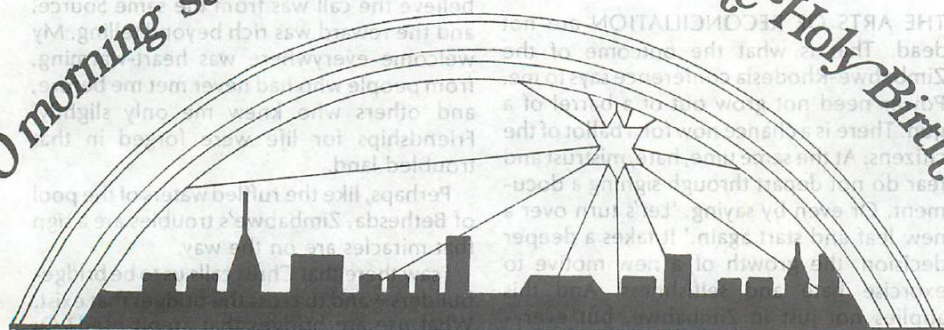


*0 morning stars together proclaim the Holy Birth*



# NEW WORLD NEWS

Vol 28 No 4 15 Dec 1979 9p

## IN THE LIGHT OF THE STAR

H W 'Bunny' Austin

**The candles on the tree and by the crib are the only light in the room. As silence falls after the carols, there is time to see life in the perspective of Christmas—and to speak, of home and family, of Christmasses past, of the discoveries of the last year and of hopes for the future. In this spirit we have asked readers to contribute to this special Christmas issue.**

**Hugh and Dell Williams**  
London

WHAT GOES THROUGH our hearts and minds as Christmas approaches? We watch the TV news and ask ourselves whether we are witnessing the opening moves of World War Three. Is there going to be a peaceful solution in Rhodesia? Can the Common Market survive its internal differences?

Then we look at our own country. Are we going to recover? Or are we going to collapse as an industrial nation? Can we get inflation under control? The children are getting more and more excited as Christmas approaches. But when we go to the shops we see how much more things cost this year than last. Where will it end?

Then last week Dell returned home to find the front door on the chain, drawers from the hall chest turned upside down and glass all over the kitchen floor: all the shock of a

**Rob and Susan Corcoran**  
Britain and USA

SHORTLY AFTER OUR MARRIAGE, we were invited to a party in a very affluent home. It was at the time of Indira Gandhi's policy of forced sterilization in India. One guest defended this policy on the basis that 'people who cannot afford to have children shouldn't be allowed to have them.'

Perhaps few people would share this extreme view; but we've often heard young couples say, 'We can't afford to have a family.'

Just eight weeks ago our son Neil was born. It was a wonderful confirmation of God's love and the miracle of His creation. Of course, as this guest would have seen it, Neil should not be here at all! Doing full-time Christian work, without any regular

break-in and burglary. A neighbour had dimly seen two young men escaping over the garden fence. While this was happening I was sitting on a jury, trying to decide the guilt or innocence of a 17-year-old who is already an habitual criminal. We are paying the price for having thousands of young school-leavers who cannot find proper work.

So we ask ourselves what can we do about these things? This is what Christmas is about. It's a family time; a time to enjoy and a time to care; a time to reflect about why we are here, where we are going, how we are going to deal with our problems, what we want to do with our lives; a time for our spirits to be reborn and revitalised; a time when we consider the meaning of the first Christmas, which took place in a very rough world. We also live in a rough world and the message of Christmas is as relevant as it was all those years ago in Bethlehem. We have a great God, and we can choose, each day, to be part of His plan.

income, we certainly cannot afford 'to have him'.

However, when we got married we decided to trust and obey God with every aspect of our lives—where to live and work, the money we would need, sex, whether and when to have a family.

We've discovered that not only is He an expert in economics, family planning and career guidance but also a loving father who wants to meet and satisfy every need. He wants to give His most precious gift if we do not deny Him the opportunity by grabbing for ourselves.

