to now, you have come the closest to personifying the standards of Jesus Christ.'

Why did these principles continue to prove effective in Buchman's case, when few now remember Professor Wright's name? Was it because Buchman gave expression to his faith by passing it on to others more effectively and

on a wider scale? In the autumn of 1916 he gathered together a group of men to plan how best faith could be made to reach out to the whole nation and to the world. He wrote to President Mackenzie at Hartford, 'I am convinced this little group will do the world a service that can lead to a new dimension of Christian work. Our key thought is this: work with individuals is what lasts. Meetings only provide the occasion.'

Buchman was now prepared for a new phase of his life—China.

The Chinese tragedy

China at that time was at a dividing point of history. Centuries-old traditions were breaking down. Western capitalism and imperialism had pressed in. Extra-territorial concessions had been granted from which the Western powers with their superior modern weapons were able to suppress China's moves towards greater independence. But a new China was coming to the fore. The question—and this would affect the history of the world—was which direction would it take?

China had a key personality in Sun Yat-sen, born in 1866, a medical doctor, who had founded the Kuomintang (The National People's Party) in 1905. His three principles—unity of the people (nationalism), rights of the people (democracy), welfare of the people (socialism)—were being spread among the population by students and pupils of the mission schools.

Through the revolution of the Young Chinese the ancient monarchy, the Manchu dynasty, was forced to abdicate in 1912. Sun Yat-sen proclaimed the Republic of China in Nanking. He left the Presidency to General Yuan Shih-k'ai, who had modernised the army. But in 1917 Sun Yat-sen was elected Generalissimo to lead the struggle against the war-lords who, with the support of the Western powers, were trying to undermine the unification of the country for their own benefit as autocratic provincial governors.

It was at this point, when China's fate thus lay in the balance, that Frank Buchman exercised an influence on events.

He had already visited China in 1916 when he was on the way back to America from India, staying in several of the port cities and taking part in a summer conference in Kuling. He stayed purposely in the background. His chief concern was to gain an accurate knowledge of the situation and to meet personalities who might be able to influence the course of events.

In 1917 he came to China again, this time with his friends Howard Walter and Sherry Day. Officially he was there to set up a campaign for Sherwood Eddy. But in his heart he knew that this was a decisive year for China which called for action on quite a different level. His work in India had shown him how necessary it was to encourage the leading people of the country themselves to take responsibility for what should be done. Missionaries from abroad, in spite of their goodwill and often amazing readiness to make sacrifices, did not always understand what the real needs of the country were. Most of them relied on out-of-date methods and were surprised that so little resulted. One English clergyman, writing a report on

mission work in India, concluded by quoting the grim words of Isaiah: 'This is a day of distress, of rebuke and of disgrace; children have come to the birth, and there is no strength to bring them forth.' (Isaiah 37:3). 'This is the key to the problem,' was Buchman's comment. How were men to be changed effectively and enlisted, not merely influenced?

When he arrived in Shanghai in June 1917, China was more torn apart than ever. The President, General Yuan Shih-k'ai, had died the previous June. For several years the country remained without a central government. It was split up among the war-lords. So Woodrow Wilson's call for the self-determination of nations came as a bolt from the blue. China entered the First World War that year, hoping that the privileges of the foreigners would be annulled as an eventual result.

In Canton, the base of the Young Revolutionaries, Sun Yat-sen had taken over the leadership, but disturbances forced him to flee to Shanghai. Buchman was in Shanghai at the time but was not to meet Sun Yat-sen till later. Buchman was on his way to the Kuling summer conference. There again he met missionaries who gave more thought to the preaching of the word than to the practising of it. They moved in familiar circles and held meetings where lectures were given on the Christian faith. But they had little real contact with individuals and had no eyes for the need of the country. Above all, they did not know how to work with the local Chinese.

Buchman's aim was to break down this wall of convention. He spoke of the sin of 'an abstract love of the masses'. 'Who can measure the power of a man who has been won for Jesus Christ? If the autocratic General Yuan Shih-k'ai had been won, he might have been able to

change China's history. I would be satisfied if I could find five men in China who know how to do work with individuals, though I believe there are many more. We need a hundred per cent dedication. We must have a message for everyone. They say that's not possible in China. I believe we can win China for God. We can do it by going to our most difficult adversaries and winning them. Our danger is that we talk too much on the spiritual plane and forget the rest. Most of the problems of life are found on the material.'

Buchman had tested out these principles in practice before the conference took place. He had made the acquaintance of a Chinese diplomat, Dr Chang Ling-nan, who lived in the Chinese part of Kuling. One of Dr Chang's daughters married T.V. Soong, brother of the three beautiful Soong sisters, one of whom became the second wife of Sun Yat-sen, and another the wife of Chiang Kai-shek. It was Dr Chang who arranged the meeting between Buchman and Sun Yat-sen.

One day this Dr Chang had invited Buchman to his house for tea. He talked a lot about himself and of his vast interests, till Buchman spotted a tennis racquet and they had a game. This led the diplomat to invite Buchman to stay on for a Chinese feast. Years later Buchman could still remember the thirty or more courses beginning with eggs 'twenty years old, tasting luscious, like cheese', followed by sea-slugs, fish, fowl, and so on and on, until the chrysanthemum leaves dipped in marvellous sweets arrived.

The diplomat took a different wine with each course, so he grew talkative as the evening advanced and finally offered to send his guest home in a chair carried by six coolies—a clear case of what is called 'projection', as

Buchman remarked, since he himself was entirely sober.

Buchman then invited the diplomat for a meal with him and afterwards told him of an experience he had had in an American town when he felt impelled to speak to a well-dressed man whom he sensed to be in deep need. Not feeling quite certain of this 'guidance', Buchman decided on a compromise test. If the stranger stopped at the next lamp-post he would speak to him. The man stopped!

The diplomat grew more and more interested as Buchman told how he went up to the stranger and asked if he was in need.

'Of course I am in need,' the man said anxiously.

'Then I think God must have sent me to you,' Buchman replied.

'Of course it was God,' said the man, and told how his mother was at that moment dying in a nearby hospital. He had just come out for a little fresh air.

As they walked along together Buchman shared with the stranger the story of his own father's and brother's deaths and how he was convinced of the life beyond the grave. The stranger said he had heard preachers talk about these things, but not ordinary people, and he was grateful. His seven brothers and sisters were waiting at the hospital. Would Buchman come with him and pray with the family?

At Easter the family sent him a card, and then a wire announcing the mother's passing. Later came a letter of deep gratitude.

'Do you believe that God can talk to people like us?' the diplomat asked.

'Certainly I believe He can,' Buchman replied.

Meantime a storm had blown up and Buchman invited the diplomat to stay the night. The visitor protested that

he must go. His wife would be waiting for him.

'You've kept your wife waiting many times,' hazarded Buchman, and the guest smiled agreement.

Then he pleaded the coolies—they must get home. Buchman said that the coolies, too, would be glad to stay, as three had been eaten by tigers over in the valley recently. But where could the visitor stay, was the next objection. There was a spare bed in Buchman's room, and the offer was accepted. When they entered the bedroom, Buchman reached for his Bible and invited his guest to read his favourite chapter. Most Christians, according to Buchman, try to read the Bible to other people.

'That is the wrong way. Have them read to you.'

The visitor went all through the Old Bible, as he called the Old Testament, trying to find his favourite chapter, and failed to find any familiar reading. He went through the New Testament with similar bad luck. The second time he went through more cautiously, hoping circumstances would favour him. But luck was still against him. Then he did what a good many do—tried a lucky dip. The luck still went against him. He turned up a chapter in the Old Testament full of hard names and plentifully sprinkled with 'begats', but read it through to the end. Buchman suggested prayer. He replied, 'You pray.' Buchman prayed, and they went to sleep.

Next morning the boy brought tea, but the diplomat was unwilling or unable to wake. The host made many attempts to wake him, but he was unresponsive. Presently, after a great deal of yawning and stretching, the Chinese guest opened his eyes and slyly asked Buchman if he thought reading the Bible had put him so soundly to sleep. 'Perhaps so,' smiled his host. 'Shall we read another chapter?' 'You read.'

'I did,' Buchman said, 'and his eyes almost popped out of his head, though I only read three verses.'

The diplomat asked for the verses to be read again, saying they just fitted him. Buchman read them again—I Corinthians 6, verses 9-11. 'I never knew that was in the Bible,' the diplomat said, and then he revealed why he did not want to stay the night. It was because he had not brought his pills. His doctor provided him with a pill to put him to sleep and another to wake him up. 'You are the first one to whom I've told that little secret.'

It was the beginning of a new life for the diplomat. Next day he had Buchman come to lunch to meet his Christian wife, his children, and his Confucian mother. He was honest with them all and told how he had made up his mind that Christ was going to have the first place in his life. Among other things it led to his mother becoming a Christian.

A few days later he invited in forty of his friends to meet Buchman. What he said about his own change and about God's guidance deeply impressed all the guests among whom were several of China's leading personalities.

Stories like this, however, were not to the taste of the missionary conference. They reproached Buchman with spending too much time with the Chinese. They began to spread stories about him behind his back. He knew there was opposition but he did not let it stop him.

Not long after this, Howard Walter returned to America to resume his work there, leaving Buchman in China. He heard that Dr Eddy had postponed his visit, which left him high and dry without any financial resources. Then news came that the directors of a Chinese-American association was making funds available to carry through Buchman's programme. This was his great opportunity.

He went straight to work and chose fourteen men, including some outstanding Chinese. One of these was Dr Cheng Ching-yi who had been working with Bishop Logan Roots of Hankow. At the Kuling conference Dr Cheng, with Buchman's help, had learned to place his life under God's guidance. He brought a friend with him, Dr George Hsu Ch'ien, who was secretary to Sun Yat-sen and later Minister of Justice. Dr Hsu gave Buchman a letter of introduction to Sun Yat-sen in which he wrote: 'It has been my firm conviction for over two years that our nation can be saved through the ideas that are embodied in living Christianity. If you as a Christian will support such a programme it will grow and flower and produce fruit for all the world to see. Frank Buchman is a powerful spiritual leader who is unusually effective with people in that he brings them to the point where they turn their faith into deeds.'

Sun Yat-sen had studied in America and, like many Chinese of the day, had great faith in the United States. Washington and Lincoln meant much more to them than Voltaire and Robespierre. For them Christianity was a revolutionary hope. Sun Yat-sen, to be sure, had met too many Christians not to have become a bit sceptical about their revolutionary spirit. After the October Revolution he had sent a congratulatory telegram to Lenin. At the same time he rejected materialism and held that moral principles were fundamental. For him, the question whether Christianity or Communism would bring about the true revolution was still hanging in the balance. It was the fateful question. China could go either way.

Buchman used to meet Sun Yat-sen in the cellar of a cement factory. Sun Yat-sen was on the run and did not want to be in any place unless he could get out of it

quickly. The factory had three emergency exists. Their conversations led to lasting trust in one another. When Buchman called on him again in the spring of 1918, Dr Sun sent his adviser out of the room so that he could be alone with Buchman. He said later, 'Buchman is the only man who tells me the truth about myself.'

Truth in this case was something that went very deep. Sun Yat-sen had left his first wife, who had borne him three children, because he had fallen in love with one of the Soong sisters. Against the wishes of her parents she ran away from home to marry him—the first step on the road to Peking where, after the death of her husband, she later brought to Communist China the reflected glory of the Sun Yat-sen name. But the marriage was the cause of division in Dr Sun's family and among his followers. His secretary, Dr Hsu, as well as Frank Buchman, noted these developments with concern. They both recognised how much the private lives of leaders affect their nations, especially the younger revolutionaries who look up to them as their pattern and example.

It was not long before intrigue and division came to a head. A bill was brought before the legislature to relieve Sun Yat-sen of his military command and transfer the conduct of affairs to an executive committee in which he would be only one among seven. Hsu Ch'ien informed his chief personally about the bill. There was an outburst of rage and threats of all kinds. When things had calmed down, Hsu Ch'ien asked Dr Sun why he was so keen to take revenge on the man who had introduced the bill when he (Dr Sun), a Christian, was himself not obeying the law of God. He handed Dr Sun a Bible and asked him to read the story of David and Bathsheba.

Two months later Buchman had a letter from Dr Hsu,

who wrote: 'I told him (Sun Yat-sen) that his first wife had married him during a time when he was under great attack. We Chinese have a saying that a man ought not to desert a wife who has stuck by him in time of need. I also told him that it was not good for him to have this young wife with him here. There is another Chinese saying that when there's a woman in the camp, the soldiers lose courage. How can he hope to save the country and stiffen the will of the people when he as leader behaves in this way? I dared to speak to him in this fashion because I know he loves his country and because he claims to be a Christian. He thanked me for my good advice and wants to talk to me about it more later on.'

Soon afterwards the government reorganisation bill was passed. In May 1918 Sun Yat-sen gave up his position and moved to Shanghai.

In June of that same year, Buchman was celebrating his fortieth birthday in Japan. When he boarded a train at Nagasaki he found that Sun Yat-sen was also on the train. Afterwards, he wrote to Dr Hsu, 'It was my clear guidance to take that train from Nagasaki. Dr Sun discovered that I was on it and sent for me and we had a good talk together. You have done him, and China, a great service. You did a courageous thing in speaking so frankly to him.'

Dr Sun and Buchman both left the train at Kobe. They spent the evening together and had breakfast together the following morning. They were never to meet again.

Buchman returned to China for yet a third conference in Kuling. He was thinking of Sun Yat-sen and of China, and saw it as a chance to put these thoughts into practical effect. Quite naturally the Chinese diplomat friend, Dr Chang Ling-nan, and Dr Hsu who, in Sun Yat-sen's absence was, in effect, Prime Minister, undertook a good

deal of the preparatory work, and when Dr Hsu went to Japan he gave Dr Sun a full report on the conference.

In August Dr Hsu wrote to Buchman: 'Our conversation went on for over three hours. The theme of our conference—*Christianity—the Saving of the Nation*—appealed to him. He is convinced that this is the only way to save China. He admitted he had broken the Seventh Commandment and needed to do penance before God.'

Before the conference began, Dr Hsu had gathered a group of men together in Sun Yat-sen's headquarters, 'all very revolutionary, mostly non-Christians,' but all of them interested in his conviction that 'the Christian faith will save China and the world'. Fearlessly he attacked the things that were harming the nation morally—'despotism, militarism, autocracy, opium, alcohol, binding women's feet, concubinage, slavery'. 'If we can't save our country, there will be no way of saving the world. Christians in our land are powerless because of their private sins.'

At the conference Dr Hsu said, 'Frank Buchman has the divine vision that men like me, with God, should do His will in the land.'

In preparing for this third Kuling conference, Buchman was thinking all the time of Dr Hsu and his friends. 'It will be no ordinary conference,' he wrote in advance to those in charge of the practical arrangements. 'Men of the calibre of C.Y. Cheng and Hsu-Ch'ien, who believe that Jesus Christ is the one hope for China, will be coming from all parts and the result will be that the Chinese themselves will take up the task of making China Christian.'

With such men in mind, Buchman wanted to make sure that the accommodation and the meals would be of an adequate standard. 'Why not get comfortable chairs? The buildings are very poorly furnished. At the last

conference there were bugs in the beds. The bed I had was full of wrinkles. Clouds of flies and chipped crockery don't give a very inviting impression. We will lose the very people we hope to win unless we see to all these details. Otherwise we'll have an outbreak of dysentery. Everything must be as comfortable and as clean as possible and we must create an atmosphere of quiet and peacefulness throughout. Many people will be coming tired out from their winter's work.

'We must be sure the Chinese get enough to eat. What we need is a delicate sense of hospitality and of making people feel at home. You can't run a conference to a paper plan.'

Suggestions like this upset the conventional tranquillity of some of the regular conference-goers whose chief concern was to ensure a fixed programme of carefully prepared lectures. His ideas were resisted, though not openly. He felt it, but did not let it disturb him. 'I know God is here, so I am not worrying.'

The conference opened at the beginning of August in the cool, high valley, above the sticky heat of the plains and away from the noise of the town.

Among those who came were several Chinese who held leading positions in public life. Besides Dr Hsu, there were General Wu Te-chen, who later as Mayor of Shanghai was to lead the resistance against the Japanese, S.T. Wen from the Foreign Office, and many more.

Their presence made the conference leaders think more about moral practicalities than about academic theories. One evening General Wu said: 'What we need for China is an Abraham Lincoln.' 'Maybe a lot of little Lincolns,' Buchman put in. 'You're right,' agreed the General, 'one Lincoln is not enough, because from the President on

down to the lowliest official there is corruption and dirt. We must raise up several Lincolns in China.' Dr Hsu added, 'I have on my heart the saving of the nation. That is why I take this conference very, very seriously. Foreign churchmen simply do not know how they can save China.'

In a time of quiet Buchman had been given the clear thought: 'Start the conference by dealing with sin. A thorough clean-up.' So, at one of the first sessions he spoke out. 'The first year in China I barely scratched the surface. Last year I began to uncover the first layer. This year we need to go deeper. I'm beginning to see where the real need lies.'

Then he began to develop the theme that Christianity has a moral backbone. The most direct way to reach modern man was to confront him with the absolute standards of Christ—honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. 'When I came to China this year a man who is a real soul surgeon said to me, "Wherever you go be sure to give a strong message on the cure to perversion." I say this because on this hilltop I have noticed instances of absorbing friendships. I am not trying to judge. I can only say that such relationships may be unhealthy and that I felt I should pass on this advice from a man who knows more about these things that I do. It's a serious problem, one which can begin in school and then go through one's whole life.'

At such plain speaking a storm of indignation broke out. Some of the Europeans made furious protests to the Bishop of Hankow, Logan Roots. Others, hoping to steer the conference into calmer waters, demanded that the word 'sin' should not be mentioned again. Buchman, steering a straight course through the angry waves, asked the Chinese to speak about the consequences of sin in the

life of the nation. General Wu talked of corruption and concubines, and ended by saying: 'I have decided to try and help our government officials and to work for the building up of a new State, a new government, a new army. We Christians must revolutionise our Church.'

A day or so later Buchman talked of the 'sin of people who want to change things but are not themselves prepared to live change, people who sit at their desks but are not in touch with the real needs.' Many there regarded this as a personal attack and were mortally offended. They joined in a general chorus of criticism. Buchman began to experience the deadly effects of a whispering campaign. He wondered whether, unconsciously, he had been impelled by wrong motives. On top of everything else, the man who had been the main support of the conference financially suddenly refused to help. In order to remain independent, Buchman paid the outstanding bills out of his own small bank account. 'I am ready to carry on the work without outside help,' he wrote. 'I know what it means to live on faith and prayer and not be dependent on any other person's silver and gold.' He was aware how strongly the negative forces were at work. 'When will the Christian Church face the reality of the first chapter of Romans?' he wrote.

His friend Sherry Day lay ill in bed and Buchman felt so lonely and discouraged that one evening beside a still pool he could not help thinking how pleasant it would be to be lying at peace at the bottom of it. He was comforted by the fact that change was becoming visible in several of the Chinese who were putting right things that had been wrong on a personal and on a national level. Some of the leading personalities were becoming free men and were daring to speak out openly for their faith.

Behind the scenes, however, the Europeans who opposed Buchman had formed an alliance to get rid of him. They were even able to influence Bishop Roots, who later became Primate of the Episcopal Church in China and a firm supporter of Buchman. So the Bishop, after receiving a detailed letter of complaint against Buchman from the man who had formerly been financially responsible for the conference, suggested that he might be given a month's paid vacation and be sent home.

During these difficult days Buchman wrote his friend Howard Walter: 'I can say with Paul—"A wide door for effective work has opened to me, and there are many adversaries." I am convinced that behind this opposition there are much deeper reasons than we suspect. We see this only dimly now. I hope we shall one day see it fully brought to light.'

About six years later, in 1924, the truth did come to light. The man who had been financing the conference, a prominent Christian leader, approached a friend of Buchman's for help. Although a married man, he had been carrying on illicit relationships with Chinese women, and through that was exposed to blackmail by those who had determined to get rid of Buchman. He admitted to Frank Buchman's friend, 'Buchman faithfully warned me of my weakness.'

The facts came to the ears of Bishop Roots who bitterly regretted his earlier attitude. 'You have so much to forgive me for,' he wrote to Buchman. 'You saw things clearly from the beginning.'

Meanwhile the Chinese tragedy was rapidly approaching its end. Hsu-Ch'ien and his friends found themselves cut off from the man who had helped them so much. A change for the worse began to come in China's attitude to

the Christian West. Dr Hsu was one of those who stood firm. When he attended the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 as the representative of the Canton government, he wrote: 'I stand for the principle "Christianity—the Saving of the Nation", and Dr Sun Yat-sen is fully in agreement with me. I hope the foreign powers will not support the militarists of the North too far. I pray that God may save China and change the wrong policy of the Allied powers.'

But shortly after, the Allies recognised the Northern government, thus setting off an explosion of hatred against the West and dragging China still deeper into the chaos of civil war.

By 1923 Sun Yat-sen felt so deserted that he grasped the only hand stretched out to him, that of the Soviet Union. Lenin sent him two of his best men, Russian-born Michael Borodin, and the German General Blücher, who was better known as Galen. Sun reciprocated by sending Chiang Kai-shek to Moscow. Hsu-Ch'ien, seeing himself bypassed, withdrew to Canton and resumed his university work. He was still ready to co-operate with Sun when Borodin invited them both to join him in an attempt 'to recapture China for the democratic forces'. That same year (1924) Dr Hsu sent his old friend Frank Buchman a booklet in which he had set forth his view that 'a moral and spiritual force was the only hope for China'.

Sun Yat-sen, stricken with cancer, worked feverishly with his last remaining strength on a series of lectures which was to be his spiritual legacy. When he died, his widow asked that he should be given a Christian funeral and at it Dr Hsu gave the address. The press published a picture with the caption: 'The speaker showed Dr Sun was a follower, a revolutionary follower, of Jesus Christ.'

Borodin now had a free hand. The revolution took its

course. But the driving power was to be Communism, not Christianity.

Disillusioned by his failure to unite the Christian forces, Dr Hsu withdrew from public life. Chiang Kai-shek consolidated the position of the Kuomintang and in 1924 it declared Sun Yat-sen's 'Three Principles of the People' to be the party programme. When Chiang fell out with Communism in 1927, Borodin was recalled to Moscow and died in Siberia in 1951, a victim of Stalin's purges. Chiang, after his march north and his entry into Peking, succeeded in taking control in China in 1928. Mao Tse-tung had been able to escape by his 'Long March' to Yenan, however. The civil war continued. Then in 1949, after Mao's offensive, the People's Republic of China was proclaimed, and the government and army of the Kuomintang withdrew to Formosa.

It was while Buchman was recuperating in Japan after the 1918 Kuling conference that word reached him of Howard Walter's unexpected death from influenza in Lahore.

The death of such a loyal friend was a heavy blow. 'He was a luminous soul and the riches of his affection and friendship will endure for ever,' he wrote to Walter's widow.

The little book *Soul Surgery*[1] is a first draft of the larger work the two friends had hoped to write together. It is the first and only book that Buchman helped to write. His own role was more in the realm of the spoken than of the written word.

He was still in Japan when an urgent summons from his mother reached him. His father had fallen seriously ill and needed him. So, in April 1919 he sailed for home.

[1] *Soul Surgery*, by Howard Walter, Oxford Group, London 1932.

BREAKTHROUGH

Resign!

The two years that followed the shock of the Chinese tragedy were marked by a restlessness out of which came the next great advance.

On his return to America Buchman's main concern was for his mother who had worn herself out looking after his father and who needed time to recuperate. So he took his father with him to Hartford, leaving his mother in the quietness of their Allentown home to recover her strength.

He had just resumed his college work when he was presented with one of the greatest temptations of his life. John D. Rockefeller Jr offered to provide him with an office centre, a staff of assistants, and ample finances in order to put his work on a secure basis. It would have set him free from material worries for the rest of his life, free to devote himself wholly to spiritual work. It looked like the great chance of seeing his world-wide experience take root in the everyday life of America. Yet he felt an inner warning. Would he still be free to act as the Spirit led him? Would he not be in danger of becoming the prisoner of an institution? He had learned in China how dangerous it was for Christian workers to become dependent on other men for money.

A letter to John Mott about the work in Asia gives something of what was in Buchman's mind. What was most needed, he wrote, was a radical redirection from

diffusion over many to penetration of a few, or, as he often put it more picturesquely in later years: 'It's no use dropping eye medicine from a second storey window.' Mott agreed. 'The pressure is all in the other direction today,' he wrote. 'People want big results but we must make what we already have more vital before we try to go further.'

In a letter to another friend Buchman wrote, 'I am going through one of these times when God gives much, and with it a sense that it is wrong to put one's trust in mortal man. I feel my own need. In all these offers for the coming year I see grave dangers. We must sweep the decks clean and travel light.'

In the end Buchman turned down the Rockefeller offer. It meant the end of financial help from that quarter, or from any other influenced by Rockefeller. It was a step into the unknown, soon to be followed by many more.

While he was at Hartford, Frank Buchman visited many other universities in New England and on the East coast of America. Wherever he went he was besieged by young people seeking help. During these weekend visits he had very little sleep.

One of his ways of working was to take students from one university with him to other universities. This gave the students an opportunity of passing on their experience to others.

In May 1920, he invited two students from Yale to go with him on a visit to Europe. In England he met other American student friends and some of them joined his party.

To travel with Buchman was not only good character training but provided insights into the culture and history of the countries visited. One of the most valuable things

was the natural way in which they were able to meet and get to know so many different people wherever they went. In Lucerne, for instance, they met King Constantine and Queen Sophie of Greece who were living there in exile with their family. Their young cousin Prince Richard of Hesse also happened to be there visiting them with his mother, the Landgravine Margaret of Hesse who was the daughter of Kaiser Friedrich and Empress Victoria, and so the granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Prince Richard often spoke in later years of his meeting with Buchman, coming to Switzerland as he did from an impoverished and defeated Germany. He had been both attracted and repelled by the luxurious mixture of Indian maharajahs, international diamond merchants, Italian aristocrats, rich Americans, French film stars and mysterious unknowns staying in Lucerne. In such a setting Buchman's natural frankness and infectious laugh stood out refreshingly.

