

'IF THERE HAD BEEN a National Health Service 40 years ago my grandmother might have still been alive,' said one of our staff as we prepared this issue of *New World News*. 'She would not have forbidden her 14-year-old daughter to call the doctor because they could not pay him. She died that night.'

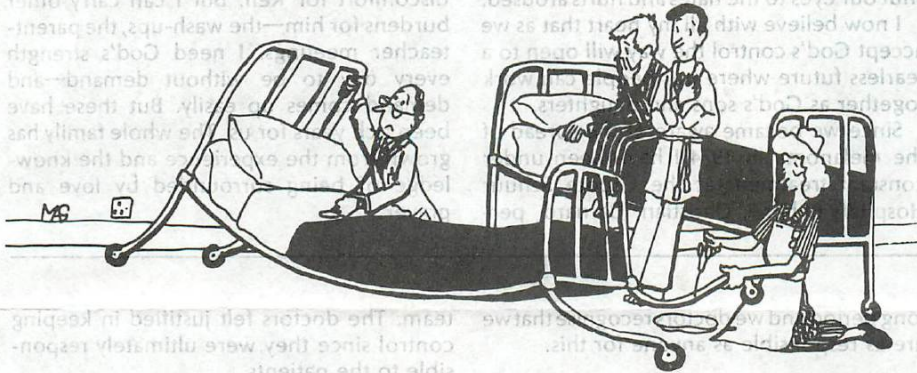
The National Health Service was a great step forward. But today it is in difficulties. We cannot divorce its ailments from those of our society. All too often it has to pick up the pieces of a fragmented family, an unwanted pregnancy, a life driven to despair.

Nor should we decry the service it gives. One reader, who has just had nine months of difficult operations, writes to us of the spirit of care she found—from porters, nurses, physiotherapists and doctors.

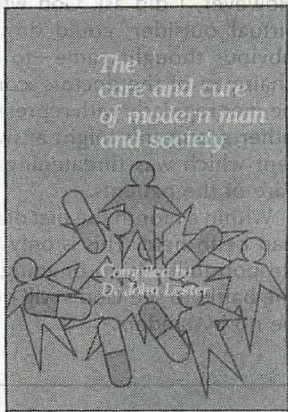
In the next three pages we tell of people at work to cure the ailments—and of those who have received the care our reader experienced. **THE EDITORS**

# NEW WORLD NEWS

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## Explosion of care



to the MRA Assembly Centre at Caux, Switzerland last year.

'Basic questions about the meaning of life often lie hidden behind the conflicting views on many social issues, medical or otherwise,' writes Dr John Lester in the introduction to the booklet. 'This report is offered because the views expressed are rarely articulated and run counter to many of the prevailing trends of society.'

Topics dealt with include:  
 A medical perspective on society and our relationships with the Third World  
 Teamwork  
 Ethical questions at the beginning and end of life.

Taking on the work that needs to be done. The contributors include a wide range of general practitioners, consultants, university lecturers and nurses. Their conclusion is carried at the end of the booklet:

'The ancillary workers, nurses, doctors and administrators who met informally at this

conference did so on an equal footing, which is at present unusual.

'It showed the value of honest, adequate communication between such people and a need for the willingness to forego rights of status and prestige if full teamwork is to be achieved.

'We share a common conviction that the role of the health services is significant not only in the care of patients, but with and through them, in the care and cure of modern society.

'Society requires an explosion of care. Those of us who participate in the health professions should do so because of what we can give and not because of what we can get.

'Let it never be said that there are limits to our care: that because of our desire for more money, or because of difficulties in our relationships with others, we will give less than our best. Nor let us become so engrossed in the problems of our own people and our own jobs that we fail to comprehend and respond to the magnitude of the burden carried by millions who are currently denied the basic necessities of life.'

'The care and cure of modern man and society', compiled by Dr John Lester, available from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ, price 80p postage paid.

