

God's Freedom Fighter

Dawn was spreading golden light across Mashonaland as a driver, speeding to work along the Beatrice Road, came across the car parked, with its boot open. Then he saw the body - like the car, riddled with bullets. He stopped and went to have a look. Another political killing - and not any of his business. As he turned to go on his way he caught sight of the dead man's face - a handsome, black face, extraordinarily peaceful. The thought flashed through his mind: "That was no ordinary man. He looks like a man who wasn't afraid." So he drove off, leaving it to the Police to deal with.

It was December, Christmas - time 1978. The bush war had been growing worse and worse for twelve years, since it broke out near the Mozambique border. 40,000 people had been killed, farmers, wives and children as well as fighting men and women, both black and white, but mostly black. Now things were coming to a head. The guerillas were active in ever-widening areas of Rhodesia. The white Security Forces, now calling up men of over fifty, were grimly hanging on, some of them serving two weeks in the army, two weeks out, with their families suffering and their farms and jobs neglected. There were reports that the black freedom fighters too were wearying of the war. Certainly the villagers caught in the cross-fire longed for the killing and raping to end. And here, on the Beatrice Road was the latest evidence of one more valuable human life brutally ended.

The dead man was Arthur Kanodereka. Many, world-wide, had counted him as a friend; and knew as a man who loved his people and worked for them as a nationally-known politician, a father of his family and a senior minister of the Methodist Church. Word of his death that morning spread like fire in the wind through the country and round the world, bringing numbed shock to the many who had counted on Kanodereka as one who would play a part in leading the people of

Zimbabwe, both black and white, into a better day.

It fell like a thunderbolt on Gladys, his wife, who was out at the family farm. She drove at once to her Harare home, where she had lived for the past few weeks with a sickening dread in her heart that this would happen. Friends were warning her of danger. Arthur had made a special journey to the farm with something on his mind; but he could not bring himself to tell her what it was.

In twenty years of marriage, they had six children; and in the last two years they had grown more and more into a oneness of heart and mind. They had just come back to Zimbabwe from a mission together to Germany, America and the West Indies. It had been the happiest time of their lives. Now she sat stunned and weeping on the floor of their home, surrounded by mourning friends.

Crowded services took place for Kanodereka in his own Harare church, and in the chief Methodist church in the city. Speakers both black and white told what he had meant to them as a leader and a friend. The *Rhodesia Herald* in an editorial wrote: "The yearning for peace, shared by the great majority of people, should be harnessed into something great and powerful. For this to happen, we need leaders able to talk freely to all the factions involved - men like the Rev. Arthur Kanodereka. Surely there must be some with both the courage and conviction to inherit the mantle".

Cloud of fear

But no one stepped forward. Instead, a cloud of fear seemed to fall on his friends. Some immediately left the country, believing that otherwise they would share Arthur's fate. Rumours spread and multiplied. What had happened? Some came to Gladys with cruel accounts of his "execution"; no one could tell whether they were true or not.

All that was known was that two young men had come to Arthur's home that morning with a message that he was needed by the "boys in the bush". Arthur's son Noble did not like the look of them, and tried to warn his father. But Arthur drove off with the young men in his car. His family never again saw him alive.

He was buried quietly at the family farm. Events moved on. The bush war continued to take its toll; bombs went off in down-town Salisbury. The Interim Government was powerless to stop the fighting. It was to be two more years before the bombs and guns fell silent, and the rival parties signed a settlement at Lancaster House.

This memoir tells what I knew of Kanodereka's life and work; of his vigorous, fearless spirit, always ready to meet and talk frankly with anyone, to whatever race, party or camp they might belong. His outspokenness won him a world-wide range of friends who respected and loved him; but it also won him enemies. Their hatred of him and of all he stood for drove them to arrange his murder - and then to attempt to destroy his memory.

I have written to put the record straight. The story tells of a life which can inspire all who care, as he did, for Africa and her future.

"You have won the jewel of Africa," said Julius Nyerere of Tanzania to Robert Mugabe, at Zimbabwe's Independence Celebrations. Others had cast covetous eyes upon that lovely land; notably Cecil Rhodes, who had stamped his name on it for what are now seen to have been only a few fleeting years. His capital city of Salisbury, now Harare, was laid out by the white settlers with flowering trees, parks, wide boulevards and beautiful suburban homes. Flying over the city, a visitor could look down on a pattern of sky-scrapers and houses shining in the sun. Beside each home, it seemed, a swimming-pool sparkled. "These white Rhodesians," growled one such airborne observer, "will defend their country to the last swimming-pool."

"Rhodesia"

With rich mineral deposits, including gold, copper and the world's finest chrome, was wealth to be earned; and the white farmers had created agricultural achievements of the first order. The Henderson Research Institute, standing at the edge of the largest privately-owned citrus estate in the world, had developed the SR58 maize seed, a world-beater.

But by 1975, Rhodesia had become one of the world's most dangerous and intractable problems. Ten years earlier, the "winds of change" had started to blow a gale from the North, as black leaders of newly-independent African states took their countries from the tired grip of the old imperial powers. The white settlers of Rhodesia had reacted strongly. So, as African nationalists, frustrated by white intransigence, turned to the armed struggle, Prime Minister Ian Smith and his government put Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe in gaol. Two years later the UN Security Council declared Rhodesia's actions a "threat to world peace"; and Britain and other countries imposed sanctions.

The clash between black freedom fighters and white settlers seemed like the meeting of an irresistible force and an immovable object. As Smith made his Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965, the first black guerillas were entering the country from the North. Now, in 1975, Samora Machel, a committed Marxist, had become President of neighbouring Mozambique; and the Eastern border too was open for invasion.

These were unreal, nightmarish years to live in Salisbury. In spite of political realities, many "multi-racial tea-parties" took place. At these, white ladies sat in their drawing-rooms with selected black ones, sipping tea and demonstrating their good will. Meanwhile, British politicians flew in and out - Harold Wilson, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Lord Goodman - attempting to negotiate with Ian Smith, and returning

empty handed. Smith enjoyed almost total support from the white Rhodesians, winning every election with sweeping majorities.

At that stage, business men were still boasting of their skill in evading sanctions, and of the resourceful way they were obtaining or manufacturing all they needed. The banks were in efficient hands (often those of canny Scots who disapproved of Smith's politics but were dedicated to keeping the economy going). So, on each anniversary of the UDI declaration, the whites would gather in the largest hall in Salisbury to hear Ian Smith ring the "Liberty Bell", with one more boom for each prosperous year achieved.

But for the black majority, life was very different. For those who had found their work in the cities, the "townships" and the crowded "single men's hostels", were worse than second-class. Decent streets, lighting, water-supplies were lacking. The working day often started with a four or five mile walk to their places of employment each morning. Schools for their children were few and over-crowded.

And in the rural villages, life was becoming impossible. The war was steadily growing worse, and the villagers were caught in the cross-fire. Both white and black young men, with their guns, were committing and suffering atrocities - the beatings, torture, murder and rape of a racial guerilla war.

Arthur Kanodereka and his family lived through all this - village life, township life and seven years in Mount Darwin, near the Mozambique border. From his family farm near Kutema, Arthur had gone to be trained as a minister of the Methodist Church. After his death, his family remembered that one of Arthur's favourite games as a child had been to put on a paper "clerical collar" and preach sermons to his docile brothers and sisters. They believed that this represented a calling, which Kanodereka had kept in his heart, and fulfilled.

After a few years of teaching, he went to Epworth, an ecumenical divinity college. It was for blacks only; and Arthur was trained to

minister to blacks alone. He had no contact with white students and wanted none. He felt himself to be a victim of racial laws.

"I studied history and learned what the white man had done," he said later. "The British may have lifted us up, but then they left us in oppression. I discovered it was a privilege, not a right, for an African even to go to school. I learned about the division of the land, where the white man got more than the black. I came to think I was licensed to hate. I could read parts of the Bible which I thought justified my anger, and I thought it my duty as a minister to take up my people's cause."

At Epworth, Kanodereka met kindred spirits, and made friends with men like Canaan Banana, later the first President of free Zimbabwe, and Max Chigwida, who was to become Secretary-General of the United African Council. These men were committed to political as well as personal freedom, seeing this as God's will. In fact, their purpose in becoming ministers was more than to preach the Gospel; a church pulpit was one of very few public platforms which black men could find from which to lead the minds and hearts of their people. By the 1970's, ten out of the sixteen members of the UANC executive were Methodist ministers. Kanodereka aimed to be another of these leaders.

In Rhodesia, the Methodist Church trained not only its future ministers, but their wives as well - with courses in home-making as well as the main doctrines of the church - so that they could chair meetings and run Sunday Schools. So when Arthur Kanodereka went to Epworth, he took his young wife Gladys, and their baby.

It had been when he was working as a young teacher in a Kadoma school that Kanodereka's roving eye fell upon "the most beautiful girl". He immediately proposed to her - and was as swiftly turned down. "I was deeply disturbed," Gladys says. "All the girls laughed at me."

Nothing daunted, he laid siege to her heart. He kept sending her a flow of post-cards and messages. He consulted, in the traditional way, her mother and the elders of her family, and raised the necessary "lobola", the sum to be given to them for marrying their daughter. Finally, he proposed to Gladys again, but this time in different terms: "Would you like to do the work of God with me?" "Yes," she said, - though, as she puts it, "God had not come into my mind then." Arthur was 25; Gladys 18. They went to Epworth together for a two-year course, in 1956. Then they were sent out into their life work.

Then, following the Methodist practice, he was moved from parish to parish until in 1966 he found himself in Mount Darwin, on the Mozambique border.

Mount Darwin

Mount Darwin stands, a solitary peak, some fifty miles to the North-East of the village which bears its name. The village itself serves as market town to hundreds of farmers and their families in the fertile bush country round it. Eastwards, you only have to cross the river to be in Mozambique; and from here, in 1972, one of the first actions of the liberation struggle took place, as guerillas trained in Mozambique came back into Mashonaland to fight.

Soon the quiet village had become an armed camp, with helicopters clanking overhead, armoured cars patrolling streets, and landmines buried in the roads. Then came the "protected villages", modelled on the "concentration camps" with which Kitchener dealt with the Transvaal farmers in the Anglo-Boer war. Into these "villages" Mount Darwin farmers were forced to move with their families. There, from high watch-towers with searchlights, "Big Brother" could keep an eye on them by night as well as by day.