When Buchman and his party reached Rome, he received word of the death of his foster brother Daniel, the son of his uncle, Dr Daniel Buchman. After Dr Daniel Buchman died, his son had been adopted by Frank Buchman's parents. Daniel was eighteen years younger than Frank, an attractive personality but with little strength of character. 'I've no ambition at all,' he once wrote his brother. 'All I want is to wander around, doing a little of this and that, a Jack-of-all-trades and master of none. I like to dream away the days and build castles in the air. I would like to do great things but nothing comes of it.' Frank Buchman, who loved him and tried to help him, went to great trouble to get him through school and then apprenticed. Wherever he was, at home or abroad, he would write Daniel encouraging letters. In one letter from China he wrote, 'Yesterday as I was sitting on the beach

listening to the waves roll in, my thoughts turned to you in love and affection. There is not a mean bone in your body and we are all proud of you.'

In 1917, Daniel volunteered and joined the army but contracted tuberculosis during his term of service. After being demobilised he wrote his brother—'I am leaving the United States sick and disheartened.... I didn't know the money you gave me last summer was all you had. I want to pay it back and that's why I am going abroad. There are many opportunities open in other countries. I'm going to earn money to show you how grateful I am to you.' He found a job in the merchant navy but, after several voyages to Europe he succumbed to a severe attack of his illness while on leave in Paris.

Buchman hurried from Rome to Paris for his brother's burial. Afterwards he went on to England, and used his stay there to fulfil the request of the bishop in India who had asked him to call on his son at Cambridge. He had no idea at the time where this visit would lead. He was offered hospitality in Cambridge by Westminster College and soon found so much to do that he had to apply for an extension of his leave. At Cambridge, as in the American universities, new life grew among the students who had begun to live under God's guidance through meeting Buchman.

In December he returned to Hartford and spent Christmas with his parents. He planned to invite the students he had met in England to come to America and then go back to Cambridge with them for the summer term. President Mackenzie agreed to this, as he set great store on keeping his much-travelled colleague at Hartford.

Buchman's father died in March, and after leaving his mother in the care of friends, he was free for the first time

from many of the family responsibilities he had always taken care of. He found that the army insurance benefits of his brother Daniel, amounting to fifty dollars a month, had been made over to him. For the next twenty years that was to be the only income he could count on.

He returned to Cambridge in the spring of 1921, and shortly after there took place an event which decisively altered the direction of his life.

He was cycling along Petty Cury late one evening on his way back to Westminster College after talking with several students, ex-servicemen now back in civilian life. It was a time of transition and he felt the restlessness of it. He kept asking himself whether the work he had been doing up to then in the framework of church and university was adequate for the confused and confusing post-war situation, and whether it could give a generation that had become cynical and rootless the faith that would give birth to a new order of society.

Suddenly a thought struck him so strongly that his bicycle wobbled and he nearly fell off: 'I will use you to remake the world.'

The thought came to him again and again: 'I will use you to remake the world.'

It startled him so much that he was afraid to write it down. In the hours that followed, the same thought kept coming back, but for three days he could not bring himself to tell his friends about it.

He knew what it meant. The task he had taken on with his friends in China, to let the power of faith become the saving force for the nation, was now to be extended to take in the whole world. He knew that it was a task beyond any human power: but he also believed God could do anything in, by, with, through and for a man wholly

given to His will. At last he accepted this guidance as a challenge and a calling.

Not many weeks later he was in Oxford. There he met Loudon Hamilton and his friends and there started a movement which did in fact stir the world.

He had come to Oxford for the weekend to look up a Princeton friend, Alex Barton. He knocked on one of the oak doors in Christ Church, and a student answered who turned out to be George Lloyd-Jacob (later Sir George Lloyd-Jacob and a High Court judge). Lloyd-Jacob was not at all pleased to be disturbed by this middle-aged man as he was trying to concentrate on getting some work done in the temporary absence of his noisy, piano-playing neighbour, Loudon Hamilton. However, after Buchman had given his name and asked for Alex Barton, the conversation turned to the subject of American students. 'Over there we've got a generation who've lost their way,' Buchman remarked. 'If you have men like that over here, I believe I can help.' Lloyd-Jacob said he thought Loudon Hamilton needed help like that, and was glad when the intruder finally closed the door behind him.

In the quadrangle Buchman ran into his friend Barton in the company of a tall broad-shouldered Scotsman whom he introduced saying—'Meet Loudon Hamilton'. The latter, somewhat at a loss, invited Buchman to come to a meeting of the Beef and Beer Club that evening, a fortnightly student 'philosophic' debating occasion.

It was a very mixed group—ninety per cent ex-officer undergraduates (Hamilton had been an army captain), sceptical veterans of twenty-one or twenty-two, plus a few youngsters who had not been in the war. The discussion was very 'profound' and very involved. 'In Oxford we don't always stop talking when we have finished what we

have to say,' Loudon Hamilton remarked.

Eleven o'clock came. So far Buchman had said nothing. But they knew he was an American visitor from Cambridge, so finally he was asked what he thought. He said he agreed with their conviction that change was needed in the world. He then described Cambridge students who had found that this change needed to begin in themselves. The Oxford men were all for Cambridge students changing, and followed Buchman's vivid, down-to-earth stories with deep interest so that the meeting broke up talking of nothing else.

To Loudon Hamilton's surprise his room-mate, who was red-haired and a complete cynic, suggested that they should invite Buchman to breakfast the next morning. Since he could not very well say no, Hamilton agreed but took the precaution of ordering a large quantity of food to keep Buchman busy and not give him too much time to talk.

At first everything went normally. They talked about sport, about exams, about the weather. Then Buchman began to tell them about his time in China. He told about the headmistress of a big girls' school in Hong Kong who wanted to know what she should do with a girl who had been stealing. 'When did you steal last?' was Buchman's unexpected question in reply. 'I can remember taking money from my mother's purse when I was small,' she admitted. 'Why don't you tell the girl that?' Buchman suggested. She did. Stealing stopped in the school, and the effects were felt far beyond it.

When the story was over there was silence. Then, to Hamilton's great astonishment, Sandy, his red-haired room-mate, said abruptly, 'I haven't always been honest about money.' It jolted Hamilton who remembered he

had recently gone to the Commemoration Ball in another college without paying for the ticket. As the breakfast ended he found himself wondering where he could borrow the money—supposing he decided to pay it back.

Then he discovered, again to his surprise, that many of the men who had been at the Beef and Beer Club meeting had been impressed by Buchman. Several he had never spoken to came to ask him who Buchman was and how they could get in touch with him. Eventually Hamilton invited Buchman back to Oxford for a second weekend. This time he brought three Cambridge undergraduates with him.

Among those he met on this visit was one of Oxford's outstanding scholars who was a militant atheist. He used to organise meetings on Sunday afternoons, invite some theologian to give a talk, and then lead the ensuing discussion so ably that when it came to a vote there was always a majority in favour of atheism. Someone told him that a man named Frank Buchman was in Oxford and that this Buchman believed in the Holy Spirit. The atheist thought this was nonsense. So he decided to ask Buchman to his rooms for coffee and argue him out of his beliefs. When Buchman arrived he put forth all his arguments for atheism. Buchman sat there nodding his head, saying, 'Really?' and 'Very interesting'.

After an hour the atheist saw that he was getting nowhere. He suddenly said to Buchman, 'I wish you would tell me what you think of me.'

Buchman answered, 'You don't want me to be rude, do you?'

The atheist persisted. So Buchman said, 'I feel three things about you. First, you are unhappy.'

The other answered, 'Yes, I am.'

Buchman said, 'You have an unhappy home.'

The atheist answered, 'Yes, I have. I hate my father. I always have since I was a boy.'

Buchman then said, 'You are in the grip of an impure habit which you cannot bring yourself to talk about with anyone.'

The atheist answered, 'That is a lie.' There was silence.

Buchman said, 'I must go.'

The atheist said, 'Please stay.'

Buchman said, 'I must go.'

'No, don't go.'

Buchman then said, 'Well, I'll stay on one condition—that you and I listen to God together.'

The atheist made a surprising reply. He said, 'I couldn't do that. I told you a lie a few minutes ago. I am in the grip of that habit.'

Buchman said, 'I know.' They talked honestly together and ended the evening on their knees. The atheist said, 'I want to give my life to God.' And he did so.

Next day he wrote a letter of apology to his father. He also went to the professor with whom he had been working on a book about atheism. He put the manuscript on the professor's table and said, 'Well, we'll have to scrap all that.' The professor said, 'Why?'

The former atheist said, 'We are for truth. The truth is that God has come into my life as a reality.'

The professor took another puff at his pipe and said, 'Well, I suppose we will have to scrap it.' So the draft of an atheistic philosophy for post-war Britain went into the wastepaper basket.

At a weekend gathering in Cambridge a few weeks later, the man who had been an atheist stood up and said, 'Whatever I may have said before, I can never deny that

here we have stood together in the presence of God.' This weekend proved a milestone for Loudon Hamilton and many others as they began to find the same experience.

Buchman returned to America that autumn still not fully aware of what great events he had set in motion, but aware of a divine discontent in his own spirit. One morning in a time of quiet he wrote down: 'You must resign from Hartford. Do not worry about the financial consequences. A changed life is the best security. You must make the experiment. Dare to launch out alone.'

He could not resign right away. He had to think of the lectures he was committed to give at Hartford. But in December he was invited to Washington by a senior British officer who was attending the Disarmament Conference that followed the First World War. This officer, Brigadier David Forster, wanted Buchman to meet with him and thirty of his colleagues.

As Buchman journeyed to Washington by train through the night, listening to the clang of the wheels and to the voice in his own heart, the thought came to him again and again, 'Resign, resign, resign.' By the time he reached Washington, he had decided. The thought had matured and become a clear command.

When he told his mother she was horrified. 'Don't worry,' he wrote to her. 'Worry killed the cat. I have a peace that passes understanding. The best is yet to be.'

President Mackenzie did all he could to make Buchman change his mind but Buchman kept to his decision. He resigned, and never again held a salaried position until his life's end. He cut his bonds with human security and put his trust in God alone.

At the end of term, in March 1922, he took the first ship bound for England. Friends paid for his ticket.

Prophets of a new age

Meantime, Loudon Hamilton and his friends, back in Oxford after the historic weekend in Cambridge, were considering the next steps that might follow from the significant changes that had been taking place in their lives. Six of them met together at the beginning of term and decided to invite six more friends to meet with them. Forty-four turned up. Before long, so many undergraduates were finding a new direction for their lives that a leading theologian gave thanks from a college pulpit for 'the new illumination that has come to this old University'.

Through the ever increasing numbers of changed lives, Oxford became a centre of Frank Buchman's work over the next ten years. In the 1930's scores of students were meeting every day to share experiences and plans.

Gradually this personal work attracted more and more public attention. In the 1920's, Harold Begbie, a widely-read Fleet Street journalist and author, had heard of it from a young R A F officer who had been severely wounded and invalided out of the Air Force. He was so cheerful that Begbie asked him what had happened to him. 'I met a man named Buchman,' was the reply.

Begbie took the trouble to get to know Buchman and his friends and subsequently described them in his book *Life Changers*,[1] in which Frank Buchman appears under the initials 'F.B.' Begbie described Buchman as a youthful-

[1] *Life Changers* by Harold Begbie, Mills & Boon, London 1923.

looking man of middle age and typically American in his fresh and well-groomed appearance. 'His carriage and his gestures are distinguished by an invariable alertness. He never droops, never slouches. You find him in the small hours of the morning with the same quickness of eye and and the same athletic erectness of body which seem to bring a breeze into the breakfast room. Few men so quiet and restrained exhale a spirit of such contagious well-being.

'I am tempted to believe that if Mr Pickwick had given birth to a son and that son had emigrated to America in boyhood, he would have been not unlike this amiable and friendly surgeon of souls.

'Almost in secret a work has been going on for the last two or three years among the undergraduates of many universities, the work of one man. His genius, I think, lies in giving untiring and concentrated care to individuals. To him the individual man means more than the mass, the part infinitely greater than the whole. Therefore he shuns publicity of any kind and never for one moment dreams of calculating his successes in statistics.'

Frank Buchman's own thinking about his work in those days comes out in an entry he made in one of his notebooks of May 1924: 'Go round the world. Take an apostolic group with you. A one-man endeavour is a false principle. It is a breakdown of civilisation that you face. We are living in a selfish, sex-mad age. It doesn't matter whether past ages were better or worse, we have to deal with today's world. Sin has become attractive. God must be made attractive and interesting. Your young men must become the prophets of a new age.'

Like Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola, Buchman's aim was to go from land to land with a militant nucleus of

men, breaking out of the traditional framework of Christian institutionalism and freeing a congealing Church to move along new paths.

For his first expedition he picked six men—three from Oxford and Cambridge, three from Yale and Princeton. On 9 June 1924, Buchman said goodbye to his mother in New York. She was grateful to him for arranging to come and see her. 'God will take care of us,' she assured him. 'Everyone says you are such a help to them. I will try to be brave. I hope we'll meet again sometime, somewhere.'

Back in Oxford, he also took leave of his friends there, and then went on to London, where he stayed at Brown's Hotel whose proprietor always made Buchman his guest. His old friend King George of the Hellenes, now in exile, was also staying there. Among others Buchman met at this time was the writer Siegfried Sassoon. Sassoon wrote to him afterwards: 'My instinct tells me that your success is based on simplicity. I'm beginning to learn that simplicity is more important than anything else. Confidence in living is what our confused generation lacks. Faith for me is the same as simplicity. Miracles can grow out of it.'

Buchman's group travelled across Europe to Constantinople. On the way there he stopped in Bucharest at the express wish of Queen Sophie of Greece who wanted him to visit her daughter, Princess Helen, the wife of Crown Prince Carol of Roumania. Buchman had tea in the nursery with Princess Helen's son, Prince Michael, and his English nurse, Elizabeth St John who was Buchman's devoted friend for the rest of her life.

From Turkey the six went on with Buchman to the Holy Land and then to India. Coming from such different backgrounds and points of view, and meeting so many people even more different, gave them a training that was

by no means easy. They found it difficult to establish real unity among themselves. The little, everyday things—a borrowed pen, sharing rooms, being punctual for meals and for trains, maintaining discipline about food and hygiene in tropical countries—often caused friction and arguments. 'You can be in the Holy Land and in hell at one and the same time,' Buchman once commented. He constantly had to remind them that you can't expect a statesman to rise above self-will if you haven't won the battle over your own.

In India the struggle for independence was in full swing, led by Mahatma Gandhi, Rajagopalachari, Mohammed Ali and Pandit Nehru. Buchman met with them, and came to know them as a friend. He gave Nehru a copy of Begbie's *Life Changers*. He kept in touch with so many people that the member of the group acting as his secretary was hard put to it to keep up with the mass of correspondence.

A good example of how he was able to make friends even with difficult people was his encounter with a Scottish business man, George Kenneth, in Madras.

Buchman called on Kenneth in his office.

'I'm busy,' said Kenneth.

'So am I,' Buchman replied. 'Here's something for you to read. Goodbye.' He put a copy of Begbie's *Life Changers* with his Madras address on the table and left.

Next day Kenneth rang him up.

'I've read your book. What can I do for you? My car is at your disposal. So am I. I'll always make time for you.'

The Governor of Madras, Lord Goshen, was surprised at the change in Kenneth who was a friend of his and who was known as one of the heaviest drinkers at their club. He gave Buchman a letter of introduction to the Gover-

nors of Bengal and of Bombay. Meanwhile Kenneth had called in his twelve Indian foremen. 'From now on,' he told them, 'I want to work with you in an entirely different way. I've treated you like dogs. You've worked for me because you've been afraid of me. I want your co-operation in putting this business on a completely new basis.'

At a time when there was a growing rift between the Indians and the British, the effects of Buchman's work attracted a good deal of attention all over the country.

Buchman met Gandhi on more than one occasion. They went for walks along the sea-shore. 'It was like taking a walk with Aristotle,' Buchman said in later years.

At a luncheon with the Viceroy, Lord Reading, in Delhi, the conversation turned to the Ali brothers, two of the most militant Indian leaders whom Buchman knew personally. 'Those rascals,' said the Viceroy. 'I have to keep putting them in jail. What would you do with them in my place?'

'I would do what you have done for me—invite them here as honoured guests and get to know them.'

Lord Reading took Buchman at his word and invited the Ali brothers to dinner. Later he was the first to recommend that they should be invited to the Round Table Conferences on India in London, in 1930 and 1931.

It was not always easy for Buchman to keep his team together. Loudon Hamilton fell ill and had to return home early. The trip had been a bit too arduous for one of the others, who went back to England with Hamilton. Another received a call to an important church in America. For months he wavered. Buchman, who saw his friend very clearly, wrote giving his thought on the matter: 'You are in danger of running away, going off half-cocked, and doing injury to the very thing that has been laid on your

heart. I have always tried never to cramp your style. But what you need is the drab, not the dramatic.'

Here again one sees the basic Buchman theme—not to go looking for the extraordinary, but to find the extraordinary in the ordinary. Buchman continued: 'If your guidance is to go elsewhere and if your conviction, after talking it over with the others, differs from mine, then go and may God abundantly bless you.'

Buchman was well aware that his group had many faults, especially at the outset. 'We were a difficult lot and I now blush for our youthful arrogance. Tolerance and humility were virtues we had yet to learn. Today I marvel at God's patience and goodness.'

Gandhi, on the other hand, said of Buchman's men: 'I have noticed that when the Englishman comes to India his heart is generally warm, but the longer he stays the colder his heart grows. In the case of these men, however, the longer they stay among us the warmer grow their hearts.'

Buchman summarised the lessons learned on this Indian journey in an entry in one of his notebooks. He wrote: 'A new approach is needed to overcome the deadly numbness of the modern world. The greatest enemies of Christianity are so-called Christians who pay only lip-service. The Apostles were an offence to the world. Respectable Christianity is not.

'What a glorious vision—a group of young men who glorify God in their lives, who meet together in homes as did the First Century Christians. Soul-stirring, inspiring, patriotic. The living Christ, not just every hour, but every minute of the day. There is a difference between the authority of the Spirit and a spirit of authority. Christ learned through what He suffered. Gandhi, too, learns

through suffering. Being receptive is a sign of greatness.'

When Buchman was in Lahore visiting Howard Walter's grave, he received the belated news that his mother had had a fall and broken her hip. Travelling south by train that night, it seemed to him as though the whole compartment was flooded with light. So he was prepared for the news that finally reached him by cable that his mother had died. 'If ever you are in doubt about eternity,' he wrote later to a friend in trouble, 'and sometimes it is hard to believe, remember that God lit up a railway carriage for me in India and strengthened my faith.'

After completing his tour of South East Asia and Australia, he returned to America, where he was able to take part in a memorial service for his mother at Allentown. She was a remarkable woman. A friend who knew her well wrote: 'When Frank was away on his travels, though she missed him, she never complained. She simply said that Frank must do the work he had been called to do. She did not think her being without him was too much of a sacrifice to make compared with the good Frank was doing.... Mrs Buchman, though firm, was kind of heart and very hospitable. Every guest who entered the home was made to feel that he was doing her an honour and she treated each one as a royal soul—as Frank also did. When it was necessary to speak out, she never minced words and usually hit the bull's eye.'

Buchman's old college, Muhlenberg, took the opportunity of his being in Allentown to confer a Doctorate of Divinity on him.

He renewed his contact with India when, at the invitation of Archbishop Söderblöm of Sweden he went to Geneva to meet Pandit Nehru. Nehru told him, 'I read *Life Changers* with great interest. At the time I doubted

the possibility of a sudden change in the life of the individual. But what I do acknowledge is the value of absolute honesty.

At the same time I am not much attracted by the concept of faith. In India, as you probably know, we say there are three ways of attaining reality—the *gyana marg*, the way of wisdom; the *karma marg*, the way of action; and the *bhakti marg*, the way of faith. It would be presumptuous of me to say I am trying to follow even one of these ways.

Like most of us, I let myself drift through life. But I must admit that the *bhakti marg*, the way of faith, does not fit in with my present mental attitude, and that, in spite of the fact that Mr Gandhi, whom I greatly respect, lays the greatest stress on faith. It may be that my early scientific training plus the widespread irreverence of these modern times is responsible for that.'

In the fire of persecution

While Buchman was still in Geneva he heard that an attack had been launched against him at Princeton University, where his work had proved effective for a number of years. He wrote back immediately to his correspondent: 'I believe the most effective thing now will be to be able to point to so many miracles of the Spirit that people cannot gainsay what is happening. There will always be volcanic reactions. I realise that better every day. Some will always spread lies about us, but at the same time there will be

growing numbers who come to realise the power of the Gospel.'

He was considering when would be the opportune moment to go to the assistance of his Princeton friends, when a telegram came from Queen Marie of Roumania inviting him to accompany her and her family to America. On shipboard one evening, the Queen gave a dinner in Frank Buchman's honour. A journalist, present without invitation, cabled a story with Buchman's name to New York. When the ship arrived on 18 October a hot reception awaited Buchman.

Princeton University had been founded by men of faith and had a long tradition of spiritual influence in the country. Among the students, the Philadelphian Society had for close on a century taken responsibility for the university's spiritual life. A full-time general secretary was in charge of its affairs. Sam Shoemaker had held the post in 1923-24. Towards the end of 1923 he was joined by Ray Purdy who had previously held a responsible job in a large Wall Street firm, and by two other men who had also been trained by Frank Buchman—Howard Blake and Kenaston Twitchell. Buchman himself met with them frequently.

Their work was so successful that by the autumn of 1923 eighty professors and students were meeting daily to deepen their spiritual life and pass it on to others.

It was plain that a reaction could be expected. F.L. Allen, who knew the situation intimately, described the student generation of those days in his *Only Yesterday* as being sceptical and opposed to any kind of spiritual reform. 'Anyone who did not regard tolerance as the highest virtue was persecuted with virulent intolerance. Atheism was popular. Sex should not only be freely

discussed but freely practised.' When a few enterprising students founded an 'Association for the Dissemination of Moral Turpitude' this was generally regarded as an amusing counterbalance to the Philadelphian Society.

But there was a much more determined opposition at work. Its centre was the student *Theâtre intime*, run by a brilliant scholar, Neilson Abeel, who had publicly declared that he was devoting his life to destroying Buchman's work.

Dr Hibben, who had followed Woodrow Wilson as President of the University, a well-meaning but weak man, wanted to avoid any conflict and in December 1923 invited Buchman and his friends to meet and discuss matters with their opponents. Following that, there was a friendly exchange of letters between Buchman and the President.

For Abeel and his friends, however, the meeting merely provided material for renewed attacks. In February 1924 they put together their attacks on Buchman in a pamphlet entitled *The Cannonball.* Then they showed Dr Hibben the galley-proofs. Unless he officially declared himself against Buchman, they threatened, they would publish it. Dr Hibben, fearing for the good name of the university, allowed himself to be stampeded into saying: 'There is no place for Buchman in Princeton.'

Buchman's attackers did not rest on their laurels. Moreover they were further irritated by the vigorous way in which his friends were continuing to gain ground. An editor of *The Churchman*, Ernest Mandeville by name, took it upon himself to publish a series of articles repeating the wholly unsubstantiated Princeton attacks. The Princeton legend grew and in October 1926 *Time* seized on some of the accusations to blow them up

sensationally. In this form they were picked up by the New York papers. This was the situation Buchman met when he landed in America.

So violent were the attacks that sparks flew all the way to England. One opponent of Buchman's invented a lurid picture of an Oxford Group meeting, and to this day critics of MRA are still using it. Usually it had to do with what they call 'public confession', although anyone who wants to can easily find out that such 'confessions' were never countenanced by Buchman.

What lay behind the violent opposition was examined with objective and factual detail in a leading article in *Life* magazine (November 1926). 'It appears that Mr Buchman gives people new motives and a source of power. The means he uses irritate those who feel challenged by them. That is probably the reason why he has been criticised so sharply in Princeton. Perhaps, also, Princeton likes its students to remain as they are and is completely against them becoming new men. Man always avoids change. Institutions designed to fit man as he is, defend themselves against change. Parents do the same. Yet what the world needs more than anything else is that there should be a change in the way many people live. Rebirth is what the world needs desperately though it is just as unwilling as Princeton to be brought face to face with the necessity of just such a change as F.B. is effecting.'

'The fire of persecution that forges prophets' was to continue burning under the feet of Buchman and his most committed fellow fighters. When some of them styled themselves 'A First Century Christian Fellowship', he shook his head and wrote them: 'Read the Book of Acts and you'll see what happened to the First Century Christians. Life for them was no bed of roses. Thank God!'

On earth as it is in Heaven

The work of Frank Buchman, in the words of Gabriel Marcel, 'links the global and the intimate'. Hence its breadth and its depth. His work grew in the fire of persecution. It spread out with an explosive force that broke through all barriers. It roused resistance among the complacent. Even among the willing it is no easy way. But nothing can stop it.

The leap from the personal to the national began in South Africa. A group of seven young men from Oxford landed in Capetown in July 1928 and opened up a new dimension in the story of Buchman's work. For after South Africa (1928 and 1929) came the advance in Canada and America (1932), Scandinavia (1934), Switzerland (1935), Holland (1937). The staging ground for all these actions was England, and the foremost cause of concern continued to be Nazi Germany.

Just before the outbreak of the Second World War, the new dimension of the work led to a new name and a new approach. These were given expression in the speeches Buchman made in the East End of London, in Visby in Sweden, and at Interlaken in Switzerland. An illustrated magazine, *Rising Tide*, effectively spread the message far and wide.

Spiritual offensives were launched through large meetings and through campaigns lasting several weeks. The basic pattern, however, was the 'house-party'—gatherings

for invited guests, held in a convenient hotel or large house or college, prepared and led by a trained group. At these house-parties the meetings would be informal, practical, based on personal experience, and would steer clear of conventional set speeches. 'Don't go an inch beyond your own experience,' Buchman used to say. Experience was never confused with emotion, however. Emotion was avoided as far as possible. What was often heard was the shout of laughter when the audience recognised themselves, as in a mirror, through some ordinary, concrete experience mentioned by the speaker. Buchman encouraged people to speak of themselves objectively in a way that would be of practical help to others.

