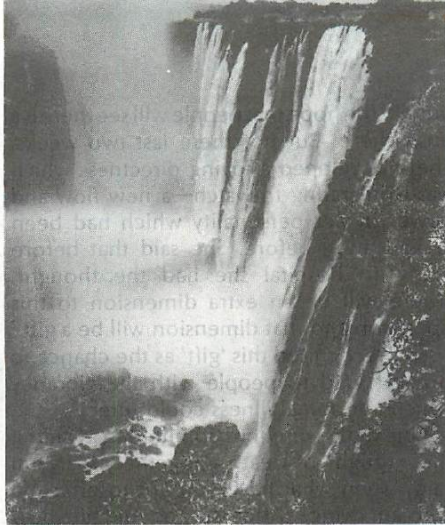


TRAGIC EVENTS IN RHODESIA shout from newspaper headlines and turn many to despair.

But this is not the whole picture. Amidst the tragedy, something of importance is happening, something which gives hope. This must be made known, since only those with hope will frame the right policies.

To this end a new book, 'Darkness and Dawn in Zimbabwe', has been published. Rushed through the presses in three weeks, it tells of action being taken by a wide range of men and women of all races in Rhodesia.

RHODESIA/ZIMBABWE



NEW WORLD NEWS

Vol 27 No 6 23 Dec 1978 8p

A GLEAM THAT SIGNALS THE DAWN?

'Men's attitudes are changing,' writes the author, Hugh Elliott, in the foreword to the book. 'There lies the hope. It represents a factor often forgotten as the diplomats try to fit together the pieces of a jigsaw that just won't fit.'

Hugh Elliott served in government administration in Nigeria for 33 years, including seven years after Independence. He saw the outbreak of civil war there in 1967. Since then he has worked in East and Southern Africa, and is a friend of many of the leaders, black and white, involved in the Rhodesian conflict.

In *Darkness and Dawn in Zimbabwe* he gives unique insights into the situation there. He tells of the multi-racial University of Rhodesia and some of the events which made last year, according to the Principal, the best-ever year both academically and in terms of race relations. He tells of the 'men in the middle'—black farmers who have suffered at the hands of government forces and guerrillas, but whose action is profoundly affecting black-white relationships in their communities and the farming organisations. He tells of the discrimination a black man still faces in industry and commerce in Rhodesia—and how some are successfully tackling it. He tells of Ian Smith's son, Alec, who, having found a faith, then

discovered the difference between 'giving my life to God so that my problems can be sorted out, and giving my life to God to work towards establishing His authority in the power struggle of my country', and of the action he has taken since.

Finally he tells of a development which may offer pointers to how concerned men and women can affect the situations they are confronted with—the informal but regular meeting of men on all sides in what has been called 'a cabinet of conscience' (see below).

In the last chapter he asks, 'What more can Britain do?' 'The towering distrust of the British for Ian Smith and Ian Smith for the British poisons all attempts at negotiations,' he writes. 'Attitudes in Britain may have to change as much as those in Rhodesia.'

'To be realistic we may need to see ourselves as one of the rich nations of the world holding on to selfish advantage and privileged position vis-a-vis the poor nations; and that our situation is not substantially different from our fellow whites vis-a-vis the blacks in Rhodesia.'

'We have to stand strongly and clearly on issues of principle. But we have to abandon our self-righteousness.'

'As this book shows,' he concludes, 'guerrillas can be won to a different way. So can hard-core whites. Rhodesia is still a

country with deep Christian roots. The main actors in the drama all claim to be Christians. The vast majority of the people want a settlement based on reconciliation.'

'The genius of Africa is the unexpected, the capacity to change. The reconciliation with the Ibos after the civil war in Nigeria, the hope provided by the ending of 17 years of civil war in the Sudan, and the recent astonishing reconciliation between General Nimeiry and Sadiq el Mahdi, who had led a coup against him—these are African precedents for something quite unexpected which could happen in Rhodesia.'

The book is a challenge to take seriously this capacity for change, and to take seriously the source which brings that change.

A well-known Rhodesian leader said to some of those doing this work, when he first met them, 'I believe in what you are doing. But I cannot go along with your belief in God. I am an agnostic.' One of them replied, 'Let's not argue about the existence of God. Let's call it the X factor.' After some months this man said, 'I have been watching the development of your work, which is certainly doing far more effectively what is needed in the country than any of the political parties. The X factor seems to be operating. I accept that it exists—and we must somehow catch it.'