Arthur said of these days: "Life in my country is so painful.

Sometimes we have sleepless nights when we see our dead people. My heart bleeds when I hear of ordinary children shot and killed. That is the situation that makes us feel we are called to serve. We have got schools and hospitals closing almost every day. We have got whites running away from the country every week. We have got a lot of boys and girls whose parents have been killed, and they are running into the towns."

He suffered with his people. Along with his friend John Musekiwa, he had been among the first to recruit young men to join "the boys in the bush"; and three times they were arrested and interrogated. Both men were stripped and hung upside down, with electric shocks passed through their bodies in fruitless efforts to make them talk.

Their marriages and home lives suffered too. Gladys often had no idea where Arthur was, as he stayed out by night as well as by day.

The bush war was changing. It was no longer a simple clash between black freedom fighters and white settlers. It had become a tragic human tangle. John Musekiwa, for instance, working on his four-acre farm one day ran into a group of young guerillas; they were hungry, so he took them to his home and gave them a meal. No sooner had they left than white Security Force men arrived, demanding to know why John had "sheltered terrorists". They carried him off and put him in gaol for a month - the month for harvesting. His year's crop was lost.

The nature of the fighting was changing too. Herbert Chitepo, the ZANU leader, said in 1971, "It is useless to engage in conventional warfare with the well-equipped Rhodesian and South African troops." What was needed, he said, was Mao Tse Tung's strategy which succeeded in China. The revolutionaries must win the minds and hearts of the people - living among them like fish in the sea in which they swam. The villagers must be taught to understand the struggle and be "politicised".

Kanodereka took part in nightly "pungwe's", where the politicising

went on. On Sundays his sermons carried messages from the bush to the people.

Atrocities and horrors were multiplying. In jungle warfare, with nerves stretched, young men often discarded the rules of war and let cruelty take over. Each side blamed the other and the villagers suffered. The white Selous Scouts carried out commando-type operations with blackened faces, so that the "terrorists" were held responsible. The "boys", for their part, burned mission schools and attacked missionaries.

Truth, as history records, is always one of the first casualties in war. In Zimbabwe's struggle, both sides developed propaganda agencies and spread lies, each casting the blame on the other.

After Kanodereka's third imprisonment, the church leaders in Salisbury - the Rev. Andrew Ndhlela, the Methodist Chairman, and the Rev. Fred Rea, the Principal of Epworth College, - came to visit him, to find out what was happening. They decided to bring Kanodereka and his family to the big church in Harare township. The decision was made both on the grounds of Kanodereka's welfare, and so that his church seniors could keep an eye on this stormy young minister. For Kanodereka was growing into a leader whose passion could inflame his people. As he himself said later, "I became a black nationalist who hated whites like hell. We organised our boys to go out of our country and come back to kill white people, because to us the attitude of the whites was intolerable; and we thought the only language they could understand was to shoot them. I had seen dead bodies, black and white. I saw children killed and old people die. At times I thought God was not there."

Move to Harare

The move from Mount Darwin to Harare was filled with consequences for Arthur Kanodereka. It was a step from the war-front to the capital city; from the scene of fighting and bloodshed to the centre where the decisions were made. In Church circles, it was also a promotion, from a rural circuit to a big city charge.

To him, the move meant a larger job with a different kind of congregation. It was also within reach of the Kanodereka family farm. Politically, it put him nearer to the men who held the positions of power - some of them his old friends from Epworth days. He naturally moved into the leadership circles of the United African National Council (UANC), headed by Bishop Abel Muzorewa.

The "external" political leaders, then held in detention - Nkomo, Mugabe, Sithole - had sent word from their gaols choosing Bishop Muzorewa of the American Methodist Church to lead the opposition to the Rhodesian government. To do this the United African National Council was formed. It was not so much a political party as an umbrella movement for all, of whatever party, who lived within the country's borders. The Bishop had succeeded in mobilising a mass following, and many thought of him as "the Moses who may lead us to the Promised Land - the Zimbabwe we long for."

Kanodereka's new church stood in its own grounds, in a position where the black township of Harare and the white-run city of Salisbury met. Just across the street loomed the crowded "single men's hostels", where young men lucky enough to find work lived in squalor - sometimes with six or seven to a room, and a hundred sharing one toilet which did not work. Among them their friends, the boys in the bush, moved in and out, unobserved by most of the white city dwellers. Kanodereka's church and vestry became a natural meeting-place for these men - all the more because of Arthur's knowledge of what was going on in Mount Darwin.

One day, Kanodereka went to the home of one of the senior laymen of his church to see a film. The host, Isaac Samuriwo, was said to be a millionaire; he had built a transport fleet having started with one lorry; and his other enterprises now covered Mashonaland. He had been a pioneer of the political struggle, as a founder of the National Democratic Party, long since banned by the white government.

At Samuriwo's house, Kanodereka watched the film and met the international group who were presenting it. With sanctions isolating Rhodesia, such visitors were seldom seen. The film itself had an unusual theme, about rival unions whose violence and bloodshed had tied up the port of Rio in Brazil, and how they settled their differences, to the benefit of the country. After the film a lively discussion took place, in which Kanodereka joined. These people spoke of changing society through a change in people's motives. Their aim was "moral rearmament". When he asked what that meant, they spoke of "the change in people which alone will make political changes work."

The international group and its message intrigued him. They did not talk of theories or theology, but of what they had experienced, often through hardship, conflict and suffering like he had gone through in Mount Darwin.

One of the visitors, an Anglican priest called Buckland, from the industrial Midlands of England, phoned Kanodereka next morning, asking if he might come and see him. Kanodereka had been making enquiries about this "moral rearmament". Some of his friends spoke of it with respect; others warned him, "Don't get mixed up in it. These people are out to soften up the blacks."

When Buckland came to his house, Kanodereka had decided not to get involved. He would keep the conversation away from this subject. Instead they began talking of their experiences as pastors. "Of course," said Buckland, "I've come to see that even as a clergyman I can only help people with their lives if I put my own life right first." Buckland talked frankly of differences between his wife and himself,

and how they dealt with them; and of Christ's standards of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

"This is quite a gentleman," Arthur thought to himself. For the first time in his life, he found himself talking with a white man about his longings for his people and their freedom. Buckland invited him to come to a Moral Re-Armament conference which was starting the next day at the University of Rhodesia.

"I did not want to go," Kanodereka said later. "But my wife urged me to see what was there. Maybe she wanted something for me. Maybe she knew what my bitterness was costing her and the children."

Taking a few friends, he went, and sat at the back of the meeting, not taking it seriously. But soon he fell silent, as speaker after speaker told of changes in their lives and how they were tackling social evils - Indians, South Americans, Maoris from New Zealand, black and white from South Africa. Arthur went home with his mind in a whirl. Next morning he went back, again bringing friends with him.

Ian Smith's son

Then came the event which changed everything. A young, fair-haired man was chairing the meeting. He began by giving his name, "Alec Smith". Kanodereka sat up. This was the son of the Prime Minister, Ian Smith, who embodied all he hated.

Alec was speaking. "I have come to realise," he said, "that I bear a personal responsibility for my country's dilemma. It was me, Alec Smith, who was answerable, because my selfish life-style and insensitive attitudes drove those boys into the bush."

Here was something Kanodereka had never heard before. Alec went on, "Those young men who leave their families and their homes, and trek 500 miles across the border to join the guerillas - they are not

'Communists'. They are Rhodesians - abused, humiliated, frustrated Rhodesians. It is people like me who have sent them there. For my part, I am deeply sorry for the selfishness of my past life, and I have now committed myself to finding a solution for our country and to show the rest of Africa that black and white can live together - that under God there is an answer."

Kanodereka was thunderstruck. "All I can say," he said later, "is that suddenly I saw my father's Christ. I picked up a vision of what could happen. I saw Christ, the suffering Christ, not just for blacks or just for whites, but for all people."

Going home, Kanodereka knew he was beginning to understand something painful; something which meant there must be a change in himself, first of all in his home, with Gladys and the children.

He saw that the hatred he had towards the white people had spilled over on to his family, because, as he said, "hatred is just hatred. You cannot have hatred in one pot and not transfer it to the other pot. My hatred was causing suffering to my own family." He did not want to tell Gladys what he was beginning to see; but she noticed it.

It was no human indoctrination. "It was Christ alone," he said. "Not a change of thinking only; it was a new vision." He glimpsed "the art of loving my children". And it went beyond his wife and family - "I was facing wisdom for my country."

He realised for the first time that he was not "a pastor for black people only". Because he had not been trained to serve whites, "white people were not people to me. So I became a slave to the black camp. We blacks have accepted to be inferior. That is another form of slavery."

Next day, back at the conference, he sought out Alec Smith. They talked as man to man. Then Kanodereka took a leap of faith. He invited Alec to come to his church and speak to his people.

And Alec at once said "Yes".

This was the birth of teamwork between these two men, black and white, which was to carry them far and wide in Africa and the world.

Alec Smith has given his account of the evening in Harare Methodist Church, when he and Arthur Kanodereka spoke side by side for the first time.

"Arthur invited me to speak," he writes in his book *Now I Call Him Brother*. "For some reason I agreed. I think I felt that Arthur must know what he was doing. I trusted him, but it didn't stop me worrying. The tension was particularly high at that time because thirteen men from the townships had just been shot dead in riots with the police. So one way and another I wasn't too sure that they were in the mood to meet Arthur's new friend.

"The whole evening was a bit like coming through an airline crash; I can't remember the details, but I can remember the event. Arthur had decided that we should show a film, and then I should say a few words. He led me out front and I remember wondering how I'd make it to the door if trouble broke out. The atmosphere was very tense. They had only just buried their dead after the riots, and I felt they wouldn't have been too averse to burying me either. After all, I represented all that had insulted and humiliated them for generations and, as Ian Smith's son, I was an excellent target for revenge.