The year after the seven men visited South Africa, Buchman himself planned to make an extended visit with a larger group. Many months in advance he had written down a list of names—the Governor General, Lord Athlone, the Hon J.H. Hofmeyr (then deputy Prime Minister), General Smuts, General Hertzog, and several journalists whom he knew—and had added, 'Think through the ten men in South Africa who, if they were won, could mean most to the nation. Let them be your team.'

He also gave a great deal of thought to the men he was going to take with him. One was a young American who had been divorced and had taken to drink but who had come to England with Buchman. Buchman's friends were astonished that he should plan to take this young man to South Africa but Buchman felt the man could not only be cured, but could become a pioneer. The last day on board ship the young man got so drunk that he had to be practically carried ashore. To the others, Buchman seemed to be putting his whole work at risk for the sake of one man. But his expectations were not disappointed. The

American eventually became one of his best companions in the battle.

When they reached South Africa, Baroness van Heeckeren from Holland, who was travelling with them, was invited to stay with the Governor General. Even after the usual demanding, busy working day, Lord Athlone would stay up late for his Dutch guest to come home from the house-party that had been arranged, in order to hear the latest news of what had happened there. Then in church he heard the Bishop speak of the deep impression this house-party had made on him. So he arranged a private visit for Buchman to meet General and Mrs Smuts. But the thing that convinced Lord Athlone more than anything else was the remarkable change in a young South African Springbok rugby footballer, George Daneel. Buchman had spent an hour talking with the Governor General, and Athlone had taken him out to the waiting car, when he suddenly said to Buchman, 'We have not talked about the thing that interests me most. What I really want to know is how you get hold of a man like George Daneel and change him. You've not told me. Come on inside again.' So the two men turned and went back indoors.

At that time the division between Boer and British was deep and bitter. At the closing session of the house-party Professor Edgar Brookes, of the Political Science department of Pretoria University and a prominent representative of the English-speaking community, bore powerful witness to the new-found unity that had been created between the two opposing camps.

There were those who were working against this unity. Hatred against the British was roused to such a level in Pretoria University, for example, that the English-

speaking professors, Professor Brookes among them, had had to leave their posts.

This was largely due to agitation stirred up by a leader of the Boer faction, Professor Arthur Norval. His father had been killed by the British in the Boer War, and Norval always kept his father's blood-stained uniform. This stoked the fires of his hatred. However, his wife persuaded him to go to a meeting arranged in the home of W.M. Hofmeyr, the headmaster of a bi-lingual boys' school, and there Norval heard Professor Brookes speak.

'After I got home from that meeting,' Norval said, 'I spent one of the most terrible nights of my life. I felt I could not go on hating the English, yet I could not face the cost of being regarded as a traitor by those I counted my closest friends, men by whose side I had fought this battle for years. I had always prided myself on being scientifically-minded and an agnostic and had no interest in God. But that night I came to the point of praying: 'God, if there is a God, I surrender my life to You—under protest.' I did not have to wait long for results. I began to see people as real individuals not just as "English", "African", even my own wife!'

Shortly afterwards he called a meeting in the Pretoria Town Hall to which he invited the leaders of all the different communities. So many people turned up that hundreds were unable to find a seat. Those who got in were hardly able to believe their eyes and ears when they saw Professor Norval and Professor Brookes on the platform together, and heard Norval, who had sworn never to speak in English, explain, in English, why he had decided to work with Brookes and his friends for co-operation and understanding.

Thirty years later, the late Albert Luthuli, the great

leader of the black South Africans, who spent many years in prison, and who won the Nobel Peace Prize, told of his meeting Professor Brookes in his book *Let My People Go* (1962). 'We were able to talk over with complete frankness all the problems raised by the clash of race in South Africa. I can't say we solved all the problems but he more than met me halfway in friendly discussion and understanding in spite of the present day discord.... Dr Brookes continues to be one of South Africa's greatest champions of sanity and morality in both public and private affairs.'

The campaign of 1932 in North America took place in very different circumstances. It was at the height of the depression. The hotels were empty. Buchman filled them with people hungry to hear a message of hope. The churches, too, were filled wherever Buchman went with his team. People flocked to hear them from coast to coast—30,000 in one day in Vancouver. The Prime Minister of Canada, R.B. Bennett, said that the work of the Oxford Group had been felt in every part of the Dominion, and had made the task of government easier.

One night on the Pacific express, en route to California, Buchman gathered a group of his co-workers in his compartment. He was planning to leave two of his trusted men in each of the seven major Canadian cities they had just visited, to carry on the work there. All through the night he dictated letters—to hotel owners, statesmen, church leaders, union leaders—personal letters, recalling the names from memory, including wives and children, remembering shared experiences. It was an unforgettable night for those who were with him. They began to understand what is meant by having a strategy and how to combine concern for a whole nation with passionate care for individuals.

Nordic adventure

Back in Europe in 1934, Buchman saw the advance of Fascism and Communism as the challenge of the hour.

An invitation from Carl Hambro, President of the Norwegian Parliament, who had met Frank Buchman in Geneva, opened the way for an offensive of faith to influence the course of events. Hambro's suggestion was to arrange a house-party in the Norwegian town of Hösbjör to which he would invite a hundred of his friends. Buchman was to bring a team of thirty of his friends. To Hambro it seemed a very big undertaking. Buchman had to reassure him regarding the finances that would be needed. 'We'll see how things develop day by day,' he said, and quoted St Matthew—'Do not be anxious about your life, what you shall eat or what you shall drink.' 'Our heavenly Father knows that we need all these things.'

As usual with Frank Buchman things developed in an unexpected way. Instead of a hundred people, a thousand came. Buchman's thirty grew to two hundred. Every bed in the district was taken.

News of what was happening among the journalists, politicians, the business and labour men at Hösbjor spread in ever widening circles. Industrial conflicts and a threatened general strike were settled in the new atmosphere of reconciliation. The King expressed surprise at the marked difference in sermons on the radio. The

President of the Norwegian Authors' Association, Ronald Fangen, who had come to Hösbjör armed with a copious supply of whisky and several detective stories, found time for neither. 'The significance of the Oxford Group,' he wrote, 'is that it has given us back Christianity as simple and clear, as rich in victory and joy and fresh fellowship as it was in the first Christian era.' Bishop Berggrav described it as 'the greatest spiritual movement since the Reformation'. Norway's neighbours were interested.

The door to Denmark was opened by Fredrik Ramm, the Norwegian newspaperman who had accompanied Amundsen on his flight over the North Pole and whose dispatches had made his name known in every part of the world. His biting articles on the Greenland question had made him hated in Denmark. He came to Hösbjör, and when he publicly apologised for his attacks on the Danes and announced his readiness to work for reconciliation, the doors of Copenhagen opened for Buchman and the Oxford Group.

Early in 1935 Buchman went to Denmark with a team of 300 people. The campaign was to begin with an all-out, week-long, major assault on the capital. During the preparations there was unavoidably a clash with some local elements more accustomed to a soft, over-personal, revivalist-type Christianity. Buchman saw clearly, 'These local groups do not have what it takes. I've asked them to refrain from doing anything that would attract public attention. But they went ahead and arranged a prayer meeting and then invited the press—plenty of food for sensational articles. Our old opponents from Princeton have also turned up. What you have got here is the result of spiritual deformity over a long period. It makes one think of dwarfs crawling around in a cave. Then someone

lets the light in and everything is clear.'

He added, 'Unless something decisive happens quickly this country will fall like over-ripe fruit and the nation will no longer be able to hear the true message.'

His plans went forward undeterred. For a week the biggest hall in Copenhagen was full to overflowing every night. Buchman devoted every morning to training his large team. People brought the news of what had happened the previous day, the miracles, the attacks, what was to be learned from each report. 'You can win an argument and lose a man,' he reminded them.

In the weeks that followed streams of fresh men and women, old and young, were enlisted through meetings in homes, in churches, in schools, in institutions, in public buildings and through countless individual conversations. The newspapers were full of it. A national assembly at Easter at a well-known conference centre in Haslev was followed at Whitsun by an all-Scandinavian demonstration in Hamlet's Castle at Elsinore, when ten thousand people filled the great courtyard.

The chief editor of *Dagens Nyheter* described the Elsinore meeting in a long article in his paper. 'Here was the whole castle courtyard packed as it had never been at any meeting hitherto. All ages were represented here, every party, every class, every stratum of society.... History has been written today. I have heard nothing else like it in our age. Other contemporary movements have conquered nations. This man had the determined vision of the conquest of the world when nations would listen to the voice of the living God.... The Bishop of Copenhagen, deeply moved, ended the meeting by expressing to Frank Buchman the grateful thanks of the Danish Church.'

It was symbolic that the first song of the Oxford Group,

written in Denmark in those days, was called *Bridge-builders.*

The power of change that so many Scandinavians found at that time lasted through the grim days of Nazi occupation. Fredrik Ramm, dying of consumption contracted in a Gestapo prison, said to the one friend who had been allowed to visit him in his two years of confinement, 'Even though I am alone, I do not feel lonely. All I learned in the Oxford Group remains true. I would rather be in prison with God than outside without Him.'

In April 1945, Bishop Arne Fjellbu of Trondheim, another prominent Norwegian leader, said in an address in St Martin-in-the-Fields in London: 'I wish to state publicly that the foundations of united resistance of Norwegian Churchmen to Nazism were laid by the Oxford Group's work.' Later, in a press interview, Bishop Fjellbu, who took a leading part in Norway's resistance throughout the war, added, 'The first coming of the Oxford Group to Norway was an intervention of Providence in history, like Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain.... They helped to bridge the gap between religion and the people and make it real every day. We have been fighting more than an armed enemy. We have been fighting godless materialism. The Oxford Group gave us men who helped us to fight for a Christian ideology.'

From Switzerland to the world

Buchman was invited to come to Switzerland by Swiss who had taken part in the Nordic campaigns. For him it was an opportunity of tackling the German problem from a new angle.

The campaign was set from the beginning in the world framework that Geneva, city of the League of Nations, offered.

To satisfy the curiosity which had been aroused among the delegates to the League of Nations by the Oxford Group's activities in many different countries, Dr Benes, the President of Czechoslovakia, who was then President of the League of Nations Assembly, gave a luncheon for five hundred guests, among them the representatives of forty-four nations, including Italy and Ethiopia, then in conflict, to meet Frank Buchman and his co-workers.

Buchman spoke just four sentences: 'There are those who feel that internationalism is not enough. Nationalism can unite a nation. Super-nationalism can unite a world. God-controlled super-nationalism is the only sure foundation for world peace.'

Then Carl Hambro, who had been President of the Assembly the previous year, presented a picture of the effect the Oxford Group had had in his country. 'Hundreds and thousands of lives have been changed. The influence has been felt all over Norway. As politicians you will understand me when I say that no one who has come

in touch with the Oxford Group can approach his international work in the same old spirit as before. For it cures him of being ruled by hate and prejudice.

'We have the impression that these people have succeeded in fundamental things where we have failed. They have created a fellowship of men and women irrespective of nationality and political doctrine. They have created that constructive peace which we have been seeking in vain for years. Where we have failed in changing politics, they have succeeded in changing lives, and giving men and women a new way of living.'

That was the guiding star of the whole operation. From Geneva it swept across the country like a hurricane. There were mass meetings in the major cities. The biggest halls were filled to overflowing. In Zurich not only was the great Borsensaal packed out but an overflow meeting had to be arranged. It was a keen, invigorating, uncomfortable time. It went beyond all expectations.

One of the Swiss who Buchman felt should take national responsibility and whom he always put in the front line, gave this account from the midst of the battle:

'Remarkable things are happening. Several hundred people from many different countries and backgrounds come to a city to bring it a revolution. They are no fanatics. They are men of the world—business men, politicians, university men, sportsmen. They live together at one and the same time like a large family, a disciplined army, a revolutionary force. Even more remarkable they are not out for personal aims or personal gain from the success of their enterprise. They set up no organisation. They have no paid officials. They work night and day. Most of them have come at great personal sacrifice of time and money and even of reputation and career.

'What is their message?

'It is the simplest and at the same time the most revolutionary message in the world. They have discovered that God can actually change a man's life from the roots up. They have experienced this themselves, as have many, many others. It gives them tremendous determination and boundless expectation. If God can change people, He can change the world.

'What are their methods?

'They pass on their experience. They present not new ideas but new facts. They don't get into arguments but give everyone the chance of making the same decisive experiment.

'Since they believe that there is no time to lose, they use every means to reach the greatest number in the shortest time—public meetings, press and radio, visits to political, professional and church organisations and government ministries. After all that comes the essential point—the personal touch with those who are ready to step out on the great adventure themselves.

'This is the secret of the movement—the knowledge that something real only happens in the world when it happens in and through specific people. A new world order comes not from new ideas and institutions, but from new men. The more the new life captures a man in his whole being and in all his relationships, the greater is its penetrating power and the stronger are the bonds which unite him to others who have been through the same experience. In accordance with this law, a law which operates with the same force and precision as natural law, the new cells of society, known as "groups", are formed.

'How does this movement differ from other religious currents?

'*Through the freedom and discipline of its cohesion.* The group is an organism, not an organisation. There are no statutory obligations, no regulations, no membership fees. Order grows from within among the individuals and groups according to the degree of initiative and responsibility they take. The closer the contact is with the central nucleus, the stricter is the discipline, the clearer the leadership, the greater the cohesion, the wider the horizon.

'*Through the new way of life.* For these people faith is not something abnormal, confined to particular hours, particular doctrines, particular customs. It is an element permeating the whole of life. Such faith makes a man open to the world, fresh and alive, happy, though it may startle those accustomed to trying to cultivate it behind closed doors.

'*Through the new sense of reality.* These people are keenly aware that the words and ideas which are part of our life are apt to suffer from inflation. So they reject *a priori* words and teachings which do not come to grips with the real lives of individuals. The quality of life of anyone who speaks is for them the test of the reality of his words. That is why they accept for themselves the challenge of the Sermon on the Mount: absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, and absolute love. This, too, is the reason why they are sparing in the use of some words. The serious value of a proclamation is to be judged not so much by frequent use of sacred names or a high percentage of Biblical texts as by the conclusions drawn by the proclaimer about himself.

'It remains true that the divine Word is not dependent on the lives of mortal men. But where the Word does not take effect in the lives of men, it is like a house built on sand.

'*Through stress on what is actually happening.* Faith is not a doctrine, nor a permanent possession. It is an event. Something happens. Someone's eyes are opened. Something really happens. The Oxford Group has a simple formula: Sin is anything that divides me from God and from the next person. The cause of ineffectiveness and confusion is that the channel from God through ourselves to the next person has been blocked up by an inflated self-concern. We take ourselves too seriously, an over-emphasis which expresses itself in a thousand forms, some crude some subtle, some active some passive. Anyone who has seen this concretely in his own life knows that there is only one answer—to have done with egoism. Then the channel is clear. Then something can happen. Then something does happen.

'But the ego grows big again and again, so again and again we must clear out the channel to God and to others. That is the point of the "quiet time" and of being honest with each other. It means always being open to God, looking away from yourself, listening to God, giving God time to spread His light through every part of every day. It means always being open to the next person, clearing away whatever gets in the way, even the smallest dishonesty, the slightest grudge. It means including the other person in what is happening to us, not in a sentimental way but actively, concretely, selflessly.

'When a channel is clear and open the wind of God can blow through. Many people can't bear this wind. They call it aggressiveness, Anglo-Saxon activism, and so on. But when we daily pray, "Thy Kingdom come", we should not imagine that this coming will necessarily take place at the tempo of a pleasant Sunday afternoon stroll. In higher realms there may even be a holy impatience—if

only some day something would happen in the world!

'Many people say they would be ready to risk all for God if they knew for sure He was really there. How calculatingly bourgeois! How cautious! Turn the sentence round! Risk everything for God and you will see that He is really there.

'*Through the training of responsible leadership.* It is not enough for a man to find new life for himself through the Group. He has to go far enough to be able to train others. Groups out to preserve their own fellowship and well-being soon moulder and die. A group remains alive by taking its place in the front line of the battle and by raising up seasoned, battle-tested, independent leaders—men who can take on responsibility, who will stand firm in difficult or new situations, who will do impossible things in sensible ways.

'*Through universal appeal.* When this movement of renewal breaks through from the deepest levels of reality as in the days of early Christianity, it cannot be limited to the realm of the religious but must reach out into every area of private and public life. Thus, in the deepest sense, it brings rebirth, renaissance, both for the individual and for society.'

This breaking out of the religious sphere into public life took place in every imaginable way. Large numbers of invitations were sent. Many receptions took place. People opened their homes, churches, clubs. Meetings were held in chambers of commerce and in government offices. A reception was given by the Swiss President and other government representatives in the Federal Assembly. The following week a large number of Members of Parliament met with Frank Buchman and his colleagues in one of the main committee rooms. News of this appeared in

the daily press. *Der Bund* reported with some astonishment on the 'hour of frankness in Parliament'. Half humorously, half in earnest, *La Suisse* compared it with the legendary appearance of St Nicholas von der Flue in the Diet of Stans.

The closing event of the campaign was Buchman's speech in Zurich. After quoting the President of the Swiss Confederation, Rudolf Minger's words of welcome some days earlier, he went on to outline his vision of Switzerland's role in world affairs.

'I can see Switzerland a prophet among the nations, and a peacemaker in the international family. I can see vital Christianity becoming the controlling force of the State through individual responsibility to God. I can see the Church in Switzerland in such power that she sends out a mission to Christians in many lands. I can see Swiss business men showing the leaders of the world's commerce how faith in God is the only security. I can see Swiss statesmen demonstrating that divine guidance is the only practical politics. And I can see the Swiss Press as a powerful example of what a Press should be—the herald of a new world order.'

It is difficult to measure all the results of these great meetings and of the countless personal contacts. There is no doubt that for many it was the turning point of their lives. It could also be described as a change of climate. It was almost as if something new was penetrating between the chinks in the shutters. A business man, alone in his office, would feel a faint sense of unease if he was planning to cheat his fellow citizens. The public conscience became more sensitive. The Director of Finance in one canton reported that after the national day of thanksgiving and repentance, 6,000 tax payments were

recorded, something that had never occurred before in the financial history of the Republic.

Wider circles were reached through the press. The *Journal de Geneve* brought out a special four-page supplement on Buchman's work.

There were negative reactions too, of course. Very striking was the resistance on the part of many worthy Swiss. Some felt rather overwhelmed and regarded the whole campaign as un-Swiss.

For many Frank Buchman was the stumbling-block. He had only to appear and some felt challenged. He could be hard even on his closest colleagues. He demanded a strict inner discipline. From his ancestry he had a special love of Switzerland and felt all the more keenly any lack of understanding or any resistance that met him there. 'The Swiss are like rubber,' he said to a close friend. 'You think you've brought them a step forward, but no sooner are they on their own than they are back as they were.'

The new Netherlands

In 1937 Frank Buchman came to Holland. It was not the first time he had stayed in that country. He had been there in 1923. One of his friends, an English woman, had asked him at that time to take a small parcel to some relatives of hers, members of the van Heeckeren family.

This short visit was the beginning of a friendship that lasted through the years between Buchman and this family, who lived on their country estate, Rhederoord, in

De Steeg. The van Heeckerens introduced him to many of their friends. Thanks to the Oxford Group, many Dutch found a deeper faith and greater vision.

Buchman and his Dutch friends then tried to think out what needed to be done in this country. Most of them did not think beyond the limits of a spiritual revival movement. They were only interested in the local problems.

'You have done a great work,' said Frank Buchman. 'You have arranged excellent house-parties. But now we must see where we are in the perspective of international problems. You must be able to bring about a national renaissance in your country.'

'Holland national' (Dutch people must think nationwide)—this was the theme that Buchman used during all the preparations. The cautious Dutch took a long time to be convinced. Gradually the plan for a large gathering on a national level took shape. But where should it take place? There were wide differences of opinion. Buchman said: 'My conviction is that we should have it in Utrecht. It is in the middle of the country and can easily be reached from all parts.'

He asked Mrs van Beuningen to find a suitable hall. In her book, *A New World For My Grandchildren*, published on her eighty-ninth birthday, she tells what happened:

'I had lived thirty years in Utrecht and I knew all available halls there. I was sure that there was no concert hall or theatre large enough for such an occasion. But Frank Buchman was sure that we would find what was needed.

'An Englishman and I went to see what we could find. We concentrated on the city's suburbs. To our surprise we came upon a large, quite new building. We went in and found ourselves in a huge hall which could hold thou-

sands, even tens of thousands of people.... We were told that this was the Vegetable Market, to which farmers from the whole district came to auction their produce.'

That was where the assembly took place during Easter. It went on for ten days. A hundred thousand Dutch people took part.

Thousands of lives were changed as a result of this assembly. There was healing of hate and division. New unity came into marriages. Problems large and small were solved. People found a faith and a new vision for their lives.

The assembly had results that went far beyond the realm of the personal. Mussert, leader of the Dutch Nazis, in 1941 made the following accusation in his paper *People and Fatherland*: 'The greatest activity (of the Oxford Group) was in the Spring of 1937. During the elections it conducted propaganda against the National Socialist Movement with headlines such as "Oxford Group builds new Netherlands".' It is a fact that many people rejected the wretched doctrine of Fascism because they had found something better and more realistic.

During the days in Utrecht people sang everywhere, to the tune of a folk song, *We build a new Netherlands*. The song was written by a journalist, Herman Salomonson, who had undergone a change that deeply impressed his colleagues. After the Netherlands' surrender in 1940 he was arrested because of his attitude to National Socialism.

In prison and later in the concentration camps, where he died, his deep faith helped many of his fellow sufferers. Under the pen name Melis Stoke he wrote a number of poems which are among the most moving testimonies to the resistance movement.

Another personality who addressed the throngs in

Utrecht was Dr J.A.N. Patijn, newly appointed as Foreign Minister of Holland.

'It would be ungrateful of me,' he said, 'if I did not declare that, through my experience with the Oxford Group, I have learned to see those closest to me, my whole life and the world in a new light.'

Dr Patijn, Foreign Minister from 1937 to 1939, had previously been Ambassador in Belgium. At a dinner with delegates from the League of Nations he spoke of a decision he had to make in a difficult political situation. The Netherlands and Belgium were at the time engaged in a dispute over the construction of a canal. The International Court of Justice in the Hague decided in Belgium's favour. The Belgian press was stoking up the fires of hostile feeling against the Netherlands and Dr Patijn was very annoyed about this.

'During that time,' Patijn says, 'I was asked to speak at an important dinner. I was asked to say what I thought about this quarrel. At first I refused point-blank. But when I began my speech I felt myself compelled to tackle this question. I wished my Belgian hosts success in their project and spoke of my conviction that we were meant to be friends. From that day all the poisonous criticism of my country stopped.

'I was only able to say what I did because I was deeply convinced that it was more in line with God's will than the speech which I had wanted to make.'

When Frank Buchman issued his call for a 'moral and spiritual rearmament' in 1938, he found open doors in Holland, and Queen Wilhelmina spoke twice on this subject over the national radio.

The battle of ideologies

Long before it became generally recognised, Buchman was aware that a new element had appeared, an element which was to become a major factor in history, one which more and more broke down all the protective walls shielding private life.

Not long after he had been in South Africa he had been invited to South America by Sir Charles Bentinck, the British Ambassador to Peru. He made the visit in 1931. When he arrived, an uprising was brewing in Peru. It began with a taxi strike. Even the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent, who had travelled out on the same ship, had to walk. But when Buchman appeared a taxi drew up. The driver said, 'We heard that when your usual driver was ill you went to visit him. So we decided this morning that if no other cars moved there would always be a taxi for you.' Buchman used the opportunity to call on the leader of the strike.

Two days later the garrison at Arequipa mutinied and at the same time the students began a strike. After spending a night in Cuzco, Buchman was awakened early in the morning and told that revolution had broken out. He and all the other guests were warned to leave immediately. However, in a time of quiet, the thought came to him, 'Whatever you do, don't leave the hotel.' He was the only one to stay on, and enjoyed a very restful day. When he went down to the foyer in the evening there were all the

guests who had fled, coming back. They were astounded to find him safe and peaceful in the hotel.

What Buchman saw at that time made a deep impression on him. There were new, menacing groups of revolutionaries, mainly students. 'It is amazing that girls of eighteen and nineteen are the ones making propaganda for Communism in the University of Cuzco,' he wrote. 'Have we Christians any programme to answer such a well-prepared plan?'

Of his time in Sao Paulo he wrote: 'I was in Sao Paulo when the Prince of Wales spent the night in the Palace Hotel. Who also spent the night in the same hotel? Bela Kun, a leader of the Communist revolution in Hungary.' It gave him food for thought that in one South American country two young Communists were attached to every Cabinet minister to keep him on the party line.

Speaking at the University of Aberdeen a few weeks later, he described his South American experience. 'As I watched the flames of the burning city reddening the night sky, there came to me the thought as though written in letters of fire: We need emboldened leadership to meet the present world crisis.'

One of the students who heard him came to the station before Buchman's train left for London. 'I would like to be one of the men to bring this answer to the world,' he said. 'I want to give my life to the work that you are doing.'

Buchman invited him into the compartment. 'Let us listen to what God says,' he suggested. After a time of quiet he said: 'Young man, seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, seek Christ.' The young man worked with Buchman for the rest of his life, and is still at it.

Buchman's words to him were no pious phrase. Buchman lived all the time between the two poles—God and the world. The spark jumped from one to the other. This state of high tension often led to an explosive surge of power that would lead Buchman to a new dimension. Once when he was in Seattle, on the way from Canada to California with a team, his friends thought he was looking depressed, and when he kept to his room for a day or two they even thought he was ill. Suddenly he appeared like a man risen from a refreshing sleep. As if by some volcanic eruption he had hit on a new and wider expression of his message.

What had gone before was too narrow, too limited, in the light of this painful widening of vision and heart necessary to understand the modern world and be able to affect it.