JCB

FROM THE BOOK...

DARKNESS and DAWN in ZIMBABWE

Cover by Dell Williams

THE MEN DESCRIBED IN THIS BOOK are nearly all in touch with each other and, insofar as they work together, are becoming a force. A group of them, black and white, who have access to the leaders on all sides, meet together regularly. They are nicknamed 'the cabinet of conscience'. They are not saints and they would be the first to admit that they have a long way to go. They meet

with no fixed agenda. They talk as friends with honesty about their mistakes or their current difficulties. They would probably differ on what is the best political solution to the problem of a settlement in Rhodesia. But they are united by a conviction that the only hope is that the political leaders should be guided by what is right for the whole country rather than by party or group self-interest. They think for these men and explore together the way forward. In a time of quiet they seek the wisdom of the Almighty to know what to do next.

They have discovered two interesting results. First, that some illumination comes to them as a group which they would have missed had each been pursuing his own individual path, no matter how noble. It may be some fresh insight, or it may be some

common plan of action, but it seems there is collective wisdom to be found in a team who seek the mind of a superior wisdom together.

Secondly, some thoughts almost always come to some of them on a next step to be taken. Very often it concerns something which it would be helpful to put to one of the leaders. It is obviously not possible to publish here the important confidential conversations that have resulted. But one example can be given.

It concerns a senior white Rhodesian civil servant. Stan O'Donnell was Secretary for Foreign Affairs for nine years, until he retired last year. Rhodesia's Chief Scout, and District Governor of Rotary, he is well-known to all the political leadership. Australian-born, he has a tough bluntness which

DAWN contd p2

Unimagined gift

The following article was written by a young teacher, VANESSA CLARK, on the night after her mother died, and sent to us a week later.

THIS MORNING my mother passed on. At 7.15 she simply caught her breath suddenly and went. Having gone into hospital two weeks ago for the removal of a 'benign' cyst, it was discovered that she had inoperable cancer.

Since my grandmother died of stomach cancer in my childhood I have always felt that this was the one thing I could not face for my mother. The very word 'cancer' has been a lurking horror, and the suffering it can bring has often cast a shadow over my belief in a loving God.

Then it came. Everything seemed to fall away and I tried to grab for some pattern to make sense of it all.

For a few days we did not tell Mum the truth—and that was dreadful. Then we eased her into knowing the real nature of her illness. Firmly but in great fear she said, 'God will look after us', and added, 'There are many holes in my faith. I do ask that He gives me enough time to fill them up.'

Quite unmistakably her life began to flower in a way I could hardly have dared to imagine. It was as though a change was being effected in her spirit—a sort of cleansing and rebirth which was utterly refreshing. Instead of the hard, scorching horror I had expected to recoil from, there seemed to be a dew-like quality in everything. This has not only kept me going but renewed me.

Like me, she has often found it hard to talk about her faith—happily beating around the

bush in the hope that people will see there is a bush there. But not these last two weeks. There developed a loving directness which was exhilarating to watch—a new flow and power in her personality which had been locked away before. She said that before going to hospital she had the thought, 'There will be an extra dimension to this operation and that dimension will be a gift.'

She recognised this 'gift' as the chance to present God to people with the vibrancy which a terminal illness could offer.

One of the surgeons admitted to avoiding the thought of death altogether, so Mum said, 'Then what have you got to offer me who am dying?' After she had told him how she found God, he said, 'This must not be wasted. I must thank you for all you have done for me.'

Jig-saw

Intense and almost overwhelming fear of suffering came sweeping over her so that once or twice she just shook. It was dreadful to watch. But these moments passed, and strangely enough left a noticeably deeper peace each time; the fear seemed only to scoop out more room for God.

Apart from great physical weakness she had little suffering during her ten days in hospital, and even less in her three days at home. Each day seemed special—making the richest and most blessed fortnight I have known, in spite of the almost frightening grief. It has all been rather like a jig-saw—a putting together, not a taking apart. In these days the holes in her faith—and many in mine—have been filled. The timing seemed perfect. Never have I believed so fully that God is utterly in control and utterly loving.

His message, but I would not have been doing His will.