"Arthur rose to his feet. 'Brothers and sisters,' he said, and everyone stopped talking. 'I want to introduce you to the son of the man I hated most. Now I call him brother.' I could feel the mass of faces watching me. There was a force of concentrated antagonism, all directed at me, which set my hair on end. Arthur admitted later that he was quite scared himself. But not as scared as me, that's for sure.

"We showed the film. It had several interviews with white South Africans who had come to see how wrong their previous attitudes had been. I don't think the congregation had ever heard a white man apologise before, and it took them by surprise.

"But most important was Arthur himself. When Arthur changed, he started to change everyone around him. He was extremely blunt and forthright, and when he told them about me and the change of heart I had experienced, they believed him. If he said I was OK, they were prepared, with reservations no doubt, to take his word for it.

"After the film I stood up to speak. I can't remember exactly what I said, but I think I told them about the way Christ had changed me, and my commitment to the new Zimbabwe. I stumbled out the few sentences of the Shona language I'd been practising for days before.

"The Africans are an extraordinary people. Time and again you will find in them a spirit of forgiveness that confounds the cynical West. This evening had been a traumatic and humbling one for me, and the congregation seemed to realise that. They accepted me on face value; they took me at my word. When it was all over they came up, every one of them, and shook hands with us all. Arthur started up a chorus, and soon the church was filled with singing and dancing."

Moral Re-Armament

These events, though dramatic for all who were there and particularly for Kanodereka, Alec Smith and their families, took place in a little-known part of Africa. To most observers, Rhodesia remained a troublesome irritant. Occasionally the media reported on the war; some economists issued gloomy warnings about the future of the vast mineral reserves; Cold War specialists wrote of Russia's plan for a "saddle" across Africa, through Rhodesia from Mozambique to Angola. Black Africans to the North, in their recently-won Independence, hated Ian Smith and his intransigent government.

In that perspective, could the dramatic change in Ian Smith's son and the response of a black leader, have a significance which was more than merely personal? It had been the impact and message of an

international force, Moral Re-Armament, which had brought them together. Now there was to be a similar conference in Europe. People from many countries were meeting at Caux in Switzerland to seek answers in a crisis-ridden world. Some had heard of events in Harare which seemed to offer ground for hope in Rhodesia's baffling deadlock. Invitations came for both Alec Smith and Kanodereka to go there.

Alec went at once. For Arthur, money had to be raised to pay for his fare. Many contributed; and Isaac Samuriwo, in whose house the chain of recent events had started, called together the congregation of the Harare Church. They took a collection, and sang as they took it up. The sum raised fell short of the target. So Samuriwo called for the plates to go round again; and again. The fare was raised - and their minister flew to Caux.

There Kanodereka found himself sharing a room with a Swedish journalist, Finn-Harald Wetterfors. They quickly became friends, and soon Kanodereka, often with Alec Smith, was playing a part in the sessions. Over meals, with Wetterfors' help, he met men and women from many countries.

"Listening to God"

The essence of the conference was the exchange of experiences. This often led to fresh understanding of the human causes of conflict; and sometimes to first-hand evidence of remedies which had brought healing in homes, in industrial affairs, and even between nations. But there was an element which he found more valuable still. This was the emphasis on giving time for silence - for what some called "listening to the still, small voice". This, he learned, had been Mahatma Gandhi's practice as he strove for India's independence. To Arthur himself it was not new; it was in the African tradition, as well as good

Methodist teaching. What was new was to "listen" as a daily practice and often with others, with an expectancy that God has a plan in every situation, and that those who are willing to listen and obey can find it.

He was to say later, "We have talked too much. I thought that I was doing a good job as a Methodist minister by talking. When I began listening to God, the first thing God said to me was about the wrong things I knew I was doing. He said, "Put that right". I didn't want to listen. He said, 'That is the first thing. You have got to put that right.' I ignored it and talked about other things. He said, 'PUT THAT THING RIGHT'. When I put that right, God's thoughts were coming to me like flowing water. My life became a different life altogether." Kanodereka talked of this as the birth of "the new Me".

One of the first steps in obedience to this "listening" was to send for Gladys to join him at Caux. The congregation in Harare again raised the needed fare, and she flew to join him. At Caux the experience of honesty together, which they had started in Harare, now went much further. Arthur said often, "We can go and see anyone together now, for we are solid at home."

The thoughts which "flowed like water" into Kanodereka's mind were more than simply for his home and family, vital as these were. Notes taken during those weeks reveal a new insight to the needs of his people and his country.

"If God does not intervene," he said, "the white man - who is scattered around Rhodesia - can just be finished. The boys are all over the place now; they even have camps inside the country. They are multiplying. As I left Harare to come to Caux, I learned of 1,000 boys from the secondary schools who have left to join the guerillas. I can only see a second tragedy like Mozambique there."

He talked frankly of Christianity and the failure of church people, whether from Europe or from Africa, to live by their faith. "As I am talking to you we have young boys and women, both black and white,

in the bush hunting each other like game. I am ashamed that as a clergyman I was included in that dirty game. God has been failed by the ministers of the Church, and I am one of them; though we have some who go into the villages and preach like John Wesley. Preaching didn't do myself any good. How would it do any good to others?

"Christianity came to Africa through Europe. Now it seems as if Europe is killing Christianity in Africa. The Africans have learned violence from the methods you use in Europe. Some are talking about 'other forms of violence'. I don't understand them. There is violence or no violence. Journalists and theologians often play around with words.

"I hated Europe because of what some Europeans did to our country. I want to say Thank you to the missionaries who brought Christianity to Africa, because otherwise I would not be a Christian. But I was tempted to hate even missionaries, because I didn't see Christianity lived. I listened to the theology of Europe. It is flying in the air, leaving the people on the ground. Here at Caux I understand Jesus to be for everybody. Some people make him very small. Jesus Christ liberates and unites."

He wrestled with the issue of violence, and reached a conclusion. "Jesus said, 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' When they came to arrest him, one of his disciples used a sword. He cut off a man's ear. Jesus healed him. That settles it for me. I am called to follow Jesus. I am not saying that violence is always wrong. If you feel you must fight you must do it. But Jesus healed people."

Looking ahead to his return to Rhodesia, he said, "The world needs revolutionaries, people who are not afraid of other people - who have been called by God to do things. I am a new disciple, a revolutionary, now. I felt a force bringing me to Caux; I hope the same force will take me back to my country. God wants to do something there with us now."

And with realism, he faced what might lie ahead in his own path. "You conquer death before you die," he said. "Those who have supported me to go to Caux will soon vanish when I come back. What happens if you are killed? Well, it is fine to die for a thing that lives for ever. It is good to die for Christ."

Arthur Kanodereka and Alec Smith often spoke together at Caux in meetings large and small, of the force which had changed their lives; and of their vision for their country's future, in which their people could find the same experience and build a united, independent nation.

Reports were reaching the international community in Geneva, that there was a black nationalist leader from Rhodesia at the Caux conference. An official of the World Council of Churches phoned Caux, inviting Kanodereka to come and brief them. Arthur accepted, and said he would come with Alec Smith. The WCC spokesman said, "No, come on your own, so we can talk freely." "I have nothing to hide," said Arthur. "All I have to say to you I say in front of Alec Smith, and he will say what he sees. I come with Alec or not at all." They went together and talked till late into the night.

1975-6 saw the bush war in Rhodesia escalate. The diary of a Security officer reveals the growing desperation of the whites. They faced the realisation that despite their superiority in weaponry and training, despite a "kill-rate" of 10 to 1 - ten blacks killed for every white - "recruitment" was reaching overwhelming proportions; young blacks were pouring across Rhodesia's border into the guerilla forces. "We used to count them in scores," writes the Security man. "Now it's in thousands. We are beginning to lose the war."

At the same time political efforts to end the war and reach a settlement ran into deadlock after deadlock. Ian Smith and Joshua Nkomo tried one more face-to-face encounter, which ran for weeks in Salisbury. It got nowhere. Nkomo's final comment as the talks broke down was, "After months of evasiveness and prevarication by the regime, it has become clear that we live in different worlds and speak different

languages."

Ian Smith, in a television interview, burst out, "I don't believe in black majority rule - not in a thousand years."

This was the Rhodesia to which the Kanoderekas flew home from Caux with Alec Smith. In the plane, Kanodereka's mind was filled with astonishment and gratitude as he thought of all that Alec and he had started to do together - a black nationalist and the white Prime Minister's son. Uncalculating, impulsively, he turned to Alec and said, "I would like to meet your mother and father, and thank them for their son."

Alec's first reactions was, "He doesn't know my folks!" And his reply was non-committal. They changed the subject.

But a few days after their return, Arthur's phone rang. "My Dad and Mum will be glad to meet you for tea one day," said Alec. The date was fixed, and the tea-party took place.

Alec, sensitively, introduced the Kanoderekas to his parents, and withdrew. After a few awkward preliminaries, Arthur said, "I want to thank you for your son." And he told the P.M. and his wife more of what Alec's courage and his change of heart were meaning to them and to their people. The ice broke, and the conversation began to flow. After a while, the P.M. had to leave, but Mrs Smith stayed talking.

It was Gladys who said, as the party drew to an end, "Can we pray together?" The three of them knelt round the tea-cups, thanking God and praying for the country.

Driving home, Arthur started to laugh. "Never - never in my life did I think such a thing could happen." And back at the Prime Minister's residence, Ian Smith was thanking his son for the meeting.

"The new 'Me'"

The weeks that followed were not easy. Arthur often spoke of his change, of "the new Me". Some hoped that this would mean he had softened and was no longer the militant man of old. "It's so good you have changed," one said. "Now you can change more of the black leaders." "For God's sake!" Arthur exploded. "God has not changed me for the sake of the white people. I am now more a revolutionary than ever. My business now is to fight for the right; not for the benefit of one race." Another friend came and said, "Why are you getting involved with this Moral Re-Armament? It brain-washes people." "If it does that," Arthur replied, "I'll be with it for the rest of my life. Then the dirt in my brain can be washed out."

In the Harare congregation itself, Arthur was dismayed to find opposition starting. He and Gladys had gone straight to the church from the plane on arrival. Some friends met them and held an informal thanksgiving service. The following Sunday, Fred Rea, his old Epworth Principal, stood with Arthur in the pulpit of the biggest white Methodist church in Salisbury. Arthur had brought with him two African choirs, with rattles and drums, who enlivened the Sunday evening service considerably. From the pulpit, Arthur spoke of his new vision. The two men, side by side, met the congregation after the service.