In this concern over what was happening in the world Buchman was ahead of his colleagues. Those who could not work with the same readiness to make sacrifices were left behind. Some who did not want to go along with him because it was uncomfortable and cost too much, laid the blame on him and spoke of exaggeration, radicalism, utopianism. But it did not stop Buchman. He saw how difficult it was even for the Church to be sure of its ground and faith in the face of the rising ideologies of Fascism and Communism.

'Collision is necessary in order to save Christianity,' he noted in one time of quiet. 'Is our academic laboratory work equal to dealing with the wear and tear of modern life? Materialism has prepared the soil for Communism. Humanism is not enough. I see no dynamic answer to this challenge in all Christendom. Moral bolshevism calls for a mighty counter-offensive of God's living Spirit. Is there

a power-house that can generate the energy to change the course of history?'

Meantime miracles were taking place in Oxford. 'A motor club blows up' reported a well-known journalist as its three leading undergraduate members, who were devoted to noise and alcohol as well as to reckless riding, found a new direction and a programme that was even more interesting than their old one. Working with Buchman they lost none of their dynamic. Their change was a sensation. In the university the numbers of those who decided to put their lives under God's direction grew steadily.

Buchman always hoped that the Church of England would be on the march.

'God is at work,' he wrote in a time of quiet. 'He is working visibly through the Oxford Group to bridge the gulf between ordinary people and the Church. The ideal and the real have been allowed to drift apart. A tremendous power must break forth out of English church life. Take on Britain! A great national offensive through the Church.'

There was response to Buchman from the Church. There were appreciative words from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Cosmo Gordon Lang. 'The Oxford Group is doing what Christianity exists everywhere to do,' he said. 'It is changing human lives.' He commissioned a large group of Frank Buchman's fellow workers in his Chapel in Lambeth Palace for a campaign in London. Many men now active in the churches owe a great deal to the impetus they received from the Oxford Group in those days.

Some leaders of the Churches took up a very positive position, in spite of attempts from some quarters to stir

up opposition and misrepresentation. At one stage the formation of a committee was suggested to keep touch with the Oxford Group's activities.

Buchman had a great deal of experience of the paralysing effect inherent in organisations. He had not much faith in the revolutionary dynamic of a committee.

'No one can predict which way a cat by the fire will jump,' he observed, 'but no one expects the slightest movement from a china cat on the mantelpiece. Life is more than organisation. Growing life will burst the bonds of organisation. Life can't be poured into old bottles. Wesley didn't waste his time making bottles. He confronted a frozen-up theology with living experience.' Buchman did the same, and the effect of new life was felt in the churches up and down the land.

Buchman enjoyed a close friendship with the Swedish Archbishop, Nathan Söderblöm, whom he had met at a conference at Mürren in Switzerland arranged by Sir Henry Lunn. The Archbishop, often called 'the father of ecumenism', in reply to a letter warning against the dead hand of organisation, wrote, 'From the very beginning I have felt that our efforts towards unity today should not be based on human institutions and plans. As you point out, we must find a deeper unity. Your concern is for what faith and life most need—the absolute sovereignty of Christ in our hearts, words, and deeds. A single changed life is more convincing than a hundred sermons.'

Buchman saw with concern the growing gap between the Church and secular life. His main endeavour was to present the Christian message so that it would effectively reach modern men. 'I have dedicated my life to three small letters— h o w,' he said. 'We must learn to put our truth differently and to do that we need strict training. I

often wonder what the Church of the future will be like. I am convinced that it must be very different from what it is at present. I shudder to think of the narrow presentation of the truth in so many theological colleges. The great conception of how to present Christ as He ought to be—the regnant Person and Power in the midst of the modern world—is lacking. Correct formulation of a great truth without at the same time making it effective in every sphere of life, is wholly inadequate.'

When he returned from his visit to Latin America, he had written about what he had seen of the Church there: 'No one is more jealous for the Church than I am. But loyalty to the Church demands that we see the Church as she really is. Communism and Fascism have brought about the greatest crisis in the history of the Christian Church since the days of the catacombs. What follows? A completely new orientation—"Go out into the highways and hedges." The main thing is not our idea of the Church but the need of the world. It will mean that fur will fly, but I am ready to go through with it.'

The fur did fly. There were heated attacks by the Bishop of Durham, for instance. But nothing could stop the spiritual ferment caused by the Oxford Group. A book about it—*For Sinners Only* by A.J. Russell—became a bestseller. In Westminster, Ermatingen, Birmingham, the Hague, Paris, Bloemfontein, Manchester, Darlington, Utrecht, Breslau, Geneva, and many other places, house-parties were held and centres grew up from which the new life radiated far and wide.

In Oxford, too, there was opposition, but great advance in spite of it. Large numbers of convinced undergraduates and dons took to meeting daily in the old library at St Mary's, the university Church, to plan together and seek

guidance from God. Among those who met were Alan Thornhill, Robin Mowat, Canon B.H. Streeter, Roland Wilson, Harry Addison, Julian Thornton-Duesbery, Francis Smith, Christopher Prescott, Garth Lean, Frank Bygott, Michael Barrett, John Morrison, Michael Hutchinson, Kenneth Belden, Ian Sciortino, Basil Buckland, men who joined in the battle at Buchman's side and who were to form the core of an unbreakable fellowship which lasted not only until the day of Frank Buchman's death but is still in the same battle today.

The expansion of the work reached into the most contrasting quarters. On the invitation of a number of Members of Parliament there was a memorable meeting in the House of Commons. On the invitation of several of the Mayors of different Boroughs there was a campaign in the East End of London. There were vehement discussions both among the parliamentarians and among the workers.

One Socialist, George Light, Secretary of the Trade Union Club, said of his first conversation with Frank Buchman: 'What impressed me was that he did not *talk* absolute honesty, he *was* it. Then I saw that he had given up all the things I was striving for—a secure income and a higher position. I never met a man of such faith.'

Buchman was equally at home with union men and with statesmen. Once when Lord Salisbury was asked by his niece why he took such interest in the Oxford Group, he replied: 'I have seen the Spirit of God moving on the waters and I dare not stand aside.'

Salisbury invited Buchman to Hatfield House to meet his friends. One of the guests was Lord Lytton whom Buchman had met ten years earlier in India. Lytton told Buchman how his son Anthony had been killed in a flying accident, and gave him the book he had written in

Anthony's memory. Next day Buchman wrote Lytton: 'You had a relationship with your son that is denied to most fathers. I know a great many people but frankly I have never seen such a God-inspired document, one that could give new direction to the younger generation. How many of your friends, fathers and sons, must long for a relationship like that! Your son Anthony could have left you no more priceless legacy, one to which you could devote your life.'

Another of the prominent Hatfield House guests arranged a meeting between Buchman and the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin. This took place just a week after the abdication of Edward VIII. Baldwin told Buchman that his work was finished and that he would retire after the coronation of George VI. But Buchman replied that there were greater issues than abdication to be faced and that Baldwin could become an 'authoritative voice for England's rebirth'.

Buchman had few illusions about Europe's leading circles. He wrote to one of his most trusted colleagues: 'I don't think we can count on the older generation to save England. They have too many irons in the fire. With a few exceptions I doubt whether we shall see much action from them. Courageous men in industry give me more hope. They are used to taking major decisions.

'We know the answer. The one question is whether or not we can keep our ship steered for the Pole Star amid stormy seas.'

Among the 'few exceptions' Buchman could count on were Lady Antrim, who had been lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, Tod Sloan from the East End of London who described himself as a 'watch-maker by trade and an agitator by nature', and the noted Oxford scholar, Dr

B.H. Streeter, Provost of the Queen's College.

In 1937, shortly before he and his wife died together in a plane crash in the Swiss Alps, Canon Streeter had written: 'The Oxford Group is recalling the churches to their proper task of saving the souls of nations as well as of individuals.' Three years earlier he had taken his stand by Buchman's side. Speaking at a public meeting in the Town Hall in Oxford, a meeting which included a large number of his senior Oxford colleagues, he said that although hitherto he had adopted towards the Oxford Group an attitude of Gamaliel-like 'benevolent neutrality', he had now come to the conclusion that 'in this time of growing despair about the situation in the world, it is my duty to associate myself with it'. A new edition of his Warburton Lectures published under the title *The God Who Speaks*, his last book, was dedicated to 'Frank Buchman from B.H.S. Apart from you, much herein would have been written otherwise.' Theirs had been a long friendship that began in 1921 when they shared an interest in the Indian mystic Sadhu Sundar Singh, and lasted until Streeter's death.

Canon J.P. Thornton-Duesbery, later Master of St Peter's College, commented on this quality in Buchman that attracted clear thinkers. 'Buchman's mind was not academic in the usual sense but was of quite extraordinary speed and range, going immediately to the heart of the matter. In addition he had the gift of putting his ideas in simple enough form for the ordinary man to grasp. This attracted outstanding academic minds. I think particularly of his relations with two Oxford personalities, Dr B.H. Streeter and Professor L.W. Grensted. They had the kind of respect for and understanding of one another that is based on the humility of the truly great

mind which knows its limitations as well as its strength. This same humility was the quality in them which attracted the younger generation.'

Buchman's work in England expanded so much that a broader base for its operation had to be found. Hitherto Buchman had stayed at Brown's Hotel when in London. The Swiss owner of the hotel was an old friend.

There, at reduced rates, he had three rooms which served as home, secretariat and book depot all in one. He needed more space. This the hotel, in the coronation year, 1937, could no longer offer. Something more adequate must be found.

In the same year a legacy of £500 was left to the Oxford Group by an old friend. This brought up the fact that the Group, which had grown as a fellowship of friends working closely together, would inevitably need to acquire some simple, legal entity as the very growth of its work made it necessary to handle finance and property in ways which had not been called for by the more informal arrangements of the past. After taking careful advice from Sir Lynden Macassey, then leader of the Parliamentary Bar, and other friends in the legal profession, it was decided that the Oxford Group should be incorporated as an 'association not for profit'. This arrangement was completed early in 1939, and still continues in this form in Great Britain. The Group was subsequently incorporated in similar ways in other countries as the growth of the work required.

This development plus the ever-widening horizons made it necessary to look for a new style of fellowship, though Buchman regretted the necessity. 'I always enjoyed this family life where we had the right to receive money and pass it on to those who needed help. Perhaps it can't be

done like that any more, but it still has got to be "in honour preferring one another".'

In practice nothing changed in the life of the fellowship. There was still no hierarchy, no membership list, nothing exclusive or sectarian. Everyone remained a member of his own denomination. No one could 'join', or 'resign', from the Oxford Group and its continuation Moral Re-Armament, for it was not a society or club, but solely an unconditional commitment of one's life to the All-Highest. And so it has remained until today.

In the course of 1938, gifts came in which made possible the acquisition of the lease on Clive of India's former house, 45 Berkeley Square. In the still-unfurnished house, Lady Antrim and a group of her friends gave a dinner for Frank Buchman on his sixtieth birthday. By her side sat Tod Sloan, the watch-maker agitator from the London docks.

When he spoke to the two hundred guests, Buchman expressed his gratitude for the new possibilities for the work through Clive's house. Thinking back to his arrival in England twenty years earlier he said, 'When I first came to Cambridge there was not even Brown's Hotel. My only lodging was my relationship to God.'

Before Clive House had been furnished, war broke out. During the bombing raids hundreds found shelter in its cellars. Out of these modern catacombs there sprang a new generation of warriors.

The fate of Germany

The earthquake centre for Europe lay in Germany. Out of the depression of the 'twenties, the mistakes of the Treaty of Versailles and the divisions in the bourgeois world, there arose the hydra of National Socialism. To begin with, statesmen and the man in the street were impressed by the orderliness and the check to unemployment, inflation and Communism. The brutality of the Nazi regime was still concealed below the surface.

Even church people were deceived by Hitler's so-called 'positive Christianity'. Karl Barth, who early raised his voice against the Third Reich, said shortly before the war: 'National Socialism during its first days in power did in fact have the character of a political experiment like any other.... The Church in Germany had at that time—and this is still my conviction today—the right and the duty to allow it time and opportunity to prove itself as a political experiment.' (5 December, 1938. See *Eine Schweizerstimme*, Zurich 1945.)

As late as 1936, Lloyd George called Hitler the 'George Washington of Germany'.

Winston Churchill declared in June 1939, several months after the Munich Agreement, that the world could still welcome Hitler if he was in earnest about peace and tolerance.

Early in his life Buchman had come to love Germany.

He had friends among leading people in the Church and in political life. He was greatly concerned about the country, and the dangers to Europe from a totalitarian Germany, and tried his best to see what could be done.

A house-party in 1929 had led to the forming of a number of groups in Germany. Germans took part in the Group's Oxford conferences. Some travelled in America with Buchman. The Rev Ferdinand Laun brought out the first book about the work in German—*Unter Gottes Führung—Zeugnisse moderner Menschen* (*Under God's Guidance—Evidence from Modern Men*).

In 1932 some of Buchman's German friends tried to arrange a meeting with Hitler. One of the Kaiser's sons, who was working with Joseph Goebbels to build up a position of power for himself, was afraid, however, that Buchman's influence might turn the Nazi movement away from its objectives, and gave instructions: 'On no account is Buchman to see the Fuhrer.' This did not discourage Buchman from seeking contacts with as many people as he could. He saw that Europe's fate was in the balance and was convinced that spiritual change in the leaders in all walks of life was the only thing that could still swing the course of history in the right direction.

Each step which Buchman took produced immediate reactions in the neighbouring countries, particularly Switzerland. In January 1932 a Professor of French Literature in the University of Zurich had found a new and vigorous faith through meeting Frank Buchman and his team in Geneva. He and a student invited Buchman and some of his people to Zurich and from that a whirlwind of new life began to spread. Everywhere active groups of people sprang up. That summer Buchman came with an international team to hold a house-party in

Ermatingen, a little fishing village beside Lake Constance.

For many this Ermatingen house-party was a turning point in their lives. It gripped another professor from Zurich, a world famous theologian. He and the professor of French Literature, together with many of their friends, found themselves in the middle of this hurricane of spiritual awakening that Buchman had let loose.

Buchman's dealings with both these men were not without difficulties. One of them, who was going through spiritual turmoil most of the time, tended to hide behind theological arguments. The other, a more gentle character, was always trying to reconcile apparently irreconcilable differences. As good Swiss, both of them were allergic to the totalitarian course Germany was taking, and openly criticised some of the German Church leaders Buchman was trying to win and enlist to help save Germany from catastrophe. Their attitude did not make Buchman's task any easier. 'Your danger,' he wrote to the theologian, 'is that you are still the professor thundering from his desk, looking for perfection in theology. The crisis in the German Church will never be solved that way. Take your remark: "Unfortunately this hopeless fellow (he was referring to a German theologian) has done irreparable harm to the reputation of the Group". It sounds to me like condemning "publicans and sinners". Do please keep your sense of humour, and read the New Testament. The Group has no reputation to defend, and as for me I have nothing to lose. It's not a question of this man's past but of his future. How much it could mean for the future of Germany if through God's grace he saw the maximum message of Christ incarnate in you! You might be the human instrument to bring about that mighty

change. We cannot tackle partisanship if we are ourselves partisan. Frankly, there is still a note of academic superiority in your letter which needs to go to the foot of the Cross.... Our aim is not to negotiate but to change men and unite them by making them life-changers.'

To the other professor, Buchman wrote: 'I feel you have fallen into the temptation of losing your courage and so losing the perspective of what can happen through the dynamic of the Good News. You are still approaching things with an academic mentality and I fear you will be taken in.... I feel another danger with the Swiss—they want to adapt the message to their tempo and to their preconceived ideas. They think they have special rights and that their blood is different from others'. It's not a matter of what suits us or what we want, but of what we need and whether or not we stand or fall with the Gospel.'

Meanwhile the German drama continued to take its fateful path. A distinguished and intelligent woman, Anneliese von Cramon-Prittwitz, was to play a courageous, and for her, a dangerous role in the story.

She had met Buchman for the first time in 1930 at a tea party in Doorn Castle in Holland. In the middle of the conversation the ex-Kaiser, then living in exile in Doorn, asked Buchman through the interpreter, Baron von Richthofen, what sort of a man he, Buchman, really was. Laughing, Buchman replied, 'We are very ordinary people but we want to translate into modern language the truths that turned the early Christians into revolutionaries.'

The Kaiser was shocked that one could laugh while discussing such serious matters. But Frau von Cramon was deeply impressed by Buchman. She wanted to know more and after further conversations with him, she tried to apply

what she had learned in a school she ran in Breslau. Thereafter she worked a great deal with the Oxford Group and was invited by Buchman to America. During her absence her house was searched by the secret police who found papers they deemed to be highly suspicious. On her return she was arrested by the Gestapo and taken direct to Himmler in Berlin. After a brief interrogation about her work with Buchman she was released. Himmler had asked particularly how she had obtained funds for her trip to America. She told him she had sold her most precious possession, a grand piano, to pay for the ticket.

In 1935 she was sent for again by Himmler. After hours of waiting she was brought before him. He demanded that she undertake a training programme for German women. She replied that she could not do this and gave three reasons: she was not a Party member, she belonged to the aristocracy and she was a Christian. Himmler brushed aside her objections and insisted she take the job. She said she felt obliged first to take counsel with the people who had been instrumental in making her faith an effective force. Himmler was taken aback. 'Are you so closely involved with this foreigner and his group?' he demanded. 'Yes,' she replied, 'for they have shown me that God has a total claim on my life and I have accepted that.'

In the conversation that followed, of which Frau von Cramon made notes afterwards, Himmler, who had been brought up a Catholic, asked, 'Tell me, who is Christ?' and gave his opinion that it was 'Jewish' to try to pass off on to others the responsibility for one's own sins. 'I don't need Christ,' he added.

'What will you do with the sins you can't put right yourself and which you can't get rid of?' she asked. He said: 'As an Aryan I must have the courage to take sole responsi-

bility for my sins.' 'But you are not able to do that,' she told him, 'for your disobedience towards God is robbing Germany of the plan that He has for this nation.' To this, Himmler's final word was: 'I can manage without Christ, for Christ means the Church.' His Church had excommunicated him.

For a time there was, perhaps, a chance that the scales might be tipped in the right direction, but it soon became obvious that National Socialism and the ideas of Frank Buchman were irreconcilable. Any co-operation, active or passive was forbidden for Party members and the armed forces. The ban was soon extended to the civilian population. Bishop Dietzfelbinger, President of the Evangelical Church in Germany, described in 1971 how he and other German friends of Buchman planned a gathering in Garmisch during the war and how, no sooner had they arrived, than the police ordered them back to their homes.

Finally there was a Gestapo report, *Die Oxfordgruppenbewegung* (*The Oxford Group Movement*), published in 1942 by the Head Office of the Reich Security Department and stamped 'For Official Use Only'. This 126-page document denounces Buchman and the Group for 'uncompromisingly taking up a frontal position against National Socialism' in that 'they encourage their members to place themselves fully beneath the Christian Cross and to oppose the cross of the swastika with the Cross of Christ, as the former seeks to destroy the Cross of Christ.'

Buchman, who had been in Germany in 1936, the year of the Berlin Olympic Games, had remarked then to a companion, 'It smells like war.' When he was in America on a short visit that same year he was suddenly asked by a journalist in New York: 'Can a dictator be changed?' His detailed answer expressing his deep grief over the perse-

cution of the Jews and underlining his faith in the power of the Cross to heal hatred was arbitrarily condensed by the journalist to a sentence alleging that Buchman had thanked heaven for a man like Hitler who was building a bulwark against the anti-Christ of Communism. Buchman declined to make a public rebuttal. He said to friends later, 'I was attacked because I said that a dictator led by God could change the situation overnight.... That does not mean in any sense that I go along with the dictator. But I would never deny the possibility of change to any man.

'There are only two fronts in the world—the positive front and the negative front, those who obey God and those who refuse to obey Him. From the negative front issues the foul breath of the devil—it can take shape in Communism or in Fascism or in what we have in America or England. I may even be part of it myself at times. The positive front are those who obey God. It is all one to me how much persecution lies ahead but unless we hold to the knife-sharp line of moral challenge and obedience to God, we are lost.'

The best summary of the aims pursued by Buchman during the time of the Third Reich is given in another of Himmler's S.S. reports, *Geheime Kommandosache*, dated 15 February 1938. It is quoted by Curt Georgi in his book *Christsein aus Erfahrung*:[1] 'The Oxford Group Movement represents a new attempt by international Christianity to bring about a breakthrough of the total demands of Christ in every area of life.'

[1] *Christsein aus Erfahrung*, by Curt Georgi, Gladbach 1970.

MEETING THE CRISIS

Moral Re-Armament

In the spring of 1938 Frank Buchman was staying in Freudenstadt in the Black Forest for a rest. One day as he was walking through the woods there came into his mind a new and explosive thought.

'The world was on the brink of chaos,' he said later. 'Everyone was longing for peace but preparing for war. As I walked through those quiet woods one thought kept coming to me: "Moral and spiritual re-armament. The next great movement in the world will be a movement of moral re-armament for all nations".'

Once more a process of inner preparation had reached completion through an impulse from outside. For some time Buchman had felt uneasy about the inadequacy of the pious, personal attitude of many people in the face of the threatening situation in the world. Soul welfare was choking out world concern.

In Sweden a noted socialist author, Harry Blomberg, had taken the message of the Oxford Group to the steelworkers in his home town of Borlange. Asked to suggest a theme for a special Swedish page in the illustrated magazine *Rising Tide*, he thought of the world-wide use being made of Swedish steel for military armaments and suggested the theme: 'Sweden—Reconciler of the Nations. We must re-arm morally.'

In March of the same year (1937) Pope Pius XI in his

encyclical *Divini Redemptoris* had written the sentence, 'There is a universal and insistent call in our age for spiritual re-armament—and rightly so.'

The expression 'moral re-armament' parallels the idea of military re-armament. In it the word 'moral' is not used in the merely ethical sense but is closer to the word 'spiritual' in contrast to 'material'. As used originally the phrase was always 'moral and spiritual re-armament' but for the sake of brevity became simply 'moral re-armament'. This has sometimes led people to assume that it signified an over-emphasis on 'moral' in the ethical sense, and this puts some people off, although in view of the ethical confusion of the present day such an emphasis might not be altogether a bad thing.

At any rate the new phrase struck home like lightning, bringing illumination and awakening to some, alarm and conflict to others.

The depth and breadth of the process signified in the petition, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven', now becomes an existential summons. It means a precipitous drop from the heights into the depths—letting yourself fall into the unknown, giving up all the safe ways you have relied on hitherto.

But when a man unreservedly allows himself to fall into the world, a miracle happens: he falls into the hands of God whose hands hold and move the world. He enters a world not just of people of similar attitudes and natures to his own, people he knows how to get along with, but a world where there are Catholics, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, unbelievers, as well as Protestants; where there are Americans, Asians, Africans, as well as Europeans; where there are employers, trade unionists, employees, unemployed, as well as intellectuals; where there are

criminals, swindlers, drunkards, addicts, perverts, as well as decent people.

In a world like this you can no longer find the way by accustomed rules and standards. It takes a new vision, a new language, a new style. To attain these takes endless patience and unshakeable courage. You must dare to tread new territory, to feel your way through the thickets of convention, cliche and slogan, to find where your own words and formulas quickly wear thin. There is no escape from the pressure of the mass media: you must make use of them as best you may though they can often lead you astray.

Those who watch all this happening from a secure, established, bourgeois, Christian position sometimes have their breath taken away. They shake their heads doubtfully. But there are things which cannot be seen as they really are when you stand aloof.

You can only understand a movement when you move with it. Those who stop halfway, of course, become irritated and blame others: 'He exaggerates. He is too radical.' They are quick to note the failures and set-backs that befall the man who is actually making the daring journey.

It is significant that Buchman's first major speech about Moral Re-Armament, on 29 May 1938, was given in East Ham Town Hall in East London, cradle of the British Labour Movement. Wherever he was he kept in close contact with the labour world and was concerned for the destiny of the workers. 'Labour led by God will lead the world,' he constantly proclaimed.

In this East Ham speech Buchman dealt first with the disquiet and anxiety the world's condition was causing and asked, 'Is there a remedy that will cure the individual

and the nation and give the hope of a speedy and satisfactory recovery?

'The remedy may lie in a return to those simple home truths that some of us learned at our mother's knee, and which many of us have forgotten and neglected—honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

'The crisis is fundamentally a moral one. The nations must re-arm morally.... We need a power strong enough to change human nature and build bridges between man and man, faction and faction. This starts when everyone admits his own faults instead of spot-lighting the other fellow's.

'God alone can change human nature.

'The secret lies in that great forgotten truth that when man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts; when men change, nations change.... Suppose everybody cared enough, everybody shared enough, wouldn't everybody have enough? There is enough in the world for everyone's need, but not enough for everyone's greed....

'We have not yet tapped the great creative sources in the Mind of God....'

These are truths which have found their way into men's hearts through blood, sweat and tears. Today the word 'partnership' is on everybody's lips. The unique thing about Buchman is not only that he gave such clear expression to these truths before war broke out, but that he has shown the only way to make them a reality so that they do not remain hanging in mid air: change in men.

They were difficult and challenging truths even for Buchman's fellow-fighters. For the fellow-travellers who wanted to stop halfway he had even sterner words. At a meeting in the ruins of the cathedral of the old Hanseatic city of Visby, on the Island of Gottland in Sweden, he said:

'I hope that by the time I finish speaking some of you will have made a decision. We have come here with different objectives. First, some of the people have come here hoping to be changed. That is very good, very necessary. Some of you come here with the hope that you will learn to change others. That, too, is very necessary.

'But the danger is that some of you want to stop there. I am tremendously interested in a third point—how to save a crumbling civilisation. That is the thing that interests me. But then I want a fourth thing. I want to reach the millions of the world....

'I am not interested, nor do I think it adequate, if we are going to begin just to start another revival. Whatever thoughtful statesman you talk to will tell you that every country needs a moral and spiritual awakening. That is the absolutely fundamental essential. But a revival is only one level of thought. To stop there is inferior thinking. Unless we call for something bigger than that we are done for.

'The next step is revolution. It is uncomfortable. A lot of Christians don't like the word. It scares them. It makes them goosefleshy. That's where some of your critics come from—goosefleshy Christians with armchair Christianity....