As we celebrate our first Christmas with Neil we wonder what the coming decade will bring. He will grow up in years of unprecedented peril and opportunity. The only lasting security we can offer him is that as a family we seek to do God's will.

**H W 'Bunny' Austin**  
London

OVER SOME 20 YEARS I spent many of my Christmasses with Frank Buchman. I remember especially a wet Christmas in London, a glorious white Christmas at Caux-sur-Montreux, Switzerland and, best of all perhaps, a Christmas in New Delhi, India.

Pandit Nehru had placed the Delhi house of the Maharaja of Jaipur at our disposal during our visit there. It had a large hall. During the Christmas season a long table was set facing a traditional Christmas tree. Every evening dignitaries of Delhi were invited to dinner sitting facing the tree, either side of which stood the chorus of the MRA musical play then travelling India. The dignitaries—Members of Parliament, labour leaders, civil servants, industrialists—sat spellbound as carol after carol was sung in the traditional Western manner.

Here Delhi was introduced to the true meaning of Christmas, not the drunken debauchery which so many had come to connect with the birth of the Christian God, but the Holy Spirit of the Christ Child who lay in the crib under the Christmas tree.

It was the Holy Spirit that one felt most deeply with Buchman at Christmas time. It was a magic woven out of the carols and the Christmas story—the story of the shepherds in their fields roused by the angels; of Mary the Mother of God with her husband Joseph in the stable at Bethlehem; and of the wise men coming to worship the Child.

It was a magic, too, woven by those with Buchman, who shared some of the deeper things that Christmas had meant to them down the years. And Buchman would watch the candles flicker on the tree, die and be replaced, silently adoring the Christ Child who had wrought such a transformation in his life, and whose Spirit had spurred thousands of men and women to work with him.

**And praises sing to  
God the king and peace  
to men on earth**





# Joyful all ye nations rise

**Julie Fitts**  
Australia

LAST MARCH I got engaged to a man I loved and respected, but whose life was going in a different direction to the one I wanted. Being 'caught up in love', I thought I could adapt to his life style and learn to like it.

Why wasn't I happy? I was going to get married. Isn't that one of every woman's desires? I had an interesting, worthwhile career training blind people in the skills of daily living.

But my life was empty. I was in a darkness that no training that I knew of could help me out of, until one day, by chance (or was it?) I read these words of St Augustine:

'You have made us, O Lord; for Thyself  
And our hearts shall find no rest till they  
rest in Thee.'

It was only four months away from my wedding. Yet I knew I had to find answers before I went ahead. I believed that the rekindling of my faith would lead me to the answers.

Three weeks later I had postponed my wedding, taken six months' leave from work, and I was 10,000 miles away in England to begin a climb up my faith ladder.

Was I running away? Sometimes you need to climb a mountain to see the situation in the valley. With an intensive job and a wedding pending, for me it was a necessity.

Here I realised that there was a battle going on inside me between a good force and an evil force. I had to choose every minute of the day which to listen to. I had accepted the evil force for so long, I felt like a vessel filled with mud. As I decided to say 'yes' to what, deep down inside me, I knew was right (which took a while to see—mud is not transparent), I began to make room for the good force to pour in. With it came a clarity of mind and purpose, and a feeling of peace and great happiness.

I realised after months of painful thought and reflection that to continue with the marriage would not only lead me away from the path in life I had now chosen, but would also not allow my fiancé to go freely ahead with the path in life he had chosen. It would mean us pulling against each other rather than together. And so I decided to break it off.

I have just resigned from my job so that I can learn more about this new life-style, consolidate my new decisions and convictions, and share what I have learnt with anybody who feels they are in the darkness I was in.

So this year I really can identify myself with the miracle that is Christmas.

**Geoffrey Daukes**  
London

THE ARTS OF RECONCILIATION are not dead. That is what the outcome of the Zimbabwe-Rhodesia conference says to me. Power need not grow out of a barrel of a gun. There is a chance now for a ballot of the citizens. At the same time, hate, mistrust and fear do not depart through signing a document. Or even by saying, 'Let's turn over a new leaf and start again.' It takes a deeper decision, the growth of a new motive to exorcise hate and selfishness. And this applies not just in Zimbabwe, but everywhere—in our homes, parliaments, industries.