But now the controversy began. The UANC asked Kanodereka to serve on their national executive, and he at once accepted. Opposition to this broke out in his church. Rumours spread that Arthur had misappropriated church funds for his European visit; that he had wrecked the church car; that he insulted a senior white lady on the church staff

While he had been away, the Chairman of the Methodist Church in Rhodesia, Andrew Ndhlela, had presided over a meeting when charges were brought against Arthur. Arthur was furious. It looked to him

like a conspiracy, for Ndhlela and he had opposing political views. His passionate desire to serve his people and to fight for their freedom, he felt, was being held back by jealous little men and old - fashioned church ways. He seriously thought of resigning his charge and turning all his energies into politics.

For a week he fought with himself. Then he faced his own pride, and early the next Sunday morning, before any church services, he went to the home of Andrew Ndhlela, and apologised for his resentment. Ndhlela responded at once and admitted his own mistake. Trust between the two church leaders was to prove fruitful in the years ahead.

The rebirth, which Kanodereka called the "new Me" involved putting things right. He had his share of pride and did not find this easy. First there were Gladys and the six children, three boys and three girls. In Mount Darwin, the nights he had spent in the bush meant he neglected his family - the boys particularly. Now Teurai, the oldest of them, was fifteen, and beginning to talk of following his friends into the bush war. Noble, the second boy was sensitive and unsure where he was going. The girls had Gladys' care; but she had had too much to carry; and when Arthur had been at home, he had often, in spite of his principles, behaved like a dictator. So he called the whole family together and apologised to them.

In his church, in spite of his best efforts, cross-currents still troubled the waters. The small group, who had stirred things up when Arthur and Gladys were away, had not given up. Most of the congregation were loyal to Arthur, but they told him of complaints going to the church authorities about this and that. Fortunately the President, Ndhlela, now knew and appreciated what Kanodereka stood for. But after church meetings which sometimes seemed to Arthur to be concerned with personalities and petty matters, the temptation to leave his ministry sometimes assailed him again.

He stuck to the practice he had learned at Caux, of beginning each day

by listening to the still, small voice. Every morning at six o'clock or earlier, Kanodereka was in his vestry, quietly seeking God's instructions for the day ahead. Sometimes friends who shared his commitment would join him at these early hours. At such times, personal perplexities dropped away and the way ahead became clearer.

Kanodereka's church-work, which he had felt to be so ineffective, began to find a new life and outreach. In one of the halls, he opened a school, primarily for business studies, typing and shorthand. Soon the place was filled with boys and girls whose parents had been killed or who for other reasons were orphans of the war and had run to the big city and got lost.

Sunday evenings saw another development. The evening when Alec Smith spoke there had showed Kanodereka what could happen. So he opened the church for all who cared to come and pray and think together about the new Zimbabwe.

Crowded Church

From the first, these Sunday evening services were often crowded, sometimes with six or seven hundred people. The young men from the hostels came; and soon whites joined in, coming from their comfortable suburbs, often venturing for the first time into a black township. They sat together on hard wooden benches - the women on one side, the men on the other.

After the first few evenings, Kanodereka had felt the need to be sure he was carrying his people with him. He put the question to the vote: "Do you want these evenings to continue?" Every hand, black and white, went up.

After an evening when a professor gave a rather theoretical talk on "Courage", Kanodereka made an announcement. "We don't want

sermons. Sermons can hijack the whole thing." Instead, he called upon people who would speak from their experience. Married couples told of new-found unity; parents of lessons they were learning with their children. Visitors now and then told of similar events in other countries. One night Kanodereka spotted a tall, white-clad figure at the back of the church. It was Paul Burrough, Anglican Bishop of Mashonaland, who had come after his own evening duties at the Cathedral. Kanodereka went to him and brought him to the front, where he spoke in the Shona language to the gathering.

There was another night when Kanodereka called on a young white accountant to speak. He was going the next day into the bush - to fight on the opposing side to the boys whose mothers and fathers were listening to him in the congregation. Not knowing what the response would be, the young man said, "Tomorrow I have to answer my 'call-up'. I want you all to know how sorry I am for my share in the selfish way of living which has made this war inevitable. I have two small boys. Like you, I long for a new Zimbabwe, where they and your children can live together as brothers." After the service, members of the congregation came to Arthur. "We must pray for that young man," they said - "that God will protect him."

Later, at a time of crisis, the white President, John Wrathall, called for all the churches to join in a day of prayer and repentance. Most of the white churches responded. Kanodereka's church drew a crowded congregation, black and white.

That night, a senior white farmer, Sir Cyril Hatty, who had served in the Cabinet of Southern Rhodesia, spoke. He revealed an exchange of letters between himself and Herbert Chitepo, one of the "external" leaders of ZANU and the chief initiator of the bush war. Hatty had written to Lusaka, expressing to Chitepo his own "profound sense of failure" and asking his forgiveness for the discriminatory treatment which Chitepo, a barrister, had received. In their letters, the two men both expressed the hope they shared, for a new society "built not on

hate but on love". As Hatty finished speaking, a deep "Aa-ah!" burst from the hearts of the gathering.¹

Arthur Kanodereka and Alec Smith realised that simply by standing together and speaking of their vision for the future of the country, and of the change in their own lives, they were demonstrating a new hope. They decided to move together in Rhodesia as they had done in Switzerland.

Bishop Muzorewa was out of the country, working to raise international support for his party and people. Acting as President of the UANC was a Bulawayo doctor, Elliott Gabellah. He valued what Kanodereka was doing and sent an urgent word to Salisbury, "You must take your message to the hot spots of the country. The place to start is Kwe Kwe."

In a Hot Spot

Kwe Kwe is in the industrial centre of the country. The Globe and Phoenix gold mine is there. So, at that time, was the headquarters of the chrome-mining industry. In and around Kwe Kwe, the two major tribes, the Shonas and the Ndebeles, meet: "If trouble starts," people said, "it will start in Kwe Kwe." As you enter the town, you pass the great dome of the newly built mosque. Near it stands the Apostolic Faith church. Wealthy Indian merchants run several stores. Kwe Kwe was the fastest-growing town in Rhodesia until sanctions and the civil war stopped it.

¹ Note: In March 1975, While the correspondence with Hatty continued, Chitepo had been killed by a car bomb in Lusaka. Ken Flowers, Rhodesian Security chief, credits his organisation with the "carefully-prepared physical and psychological operation" by which Chitepo was "eliminated ... and the blame laid at any number of doors"

The Globe and Phoenix Hall in town was booked for a meeting for Kanodereka and his team. Posters and publicity announced that he and the son of the white Prime Minister would speak. The crowd that filled the hall that night had all the elements that made up Kwe Kwe. Chairing the proceedings was an Indian business man, Prag Naran (people said he must have an underground tunnel direct to the gold-mine, to account for his business success). Beside him on the platform sat the Mayor, John Lyon, a veteran white politician. Right in the middle of the audience was Ruth Chinamano with a supporting group of her friends, she was an outspoken political opponent of Kanodereka; her husband led Joshua Nkomo's party inside the country; and Ruth herself had a voice to be feared and followed. In front of her sat a row of very solid Afrikaner farmers, including the local MP. The General Manager of the chrome mines, Geoffrey Blore, was in one of the front seats, making it plain by loud comments that he disapproved of Naran's chairmanship. But Naran himself, beaming with enthusiasm, only waxed more eloquent as the meeting went on.

He called on Alec Smith. The atmosphere was eager, electric. Alec told his story, apologising for the selfishness of his past life-style and his arrogant assumption of privilege as a white Rhodesian, the cost to his parents and the link between all this and the anger and violence raging across the country. Then Kanodereka spoke. "Who knows," he asked, "whether there will be a Rhodesia ten years from now, or whether it will be called Zimbabwe? Whatever it is called, the need will be for new, unselfish men and women, to build a better society for our children."

This was too much for the Mayor. When Naran called on him to propose the vote of thanks, he rose and thundered. "One of the speakers tonight," he roared, "questioned whether there will be a Rhodesia ten years from now. I tell you there WILL be a Rhodesia: There will ALWAYS be a Rhodesia!"

The meeting broke up. Kanodereka was seen to go straight to the

Mayor, and soon the two were in conversation. Kanodereka told the Mayor that he regretted hurting him in any way. This eased the tension. The Mayor left thoughtful.

He was only one of many who were thoughtful as they went home that night. The local MP not only thought; he took action. Two days later, in the Smith home, Alec's father bore down upon Alec. "I hear you made a fool of yourself in Kwe Kwe," he said. "You apparently said that the whites are responsible for everything that has gone wrong in the country."

Alec made no attempt to argue. Instead, he got hold of the tape-recording of the meeting and gave it to his father, who took it with a grunt. Later Ian Smith came back and said to his son, "I have played the whole tape; and I want you to know that I stand behind every word you said. What they are passing round the House of Assembly is nonsense and it's harmful. I'll put a stop to it."

International Efforts

In 1976 the political sky was growing dark over Rhodesia. Repeated British efforts to settle with Smith had broken on his refusal to budge on the question of majority rule. Now the United States and South Africa, as well as the Front Line States - Zambia, Tanzania, Botswana and Mozambique - were taking a hand. In the world perspective of the Cold War, Western leaders were growing anxious about the influence of Russia and China in the conflicts of Southern Africa. The bush war might escalate and become internationalised.

Efforts began, to bring the blacks and whites of Rhodesia together to an international conference table. Henry Kissinger, Nixon's peripatetic Secretary of State, led American action. He brought pressure on John Vorster, the South African President; and Vorster threatened to withdraw the support which kept Rhodesia's economy going, unless

Smith could achieve a settlement.

With Zambia's help, in 1975 a conference in a railway carriage on the bridge over the Victoria Falls had been attempted. For this, Ian Smith reluctantly released the political leaders he was holding in gaol. After two days of clashing personalities and viewpoints, the conference broke up. Now, in October 1976, a fresh attempt was made, this time in the international setting of Geneva, under the chairmanship of a British diplomat, Ivor Richard.