'There is a third stage—renaissance. The rebirth of a people, individuals and the rebirth of a nation. I know what you may say. Illusion. Illusion. Illusion.

'Some people do not like the idea of nations reborn, or of reaching the millions. They deride such a programme by calling it "publicity".

'Take the word "Gospel". Gospel means "good news", front-page news. One critic objected. He started a clever phrase. His criticism got wide publicity. Now that man's clever phrase has gone all over the country like a poison

gas and the average man hasn't had on his gas mask. He is going to keep thousands of people from getting the real thing. People are going to sit back in their cells of defeat and you will never get at them. You will never heal their lives....

'I am going to promise you one thing. I am not turning back. I am not turning back, no matter who does, no matter what it is going to cost. Let us for a moment see a picture of the Cross of Christ, and let me say, if you join in this great crusade, you will get the way of the Cross.'

From the text of the speech it is clear that Buchman had definite events and particular people in mind.

In Sweden, as in other countries, some of those who had been stirred by the Oxford Group had remained in the cul-de-sac of revivalist thinking, while others were afraid to come out into the open about their faith. Concerned about their own salvation, they had lost sight of the world. Their fear was reinforced by a Swedish woman journalist's poisonous little phrase: 'Why, indeed, make all this American-style publicity? Good work has its own quiet reward.'

But Buchman saw what great harm this 'clever phrase' had done all over the country. During one sleepless night he remembered the night in Cambridge when, after a mighty struggle, he had accepted the call to be a remaker of the world. He decided to take the offensive. The result was the Visby speech.

When he spoke, the woman journalist was in the audience. One can understand her leaving the meeting quickly. From Stockholm she wrote to Buchman: 'I am sorry I left Visby without saying goodbye. You will be right in thinking that I am a coward and wanted to escape from the unpleasant situation brought about through my article

about you. But I know it was not right to run away, and I want to thank you for your great kindness and hospitality.'

Buchman wrote back: 'I admire the spirit that made you write so promptly. Private restitution is commendable. But public restitution cannot be ignored when a great cause has been publicly harmed. Personally I bear no ill-will. But I burn for this thing—a thing which can, and I believe will, bring great freedom. I also believe that through courageous action you can help to bring enlightenment to your nation.

'I think especially of what you said about the Cross of Christ at the end of your letter. I am sure you would not want to do harm to those who are influenced by you and who have begun a new life. My one concern is to help each individual become the kind of person he really wants to be.'

From the speech and from the letter it is clear that Buchman thought of publicity as 'propaganda' in the original meaning of that word, coming as it does from ecclesiastical usage. The *Congregatio de propaganda fide* was the committtee charged with disseminating the faith.

Today when people are inundated with propaganda from every quarter we could learn a great deal from Buchman's way of using publicity. A good example is the illustrated magazine *Rising Tide*, published first in English and then in many other languages. He devoted such care to the editing of this publication that he stayed on a considerable time in Zurich, for instance, going over every word of the German edition which was printed in Switzerland.

In the autumn of 1938, at a time when war seemed imminent, the first World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament was held, at Interlaken. A young Swiss asked Buchman if he thought that it would be possible to stop

the war from breaking out. 'This I do not know,' answered Buchman, but one thing I do know: if there are in every country fifty men who give themselves wholly, we shall pull through.' At Interlaken, Buchman gave some of his most important speeches, each one growing out of the particular historical situation. It is significant that although normally he made speeches only once or twice a year, in 1938 he made twelve major speeches in six months.

Speaking on 2 September, he pointed to the clouds over the Alpine peaks. 'What will drive away the clouds that have been hanging over the Jungfrau during these ominous days?' he asked. 'The very mountains seem to reflect the mood of a disturbed Europe....

'What is the particular genius of presenting truth that has made the Oxford Group so effective in so many countries? It goes to the root of the problem—a change of heart.

'We have set ourselves the difficult task of trying to liquidate the cost of bitterness and fear, which mounts daily. The odds are seemingly against us, but just as individuals are delivered from their prison cells of doubt and defeat, so it is possible for nations to be delivered from their prison cells of fear, resentment, jealousy and depression, and oftentimes through one illumined man, one masterful prophet. How often this has been true in history! If this is true of one man, what can happen if a group of people in every nation carry through the illumination and give a whole new public opinion?'

He had spoken of the atmosphere the world was living in. He himself was uneasy, disturbed, as if some great weight were pressing down upon him. Out of this darkness there came to him a new illumination. In the morn-

ing he told his friends that he felt as if a weight had fallen from him. He had conceived a prophetic speech, the title of which thundered: *Guidance or Guns?*

'The world is at the crossroads. The choice is guidance or guns. We must listen to guidance or we shall listen to guns....

'It is a forgotten factor in world politics today—listening to guidance. Yet in certain countries all the laws of the land are still made—at least according to the Statute Book—"under Divine Guidance". But suppose every individual had the moral re-armament of God-control. Think what a strength that would be throughout the world!...

'Spiritual power is still the greatest force in the world.'

There was such power in Buchman's words that many who listened were deeply shaken. It was as if they had broken through into a new dimension of history.

The third and last Interlaken speech bore the title: *Humanity at the Crossroads*, and began with the words: 'I looked out on the fire of sunrise on the Jungfrau this morning, as the Alps became illumined with the start of a new day. Is it to be God's light of a new day for Europe and the world; or is it to be the fading light of a doomed civilisation? The world faces this historic choice.'

In its relentless reality the Interlaken conference was a challenging demonstration of the new style. Hearing Buchman speak, some said, as others two thousand years earlier, 'This is a hard saying; who can bear it?' And some 'went back, and walked no more with him.'

During those months Buchman took more than one occasion to raise his voice in warning of what was to come. Others, too, inspired by his example, took bold public action.

On Armistice Day, 11 November 1938, *The Times* published a letter from the Earl of Athlone and other prominent Britons which read, in part: 'The strength of a nation is shown in the courage to admit her own faults. The glory of a nation is to have a creative message for the world. For this we need not only inspired statesmanship but daily inspiration in every business, every workshop, every home. We must teach ourselves to apply practically to conduct the Christian standards of honesty, purity, and love, and to make fulfilment of the will of God the touchstone of public and private life....

'Moral re-armament must be the foundation of national life, as it must be of any world settlement. The miracle of God's living Spirit can break the power of pride and selfishness, of lust and fear and hatred; for spiritual power is the greatest force in the world.'

The storm

On 4 March 1939, Buchman sailed for America, intending to stay a few months. He was not to leave again for seven years.

Arriving in New York was like landing on another planet. 'America doesn't realise what it means to have the front line right in her own backyard,' he told his friends. 'London does. There are trenches in the middle of St James's Park. You talk about peace, but it is a selfish peace, not a battle to rouse the nation. I woke this morning with the thought that this message must spread

across the whole country. That will demand more from us than we yet realise.'

Three determined New York ladies hired Madison Square Garden for a demonstration early in April, and 14,000 people, led by Scottish bagpipers from the Clyde, streamed into the huge hall. At their head marched the tall kilted Scot, Loudon Hamilton.

Three weeks later there was a similar demonstration in Washington, in Constitution Hall, where a then little-known senator, Harry Truman, read a message from President Roosevelt. In July the largest demonstration of all was held in Los Angeles when the Hollywood Bowl was filled to overflowing with 30,000 people, while 15,000 more had to be turned away. The bright beams of four huge searchlights rose from the vast open-air arena into the night sky, symbols of the absolute moral standards.

In preparing for these occasions Buchman had spoken to his friends in strong, unambiguous terms. 'America is comfort-loving and irresponsible. She has no sense of danger. We have a colossal task facing us. People will not understand. It is like tying horses to a post and then when you try to drive on they cannot move. If you live in fear of what certain people think of you, you are done for.'

He referred to a favourite chapter in the Bible—Romans 12—which speaks of the difference between being 'conformed' and 'transformed'. 'The conformers will ruin everything. The transformers will change the world. Think of the Church on the march—the nation on the march. The trouble is most Americans do not want to march with anyone else. Each wants his own private parade ground. Some of you have got to give up your customary comforts. That is absolutely necessary if you want to rouse the nation.'

In Europe, meanwhile, the storm had broken. Hitler's bombers had attacked Poland and were laying city after city in ruins.

Buchman initiated a series of world-wide broadcasts at the end of August 1939, the first entitled *The Forgotten Factor*. In the last of the series, delivered on his birthday on 4 June 1940, he quoted William Penn's words: 'Men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants.' He reminded his listeners that Abraham Lincoln knew the secret of God-control. Lincoln wrote: 'If it were not for my firm belief in an overruling Providence, it would be difficult for me in the midst of such complications of affairs to keep my reason in its seat. 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.'

'The fathers of our country knew what it meant to listen to guidance and to obey,' Buchman said. 'They made it the keystone of our Declaration of Independence when they wrote, "With a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honour." They founded a nation. Today we need a rebirth of this spirit, if we in our time are to unite our nations.'

Withdrawal from the world, return to the world

According to the historian Arnold Toynbee, world history proceeds in alternate stages of withdrawal from the world and return to the world.

In face of the collapse of France under the German Stukas and the swiftly advancing 'blitzkrieg', the thought grew in Buchman's mind that his work needed to move from breadth to depth.

In the summer of 1940 he drew off some of his closest colleagues to spend some time together quietly by the shores of Lake Tahoe, high in the Sierras on the border between California and Nevada. A friend had put a cottage at their disposal, and though there was not much room it was an opportunity to live and work more closely together. It was also a time of quietness and reflection after their rather nomadic existence amid the noise of cities and hotel life.

They shared the housekeeping, did their own cooking. Each helped with the various daily tasks and errands. There was time to talk together in the sunshine by the shores of the lake.

Their being there naturally drew others. More and more people came to join them. They had to look for other homes and cottages in the neighbourhood. Some lived in tents. A former bootlegger, won by Buchman's prophetic vision and fire, gave him the use of an old casino he owned, standing on piers out over the lake.

Though it often seemed impossible, everyone who came was always found a bed.

The summer in Tahoe began to give Buchman's team a new framework that included every area of life. There was a place for everyone—businessman, worker, housewife. Annie Jaeger, mother of Bill Jaeger whose fight for a new social order brought him into touch with the leaders of labour in every part of the world, saw the importance of unity in the home, and with her warm heart and matter-of-fact directness dealt with the unity between husband and wife. She saw immediately when differences arose and would not rest until they had been solved. She taught the team her favourite hymn:

> My faith looks up to Thee,
> Thou Lamb of Calvary,
> Saviour divine.

Buchman included his friends in the deepest springs of his faith. He would quote his favourite passages from the Old and New Testaments and from hymns that were to become the lasting treasures of the team—Wesley's *Jesu, lover of my soul*, which contains the lines which Buchman thought the finest in the English language:

> Let the healing streams abound,
> Make and keep me pure within.

and *Rock of Ages, cleft for me*:

> Nothing in my hand I bring,
> Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
> Naked, come to Thee for dress;
> Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
> Foul, I to the fountain fly;
> Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

One of those who was there at that time gathered together into a little red book, long before Mao's book was ever heard of, some of the hymns, sayings, quotations, and verses from Scripture which Buchman used to repeat over and over again and which, in a manner of speaking, contain the kernel of his untheological theology. As well as Romans 12, already mentioned above, particularly noteworthy was his use of Ephesians 3 verses 20 and 21. You may ask: Why this particular passage? How did Buchman interpret it? What did it mean for him? What does it say to us today?

In the Authorised Version, which Buchman used, it reads: 'Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.'

What the passage meant for Buchman can be seen from the way in which, on special occasions, he would write it out on a blackboard:

> God through Christ is able to do for you
> *all* that you ask or think—
> *above all* that you ask or think—
> *abundantly above all* that you ask or think—
> *exceeding abundantly above all* that you ask or think!

From this graphic presentation it becomes clear how Buchman's reading transformed a text into something moving, moving more and more urgently toward the *one* point—the overflowing abundance of God's effective action, beyond all the bounds of our understanding or longing.

What it means for us is clear. In an age when Nietzsche, flanked by Marx and Freud, stridently proclaims to the world that 'God is dead' and faith a sign of man's weakness and powerlessness, the news that God is not a God of inadequacy but a God of abundance, of 'complete satisfaction', 'able to do exceeding abundantly', heralds a new age of creative discovery. If we wished to define Frank Buchman's theological position, we should have to refer to what Karl Barth hoped for with ever greater urgency in his latter years—a 'theology of the Holy Spirit'. In view of Buchman's practical down-to-earthness, in his case perhaps we should rather speak of a 'practice of the Holy Spirit'. That would be in line with the four prepositions he used to add to the Ephesians verses—*in* you, *by* you, *for* you, *through* you.

Here again is the bringing together of the inward and the outward aspects, just as in the saying of Moody's which Professor Wright kept written on his lecture room blackboard—the '*in* you' of the indwelling Spirit becomes outward action by the '*through* you'; the gift that comes from God '*for* you' is not inwardly preserving but goes '*through* you out' to your fellow man. Buchman made these four prepositions very much his own and often used them in the urgent closing sentences of his speeches. They show that the 'practice of the Holy Spirit' is not something strange or mystical but a 'training in Christianity' which expects the unfolding of the extraordinary in the midst of ordinary, everyday life at any moment.

Fresh creative powers were released through the community life of Tahoe, which brought new depths of self-knowledge and personal dedication to those who were there. New songs were written. Short dramatic scenes to celebrate a birthday or other special occasion gave Alan

Thornhill, a former Oxford don, the idea for a full-length play. He read the first act to his room-mate, tennis player H.W. (Bunny) Austin. Encouraged by Austin he finished the play the next day. It was the first draft of the industrial drama *The Forgotten Factor* which in the following years made a world-wide impact. The play vividly draws on the close contacts and first-hand experience Buchman and his friends had had for a long time with the world of industry.

One man who paid a visit to Tahoe was the powerful union leader John Riffe, with his family. At table they noticed two girls, obviously sisters, who were serving them. Asking who they were, the Riffes were told they were daughters of William Manning, founder of a large chain of restaurants on the West Coast. 'Good God!' said John, 'the union is planning to picket that outfit!'

At first he was deeply suspicious and even read into their presence an anti-labour plot. But the new motives in the girls intrigued and challenged the Riffes. Next morning he went on a fishing expedition on the lake with the Manning son. They came back with only three small fish, but with all his questions answered.

Soon after that, Riffe was able to settle a long drawn-out strike in the steel industry through the new insights he had discovered.

The more united Buchman's team became, the more outward-looking they became.

America was not yet in the war but was beginning to prepare more and more for war. From the days in Tahoe came the booklet *You Can Defend America*. The booklet, which went out in over a million copies and was the basis of a sparkling musical show by the same name, carried a foreword by General Pershing, American Commander-in-

Chief in the First World War. In it the General said, 'No patriotic citizen can read it without feeling its inspiration.'

This became the starting point for a new large-scale offensive which Buchman and his team launched from the quiet of Tahoe out into the turmoil of an America preparing for war. An enormous task lay ahead. America was geared to the defensive, passive attitude that left the power of the nation unmobilised. What was needed was a shock great enough to change passiveness into action.

With the decision to put the revue *You Can Defend America* on the stage, the team became a theatrical cast. As official invitations began to pour in, they went from city to city with the play. To 'Standing Room Only' audiences their revue underlined—

Sound Homes
Teamwork in Industry
A United Nation

Its captivating songs swept like a prairie fire across the country from coast to coast, bringing an immediate response from tens of thousands of people.

The response was not the same everywhere of course. In some places there were negative forces at work trying to prevent or disturb the performances. This did not deter the cast from the battle. It was one way of exposing materialistic forces of Left or Right who were seeking to win power through confusing the nation morally.

The battle took a fresh turn after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941 and America's entry into the war. As all available men of military age were being mobilised, the question arose whether the men in Buchman's team would also be called up, although the Selective Service Act provided for certain categories of

men whose work was important for the national welfare to be exempt from military service.

The opposition seized on this as their chance to strike Moral Re-Armament a deadly blow. A campaign of lies, based on similar questions that had arisen in England, was launched. Statements of Buchman's, wrested from their context and distorted out of all recognition, were used as weapons.

Buchman's faith remained unshaken amid the storm. Nothing would have been easier than to allow himself to go along with the wave of patriotic enthusiasm. But he had a higher aim in view.

He was absolutely convinced that moral backbone and unity within the nation at home were the only sure basis for the battle at the front or for future world reconstruction. For that reason, in spite of every hostile attack, he fought on to have his key men properly classified for their essential task.

Although Buchman's enemies were working ceaselessly both in England and in America to undermine his work, there appeared unexpectedly some new and powerful allies.

One of Lord Beaverbrook's highest paid and most feared political columnists on the *Daily Express*, Peter Howard, had taken on the job of investigating the secrets of the much-discussed Moral Re-Armament movement. Something quite unexpected happened. Impressed by the people he met, Howard made the experiment of listening to the inner voice, though he did not believe in God. But the experience completely changed his life. When he went on to write his book *Innocent Men* in defence of his new friends, the assistant general manager of the *Express* told him he could either throw away his manuscript or

leave the paper. He left. As a result Buchman found one of his strongest comrades-in-arms.

Another powerful voice raised on behalf of Buchman's work was that of the much-loved novelist Daphne du Maurier, wife of the British general who raised and commanded the airborne troops. In her paperback *Come Wind, Come Weather*, which enjoyed vast war-time sales, she told the stories of person after person who had found dynamic new life. She dedicated the book 'To an American, Dr Frank N.D. Buchman, whose initial vision made possible the work of the living characters in these stories. What they are doing up and down the country in helping men and women solve their problems, and prepare for whatever lies ahead, will prove to be of national importance in the days to come.'

Frank Buchman on the brink of death

Perhaps as a result of these difficult days and the defection of some he had regarded as friends, Buchman suddenly suffered a severe heart attack which brought him to the brink of death. It happened in November 1942, in Saratoga Springs, New York, where he had gone for a few days' rest. News that the doctors had given up hope, and that he was lying paralysed and unconscious, came as a great shock to his friends across the world. Though war had closed the frontiers messages came in from all parts. People suddenly realised how much Frank Buchman meant to them.

His closest colleagues had to face the momentous question, 'What will happen now? Who will carry on the work?' The six who stood around his bed were among those who had committed their whole lives to this task. Each had grown in strength through years of battle and each would have been capable of assuming leadership.

Something Frank Buchman had said earlier suddenly came back to their minds: 'A lot of people are waiting for a great leader to appear. We believe, however, that what we need is not one man as a leader, but a group of people who have learned to work together under God's guidance.'

Buchman's words now had to become a reality. The six were united as never before. Each was ready to fight even harder for the common goal, more willing than ever to lead or to accept the lead the others might give. Thus a new foundation was laid for future developments which would bring new, powerful stimulus and inspiration.

By a miracle Buchman slowly recovered. While he was still deeply unconscious he could be heard whispering the names of friends far and near. He slowly improved month by month and was able to get up, but he walked with a limp from then on and could no longer use his right hand. He had to stay in bed a good deal and needed constant attention. But his spirit was unbroken and his mind as wide-ranging as ever.

Meanwhile the attacks against him and his team had grown even more violent. In January, 1943 the *New York World Telegram* gave front-page space to a wild diatribe against those in Washington who were alleged to be making 'draft-dodging' possible for Buchman's key workers. The article was so vicious that at first no one dared show it to Buchman who was still in bed and needing to be spared problems and shocks. When the issue could no

longer be avoided, however, he looked calmly through the article and said, 'Well, we've certainly made the front page this time!' Then he inspected the pictures of the men attacked in the article, among them Senator Truman, Admiral Byrd, and other well-known, respected figures, and added: 'That's a team I'd be proud of anywhere.'

These men all stood firm but the attackers succeeded to the extent of getting twenty-two of Buchman's best workers called up.

This news reached him while he was still lying very weak in his room in Saratoga. He said, 'I'd be a fool if I didn't recognise what this means. But I can't take it out of the realm of the Almighty. I hate like sin to lose these men, but now others must take off their coats.' With his left hand he wrote—for the first time since his stroke—the words: 'Change—Unite—Fight! Maybe my fighting is over—for six months anyway. It will mean a time of maturing for you. Now it's up to you.' Looking out of the window he added, 'It's beautiful out there. It's all I've got—about three or four miles. But I accept it. It's a mad world, but there's worse to come.'

Then he turned to the small group who had come to confer with him about the loss of manpower and began to pray: 'Father, these men are going out into the wide world. May they be able to bind together a group of men to be like-minded. Keep this old country together. Thou has a better idea for it than we. Guide, guard and keep us from danger of body and soul through Christ our Lord.' When they said goodbye, he said, 'I wish I could come with you. It's a great battle.'

Meanwhile, the inspiration of *You Can Defend America* had reached out to other countries, and similar productions sprang up—*Pull Together Canada, Battle Together*

for Britain, Fight on Australia. Carl Hambro, Frank Buchman's old friend from Norway, sent a copy of his book *How to Win the Peace.* Buchman wrote to Mrs Hambro, 'We have come south to recuperate. The warm balm of summer is all about us. It brings the eternal truths nearer—that is the thing that matters. There is so much to learn that we never had time for. Through this illness we have found more time.

> Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
> More than all in Thee I find.
> Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
> Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
> Just and Holy is Thy name,
> I am all unrighteousness;
> False and full of sin I am,
> Thou are full of truth and grace.

'These lines come out of a great, life-giving experience. I remember all the good times we have had in the past. Will they ever return? The days in Interlaken together with you and Carl and your daughter; and in Geneva, and all that you and Carl made possible. Your life has been wonderfully spared to continue your good work. May you and yours rest assured, as I do, in God's loving care and keeping.'

Soon after that came the news of her sudden death. Carl Hambro wrote, 'Gudrun loved you dearly and you were often in her thoughts. She was deeply grateful for all you gave her and us. And so am I.'

During the months of pain and weakness, Buchman made new discoveries which he was able to pass on in the summer to the Conference for Moral Re-Armament on

Mackinac Island, in 1942. Before leaving the south he gave his friends these thoughts:

'It has been an amazing year. I feel God has a great plan for the future. I go forward with certainty because I believe something bigger is coming. We must prepare for it. My part is not to worry about anything. I go to bed at night. I go to sleep. I wake up in the morning. This morning I was awake at half-past three—the very time I was born. New things have become important. Things I once thought important no longer are. The Lord gave me a thrombosis in order that I might learn to go more slowly. I thank Him for the past six months and for the months to come. It is wonderful to be well again but maybe I must learn to change more when I go to work. If I had my life to live again, I would only do the things that really matter.'

ISLAND HOUSE - MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Island House

When Buchman and the cast of *You Can Defend America* were in Detroit in 1942 he was the guest of Henry Ford at the Dearborn Inn. The Fords were old friends of Frank Buchman. Ford never gave him money, but he had a high regard for Frank Buchman's work, and turned to him for counsel at times of personal need. At a party in honour of Frank Buchman's sixty-fifth birthday, Mrs Ford was worried to see that he looked tired and suggested that he should get some rest on the cool island of Mackinac (pronounced Mackinaw) three hundred miles north of Detroit, where Lake Michigan and Lake Huron meet. She herself spoke to the owner of Mackinac Island's Grand Hotel about Buchman's accommodation. The Fords little knew at the time that this concern was to lay a new foundation for his work in America and in the world.

That summer, 1942, a World Assembly for moral and spiritual re-armament took place at Mackinac Island for the first time.

Out of gratitude for the selfless service Buchman and his friends had given, the State of Michigan offered them the use of an old hotel on the island, called 'Island House', at the nominal rent of one dollar a year. It was a white-painted building facing out towards the blue waters of the lake, with four tall pillars to the right of the entrance. Because of the war it had lain empty and neglected for some time and much repair work was needed. Loudon

Hamilton and many others were soon on ladders with brushes and pots of paint, while others mixed cement to lay a new floor in the kitchen. The women saw to the stoves, the beds, the dining-rooms and everything inside to make the hotel habitable, and at last it was ready for the conference.

With the war on and frontiers closed there was no possibility of guests from abroad coming except a few men in the armed forces of the allied nations, sent to the States and Canada on duty. Yet a remarkably varied group of people did gather. As well as leading figures from political, business and cultural circles, young people and workers played a prominent part.

Since this conference had the whole building to itself, the new ways of working together and living together that had been evolved at Lake Tahoe gave Mackinac a new style compared with previous conferences. The day's programme was freer, more personal. Families, including the children, would have breakfast together. At eleven o'clock there would be the first, and often the only, meeting of the day, the real training session. People would gather again at tea-time to welcome new arrivals and give those who were leaving an opportunity to speak. If there was a birthday, there would be songs, humorous poems, while experience and vision for the future would often be presented in dramatic form. The evening would be left free for talking together, though there would often be recitals of music or a play put on.

A new element in this life together was that all the work like cooking, preparing vegetables, washing dishes, cleaning, laundry, ironing, mending, decorating, repairing, looking after the sick, shopping, accommodation, secretarial work, telephone switchboard, post, press room,

hotel reception, travel office, accounts, finance, the daily programme—in short, everything—was run by those attending the conference with larger or smaller groups taking responsibility for each section. It took time and energy, courage and inspiration to tackle all this, yet it was a unique opportunity to run all the daily affairs in a new way—in a different setting, with different people.

The conference was thus not a withdrawing into some lofty sphere from which one would eventually descend to the routine of mundane existence, but was an opportunity of taking a new look at all the points which can become problems at home. It was impossible to stand detached from the usual frictions of daily life and escape into theoretical intellectual discussion. Here you ran into people doing a practical, concrete job. You had to deal with hard facts, with difficult tasks, often with difficult people. You were dealing with people as they really were—with their good side and the bad. It provided a further example of letting the extraordinary grow out of the ordinary.

The creative gifts which lie dormant in people were awakened. New songs were written. A chorus was formed and, under the direction of the quicksilver Scottish composer George Fraser, soon reached high musical standards. Poems, sketches, plays, grew out of common experience.

A production of Alan Thornhill's play, *The Forgotten Factor*, written at Tahoe, was put in hand and later the première in Washington's National Theatre was a sensation. The cast who put it on took it right across America and then to other continents. The teenagers made their first film at Mackinac, aimed at opening the eyes of a confused, war-time generation to a new way of living.