Waiting for my plane, I wrote:

*Intensive coronary-care units
are needed
in a new dimension
Teach me to give intensive care
to bleeding hearts,
wounded, bitter, despairing,
without hope, hardened,
filled with silent cries*

*Lord, break my heart each day
so that all
that is not of You
pours out like dirt
from a broken container
Clean the pieces
and put them together
with your love
as the binding element
Fill my heart with Yourself
Give me Your understanding
in connecting the transfusion tube
from your wounds
to bleeding hearts*

Whatever happens in Rhodesia I know it's right to go there, or God would not have showered so many blessings and miracles on this decision, but that's another story....

MARY *She did not say, 'I can't'
Nor ask, 'Will friends agree?'
Her touch with God was clear
Rooted in purity.*

*Lusting for what I want
My heart becomes like stone,
When she agreed to bear the Child
Her heart became Your throne.*

FROM A POEM BY JANET MACE

Militant force

AS the finals of the Davis Cup began in Palm Springs, *The Guardian* shed some light on why a member of the last British team to win the Cup in 1936 is still only on the waiting list of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club.

A 1,500-word interview with the player, HW 'Bunny' Austin, suggests that one reason for the snub, is his 'devotion to Moral Re-Armament'. Austin is quoted, 'I have to face the fact that MRA is a militant force. It challenges the way of life of some people.'

Bunny Austin was invited to comment during BBC radio 2's coverage of the first two matches of the Cup finals.

DAWN contd from P1

is not common in the Whitehall type of diplomat.

Last year, his much-loved eldest son, who had played rugby for Rhodesia, was flown back from the front with a piece of shrapnel in his brain. He lay in the intensive care unit for two weeks. His mother and father turned to God, in a way—as Stan puts it—that they had never turned before. Their prayers were answered in two ways. The doctors had said that the boy would become a vegetable, but by a miracle he recovered. Today he is holding down a job and drives himself round Salisbury. The second miracle took place in Stan himself. He tells people, including militant blacks and white ministers, 'I have learned the difference between asking God to rubber-stamp my plans and asking God to make me fit to play a part in His plan.'

On one occasion, when there was great division threatening, one of the 'cabinet of conscience' expressed his concern about what a certain political writer might do: 'He often makes things worse.' After a time of quiet, Stan went to the phone and rang up the man. 'Hello, Bill,' he said. 'I suppose you're writing about all this?' 'Just working on it now,' said the other man. 'Well, God has given me some thoughts to put into your mind,' said Stan and he read them out. The other responded, 'I'll ring you back this afternoon and go over what I've written.' Next day the paper carried an article with the note which Stan had struck stressing the need to restrain passions and keep the country united.

Darkness and Dawn in Zimbabwe, available from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ. Price 65p, p&p 15p. 10 copies for £5.20, p&p 80p.

Emergency call

by Camilla Thornberg

WAS GOD SERIOUS when He told me to resign from my job as Sister in charge of a ward in a cancer clinic? I had become involved in pioneering a new attitude of care towards dying people. This had led to an appearance on TV, participation in debates, lecturing and interest from newspapers. I had a safe and good position, doing an interesting and rewarding job, which I believed in. Then one morning I had an unexpected thought—that God was telling me to go and work for Him in Rhodesia.

Africa was just a piece of geography to me. And to be asked to go to Rhodesia of all places—a country which is bleeding in war! I come from Sweden, which has been spared war for 160 years.

People told me it was lunacy to go into a situation like the Rhodesian one. But did I really believe that God has a perfect plan for my life? Was I going to hold back out of fear? Was fear and not trust going to rule my life?

I realised that as long as I live to do God's will I have nothing to fear. There is a difference between doing God's work, and doing His will. Staying back in Sweden I might well have done my share in spreading

Christmas win

WE COULD GO IN, the Christmas play by the late John Morrison, is being staged in many parts of Scotland this Christmas.

Earlier this year the *Ministers' Forum*, the newsletter which goes to the 2,000 ministers of the Church of Scotland, ran a competition for Christmas plays. *We Could Go In* was chosen as the winner just before Dr Morrison's sudden death last September.

Forty-two schools, churches and Sunday schools from all over Scotland, and from overseas, have written for copies of the play.

The Minutes of the Presbytery of Edinburgh of 3 October carry a tribute to John Morrison by Dr R Stuart Loudon, the Minister of Greyfriars' Church, who described him as belonging to 'the best tradition of the Scottish ministry'. Telling of his biblical scholarship in the Edinburgh Faculty of Divinity, Dr Loudon went on: 'Thereafter the best years of his life were destined to be devoted to Christ and the Gospel within the context of Moral Re-Armament; and what the Church of Scotland lost from the parish ministry proved a unique contribution in evangelical and biblical distinction to MRA.'