For some time, Kanodereka had been growing in political stature. His forceful character, his close links with the boys in the bush, and his wide range of friends both black and white brought him into the limelight. When there was a reshuffle at the top of Bishop Muzorewa's executive, Kanodereka became Treasurer-General, number three in the party's hierarchy. So he went to Geneva. The Geneva conference was doomed from the start. There was no great will for peace, and massive distrust. In both Mugabe's ZANU and Nkomo's ZAPU delegations were commanders who came to Geneva straight from the bush. So, instead of efforts to find common ground, there were gestures, manoeuvres, propaganda speeches, press releases - even one bomb scare with a fire in a delegate's bedroom.

The talks themselves hardly got off the ground. They dragged on hopelessly till nearly Christmas. Ian Smith walked out half-way through, saying, "I've got a government to run. This is a waste of time"

To those seeking a political settlement, it must have seemed so. But others used the time together in Geneva. For many of the delegates it was the first time they had met each other for years. Friendships, severed by many months in detention or in the bush, could be rediscovered.

And there were new bridges to build. Some groups came from Salisbury for this purpose. One such party arrived representing the

white farmers' union, led by their president, John Strong. They met each of the leaders and gave them their message: "We whites have taken far too long to change and be ready to meet with you like this. Now, as farmers, we want you to know that we hope you will settle things quickly; and we assure you that we will stay in the new Zimbabwe, and serve, whichever of you becomes the government."

Others were breaking new ground. Kanodereka, often with his friend, Max Chigwida, who was now Secretary General of the UANC, had long conversations with Robert Mugabe's men, "externals" and "internals" looking at the future together.

Andrew Ndhlela, Kanodereka's old friend and head of the Methodist Church in Zimbabwe, came to Geneva. Many of the delegates, from all the political parties, had had their education in Methodist mission schools and were delighted to meet their old leader.

Swiss friends who had met Kanodereka at the Caux conference, were eager to help in this bridge-building work. Several Geneva families opened their homes, offering quiet rooms where delegates from the conference could meet and talk off the record. One family invited Kanodereka to bring as many of his fellow delegates as he wished, to their home for an evening meal. It proved a merry occasion. The children welcomed their African guests with music on their recorders; and the meal included a Swiss imitation of the staple Zimbabwe dish, "sadza".

Living near Geneva at that time were the exiled King and Queen of Roumania. They had shed their own bitterness at losing their country, and were eager to meet the Zimbabweans. They invited Kanodereka to bring friends to- their home outside the town; and more than once, came into Geneva for an early breakfast. The King, who had stood up to Nazi and Communist dictators in Roumania, was able to interpret European political events from his own experience in ways they had never heard before.

The Geneva talks finally came to an end in December. The delegates separated and went home - or back to the bush. Though Ivor Richard attempted to reconvene them in January, nothing came of his efforts. But seeds may have been sown which eventually bore better fruit.

After Geneva

After the collapse of the Geneva conference, confusion and controversy reigned, inside Rhodesia, in London and in the councils of all the parties concerned. Kanodereka, as Treasurer-General of Muzorewa's UANC, began travelling - to Britain, Scandinavia and other countries, raising financial support for the Bishop.

In these journeys, he met the exiles, many of them leaders who had fled from Rhodesia to escape detention. He addressed meetings and conferred with senior political figures, including the British Foreign and Commonwealth people. Notes of his thoughts at that time reveal his growing anxiety and sense of danger.

"The death-rate is rising and rising. In Harare we are dealing with the families whose sons have been killed. There is now a guerilla group operating within twenty miles of Salisbury. They will soon infiltrate the townships. We shall have bombs in the city any day now."

At the same time he notes: "Ian Smith is not the Smith of two or three years ago. He has seen the writing on the wall...Genuine majority rule must come, as he agreed with Kissinger, within two years. He wants to transfer power to men of peace, not to men with the guns. Those of us who believe that peace is possible through change and a settlement are at risk. We have all been personally threatened and may be killed by a bomb any day. But I intend to carry on. We represent what the great majority of black Rhodesians want, but it is a race with time."

Kanodereka's note on Ian Smith may have been prompted by two

encounters he had with him early in 1977. These were private gatherings arranged with Sir Cyril Hatty. Hatty had known Smith when the two men were back-bench MP's in the day of the Central African Federation. A few years later their political paths divided, as the "winds of change" swept down the continent, with white refugees fleeing into Rhodesia from the Congo.

Hatty at that time was serving in the Cabinet of Sir Edgar Whitehead, in a government pledged to multi-racial partnership. Ian Smith, with Winston Field, founded the whites-only Rhodesia Front, which won an overwhelming majority in the election of 1962. Hatty was among the many moderates who lost their seats. The failure of the Geneva talks had alarmed Hatty. "We are near the point of no return," he said. Knowing something of the work of Arthur Kanodereka and Alec Smith, Hatty invited Ian Smith to meet him with Kanodereka and others, white and black, not as politicians but on the basis that there might be a way through the deadlock which could be found by men of faith. (Alec Smith was serving his call-up in the bush war and so could not be present.)

Two meetings took place in a private house. Notes of what was said at them reveal that Hatty opened by saying, "Events have gone too far for politics. We are here as men who believe in the guidance of God. That is the only way."

Surprisingly this approach drew an immediate response from Smith. He said he had come "hoping for help, to seek a way forward", and that he had been "lying awake, many nights for hours, thinking about the loss of life and the sufferings in this war."

Kanodereka responded. He told Ian Smith what his son's example had meant to him. "I am no longer imprisoned in the black man's camp. I want to serve all the people of our country." He mentioned the threats which he and others had received in Geneva, and were still receiving, for taking such a stand.

The talk went on for an hour and half. Ian Smith described how he accepted Kissinger's proposals, including "majority rule in two years". But he expressed disappointment that this step had not brought any similar concessions from the black political leaders. What was evident, as one of the participants said afterwards, was Smith's unshakeable belief in how well he himself had done. There was no sign of repentance.

Then Kanodereka took the boldest public step. He and his friends booked the Harry Margolis Hall, the biggest in Salisbury, for a demonstration on the theme: "Southern Africa - What Kind of Change?" Some said the hall had never been so full. Buses crammed with people came from the townships. Every seat in the hall was taken, with hundreds standing packed in the aisles. "We broke every fire regulation," said one of the organisers. "But it didn't matter, because the Mayor was on the platform and opened the proceedings."

After the Mayor's speech of welcome, a mbira band made the rafters ring. Then came a cross-section of Zimbabwe life, introduced by Kanodereka. Sir Cyril Hatty spoke; so did Bishop Burrough; and then blacks and whites told of their own experience in applying moral rearmament to their lives and situations

In the audience that night was a special bus-load of fifty four students from the University of Rhodesia. Among them were members of the Students Representative Council - white students whose studies were repeatedly broken by the call-up into the bush war. They met Kanodereka in a Salisbury home and fired their bluntest questions at a man they regarded as a terrorist leader. They found him instead to be a fatherly man who answered them with humour and humanity. For at least one of the white students leaders that evening was a turning-point in his life.

Now Kanodereka chaired the Margolis Hall meeting. Throughout the day he had had phone calls warning him not to do it. Opposition was now in the open, with an attack on Moral Re-Armament reported in

the papers, claiming that "the motives of the organisation are suspect". But after the meeting, *The Rhodesia Herald* carried the news of it on its front page.

The notes which Kanodereka made during those days reveal him grappling with his own inner motives. One morning he wrote: "Today I have stopped thinking of what is wrong with other people. I have taken fresh stock of myself. God has put me into politics, but I am not bound by politics. He can put me out of it tomorrow."

US Invitation

1977 was a year of confusion all over Rhodesia. Even the monolithic Rhodesia Front party seemed to be cracking; Ian Smith's public acceptance of majority rule inevitably sent his Right Wing into apoplectic reaction; and a new Opposition party from the Left was also forming. Bishop Muzorewa had returned from an extended time abroad, to find his UANC executive riven with personal and political rivalries, and rumours buzzing of "gifts unaccounted for at the highest level."

Then, from the United States, came an unexpected development, involving Kanodereka and Alec Smith. For America, under the new administration of President Carter, was beginning to take a look at the Rhodesia scene. Cyrus Vance, who had succeeded Henry Kissinger as Secretary of State, was considering what fresh initiative America might take.

At that point Kanodereka and Alec Smith received an invitation to Washington. It came from an American, Richard Ruffin, who had met them at the Moral Re-Armament conference in Salisbury in 1975, and again at Caux. Now Ruffin wrote from Washington, "Policies are not yet rigidly set; intimate knowledge of the policy-making men in Southern Africa is one of its top priorities." He was inviting them

because he felt that their "strong voices" could shed light on the basic issues.

Both Arthur and Alec saw at once the importance of the invitation and eagerly hoped to be able to accept it. But there were obstacles. Could Alec, Ian Smith's son, get a U.S. visa? Would Arthur's church support his going? And what about his responsibilities as Treasurer in the UANC?

They met with friends who shared their commitment and concern for the country. Together they consulted, seeking what was right. "This is clearly far more than a political matter," said one. Sir Cyril Hatty, from his years in service to Rhodesia, was quick to see the significance of America entering the situation. "This is a call from God," he said. "We must answer it."

Alec's father and mother at once urged him to go. Gladys supported her husband, as always. Then Kanodereka met the Methodist church leaders; and to his delight, his old chief, Andrew Ndhlela, firmly led them in giving him their whole-hearted backing. Ndhlela himself came to Kanodereka's house to wish him well; and Kanodereka brought his Harare church leaders together to hear what the invitation was about.

Kanodereka said that as Treasurer- General he would naturally take every opportunity on his travels to meet Zimbabwean exiles and to raise support for the Party. Then he spoke of his own commitment "to put Christ first". "I would go," he added, "not representing the UANC, but in my personal capacity."

In the event, in spite of every effort, both Alec Smith and Sir Cyril Hatty were refused visas. A good friend of Kanodereka, Dr Dexter Chavunduka, a veterinary surgeon, joined the party.

On the way to Washington, there was an opportunity for the Rhodesians to speak together in London. The party was at full strength, for both Alec Smith and Sir Cyril had travelled that far. They

spoke to an international meeting in the Westminster Theatre on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's Silver Jubilee, and on the eve of a gathering of the Commonwealth Heads of State.