It seemed a miracle that Buchman, in spite of his

reduced strength, was again taking his place in the front line. Always sensitive to what was happening in the world and to what the future would bring, he had a wide vision that was far ahead of events. He saw the rise of ideologies and knew what this would mean for future world developments. While many of his contemporaries with a superficial, materialistic outlook, had no idea of the sinister developments going on below the surface, he saw that historic decisions would be made on this ideological plane.

In July 1943, at the Mackinac conference, the first he was able to take part in after his illness, he spoke on the theme, *The War of Ideas*. He described the rise of the world forces of Communism and Fascism. 'Where do they come from?' he asked. 'From Materialism which is the mother of all the "isms". It is the spirit of anti-Christ which breeds corruption, anarchy and revolution. It undermines our homes, it sets class against class, it divides the nation. Materialism is Democracy's greatest enemy.' Then he added, with characteristic realism, 'But America does not hate materialism. Think of America destroying herself with the very force she condemns in others.... Unless America recovers her rightful ideology, nothing but chaos awaits us.'

In his birthday message on 4 June 1945, he again used the word 'ideology' in its positive sense:

'We need to find an ideology that is big enough and complete enough to outmarch any of the other great ideologies. Until that time comes, men will flounder. They will not find their way.

'But when the Holy Spirit of God rules the hearts and lives of men, then we will begin to build the new world of tomorrow that all of us long to see.'

At the Yalta conference in February, 1945 the Allied

Powers agreed on a division of the world which Stalin was able to use to pave the way for his thrust into the heart of Europe. They arranged for a further conference to take place in San Francisco in April. Two months previously Buchman, not knowing this was going to happen, had had guidance to secure a theatre in San Francisco for a run of *The Forgotten Factor*. So he was able to put it on for the delegates to the San Francisco conference. Many of them came, met Buchman and his friends and made lasting friendships. The Foreign Minister of Iraq, Dr Jamali, first met Buchman there. Later, in 1955, he was to play a decisive role at Bandung, at the first conference of the non-aligned nations.

It was during the summer conference at Mackinac in 1945 that the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima, on 6 August. Three days later another fell on Nagasaki. On 2 September Japan capitulated.

Buchman put into words the need for a world answer on this scale.

'We have moved into the age of the atomic bomb,' he said, 'a totally new age, so we must put our message in totally new terms. We need a spiritual atomic bomb, something drastically new, so new that many of us may not fully understand it. It is the power of God's Holy Spirit. That is the spiritual atomic bomb. It is the foundation for a God-inspired democracy.'

By special order of General Marshall, several of Buchman's co-workers who had been serving in the armed forces were demobilised in November 1945. Buchman met them at Los Angeles Airport. They had brought with them, for him, all they had saved from their army pay. 'Well,' he said as he greeted them, 'You're home. Now let's get into the fight.'

Buchman's thoughts were much concerned with Europe. His mind was busy with the question which way the governments of nations that had been shaken to their foundations would now choose to go.

He called his friends together to a ranch near Los Angeles and gave them his deepest convictions. 'You will upturn the philosophy of governments,' he told them. 'You will turn statesmen's thinking the right way round through a message translated into life.'

This would have practical results. 'Labour led by God will lead the world. Otherwise Marx's materialism will take over. But Marxism may capture the spirit of Christ. Some of you may be working in Moscow one day. We must be ready.'

Soon he felt he must go to Europe himself, with 150 of his most seasoned fellow-workers. On the eve of his departure, 23 April 1946, he spoke to his friends in New York, on *A Revolution under the Cross.* He told them: 'We are at the end of seven years—seven wonderful years. We have learned much. We want to be careful that every single person in this room knows the full truth in Christ Jesus that has been revealed to us ... a revolution under the Cross of Christ that can transform the world. The only hope. Our only answer. Go forth with that message united and you will save the world.'

The new Swiss Confederates

With the outbreak of war Frank Buchman's friends in Switzerland dispersed in various directions. Many were mobilised. Some had already withdrawn. It was a confused and dangerous time and the Professor of French Literature might well have taken to heart Buchman's parting advice, in Milton's words, 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

However, in line with the call for the 'spiritual defence of the nation', he organised, together with a French-speaking Swiss friend, a monthly 'National Broadcast' on the radio. Its basic idea was to consolidate resistance to the threat of totalitarianism from without by strengthening inner unity. People from every kind of background joined forces in the project. French-speaking and German-speaking Swiss, Protestants and Catholics, trade union men and business men, supporters of free enterprise and believers in a planned economy. When the collapse of France sent a wave of defeatism through the country, all these people, formerly opponents but now fellow patriots, decided to step out into the open as a group above party. They had adopted the impregnable Gotthard Pass as the symbol of their resistance and their unity. Thus was formed the 'Gotthard League'.

Feelings had been raised to boiling point throughout Switzerland by a speech by Federal Minister Pilet-Golaz, on 25 June 1940, which many Swiss citizens interpreted as

the beginning of appeasement of the Hitler regime. Among these citizens were a number of younger officers who were greatly concerned to see division apparently growing between their General, the Commander-in-Chief, General Henri Guisan, and the Federal Cabinet.

One Monday evening in July the national leaders of the Gotthard League were summoned by telegram to Bern. A senior officer had initiated this meeting and his representatives asked the League to issue a public manifesto that same week. He said he was willing to undertake the financing of such a campaign. Failing that, a group of officers were planning to organise a 'March on Bern' in the next few days.

It was a grave decision for the university, business, trade union, army men gathered in Bern, but it could not be delayed. The blitz against England had not yet been launched. Eight German divisions commanded by Guderian were positioned on the unguarded Franco-Swiss frontier. A military putsch, however well-intended, might spark off catastrophic German intervention. So the Gotthard League confederates decided to issue a manifesto as soon as possible. The week after mid-July this call to the nation appeared in full-page advertisements in all the major Swiss newspapers.

The call was a commitment to maintain the honour and independence of the Swiss Confederation at all costs, and set forth several basic principles as immediate objectives: 'Readiness for an inner change by those in responsible positions. People are more important than programmes. Elimination of conflicts between "left" and "right", replacing splintering and splitting up by combining all the nation's active forces. A new economic philosophy and practice, making the man and his job central, putting out-

put before profit, service before gain.'

The Gotthard League's initiative came like cleansing rain during an arid summer of discontent.

An even more momentous event took place at the highest level. In the same week, on 5 July, came the historic 'Rütli Report'. The Rütli, on the shores of the Lake of Luzern, is the place where the Swiss confederation was born in 1291. To this sacred place General Guisan summoned all the senior officers of the Swiss Army, and outlined to them his plan of ultimate resistance to invasion, based on the central fortress area of the Swiss mountains, the 'Reduit', concentrating the army around the Gotthard area. This was followed on 1 August, the Swiss National Day, by a message to the Swiss nation from General Guisan who pointed to the Gotthard as the symbol of total preparedness and the 'combining of all the nation's active forces'.

No one at home or abroad could have any further doubt about the course the Swiss had decided to take.

There was still much to be done by the ordinary citizens of the Confederation, and the Gotthard League, along with others ready to make sacrifices, gave a strong lead. In a series of full-page advertisements it took issue against the 'Fifth Column' and against the undermining activities of traitors and appeasers. It campaigned energetically for the implementing of the 'Wahlen Plan' for making Switzerland self-sufficient in food production. Through public meetings, distributing pamphlets, and continuous, detailed work, it promoted family care, old age pensions, cooperation in the professions, reorientation of economic policy, efforts towards national unity.

In all this, the influence of Buchman and the key points of *You Can Defend America*—Sound Homes, Team-

work in Industry, A United Nation—could be felt.

As time went on, however, the social and political activity of some of Frank Buchman's Swiss friends tended to become increasingly an activism which led to a slackening of inner direction and spiritual discipline. At the same time, in the midst of the storm, a steadfast group, a living cell, remained dynamic, unlike many who became lukewarm or merely activist. This group met in a hotel room in Bern, and maintained a centre of reference for Moral Re-Armament in Switzerland. Their main mission was to ensure liaison between Buchman's friends who had been called up in their various countries, and to supply them with news and literature.

The many letters they received showed how the seed sown by Buchman bore fuit in the most hopeless situations.

A young man who had been at the Interlaken Conference in 1938, in a letter to his father just before he was shot, wrote: 'Looking back I am grateful for my life because God has guided it wonderfully. Soon I shall be happier than you, than all of you. Do not be sad, rejoice.... I pray for you to be able to accept my death so that it brings neither rebellion nor sorrow, but spurs you on to fight all the more for the common cause to which God has called us in different ways.'

From a concentration camp another wrote: 'Even in a concentration camp where everyone is fighting for sheer survival, often at the expense of others, it is possible to be completely happy when you forget yourself. That is very hard to do, especially here, and I often fail. But I know that if every day I start by thinking of others, I can do something for them.'

In a letter from a prisoner: 'Insecurity, fear of people, the endless sameness of life, barbed wire, a snobbish

attitude to most people... had turned me into a depressed, irritable automaton. Outwardly I was quite a good prisoner—I stuck to the rules, took quite a lot of moral responsibility, had a sort of "quiet time", but it was all half-hearted and ineffectual. Then we were transferred to another camp which had not been made ready to receive us. Everything was in chaos and the conditions were indescribable. This moment, a great chance for resolute action, made me realise how far from God I had gone. I felt He had completely left me, that I was an outcast, and it was like being in hell. For the last three weeks I have been living in a sort of "retreat", spending much time in quiet, prayer and meditation. God in His great mercy has touched me once again with His healing presence.'

Another prisoner wrote: 'A few days ago I decided to put my life under God's guidance. During my captivity I have returned to my Catholic faith. I have discovered Christ and His overwhelming love. Thanks to the Group I have found a wider, better life resting directly in God's hands. I have in mind to pass on the message to as many people as possible. From now on my aim is to change lives around me. For this I need books.'

March 1944: 'I have lent some of your books to a Catholic priest who, like me, is being deployed as a civilian worker. He was so gripped by them that he wants to get to know all our books and wants to distribute them among his friends. What a joy and what a marvellous hope it is to experience this real community of all Christians, embracing all confessions.'

Another prisoner: 'I am always so glad to get your news and letters. They are the only way I can keep in touch and keep my prayers fresh.... As neutrals in the war, you Swiss can generate such a spiritual force these days that

when this terrible war is over, it will provide the spirit which will enable the nations to talk with one another again.'

This group in Bern built a bridge leading to the post-war years. They stood fast. They kept in touch with the activists of the Gotthard League, inviting them to winter camps and to gatherings where even the most difficult found their hearts opened and their spirits raised.

Buchman, too, kept in touch. Even during the war, he invited the French-speaking Swiss referred to above to come to America with his wife. This man, then in the Swiss Foreign Office, was able to travel across occupied Europe through the good offices of a German friend executed soon afterwards as one of the 20 July plotters against Hitler, in 1944. The Swiss and his wife were able to reach Portugal and from there go on to the United States.

At Mackinac Island this Swiss couple ran into something electric whose power they could not deny. It was not Frank Buchman but this higher power that took hold of them, a power which aroused in them both response and resistance. They saw that their reason for resisting it lay in fear of the Cross. The young Swiss, ambitious and with a promising diplomatic career ahead of him, recognised his own inner dissatisfaction for which he had tried to compensate through outward activity. He and his wife found new life, new freshness of spirit, new love.

On their return to Switzerland they invited their friends to gather with them over Easter in a hotel on the vine-covered slopes near the entrance to the Rhone valley. It was noticeable that something had happened to them. On Easter morning they led a procession with candles, Easter flowers and hymns through the cloister-like hotel, draw-

ing in the occupants as they passed each room—an unforgettable experience. They had made each individual part of the whole.

That summer a conference was held in the Bernese Alps, notable for the extraordinary creative freshness and unity one found there. Like a bolt of lightning a telegram came inviting seven of these Swiss to America. Six of them made ready for the adventurous journey. It was the beginning of a new chapter.

Mountain House

The small group who returned to Switzerland from America were gripped by Buchman's quality of openness to the world. It had meant deep personal change for each of them, and this strengthened them for the decisions and the battles ahead.

They came back with a concrete plan. Out of gratitude that their country had been spared the devastation of the two world wars, they had decided to make Switzerland the place where the nations of the earth could meet. 'I can see Switzerland a peacemaker in the international family,' Buchman had said in his Zurich address in 1935.

So they looked for a building big enough and attractive enough to welcome guests from all over the world.

High above the eastern end of Lake Geneva, looking across to the Alps and the Jura Mountains, there stood a vast hotel. Built at the beginning of the century with the many towers and pinnacles of the style of the time, it was

designed to house the distinguished people who came to it from far and near in the days before the First World War. A generation grew up between the wars, however, which neither lived nor thought in such aristocratic style, and business declined at the Caux Palace. Finally it was taken over by the Banque Populaire Suisse and, during the Second World War, the Bank made the buildings available to house internees and refugees from many nations, at the request of the Swiss authorities.

After the war a French company showed an interest in the dilapidated building, intending to dismantle everything that could be prised loose—tiles, beams, curtain rods, windows, doors, furniture, fittings—and haul it away to sell at high prices in France where there was a great lack of every sort of building material. Only the bare walls were to be left standing. Before long one of the loveliest corners of Switzerland would contain only a ruined shell.

At this moment the group of young Swiss intervened. This house on the Caux mountainside was exactly what they had in mind. But the building, its furnishings, and the land entailed a financial outlay greater than they could pay. The Bank favoured their acquiring the building but had to have a rapid decision. So several of the young couples liquidated all they could of their own possessions, and were able to put down a first deposit. Then they called their friends from all over Switzerland to a council of war in Interlaken over Easter. Before long there were hundreds ready to make similar sacrifices. Others gave their time and energy to clean up the badly run-down building and put it back into shape again.

So that summer (1946) 'Mountain House' in Caux, the parallel home to 'Island House' on Mackinac, was placed

at Frank Buchman's disposal and conferences began there which bore his distinctive stamp.

A world-wide offensive began. Many of Buchman's younger comrades-in-arms had by now come back from their war service. They had experienced inhuman suffering and foresaw worse to come unless a saner world could be built before it was too late. They were ready for any sacrifice. They were well aware that an offensive of this kind could not be waged in one's own strength, nor by half-committed people. Their motto was the same in effect as that of Nicholas von der Flüe, who was canonised in Rome in 1946. His words—'Freedom has its price'—also found an echo in Buchman's speech *The Good Road*, broadcast from Caux on 4 June 1947. To these men who had returned from war, military language and discipline were familiar, not only because they had taken part in battle but also because they realised that after the war an even greater readiness to fight was needed. The *ecclesia militans*, the Church militant, became a reality in their ranks in such a radical way that some people even shied away from them.

Buchman had no illusions. He saw evil days coming, and to be able to cope with them character had to be forged and toughened with hammer blows. He did not hesitate to use whatever shock therapy would open the eyes of blissfully trusting Europeans intoxicated with the euphoria of peace.

The abuse of ideology in Nazism and Communism he took as an opportunity for initiating a new use of the word 'ideology'. It made some intellectual Europeans goosefleshy, but for him the word was a fire to rouse the consciences of sleeping Christians to the need of the world. In Professor Spranger's words, ideology is 'what

you devote your life to'. For Buchman it was the passion that gives modern man both a vision of the whole and the practical way to work it out—'a philosophy, a passion, and a plan' as he put it. The idle talk of opponents or camp followers he cut short with the unambiguous explanation: 'Ideology? It is the full message of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

He was not afraid of repetition when it was a matter of passing from talk to action. He turned slogans into words that struck home like lightning. He could not prevent people from making superficial jargon at second or third hand out of words which had come from a heart on fire. Whoever reads his speeches carefully is constantly struck by the fresh impact of his expressions.

Anyone who came to Caux simply to be a spectator was left breathless in the hurricane of the Spirit there. As nowhere else, in Caux it was clear that history in the making can only be understood by taking an active part yourself in the making of history, not by standing aloof in speculation. Anyone who was deeply concerned about remaking the world, as Frank Buchman was, and was ready to put his whole life publicly at stake, found his heart opening to the miracles that were happening in Caux before his eyes. The people you met at Caux were not unworldly fanatics, but men and women occupying responsible positions and used to the keen winds of opposition. They would never have stayed for weeks, for months, had they not found here, as nowhere else, the armaments they needed for their battle.

The way in which everything in Mountain House combined to make up the whole was an astonishing thing. The taste and welcoming atmosphere of the rooms, harmonising as they did with the broad and restful landscape

and its sunshine; the flower arrangements; the well-cooked food; the meetings, rich in content and variety; the music from the international chorus in colourful national dress; new plays in the Mountain House theatre in the evening—all these combined to embellish and deepen the total effect of the conferences. How an undertaking of this size, often catering for more than a thousand guests at a time, was able to run so smoothly in view of the myriad jobs to be done, simply through the voluntary co-operation of all taking part, borders on the miraculous. Yet the influence of Caux in the world outside brought even greater miracles.

Linking the intimate and the global

Gabriel Marcel, the French philosopher, called this unique fusion of the intimate and the global the secret of Caux.

As long ago as 1915 Buchman was urging his friends to 'think in continents and care for continents'. Now, in 1946, as he was being welcomed at the opening of Mountain House, and as he looked at the many nationalities gathered around him, his first question was, 'Where are the Germans?'

With the co-operation of the generals commanding the American and British occupation zones in Germany, he made it possible for a number of leading Germans, Konrad Adenauer among them, to come to Caux. There, Hans Böckler, chairman of the new German Trade Union Congress, declared: 'When men change, the structure of society changes, and when the structure of society changes,

men change. Both go together and both are necessary. The goal which Moral Re-Armament strives to reach is the same as that for which I am fighting as a trade unionist.'

At Caux the Germans found themselves received into the family of nations on a basis of equality for the first time since the end of the war. They were welcomed by a French chorus singing, in German, the song *Es muss alles anders werden* (*Everything must be different).* This was the beginning of building bridges between France and Germany, bridges whose foundations were firmly laid through the work of Madame Irène Laure, leader of the Socialist women of France and a noted Resistance fighter, and through the co-operation and teamwork which Buchman helped to bring about between Konrad Adenauer and Robert Schuman.

So the world came to Caux. The chief of the Parliamentary staff of *The Times* in London called it 'the headquarters of the hope of the world'. Its effects were felt all over Europe and on every other continent.

Miracles of reconciliation and understanding which had far-reaching consequences for hundreds of thousands of people took place in countries like Tunisia, Morocco, Nigeria, Cameroun, the Congo (now Zaire), Kerala in India, Cyprus, Japan, Brazil, Kenya—events which, when they are described in detail by the people involved, sound almost legendary. The stories of some of them are given in *Frank Buchman's Secret* by Peter Howard and in Gabriel Marcel's *Fresh Hope for the World.*

Caux and Mackinac were centres from which the effects of Frank Buchman's work reached out to the farthest corners of the world. Though he had the calm

composure of a man who knows that God does everything, not man, he had another side, illustrated by the verse, 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force'. It was this unconditional quality in him which demanded the utmost from everyone and which attracted the realistic from all parts of the world—statesmen, industrialists, trade union leaders, artists, workers, housewives, students—people who all knew 'freedom has its price'.

Most astonishingly, the main force of all this came not from his active intervention, but from his giving space for the unexpected to happen. He lived quite naturally in the world of miracle. He called that 'normal living'. For him there was no separation between the ordinary and the extraordinary. For him the real miracle was that anyone open to God's hidden action would find the extraordinary growing up in the midst of the ordinary.

One of the greatest miracles of the post-war years was the reconciliation between the two hereditary enemies, Germany and France. A far-reaching healing of relationships had begun through Irène Laure and many others, and this now took on larger dimensions.

The initiative came from Robert Schuman. Early in 1948, Schuman, who was then Prime Minister of France, fell into conversation with an industrialist from northern France on a train journey. The industrialist told him the remarkable story of a meeting between a militant woman Socialist and the bull-headed Secretary-General of the Textile Employers' Association of Northern France. Out of this had come a weekend conference between workers and employers, and from that a new spirit of reconciliation which was spreading widely. 'This has given me fresh hope,' the industrialist told Schuman. 'I am a Cath-

olic, but it made me realise that I, too, have a part to play in saving my country.' Schuman, who was looking for some answer to the dangerous political climate, was eager to know what had brought this reconciliation about. The man behind it was Dr Frank Buchman, the industrialist said. The Prime Minister asked him as a matter of urgency to arrange for him to meet Buchman. This was done and Schuman and Buchman met in the Elysée and talked together. Schuman was much impressed and when, some time later, the industrialist sent him the French translation of Buchman's speeches with the request that he should write the foreword for the French edition, Schuman agreed. He was well aware what it would mean for him, and admitted honestly, 'I have not yet crossed the Rubicon.'

In October 1949, the industrialist invited his two friends Frank Buchman and Robert Schuman to dinner. Schuman expressed his disappointment that he had not succeeded in winning the support of his friends and colleagues for his efforts in the cause of European unity. He then turned to Buchman and said, 'I need your advice. For years I have wanted to get out of politics and work on my memoirs. I have no family or dependents. There is a monastery where I would be welcome to stay. It has a good library. It is peaceful. I feel I could do my best work there. Would you advise me? What should I do?'

Buchman looked him straight in the eye and said, 'Monsieur Schuman, what do *you* think you should do?' The Prime Minister threw up his hands and said with a broad smile, 'You shouldn't have asked me that. I know quite well I must stay where I am.'

Then he added very seriously, 'There is one thing I have to do. I feel it in my bones. I come from Lorraine, and I

grew up as a German and was a German citizen in the First World War. Then Lorraine was returned to France and I became a French citizen and served in the French Army. I know the problems and the mentality of both countries. I have known for a long time that I have a decisive part to play in bringing to an end the hatred between our two countries. I talked to de Gasperi about it. He is in a similar situation—born Austrian and served in the Austrian Army. Then he became Italian, and so he understands both sides. We know that there is something that can be done, and must be done, and that we are the men called to do it. But I shrink from it.'

Buchman understood what such a decision meant. 'Yes, you must stay where you are,' he said. 'That is your God-given place.'

'The difficulty is,' Schuman replied, 'that I do not know whom I can trust in the new Germany.'

'We have had some first-class men in Caux,' Buchman answered. 'I can give you a dozen names.' He gave Schuman a list of men he knew personally, including Adenauer, Lübke, Arnold, von Herwarth.[1] 'I am going to Germany on an official visit next week,' Schuman said. 'I'll try to look them up.' He had crossed the Rubicon.

Adenauer and Schuman met. In the spring of 1950 Adenauer received a private and confidential letter containing the draft of a European agreement which later emerged as the *Schuman Plan.*

In his long scholarly work on the Plan, *Des ententes de maitres de forges au plan Schuman*, 1954, Professor

[1] Dr Konrad Adenauer, first Chancellor of West Germany; Heinrich Lubke, later President of West Germany; Karl Arnold, Minister-President of North Rhine-Westphalia; Baron von Herwarth, first German Ambassador to London after the war.

Rieben, Professor of Sociology at Lausanne University, explicitly confirms Buchman's role in the meeting between Adenauer and Schuman and in the understanding they reached.

That same spring, 1950, Schuman wrote his promised foreword to Buchman's speeches. He was then Foreign Minister.

'What Moral Re-Armament brings us is a philosophy of life applied in action,' he wrote. 'It does not claim to have invented a new system of morals. For the Christian, the moral teaching of Christianity is enough, and he draws from it all the principles which must guide his life as a man and as a citizen.

'To provide teams of trained men, ready for the service of the state, apostles of reconciliation and builders of a new world, that is the beginning of a far-reaching transformation of society in which, during fifteen war-ravaged years, the first steps have already been made.

'It is not a question of a change of policy; it is a question of changing men. Democracy and her freedoms can be saved only by the quality of the men who speak in her name.'

When Schuman came to know Caux personally, he said, with reference to the French edition of Buchman's speeches, 'I had a sort of intuition which came to me through that book. New perspectives opened before me. I caught a glimpse of the meaning of Frank Buchman's life, past and present. I did not realise then what he had actually achieved nor what massive support had gathered round him. I had no means of measuring the enthusiasm with which he is regarded throughout the world. Now I know. What impresses me most of all are the results of it all in international relations between nations.'

As Schuman was bidding Buchman goodbye after his stay in Caux in 1953, he said to him: 'Will you help us in Morocco?'

'Gladly,' Buchman answered, 'but I speak no Arabic.'

'That doesn't matter,' replied Schuman. 'Just speak French.'

'I once went to Grenoble to learn French,' Buchman said, 'but I can only remember two words—*mauvais garcon.*'

'That will get you a long way,' replied Schuman, laughing. But then he added seriously, 'Besides, you get on without languages. You speak the language of the heart.'

Three months later Buchman and some of his friends were in Marrakech. The first man he met as he was entering the hotel was General Bethouart, who was then Senator for Morocco and who had been at Caux with his wife. He immediately introduced Buchman to his friends, both French and Moroccan.

There was nothing spectacular in what Buchman did. He knew he was walking on top of a volcano. Various people invited him for talks and for meals. He listened attentively to what his hosts said. He took an interest in their problems. His younger companions played tennis with Moroccans they had got to know.

One of those to whom General Bethouart introduced him was the son of the powerful ruler, Pasha El Glaoui of Marrakech. This much-feared, royal ruler had backed France completely, and the weight of his authority and support had enabled the French Government to banish the Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Yussef. The opposing Sultan, Ben Arafa, was on a visit to Marrakech while Buchman was there. Nationalists made an attempt to assassinate El Glaoui while he was at prayer in a mosque

and, shortly after, a similar attempt was made on the life of Sultan Ben Arafa. It was a time of violence and terror and it seemed as if bloody civil war would break out.

A young French settler in Morocco, a Marxist-leaning freethinker, came to see Buchman at the urging of one of his relatives. He fell into conversation with one of Buchman's companions, an Oxford man the same age as himself. What impressed him most was the idea of being able to listen to one's inner voice, though he raised various objections. These were met by the Oxford man with the suggestion that they try listening to the inner voice. The Frenchman complied reluctantly and they were quiet for ten minutes. When he was asked what thoughts he had had, he replied that he had had no thoughts at all. The Englishman laughed and told him he must be a phenomenon unique in world history—the only man who could remain for ten minutes without a single thought in his head.

