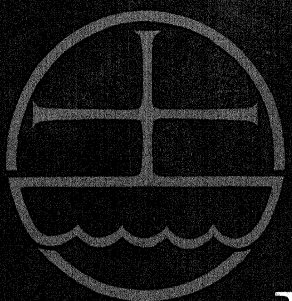
Three hundred million Christians work for peace through the World Council of Churches

The Whole World's in HIS Hand



Grace Nies Fletcher

THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN HIS HAND

300 Million Christians Work for Peace Through the World Council of Churches

BY GRACE NIES FLETCHER

AUTHOR OF *I Was Born Tomorrow, Preacher's Kids,* and other books

In November 1961, Grace Nies Fletcher took a nine-thousand mile journey to New Delhi, India, to attend the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches. Here is a moving and human account, written by a New England housewife especially to tell her fellow laymen in the pew the exciting story of how three hundred million Christians are already helping the sick and hungry regardless of creed and how East and West are presently learning to work together to bring the peace of Christ to a frightened world.

Mrs. Fletcher describes the efforts of the World Council to reconcile internal differences that would let Christians live as well as preach their creed. She tells of the reception accorded the Russian delegation by those of the West, and of that given to representatives of African nations by some white delegations—and of the true accomplishment of the meeting: how the spirit of Christianity as a

(continued on back flap)

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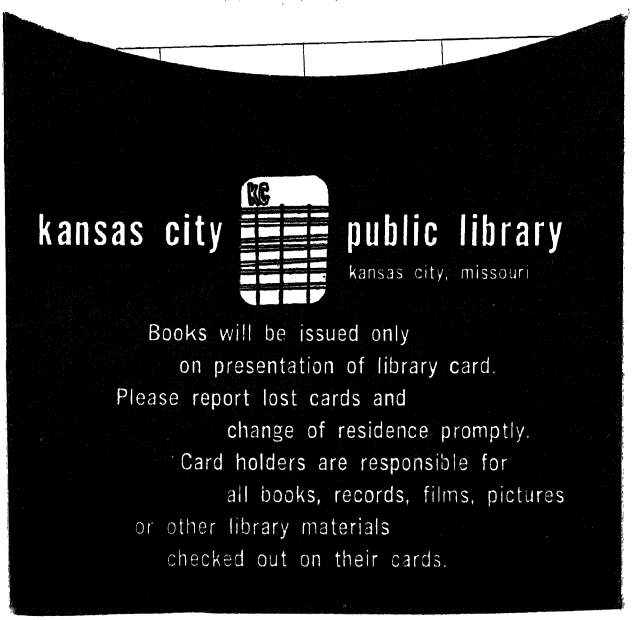

THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN HIS HAND

By Grace Nies Fletcher

In My Father's House
Preacher's Kids
No Marriage in Heaven
I Was Born Tomorrow
The Whole World's in His Hand

Grace Nies Fletcher

The Whole World's in His Hand

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

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To my dear friends Liz and Alex and
Beaver Island where peace begins

PREFACE

"What creed are you, *Mem-sahib?*" my Sikh taxi driver asked me when I told him I wanted to go to the Vigyan Bhavan where the World Council of Churches was meeting in New Delhi. In India one talks about things of the spirit as naturally as about the weather.

"Well," I hesitated, "that's a question. My grandmother was born a Roman Catholic; my grandfather was a Lutheran. My father was a Methodist minister, and I married a British Anglican. We helped start an Episcopal mission in the States . . . so what am I?"

"A Christian, anyway," said my Sikh friend.

But as we rattled along together, I began to wonder. . . . What am I? To me, a creed is a silver sieve; it strains out impurities but the essence escapes. Or, to change the metaphor, religion is music. To some it is a Bach chorale, echoing and soaring among the stars; to another, it is a simple hymn:

> The night is dark, and I am far from home;
> Lead Thou me on.

The miracle is the wordless ecstasy that lifts men's hearts toward their Creator, no matter in what form the music is caught at the moment.

Yes, I decided, I have a creed. "The Lord is my shepherd. . . . He leadeth me . . . for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

The World Council of Churches has no formal creed nor special

liturgy, for it is not a super-church, but an association of three hundred million Christians from sixty-nine nations differing vastly in culture, politics, and economic status, each Church ascending by its own path toward God, but all trying to learn how to work together for one common end—to bring the peace of Jesus Christ to a frightened world where death and wars never cease.

Christians everywhere, in India, Japan, Europe, Canada, the United States, in Africa, South America, in the far islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific, are rediscovering the essential truth that the Cross of Christ towers higher than national or credal boundaries. Beneath the shadow of the Cross all men stand as equals. Any Church may join the World Council if it can subscribe to one simple and glorious requisite: belief in our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour. At the recent Third Assembly at New Delhi, the members spelled out what was already implicit in this statement, explaining, "The World Council of Churches is a fellowship of Churches which confess the Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, according to the Scriptures, and therefore seek to fulfill together their common calling, to the glory of the one God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

Nearly two hundred church communions—178 Protestant and nineteen Orthodox Churches—have joined this great pilgrimage toward Christian fellowship and united action. At New Delhi for the first time the Russian Orthodox Church, whose headquarters is in Moscow, became a member of the World Council, and Pope John XXIII authorized official observers from the Roman Catholic Church to attend. Both of these events were stupendously important for the future of Christianity and would not have been possible as recently as seven years ago. This surge toward "the real Christ and the real Church" to which all Christians of whatever politics or creed can subscribe may turn out to be of greater significance than any single scientific discovery of our space age, for it opens up the vast unexplored universe of man's mind and spirit. If the Light of Jesus Christ, as reflected by

three hundred million small mirrors of his followers, could be focused upon world problems, what a mighty conflagration of good will might result!

"Each age has its definitive mission as seen in the light of history," one of the six presidents of the World Council of Churches recently explained in discussing this rapid growth toward Christian unity in action. "The Reformation broke away from the established Church. In this generation, the atomic terror which man himself has loosed and the need to fight together against the atheistic religion of communism, whose conquest of men's minds and souls could bring equal disaster, has drawn together again men of differing creeds. Shoulder to shoulder they advance in the onward march of Christian soldiers."

The desperate need for man to conquer himself first, before, as a son of God, he may safely hold the universe in his hand, is as patently a law laid down by the Creator as the law of relativity. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world but lose his own soul?" The World Council of Churches is a signpost on the road back to the real Christ. If Christians cannot work together, whatever the barriers of language, creed, or national culture, where is there any hope of international understanding, of an end to this mad race for bigger and better ways to destroy not only our potential enemies but ourselves? May not the real enemy be some lack in ourselves, that we have failed to think and act as "little Christs"?

We are just beginning to realize that Christ was no utopian dreamer, but a scientist who tested out in his own life the laws which control the vast force of the spirit. Beyond the man-made curtains of iron and bamboo, and the barbed wire of hate, we discern faintly the one timeless universal safety—at the foot of the Cross of this same Jesus Christ. He alone can lead us to that sure place of peace . . . for his name's sake.

GRACE NIES FLETCHER

Sudbury, Massachusetts

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All photographs courtesy the World Council of Churches except for the Dalai Lama, courtesy United Press International; Soshichiro Sasaki, courtesy Presbyterian Life; *the Eastern church missionaries and American aid to Japanese, courtesy Church World Service.*

THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN HIS HAND

I

Shoes for the Dalai Lama's Children

I could hardly believe it. Here I sat in the antechamber of Swarg Ashram, Heavenly Abode, high up on a mountain in northern India, waiting to see the Dalai Lama of Tibet! A New England housewife daring to talk to a God-King—for to millions of people he is the Living Buddha as well as their Treasured King. How had I ever had the temerity to think that he, a Buddha, and I, an unimportant worshipper in a Christian pew, might work together to harness the force of the spirit, instead of bombs? The small room was as stony-still as the strange impassive oriental faces of His Holiness's secretary and interpreter, solemn in their flowing black robes, waiting with me for the summons to the royal audience chamber. What did a democratic American do in His Holiness's presence—bow down or shake hands? In the uneasy stillness, the thudding of my heart was loud in my ears. Nervously clutching in my damp hands the carefully folded white silk ceremonial scarf which I was to present to His Majesty, I thought back over the reasons I had traveled nine thousand jet miles to attend a meeting and to talk with this God-King.

I had been sitting in my living room one evening watching on the TV screen the East Germans building up their terrible wall, while guns on both sides wheeled with icy precision into shooting range. A despairing sense of impotence had swept over me, a miasma of fear, for there was nothing at all I could do to halt this cold war of hate. I was atom-small in a battle of giants. Those soldiers, under orders, were as helpless as I was; probably some of

them even went to church every Sunday to pray for peace, as I did. What could any of us, as individuals, do that would mean anything at all? Sit inert in our respective pews, waiting dully for the government to act or for the Bomb to fall if it must?

JESUS CHRIST, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. The words had flashed across the top of the bright-colored booklet which lay on my lighted desk, announcing the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches soon to meet in New Delhi. Delegates from one hundred seventy-five Christian churches, Protestant, Orthodox, Old Catholic, and many other creeds, traveling from sixty countries in Europe, Africa, Asia, both Americas, and from the islands of the Pacific, were en route to India to discuss this very question. *Was it possible to find unity at the foot of the Cross?* Even the Orthodox Russians were coming from Moscow and Pope John XXIII for the first time had authorized the Roman Catholic Church to send official observers. Surely such a mighty gathering had never before occurred in Christian history!

"Do not forget that Jesus died for the Communist, the Buddhist, the Hindu, as well as for the Christian," I read on. "He is not only the Light of the Church but of the whole world."

If three hundred million Christians in the far corners of the earth really believed this . . . But did they? They were so sorely divided in ways of worship, disagreed on baptism, bishops, the meaning of the Bible, on a hundred points of liturgy. They could not even all meet together at the Lord's Table! Would New Delhi turn out to be merely a group of theologians, arguing about a comma in a creed? Or were all these archbishops, lawyers, politicians, the president of Harvard, and heads of other famous universities taking weeks from their important jobs to seek sincerely a takeoff point for common Christian action? To focus the burning, healing Light from the Cross upon the black cancer of hate in a sick and frightened world? To urge the Christian to get out of his "segregated pew," to learn to work with non-Christians? What were the real aims of the World Council of Churches?

I hopped a jet plane to New Delhi to find out.

At first I thought I'd arrived at the Tower of Babel. The corridors of the huge modern Vigyan Bhavan (Hall of Learning) where the assembly was held echoed to the confused clatter of strange tongues. I stared at fantastic costumes worn by men and women of every conceivable race and color, from "that big spry holy man" as the *London Observer* called the Archbishop of Canterbury in his flowing purple robes, down—or up—to a visiting Indian dean of a Hindu theological school who wore only a short yellow cotton kilt out of which his bare brown body emerged, startlingly dignified. Africans in embroidered caps of brilliant colors contrasted with the Russians, whose black robes and unshorn beards and hair made them strangely reminiscent of Hoffman's painting of Jesus. Germans, French, English, Japanese, and a man from Kalamazoo—all had the harried look of one who knows he is late for a committee meeting. Could this motley, magnificent throng ever work together? I wondered, with my fingers crossed. Over there in the corner, watching with interest, stood a group of Buddhist red-gowned lamas with strange flat faces —Tibetans!

Tibetan refugees they must be. Some ninety thousand had followed their Dalai Lama, fleeing in 1959 before the invading Red Chinese to the safety of northern India. Here was my chance to see the relief work of the World Council in action; I would find out for myself if these Christians fed the hungry, healed the lepers, without asking if they were Buddhists, Hindus, Moslems, or Methodists . . . as Jesus did. We do not know to this day if the ten blind men who saw again were Samaritans, Jews, or Greeks. It was enough that they needed Him. The Dalai Lama and I needed help too. I would go to see this Tibetan God-King to find out whether Christians, Buddhists, Hindus, all working together, might wield the sword of the spirit for peace. Would the World Council gasp or be pleased if I asked His Holiness to bless us Christians?

"Mrs. Fletcher?"

I jumped, startled, my mind coming back to this dark little room in Upper Dharamsala, a tiny town nestled along the magnificent snowy peaks of the Himalayas where, in spite of the terrible poverty of millions of their own people, the Indian government had granted the harried homeless Tibetans shelter.

"His Holiness is sorry to keep you waiting but he is just back from four days of meditation and prayer, higher up on the mountain," his secretary explained. His shorn head emphasized his high intellectual forehead, his piercing dark eyes. Were his long robes black because he belonged to the court or because he served a king in exile?

"I'm glad of a chance to catch my breath."

Five miles of climbing straight up a mountain when I hadn't walked farther in years than from my own back door to my car had been a breathless act of faith. The train trip from New Delhi had seemed endless—overnight in an icy sleeper where I'd had to bring my own bedding and food. I had slept little because of the cold, and the strange dark faces which plastered curiously against my uncurtained window at every train stop. At Pathan Kot the jeep which the Dalai Lama had promised to send had failed to arrive, so I'd had to ride sixty miles in a ramshackle native bus, jammed in among a mob, all of whom had apparently eaten garlic for breakfast. There were white-garbed Muslims and Hindus and Punjabi women in flowing trousers, clutching chickens and oil cans. Four days of rain had left the mud of the roadsides thick and slick. We slewed past road signs warning: DANGER, ROAD CRUMBLING. As the ramshackle bus rattled, shook, and hiccuped along the rim of a five-hundred-foot drop to the valley below, I'd closed my eyes and said silently, "O Lord, if you want this story written, get me there in one piece!"