The relevance of the Rhodesians' mission was shown in a speech made at that time by James Callaghan, then Britain's Prime Minister. Referring directly to Southern Africa, Callaghan said, "Today more than ever before, the issues of peace and war, of racial harmony or racial conflict, hang in the balance. An ever-increasing number see the gun as the only means of winning freedom." They would be proved right, he said, unless there was a change of attitude.

Three times, ITV News carried interviews with Alec Smith in London. The BBC featured speeches by both Smith and Kanodereka. Reuters carried the news world-wide.

Kanodereka spoke as a Christian minister. "In Africa," he said, "many people have been baptised. But people who have accepted Christ, and preachers like me, have lived as if Christ had never lived, never died, and never risen from the dead." Then he gave his experience as a "victim of hatred for the whites". "If you believe you can win a man by hating him, then you believe that two wrongs can make a right. But God can use us now to create a new society. Alec Smith and I standing together; it is a miracle. It is only God who can rescue us politicians."

"The key issue in my country," said Alec Smith, "is trust. How to overcome hate and fear? Working with Arthur Kanodereka I can say I put my faith in him and in men like him - not because of the colour of his skin or because I believe I am colour-blind; but if we aim for character and quality in the leadership of the new country, then we will have an answer."

In Washington DC

The strong, gaunt face of Abraham Lincoln looked down from his Memorial at two black men from Africa. Their host was taking Arthur Kanodereka and Dexter Chavunduka round Washington. They read the words of his Second Inaugural carved in the wall: "If it be that every drop of blood shed by the bondman's lash must be paid for by a drop shed by the sword, then - as was said two thousand years ago, so still it must be said - 'The judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether'." And then the great conclusion, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right..." They let the words sink in, which Lincoln spoke while a civil war raged around him. It was like their own situation

Their days in Washington were filled with appointments, many on Capitol Hill. Senators, Congressmen, Civil Servants, Africa experts, black civil rights activists, steel company executives - they met them all.

Swiftly word went round the "exile" black Rhodesian community that Kanodereka was in the capital. They tracked him down to his host's home in a city suburb. There the talking went on far into the night, with men hungry for news from home; hungry to hear reliable word from the war-front, and how the political changes were moving.

Mostly, Kanodereka and Chavunduka worked together, aiming to reach deeper matters than merely politics. "What is holding the settlement back?" was the question asked by Martin Lowenkopf, an African specialist in the State Department. "Mistrust and fear," said Chavunduka, and spoke of his own liberation from these forces. Kanodereka then gave him in chapter and verse the account of his meeting with Alec, and what, since then, they were demonstrating together.

Often Kanodereka and Chavunduka stressed the need for Americans to come to Rhodesia and see things for themselves; and invited those with whom they were meeting. Some came, on both personal and official visits. Soon afterwards, the State Department sent Jeffrey Davidow as their "presence" - there was no US Embassy in Salisbury.

Davidow had arranged several of the appointments for Kanodereka in Washington. He had informed Ambassador Stephen Low, the U.S. Ambassador in Zambia, who was in Washington for consultations and came to meet the two visitors. Low told them - what had not yet been released publicly - of a new initiative on which he and the British Foreign Office were working. When he spoke of their proposal to form a "non-party" caretaker government who would take over from Ian Smith, hold the ring for the transition, and supervise fresh elections, Kanodereka replied eagerly, "Now you have given us something to pray for."

They drove to Richmond to hear a speech by Andrew Young, who was then U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, and Kanodereka met him briefly. In New York they spent two hours with leaders of the Urban League, a major civil rights movement in the U.S. Leon Sullivan, whose "Sullivan Principles" were bringing pressure to bear on the South African economy, received them in Philadelphia. Then back in Washington they met William Davis, of the National Defence University, who listened to their experience and asked their help to cure the racism in America.

"Arthur has walked a tight-rope very skilfully," said Dexter Chavunduka, summing up the visit. Once more they had encountered many pressures. One morning over breakfast, Arthur laughed and said, "I'm wearing two hats. I need your help to know what to do." One hat was an opportunity, as UANC Treasurer General to accept an invitation from an American steel magnate in Pittsburgh. To do it he would have to shed his other "hat", - his programme on Capitol Hill. With his hosts' backing, he went to Pittsburgh for the week-end. Then

there were the nightly sessions with the Zimbabwean "exiles" impatient for change back home.

In all this, the decision of the US authorities not to let Alec Smith accompany Kanodereka was keenly felt by his American hosts. The two men working together were incontrovertible evidence of hope for Zimbabwe. Ruffin and his friends knew this; and as soon as possible, Alec followed where Kanodereka had pioneered the way, in Washington. Meanwhile Kanodereka returned home.

Crisis deepens

He came home to deepening crisis in Rhodesia. "The boys are everywhere," he noted. "They are all round Salisbury. Some are in the streets, unobserved. There will be an incident any day now." Confirming this assessment, a bomb went off in the main shopping centre of Salisbury; another, at night, disturbed sleepers in the white suburb of Alexandra Park.

The call-up was now taking 50-year old men into the fighting. Alec Smith was among the younger men serving four weeks in, four weeks out. He phoned from somewhere near his post, to hear how Arthur Kanodereka's visit to Washington had gone. "It's hot here " he said. "And I don't mean the weather."

Commando-style raids 60 miles into Mozambique, on camps at Chimoio and Tembue killed 2,000 guerillas as well as women and children. But Rhodesian Army Intelligence admitted, "We cannot keep pace with guerilla recruitment".

Still the whites put up a bold front, declaring, "We can go on like this for another ten years." They were improvising to keep things going. In the secondary schools, where teachers had to do their call-up stints, boys and girls in the sixth forms were now teaching their younger

brothers and sisters coming up to their O-levels.

The London-based intelligence digest *Africa Confidential* at this point carried "confidential minutes of negotiations between Ian Smith, Muzorewa and others." "The most striking feature," the report states, "is that Smith repeatedly expresses thoughts - no matter whether or not they are sincere - that would have been unthinkable two years ago." The report quotes Smith as saying, "I am dealing with history... There are dramatic changes to take place. In Rhodesia, the whites think racially; that is a fact of life here. You do not bring understanding by legislation but by converting the hearts of men."

But Smith, though convinced that majority rule was inevitable, still wanted to choose the black leader to whom he would hand over power. And in the black camp the division between the "external" and "internal" leaders was deepening. Kanodereka and many others felt the pull of divided loyalties.

Now Ian Smith called an election - the last "whites only" election in Rhodesia. His purpose was to get a mandate for the changes he saw looming. New parties, both of Right and Left, sprang up to contest the outcome; but, true to form, the white electors once again put their trust in "Smithy" and he swept to victory.

The Bishop nominated a new executive, Kanodereka was again named as Treasurer-General. Through the tangle of clashing personalities and opposing interests, he sought to find a way forward.

Others in Salisbury were beginning to follow the example set by Kanodereka and Alec Smith. A group of senior men, black and white, had begun meeting. Somebody called them a "cabinet of conscience". Coming from different parties and viewpoints, their rule was to "leave the blame game outside the door", and instead seek any inspired initiatives they could find. "There is a battle going on," as one of the "cabinet" put it, "between the bridge-builders and the bridge-wreckers in all the parties. We aim to build bridges."

The British Foreign Secretary, David Owen, and the US Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, were now cooperating in efforts to end the Rhodesian civil war. They came to Africa with Andrew Young, then US Ambassador to the United Nations, to see what could be done.

They found Ian Smith still in power, but now committed to majority rule. To whom would he hand over power? Neither Nkomo, the father of Zimbabwe's freedom struggle, nor Mugabe, whose guerilla forces were growing throughout Mashonaland, would trust Smith. Only Bishop Muzorewa with his UANC movement, seemed available. The bush war would continue.

In January 1978 Vance and Owen called for "cease-fire talks", and invited Nkomo and Mugabe, but not Muzorewa, to meet with them in Malta. "Why have you left me out?" the Bishop demanded. "Where are your armed forces?" Owen replied. This the Bishop took as a personal insult, and evidence of political bias. He also started to build a "private army" of "Auxiliaries".

In the event, the Malta talks were unproductive. Nkomo and Mugabe, now allied in "The Patriotic Front", rejected the Vance Owen proposals. This left a vacuum and gave credibility to Ian Smith's alternative route to majority rule.

The Internal Settlement

On March 3, Smith made his move. With Muzorewa, Sithole and Chief Chirau, President of the House of Chiefs, Smith signed what he claimed would be a "document that will change a nation". It launched a government of black and white co-ministers who, Smith declared, would see the country through to majority rule. Kanodereka was delighted. He went at once to attend the signing ceremony with high hopes.

At the same time the UANC appointed Kanodereka Chairman of its "Contact Committee" to negotiate with the boys in the bush. The Bishop had called on them to lay down their arms and come home. Kanodereka knew the commitment of the guerillas, as well as their suspicion of any trap, and gave his advice: "Let them keep their guns." As the argument went on, few of the boys returned.

The Transitional Government involved a considerable hand-over of power by the whites. Smith himself stepped down; Muzorewa became Chairman of a governing Executive Council. Whites and blacks, as co-ministers, were to run the different departments together - except for Security and the Economy, which the whites still controlled.

Such changes were now legislated. But what of the inner attitudes involved? Not every new minister had accepted the conversion of heart which was needed. One white minister was referring to his black co-minister as "my carbon copy".

From the first day, Kanodereka was uneasy about one of the ministries - that of Justice, Law and Order. the youngest black co-minister took that joint portfolio. He was a friend of Kanodereka's, Byron Hove, a qualified barrister who had left a secure practice in London to fly out and take his new responsibilities in Salisbury. His white counterpart was Hilary Squires, whom Kanodereka had met in Geneva. Knowing both men, Kanodereka smelled trouble.

Sure enough, the explosion came within the first weeks of the new government's birth. Hove, impatient for changes that could be seen, spoke out, calling for the promotion of senior black police officers to the top posts, hitherto a white preserve. This outraged Squires, whom Byron Hove had not consulted. Squires demanded a retraction.