'Constituencies must see play'

A WIDE CROSS-SECTION of the British labour movement was present at a dramatic portrayal of *Keir Hardie—The Man They Could Not Buy* at the Westminster Theatre, London, last week.

Union officials present included an executive member of the National Union of Mineworkers.

Keir Hardie is known as the father of the British labour movement. He was a man of deep Christian conviction.

Lil Williams, Chairman of the Women's Council of the Labour Party for the Eastern Region of England, said after it, 'I would like every Constituency Labour Party to see this play.'

Hilda Nickson, an author active in the Labour Party, whose father was a miner, said, 'Hardie fought for what he believed in, refusing to let the bitterness of Marxist materialism come into socialism. This play has made me determined to work to retain the democratic nature of the British Labour Party.'

WE WISH OUR READERS a joyful Christmas and a happy New Year.

The next issue of *New World News* will appear on 6 January.

The index for Vol 26 is now available from PO Box 9, Tonbridge, Kent TN9 2UH, price 15p plus postage.



Irène Laure (left) presents the picture to Mr Gussone and Dr Poppinga, President and Secretary of the Adenauer Foundation.

German leader remembered

AN HISTORIC RECONCILIATION was remembered in Bonn last month when Irène Laure, a veteran of the French Resistance in World War II, visited the Adenauer Foundation. Her purpose was to present a picture of the post-war German Chancellor with Dr Frank Buchman, initiator of Moral Re-Armament.

Speaking at the occasion, Mme Laure and German MP Adolf Scheu recalled the recon-

ciliation between France and Germany after the war. Buchman's invitation of Germans to post-war MRA conferences at Caux, Switzerland, had helped to make this possible.

Dr Adenauer's visit to Caux and friendship with Buchman had a profound influence on his life, said Herr Scheu. For Europe an important result of Caux had been the relationship which developed between Dr Adenauer and French Foreign Minister Robert Schuman.

The picture will be hung among those recording events of the late Chancellor's life, said officials of the Foundation.

ITALY Per una società nuova

In June five young South Italians in a country village read the 'Manuale della Rivoluzione' ('The Black and White Book'), published in Italian by the Roman Catholic publishers, Edizioni Paoline. By October they were a group of 21, aged between 16 and 22, calling themselves 'Giovanni per una società nuova' (GPS)—'Youth for a new society'. In a recent letter they wrote:

WE REALISED in one of our meetings that we had forgotten our fundamental principle—the one about changing yourself first before setting out to change others. We discussed this and decided to have several meetings where: we would all open up to the others about our own failings, and others would tell us of any failings of ours which we may not have noticed; we would listen to the 'inner voice'; and we would talk about what sort of a just society we want.

We all of us want to become new men. We have invited students from the next village to our meetings, and some of these want to

fill the vacuum which they too find in society, and to try to improve things. This has given us the opportunity to start up some work there.

In November the GPS put up candidates in the elections for student representatives on the Schools Council. In their manifesto 'for a different school' they stress their belief in educational reform, and go on to say:

Yet reforms alone will not resolve all the problems. For a different school we need to create a different mentality among both students and teachers. School should not be just a place for absorbing ideas; it should also have a role parallel with that of the family. If we could get rid of that gap between teachers and students which creates so many misunderstandings, schools could become 'schools of life'.

Such relations, however, should not exist only between students and their teachers, but also between students of different educational institutions and also between students and workers.

Many may think that this is a Utopia, but we believe in it. To bring it about we call for active participation by everybody. IMS

INDIA

Heavy industry trains

PANCHGANI MEANS FIVE HILLS. The remarkable rock foundation is made up of five tablelands. Two arms of the tableland stretch out wide as if they were waiting for someone to come to them. In the dip of the tableland lay land that was barren for almost a century. Under the left arm of the tableland stands Asia Plateau, the MRA centre.

Among the conferences that take place here are industrial seminars, one almost every month except during the monsoon. Trade unionists, ordinary workers, men of management, arrive on a Thursday afternoon and leave the following Wednesday.

While other courses deal with techniques, these deal with motivation. They deal with the whole man—his personal and business life and his role in society.