Christmas could be the ideal time for such a decision. I remember a Christmas Day church service in India. Amongst the congregation was a bitter Communist, recently out of prison after taking part in an armed uprising. He had come expecting the usual festivities. Instead he met a spirit of sacrifice and commitment that healed his hate and set him on a new path.

After four years in Asia coming back to Britain was a shock for my family and me. The proliferation of cars, plush wall-to-wall carpeting, the non-stop flow of television entertainment, the strong rush of water from the tap (drinkable too!) and so much more which seemed excessive after the raw poverty of India.

We were delighted by the friendliness and efficiency, courtesy on the roads (usually) and the lovely gardens. But everything seemed so comfortable. How can we bring the qualities we see here to bear on the needs of the world, we ask ourselves.

Christmas as a flashy festival centred on enjoying ourselves is the negation of all that started in that poor Middle-East stable. But a Christmas where someone else finds the joy of a new life holds immense possibilities for the world.

## The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight

**Belle Alexander**  
Scotland

HAVE YOU EVER paused to think what Christmas would be like without the Wise Men? Those wayfarers from distant lands with their colourful attire, their oriental customs and culture, their camels and their gifts, so enrich the story. And what that adventure must have meant to them and to their countries on their return—how their people would be linked forever with the Babe of Bethlehem. Travel broadens the mind, it is said. I have no proof of this but I do know that it stretches the heart. This year I was called to

Zimbabwe. I went from Scotland by train and aircraft in three days—not by camel-train over months and perhaps years—but I believe the call was from the same Source, and the reward was rich beyond telling. My welcome everywhere was heart-warming, from people who had never met me before, and others who knew me only slightly. Friendships for life were forged in that troubled land.

Perhaps, like the ruffled waters of the pool of Bethesda, Zimbabwe's troubles are a sign that miracles are on the way.

I saw there that Christ calls us to be bridge-builders—and to cross the bridges that exist. What use are bridges that aren't used? Or hearts?

Are such adventures only for vigorous youth? What ages were the Wise Men? I am 66 years young.

So what about a Star-Trek Christmas? And a really NEW Year?

## Light and life to all He brings, risen with healing in His wings

**Alice Cardel**  
Phillipines

SHAVE THE BAR of laundry soap and add a little water. Beat until soap suds form. Add salt and immediately apply the mixture to a branch and let it dry. This is how we make a snowy Christmas tree in the heat of the Phillipines.

Christmas is a very special season in our country of over 38 million Catholics. For the nine days before Christmas, when I was a child, we used to go to early morning Mass. It was a struggle to wake us up—this was Grandmother's job. One great incentive was the special cakes that are only sold at Christmas time.

The highlight of the celebrations was Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, followed by a meal called *noche buena*. Next day we children went to visit our grandparents and godparents, to kiss their hands and wish them 'Happy Christmas!'

I am overjoyed that this Christmas I will be at home again, after several years away.



## O Holy Child of Bethlehem descend to us we pray

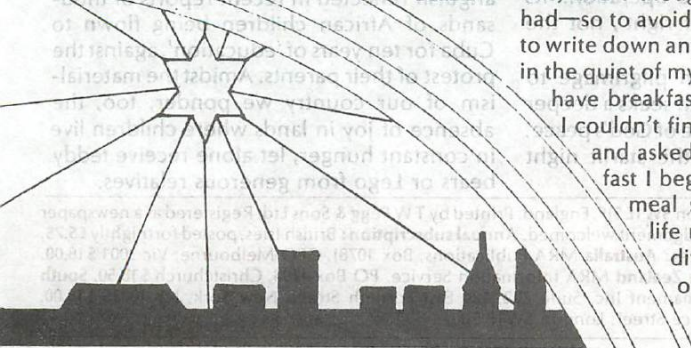
Were they scientists or kings?  
Wise men in their generation, either way,  
Far-sighted, men of power perhaps,  
of learning certainly:  
They studied then the stars we ride today.  
And so they came,  
Wisdom kneeling before incarnate Wisdom,  
Minds wise enough to recognise  
The Author of mind;  
All God's potential for the human race  
Lying before them in the stable hay.