In fact, the settler could not get the idea out of his mind. Secretly he began to listen to the inner voice each morning. The results were remarkable. One day he asked his Moroccan farm workers into his home. He told them he knew that alcohol was forbidden to them as Muslims. 'I have a cellar of wine,' he said. 'For me it is an indulgence. To you, as Muslims, it is an offence. It is time that Frenchmen like myself ended the indulgences that offend men like you. Will you help me to destroy my cellar of wine?' He handed them the key and the Moroccan workers carried the Frenchman's bottles outside the house and broke them, turning the affair into a festival, setting fire to the alcohol and burying the debris.

A few days later the Frenchman had another thought. He went to a young Moroccan agricultural expert who

had taken successful measures against a plague of locusts on his estate, thanked him for all the trouble he had taken, and apologised that, being an arrogant Frenchman, he had not called on him personally before. The Moroccan was both amazed and mistrustful. He made enquiries from the farm workers about what they thought of their employer. They told him the story of the bottles. It impressed him deeply.

Then something else happened. The agricultural expert's small daughter, the apple of his eye, had been refused entry to the European school. Now a French school inspector who had been in Caux spoke in her favour and she was admitted. It made the Moroccan eager to know what there was about Caux that had made two Frenchmen so different.

So he accepted an invitation to attend the Caux summer conference.

No one knew at the time what an explosive character they had on their hands. At the very first meeting in Caux it became clear that he was a leader in the Moroccan nationalist underground. The Canadian doctor who was leading the meeting had been handed a note saying that a Moroccan guest had just arrived. The doctor had been in Morocco with Buchman and spoke of the hospitality of the Arabs and of how the son of El Glaoui had entertained them royally. The Moroccan flew into a rage and rushed up to the Canadian at the end of the meeting to say that he had thought of Caux as holy ground. How could the name of El Glaoui, the Devil incarnate, even be mentioned here? If that name were ever uttered again, he would leave Caux immediately.

The Canadian doctor listened to him quietly and invited him to lunch, saying he would very much like to hear

his opinions about the situation in Morocco. During lunch the Moroccan, still burning with indignation, talked on and on and let his food grow cold. The doctor listened quietly and finally said that he had just one thought: 'You are as near to God as you are to the person from whom you are most divided.'

The fiery Moroccan was taken aback. He was a devout Muslim and the thought that he was as far from God as he felt he was from El Glaoui gave him no rest. On his return to Morocco he conferred with his nationalist friends. Then he got in touch with the son of the Pasha, Si Sadeq, who was Buchman's friend. Si Sadeq arranged for him and two of his associates to be received by El Glaoui. The Moroccan nationalist told El Glaoui that though he held firm to his political convictions, he knew that it was a sin for a follower of Mohammed to hate his brother, and he asked for forgiveness. The Pasha was moved to tears. He embraced his young adversary and invited him to a meal. The outcome of their conversation was that, shortly afterwards, when a Council of the Throne had been called to nominate the rival Sultan, Ben Arafa as King of Morocco, El Glaoui made a public vow of allegiance to the lawful Sultan whom he had earlier helped to exile. The world press called it 'the Pasha's bombshell'. El Glaoui then went to Paris, met the Sultan, prostrated himself and asked forgiveness. *The Times* quoted the Sultan's words: 'The past is forgotten. We are all sons of Morocco. It is the future that counts.' Its report went on, 'Today's meeting seems to mark the final reconciliation between these two adversaries. And El Glaoui's gesture, for all its apparent abasement, has nobility and grandeur.'

On the basis of this reconciliation between El Glaoui and the Sultan, who ascended the throne as King Moham-

med V, Morocco was able to declare its independence. In the negotiations that followed, the Prime Minister, Si Bekkai, who had also been in Caux, played a decisive part. In August 1955 he wrote to Buchman from Aix-les-Bains where Morocco's new status was being debated: 'In these negotiations I can assure you that I have not lost sight of the four moral standards of Moral Re-Armament.'

In June of the following year the Sultan, King Mohammed V, sent a message to Frank Buchman: 'I thank you for all you have done for Morocco, the Moroccans and myself in these testing years. Moral Re-Armament must become for us Muslims just as much an incentive as it is for you Christians and for all nations. Material re-armament alone has been proved a failure. Moral Re-Armament remains the essential. My desire is that your message, which is founded on essential moral values and the Will of God, reaches the masses of this country. We have complete confidence in the work you are doing.'

TEAMS AS FORMATIVE CELLS OF HISTORY

History on the move

Living history always moves towards the universal. But it becomes real on solid ground, not in the clouds. Its formative power is a new idea: its material is people of flesh and blood. Its visible result is a new pattern of society.

Clearly no one who cannot cope with his own personal problems will be able to solve the world's problems. 'You can't make a good omelette out of bad eggs,' Buchman was fond of repeating. Change in man cannot take place at surface level. You must have the courage to go through fire. Buchman could see the follies and perversities of human nature because the four absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love were the guiding stars of all he did. Guiding stars are not there for men to reach but to steer every step of their journey by. Whoever does so can tell at once when he is off course and can see what to do to get back on the right course. He has to make a decision. When he dares to take the first step in the right direction—being honest perhaps with someone, putting right an unpaid debt—a chain reaction is set in motion which ultimately can set history on the move.

Across the globe, in every country, there are thousands of men and women, young and old, who live as a kind of lay order: they do their ordinary jobs but, in face of the take-over of licence, greed and permissiveness in modern

society they have placed themselves under the discipline of obedience, poverty and chastity: obedience through listening for divine guidance, poverty through being freed from possessiveness, chastity through freedom from sex or any other obsession. This is not morality for morality's sake but the doorway to a new dimension of living. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

It means that a force comes in which springs from a source deeper than man himself. Here we touch the nerve of the matter.

When Frank Buchman saw his own guilt and experienced forgiveness, he wrote letters of apology to his adversaries. In that moment the centre of gravity in his life was shifted from his own ego to God. 'A prisoner,' in Gabriel Marcel's words, 'had escaped to become a free man.'

Inner guidance became the determining force in his life. He learned more and more precisely to listen to the voice of God.

'Buchman lived in the world of noise, but his roots were in the world of silence,' wrote the Catholic politician and journalist, Karl Wick, in the Lucerne daily *Vaterland.* 'That was his great secret. He listened every day, early in the morning, to the "still, small voice" in order to know what to do. He brought the quietness of inner concentration from the monastery to the Cabinet Minister's conference room, to the industrialist's office, to the worker's bench. "We may find that silence so satisfying," he once said, "that guidance becomes the daily source of all our creative thinking and living. In this way silence can be the regulator of men and nations. For guidance comes in silence."'

The inward and the outward belonged inseparably

together for Buchman. Guidance was the inner impulse towards change, change the visible result of guidance. Where both are actively present, world history is set on the move.

We can enter this sphere of divine movement from many different starting points, but only the man who realises the need of the world will be ready for the depth and breadth of change that goes beyond the personal. A man can set out on the road of change without faith in God, but once he fully measures his life by absolute standards he comes one day to the point where he can go no further in his own strength: there, unexpectedly, the miracle happens and he discovers a Power that takes hold of him and knows no limit.

Buchman had, so to speak, put his finger on this inner centre of the spirit—the point of change where invisible forces are transformed into outward actions; and it is at precisely this point that God becomes real and enters into a man's life.

Frank Buchman's genius, his prophetic gift for the present day, lies in the way he has given language its sovereign place in this whole process. Man comes of age, through speaking, through language. In this new state of openness language becomes the bond of the community. People learn to speak frankly with one another and so, in unsuspected ways, their inner and outer conflicts are resolved. The really revolutionary aspect, confirmed by the latest research on language, is that to speak is to act—the word becomes flesh. This is a process which begins in God: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.'

Thus language is revealed in its essential meaning: a dialogue between God and man, a dialogue between man

and his neighbour. To listen to the other, man must be quiet. Silence is the inmost mystery of language.

But this silence has a meaning with drastic consequences. It means silencing one's own wishes and desires—'Not my will but Thine be done'. It means the Cross.

This is no unworldly, superhuman demand. On the contrary it is precisely what makes man man, and what, passed from man to man, builds up the new order of society. The nucleus of this new order is a militant minority, the 'team'.

Frank Buchman and the team

The apple of Frank Buchman's eye was the team, the men and women across the continents who were committed to God as he was for the remaking of the world. His chief concern was to build up its unity, save it from divisions, and bring each individual in it to his highest destiny.

'I wish I could get my hunting dogs to hunt as a pack instead of each one going after his own quarry.'

When he thought about what would happen after his death, his one concern was what would happen to the team. 'One day when I am gone, remember the only way to run a team is to run it unselfishly. My great concern is that some of you are not in shape to create the unity in the team that would give a great example of an overarching unity.

'My vision for the team is that it should take on total responsibility as a group. My basic thought is—united leadership, shoulder to shoulder, for the future. Not

Frank's plan, nor Morris's, nor Mike's, nor Bill's, but only the plan of the Holy Spirit—the unity of purpose of a group of men which is born of the Holy Spirit. At first you may have to reckon with a few breakages.'

He had one great matter on his heart: 'When my time comes to go, don't forget that whatever you do, relate it to modern life.'

For him this also meant, 'Relate all your activity to Christ, though that doesn't mean you will always have to be talking about Christ.'

To Buchman permanent change—one's own change and the changing of others—was the test for creating and leading a team.

Professor B.H. Streeter once asked him for advice on how he should talk to a meeting of professors in Scandinavia. He had a number of interesting academic topics on which he could speak. Buchman's answer was, 'The news for the professors would be to see a changed professor, a professor who has the answer to loneliness, who has the confidence of the younger generation because he really understands them. I met a professor in Geneva once who went to the airport every day to see the planes landing. He would have had more fun if he had met the people landing.'

In this school of leadership Buchman found the best way to help people was to let them travel with a team. He suggested to one distinguished, elderly lady that she should come to America with a team. 'The thought comes strongly that the first step will be to pass on to others what you discover. That's a natural point of contact. "I have found something entirely new for myself and for others of my generation." That will arouse interest, as all discoveries do. Such an adventure under the guidance of

God will give you something to tell your friends and your family. I don't say you should go to America. Just being ready to go may be a first step.

'I should tell you plainly that I have no axe to grind. Personally I would like nothing better than to remain quietly in privacy. But I should also say that many who are in a like situation can be helped by speaking out publicly.... You have held the post of ambassadress. You could be an ambassadress for Christ.'

To build a team, as Buchman often said, one needs to develop spiritual imagination. On one occasion a friend, regarding with rather jaundiced eye some undergraduate followers of Buchman's, said, 'Frank, these swans of yours are all geese.' To which Buchman replied, 'What would you have said about the twelve apostles?'

To a colleague to whom he had sent a young man who turned out to be rather unsatisfactory, he wrote: 'You have to look at our friend differently. We need an enlargement of heart. We have to get along with all kinds of people. How are you going to change the world if you can't change the difficult people you're living with? Don't forget that the furniture of a man's soul can be changed in an instant.

'I don't want to be a schoolmaster, though some may say I pay too little regard for others' feelings.

'You can't live in the realm of ideas. You have to live where people are. I had lunch today with a High Commissioner and his wife. They live in an impossibly materialistic world. I could not live like that for one minute. But they do. The art is to be able to set all kinds of different people on the move.'

He had all the patience in the world for people who wanted to change but not for those who only wanted to

argue. 'The old-style Christian won't change his mind. He knows little of the moving wind of the Holy Spirit. I keep altering my views. I couldn't work if I lived in compartments.'

In the matter of change a great deal depends on the perspective. 'It takes more than helping people solve their own problems. We do that also—but it is not *we* who do it, God does it. But something more needs to happen. It's a new dimension for people when you get them out beyond their own problems into the world's problems. Then they really change.'

He did not allow mistakes, his own or others', to stop him. A woman made a mistake which led to a savage attack in the press. When this was pointed out, she withdrew into resentful inactivity. After six years she finally wrote a letter of apology. Buchman replied, 'I'm sorry, I'm very sorry. Why cry so long over spilt milk? I thought you were out milking the cows. The only way to deal with spilt milk is to get more milk. That's all in the past. The point now is—on to the battle! Do let us stay in the front line. There is so much to do to change England. My, this country needs unity, and fast. May God bless you mightily.'

He could speak plainly to people because he had given up the desire to make himself popular. 'I could be popular and pat people on the back, if that was my aim. But we help others more when we do the more difficult thing that makes us unpopular.'

Of one well-known theologian he wrote: 'He can't distinguish between the cause of a disease and its symptoms. And that is because he keeps trying to make himself liked and wants to stay in the shadows of personal approval.'

He was always ready to admit his own mistakes and put them right.

He wrote to Sir Lynden Macassey in July 1938, 'Forgive my failure yesterday. My mistake was in not eliciting the creative plan which I am sure you had in mind. In my eagerness, I talked too much. I should have listened more. Please forgive me.'

When essential principles were at stake, however, he was no respecter of persons. To a certain princess who was evading a moral decision which would have entailed putting something right publicly, he wrote bluntly: 'You demand everything from others and give nothing yourself. Such an attitude will deprive your country of the very thing you want for it. This is not the revolutionary spirit that will save your country, your home, or your family. No wonder countries like yours are in revolution and Communism is coming to be the order of the day. It is the natural consequence of selfish people like you. It is about time someone told you the truth....

'With regard to publicity, let me frankly say a noble name is no asset without an answer. Had someone had the courage to tell the truth to other Courts, empires might not have collapsed. I consider you are in a very serious situation and you deserve everything that is coming to you unless you change.'

He was able to write thus plainly because he was held by some power not his own. 'I am not the one who can give another person such a sure foundation. It is the Holy Spirit. If it all depended on me, that would be a poor substitute, a tragic, wrong development. There is no other discipline but to be held by the Holy Spirit.' Or again: 'Be direct. I never flatter. I have a long nose and I can smell when things are bad. Sometimes I wish I didn't.'

He said of himself, 'I depend on the living God and my own discipline working together.... When my father drove his two black horses, sometimes you would hear a "Whoa!" and heaven help them if they didn't stop at once. We need someone who will say "Whoa!" to us on occasion, even though we don't like it. I remember the last thrashing I got. I didn't like it and hated my father for a while. We are never glad for the fellow who says "Whoa!" to us.'

How scrupulously careful he was can be seen from what he said to his younger friends and co-workers the day after a great success. 'In your life together keep clear moral margins. Let the guidance of God reach far enough so that it lights up every corner of your life together. It is good to love one another, but real love maintains sharp edges.'

Once, when he had noted a lack of clarity, he wrote, 'Some people have become sterile through lack of carefulness about purity.'

His saying—'I drive my sins like a team of horses'—shows how he turned negative forces into positive energies.

He was mindful of discipline but saw it had dangers too.

'Be careful of your health, though not anxious about your life.'

He wrote to a Dutch friend, 'Over-working is my sin. Then I don't have enough time for my friends.'

To another comrade-in-arms he wrote, 'My own predominant thought about you was to tell you not to run up every hill you see. That isn't necessary. Stop living on your nerves.... My vision for you is that you should look like one of these good Bavarian innkeepers, only more rotund.'

This did not mean letting yourself go. He stressed the

value of thorough, practical education. He told one of his young helpers about a conversation he had had with a business man. The business man thought it would be a handicap to Buchman's work that many of his co-workers had not gone through the discipline that comes in the course of a strict apprenticeship. 'I feel that whatever good has been my lot,' Buchman added, 'has come from the fact that at the outset I had to lick my own stamps and do every kind of work myself. But there are those today who want to enjoy cheaply the fruits of others' hard work. They shift the burden of their inexperience on to others and don't realise that quality is only obtained when one has gone through hard knocks, persecution and misunderstanding.'

For Buchman, high standards of work went hand in hand with utmost care for people. 'I feel some of you are better at diagnosis than cure. You gossip about others instead of being concerned about healing them. I hope every secretary gets to be as perfect in personal work as in secretarial work.'

He came into the office one day with a ripe peach in his hand. 'Every girl should be like this peach,' he said. 'It's so natural. It doesn't strain after anything or try to be something else. If America's women were like this, the hurry and strain would go out and the quiet voice of God would come in.'

Buchman's secret was that he found his strength, the power of creative purity, from daily contact with God. This contact became real through listening to God's voice. When someone asked him what the difference between 'meditation' and the 'quiet time' was, he took a pencil out of his pocket and held it up without a word. The early hours of every morning held endless expec-

tation for him. 'On a morning like this, what would a man do if he was out to change the world?' he would say.

He left no doubt as to the source of his inspiration. 'You won't get very far if you throw the Bible overboard. You don't get a Lincoln without the Bible. If only the President lived on that basis today!

'Bring the salient points of the Bible into your experience. I wouldn't go out of the house without having read my Bible—I would think I wasn't properly dressed or shaved.'

Team on the march

When Carl Hambro told Buchman that he had been invited to make a lecture tour of several American universities, he suggested that Hambro should take a team with him. Hambro was dubious at first, but finally accepted the suggestion. Afterwards he was amazed at the effect his tour had and at the response across America.

From Mackinac Buchman sent out four young people to tackle Latin America. Somewhat perplexed, they came to ask his instructions. He sat up in bed, took the two sticks he kept by him, and clapped one to each side of the bed. 'You take two posts, plant them in the ground, tie a rope between them, hang yourself up like a newly washed shirt on the line, and let the wind of heaven blow through you. That's all.'

Three months later they returned to Mackinac bringing with them a special plane filled with representatives from

every section of society—students, trade unionists and their wives, port workers, generals, society ladies. The port workers were men who had been used to carrying knives and revolvers to the docks, but now had begun to answer terror and corruption in the port with a gale of freedom and democracy. The film they made of the story of these changes, *Men of Brazil*, has gone round the world.

A group of Dutch students who asked Buchman how they could alter the climate at their university received a very different answer. He gave them five points. First, humour—a long face doesn't change anyone. Second, humility—use the weaknesses that have been cured in you. You don't convince anyone by acting the self-reliant, strong man. Third, realism—don't go one step beyond your own experience. Keep both feet on the ground. Fourth, perspective—give them a big aim. Fifth, silence—don't talk too much, listen to what the other person is saying.

One morning about 3 am he woke with a thought, 'Africa will speak to the world, through a play.' It was at one of the Caux conferences, and later that morning he asked the forty or fifty Africans who were there to meet with him. He told them of his thought. At first they were nonplussed as they had never written a play and had no idea how to go about it. They were men and women from many different parts of Africa, and when they left Buchman to talk about his thought among themselves, they began to speak of the needs of their countries. As they were quiet together, one thought after another flashed into their minds. After a few days the rough form of a play had emerged and they themselves had grown into a team. They put the play on for the first time in the Caux theatre.

It was called *Freedom* and it received an ovation which it well deserved. Before long they found themselves putting the play on stage in London and other capitals. When they made it into a feature film a year later, it was translated and dubbed into many languages and gave a picture of the new Africa that brought nearer a solution to problems in many areas, including the Third World. While President Jomo Kenyatta was still in detention, he asked for the film to be dubbed into Swahili and shown all over Kenya on the eve of crucial elections, at which it was thought that blood would flow. The film was seen by more than a million people in Kenya, and many believe that this was one reason why the election passed off without bloodshed.

A group of Japanese came to see Buchman when he was staying in Tucson, Arizona. They had great plans for spreading Moral Re-Armament in Japan. Buchman looked at them in silence for some time. Then he asked what they thought was the main problem in their country. 'Communism,' they answered. 'Nonsense,' he replied. 'You are living in the clouds.' They were quiet again. Then they began to talk about concrete problems—a Minister who had been given a house on a lake by industrialists, another who had a Russian mistress, financiers making large profits by playing off China against America through devious methods. 'Are you united among yourselves so that you can tackle these problems together?' he asked. They admitted they were not.

Alone together, they began to be honest and brought to light the things that were standing in the way of real unity. When they had cleared up their compromises they found a new transparency and joy in their relations with one another. They felt they had become a united, militant

team. They found a new love for their country and in that spirit wrote a play that threw a searchlight of truth into the dark corners of the national political and business life. When they told Buchman about it he said: 'Go where the stones are rough. People may want to shoot you, but you will save your nation—and future generations will be grateful.'

A month later the play was staged in Tokyo, four hundred yards from the Parliament building. It shook and shocked Japan. A senior security officer, seeing the plot unroll on the stage, said, 'It is exaggerated. You can't continue with this play. It is dangerous.' A few days later he came back to them. 'I was wrong,' he said. 'I have had it investigated. I found that everything in the play is true. The situation is deadly serious. Your play gives the answer.' Soon television took it to the whole nation.

Buchman himself often travelled with large teams to try to wake up countries that were asleep. In 1952 he set off for Sri Lanka, India and Pakistan with a team of 200 and five plays at the invitation of many Asian leaders. It was familiar territory for him but for his team it was a shaking encounter with world needs. They saw hundreds of thousands of people lying hungry in the streets at night, saw mothers with dead babies at their breasts.

A keen, new insight into the real needs of humanity showed in Buchman's speeches. 'Men are hungry for bread, for peace, and for the hope of a new world order,' he told both houses of Parliament in New Delhi when he was asked to address them. 'Before a God-led unity every last problem will be solved. Empty hands will be filled with work, empty stomachs with food, and empty hearts with an idea that really satisfies.'

'This is the cure for confusion—making God the de-

cisive authority—not saying "yes" with our lips only, but also with the discipline of our lives. It makes you natural, it makes you real. You need never try to appear wiser or better than you really are.

'Confusion comes from compromise. Clarity comes from change.'

Early in 1955 a prominent Scandinavian statesman had the thought that he might travel through Asia with a group of colleagues to inform heads of government about the ideas of Moral Re-Armament. He wrote Buchman telling him of the project. Buchman quickly replied agreeing and offering the statesman a large team and a new musical production to go with him. The statesman quailed. He could imagine the faces of some of his worthy colleagues if he were to tell them of this proposition.

He took Buchman's letter with him to a weekend meeting in Paris where some of those responsible for Moral Re-Armament were meeting to make plans for the ensuing year. On the Sunday morning he showed the letter to a Swiss friend, hoping that the latter's sober, practical mind would sympathise with his doubts. The Swiss understood the situation very well. He, too, had received a commission from Buchman which he felt went far beyond his capabilities. 'We are in the same boat,' he told the statesman. 'Fortunately we have good friends here. We can talk things over with them.'

It was a quiet Sunday. There were more silences than talking. There were long pauses for reflection, and the wind of heaven blew. In the light of the need of the world people's hearts were ready to risk the extraordinary. That was how it all began, and in June 1955 the 'World Mission' of Moral Re-Armament, 250 people from twenty-eight countries, with the musical play *The Vanishing*

Island, set out from the United States and travelled through Asia, the Middle East, and Africa. In the course of their 35,000 mile journey they were the guests of the governments of eleven countries.

The absorbing story of this venture, the ebb and flow, the attacks, the battles and the victories, is told by Peter Howard in his book *An Idea to Win the World.*[1]

Buchman was in Caux to welcome the Mission on its return. He had been at Mackinac to send it off on its world journey with the thoughts expressed in his world radio broadcast *The Electronics of the Spirit.*

'The Electronics of the Spirit, so simple, so natural, and so fundamental. Herein lies the key to a new age.

'Statesmanship without the Electronics of the Spirit, without guidance and without change, is like flying an aircraft in stormy weather over uncharted territory without choosing to use radio, maps or compass. It is recklessly selfish. It leads inevitably to disaster.

'With the Electronics of the Spirit, renaissance becomes inevitable—and it can happen fast.'

In the same year the Afro-Asian Conference took place in Bandung. It was the first major meeting of the non-aligned nations, the birth of the 'Third World'. The leader of the Iraq delegation, the Foreign Minister, Dr Fadhil Jamali, spoke at the opening of the conference and called for 'moral re-armament as the need of the world today'. He received an ovation. He made the illuminating point, 'It is not possible to disarm militarily without rearming morally', and ended with a verse from the Koran familiar to every Muslim: 'God does not change the condition of a nation until the men of that nation change.'

[1] *An Idea to Win the World*, by Peter Howard, Blandford Press, London 1955.

Team in danger

This remarkable expansion around the world raised the question of its effect on Buchman's team. How could the inner momentum be maintained when the work was expanding so fast and so far?

Buchman saw the dangers that success brings with it. 'We are event-minded because we have expected events to substitute for sacrificial living,' he said. In Australia in 1957, and in not too good health after the long journey, he said to the team there: 'What you need is faith. If you don't live an ideology you are done for. "Faint not nor fear." If you get the wind up, those around you will get the wind up. If you are going to lead a team you must be willing to be struck and to strike out. You have to create situations, sometimes lead from behind, sometimes in front, know when to go in and when not to go in. That's strategy. I have to make decisions. Sometimes they're wrong decisions. I do some awfully stupid things. But I do my best to see that everyone around me gets something. The art is to enlarge people's viewpoint and to develop a team.'

When he was in New Zealand a short time later, while he was resting one afternoon he had the thought—'Hurry, hurry, hurry', and soon he was on his way back to Europe and America.

A number of Asian heads of state had invited him to visit them and he took the opportunity to do so *en route*.

Wherever he stopped—Japan, Formosa, Manila, Vietnam, Rangoon—something decisive happened to those who met him.

When he reached Rangoon, U Nu, who was then Prime Minister of Burma, flew down from his summer residence in the mountains to meet him. It was the month in which fell the 2,500th anniversary of the enlightenment of the Buddha. 'This new era can open a door to a new world for all men everywhere,' Buchman told U Nu. 'Every man can be illumined by God.'

U Nu leaned forward with interest. 'That is something I want to know about,' he said. Buchman told him how he had received very clear guidance to make this journey. 'I was resting one Sunday afternoon in New Zealand and I heard it so clearly—"Hurry, hurry, hurry. Go and see U Nu." And then the plan came clear to go to Tokyo and to you, and here we are.'

'And you heard it clearly?' U Nu asked.

'Why, yes,' answered Buchman. 'I wrote it down. God gave a man two ears and one mouth; why don't we listen twice as much as we talk?'