Some journeyed 1,000 miles by train to attend last month's conference. People came from 12 companies including Tata Engineering, the largest makers of trucks and buses in India, who employ 26,000 people, and export to as far as Yugoslavia. Others were from Tata Iron and Steel, the first major steel plant of the country, and Hindustan Aeronautics, soon to produce the Jaguar aircraft for the Indian Air Force. Delegations came from plants manufacturing rayons, plastics and chemicals in Bombay.

Bharat Dixit, Personnel Manager of a chemical plant in Bombay, spoke of the impact of MRA on his industrial and family life. His talk brought a senior engineering executive to his feet. He uttered lies from 6 am to 11 pm, mostly at his job, he said. And

he had difficulties with his income tax form.

This started a debate on whether MRA was a practical and relevant idea. The programme was altered to give time for delegates to express their views. At the end of an animated discussion the engineering executive said, 'I have heard evidence and I am convinced. We are not here just to listen but to see how we can implement what we learn. I will do more than what I say.' He later said that Bharat Dixit's talk had shown him a way out of his predicament.

There were two delegates each from Allahabad and Kanpur, major cities of Uttar Pradesh, which with 100 million people is the largest Indian state and was the home of three of her four Prime Ministers. It is a state with grave problems, and the scene of recent communal disturbances.

The General Secretary of an engineering union in Allahabad had called his union out on a strike that lasted ten months and resulted in untold misery. At Asia Plateau he realised how much he was motivated by his bitterness against one executive in the company. He went home to put that relationship right. 'You will be hearing from me,' he said as he left. An executive from the same company realised that his fondness for drink was holding him back. On the final day he decided to take the plunge—otherwise, goddy.

Steel seminar

Nine came from Tata Engineering in Jamshedpur—three union vice-presidents, two other union officials and four senior executives including RN Prasad, the Divisional Manager for Reconditioning and Growth.

Shisupal Singh, a tall, strapping trade unionist, spoke of how his quarrel with another trade unionist, which had gone on



for 10–12 years, had divided their entire workshop of 1,500 people. The dispute had cost the company a great deal in lost production, and had cost Singh his promotion, since, because of the quarrel, he had failed to reach his output quota. He had decided to apologise to his rival.

One official from Jamshedpur urged that a 'steel seminar' should be held so that the Government steel plants could attain maximum production and their staff a better quality of life. Others had ideas either of bringing people to Panchgani or holding seminars in their own works or offices.

A trade union official said as he left, 'No one has seen God, but here He has been made real.'

RM LALA

Indian snowball

THE TRANQUILITY of an autumn afternoon at Asia Plateau was shattered as a bus, tightly packed with students, grandparents, parents and children, roared up the drive. Thus began an action-packed four-day conference. The theme was 'Shedding light on the family at Diwali'—the festival which celebrates the triumph of light over darkness.

Two Bombay families were at the heart of the conference, the Parekhs and the Kapadias. Kamal Parekh told how the idea had arisen when his family were sitting quietly together seeking God's direction. 'In fact it was at a time of particular problems within our own family,' he said. 'The idea of the conference germinated then.'

Other families joined them. The idea snowballed. 'Finally, it literally took wheels in the form of the bus.'

Their three objectives were to discover unity in the family, the guidance of God as a living force, and a purpose for family life beyond itself.

During one family discussion a father spoke of his desire and conviction to give his children the freedom to express their opinions. To his consternation he realised his ten-year-old daughter was in the room. He felt sure he would regret this rash statement. But instead, his daughter apologised for the rude way in which she had talked to him.

One girl told how she had cheated her way through school. Six months ago, after seeing an MRA play *The Forgotten Factor*, she had completely stopped. Now she wants to use all her savings and has cut down on going to films so as to be able to participate in

the three-month Leadership Training Course beginning at Asia Plateau in January.

'We've found that it's not how perfect we are that interests other families, but the relationships we are beginning to work out,' said Radhi, one of the three Parekh daughters.

At the final meeting, chaired by the Dixit family from Bombay, she apologised to her younger sister for her harsh and cold treatment. Both were in tears. Their father explained how anxious he had been about the meeting—when they were discussing what they should say one daughter had rushed out in tears and the other left in disgust.

'This conference has helped us families of Bombay to cherish and evaluate the wealth we have in each other,' said Radhi. A practical outcome was the decision to hold a four-day working camp to help villagers build latrines.

JACKIE FIRTH