There were others who also found the child.  
As it happened,  
It was not to the kings, to the wise men  
That the heavens opened  
and the angel choirs appeared.  
The glories from beyond our universe  
Were lavished on members  
Of the local agricultural workers' union;  
The wise men saw the Star,  
But it was to shepherds  
that the angel heralded  
Heaven's communique:  
goodwill and peace to men.  
It was for working men doing their job  
As best they might,  
and hoping for better things,  
The heavenly hosts  
deployed their blazing ranks  
And sang the new world in.

There were others who sought  
but did not find the child,  
As the swords slashed and Herod's thugs  
Slaughtered the babes of Bethlehem,  
The holy innocents.

For Christmas is the season  
Of merriment and murder:  
The Cross casts its bloodstained shadow  
From Calvary to Bethlehem,  
Joy and destiny intertwined  
in the same pattern  
Of the divine love.

KENNETH  
BELDEN



Kate Jardine  
Bournemouth

WHEN I LEFT SCHOOL I spent a year in Kenya, teaching in an African Harambee secondary school. It was quite an experience—there were difficulties, lots of fun, hair-raising excitement and moments when I didn't know how to go on. I turned to God, and faith in the power of Jesus Christ saw me through.

I saw great sacrifices made by Kenyans to send their children to school, and this made me want to make the most of the free educational facilities when I came back to Britain. I decided to study in Bournemouth, where my father is a vicar. I had been at boarding school for a lot of my life, and thought I would like to live at home again.

But I soon found home and college life to be incompatible. Although I didn't have enough money I moved away from home, into digs, then a bed-sit and finally an unfurnished flat. I sort of enjoyed myself—but life was full of conflicts. I wanted a good life-style but had little money to pay the bills, a motorbike to run, boyfriends to keep up with and a lot of pressure from college. I went to pieces. By the time the second year exams came round my body was wracked by pain, I couldn't sleep, my hands shook and the doctor was giving me anti-depressants.

### Round about

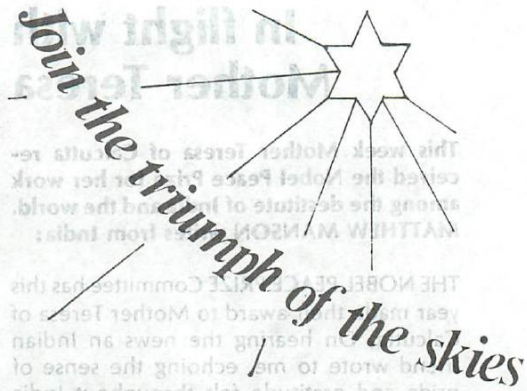
The freedom which had at first seemed such fun became very hollow and sordid. I let my moral principles go. When I saw myself becoming resigned and hopeless about this, I decided I had to pull myself together. The anti-depressants had been no help, and neither had friends' advice. I wanted to go home.

To my surprise my family welcomed me. It was a tremendous relief to be accepted for what I was, without having to struggle to prove myself. But I knew that my life lacked motivation and I expected to fail my final exams. Afterwards I had the choice of becoming an officer in the Women's Royal Army Corps or a nurse.

In April I was invited to an MRA conference. I went because I thought someone there might tell me which career to choose. The night and day I spent there turned my life right around.

It had been a long time since I had spent time alone in the morning asking God for direction. I knew that people in MRA did this, and I thought they might ask me if I had—so to avoid embarrassment, I decided to write down any thoughts that came to me in the quiet of my room. One of them was to have breakfast with a particular person.

I couldn't find her. When she came up and asked me to join her for breakfast I began to wonder. During the meal she said, 'Someone else's life may depend on you being different.' I had not thought of that before. Some of those at the conference had a peace, joy and



Join the triumph of the skies

purpose in their lives that I had never seen before and that I wanted. I couldn't believe that God could want and forgive someone like me, but during the day I began to see that He could forgive anything as long as I was really sorry and turned my back on the past. My soul longed for freedom.