U Nu then told of his own experiences and of how he was striving to find a higher wisdom in order to meet the needs of his people. U Nu's right-hand man, U Thant, who was later for many years Secretary-General of the United Nations, took part in this conversation. As he took his leave Buchman came back again to his theme. 'We in the West do not live a faith any more. Perhaps the illumined men to lead the world into a new age will come from the East.'

When he reached Europe, Frank Buchman's train had an eleven-minute wait in Milan. As he stepped off the train he was met by an Italian friend who had been in

Caux, Rolanda Biotello, a former Communist cell leader who had only one leg and walked with a crutch. He immediately asked about her brother, 'How is Remo? I heard he was ill.' 'He is here to welcome you,' Rolanda replied triumphantly. Remo in fact was so weak that his family thought he was mad to try to go to the station. But Remo, a former Communist who had now returned to the Church, said, 'God told me to do it, and I will.' The two men talked. Remo told Buchman, 'I am going to live for Moral Re-Armament and the future of my children.' When, some time later, Buchman heard the news that Remo had died, he had mass said for him in the Catholic Church in Caux. 'I only had eleven minutes at the station,' Buchman said. 'I believe a lot can happen in a short time. I have no patience with some Christians who think things must take years.'

Behind his sense of urgency there lay something deeper. He was in a hurry to be at Mackinac for he had invited his closest team to meet him there from around the world, and his sensitive feeling for atmosphere told him that this team, on which the work depended, was in need. He knew from experience how easily the vital link between inward concentration and outward activity can be broken, and how a man in trying to win the world by his own efforts can forget his own soul.

In one of his early notebooks he had written in 1918, at the time of the Chinese tragedy, 'You have had your forty days in the wilderness. I will equip you with great strength. Perfect love casteth out fear. Reality versus activity.'

Buchman had seen how some had deserted their 'first love' out of sheer busyness and, by conforming to the ordinary, had lost their sense for the extraordinary. For them the prayer 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in

heaven' now contained more earthly heaviness than heavenly light. Some, he felt, tended to become functionaries and, through their 'know-how' and striving for success, had come to think more in terms of numbers than of people. 'People, people, people,' Buchman shouted at them. He had to tell some of his closest friends to their face, 'You're dead from the feet up.'

These weeks were 'more like the Last Judgment than a Christmas party', though Buchman did not indulge in reproaches. He simply used stories that made people realise what 'normal living' is under God's guidance.

There was one over-eager man, for example, who had worked with a number of friends in Buchman's beloved Morocco. He had hurried from town to town—Rabat, Kenitra, Meknes, Fes, Casablanca, Mogador, Marrakech—had visited leading personages, shown films, organised discussions, talked with trade unionists, taken part in tribal celebrations and Royal receptions. Finally he had drawn up a comprehensive report of all his work and sent a copy to the King and a copy to Buchman. What His Majesty thought of the report he never found out. But in Mackinac with Buchman he realised what he had done. Those who had been with Buchman in Morocco related how they had avoided all outward activity and had concerned themselves with the deep needs of individual people. The over-eager man, thinking of some of the people he had met, became aware with a heavy heart how he had failed them, became aware of what the country had lost thereby.

The same thing happened to others as they saw how activism had made them dry and hard and how those nearest to them, their own wives and children, had sometimes been starved spiritually. Others saw that they had

been driven by ambition and had betrayed their calling, imitating others and making their own rules.

Buchman himself said little. In long periods of quiet thought, all learned once again to hearken to the inner voice. Things that had been buried came to light. New life awoke. A new unity was born. Many grew into a deeper and wider dimension of faith.

This time of refining and renewing was the God-given preparation for the years that lay ahead and the events that were to come.

THE LAST YEARS

Arrived, yet going on

The task had grown to gigantic proportions. In the summer of 1957 there was a World Assembly at Mackinac in which 5,000 people from seventy-six countries took part, among them a hundred leaders of the Japanese youth organisation, the Seinendan, as well as leaders from political life and from industry in all five continents.

In these years of new, creative expansion, plays expressing the hopes of the people and leading to dialogue and understanding between nations, were produced in several countries—*Hoffnung* (*Hope*) by coal miners in the Ruhr which, in turn, inspired *The Tiger* in Japan and, put on by revolutionary Japanese students, led to the students of San Marcos University in Lima, Peru, presenting this greater revolution in *El Condor*. This last stirred up constructive forces in countries as far away as Brazil and Italy. At Mackinac itself a musical dealing with the answer to racial tensions, *The Crowning Experience*, was produced, starring the outstanding black singer Muriel Smith, who had come to the Mackinac Assembly. The film of *The Crowning Experience* has gone round the world.

While this expanding outreach was taking place, Buchman for reasons of health had to live more quietly, and for three winters found rest and sun in Tucson, Arizona, where a house had been put at his disposal. This he made

into another centre from which changed lives streamed out. His unremitting concern was for the growth of each individual in his team. Always his priority was to try and widen the horizons of his fellow-workers. A good example of this can be seen in a letter to one of his financial advisers who was worried about raising enough capital for new buildings needed at Mackinac.

Buchman wrote: 'I know how many difficulties there are in getting money for that stupendous work at Mackinac, but God has many ready helpers. I am sure He has people who will make it possible. I greatly sympathise with you and feel at times the burden is too much for anyone; then the unexpected happens. It is by faith and prayer our money comes. The country desperately needs this centre. In fact this is just the beginning of the expansion that is necessary to meet the needs in the world for an ideology that can answer today's problems.

'These buildings represent the first line of America's defence. More than that, it will be a centre from which the ideology must go out to the nation if we are to have any basis for a foreign and domestic policy adequate to the needs.

'I am grateful for your business caution but I want you to move with me and the people of America in the dimension of what needs to be done, not what we think we can do. I want you to help me always to live at the place where I rely not on what I have, but on what God gives. It is such freedom and it works.'

One thing Buchman was sure of was that an individual must be ready to lay down his life to save his nation. That for him was the meaning of the Cross. When a party of Japanese politicians once asked him how they could heal the hatreds that threatened to tear their nation apart, he

told them simply how, more than forty years earlier, he had found the answer to hate at the Cross of Christ. 'It can happen to you this morning,' he said to them. 'It is so penetrating that you will never be the same again. You will go forth from this experience as new men. That is what happened to me, though I did not know it would happen. But don't stop there. You must win the leaders of Japan. That is your mission. If you want to save your nation, you must forget yourselves and go all out.'

He spoke about the Cross to different people in different ways. To a young man bringing him his tea he said: 'If you are going to work around here, please start living by the Cross and not by rules. Do you know what that means? Well, we will discuss it together.

'Do you trust the God you serve? Feel He is absolutely reliable? Absolutely? You have got to get to the place where you prefer Him above all men and all things. Without Him, don't cross the threshold. With Him, travel the world.' (This last was a saying Buchman had often heard his mother repeat.)

'It is true, "He walks with me and He talks with me and He tells me I am His own." (Lines from a favourite hymn.) Have you ever felt that? You should. It is your birthright.

'I advise you—make absolute honesty your rule of life. What sin do you most enjoy? Don't imagine that avoiding sin is the aim of life. Some do, and a damned dull job they make of it. You have got to have a true sense of direction in which you go all out. Do you have it? What is your speed? What is the fastest you have ever driven? If you are moving fast enough, the dirt doesn't stick. Ever notice? Same with sin.

'Are you smothered with miracles? You ought to be. They aren't rationed, you know. Your heart has got to

come alive. I do not feel a heartbeat in you. You need a blood transfusion.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin." It is life-giving stuff. He gave His blood—beyond measure. For you—to save your life.

'"For this my son was dead and is alive again." That is God the Father. "He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me." That was my life. Do you let Him lead? What does lead you? You have got to get to the place where you prefer Him above all men and all things. Shed all the second-best.

'I streamlined my life long ago. "Make and keep me pure within." Pure within! No heart is pure that is not passionate. "O for a passionate passion for souls."'

Though Buchman was convinced that it would be a group of people who would take up responsibility for his work after him, he was clear that this would not happen automatically. In the early 'forties he had told those working most closely with him, 'To remake the world will need a group—something stronger than the individual. That is my last will and testament, and your inheritance.'

On the day he left Mackinac for the last time, he called the whole team together and said: 'I don't know how often we will be able to meet together in this life. So I want to say that if we can leave the past behind and not expect anything for ourselves except what God gives, I am convinced we can do what we are called to do in the remaking of the world. But it cannot be done on an up-and-down, half-hearted basis.

'I was awakened early this morning; in fact, I was awake a lot of the night, and I had an ominous sense that though we have come to the point where we are ready personally, there is still a lot to be done. It is time for me

to go this afternoon. I read the story of how St Paul was changed. Read it and be sure it is your experience. I know that there was a time when I didn't have it, though I thought I was doing pretty well. There are still some people I feel have not reached this experience. They have not had a commission from the living God to take this message to the nations. I wish no one would leave today without a clear sense of that.

'There was a time in my life when I was just like some of you, sinning, having a good time, but not really satisfied. I heard the still, small voice say to me, "Repent". I had a fairly good education but I needed something very simple and real. And it happened. I heard the wind of heaven and it passed over me and through me and I walked out of that place a different man. The old man was gone. I felt happy again.

'Now what did it mean for Paul, that man of God? He was a Jew. Some people don't like the Jews. I can only say my best Friend is a Jew. Jesus Christ was a Jew. So was Paul. I have no limits on that point. Whether it is Jew or Gentile, democrat or Communist, it is an experience all can have. That is the secret. It is those who are for God and those against Him. There isn't a place that can't be captured, if we keep in step. But if you are in the main stream of God's will for you, you don't depend on results.

'That's why I believe we are now on the edge of a great breakthrough, because I feel so helpless.'

During his last winter in Tucson, although his strength and his eyesight were failing, he was as brisk and alert as ever. Although he had to move about in a wheel-chair, he would let nothing prevent him from going to Los Angeles in the spring of 1960 to meet Chancellor Adenauer there. The Chancellor greeted him with the words, 'I want to tell

you with all the emphasis at my command how highly I value your work for the moral re-armament of the world. It is essential for world peace.'

Leaving Tucson in April 1960 on what was to be his last journey to Europe, he said to those who were with him: 'We need something new, something absolute. May the grace of God rest upon us to bless us and enable us to be different without end—constantly renewed.

'We are being lifted into spheres where we have not worked up to now. Everything must be different. Our nations must be different.

'Are we ready for the ideological battle? No, we are not. We have done a little, but we need to do much more. We must strengthen the younger generation and give them courage for this ideological battle. Each must care for the youth of his country and give them the moral character adequate to match Communism.

'We are a group of sinners and we need the power of the Holy Spirit to penetrate deep within us.

'We are at the beginning of a mighty movement in Africa. Instead of being a question mark, Africa will be the continent with the answer.

'The greatest thing we can do is to change men. Be people who really go all out and really change somebody.

'I believe we are on the verge of a powerful forward movement, more powerful than we have seen in any country up to now.'

Buchman was to be spared for another year in Europe. Although now partly paralysed, he paid visits to London, Paris, St Gallen, Milan, Rome. But his centre was Caux.

In no other year did he give so many speeches, national messages, and appeals to plain folk and to statesmen through full pages in newspapers. For his team and the

individuals in it, who were his constant concern, one word burned in his heart and was often on his lips—maturity, the ripeness that causes fruit to separate from the tree and be used in the service of others. Unceasingly he fought for this spirit of independence, this standing on one's own feet, in his friends—sometimes with patience, sometimes with passion.

Often he would repeat the old lines:

> Dare to be a Daniel,
> Dare to stand alone,
> Dare to have a purpose true,
> Dare to make it known.

A unique example of what it had cost to maintain this constant battle to forge character was his dealing with the man who was later to undertake the chief responsibility for carrying on Buchman's work, Peter Howard.

Howard was a sportsman, a journalist and author, and described himself as a 'proud Englishman'. He had come through the tough school of Beaverbrook in Fleet Street, but was to find Buchman's school even tougher.

Peter Howard himself, in his book *Frank Buchman's Secret*, tells the story of how Buchman, sensing compromise and vanity in him, put him on one side for years in spite of all his efforts, so that often he would be reduced to rage and tears of desperation. This went on until every spark of man-pleasing and compromise was extinguished and he began to burn with pure fire for the coming of God's Kingdom—free from dependence on other people, on recognition from Buchman or even from depending on the love of his family. In the end, he became Buchman's closest friend and his successor.

The titles of three speeches Buchman made in the last

months of his life clearly show the thoughts that were constantly moving in his mind: *All the Moral Fences are Down* (Easter message, April 1961); *Solid Rock or Sinking Sand* (May 1961); *Brave Men Choose* (given on the occasion of his eighty-third birthday and the opening of the World Assembly at Caux on 4 June, 1961).

The closing sentences of this, the last speech that he made, run: 'We are facing world revolution. There are only three possibilities open to us. We can give in, and some are ready to do just that. Or we can fight it out, and that means the risk of global suicide. Or we can find a superior ideology that shows the next step ahead for the Communist and the non-Communist world alike. What we shall never do effectively is to patch up things by pretending that basic differences do not exist or do not matter, nor by supposing that an ideological challenge can be met by economic, political or military means alone. Absolute moral standards are not just questions of individual conduct today. They are the conditions of national survival. Wherever men give man the place in their lives that God alone should have, slavery has begun. "Men must choose to be governed by God, or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants."

'There is no neutrality in the battle between good and evil. No nation can be saved on the cheap. It will take the best of our lives and the flower of our nations to save humanity. If we go all-out for God we will win.'

At the end of July, with the World Assembly in full swing, Frank Buchman decided to withdraw for a time and go to one of his favourite places, Freudenstadt in the Black Forest. No one thought that the place where the first thought of Moral Re-Armament had come to him was to be his last resting place on earth.

Why not let God run the whole world?

After a few days in Freudenstadt he began to feel refreshed. Early one morning he dictated the following thoughts: 'You will be mightily used here. This is the place where I first showed you the picture of the world's problems.'

Then he quoted the verse:

> His purposes will ripen fast,
> Unfolding every hour;
> The bud may have a bitter taste
> But sweet will be the flower.
>
> Blind unbelief is sure to err,
> And scan His work in vain;
> God is His own interpreter
> And He will make it plain.

Then he added: 'It was wise to come here at this time. God is so good to us. His way brightens all the paths we rove. Here we find the source. Amazing how fast the Germans go. This sense of urgency!'

Later he wrote: 'Here God first spoke to you about Moral Re-Armament. Here you will lay down your life and die.'

On the following Sunday he was seized with a stabbing pain in the chest. The doctor had no doubt that his condition was very serious. On the Monday morning,

again and again interrupted by pain, Buchman laboured to utter his last thoughts. It was as if his spirit, even moving along the dark road towards death, still sought to use every moment of consciousness to send his friends his final greeting and conviction:

'I want to see Britain governed by men governed by God. I want to see the world governed by men governed by God. Why not let God run the whole world?'

That same day, 7 August 1961, at 9.45 in the evening, his life came to an end. He was laid to rest in Allentown, where his family home is, in the presence of thousands from all parts of the world.

In his will he had written: 'I wish that I had silver and gold for each one but, since my resources are so strictly limited, I give, devise and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, whatsoever and wheresoever it may be, unto Moral Re-Armament absolutely.

'There are many I should like to have included in a will like this, but I want all to feel that they have a share as they partake of the priceless boon of a new life which has come to them and to me through the Oxford Group and Moral Re-Armament. They can best perpetuate this gift by carrying forward a philosophy that is adequate for a world in crisis and that will, at last, bring the nations to the long-looked-for Golden Age ushered in by the greatest revolution of all time whereby the Cross of Christ shall transform the world.'

Epilogue

By PIERRE SPOERRI

The future of any spiritual or revolutionary movement is decided in the second generation. That is why my father asked me to add an epilogue to his book.

Does the original inspiration last?

Does the second generation of revolutionaries, as well as being loyal to the ideas of the initiator, maintain the necessary flexibility to prevent the original revolutionary organism from becoming bogged down in a hierarchy or institution?

When some of our generation met Frank Buchman we were students in our twenties. He was sixty-five. But in spite of the difference of nearly fifty years, we never felt any generation gap. Buchman seemed more interested in the latest discoveries and developments than we were. He was always keen to develop new ways of working and to keep ahead of the ideas of his time. 'God is the most up-to-date Being there is,' he used to say. 'We have to run to keep up with Him.'

What we did not realise in the early post-war years was that Buchman foresaw certain developments which only began to show up in the late 'sixties. At the time we did see the revolutionary quality of his ideas as expressed in the clearest and simplest terms in his speeches. Only later did it dawn on us that in Buchman's way of working and

living there was more explosive material than we were then able to understand. Since he was neither consciously a philosopher or a sociologist, he would never have thought of analysing his way of working and making 'a revolutionary doctrine' out of it. He was far more interested in giving the person next to him a challenge to commit himself wholly to God, than in convincing that person of the brilliant logic of his own thought processes.

There exists today a whole row of expressions to describe the things the younger generation object to in modern society, words like alienation, authoritarian education, manipulation. Some speak of the demand for participation and the right to be in on decisions. When a representative of the second generation of Moral Re-Armament tries to analyse what were the main things he learned from Buchman, he comes upon these same ideas, ideas that in our generation were already at work beneath the surface, even though we were unable to define them exactly.

Thus Buchman's conception of *leadership* gives the answer to our efforts to strike a balance between inward and outward authority. All his life he tried to inspire people to take responsibility without providing the security of an institution. He contrasted the idea of an organisation with the idea of an organism. For him, organisation meant a hierarchy, directors, offices, committees, sittings. An organism, on the other hand, stood for organic co-operation, creative growth, naturalness, flesh and blood people.

He would have much preferred it if his work had not needed any organisational structure at all. When it finally became obvious that some minimum legal basis was unavoidable, he sought in every way to prevent any

impression that Moral Re-Armament was giving in to public demand for visible 'established structures of leadership'. His simple criterion was—'Leadership goes to the spiritually fit.' That meant in practice that sometimes one person, sometimes another, was prominent and took the initiative for the next steps. It also meant that everyone, even someone who had only that day decided to put his life under God's guidance, had just the same freedom to make suggestions for the further development of the work as someone did who had been years in the work.

This kind of leadership naturally demanded a special kind of unselfishness. Buchman expected it from his colleagues and expressed it in the words, 'To live to make the other fellow great.' He was always looking for new ways to teach his team this secret of real teamwork. Once, when a group of students was to go to South Africa without him, he took each one aside individually before they set off and told each one that he was putting him in charge of the whole enterprise. When each one, full of his own importance, suggested on the first evening on board ship that the others should meet in his cabin, some were amazed, others indignant, until they discovered that Buchman had been trying to teach them the secret of 'collective leadership'.

For Buchman it was not just a matter of achieving smooth-running co-operation among those who worked with him. He saw at once how his conception of teamwork could be applied on government and industrial levels. He tried to work out in his own team what, in organisations like the League of Nations and the United Nations, was there on paper but seldom there in practice.

Another aspect of leadership which interested him was the ability to draw others into equal responsibility. 'You

have done nothing unless you have trained ten others to do your work better than you can do it yourself.'

Thus for the outsider who happened to find himself in the group around Buchman it was never easy to know who exactly exercised which function. When a high official from an East European country came to an evening gathering that had been arranged in Geneva, she asked one of those present who was the 'chief ideologist' of the group. Upon receiving the answer that such a position did not exist in Moral Re-Armament, she said in amazement, 'Do you mean to say that you have real collective leadership—all races, men and women, old and young?' The possibility of such teamwork opened up prospects she had never thought possible until then.

Of course, such 'collective leadership' and the functioning of such an 'organism' is only possible when there is one common source of inspiration and decision. For Buchman it was the most natural thing in the world that everybody, the statesman or the young man who brought him his breakfast, could learn the secret of letting God guide him. This readiness to shape one's life by the instructions received from God in quiet, was for him the basic formula for everyone who wanted to build the new society.

This basic formula was valid for political life, he saw. That was why he repeatedly quoted William Penn: 'Men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants.' It was just as valid for his own co-workers. 'If I could only get you to live alone with God the future of our work would be secure.'

Since everything he did resulted from seeking God's will, he could not understand why he deserved any particular praise for his achievements.

A European politician, visiting him in Caux, said: 'You must be very proud you have achieved so much.' To this Buchman replied: 'I don't feel that way at all. I had nothing to do with it really. God did it all. I just listen and do what He says.' The politician was not satisfied with the answer. 'Oh no, you have done great things.' Again Buchman replied, 'I have done nothing. Or rather, I have done what men like yourself should have been doing all the time. I stopped trying to run things the way I wanted many years ago. I started listening to God and letting Him have His way in everything. If men like you did that you would find the answers instead of spending your lives crushed down by mountainous problems you yourselves create.'

For Buchman the secret of guidance was closely linked to the idea of the classless society in which everyone could find his true destiny. Many of the younger generation today may feel useless and purposeless and react against a 'manipulated' society, while in the 'thirties it was often those in the working classes who suffered under this sense of uselessness and anonymity. Buchman, however, appealed even to the unemployed to take up Moral Re-Armament. He said, 'Think of the unemployed thus released for a programme of Moral Re-Armament; everyone in the nation magnetised and mobilised to restore the nations to security, safety and sanity.

'Every man, woman and child must be enlisted, every home become a fort. Our aim should be that everyone has not only enough of the necessities of life, but that he has a legitimate part in bringing about this Moral Re-Armament, and so safeguards the peace of his nation and the peace of the world.'

It was this challenge, that each one of us could have a

specific part in building a new, world-wide society, that catapulted us post-war generation students out of our normal, bourgeois rhythm of life. Similarly, Buchman's invitation gave a head of state, a man who had been exiled from his own country, the feeling that he 'belonged somewhere' once again.

Not only did Buchman foresee this quest for a personal destiny, for belonging somewhere, for being needed for some definite task—a quest which characterises the younger generation today—but he also had clear ideas about another quest which preoccupies many—the pursuit of satisfaction. There is a song about this longing by the 'Rolling Stones' and in it the word 'satisfaction' blares out in almost every line. If dinning the word into the ears of the listeners led automatically to achieving satisfaction, the problem would be simple. But the more we seek satisfaction or make it our main aim, the less we seem to be really satisfied. And the less satisfied we are, the more desperately we try everything—including drugs and every kind of sexual excess—to seize hold of satisfaction, though it constantly seems to slip from our grasp like a wraith.

With startling directness and simplicity Buchman used to tell people, young and old, Christian or Muslim, where for him the secret of real satisfaction lay. He had made the simple discovery that there is a fully satisfying life's work for every man, namely to build a new world order under the dictatorship of the Holy Spirit. For those who wanted to know, he used to spell out the root of his satisfaction was J-E-S-U-S: Just Exactly Suits, Saves, Satisfies Us Sinners. At a time when people tended to be very reserved in speaking about their Christian convictions to others, this way of speaking about Christ

seemed shockingly modern. But because of it, many people, married and unmarried, young and old, were grateful to Buchman for helping them to stop chasing false satisfactions and employ all their energies for a new purpose.

One final idea with which Frank Buchman grappled all his life was that of *permanent revolution*, though he did not always use these words to describe it. He tried to show Marxists that the change they demanded in the structure of society would never lead to a really new society unless an equal effort to conquer the selfishness in man himself was undertaken. He tried to challenge 'good people' not to become absorbed in their own virtues but to play their part in answering the world's needs. He never hesitated, in the process, to shake up the foundations of the modern consumer society.

It was always refreshing to find that Buchman never took himself so seriously as not to be able to change his mind. 'I reserve the right to be wrong,' he said once.

To the generation who knew Frank Buchman during his last years, and to those who have never met him, this great American has left a dynamic heritage. It is not a heritage we can rest on or exploit for our own glory. It is one whose realisation will give content to the lives of many generations to come.

AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Books quoted include:

Remaking the World
Frank Buchman, Blandford Press, London, 1961

Frank Buchman's Secret
Peter Howard, Heinemann, London, 1961

Peter Howard—Life and Letters
Anne Wolrige Gordon, Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1969

The Story of Caux
Philippe Mottu, Grosvenor Books, London, 1970

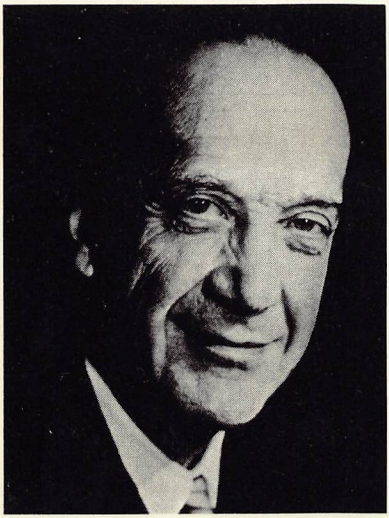
Apart from my own memories of Frank Buchman, which go back to January 1932, I have been able to draw on the verbal accounts and unpublished notes of some of Buchman's co-workers—Loudon Hamilton, Garth Lean, John Caulfeild, and many others.

Special thanks go to those responsible for this English edition, particularly to Dr John Morrison and Peter Thwaites for their work on the translation, and to Kenneth Belden and Garth Lean.

Authentic utterances of Buchman's, previously known only to a more intimate circle, are made availabe for the first time to a wider public in the present book.

To all those named, and to my many unnamed helpers, I wish to express my heartfelt thanks.

A selection of Frank Buchman's speeches has been published by Grosvenor Books under the title *The Revolutionary Path* (paperback 75p). This book and those mentioned above are available from bookshops or Grosvenor Books.



In DYNAMIC OUT OF SILENCE, Professor Spoerri probes the secret of one of the controversial men of our time, Frank Buchman, the initiator of Moral Re-Armament. Theophil Spoerri, who held the chair of French and Italian Literature at Zurich University for thirty years, was one of Europe's outstanding intellectuals and scholars. He was also a man of action, as his initiative in the Swiss 'Gotthard League' during the war makes clear. Spoerri knew Frank Buchman well. He examines with candour and insight Buchman's effectiveness as a Christian revolutionary, the scope of his thinking and the progress of his life-long battle to build up a force of men and women dedicated to remaking the world.

Grosvenor
UK £4.95
USA $11.25