In the little plaza of Upper Dharamsala, however, the Dalai Lama's courtiers had been waiting to welcome me with a delicious hot lunch of curry and rice. The jeep had broken down, they ex-

plained, but His Holiness had sent a car to carry me the six miles more to the Heavenly Abode, the Dalai Lama's Indian home. I stared at the small English car already entirely filled with Tibetans but managed to insert myself among the monks and their followers. Fortunately Khondo, the Dalai Lama's eighteen-year-old niece, a beautiful girl in any language, spoke perfect English. When the car stopped at the foot of the rough unpaved road where all nine of us tumbled out, numb in the rear end, she explained brightly, "Here we must climb a little."

A little in Tibet, maybe, but in Massachusetts this was a mountain. Up and up, the path wound precipitously until, breathless in the thin mountain air, I wasn't at all sure I wouldn't collapse like the poor jeep. I was pleased to see that even the elastic-legged young Khondo was breathing a bit harder when she encouraged, "Just around that curve up there." I staggered gratefully toward the gate in the high fence that surrounded the low modest cream-colored Indian stucco house of the Heavenly Abode, but Khondo said, "Oh, you can't go in just yet. You have to be cleared first by the Indian Army that has its headquarters . . ."

"Don't tell me!" I gasped. "Up the mountain!"

Up it was. The Dalai Lama, being a visiting potentate, would naturally have to be well guarded, I knew, remembering being pushed to the side of a New York street when Khrushchev had roared by from the United Nations, with anxious police escort. As I produced my passport and endless credentials, I glanced up at the far snowy peaks of the Himalayas, beyond which lay Tibet and the Potala, the many-windowed palace filled with priceless treasures from ancient Asia, grandeur which the Dalai Lama had exchanged for this modest Indian home whose only richness was freedom. How did this fugitive from power and splendor feel about the force of arms? Did he ever expect to go back? Did this reincarnation of Gautama Buddha (as the Dalai Lama is considered by his people) still believe in the power of the spirit?

"His Holiness will see you now."

The Tibetans are a grave, courteous, proud people with a lovely dignity which refuses to be conquered by present poverty. Remembering the shining gold of the Potala throne room, they had covered the walls of this square small audience chamber with gilt which had already begun to wear off, revealing the original blue paint underneath; the throne upon which the Dalai Lama sat was a far-from-new divan which loving fingers had spread with inexpensive gold-colored tapestry. It was pathetic, this gilding of poverty, and yet it was magnificent. The only remnants of former glory were the thick oriental rug and the dim priceless paintings showing the likeness of Gautama Buddha and his disciples, holy relics brought by donkey-back from Tibet, hanging now in calm beauty, a canopy over the Dalai Lama's shorn monk's head. But as His Holiness accepted my ceremonial scarf, seated himself silently upon the modest divan-throne, all he had left behind seemed as unimportant to me as to him. This tall grave man with the disciplined face needed no accouterments to make him royal; *he was a King*.

How can one describe a God-King who is loved and worshipped by millions? So much depends upon the eyes with which one looks, the spectacles which one's own culture and background have fitted. In Lhasa a mere woman would not dare lift her eyes to the Dalai Lama's holy face

The tall strong young man, only twenty-seven years old, wore a deep red monk's robe; his brown eyes behind their clear glasses probed my own, seeking to find the real person behind the façade of my face. Here was no ordinary man; there emanated from him a sureness, an aura of quietness. My nervousness slid away, for what errors of etiquette mattered to a man who could look inward to what you were, a seeker after truth as he was? Here was a presence that even an unbeliever could sense and revere.

The silence deepened as we sat there. This quiet King with the beautifully modeled head, high forehead smooth and untroubled,

waited patiently to discover why this impulsive American housewife had had the temerity to interrupt his prayers. His interpreter sat beside me and, beyond, his secretary was waiting, pen in hand, to take down every word. To hold against me if I blundered? I cleared my throat.

"Your Holiness, I have come nine thousand miles from Boston to ask you a question . . . across our vast United States, over the Pacific to Japan, high up on this holy mountain in India. If all the people who believe in a just God, whether they be Buddhists, Christians, Hindus, or whatever, would really work together, pray together, could we get peace in the world? *Do you think that spiritual force can ever conquer armed force?*"

His Holiness's eyes gleamed suddenly behind his shining glasses as the interpreter gave him my words in Tibetan, but the Buddha did not answer at once. He sat there on his gold-colored divan, tapping his long slender fingers together, looking inward for his answer, till it seemed almost as if he himself had gone far away from us, from his own body. Then he spoke in rapid Tibetan.

"In the long run, spiritual force is certain to win out over brute force. Temporarily armed might may win, has won. We need men of good will in every religion. But you cannot *force* men of ill will into peace. *You must win them.* Otherwise men of ill will merely build bigger, more terrible weapons, more atom bombs. *What we must seek to do is to change the focus of men's minds.*"

"But that takes so much time. I'm not sure we have it," I argued. "Just exactly what do you mean?"

"This!" he shot back. So he did understand English! But he was too shy to try out his hesitant words; he shifted back to his own language to explain carefully, "Buddha is everywhere, yesterday, today, and tomorrow. The Great Light sifts down, broken by men, to many people in many ways. We must focus that Light upon world problems. . . ."

"That is just what the World Council of Churches is trying

to do!" I burst out eagerly, too intent to realize I was interrupting a King. "Representatives of millions of Christians are meeting right now in New Delhi, trying to shift the emphasis away from our many differences to the one truth on which all Christians, East and West, can agree . . . the divine radiance of Jesus Christ. *There* is a power that can change men's minds!"

The Dalai Lama nodded gravely. Christians were indeed men of good will. Had not Church World Service, the relief arm of the American churches, helped his two brothers, Lobsang and Norbu, to get into the United States to study and teach, to tell their story of the needs of their refugee people, many of whom had fled with only the clothes on their backs? Many governments, Hindu India most of all, had aided his people.

I happened to know about Lobsang. The students in Ursinus College in Pennsylvania had themselves raised the money for his scholarship; there this brother of a King had learned more than books; he, at whose entrance into a room even Tibetan cabinet ministers had had to arise, who had never before worked with his hands, had volunteered to wait on table! But looking through Tibetan eyes at American institutions, the other students had perhaps learned more about the value of religious freedom than Lobsang. Understanding worked both ways.

"Christians, Hindus, Jews, many men of good will from many lands, have helped to feed and clothe the Dalai Lama's children," the interpreter explained. "His Holiness is grateful."

"His children!" I gasped. "But I thought monks didn't marry. . . ."

The secretary smiled. These were nearly five hundred young children the Dalai Lama had gathered here on the mountain, all under seven years old, orphans whose parents had been lost in the Great Trek from Tibet or who had only one parent now working on the Indian roads or in some camp not suitable for children. Many were sick, even dying, when he brought them here where he himself could be their foster father.

"My children must stay Tibetan!" the Dalai Lama interposed almost fiercely. Here they learned their native arts, their folk dances, their literature. With the help of the Indian department of education, they were learning not only Hindi and English, but to read and write their own language. They had even a school of Tibetan drama. Many orphans had found homes in Switzerland, Australia, and other foreign lands, but they must never forget they were also Tibetans. "For we shall go back," the Dalai Lama promised, his eyes flashing behind his clear glasses. "There will be again a free Tibet!"

"Amen," I said, silently.

The Dalai Lama and his five hundred children belonged to Christ's family whether they knew it or not, as much as did I, a professed Christian. For when you came right down to it, what had I that was my own? I was not responsible for being born a comfortably housed and fed American, or even a Christian. Jesus was the giver; to him belonged all men and little children—he had purchased them on a Cross at a great price. It simply remained for all Christians to witness to this power.

"I want to see your children, Your Holiness. Then I am going back to New Delhi, to learn from the men of good will in the World Council," I told him humbly. As we both rose, I lifted my eyes to His Holiness's calm face bending gravely above me. "Would you be willing to give us your blessing?"

He placed the ceremonial white scarf back across my arms, took both my hands in his, raised them high, murmured a few words in Tibetan, smiled down at me. As I went quietly out of his presence, I knew we had been blessed indeed by this good and holy man.

There was no difficulty hearing the children! As Khondo and I, along with Mrs. Tsering Dolma, the Dalai Lama's sister who runs this big orphanage with too-few helpers and very little cash, climbed still another mountain, we could hear them shouting.

Three hundred children from seven down to three years old had been drawn up in a long wavering line to greet us, and they screamed their relief at our arrival as any youngsters penned up too long would have done. The little Tibetans were dressed in a weird assortment of cast-off clothing, but their faces were rosy, gay; they were obviously bursting to let off accumulated steam.

"Would they sing me one of their school songs?" I suggested.

They sang lustily, three hundred shrill piping voices. When they bowed low, Khondo translated, "That's for the Dalai Lama!" Then when they shook three hundred small clenched fists, "That's for the Red Chinese!"

I shivered, not only with cold, but the Dalai Lama's sister, worried, draped a warm blanket over my shoulders. I already had on two woolen sweaters, a brown wool suit, and a white leather coat, but in the chill of this December day in the Himalayas, I was grateful for the blanket. Then I noticed that every single one of those three hundred children were barefoot! And every single one of them had a cold. But who can wipe three hundred runny noses?

"Now you must see my two hundred babies," the Dalai Lama's sister said beaming.

Even the two hundred three- and two-year-olds were lined up to welcome us; all were there except the babies too young to stand alone. When he saw Mrs. Tsering Dolma, one little fellow only ten months old cried out something in Tibetan and held out his arms to her. He kept saying the word over and over. "It means 'Mother'!" Khondo translated, as the Dalai Lama's sister picked up the sobbing baby and cuddled his small fuzzy dark head against her shoulder. "His mother is dead. He's only been with us two days. He hasn't learned to smile yet."

Another two-year-old broke ranks, came skipping proudly up to us. "He wants to show you his new red shoes someone sent him," Mrs. Tsering Dolma said with a smile.

All but two of these two hundred babies were barefoot too. I

drew my blanket closer about my shivering shoulders, stared at the snow on the mountain peaks. "Doesn't it snow down here too?"

"Soon it comes," Mrs. Tsering Dolma agreed. She handed the baby, hushed now, back to his amah. "Up to our waists we wade, sometimes."

"Then what will you do with all these barefoot babies?"

"Keep them inside the nursery, I suppose." She sighed. "There is so little room. But how can you turn a child away when he needs you? Come, see."

The long narrow nursery had a double row of neatly made cribs around each wall, down the center, and everywhere there was a corner to push a bed into. The only heat came from wood ashes smoldering in the one fireplace. One crib was full of sick babies. In the space one American baby would use, they laid the infants sideways, six to a bed. CARE had given them the cribs, the Indian Central Relief Committee of New Delhi, in charge of Tibetan relief, had sent the mattresses, and . . . "Khondo, who gave the blankets?" The blankets were Lutheran, Khondo thought.

I worried, "But how can you crowd two hundred babies to play in this small space?"

"I just don't know," the Dalai Lama's sister admitted. "The Indian YMCA has promised to build us a playhouse next spring." It hadn't snowed yet, Khondo reminded her mother quickly, wiping a half a dozen streaming noses, giving it up as a bad job. Perhaps someone would send them some shoes.

But not five hundred pairs, fitted to each small foot. I made a crumpled roll of the remaining rupees in my handbag. "This won't buy very many shoes but maybe I can get more. I'll try," I promised. I could hardly swallow the cup of tea and the saltines they had offered me, for I'd just seen what the Tibetan children were having for supper—one muffin and a mug of milk. "The

Americans have stopped sending us canned pork," Mrs. Tsering Dolma said wistfully. "I don't know why."

It was dark but the stars were thick in the sky as I went back down the mountain from the Heavenly Abode, accompanied by some twenty chattering Tibetans with only two flashlights between us. I shall never forget that walk, the cold, the dark, the companionable crunch of Tibetan boots as my new friends saw me safely home to the Dak bungalow where I was to sleep. But not even their hospitality could warm me, for five hundred small bare feet walked too in the dark beside me, and the pain of those snow-numbed feet blotted out the stars.

Surely, I planned, with so many well-dressed, well-fed delegates milling around the World Council Assembly, I wouldn't have any trouble getting my babies shod. I had only to ask.

But back in New Delhi, it wasn't so easy. When I told my story, confident of instant help, my good friend, a church relief official with whom I was dining in the plush government hotel, the Ashoka, where we both lived, demurred. "I feel the same urge to help as you do. But you must remember those children are used to going barefoot. Besides, it will take time to get such a big order through. Missions are changing. The new rules are that we Westerners must work entirely through the local churches and relief agencies. I'll contact the local authorities here and then perhaps . . . "

"Perhaps five hundred babies' feet will be frozen stiff!" I snapped angrily. "By the time you untangle all that red tape. Those Buddhist babies need shoes, *right now*. I thought you people were really Christian!"