## Surgeons meet NUPE

**STEPHEN LESTER, a Birmingham Consultant, writes in the booklet:**

THE BRITISH NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE is a vast organisation on which the Government spends more than on anything else except defence. Hospitals are no longer institutions staffed only by dedicated people, but huge complexes costing many millions of pounds, and run by many groups of staff.

If teamwork is to be found in such a set-up then many human problems have to be answered.

I invited a group of general practitioners, consultants and trade unionists in the Health Service to meet informally at my home on a number of occasions.

The NUPE (National Union of Public Employees) Branch Secretary from one of

the big hospitals in the Midlands said, 'I have never been in a doctor's home before. I have never met a group of doctors in this way and I had not realised that you ever thought of anyone but yourselves. This gives me hope.'

An orthopaedic surgeon wearily spoke of his frustrations. 'For years in the National Health Service I have worked harder and longer than I ever needed to under my contract. Pay has never been a factor. My responsibilities have put strains upon me that few have had to carry. All the time I have done it willingly because I enjoy the work, because it is fulfilling and because it has been a genuine contribution to the community.'

'All I expected was the loyalty and respect of my staff. But suddenly it has gone. The operation which was done before whenever I wanted it has to fit in now with the hours

and wishes of the theatre staff. The Government is deciding what is right for us all without any genuine consultation.

Another man is a lifelong trade unionist who has also worked long hours. 'I understand,' he said, 'all you say, but you are not the only ones to suffer.'

'You say that work is losing its satisfaction. Millions of us do a routine job which is only a means to an end—survival.'

'You say that money does not matter. We say how lucky you are. We have never had enough to be able to say money does not matter.'

'The hatred you now have of interference in all you do has been with us always. People told us that we must clock in and out for we were not trusted. They locked things out of our way and put supervision over us.'

At this point the surgeon was silent. He

**SURGEONS contd p2**

# OUT OF CONTROL

by Ken Gladwin,  
quantity surveyor, Cape Town

IT CAME as a lightening shock to my wife and me when the surgeon confirmed the secondary spread of malignant melanoma in my leg. Only a few months before I had undergone radical surgery for the removal of lymphatic glands in the hope that any spread could be avoided. I well remember the long night, through which we shed many tears, as we agonised over our fears about the future. We have two sons, aged eight and eleven.

The following morning in quiet we tried to reach out to how God saw the situation. We became conscious of the peace of God

and of His abounding love. I saw that what I feared most was the loss of control over my life and the future. I understood in that quiet time that my life is God's gift for Him to control and guide, and that I needed to trust Him.

Shortly after this I realised how deeply these issues of fear and control run through our national life. We as a white group have traumatic fears about what would happen if the blacks shared power. So we use every way possible to maintain control, and we shut our eyes to the hates and hurts aroused.

I now believe with all my heart that as we accept God's control the way will open to a fearless future where our people can work together as God's sons and daughters.

Since we became aware of the spread of the melanoma in 1974 I have been under constant treatment at the Groote Schuur Hospital (where Christian Barnard per-

formed the World's first heart transplant). We go through ups and downs but we are grateful for the best which is given in medical care; for each day given to us as a family together, and for being able to continue my employment. Most of all we want God to use us in any way possible for His purposes.

## Ken's wife, JANET, adds:

I cannot carry the pain, nausea and discomfort for Ken. But I can carry other burdens for him—the wash-ups, the parent-teacher meetings. I need God's strength every day to be without demand—and demand comes up easily. But these have been rich years for us. The whole family has grown from the experience and the knowledge of being surrounded by love and prayer.

## SURGEONS contd from p1

then suggested that he might bring many of his medical friends to meet the trade unionists.

Such encounters should be common but they are not. This particular surgeon had never talked like this with a trade union man in 26 years of practice. One might expect such honesty would increase hard feelings. On the contrary, it brought resolution. The NUPE man said, 'I see that we have got to get away from this attitude of "Them and Us".' While the surgeon from the same hospital said, 'I am grateful for frank speaking today. A mountain of ill-will has grown up and we doctors have been unaware of its extent.'