I knew what a decision for God would mean—taking on a life guided by Him and aiming towards Christ's absolute standards—honest, purity, unselfishness and love—a life where self is crossed out. Before I left the conference I made that decision. I had never felt such freedom. It was absolutely marvellous. I was able to get down to my work, catch up on the essays and a project I hadn't done and get my BA degree.

I don't pretend life has suddenly become easy or that all the tensions and conflicts have disappeared. But it has become satisfying. I have learnt the power that absolute purity brings, because instead of being obsessed with one person, one becomes free to care for and help others.

## Born to raise the Christ of earth, born to give them second birth

Kedmon Hungwe  
Zimbabwe

CELEBRATIONS have been a part of life in Zimbabwe for thousands of years. What is new is the spirit of Christmas. Until about 80 years ago our land had never heard of Christ—but we knew Him through our knowledge of God.

So, nearly two thousand years after it had happened, we discovered that Christ had come and lived among us. And that, although He had left us, He was still with us.

We remember Him at Christmas, but we must decide to remember Him all the year round. We welcome Him but we must learn to trust Him. We should offer Him the highest place in our lives.

This coming Christmas means a lot to us, because we feel God is giving us a chance to remember Him without the sound of guns in our ears.



# In flight with Mother Teresa

This week Mother Teresa of Calcutta received the Nobel Peace Prize for her work among the destitute of India and the world. MATTHEW MANSON writes from India:

THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE Committee has this year made their award to Mother Teresa of Calcutta. On hearing the news an Indian friend wrote to me, echoing the sense of pride and gratitude felt throughout India that this honour should have been bestowed on an Indian citizen—for, although born in Yugoslavia, Mother Teresa has been an Indian citizen since 1948.

This letter led me to recall my conversation with her, when I found myself sitting next to her on a flight from Melbourne to Hong Kong.

One of my first questions was, 'What brought you to Australia, Mother?' She looked at me with a quizzical expression which revealed that she thought I should have known. 'The Aborigines. I came to open two new Homes for their people run by our Order. The Australian Government is generous in welfare, but it's the spiritual poverty which concerns us. Spiritual poverty is much more devastating than material poverty, don't you think?'

We spoke of her work. One hundred and forty-four houses in 48 countries. More than 1600 sisters in the Order of the Missionaries

**Charis Waddy**  
Oxford

MY MEMORIES of Bethlehem go back to Christmas 1919, when my father had taken his Australian family to live in Jerusalem. Each year we went to the Shepherds' Fields, and joined the laughing, joyous crowds in the great square in front of the ancient Church of the Nativity.

Hope and tragedy have intermingled in the years that have followed.

I think of two of many visits, in the 1960s.

Sunday morning in the Church of the Nativity, and lunch with one of the local families afterwards. Later I met the son and daughter, exiles in Australia.

Easter time, 1966: the great basilica crowded with pilgrims from all over the world. Many came from neighbouring Arab countries, including groups of Muslim pilgrims visiting Jerusalem on their way home from Mecca.

Bethlehem, since David braved lion, bear and giant on its hillside, has known periods as troubled as our own. Yet it has cradled the best hopes of mankind for peace.

Last week, I heard one man deeply involved in the present conflicts speaking from his

of Charity. 'It's He, not I. It's His, not my work. Without Him I could do nothing. God is Almighty. But what always amazes me is His humility. He never forces Himself on any one. Even He can't do anything with someone already full.'

Her only hand-luggage was a jute sack with two wooden sticks at the top as a clasp. It was bulging—with letters. 'My homework on the plane,' she remarked. 'To answer all these letters personally?' I queried. 'Yes, my staff has selected these which I must deal with. They are from young women eager to give their lives to the Order. It is vital that they come because of their love of God, and because they have experienced His love for them, and not from any other motives. That is a big responsibility and it takes much prayer and thought to be sure. If that is not their clear purpose, they may undertake the work for a time but then they will die on the vine.'