I flung down my fork, pushed away my dinner, stamped off to my room, furious at his temporizing, at myself for losing my temper, at the whole miserable unfair world where I had left on my dinner plate enough to feed a hungry child for a week. I didn't sleep very well, got up early, but my friend was already waiting for me in the lobby.

"Drat you!" he stormed. "Five hundred feet tramped all night over my pillow!" He flung a companionable arm across my shoulders, grinned down at me. "I've just mailed a check for a thousand dollars, US, for the Tibetan shoemakers at Darjeeling. That will give work to the men on relief and make sure that your Buddhist kids get the kind of shoes they're used to for a snowy mountain. And I'm giving up my vacation to go down there after the Assembly to make sure those shoes fit properly. Now are you satisfied?"

I couldn't speak, could manage only a wobbly smile. For the vast World Council did have a heart after all; it was not just a machine grinding out red tape. This was the kind of Christian unity I could understand. I had heard church leaders lament the difficulty of "getting the ecumenical movement down to the grass roots." Well, I was the grass roots and the movement with the big name was epitomized in what they were doing for "my Buddhist kids." Maybe if I told just such simple stories to the "grass-roots" man back home in the pew, he'd understand, too, that New Delhi wasn't only a lot of churches spending a great deal of money to send delegates to talk about some vague future unity; it was also a way to share today, not only for the good of suffering humanity, but for Jesus's sake. The answer to the fear of the Bomb had been given long ago by St. Augustine: "I take the whole Christ for my Saviour, I take the whole Bible for my staff: I take the whole Church for my fellowship."

"Where are you going?" I asked my friend. "Can't we have breakfast together? I'm starving." I could eat, now my babies were safely shod.

"I have to go phone the warehouse first," he explained. "I went out yesterday to visit the leper colony on the outskirts of New Delhi. Four hundred sick Hindus living in those little grass huts, on these cold December nights! I just want to be sure they remember to put on those four hundred blankets, 'Merry Christmas!' "

2

How Did New Delhi Happen?

"I hear you're writing a 'grass-roots' book on the World Council," an eminent theologian said doubtfully to me, a mere woman-in-the-pew with only one academic degree, as we inched our way up in the temperamental little Vigyan Bhavan elevator which sometimes made it to the second floor, more often dropped back down with an apologetic sigh, so one had to walk upstairs after all. "A sort of primer?"

"A 'trot' for quick and easy translation," I chuckled.

Like most housewives, I loathe figures, graphs with footnotes in small print, technical terms I don't understand. I feel for the man-in-the-pew who demanded irritably, "Where did the World Council of Churches get that long name, what is it . . . *ecumenical*? Why not say it in plain English?"

The man-in-the-pew is in good company in making this demand, for the Archbishop of Canterbury agrees with him. "*Ecumenism* is a word I hate most," snapped His Grace, Arthur Michael Ramsey, as we sat together in a sheltered corner of the crowded, buzzing lobby at New Delhi. Dressed in his purple robes with the great dangling gold cross, his huge body slightly stooped, his leonine head with its rim of white hair cocked alertly, the Archbishop looked the dynamic head of the historic Anglican Church, Primate of All England. As such, he ranks in protocol just after the royal family; when he thunders, all Christendom listens.

"I deplore mixing up the movement for Christian unity with

a lot of professional jargon. Just as I would deplore making the World Council a professional bureaucracy," he assured me. "Call it, *'The World-wide Christian Community' or 'The World-wide Movement of Christian Churches.'* " (Later in the Assembly Dr. Ramsey was elected one of the six new presidents of this world-wide Christian community.)

"The oneness of all nations in Jesus Christ, a fact that is being rediscovered by the modern church." This is the definition of Willem A. Visser 't Hooft. He ought to know, as he is the general secretary of the World Council, an eminent Dutch theologian, with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland, a scholar who travels the earth, who can express himself fluently in five languages, Dutch, English, French, German, and Spanish. Strange, isn't it, how the wiser the man, the more simple and human he can be? Perhaps when experience has honed a man down to the essential personality, the well-tempered blade becomes visible. Visser 't Hooft, whose name means literally "Fisher of the Head," hence his affectionate nickname "The Chief Fisherman," belongs not to any one country, but is a Christian citizen-at-large in the world.

"A slow but determined pilgrimage . . . a return to the real Christ and the real church." . . .

The man who made this down-to-the-pew definition was humbly born himself on the tiny island of Imbros, Turkey. As a small boy sent to the store with a coin by his mother, he remembers looking wistfully at the candy balls he couldn't afford; he has never forgotten the yearnings of young and everyday people, so that his explanation of this surge of millions of Christians toward a faith big enough to leap racial, national boundaries is simple enough for the child in Sunday School to understand. Yet Archbishop Iakovos, with his steady brown gaze, his flowing black robes, his staff tapping along the Vigyan Bhavan's marble floor, was one of the great spokesmen of the Assembly. His Eminence,

Archbishop of North and South America for the Greek Orthodox Church, as this once small wistful boy is now called, is another president of the World Council.

"*A world-wide Christian community . . . a oneness of all nations in Jesus Christ . . . a return to the real Christ and the real church . . .*"

Yet to the scholar, *ecumenical* says all this in one word. Let's face it, us pew-dwellers, *ecumenical* is a theological term that is rapidly coming into common usage. Is it actually any more difficult to absorb into our everyday vocabulary than *antibiotic, radioactive, stratosphere, proton* and *electron,* terms which science has made commonplace in every modern living room? Any church member who doesn't at least know what *ecumenical* means is as out-of-date as a horse and buggy in a jet age.

From an infant in 1948 to a vigorous adolescent bursting with energy and world enthusiasm in 1961, a growth from 151 member churches to nearly two hundred in only thirteen years, is the astonishing record of this world-wide Christian community. If the man-in-the-pew is really to understand where this vast pilgrimage of Protestant, Methodist, Pentecostal, Old Catholic, Anglican, Orthodox from East and West, and many other churches is heading, a brief *Reader's Digest*-view of how this happened is in order. The busy layman, confused by the interlocking committees and aims of this vast joint enterprise, by the alphabetic maze of initials by which the initiated refer to each other, is all too ready to leave the World Council of Churches to the theologians. Yet it is exactly this grass-roots church member who must put into his daily living, at his office desk, on the commuting train, in the voting booth or at the New England town meeting, these principles of Christ. Any real advance in understanding must come first in the local community. Peace, even among churches, is merely a theological mirage unless all

the laymen in all the churches in Podunk, Massachusetts, can work with each other.

For the benefit of this local layman like myself, this "Primer" or "Trot" chapter will consist chiefly of direct answers to simple questions which I myself asked when I arrived in New Delhi.

WHO BELONGS TO THE WORLD COUNCIL?

One hundred ninety-seven Christian churches from sixty-nine countries with an estimated three hundred million members. These include nearly every large Protestant denomination except the Southern Baptist Convention and the Missouri Synod Lutherans. The other great exception is, of course, the Roman Catholic Church. The four Orthodox churches which joined this world community at New Delhi—the Russians, Rumanians (four other churches from this country are already members), the Bulgarians, and the Poles—claim more individual members than any of the other churches. However, there are still one hundred seventy-eight Protestant communions to nineteen Orthodox. Since each communion has only one vote on most important issues at the Assembly, the Protestants could still marshal a majority if they chose to vote as a unit . . . which they seldom do.

Perhaps even more significant for the rounding out of this pilgrimage toward a united Christian way of life was the admission to the world family of two Pentecostal churches from Chile. For the first time, this enthusiastic evangelistic group of Christians will add their warmth and vigor to the older historical liturgical churches. When asked why they did not join before, the Pentecostal churches said bluntly that they had been misinformed about the World Council's aims. But they had watched the church in action during the terrible floods and earthquakes in their own country, rushing aid to their stricken people, food, clothing, and cash. They had heard from Brazil how the airplanes chartered by the World Council relief service had brought to their country four hundred "Old Believers"—White Russians—a

strange bearded sect of Christians who were so insistent upon interpreting the Bible in their own ancient ways that they had fled Communist oppression first to China, then to Hong Kong, and who were now such fine farmer settlers that the Brazilians had invited two hundred more. Protestants transporting a strange sect of Russians into a South American country that was chiefly Roman Catholic—this was about par for the World Council whose relief work knows no creed.

CAN ANY CHURCH JOIN THE WORLD COUNCIL?

The basis for membership is simply and clearly "belief in our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour."

At New Delhi this statement was enlarged to make explicit what was already implicit in this basic requirement. The enlarged statement reads: "The World Council of Churches is a fellowship of churches which confess the Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, according to the Scriptures, and therefore seek to fulfill together their common calling, to the glory of the one God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

Here the Cross throws its long healing shadow across racial, national, and controversial credal barriers, saying simply, "I am the Way. Follow Me!" In a world shaken as a rat by the terrier of fear, divided by rising walls of hate, by the nightmare of total atomic destruction, millions of Christians have been driven to the one place where all men are equal and brothers—to the feet of the risen Christ. If not even *Christians* in the United States and Russia can speak to each other, where is there any hope of understanding between two great nations?

WHY HAS THIS MOVEMENT TOWARD CHURCH UNITY GROWN SO RAPIDLY?

Because as a practical workable point of agreement between nations with warring political beliefs, unity among Christian church people answered a desperate need. One hundred fifty-one

churches came together at the First Assembly at Amsterdam, Holland, in 1948. One hundred sixty-three churches attended the Second Assembly in Evanston, Illinois, USA, in 1954. One hundred ninety-seven churches answered the final roll call in New Delhi, India, in 1961.

Formal organization would have taken place much earlier had it not been for the eruption of World War II. Yet the war had a double effect, both good and bad: while it delayed formal unification, Christians as never before began to work together, crossed credal and national lines to help not only each other but the broken bleeding homeless with no claim at all except that of human need.

Heroic Protestant young people and Catholic priests and nuns in France worked mightily together to rescue from the prison camps hundreds of Jewish children destined for the Nazi gas chambers. Every church fighter for freedom shared what little he had; prisoners in one Nazi camp behind barbed wire saved their meager rations of flour in order that a starved church in Lyons might have holy bread for communion; English Christians sent help from their bomb-stricken island to German preachers imprisoned because of their defiance of Hitler. During the hostilities between their two countries, the Finnish authorities even allowed the New Testament to be translated into Russian for the use of their prisoner-enemies. Out of the horrors of war there began to emerge the understanding that only under the banner of Christ could the churches truly sing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

WHAT WAS THE SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF NEW DELHI?

This was the first Christian Assembly of Churches of many nations held in the East, in a country whose faith was predominantly Hindu or Moslem. It was timely for many reasons. Meeting in India pointed up the growing sensitiveness to the fact that Christianity had not been "made in America," nor was it a foreign

commodity exported from Great Britain or Europe to Asia. Too often Asia had complained that the gospel of Christ as preached in the past by Western missionaries had smelled dangerously of colonialism. Yet how could any Western people escape from wearing the cloak of their own culture? The mistake had been in identifying the cultural cloak with the robe of Christ. Going to the Orient was also, for the Western delegates, a holy pilgrimage to the cradle of Christianity—a reminder that Jesus was a Jew, born and brought up in the Near East, and that all he said and did must be interpreted against this background. Thus a high, cleansing wind blew through the common study of the Bible. Finally, going as welcome guests into a country predominantly of another religion, was further proof that Christians and Hindus of good will could respect each other's faith.

JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, on the Assembly's banner might bring a tart comment by a Hindu that "Christians are very ordinary people with extraordinary claims"; yet the scholarly, hospitable Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, then Vice President of India, entertained royally two thousand Christian delegates and friends on the vast lawns and gardens of the presidential White House, Rashtrapati Bhavan, with its tall, red-and-gold-uniformed Sikh bodyguard, glittering fountains, and brilliant flowers. Indian newspapers reported the Christian Assembly at great length and with understanding.

Dr. Radhakrishnan, who has since become president of India, has long been insistent upon the basic unity of all religions. He is a philosopher of renown, particularly on the subject of comparative religion. At the opening of the Center for the Study of World Religion at Harvard Divinity School in 1961, he said: "It is one of the major tragedies of the world that the great religions, instead of uniting mankind in mutual understanding and good will, divide mankind by their dogmatic claims and prejudices."

Equally friendly, the six presidents of the Christian Assembly went to lay a wreath on the *samadhi,* the sacred spot which is the

memorial to the greatest of Indian Hindus, Mahatma Gandhi. This memorial stands for all India as does the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. "Wherever the love for God and his fellow man sifts down to earth there is Light, as in Gandhi," one Christian leader said. D. T. Niles of Ceylon further emphasized our mutual need for understanding and tolerance when he related at that evening's session at the *shamiana,* the great Assembly tent: "In the bedroom of Mahatma Gandhi there was only one picture on the wall. It was a picture of Jesus on the Cross. Underneath were written the words, 'He is our peace.' "

The meeting in India was a significant and extraordinary advance in understanding not between governments but between the men in the streets, the ordinary grass-roots citizens who in the end profit most from peace between nations. Governments may declare war, but it is the man in the street who has to fight them. He it is who is most concerned with positive action to prevent war.

"We could end the cold war, bring peace in this generation," marveled one American layman after meeting Indians, Africans, Russians, Chinese, and Indonesians whom he had formerly bitterly distrusted, "if every man, woman, and child, East and West, who calls himself Christian could talk calmly with each other; maybe we would even begin to act like Christ, instead of using His name as an incantation!"