It was obvious that the feelings which were present were due to wrong attitudes over a

long period and we doctors recognise that we are as responsible as anyone for this.

## No bystander at boiling point

At the booklet's launching, DR FRANCES McALL told of a similar experience:

DISCONTENT had almost reached boiling point. Seventy or so workers in the health centre—nurses, dentists, health-visitors and others—were reacting to the tight control of the centre by the committee of 16 doctors, who did not always consult the others in the

team. The doctors felt justified in keeping control since they were ultimately responsible to the patients.

As a part-time assistant I had no official responsibility and had never taken any. However, I did ask God what I, though a virtual outsider, could do. A simple and obvious thought came—to suggest to the chairman of the doctors' committee that if he met regularly with representatives of the other group this might answer the discontent which was threatening to disrupt the care of the patients.

Within a month the first of these meetings had been held. This is only the beginning. Responsibility is an ongoing thing. I am in the battle to see God's will done. There can be no bystanders.

## INTENSIVE CARE

*Out of the Heavenly Peace of intensive unit's care  
Into this demonic chaos of Ward 5;  
And I'm getting better—so 'they' say—  
More able to return*

*To noise, to clatter, to the groans & gripes of  
this 30-bed community.*

*How long I could have lived so individually cared for!  
So cut off from Life's cares for endless days!  
'Lord, it is good for us to be here.'*

*Yet even an apostle's plea to so remain  
Could not be granted. Down to the valley  
To face men's sickness and need.*

*Here by my side, the bitter Ulsterman  
Retards his own return to wholeness;  
The self-willed psychomaniac of barely seventeen;  
The debonair with all the world can offer  
Yet no will to live—fading away.*

*God! How I crave to live  
To tread again the Sussex Downs but more  
To bring the needs of these fellow sufferers  
And many more before Thy Glorious*

*Gracious*

*Compassionate  
Curing Love*

Harry Kettlewell, who wrote this poem, died last year.



A Weeks

## Back no blackmail

by Joy Weeks

LAST SEPTEMBER I was wondering what I should do next in life. One evening when we were about to pray together at home, I asked my uncle to pray that my heart would be open to whatever God had in mind for me. He did so and then quite unexpectedly he asked Jesus to heal the back trouble I had had since I was a child. This I had neither thought of nor asked for.

Over the next weeks I discovered that Christ had answered that prayer. My back is now totally healed. But one of my first reactions was to want to keep quiet about what had happened—I was so fearful of the increased demands that might be made on me now that I was physically fit. Now the future was full of possibilities I would never have considered before. I had felt much safer as I was, with my limitations.

Then, as the days went by I realised that God doesn't give cure in order to blackmail us into becoming greater activists. His gifts are really free. They are not deserved nor can they be earned or repaid. What we can do is to love Him more. This experience freed me to accept the commission God laid on my heart to work on the Westminster Theatre's programme for schools with its tremendous potential for bringing healing to our nation.

## Reason to resuscitate

The writer is a male nurse

I WAS NURSING in a large geriatric unit in the South of England when we had an outbreak of 'flu. Many of the old people caught it—and some of them died.

We nurses had been given to understand that if one of these old people needed artificial resuscitation we did not have to try really hard to revive them.

I and another nurse were on duty when one old lady collapsed while she was in a dayroom watching TV. When we took her pulse we found it had stopped. We quickly took her to a medical room and managed to revive her with artificial respiration.

Later she told me that she knew she did not have long to live and wanted to see her daughter, who was in Australia. She had quarrelled with her over her marriage and they had not seen each other for years. She wanted to make it up before she died.

We did not expect the old lady to last the night, but we rang Australia and her daughter said she would be on the next plane. The old lady hung on and the next day her daughter arrived. While she was with her mother, she died.