The rest of the Executive Council insisted that Muzorewa handle the matter, discipline his black colleague and demand an apology. Muzorewa first stood by Hove, then yielded and finally acquiesced in his dismissal.

Hove accepted his dismissal and flew back to London; and it was plain who was running the show. Kanodereka's own faith in the Interim Government was shaken.

A crisis meeting of the UANC executive followed, while the people watched to see what they would decide - to leave the Government? To demand Hove's reinstatement? In the end, the matter was dropped; but few were satisfied that the issue had truly been faced.

God comes first

Then, on May 30, without warning, the Bishop dropped Kanodereka from his post as Treasurer-General. In a note, he offered him instead the ministry of Health and Welfare. Kanodereka went into his church and prayed. God was calling him, he felt, to step down and "take it as a relief".

But many of his colleagues were shocked. Some tried to persuade Kanodereka to challenge for the leadership of the party. Instead, he held to the plan he had been launching on when the crisis blew up; he went with Gladys to Freudenstadt in Germany, to speak as guest preacher at an international gathering being held to honour the initiator of Moral Re-Armament, Frank Buchman, on the 100th anniversary of his birth.

With this decision, Kanodereka made the choice. God, not politics, came first. "I am a man of God," he told his friends. "God has told me to go and preach in Freudenstadt." He and Gladys flew off. In Freudenstadt, to an international gathering, he spoke of his vision for the new Zimbabwe, from a verse in the book of Isaiah: "Nations shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God." "Africa," he said, "is not meant to be torn apart between East and West. Africa is meant to speak to both East and West with an answer...As for me," he went on, "I can now say I belong to no man's camp. Christ comes first. The

world needs politicians who can say that and mean it."

Going on to London, Arthur and Gladys spoke to eager gatherings of friends concerned with Africa, about the struggle in Rhodesia. He often reminded them of Britain's historic responsibility for the situation.

He and Gladys gave an eye-witness account of events in Rhodesia little known in Britain. "Once we had six girls who had been fighting in the bush, sent to us with bullets in their bodies. Gladys is not a nurse. We needed a doctor. If we sent them to hospital, they would be arrested after treatment. If we kept them in our house, we would be breaking the law. I had to telephone the authorities. The top white man accepted my word and sent us a doctor. We were allowed to keep those girls in our home. Gladys treated them with injections. After three weeks they were well enough to go, and the authorities allowed me to send them back to the bush.

"I am in touch with many of the boys, and sending supplies of food and clothing to them. We are spending over 4,000 dollars a week to keep these boys. Many of them are tired of the war, and have come in, half-starved and half-naked."

In London they met Byron Hove, back in his law practice. Kanodereka and he issued a statement to the press. In it they called for a "national congress of the UANC" in Rhodesia, to seek a new mandate for remaining in the Transitional Government.

This was strong political stuff. Some of Arthur's friends read it with surprise. Was this the man of God or a man of politics? They raised the question with him. He remained firm, seeing his action as entirely loyal to the UANC, an attempt to rouse the Bishop into credible leadership. Vital, too, if they were to meet Mugabe and Nkomo round a conference table.

While they were in London, an invitation came, for a second visit to Washington, and Kanodereka at once accepted. "The survival of

Africa depends on the men in London and Washington being guided by God," he said. "I must go, not as an ambassador of the UANC but as God's ambassador."

That was also how Dick Ruffin, the Kanodereka's American host, saw their coming to Washington. "The timing has been God's," he wrote afterwards. America in 1978, under President Carter, was seeking a new entry into African affairs. The old Cold War formula, "Anyone who is against Communism is our friend", was passing out of use. But first-hand information was needed, from controversial areas like Rhodesia.

This the Kanoderekas were able to supply. From his knowledge of the boys in the bush, Arthur was able to cut through the propaganda which painted them all as "Marxist terrorists"; and to describe them as they were. "They leave their homes and go to risk their lives, not because they are politically motivated - often they do not know whose guerilla forces they will join. They only know that the injustice and discrimination must be fought and destroyed."

He also spoke of the hope he had found through his association with Ian Smith's son. "As a man who hated the whites more than ten devils, I realise that you cannot change your enemy by hating him - you only make him worse. You have got to love him."

Going to Washington at the shortest of notice and staying only for a few weeks, Kanodereka was able to meet U.S. policy-makers in the State Department, the White House and both Houses of Congress. Ruffin noted repeatedly how swiftly Kanodereka instinctively understood "the complex relationship between the different centres of power in the foreign policy establishment."

The days were filled with meetings and talks in which Gladys and Arthur moved together as never before; and in the hospitable homes of their American friends, they had time to spend with each other. Gladys found these "the best days of our lives."

Expelled from UANC

Arthur's mind was often on the future and what his own part was to be. No longer Treasurer-General, he sensed that he must be ready, if God called him, to give leadership in Zimbabwe in some new way.

When the Kanoderekas came home, Arthur found that, along with several others, he was now expelled from the UANC. They were being denounced as "dissidents".

It was, as Alec Smith notes in his book, "a sad and bitter time". In the war, cruelty and atrocities on both sides multiplied. On the Mozambique border there was a massacre of the Elim missionaries, for which both sides blamed each other. Then Nkomo's forces, using a Russian-made heat-seeking missile, shot down a Rhodesian Airways Viscount plane on a domestic flight from Kariba to Salisbury. Thirty-eight passengers died in the crash. Some survived, only to be shot by guerillas. On Rhodesia TV, Nkomo seemed to make light of the affair.

The white retaliation was swift and brutal. A month later, a training camp for Nkomo's guerillas, North of Lusaka, was flattened by Rhodesian Air Force bombers; and at the same time two other camps were overwhelmed by ground troops. More than 1,600 were killed.

Behind a confident facade and the typical Rhodesian stiff upper lip, frantic events were taking place - among them bungled attempts to assassinate Nkomo, alternating with efforts to negotiate with him; sudden flights by senior men on money-raising missions to the King of Morocco and the Shah of Iran; secret talks with the South African Cabinet; and pressure on Ian Smith to step down and use his resignation as a "negotiating chip" in exchange for recognition of the Transitional Government.

Kanodereka grew impatient. He felt more keenly than ever that a way must be found to end the fighting. "Our people have suffered enough"

- he kept saying this again and again, though few seemed to listen. Most painful of all to him was that his work with the Contact committee, meeting the boys in the bush, had been cut short - all contact had dried up since the Byron Hove affair.

"All-Party Talks", he said, were the only hope. The warring leaders must be brought together before more disasters overtook the country. But there seemed to be no one to bring them together.

Smith, Muzorewa and Sithole were about to go to Washington and other American cities, on a propaganda mission to sell the credentials of the Transitional Government and get sanctions lifted. With them was going Chief Chirau, the Chairman of the House of Chiefs. He spent the evening before leaving for America in consultation with Kanodereka. On the propaganda tour, he proved to be the odd man out; when the other three made their pitch for the Transitional Government, he dissented. "The only way forward," he said, "is to call All-Party Talks."

Meanwhile Kanodereka and his friends met in the "cabinet of conscience", in the faith that God had a plan, and they had a part to play. "It's not too late for a miracle," they told each other. "No," said someone. "But it's too late for anything less."

Where could such a miracle come from? Fear was naturally something which had to be overcome. Fear paralyses initiative. The cabinet of conscience spoke of it frankly, and of the ways each had found to deal with it. Kanodereka had not been present at that meeting; but two of the "cabinet" gave him a report of it that evening. Kanodereka sprang to his feet. "Now I see what I must do," he said. If no one else would do it, he must go himself to Zambia and Mozambique, and put his conviction to the leaders there that the time had come to end the fighting, and call "All-Party Talks".

To Gladys and his friends, it sounded like madness. The bush war was at a new height of intensity. "The thought of Arthur crossing the

fighting lines for a friendly chat," Alec Smith wrote in his book, "sounded ludicrously dangerous." They told him so, but could not shift him from his determination. He listened patiently, but always when the discussion ended, he repeated, "I still believe I must make this attempt."

"At last we had to admit," Alec Smith writes, "that it was not our job to pretend to know better than he did." Next morning at six two of his friends went to see Arthur and told him, "We only know that we don't know." He threw back his head and laughed. "Neither do I," he said.

Over breakfast with the rest of the "cabinet", they found a growing conviction to back Kanodereka; then, taking their hands off the venture and trusting, they knelt round the table, prayed, and sped him on his way.

Peace mission

Byron Hove flew from London to meet Kanodereka in Lusaka. They got there in time to be at the receiving end of a further raid on the town by the Rhodesian Air Force. In spite of this, they were able to meet the ZAPU leaders who had had little contact with people who lived in Harare. Joshua Nkomo received Byron Hove and talked with him for an hour.

Kanodereka and Hove felt hopeful. They believed that these ZAPU men would join in all-party efforts to end the war.

From Maputo, they had word that Robert Mugabe was away from Mozambique; but that Emmerson Mnangagwa, then Mugabe's Security Chief, was coming to Lusaka to see them, to check them out before allowing them to come to Maputo. Then, with their mission cleared, they proceeded.

In Mozambique they were received with caution. At first they met

only junior officers and aides, but step by step they won their way up to Simon Muzenda, Mugabe's vice-president. They found scepticism about the "internal settlement" of the Transitional Government. "It is obvious to us," the ZANU men told them, "that Ian Smith and the Rhodesia Front are still running the show." Byron Hove could confirm that. But he and Arthur could add their evidence that there was a tide rising of support for "All-Party Talks", and that it was time to end the suffering.

On Sunday in Maputo, to his surprise, Arthur heard church bells ringing, and went to church to find some old friends among the "exiles" still worshipping God in spite of their Marxism.

When Hove had to return to London, Kanodereka set out to meet the boys in the bush. They did not give him an easy time. Though he was nearly fifty, they took him with them through the bush at night, expecting him to keep up with trained soldiers and to share their every-day hardships. Among them were boys whose homes and families Arthur knew in Mount Darwin. Some of them, he felt, had become "distorted men", ready only to fight to a finish. Others were sick of the killing and longing to go home. To them all, Kanodereka gave his pastoral care, and his vision for the new Zimbabwe.

Then he flew back to Harare. He did so in spite of strong warnings from the guerilla leaders in Maputo. "They will kill you in Harare," they told him. But Kanodereka, eager to make his "all-party" bid and loyal to his church duties, went home.