The meeting in New Delhi emphasized also the growing importance of the so-called "younger churches," formerly missionary-sponsored, now becoming self-governed, even, in many cases, paying their own Eastern missionaries to go back to re-evangelize the nominal Christians in the West! Eleven African churches from the Congo, Rhodesia, Tanganyika, the Cameroun, Uganda and Ruanda Urundi, Gabon, Nigeria, and the Republic of South Africa joined the church pilgrimage in India, bringing the number of African World Council members up to thirty. In these countries, where many are struggling up from chaos to achieve firm governments, a lukewarm Christianity is something to be

spat out of the mouth. These Africans announced frankly, over and over, that their aim was to help build a personal and national code of morals to take the place of broken-down tribal and family sanctions, a morality code based upon the principles of Jesus, rather than upon a Western interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount.

WAS THIS THE FIRST TIME ROMAN CATHOLICS HAD MET WITH THE WORLD COUNCIL?

An invitation to join the World Council as members of united Christianity had been sent to both the Moscow Russian Orthodox Church and to the Vatican as far back as the First Assembly at Amsterdam in 1948. Both invitations had not only been refused but had been regarded somewhat suspiciously. After investigating for thirteen years, the Russians had at last asked for membership. But not Rome.

At New Delhi, however, for the first time in history, a Roman Catholic delegation of five official observers, approved by Pope John XXIII, as well as several journalists, attended the World Council Assembly.

This was an enormously significant change toward Christian tolerance which had developed in less than seven years. When a Roman Catholic Cardinal in Chicago had been asked to say a word of welcome to his fellow Christians when the World Council convened on his doorstep in Evanston in 1954, he had responded by forbidding any members of his diocese from even going to the Evanston campus while the Protestants and Orthodox were there in session.

But under His Holiness, Pope John XXIII, great strides in ecumenical friendship had been taken. The Vatican Council's new Secretariat for Christian Unity had been set up in Rome with Cardinal Bea at its head. That the Pope interpreted unity to mean a return to the Mother Church did not detract from the hard fact that he had sent his representatives to listen to the Protestant

point of view. This did not portend, naturally, any immediate union, with Protestants returning to the Papal fold or the Roman Church joining the World Council. It did mean, however, that Roman Catholics could refer to Protestants as "our separated brethren" instead of as "heretics," and those formerly labeled as "black Papists" were, at New Delhi, "our friends from Rome" . . . certainly an advance in any language!

"Friends" the Roman priests proved, indeed. Although the observers neither spoke nor voted, their Christian spirit was felt throughout the Assembly. The delegation was housed at St. Xavier's Seminary and School for Boys, not then in session, and when a desperate shortage of rooms for the six hundred delegates to the Assembly became so critical that bishops were sleeping in broom closets, young people in tents, the Roman delegation threw open their school to house and feed as many Protestants and Orthodox as possible. So many delegates took advantage of this invitation that a bus had to be hired to take the whole Christian family back and forth, morning and evening, while they chattered together happily of the day's events.

"The way to unity is a long one and not without obstacles," Archbishop Iakovos pointed out rather wryly to the New Delhi delegates. "But we shall be able to walk in it till the end if we serve and proclaim our common faith in humility, love, and truth."

DOES THE WORLD COUNCIL AIM AT ORGANIC UNITY OF THE CHURCHES?

Perhaps with the long wistful look; certainly not in the near future. "If we thought this an attempt to change our basic views, we would leave at once," snapped one Anglican bishop. Other denominational leaders agreed instantly. The World Council is a brave attempt for millions of Christians to think and live like Christ, to act together against moral and social wrongs as he did. After all, it would be a very dull world without the rich liturgy,

the democratic fervor, the vivid and various interpretations of the Bible. The great step forward is the admission that all worship and action centers in Christ.

"This world community reminds me of what a minister back home in Georgia said about his sermon for Sunday evening," chuckled an American delegate from the South. "He called it 'a few remarks loosely bolted together, to ask ourselves, "What would Jesus do if He was me?"' "

"This is not a super-church nor is it intended as such," Dr. Visser 't Hooft explains. Every important advance must be submitted to the member churches for discussion and action before the democratic Assembly, representing all co-operating creeds, decides upon the final vote. The Assembly, while democratic in action, is concerned with moral values rather than with political beliefs, as the presence of the Russians at New Delhi attests. Not all governments understand this. Bishop Dibelius, whose outspoken demands for religious freedom had barred him from visiting two-thirds of his diocese in East Germany, was a delegate to New Delhi. As a president of the World Council, he had protested Communist restraint of full speech in the churches; his protests gained color when, out of twenty-two delegates elected from East Germany, only eight were given government permission to journey to India.

Significantly, therefore, the keynote address at the first evening assembly was given by an East German, Bishop Gottfried Noth from the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Saxony, who developed the theme, "Jesus, the Light of the World," with poignant sincerity.

"The darkness in which the world lives is not an illusion which one merely has to see through," Bishop Noth said soberly as deep silence fell upon the vast audience of listening Christians. "It is much worse than we usually think: the darkness exercises domination over us (Col. I:13) and we are under its sway. Its spell cannot be broken merely by good will. The fellowship between

man and God is broken and this makes the world dark . . . whether it notices or not. . . . Christ establishes a new fellowship with God, and this makes him the Light of the World. The darkness is driven away . . . only by his act of redemption."

"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness," his reference to the Bible reads, "and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son."

HOW DOES THE WORLD COUNCIL FUNCTION?

Even a loosely bolted-together Christian movement has to have a place to function, machinery to carry out the will of the assembled churches. Briefly, the setup is as follows:

Assembly—700 members
Presidium—6 presidents
Central Committee—106 members
Executive—22 members, including the 6 presidents, the chairman and vice-chairman
General Secretariat—Geneva
Branches—New York and Rangoon, Burma
Major units—
Ecumenical Action: Youth, Laity, Men and Women, Ecumenical Institute
Study: Faith and Order, Church and Society, Race and Culture
World Mission and Evangelism
Inter-Church Aid, Refugee, and World Service
Commission of the Churches on International Affairs

The insignia of the World Council of Churches has an interesting history. Dr. Visser t'Hooft explains:

In the early years of the Christian Era the Church of Christ was often represented as a ship with a mast in the form of a cross. It is likely that this symbol has its origin in the Gospel stories concerning the calling of Galilean fishermen as disciples and concerning the stilling of the storm on the lake of Galilee.

This symbol is particularly appropriate for the World Council of Churches. At Amsterdam the member churches pledged to stay together.

They recognized that they were engaged on a common journey. This is a perilous journey for these early years of the World Council's life coincide with one of the very worst storms in human history. Above the ship is the Greek word OKUMENE, which means "world-wide." The passengers of the ship are of many races, nations and denominations and find it hard to understand each other. The crew is inexperienced, for this is a new adventure in which established precedents are of little use. But above them and in the midst there is the mast: the Cross. When they all look up to the cross they are made one, for their common Lord and Savior Jesus Christ gathers them together. The nearer they come to Him, the nearer they come to each other.

It is not known how long the journey will last nor how many storms the ship will have to brave. One thing is sure. We know our destination. It is the Kingdom of God.

Since Europe, the United States, and India have already been hosts, the next World Council Assembly will probably be held in the Near East, Africa, South America, or Australia.

Two laymen, one from the East and the other from the West, were elected this year for the first time to deliberate with the other four clerical presidents. Sir Francis Ibiam is the governor of the Eastern Province of Nigeria; Charles Parlin is a New York lawyer who, since the World Council's inception, has helped to mold its policies toward practical effectiveness. Up to now, the presidents have all been either outstanding church officials or educators. The inclusion of business and political leaders points up the growing realization of the need for the man-in-the-pew to make his voice heard in both local and world church affairs.

The wheels of administration with Visser 't Hooft as the head mechanic are greased and steered by the headquarters staff at 17 Route de Malagnou, Geneva, by the New York branch office at 475 Riverside Drive, and by the Eastern branch where letters are addressed to the associate secretary of the East Asia Christian Conference, U Kyaw Than, 140 Pyi-Daumgsu-Yeiktha Road, Rangoon, Burma.

A new Geneva address may have to be added soon. Because this rapidly growing adolescent is bursting out of its last week's

clothes, a new headquarters for the World Council is already being built, including not only the necessary offices but a chapel, a library, and adequate space for expansion. In addition to over two millions in dollars given by individuals, foundations, and member churches, gifts of materials have been promised by countries with monetary difficulties or with special aptitudes in artistic expression. Thus Greece has offered her famous marble, Czechoslovakia her beautiful glass for windows, Russia her fabulous oriental rugs, and the Scandinavian countries will provide furniture with lines as modern as the organization's goals for tomorrow.

CAN THE WORLD COUNCIL SPEAK OUT FOR THE MAN IN THE PEW WHO HAS NO PULPIT?

The Commission of the Churches on International Affairs, with joint chairmen in New York and London, makes the weight of Christian opinion felt whenever it feels that a moral issue is involved. For example, the commission has made firm, ringing statements to both the heads of national governments and to the United Nations against racial discrimination and oppression of minorities, for freedom of religion, and has urged that atomic bomb testing be done away with as the first step in disarmament. "We are learning that a Christian dialogue between church people in both the United States and Russia is possible," as one New Delhi delegate put it. "For the followers of Christ to speak freely to each other is at least a finger poked through the Iron Curtain."

WHAT WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT FORWARD STEP IN THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE, TAKEN AT NEW DELHI?

The marriage of the International Missionary Council with its thirty-eight national branches in as many countries with the World Council of Churches was a happy, long-looked-for event.

President Henry Pitney Van Dusen of Union Theological Seminary, famed for its liberal views, spoke enthusiastically,

"Today we saw one of the very early events in the second great reformation of Christendom!"

Actually these two great movements have always been one in purpose—to preach Christ in word and action. Yet this merger of organizational personnel will make not only for efficiency but for clarity in the Christian message to those who have not yet heard it. The advantages are many.

First, duplication of effort and money will be prevented.

Second, emphasis will be upon Jesus Christ and not upon credal differences in the interpretation of the Bible. The division of Christian missionaries into sects has long confused non-believers who puzzled, "Is Christ Lutheran or Methodist? Or Anglican?" Not that creeds are to be done away with; far from it. But the color of each church's contribution will paint a triumphant picture of the whole Christ, the same Saviour brilliantly illumined when seen through the eyes of many creeds and cultures. Yet there is still a long steep way to climb. "Praying and acting together is not enough," argued the youth delegates to New Delhi passionately. "We will not be really united until each Christian, regardless of his creed or ordination, is welcome in every church at our Lord's Table."

Thirdly, the Western churches are showing a new humility, a willingness to learn from the East. As part of the waves of nationalism sweeping over Africa and Asia, the younger churches have cried out, with some reason, against "domination by the founding churches" and against some missionaries who held themselves aloof from the culture and way of life of the "heathen" to whom they had come to preach Christ. The early missionaries from the West, beset by strange customs, languages, and even the dangers of death, had sometimes shut themselves up within the stout protecting walls of their compounds; yet to be humanly gregarious was surely as natural as to confuse their Western culture with Christianity. The modern missionary has moved humbly into the next hut with the Malayan, into the mud-orange home

of the Indian village. Today's missionary is the first to concede to the younger churches the right to claim Jesus as Indian, African, as Japanese as well as American or German. As rapidly as possible, the younger churches are administering their own national affairs even though the Western churches must continue financial support until a stabilized economy is achieved by the new nations.

"Break the pot in which Christianity came to Africa and Asia and transplant the faith in their own soil!" urged D. T. Niles of Ceylon, voicing the passionate will of the younger churches.

The new evangelism emphasizes preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ more by action than mere words. In some countries the gospel must be preached silently, without any words at all. A missionary with a lovely halo of white hair, who came from Nepal, explained to me in the Vigyan Bhagan, "In Katmandu where I live, we are not allowed by the government to hold any Christian services except for ourselves. The people, who are predominantly Hindu and Buddhist with a smattering of Tantric, a belief in animistic magic, are not free to become Christians. Anyone baptized as such loses his right of family inheritance, by law, and if he offers a Hindu rice to eat or water to drink, thereby making him unclean, the Christian goes to jail for a year!"

"This sounds like the Middle Ages," I gasped. "Unbelievable!"

Nepal, that small mysterious country north of India and south of Tibet, nestled among the Himalayas, had been opened up to Westerners less than eleven years ago, she explained. It was fighting its way through to becoming a modern nation. At that, was joining an atomic bomb age such an advance in civilization? She confessed, her eyes twinkling merrily, "It's kind of a relief, after years of preaching in places where I was not always welcome, where I had to push my way in, to stop talking, to preach Christ without words!"

Intrigued, I decided to fly to Katmandu from New Delhi, to see how one preached silently.

Up to a very few years ago I would have had to travel by

special government permission into Nepal, using train, elephant, donkey, sedan chair, yak, or my own two legs. Now I merely obtained a visa, hopped an ancient Dakota (with no heat or food) which lumbered between the high snowy circle of the Himalayas, until we were seemingly about to dash our wings against a green wall. Miraculously the way opened into the snug sunny valley of Katmandu, where the goats scattered from the airfield at our landing.