If I had not gone ahead with artificial resuscitation and brought that lady back to life she would have died with bitterness on her soul.

## Operation Life

JOAN PORTER BUXTON'S autobiography, *You've got to take a chance!*, tells the story of her adoption into a wealthy family at the beginning of the century, and of her struggles to come to terms with rejection and insecurity. She writes of the experiences through which she says, 'God has created a single harmonious mosaic out of a fragmented life'. In the following extract she describes the most recent of these:

It was not till the morning of the operation that I suddenly thought, 'I might die this afternoon!' Until then, I had been completely free of fear. At once God asked me the old question, 'If you should die, do you believe that I will be with you?' My answer was, of course, 'Yes!' and my fear left me. It was replaced by the thought, 'Underneath are the Everlasting arms, and they never fail, or falter.' I was often to lie back on those arms during the next days, and they were, always there, giving peace, security, and something that I could give to those around me and to my many visitors.

I remember being put on to a stretcher, taken up to the theatre, and given my last prick. Then I was looking over a low fence into a shining white expanse of utter peace. Somehow I knew I was on the edge of the next world and I longed with all my heart to stay. But a loud and insistent voice kept

calling to me to return. I remember saying to myself, 'I cannot make that long trudge back.' But the voice went on and I knew that I had to obey. Before long I began to realise pain, and kind faces. I shall never fear death now.

As I lay, pretty weak and unable to do anything for myself, I marvelled that God had loved me well enough to want me to go on living and doing His will. I realised with vivid clarity that He loved me because of what I was, not in spite of it. My limiting of His love had, in fact, denied His whole nature, as had my life-long dependence on what people thought about me. Suddenly that burden lifted and rolled away completely. I felt deeply and humbly ashamed for so insulting His love, and I asked forgiveness, and committed my life afresh for a new depth of service.

I was free, as I had never been in all my life, to be myself, and yet to accept the fact that I needed a miracle every minute of the day to be what God wanted me to be. But I need never again be too proud to say 'sorry', or too fearful of criticism to be dishonest about what I think or feel. My sins, mistakes, fears and my sorrows, God uses to help others, and to give me understanding of their needs. Everything has been different since then—all my attitudes, all my relationships.

*'You Got to Take a Chance!'* by Joan Porter Buxton, available from Grosvenor Books, price £1.75 postage paid.

## TAIL OF A MOUSE

by Angela Cook, SRN

ALBERT WAS an average, middle-class, grey-brown mouse with high ideals. He enjoyed good food and such sports as mouse-skiing, fast cars, music and books. And deep at the bottom of his heart he knew that he was cut out for great things.

The day came for Albert to choose a career. Polishing his ideals with a puff, spit and a rub, he decided to join a caring profession, and went to work at the Regional Home for Wayward Newts.

There he found that his ideals were not quite as high as he had hoped. He caught himself grumbling about long hours, shortage of pay, unsympathetic colleagues, and inadequate accommodation in the staff hole.

As for the newts—well, one had to be realistic. It was obvious that only a very few, if any, would benefit from Albert's altruistic service. They were an incurably ungrateful lot.

So Albert became more and more disillusioned with the system—and with himself. He told himself to be less irritable—and five minutes later he was flying off the paw at Johnny Newt. He tried to be mature, restrained, selfless, gentlemously. But that didn't curb his rage when the Mousemaster asked him to take an extra camouflage drill.

Perhaps a holiday would help? But although he felt better after ten days' cruising with a water-rat friend, the 'overall situation

did not improve', as the weathermice would say.