Exhausted by his efforts, he had to go first to hospital. There, many friends were soon visiting him. They were eager to hear his news and found him as hopeful as ever. He had accomplished his mission. He was also aware that by doing it, he had made enemies - particularly among hard-liners who regarded any attempt to deal with the "terrorists" as treachery. "Hospital may be the one place where I am safe," said Arthur cheerfully.

It also was a place where he could think what his next move should be. "Now I must see Smith and his party men," he said. "It is high time to sit down together and be reasonable, be normal, be silent and listen. If we want to save the country, we can sit down with these men and with the Patriotic Front."

After a night of thought and prayer, Kanodereka sent a message to Bishop Muzorewa, asking for a meeting; and Alec told his father that Kanodereka was back.

A meeting with Smith took place, when Kanodereka outlined his conception for a new all-party effort to end the war. Alec's account of the event is, "I was not in on it, but they parted with an understanding." But first, Smith told Kanodereka, "I must consult my security advisers".

Kanodereka hoped against hope that his old chief, the Bishop, would see things as he did and would join him in a new bid to end the fighting. It was asking a great deal of a man who had worked for and signed the "internal agreement"; and had just won an enormous majority in an "internal", blacks only, election. Muzorewa was now "Prime Minister" of a country which was to be known briefly as "Zimbabwe-Rhodesia".

After a week of waiting, word came to Kanodereka that Smith's Security Council had turned down his proposal. And no reply came from the Bishop to his request for a meeting.

Final challenge

Discharged from hospital, Arthur went home for Christmas, to Gladys and the family. He found her uneasy, with a sense of impending danger. A bomb had been thrown once at their home, and a security fence now stood round it. She longed for the old secure days, when Arthur and she had done their church work together.

That week-end there was a meeting in a house in what had been one of the white suburbs. Now, as one of the few visible reforms achieved by the transitional government, black home-buyers were moving in, and at this meeting a group of students from the University, black and white, were to report on a recent visit to South Africa. Their theme was to be "A New Initiative for Reconciliation and Reconstruction."

As the meeting began, with music from a lively "mbira" band, Kanodereka arrived. His friends noticed at once that something in his appearance had changed. He had shaved off his beard and looked fresh and vigorous. Some wondered whether the removal of his beard might mean something: a grizzled beard such as Arthur's had often been the hall-mark of a political commitment. Was Arthur saying something about a new commitment in his life? Knowing of his recent moves, they asked him to speak.

"The crisis is worsening," he said. "When you don't have God, you lose hope. When you listen to Him, you are given hope. God is taking care of this country, even if there are deaths every day. But the response of people is too lazy, not quick enough."

Then he turned to his own experience. "I always pray God to intervene. He needs an apparatus to be used. My attitude before was anti-white; now I can sit down with whites, or with my political opponents. When I began to forgive, and to face the crisis, I began to care for both black and white."

"I thank God for the four moral standards," he went on. "Absolute

honesty, purity, unselfishness, love; and listening to God every morning, when He says, 'My son, there is something for you to do'. You young students have some business to do in Lusaka and Maputo. We must listen together with our friends there. You can hardly make your enemy your friend if you won't meet him."

Then he gave a word which his own sons were to remember. "If we want to strive ahead, we have got to love those who shoot us, who put land mines for us, men who you know killed your father, your mother, your brother."

A few days later, two of Kanodereka's friends dropped in on him at his home and found him disturbed. He told them he had been listening to a Party Political Broadcast on Harare radio. "That broadcast," Kanodereka said, "amounted to a call for some young men to come and kill me." He got on his knees with his friends and they prayed, yielding fear.

Christmas was coming, and Arthur and Gladys were planning to go to the family farm. One conversation that day is recalled by Donald Barnett, the young accountant who had spoken at Kanodereka's Sunday evening service before going into the bush to fight. They talked of their families - Arthur's six children, and Barnett's two boys. Urgently, Arthur said, "Give your boys your best care and time. Don't let your work distract you from that. That is what I have done, and I deeply regret it." Earlier that day Arthur had said to some friends, "I want a quiet Christmas, where God can show me what more I can shed from my life so that I can be more like Christ."

Kanodereka was at home with his boys later that day, when two young men came, saying they had an urgent message for him. He was needed at once and should go with them to the bush. He and the men were seen at the Church, as they drove off. Next morning his bullet-riddled body was found, twenty miles South of Salisbury, on the road-side beside his car.

Epilogue

Arthur Kanodereka was killed on 18 December 1978. Who was responsible for the murder, and why was it done? Justin Nyoka, the Zimbabwe journalist, who fled the country after Kanodereka's death, wrote his account in the *Nairobi Standard* a few days later. Kanodereka, he claimed, "fell victim to the increasing political assassinations that were carried out by what were euphemistically called in Rhodesia 'auxiliaries'. but were in fact the Selous Scouts controlled by the Smith regime."

Kenneth Flower, Ian Smith's Security chief, confirmed this in his autobiography (published after Flower's death), claiming that Kanodereka had to be "eliminated" as "the villain in a most sordid tale of treachery and betrayal". He then attempts to pin on Kanodereka the responsibility for distributing poisoned uniforms, which killed "many hundreds" of the guerilla recruits as they went into the bush war.

A truer estimate of Flower's motives for Kanodereka's murder may be found in an assessment of the clashing interests bidding for control in the new Zimbabwe. One such study has been made by Allan Griffith, the Australian political analyst and authority on Southern African affairs during this period. He writes:

"1978 had been a year of raised and dashed hopes for peace ending in tragedies of personal and national dimensions. The Anglo-American proposals seemed to be lying still-born. Their only prospect of survival lay in the campaign for 'All-Party Talks' espoused by Kanodereka. The Rhodesian government found that the Anglo-American position weakened their case for international recognition of the internal settlement. Kanodereka's campaign undermined the government's internal appeal. In this context the risks Kanodereka was taking and the dangers he courted can clearly be appreciated.

"As for Flower and the CIO, under government direction they were engaged in dismantling any peace process which involved all parties. The stakes were high. Flower on his own admission authorised the assassination of Kanodereka.

"But when the settlement came, it came in the form of an all-party solution. One year after Kanodereka's death, the Lancaster House agreement ended the bush war and opened the way for the birth of the new Zimbabwe. Robert Mugabe, Joshua Nkomo, Abel Muzorewa and Ian Smith sat together in the "All-Party Talks" for which Kanodereka had been among the first to call. The British Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, acknowledging his country's responsibility for ending the war, chaired the conference. The Front-line States, the Commonwealth and the United States all shared in the achievement.

"Flower and the CIO would then have found difficulty in explaining their assassination of Kanodereka, an internal black political leader who had emerged as the leader of an all-party peace process. 'Disinformation' offered a solution. The dead cannot speak for themselves. The invention that Kanodereka had acted as a 'paid agent of the CIO' in distributing poisoned uniforms to the guerilla recruits, is surely fanciful when evaluated in the historical context of Kanodereka's activities at the time of his assassination."

It is also contrary to one of the main features of his life - his care for the boys in the bush, and their respect for him.

Flower's allegations have also been examined by Professor Terence Ranger, Rhodes Professor of Race Relations at Oxford. He was on the staff of the University of Rhodesia/Zimbabwe, and reviewed Flower's book in the *Southern Africa Review of Books* in March 1988:

"Flower presents himself as always the reasonable, moderate

man. Yet in the midst of all this self-justification and this manifestation of liberal decency, he can be quite suddenly devastating to other people, whose reputations are blasted on the basis of Flower's presumed 'secret' knowledge. The most striking example of this concerns the poisoned clothes story. Up to now Kanodereka has been known as Treasurer-General of the UANC and as a victim of assassination by the Security Forces.. In a paragraph - without any supporting evidence - Flower transforms this nationalist martyr into a diabolical villain. This transfer of guilt, this unsubstantiated murder of the reputation of Kanodereka, makes this the most disgusting passage in the book."

Another opinion of great weight is that of John Musekiwa, who was Chairman of the Rural District Council in Mount Darwin and a respected farmer. He writes in a letter to me about Flower's posthumous publication of his book:

"It left me shattered, as you and many others know that I worked very closely with Arthur. I came to a point whereby I said to myself, 'Never trust a white man, even when he is in the grave, for what he leaves behind him hurts the living.'

"With regard to these accusations. There is not a time I can think of when Arthur got those so-called uniforms from any source other than me and him buying straight from stores in town and country. At no time did we ever supply vests and underpants to recruits. We advised them to take with them as much clothing of their own as they could, and that they were going to be supplied with uniforms when they came back after training...

"We were arrested for all this, both me and Arthur. The case brought against us was that we were supplying uniforms to terrorists, and that we were a threat to the Government and were labelled as 'terrorists'. We were heavily tortured and stayed in gaol naked and blindfolded for months. Why then did Flower

torture his own agent?

"There are so many of these men we supplied with uniforms who are alive and well, some are in the National Army and some are very prominent men in the private sector and in government, and a few are members of parliament...

"I wish I could have a chance to defend my friend Arthur, and pray that his spirit rests in peace. He said to us, 'I belong to no man's camp. To me, Christ comes first.' What more could one say about this man?"

History moves on with world-wide momentum. Most of the crises and controversies through which Kanodereka moved have been forgotten, even in Zimbabwe. Often they are only remembered in what one observer called "an authorised version", with political or personal bias - such as Ken Flower gives them. To correct these distortions has been one of my motives in writing this Memoir.

But the main purpose is to portray Kanodereka's life. For the goals for which he fought and died still call us to attain them. Enormous difficulties stand in the way: debts and droughts; civil wars and the struggle for power - often with tribal, religious or racial rivalries involved; AIDS, corruption and ancient scores to settle.

But the battle on which all the others may depend may still be the one which Kanodereka fought: between the bridge-builders and the bridge-wreckers, inside all our various camps and countries.

Kanodereka spoke often in simple words: "You cannot turn your enemy into your friend by hating him. You just make him worse. You have got to love him." And that love of Africa prompted him often to say, "Africa is not meant to be torn apart between the warring camps, East and West, North and South. We are meant to speak to the world with an answer."