The hotel advertisement had promised "a telephone in every room, private bath with hot running water, and ample heat in each room"; there was, indeed, a phone on my bedside stand—but it wasn't connected to anything. The hot running water consisted of a large oilcan perched at the end of the tub, heated by a flame so tiny that if a few inches were dribbled into the huge tub, the water congealed in the icy atmosphere before you could leap into it. The ample heating proved to be a precarious kerosene pressure torch which had to be pumped up every little while, terrifying me lest it go out and I be asphixiated while I slept. Yet even these amenities were miracles in a civilization over two thousand years old, where only about five per cent of the people can read or write, which is so poverty-stricken that only the very rich had ventured beyond these "lords of the sky," the Himalayas.

Yet as I went out into the streets to warm myself in the noon-day sun, I stared, enchanted, up at the miles of snowy peaks, most of them over twenty thousand feet high—beauty, fantastic, breathtaking; after all, it was Nepal, not telephones, I had come to see! That lovely sun-filled valley of Katmandu with its autumn fields gold and umber, with its white-frosting palaces, its narrow winding cobbled streets, its houses and doorways beautifully carved yet grimed by the centuries, its myriad shrines spattered with vermilion prayer dust, almost more numerous than the curious crowd pressing about the wandering American. And, over all, the bending mysterious mountains, a heavenly host assembled

in the turquoise sky. Their very names were music: Annapurna, Manaslu, Dhaulagiri, Himalchuli . . .

"Anna! Rupee!"

The shrill begging cry brought me back from "the lords of the sky" to the small Newari girl with enormous brown eyes, holding up her ulcerous leg, oozing pus and wrapped around with a filthy cloth, for me to see. That young woman brushing by me had a goiter around her neck as large as a small car tire; there was another goiter—three in one block. Did the drinking water lack iodine? That thin man selling bright bits of candy, coughing into his wares, spat out bright blood into the gutter where the children were playing; he must be in the last stages of consumption. Beauty in nature could not feed the hungry nor heal the sick or ignorant. Yet it seemed fitting somehow that the Christian doctor who brought these Nepalese healing for Jesus' sake should live his creed, silently compassionate; "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people."

Shanta Bhawan, the House of Peace, the 120-bed efficient Christian hospital, is run in this out-of-the-way corner of the world by the two Flemings, "Dr. Bob" and "Dr. Bethel," as they are affectionately called. Dr. Bob is a doctor of philosophy who taught the sons of the Rana Maharajahs at Woodlawn School in Mussoorie, India. Through the influence of these powerful families he was allowed to come to that secluded country as an ornithologist interested in studying the birds of the Himalayas. In 1954 he and his wife, who is a medical doctor who cures more than bodies by her calm compassion and her love of the Nepalese people, together with two other physicians, started the hospital with ten beds. Nepal now is their home and these are their family. Housed in a rambling old palace, the hospital which treats over four hundred weekly in its outpatient department alone is truly international, since it is supported by seventeen Christian denominations, and the medical staff reads like a United Nations roster. However, the United Mission to Nepal avoids using the word

"Christian" in its title, since so strict is Nepalese law that recently an Indian Mar Thoma Christian priest was jailed for six years for baptizing a Nepalese citizen. The hospital equipment is almost comically ecumenical. As we went on a tour of inspection, Dr. Bethel would murmur, "Lutheran ladies gave that kerosene sterilizer, that lab microscope is Methodist, that incubator for our premature babies came from the Disciples." Yet the only sign I saw even remotely resembling a Bible text was on the wall of the dispensary where a nurse measures out medicines chiefly donated by the American drug companies and the Christian Medical Association. The small card read:

Only one life
'Twill soon be passed.
Only what's done
For Christ will last.

"Our three Pax boys built that new stairway up to the third floor," Dr. Bethel pointed out proudly. "None of them is a trained carpenter. . . . They're Mennonites, conscientious objectors who do three years of social service for ten dollars a month and their keep, instead of military training. But they cut that big hole in the ceiling, prefabricated the stairs. . . . Were they relieved when they actually fitted!" She chuckled, explaining, "Now we can get up to the third floor without going through the operating room. It was rather hair-raising for a maternity patient about to have a baby to have to pass by the operating table, often in use!"

Laughter may preach a sermon all its own. As Dr. Bethel walked between the beds, the faces of patients whose dialects she could not speak blossomed into answering smiles—a young lovely Nepalese bride snatched from death by blood poisoning, a time-wrinkled Tibetan lama allowed to sit up in bed though he was hardly able, because he wanted so passionately to spell out the prayers in the Arabic book which was his Bible. "Spiritual aches can be worse than physical," Dr. Bethel said. The nurses, wrapped in red sweaters over their white crispness because of the cold,

came from almost as many countries as there were girls, including the Buddhist and Hindu trainees from Nepal. But all spoke the common language of kindness, all heads turned confidently, quietly, toward Dr. Bethel, so that her passing was a benediction.

"This lucky young lady and her young son here are going out to join her husband after Christmas," she introduced briskly a blonde slender girl pushing a baby carriage with its very new arrival. "He's a doctor-pilot who's opening a new dispensary in eastern Nepal. The village was hard to get to because there's no road from here. He had to go back into India, walk ten days in from the border. But now he's hacked out a landing field, he can fly out very sick patients to the hospital. And his family can join him." Birds, angels, and pioneer Christians have wings today in Nepal!

There are no heroics at Shanta Bhawan; everyone is expected to get quietly on with the job, whether it be labeling outpatients who cannot read with bits of cardboard so they can get the right medicine when they come back next week or hacking out an airfield. Would this little family of three be the only Europeans in that vast uncharted region? I wondered anxiously. But I did not ask, for I suddenly remembered they would not walk those mountain slopes alone; there would be One with them who also spoke to the heart in a still, small voice.

"We belong to each other and altogether we belong to God," my friend Archbishop Iakovos had pointed out at New Delhi. "Despite all the differences that endeavor to keep us apart. For *by the Spirit* we may all be baptized into one body, Jews and Greeks, slaves or free."

"Nepalese or Americans," I added in my mind. To the same Christ belonged these doctors, nurses from many lands, the British Isles, United States, Switzerland, Canada, Sweden, Norway, and Japan. Religious freedom might be long in coming in this ancient valley, shadowed by "the lords of the sky." The silent gospel the Shanta Bhawan was preaching at Katmandu was not new, either, but two thousand years old. *A cup of cold water . . . in My name . . .*

3

Christian Underground in France and Germany During World War II

While a Provisional Committee for the World Council of Churches had been organized before the outbreak of World War II, it was this holocaust of blood and terror that cemented the bonds between Christians in many lands, even while their armies were fighting and killing each other. For the war proved two things: first, that Christian responsibility went beyond national bounds; and second, that men and women of many creeds could work together in harmony when the need was great enough. In many nations, men began to search their souls to decide, "Am I a follower of Christ first or a German? Or an Englishman? Or a Frenchman?" The great need of millions of prisoners and refugees, men, women, and children, for food, shelter, and spiritual succor, both during and after the war, forced church people to work together as never before, broke down the barriers of creed and language, so that men of good will no longer gave of their abundance as Methodists, Catholics, or Jews, but worked together to answer the despairing cry of the world's bitter need.

Thus, the roots of the ecumenical movement dug their way deeply into the soil of all Europe, of England, of the United States and Canada, roots that were later to burgeon into the World Council of Churches. This chapter is the story of how this miracle of Christian understanding flowered in two of the most bitterly warring countries, Germany and France.

The dark-haired vivacious young woman with the sparkling

brown eyes who held out her hand to me in the Westchester drawing room was dressed in demure dark blue, yet from her smooth soignée head to her tiny high-heeled shoes she achieved the chic of which only a native-born Frenchwoman is capable. Or so I thought, as she smiled at me. Yet there was about Mlle. Posnanski a poise too old for her young face, an inner controlled quietness. Like so many Jewish children who grew to maturity during the war, this young woman had already lived through a tale of savagery, tragedy, and of victory over circumstance enough to equal three separate lifetimes. Yet in the midst of chaos she had achieved peace. How?

"Irene is one of our children we helped to escape from the Nazi prison camp, after Hitler had marked them for the gas chambers," Mlle. Madeleine Barot told me later in New Delhi when I asked her about this handsome young Jewess. Mlle. Barot, now a rotund, middle-aged Frenchwoman who jets around the world as casually as most of us hop a subway train, was the founder of CIMADE—the Comité Inter-mouvements auprès Des Evacués, a French war underground of church people in which young Protestants, assisted by Roman Catholics, at the risk of their own lives saved thousands of Jews marked for "liquidation" from the prison camps. Many of these young rescuers were imprisoned, some were executed, but the Jewish children went on escaping the barbed wire. Mlle. Barot, a university student who herself had been interned as an enemy alien in Rome during the German Blitzkrieg, had warm sympathy for these frightened prisoners. In this fearless Frenchwoman's own words, the fantastic story of little Irene and her terrified playmates is as follows:

"When I first met her in the prison camp, her father, a Polish Jew, had been killed by the Germans and her mother had died in the gas chamber," recalls Mlle. Barot. "There were many such; we tried to specialize in saving the children. We gradually evolved a system whereby we got them over the border into neutral countries, into Spain, mostly into Switzerland.

"When I first went with two friends into the prison camps, we had little to offer but ourselves, no material aid at first, no money, no food. You might say, we went on an evangelistic errand to keep from despair the minds of the twenty-five thousand Jews interned by the Germans on French soil. I went to the camp commandant, told him, 'You know that by all the rules of humanity, you should allow these people to worship. There are nearly a thousand Protestants and a few Roman Catholics among these so-called Jews in your camp! I have studied theology; I will lead the Protestant group if you will give us a room to meet.' Both Protestant and Roman Catholics came and this was the beginning of our work. Hunting for more ways to take up their minds, I demanded, 'We must have a choir.' The Germans could understand wanting music, so our choir met three times a week. Next came, 'We want Bible study.' Learned rabbis of all kinds came to help us interpret the Bible and the whole camp, Jews and Christians, celebrated that first Christmas! We even gave each other a community present—nearly everyone had brought at least one book in his suitcase, so I suggested, 'Lend us your book; we will have a lending library.'

"But it was soon obvious that food for mind and spirit was not enough; people were dying of hunger so I left the camp to organize CIMADE, the resistance committee in which hundreds of loyal French church people helped. Dr. Marc Boegner, the Protestant leader, and the Roman Catholic Cardinal of Lyons among many others were ardent co-operators. The Swiss Red Cross and the Quakers were allowed at last to bring food to the prisoners, even a nurse for the small children.

"Suddenly the Germans decided to liquidate all Jews via the gas chamber and began to send prisoners out of France by the carload. We had to get as many as we could out of the camps immediately; everyone pitched in magnificently. The camp was so big the Germans couldn't be everywhere, but when I dug an escape tunnel, it collapsed in the rain—liquidated itself. So we

worked out another plan. The Roman Catholic priest who came now every Sunday to the camp to celebrate mass would warn us when he intended to cut the electric wire about a mile or two above the camp, so while the Germans were trying frantically to find the break, we'd have about ten minutes to hustle the children out safely.

"*La petite* Irene was one of eighty-three children we 'liberated' one night. The first twenty-four hours were always the hardest. We had to conceal all these children, thin, ill fed and clothed, looking very Jewish, till we could smuggle them over the border. Feeding them when we were so tightly rationed was another problem. The good priest said with a chuckle, 'You are Protestant and the children are Jewish. It will never occur to the German dumbheads to look for them among another creed. Send them to us.' So we hid the children, some in his rectory, some in a nunnery, others in a school, till we smuggled them over the border. The Swiss church people who adopted these children temporarily into their families were very careful to keep a record of their names and background so the families could be united after the war, but, alas, so few parents came to claim them! The Posnanski child was sent to England where she was educated by an Anglican priest. Later she trained as a nurse in Canada and now she is working for CIMADE among the Muslim women in Dakar. She has come to the States to study more about eye surgery."

A Polish Jewess from Germany, escaped from a French prison camp, educated by an Anglican priest in England, trained in her profession in Canada, working among the Muslims in Dakar! "But I didn't know nurses did eye surgery," I objected to Mlle. Barot.

"Our nurses often have to do what amounts to a doctor's job in an area where few physicians are available," CIMADE's founder explained. "She has learned to do a simple operation for trachoma which is so prevalent in Africa. The Muslim women will let her help them when a man doctor couldn't come near.

Lovely to look at, isn't she?" Mlle. Barot smiled proudly. It is not every maiden lady who can boast a family that runs into thousands! When she had last been in Israel, "her children" had come shouting happily from their farms to greet her. Had all of them found the inner peace I had seen on the face of this girl who was so truly beyond the barriers of race and creed? Mlle. Barot explained gently, "She is giving back the life He saved to Christ."

For CIMADE did not disband at the end of the war; indeed its work was given an even more Christian emphasis. The prison camps, emptied now of Jews, were crowded with collaborators whom everyone shunned as the plague. "If you are truly Christian," Mlle. Barot was challenged, "these despised and wretched are your job, too!" So CIMADE went back into prison. When a million other refugees swarmed into France, four large refugee centers were set up for Russian, German, Yugoslavian, and Czechoslovakian exiles. But even this did not satisfy the indomitable Mlle. Barot. CIMADE must go all the way on the Via Dolorosa.