So, at his whiskers' ends, he went and told his troubles to a friend. And the friend, Max, didn't seem very upset—in fact he laughed, and said that he had been much the same, although his work at the Cheese Board was somewhat different. Max said he was glad that Albert had at least learnt that he made mistakes, and made them over and over again; that he couldn't pull himself up by his own tail; that he was as selfish and as proud as any mouse else. But, Max suggested, all Albert had to do was to admit his failures every time, and ask the Great Mouse to forgive him. And then, perhaps, once that clutter of guilt and despair had been thrown out, there would be room inside Albert for his ideals to grow again. And perhaps Albert would find the secret of joy—that elusive 'something' he sought in the Rodent Slalom, and chased in his Alfa Romeouse.

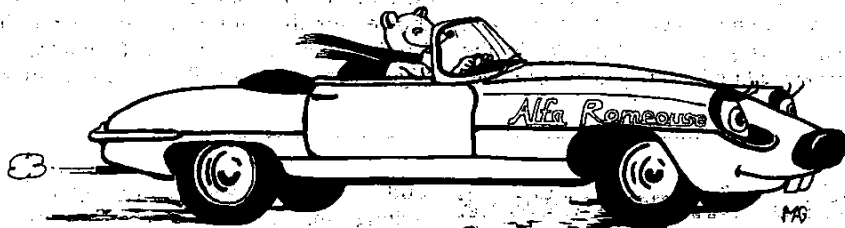
Albert decided he'd nothing to lose—he'd give it a go.

When Albert made Gnat Mousse for Johnny Newt's birthday a few days later, the Mousemaster told him that he was wasting

his energy. But he had to admit that Albert's Gorgonzola Trifle was something special—he hadn't realised Albert was such a good chef. As for Albert's friends—well, they laughed when he proposed a Newt Water-skiing Championship, to be held annually. The mice knew that any such scheme would flounder with a splash. There would be tail-accidents, if not decapitations. And no Wayward Newt could be expected to look after his skis properly. No, Albert was doomed to sink financially.

Five years and five successful championships later, no one could remember making such gloomy prognostications.

Of course, Albert still got his tail caught in holes and traps. But that didn't seem to matter so much now. He was no longer ashamed of having it seen in bandages now and again. And, many Stiltons later, when Albert looked back on Rodent Slaloms lost and won, Alfa Romeouses of every colour, newts of all shapes and sizes—bullies and bullied, wicked and funny—he could swear on a Cheddar that life lived to the Great Mouse's plan was richer and happier than any life hooked on one's own tail.



# IN A WANDSWORTH BACK STREET

by Hilary Belden

I HAVE WORKED in a London Comprehensive school for nearly 10 years. My post means that I organise the work of 20 other people and the teaching of the school's largest single subject, as well as teaching it myself. After nine hours at school, I bring home 2-3 hours work every evening, and more at weekends.

However fascinating I may find this, it does not make me a sociable companion at home! Nor does it make me reliable for cooking any but the simplest meals. Friday evenings and Saturdays are the main time for shopping, entertaining, washing, visiting, sleeping, chatting....

## Celebrated

My present flatmates have responsible jobs too: one is a teacher, though fortunately without such a relentless schedule, and the other works full-time with MRA at the Westminster Theatre, as assistant to a producer during the daytime, and as organiser of the forums that take place there in the evenings.

How can three such different people—all about 30, Anglo-Swiss, English and Afrikaans, with jobs like these—manage to live together and have guests to stay or to meals at a rate that averages out at someone every two or three days? How, too, do we manage for money with ourselves and an old Victorian house to keep up—as well as the cat!

Our one common factor is that we—and the people living in the other flat in the house—have all deliberately given our lives

to God and offered Him our careers, our single or married state, our money and all He has given us for whatever He asks us to do. This has enabled us to ride out good times and bad.

I often used to wonder why our lives seemed superficial. One day I realised that in our flat we did not practise a basic part of what we believed: we all took time to meditate and pray daily, but rarely talked about the thoughts we had had in those times or prayed together. So we never really knew what was on each other's minds.