## No doubts

'Ours is not a social work. It is a life given to reconcile people to God and each other. Don't you think forgiveness is the greatest thing in the world? It is the key. There can be no reconciliation without it. We can only forgive when we have experienced God's forgiveness ourselves. That is our work.'

She handed me one of the letters. 'How would you answer that one?' she asked. Somewhat overwhelmed, I accepted the letter and said I would like to think about it.

## Mild He lays His glory by, born that man no more may die

heart about peace. Khalid al-Hassan, a leading Palestinian thinker, was speaking at an international seminar on Jerusalem.

Peace, he said, is often confused with physical stability, which can be enforced by army or police. But these means always contain the roots of violence. 'Real peace must be established by more durable means,' he said. 'Peace is a set of ideas, a thinking, which includes deep in itself the possibility of future relationships of co-operation.' Its essence was the 'power of right', not the 'right of power'.

All of us make our own pilgrimage to Bethlehem at Christmas. Each seeks a deeper understanding of the essence of God's peace, distilled in the silence of the starlit night when Jesus was born.

It was from a student leader of Melbourne University, asking Mother Teresa to address the students on how difficult social and industrial situations could be put right. As she was leaving the country she obviously could not accept the invitation, but she said to me, 'Your people have experience in that field.' My thought was that the letter should be sent, if she agreed, to a certain friend in Melbourne in touch with the University, asking him to contact the writer. Mother Teresa was delighted with this idea. That young student is now beginning, with his family, to play a part in the moral re-arrangement of his university.

It was in a train to Darjeeling in 1946 that God spoke to Mother Teresa about leaving her beloved school of St Mary's in Calcutta, where she was a Principal. 'It was the hardest decision of my life to leave that lovely school and go the other side of the wall into the teeming city,' she says. Someone once asked her if she ever had any doubt about this decision. 'No,' she replied. 'The moment you accept, the moment you surrender yourself, that's the conviction. Once you've got God within you, that's for life. You can have other doubts, but that particular one will never come again.'

What was in her mind as she flew to Oslo, armed with her new diplomatic passport? Perhaps she thought of all the new houses for the dispossessed and dying the prize would make possible.

And no doubt she was feeding the faith of her neighbour in the plane, just as she fed mine.

**Jim and Sally Baynard-Smith**  
Oxford

IN THE BEST TRADITION learned from Africa, this year we acquired a new resident family member in Granny, who has sacrificed her independence to join us and our two boys. This necessitated moving to a house which would provide more scope for our three generations and for visitors, many of them students who come to the university from all over the world.

The shake-down has not been painless nor did it happen over night. It entails change of attitude and consultation every day. But there are bonuses too—Granny says hers is to have a free hand in the garden; while the boys say they appreciate someone who always seems to find time.

As Christmas approaches, we think of the anguish reflected in recent reports of thousands of African children being flown to Cuba for ten years of 'education', against the protest of their parents. Amidst the materialism of our country we ponder, too, the absence of joy in lands where children live in constant hunger, let alone receive teddy bears or Lego from generous relatives.

Published weekly for Moral Re-Armament by The Good Road Ltd, 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JF, England. Printed by T W Pegg & Sons Ltd. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office. Articles may be reproduced without reference to the editor, acknowledgement welcomed. **Annual subscription:** British Isles, posted fortnightly £5.75, posted weekly £7.75; all other countries, airmail weekly, £7.75. Regional offices and rates: **Australia** MRA Publications, Box 1078J, GPO Melbourne, Vic 3001 \$16.00. **Canada** 387 Chemin de la Cote Ste Catherine, Montreal, Quebec H2V 2B5 \$20.00. **New Zealand** MRA Information Service, PO Box 4198, Christchurch \$18.50. **South Africa** Moral Re-Armament, PO Box 10144, Johannesburg R15.00. **USA** Moral Re-Armament Inc, Suite 702, 124 East Fortieth Street, New York, NY 10016 \$18.00. Editorial and business address: 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JF.