"It is our duty as Christians to help even our enemies, the war victims in Germany!" she insisted. In spite of the objections of many exhausted, exasperated French, a Christian relief center was set up in Mainz in the French occupation zone to help with family problems, with children lost or mislaid, with old people grown sick, not wanted by the victor nations. Many college students in Germany, whose education had been interrupted by the war, had neither food nor cash to go back to study, so CIMADE arranged for the German students to come to live with French Christian families, to be paid a small sum for helping to rebuild the bomb-shattered houses and villages; meanwhile they could save toward their tuition. Gradually the tension between these former enemies slackened; young people began to talk and laugh together, to realize they had both been caught up in an evil machine which they had had no way of escaping. But they would not march,

singing, *Heil Hitler!* into another war. Both German guests and French hosts slowly came to understand that the Cross of Christ still stood above national barriers, above greed, hate, intolerance, and that their highest allegiance was to Him.

CIMADE is today active wherever there is need among troubled people, whether they are Algerian refugees in France or in their homeland, crowded into government-built apartments or in Moslem camps surrounded by barbed wire. Although CIMADE manages its own program, it is helped to continue its far-flung work largely by grants from the World Council of Churches.

"We do things in a small, quiet way," Mlle. Barot says. "We have only about a hundred paid workers, but they are the nucleus around which thousands of volunteer workers rally to help. We have classes for illiterate Muslim wives so they can be respected by their husbands already educated in business; also we do vocational training, teach weaving and jewelry-making so widows can earn a little cash; we tutor Muslim refugee children in France so they can learn better French, not always be at the foot of the class, which is bad for anyone. I am leaving New Delhi to visit other parts of Africa where we may train teachers. When we have pointed out a need, often someone else takes over and we quietly fade away. But always our efforts are joint ones. Did you know that last year CIMADE, The Secours Catholique, and the Centre Français de Protection de l'Enfance used the same poster to appeal for funds for the Algerian refugees?"

Mlle. Barot is especially proud as a Frenchwoman that the cooperation between Protestant ministers and Roman Catholic priests in her country continued after the war, where many meet regularly to study the Bible together, where the Protestant monastery at Taizé opens its day with a morning hymn written for them by a Roman Catholic priest. In the United States CIMADE is cooperating with the Tolstoy Foundation to find sponsors among Christian churches for White Russians grown old while waiting

for visas. These are small ways of changing world intolerance, perhaps, but significant in that men of many creeds are coming to realize their strength in working together. Mlle. Barot told me in her frank, almost brusque manner, "Enlightened faith is the motive power that widens horizons. It is the only power I know that frees us from false philosophies and traditional barriers that stand in the way of intelligent, co-operative living!"

A similarly passionate crusade for Christ grew up in Germany even before war broke out. This was the struggle of the so-called "confessional churches" against Hitler's attempt to make all German Christians adopt his anti-Semitic, pro-Aryan creed. As one critic snapped, "He wants to enlist the churches in the Wehrmacht!" Hitler very nearly succeeded; he appointed a Nazi follower, Müller, as Reichsbishop, head of the established Church, with the job of convincing them that as patriotic Germans they must follow the "Fuehrer-principal," Hitler first, Christ second. Thousands of Germans did blindly follow Müller's pompous lead. But der Fuehrer reckoned without the keen minds of such pastors as Otto Dibelius, Martin Niemöller, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and thousands of similar clergy who united in the famous "confession of faith" (from which this church resistance group got its name). This famous document pointed out that the Christian commandment was to love one's neighbor, Jew or Gentile, and that "whoever is obedient to this [Nazi] machine is disobedient to Jesus Christ."

This flat denial of the "anti-Christ" was to bring imprisonment to many of these church leaders, death to some, but they persisted in their stand. They were given moral and often other aid by the members of the rapidly growing interchurch world movement in England, Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries. A year before the war, a Provisional Committee for world cooperation among Christians was set up and worried discussions held between church leaders whose countries were soon to bomb each other as enemies. These men of wide vision, who were later

to organize as the World Council of Churches, decided that for the moment their task was to *stay Christian* during hostilities. They stated their joint creed at Oxford, England: "If war breaks out, then pre-eminently the Church . . . must be the Church, still united as one body of Christ, though the nations wherein it is planted fight each other."

Even after the war hysteria rose to crescendo, these Christians from embattled Europe, from Germany, England, Holland, France, Sweden, and from the United States met secretly and dangerously. It was of vast comfort to a German pastor imprisoned for opposing Hitler's anti-Christ program and for Frenchmen praying in the ruins of their bombed-out churches to know that they were not alone, that all around the world a chain of Christians were praying that they also might "keep the faith."

Bishop Berggrav of Norway expressed this in 1945: "In these last years we have lived more intimately with each other than in times when we could communicate freely with each other. We prayed together, we listened together more to the word of God, our hearts were more together." The lines of Christian communication were kept open by secret meetings in neutral territory by such brave men as the Archbishop of Canterbury William Temple, the Right Reverend G. K. A. Bell, Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Marc Boegner of France, Dietrich Bonhoeffer of Germany, and the churches were informed of the activities and terrible needs of churchmen in other lands. That these stubborn upholders of Christian unity in a war-torn world were not all discovered and executed as spies was a minor miracle. Young Willem Visser 't Hooft, one of the collaborators who was already heading up the interchurch movement in Geneva, put it vividly, "The wind of God was in our sails."

The story of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who did not live to see the mighty surge of the movement for church unity which he helped put in motion, who became one of the modern Christian martyrs, epitomizes the inner struggle of all who tried so desperately to

lift the Cross above the flame and blood of battle. The agonized Gethsemane of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, where he tried to decide if his first duty was to be a loyal German or to fight for Christ, led not to a cross on Golgotha but to the yardarm of a Nazi prison transport where he was "hung by the neck until dead."

Bonhoeffer, though far from typical in his thinking, was unmistakably German, with his sturdy wrestler's body, his high intellectual forehead, his keen blue eyes behind his scholarly glasses, which saw directly into the heart of people and arguments.

"Whatever he did he went into deeply, tried to get to the bottom of it," one friend recalls. "Yet he was no dry scholar; he wrote poetry, played the piano beautifully." In a Nazi prison, while lonely for his friends, for the beauty outside, he wrote his own self-portrait:

Who am I?. . .
Am I really all which other men tell of?
    Or am I only what I myself know of myself?
Restless, longing and sick,
Struggling for breath as though hands were compressing my throat
Yearning for colours, for flowers, for the voices of birds. . . .
Whoever I am, Thou knowest, O God, I am Thine.[1]

Dietrich came by his brilliant intellect as well as his interest in theology naturally since his great grandfather had been a church historian, his grandfather chaplain to the German emperor, and his physician father was professor of psychiatry at the University of Berlin. At sixteen Dietrich decided to enter the ministry and studied at Berlin University where his amazing power of concentration brought him such scholastic honors that only a few years later he was invited to join the faculty of his alma mater. Yet he was not a "pale poet" or a desiccated theologian; when he went, after graduation, to Barcelona to become vicar of a German-speaking congregation in Spain, this full-blooded young man confessed

1 Dietrich Bonhoeffer, *Prisoner for God, Letters and Papers from Prison* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1960), p. 165.

himself "fascinated by the colorful ritual of the bull fight." His restless, seeking mind, avid of impressions, was to find a wider scope when he was invited to the United States to study further at Union Theological Seminary in New York.

Here he made a firm friend of his professor, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, whose brilliance was to stretch the young German's mind to larger concepts. Bonhoeffer studied the United States as well as his books. As he traveled across the vast country, even down into Mexico, he found the American church to be refreshingly free of emphasis upon creeds, more interested in "putting Christianity into action." Yet, he felt, for the layman to study the relationship between man and God, what is too often considered the exclusive field of the theologian, would deepen the prayer life of the American church. He himself searched for God not only in cathedrals but in Harlem where he learned with delight in his musician's heart to sing the Negro spirituals. He liked the "togetherness" of the American college dormitories, impossible in Europe where most students lived alone in "diggings"; he admired the sharp brevity of American speech as compared with the "weighty wordiness of the German." Unconsciously this young German preacher was absorbing a passion for freedom in action and in word which was to affect his entire life.

Back in Germany in 1932, Bonhoeffer watched with deepening concern the rise of Hitler and the gradual "buckling under" of the established Church to Nazi doctrines. He went to the International Youth Conference where he was elected secretary for Germany and Central Europe. He called himself a pacifist, yet actually he was still in pursuit of a creed big enough to believe in. In England when he met Visser 't Hooft, who asked him soberly, "What will you do if war comes?" Bonhoeffer answered, "I will pray to God to give me the power not to take up arms."

He used words for bullets. He warned in a radio address that "the leader-concept" being attached to "a person" rather than "the office could lead only to idolatry." The reference to Hitler was

so pointed that his radio speech was cut off before it was finished. Bonhoeffer did nothing to allay the suspicions of the Nazis. He was one of the authors of the "Bethel confession" of the churches. Later, at a meeting in Barmen, he was one of the 140 delegates, from seventeen territorial churches, who, infuriated by the government advice to "see to the praying, we Nazis will run the nation," again announced their irrevocable stand for the principles of Christ alone. After singing together Martin Luther's great hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," the assembled Christians sent a message to Hitler:

> When blood, race, nationality and honor are regarded as eternal values, the first commandment obliges the Christian to refuse this evaluation. When the Aryan is glorified, the Word of God teaches that all men are sinful. If the Christian is forced by the anti-Semitism of the Nazi . . . to hate the Jews, he is, on the contrary, bidden by the Christian commandment to love his neighbor.

This was flat defiance in a period when all Germany was hysterically in love with the ideal of their own superiority, led by a triumphant Hitler. Such men as Bonhoeffer and Niemöller who were leaders in this Confessional Church movement must have realized they were risking prison if not their necks, since the dark shadow of an inevitable war hung over Europe. Yet they did not waver. Bonhoeffer decided it would be cowardice to "escape into pacifism"; he must fight this anti-Christ. But how far could he go, as a loyal German, if war came?

He channeled his restless energy into setting up a new kind of theological school, the "brotherhood of Finkenwald," where he encouraged the "togetherness" he had admired in America by making the work communal. The students studied together, prepared their own meals, washed their own dishes, went together to the nearby villages where Bonhoeffer taught everyone to sing the Negro spirituals he so loved. But all this activity did not distract young Bonhoeffer from the inner struggle to decide how he,

a Christian, should act if war were declared. In June 1939 he accepted a fellowship to return to Union Theological Seminary in New York, but for the first time in America he was unhappy. Had he not deserted his fellow Christians fighting the Hitler regime? When he was warned in a letter that war was expected to break out by September, Bonhoeffer was forced flat against the wall of decision. "Who am I? Am I German first, or a follower of Christ?" He agonized: "Christians in Germany will face the terrible alternative of either willing the defeat of their nation in order that Christian civilization may survive or willing the victory of their nation and thereby destroying our civilization."

There was only one answer for the honest seeker after Christ, yet he could still save his own neck by staying on in the United States as he was urged to do. Bonhoeffer told his beloved teacher, Reinhold Niebuhr, "I have come to the conclusion I made a mistake in coming to America. I must live through this difficult period of our national history with the Christian people of Germany. I will have no right to participate in the reconstruction of Christian life in Germany after the war if I do not share the trials of this time with my people."

By this decision he signed his own death warrant but he at last found peace in his own soul. To get rid of Hitler he decided was not treason but the duty of one loyal to the real Germany which "only a return to Christianity could save." No longer a pacifist, he flung himself into active underground co-operation with all Christians both in Germany and in the countries who were fighting his own native land. In 1941, with Germany wild with the joy over their Panzers rushing triumphant across Europe, Bonhoeffer dared to travel secretly to Switzerland to consult with Visser 't Hooft, to assure him that the Confessional Churches had not and would never pray for German victory, nor allow their pulpits to sanctify the Hitler war effort. Even more dangerously, Bonhoeffer allied himself with the underground German plot for the downfall of Hitler and the emergence of a new Christian

government. At great risk, he flew to Sweden to beg the equally courageous Bishop of Chichester, G. K. A. Bell, to take back his plans to the British government, to ask if such a new German government with a Christian background would be recognized if it succeeded. Bishop Bell did inform Downing Street but no official notice was taken of this perilously achieved information. The inevitable result of all this desperate activity against the anti-Christ was to land young Bonhoeffer in prison.

Bonhoeffer spent eighteen months in the Tegel prison in Berlin where he employed his time writing and searching for new truths in his Bible. Allied bombs cracked buildings all around his prison but he retained such quietness of spirit that another terrified prisoner remarked wonderingly, "He is one of the few men I ever met to whom God is close." After the unsuccessful attempt upon Hitler's life renewed Nazi fury against all collaborators, Bonhoeffer was transferred to a Gestapo prison, and later to the terrible camp at Buchenwald. He refused to hate, or to fear what could hurt only the body, not the soul. The inner peace he had won by his agonized struggle to find his final allegiance did not desert him, even now when death was hanging over his head by a wisp of straw. "Whoever I am, O God. . . . I am thine."