As soon as we started to make time to do this—roughly once a week—truth began to emerge. Painful decisions were seen to be needed and were made, anxieties or problems at work were expressed and examined, joyful moments celebrated, a step in faith could be seen to have led to something new and hopeful, encouragement could be given, grief suffered, despair and cynicism allowed to see the light and be thought about.... So much new life has flowed from this for ourselves and other people that it has overwhelmed me with a sense of the love of God.

## Skylight

We and our friends have lived through a proposal or two, a broken heart and two engagements, the death of a mother and the assassination abroad of a friend, major choices for the future—to be a nanny in Saudi Arabia, to work for 6 months in Nigeria, to unexpectedly take a temporary

job, to build a house. Then there are the minor decisions: shall we have a new kitten, does the skylight need repairing, who's going to do the shopping, should we have so-and-so to stay?

God has never left us short of money. I have often been the only wage-earner in a household of six or eight, although I'm not now. The other inhabitants work without salary for MRA, living on faith and prayer.

## Soweto

At one time last summer we seemed really low financially. I kept having the thought not to worry—though I did. When I read our gas account properly, I found we were in credit, over and above any possible requirements, to the tune of £150—and reclaimed it. Then the GPO sent us back a £20 telephone deposit—unsolicited—because we were such good customers! This can't happen every time, but when we have really trusted, we have always been provided for.

We have also been able to give money every month to friends living in the same way—a couple with two children, a girl sharing a flat, a couple starting up their first home.

We have learnt a great deal about listening for God's word and praying, about loving and sharing—and about being part of a world family with our friends in Sweden and Soweto, Nigeria, Hong Kong, Papua New Guinea. It's amazing what can happen if you stick around in a back street in Wandsworth for long enough!

## Einstein comeback

A CANADIAN READER recently sent us an editorial from *The Recorder and Times, Brockville*, stimulated by an article on the new attitudes the West needs if we are to rebuild links with Iran (NWN Vol 27 No11). March 24's issue on absolute standards sparked an article from ALAN THORNHILL in Japan:

THE STORY of Einstein working for two years on a formula that was becoming more and more complicated, and then deciding to cross it all out, because God's laws are always simple, reminded me of a similar experience—on a smaller scale.

Years ago God gave me the inspiration to write a very simple and straight-forward play. Soon I decided that this play-writing business was easier than I thought, and rather fun. So, as the play was a bit short, I introduced an extra character—an English

butler. Over two years of writing and re-writing, that butler became increasingly prominent, until he had practically taken over the play, which of course became more and more complicated, and less and less convincing. Then at last the day of illumination came—I tore it all up and went back to my original. Within a few weeks the play, which had weighed down my briefcase for two years, appeared on the stage and has been presented all over the world.

This is Einstein's centenary year. He made his great break-through when he was in his twenties after long years and sleepless nights of wrestling with the problem. But when the final illumination came it was a gift, a miracle. He had been walking in the hills above Zurich in a violent rain-storm. He came back to the Dolden Hotel, utterly soaked and exhausted. He took a hot bath, and there it happened—clarification, revelation.

The other day, in Hong Kong, I met a Chinese man called Peter. Ten years ago, he was a drug-addict, a pusher, a criminal so

violent that, at the Christian centre to which he was brought, some said, 'We can't keep him; he's too dangerous.' They kept him.

After some time he disappeared. For several days, he roamed the hills like an animal, yelling and tearing, like the man from whom Christ cast out a devil. At last it happened to him. He came back to the centre, stripped, empty, quiet, reborn. For ten years he has devoted his life to helping others like himself.

In a memorable article on Einstein, Max Lerner wrote: 'Readiness for great discoveries does not come when you are already an "expert". It comes when you are still hungry for the flash of insight and drunk with anticipation of discovery. You need ignorance as well as knowledge, because if you knew as much as the others you would be closed as they to the dangerous leap.'

Remember, says Lerner, if we are ever discouraged, how there is 'someone we still don't know about, who is alone somewhere now, wrestling with the angel'.

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