He was conducting a worship service for the Buchenwald prisoners, preaching on the text, "By his wounds we are healed," when two of Himmler's men came for him. "Prisoner Bonhoeffer, come with us!" they shouted, breaking up the service. Bonhoeffer and the congregation both realized what this meant. "This is the end," Bonhoeffer told his friends quietly. Then his face shone strangely. "But for me it is the beginning of life!"

By the personal order of Himmler, Bonhoeffer was hung on the transport on its way to Dachau prison camp. The Nazis were taking no chance on this fiery young priest of God being rescued at the last minute. Ironically, if he had arrived safely at the prison camp, in only two days he would have been liberated by Allied forces. His grave has never been found; his body doubtless was

cast into the sea, but his spirit went to the Christ to whom he belonged. "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The voice of Bonhoeffer was stilled, Hitler had committed suicide, the war was over, but the job of rebuilding the church in Germany so that it would be truly Christian was, as Bonhoeffer had foreseen, just begun. Hunger, despair, fatherless children grown almost to savages haunted the ruined streets of defeated Germany, but the trumpet call of the international Christian hosts was again sounded, loud and clear. Church people in all the victorious countries, some of them like England in almost worse shape than the conquered, "stretched forth the right hand of fellowship." Interchurch aid centered in Geneva to help feed the almost starved pastors and congregations in Germany, France, Holland, and Poland; to offer rest homes for the exhausted and succor for the homeless. Not only was money sent to aid in the rebuilding of church edifices bombed by both air forces, but groups of "ecumenical" college students, from many creeds in the United States, Europe, and Canada, came together to work with their hands to rebuild shattered brick walls and to cement the sadly strained ties of Christian friendship.

The Confessional Churches of Germany met this international Christian good will with humility. The newly formed Council of Evangelistic Churches of Germany met with the Provisional Committee of the World Council of Churches at Stuttgart to consider what best could be done to enable all churchmen to work again together. The atmosphere was understandably tense when the delegation of German Christians walked into the meeting where sat men and women from France, England, Holland, Norway, and America, many of whom had lost their families and friends, who had come from the ruins of their homes bombed by the Luftwaffe. Try as they might to be Christ-like in their judgment, they could not quite help drawing away in spirit from these Germans who had plunged all Europe into a blood bath. Amid this tense, ominous quiet a delegate from the

Confessional Churches stood up to read an astounding document—*a confession of guilt.* This is what he said:

> We have in fact fought for long years in the name of Jesus Christ against the spirit which found its terrible expression in the National Socialist government by force; but we accuse ourselves that we did not witness more courageously, pray more faithfully, believe more joyously, love more ardently.

For a moment there was a stunned silence. Shades of the Christian martyrs like Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who had died for his faith. . . . The tenseness was splintered into a thousand bits. Had anyone from any country acted in an entirely Christian spirit? Not a few had tears in their eyes as these German followers of the humble Christ took their seats as welcomed delegates among their fellow Christians.

When, as part of the reconstruction after the war, the Confessional Churches were absorbed back into the German Evangelical Churches, the organization, as such, ceased to exist. But the Confessional Church ideals that Christ must be over all and that allegiance to him transcended all other loyalties became firm tenets of the postwar German churches. Many of the confessional leaders held important positions in the reconstructed churches, including Bishop Otto Dibelius, whose difficult diocese was partly in West, partly in East Germany, and Pastor Martin Niemöller, president of the Evangelical Church in Hesse-Nassau. It is further significant that Dibelius became one of the presidents of the World Council of Churches in 1954. Niemöller was elected to the presidency at the last Assembly at New Delhi. Thus the seal of world approval was set upon these steadfast Christians.

It remained, however, for a layman in the church to envision the postwar German movement of the men-in-the-pew called the *Kirchentag* or church day. Dr. Reinhold von Thadden-Trieglaff was of the opinion that decisions about Christian ideals had been left too much to the clergy, that real unity among church people could come only as the man-in-the-pew thought through for him-

self, as young Bonhoeffer had, what he believed. He must be able to sing, "A mighty fortress is our God"—and to act as if this were so—to learn through Bible study why he believed in the power of the Almighty rather than in atom bombs. Von Thadden insisted, "The spiritual resistance of Christian nations is more important for the Western world than material supplies."

The *Kirchentag*, the great rally where hundreds of thousands of German Christians gather in a selected city to study the Bible, to pray, to sing mightily together, was the result of Von Thadden's experiences in a Russian prison camp.

Baron von Thadden's struggle to act in accordance with his Christian ideals had had an even more fantastic background than Bonhoeffer's. A Prussian aristocrat with great wealth and landed possessions, he had early risked all this by denouncing Hitler as "a wild beast among the flock of God." As president of the Synod of Confessional Churches, he together with Martin Niemöller had been elected to go to the Oxford interchurch assembly before the outbreak of war, but both had been thrown into jail. Instead, the smug representatives of Reichsbishop Müller had arrived as delegates in England with the startling announcement that "Hitler was God's man for Germany."

When war made all Prussian officers sorely needed, Von Thadden was recalled to the German Army and sent to act as military commandant to Louvain and the surrounding Belgian region. He used this authority to do his best to protect the people of Louvain from Nazi cruelty (even refusing to shoot hostages, as demanded by the high command) so successfully that, after the war, Von Thadden was invited back to Louvain as guest of honor and this former enemy was presented by the mayor with the keys to that grateful Belgian city!

When fighting broke out between Germany and Russia, Von Thadden had the misfortune to be taken as prisoner to a camp where food was so scarce that the big-boned Prussian went down to ninety-seven pounds of skin and bone. Yet he saw more

clearly than ever his duty as a Christian layman. He wrote: "It was during those sleepless nights I saw the vision of the *Kirchentag* for the first time. We were together here . . . no professional churchmen; we were Lutherans, Reformed, Adventists, Mennonites, Baptists . . . and Roman Catholics. We discovered, in quite a new way, the saving power of the gospel. I asked myself . . . if this [lay unity] was not exactly what the present situation required of us Christians."

Three hundred thousand men and women from both West and East Germany came to the *Kirchentag* held in 1951 under the banner, "We Are Still Brothers." This great rally turned out to be more than a waving of flags or a mass emotional Christian experience; it was visible proof that the man-in-the-pew still cared for his brother man, believed in taking Christ into his daily life on Monday as well as Sunday. Naturally the atheist East German authorities mistrusted this exhibition of brotherliness; in 1952 only eighteen East Germans were permitted to attend the *Kirchentag*, though two hundred thousand West Germans came, including thirty thousand young people. The end of the Korean War so eased tensions that the *Kirchentag* was allowed to be held in Leipzig in East Germany, which is called the "heartland of Protestantism," for it was here that Martin Luther was born and preached. In this same city where Johann Sebastian Bach had written his immortal music six hundred thousand Christians sang his chorales. But the Christian Youth Rally was held in the Soviet Pavilion with a great Cross at one end and a twenty-two-foot bronze statue of Stalin at the other end of the room. This was but the beginning of the end of fraternization; the East German Christians are now back behind the barbed wire and the scandalous wall.

But Von Thadden's belief in a "lay apostolate," in the need for a return to the Bible as the final authority, has spread to many parts of the world. Church days have been held in Holland, Scotland, and even among the Batak Christians in Indonesia.

The continuing co-operation between the Protestant "separated brethren" and the Roman Catholics of Germany has been another excellent by-product of the war. A leader from the training center for Catholic youth addressed the first *Kirchentag*; it was further agreed that these two Christian bodies, Protestant and Roman Catholic, should hold rallies in alternate years, in order to avoid conflict. This friendly feeling is further shown by the companionable way in which seven hundred churches in Bavaria alone were used on alternate Sundays for Protestant and Roman Catholic worship.

Especially among young people is there an urge for intercredal co-operation. As a working-out of their war guilt, young Germans, not amateurs but trained artisans, bricklayers, craftsmen, carpenters, have voluntarily helped in the restoration of the Coventry Cathedral and of churches in Scotland, just as the ecumenical work-campers had done in Germany. German members of Action for Reconciliation have already restored a church in France, built a community center in Israel and an international youth center in Greece. Some giving has been sacrificial. During the Christmas campaign for Bread for the World, even under the guns of Communist tanks, nearly a million marks were given by the hard-pressed churches of East Germany as a mark of continued Christian concern for their fellow sufferers beyond the barbed wire.

When I was last in London, one of the pleasantest sights of the city were the bright rows of blossoming flowers in the still unrebuilt bomb craters turned into gardens. Even out of the devastation of war may grow not only the dark weeds of despair but the bright fragrance of hope. Bonhoeffer and his fellow martyrs still speak in the calm voice of certainty, both for this world and the next:

"Who am I? . . . Whoever I am, Thou knowest, O God, I am Thine."

4

Why Choose the Russians?

That the Russian Orthodox Church with headquarters in Moscow should join the world association of other Christians at New Delhi was deeply significant in a number of ways. First, Christians on both sides of the Iron Curtain could talk, face to face; second, this *rapprochement* took place in the East; and third, this was public proof that Americans and Russians might render to Caesar the things that were Caesar's and still act as fellow Christians, that beyond all political differences towered the Cross of Jesus Christ.

The coming of the Russians to India was no impulsive gesture but a considered step forward in understanding which Christians West and East could not avoid and still follow the distinct command of their Master for positive action. "He who is not for me is against me. . . ." There was no middle ground.

New Delhi, the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches in the fall of 1961, was the flowering of many of the deeply rooted hopes for united action which had been carefully watered and pruned for many years. Amsterdam in 1948 had seen the formal ties of organization safely completed; Evanston in 1954 had advanced world Christian co-operation to include Protestants of many shades and varieties as well as Orthodox Churches from many parts of the East, of Europe, and of North and South America. The First Assembly had been held in Europe, the second in the United States, and now significantly the third was to take place in the Far East, emphasizing tacitly that Chris-

tianity was not "made in America" nor in Europe, but belonged especially to the East from whose oriental culture Jesus Christ himself had sprung. It was fitting therefore that here at New Delhi the East should reassert its claim to equal citizenship in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

The most tense, exciting moment at New Delhi was when, amid a thunder of applause from Americans, Europeans, and Asians, a stocky Russian priest with a round, determined face above his long red beard swept down the aisle and strode onto the platform of the huge auditorium of the Vigyan Bhavan to face over one thousand delegates and observers, including three hundred newspapermen reporting to every corner of the world except perhaps Red China. The wind of his swift going had fluttered his long black robes, the thin black veil flowed backward from his tall clerical hat of the Byzantine clergy, but now he stood very still, waiting for the tumult of welcome to die down. Archbishop Nikodim, representing fifty million Russian Orthodox Christians who had just been voted members of the World Council of Churches, was only thirty-two years old, very young to hold his exalted position as chief of Foreign Church Relations of the Moscow Patriarchate. He spoke with characteristic vigor and to the point.

"This is for us a historical and joyful day, because we are now members of this Christian family of churches."

Yet this historical and joyful day had not come easily or swiftly. The welcome accorded Archbishop Nikodim by the Assembly was the result of the growth through nearly twenty years of the understanding on both sides that the Iron Curtain does not reach as high as the throne of Almighty God. There were in the audience Hungarians, White Russians, and others who did not applaud; but among the majority of the delegates there was a sober certainty that they were at last measuring up to the full stature of their Christian faith.

"What does it mean to be a Christian?" Dr. Franklin Clark Fry of New York, chairman of the Council's Central Committee, answered the searching query he and many other churchmen had asked themselves. "*To follow Christ.* Nothing could be simpler . . . or harder. Too many people confuse Christianity with Western ideas and culture. Actually, no country nor any individual, for that matter, is completely Christian. Because it is harder to follow Christ under one political system than in another is hardly a reason to refuse Christian fellowship! For the Russian Christian is discriminated against; as a child he can have no religious education except what may be taught him in the home. The church is not allowed to teach the children religion nor to do any social or welfare work, all considered prerogatives of the state. Yet the fifty-five Moscow churches are crowded every Sunday! I have been there. It is impossible to be a priest of Christ's church and a Communist card carrier." Dr. Fry's fingers went up to the great silver cross that hangs always on his clerical garb, a cross given him by Puerto Rican churches as a symbol of his championing of the struggle against racial discrimination. He said slowly, "Alexius is a Russian Christian as I am an American Christian. . . . I hope."

Dr. Fry and Alexius, the Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia, were no strangers; they and other officials of the World Council had long talked eagerly about Christian unity. New Delhi was the testing place of the sincerity of millions of churchmen who had given lip service to the belief that faith in Christ went beyond racial and national barriers; were they ready to act this as well as talk it? Twenty-three churches had asked for admission to the World Council: Pentecostal, Moravian, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Congregational, and a union of churches from the islands of the Pacific, but by far the largest number of applicants were Orthodox churches. The Russians listed twenty thousand parishes, three thousand priests, forty monasteries, and eight theological schools; they estimated their Church's membership at approximately fifty million, though no actual census was possible.

The Rumanian Orthodox claimed thirteen million members, while the Polish listed four hundred thousand communicants. The other delegates at New Delhi reasoned very much as Dr. Fry had.

"There is no doubt that the great bulk of Christians behind the Iron Curtain are sincere, are persecuted now as they were under the Czars," one New York businessman puzzled out his Christian duty. "There are also three million Baptists in Russia, as well as Armenians and other smaller groups battling among an atheistic majority. If they cannot turn to fellow Christians for help and understanding, where are they to go? By giving them our support, we help the only element in Russia today which may legitimately and truly want a Christian peace."

How did the Russians feel? Did they also suspect some of the Western Christians to be "Trojan horses," as the Moscow Russian Orthodox Christians had sometimes been labeled in this country?

Actually the invitation to join with Western Christian churches was of long standing. Even before Amsterdam, both the Moscow Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches had been asked to become founding members of the World Council by the Provisional Committee making plans to unite all Christendom on the simple but majestic basis of "belief in our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour." But neither great church was ready to join at that time. The Russian Church during these early days of the Soviet Republics had reached its nadir of influence; most of its theological schools had been closed, many of its churches had been turned into secular museums, its children were being taught in the public schools the new religion of atheism. Add to this tense situation the turmoil of a terrible war, the uncertainty lest, in spite of the official granting of religious freedom by the constitution, Christians might at any moment have their freedom to worship publicly further curtailed.

Alexius, then Patriarch of besieged Leningrad, proved himself to be at once a patriot and a Christian. He it was who rallied the Russian people with spiritual comfort when in their fear and

weariness they found they needed Someone bigger than themselves to turn to, during those perilous days when the fate of their city tottered one way and then another. On the first Easter of the war, "the government canceled curfew regulations and in spite of the bombardment the population crowded into the dimly lighted churches for the midnight services."[1] What did Alexius preach? Not hate; he was true to his calling as a disciple of Christ. His sermon said:

> Christ is risen! Once again God has permitted us to celebrate the joyful day of Christ's resurrection! Praise be to God in Whose hands rest the years and centuries of time! He Himself said that "no one can take this joy of ours from us" (John 16:22). Indeed this joy is so deep and all-embracing that even now, so many centuries after the resurrection of Christ, *in the hearts of Christians all over the world*[2] it continues to burn with the eternal light with which it once burned in the hearts of the Apostles who saw the Lord after His resurrection. . . . If it is necessary to confirm the basis of faith, to strengthen hope, to illumine love, to lend wings to prayer, to acquire grace, to overcome fear of earthly unhappiness, of evil and of death itself, to give vital meaning to our existence—for all this we find sufficient strength in these miraculous words, "Christ is risen!" (I. 19).[3]

"Christ is risen!" the great congregation thundered back the glad refrain.

"During the Second World War, how many church leaders in the so-called Christian states drew attention in their Easter services to the world-wide fellowship of all believers in the Christian church?" the *Ecumenical Review* asks.

When Alexius became the head of the renewed Russian Church, to which his steadfastness had given more prestige, as Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia he continued to develop this

1 *Ecumenical Review* (Geneva, Switzerland: July, 1958).

2 The italics are mine. G.N.F.

3 *Sermons, Speeches, Pastoral Letters, Articles by Alexius, Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia* (Published in Moscow 1948, 1954, and 1955 by the Moscow Patriarchate).

theme of the universal church. In his instructions to the three thousand priests under his leadership, he reminded them, "In the house of God things must be different from the world outside, for in His house members of His Church seek contact with eternal life." Again he told student priests in one of the reopened theological seminaries:

> The people are not deceived by the precious stones which gleam on the mitre and cross of many priests today. The people want priests who are adorned with spiritual qualities and whose souls are radiant. It wants shepherds to be men of high spiritual status, fathers who condescend lovingly to the needs of their flock . . . the priest . . . who will give them the message of salvation, telling them how to save their souls, how to live, how to obtain God's grace, how to overcome their difficulties, how to bear their sorrows, their illnesses, and their weaknesses, and how to avoid mistakes. That is what they want from their priests.

This was the man, then, who invited a commission from the World Council of Churches to Moscow to get mutually acquainted. They found the Orthodox Churches there so crowded with worshipers that when one woman fainted during the four-hour service, she had to be lifted out over the heads of the congregation. The Western Christians went out into the countryside to see village churches, not only Orthodox but Baptist, where in spite of the government stigma against religious teaching, eighty young married people had brought their babies for Christian baptism—a noisy affair since each baby was unwrapped from a blanket and dipped naked and often screaming into the holy water. It takes fortitude in Russia today for even a baby to be publicly a Christian!

Did the Western Christians also have the courage to stand up at New Delhi and be counted as followers of the Christ? Even to be misunderstood, perhaps to be falsely labeled as "reds" because they were implementing the command of One who said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but unto God the things that are God's"? Jesus had plainly pointed out the difference be-

tween the citizen's duty to uphold the law of his land and yet to retain the coin of the spirit, the freedom within himself which his Christian conscience dictated. For thirteen years after Amsterdam, the Russians visited various committees, inquired into the announced aim of the World Council not to act as a super-church—nor as a super-anything—but only to bring a tragically needed unity of action to the divided churches of Christendom, so that they might kneel together at the feet of the risen Christ.

The climax of this mutual testing, which became slowly mutual trust in each other's Christian sincerity, came when the Russian Church joined the nearly two hundred churches of the World Council in India, fittingly the first such Assembly held in the East.

Among those who did not applaud at the Vigyan Bhavan and who withheld their vote were, understandably, the Hungarian Reformed Church in America and the Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church in North America. The latter had been organized in the United States as early as 1794 and included in its membership many White Russians who had been persecuted under the Communists; the Hungarians, who had even more terrible reasons for hating and mistrusting the Russian political regime, had the hardest struggle with their Christian consciences. When the announcement of the application for membership by the Moscow Russian Orthodox Church was made at a preliminary meeting of delegates at Buck Hill Falls in April 1961, one Orthodox delegate leaped to his feet to cry, "My church was established here right after the Revolution. *We* are Americans! Why should we accept into our midst 'Trojan horses'? How can I go back to my people and even suggest this?"

"Because you too are a Christian!" Another American delegate rose quietly to his feet to ask his fellow churchmen, both laity and clergy, "Have we no confidence in ourselves? Out of nearly six hundred delegates to New Delhi maybe sixteen will be Russian, if admitted. Even if they were all Communists—which they

definitely are not, as I have known many of these men over a period of years—could we not hold our own? How are we ever to work things out if we are terrified even to touch or speak to a possible Communist? *Have we so weak a belief in our democratic way of life, in Christianity as a living force?"*

As a result of these frank and open discussions, neither the North American Russian Orthodox Greek Church nor the Hungarian Reformed Church in America voted for or against admitting the Moscow Russians. Bishop Zoltan Beky of Trenton, New Jersey, head of the Hungarian Church delegation, made this sober statement which deserves to be recorded, for only that which is hidden, unclean, becomes infected, poisoned with hatred.

The Hungarian Reformed Church in America feels itself bound in unity of Christian love and fellowship with the great communion of the Russian Orthodox Church. The many thousands of martyrs (of modern persecutions) bear witness to the glorious Christian faith and loyalty of the clergy and believers of this great Communion.

If the official delegates, who present themselves as being designated by that Church, will truly represent the membership of their Church, the Hungarian Reformed Church of America will cast its vote in favor of the admission of the Russian Orthodox Church into the fellowship of the World Council of Churches.

But if the official representatives of the Russian Orthodox Church will use this platform for political purposes contrary to the true spirit of the Russian Orthodox Church and will try or endeavor to represent the views of their government (based upon the principles of an atheistic materialism and undemocratic system of one-party dictatorship) then the Hungarian Reformed Church in America wishes to record its objection in the minutes.

At the present the Hungarian Reformed Church in America will abstain from voting.

This, then, was the soberly welcoming atmosphere into which the young Archbishop Nikodim brought his greeting when joining the World Christian family. There would undoubtedly be difficulties. But what family does not have misunderstandings?

Disagreements are apt to be more passionate among brothers and sisters than among strangers. Even what local church vestry always agrees? The squabbling members of the early church had to be reminded by St. Paul, "The body is one having several members . . . so also is Christ. . . . The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee. . . ."

"Christ died to save the Communists as well as the Episcopalians!" one New Delhi delegate discovered, his voice shaking with the emotion of this new dimension in his expanding faith. "The church does not own Jesus Christ; *He owns the world!*"

Bishop Lesslie Newbigin put it even more clearly. "We are not inviting strangers to come into our house. We are asking all men to come into their own home where they have as much right as we have. Nothing should be alien to it [the church] but sin."

One of the honest misgivings among Protestants at New Delhi was that by admitting nearly seventy million Orthodox church members in addition to those enrolled already, the future development of the World Council would be weighted toward the conservative ideas of that communion. Up to now the largest church in the Council had been the American Methodists, with ten million members. Archbishop Athenagoras, representing the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, answered this vague worry in his letter of greeting to his new fellow members when he reminded them of "the remarkable encyclical of 1920" signed by thirteen Metropolitans of the Greek Orthodox Church, which had proposed even at that early date:

> Our church is of the opinion . . . that a mutual understanding between the several Christian churches is not prevented by doctrinal differences . . . that such an understanding is highly desirable and necessary . . . for preparing and facilitating the complete and blessed union which may some day be attained, by God's help.

New Delhi was hardly a "complete and blessed union." It was rather a takeoff platform for the jet-propelled satellite of hope to

circle the heavens (which have as yet no barbed wire) as a visible sign of an inward Christian peace.

Not the least benefit of New Delhi was that here East and West met each other as people, not as monsters with balloons of propaganda coming out of their mouths. On the evening of Archbishop Nikodim's speech, I had dinner with two of the Russian delegation who were staying at my hotel. The lobby at the Ashoka, the enormous hotel run by the Indian government, was crowded with delegates in strange (to us) costumes: a Ceylonese sporting a bright pink turban and girlishly light-blue robes, smoking a huge cigar; a very tall delegate from Ethiopia in impressive black robes but a tiny embroidered pillbox on his head; dainty Chinese and Korean ladies in gorgeously embroidered cheongsams, modestly long, but split to the knee; Americans in bright sport clothes and British nobility needing a haircut. One bewildered Indian college student came up to me in the lobby to ask, "Who are all these queer-looking foreigners? Don't they take Indian guests here any more?"

The dining room was so mobbed after the Assembly closed the night after the new members had been admitted that two of the newly elected Russian delegates hesitated at my table, eying dubiously the vacant chairs. Did one ask to sit down with a lady dining alone, obviously an American? I'd heard that the well-educated Russians spoke little English but were fluent in German and French.

"*Wilkommen!*" I smiled, waving at the vacant chairs. Then for good measure, "*Bienvenus*!"

The stranger priests bowed deeply, sat down with me, and we beamed at each other. Without their hats, their long flowing hair and beards and their robes made them look like colored pictures of Old Testament rabbis in my childhood Bible, not talking pictures, however, for, as it developed, none of us could speak a syllable of each other's language. In my excitement at dining with two Russian priests, most of my German evaporated and all I

could recall was "*Deutschland über alles*" and a drinking song I'd learned at my college Deutscher Verein, neither of which seemed exactly appropriate.

So the three of us broke bread together silently. Seeing my admiring glances, one young priest took off the *engolopian*, the medallion hanging from a heavy golden chain about his neck, gave it to me to examine more closely. It was a sort of small ikon, the center of which was a translucent white stone beautifully carved with the Virgin and Child; around this holy emblem glittered a circle of emeralds, then of rubies, then of diamonds, a work of art so immensely valuable I was relieved to hand it back to its wearer. The other Russian obligingly unwound a couple of feet of rosary from around his wrist where the beads were topazes as big as peas. "*Von der Ukraine,*" he explained proudly. Then we resumed our amicable communion of the spirit, the invisible bread and wine of our Indian meal. Had they not entrusted to me, a Methodist minister's daughter, their cherished religious medallion and rosary? More, they had trusted my sincerity. If anyone had told me a year ago that I would be dining with two Russian priests, invited cordially to share my salt, I would have thought him mad. Yet here we were, three strangers who could not even speak aloud to each other, yet were friends . . . *because we wanted to be.* Alexius had been right, I decided; the brightest jewels worn by any priest were compassion and understanding.

As the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Ramsey, remarked, "There is all the difference in the world between thinking out the differences between people who don't meet and discussing them with people who are friends in charity."

Narrow and precarious is the high path which Christians of both East and West must tread before reaching the mountain peak of making Christian fellowship a reality that may yet save the world from atomic madness. They climb, with on one side the abyss of misunderstanding of their motives by those Sunday Christians who do not carry their religion into the office on Mon-

day, who support the church only so long as it costs them nothing more than a dollar bill in the collection plate, and on the other side the dark valley of professional rabble rousers crying, "Unclean, unclean!" But at least these World Council members are going into the great experiment with their eyes open, confidently, for they do not dare to fail. "We have tried bomb rattling and it doesn't help," is the way one American delegate put it. "Why not try Christ?" Here at last is something practical that the man-in-the-street, who is also the man-in-the-pew, can do—a goal worth working for, to maintain a Christian conversation between East and West. The path from chaos to peace, from fear into hope, has long been plainly marked if the Dalai Lama's "men of good will" would only lift their eyes high enough to read. "*I am the way,*" Jesus said clearly two thousand years ago. At last three hundred million Christians have found the courage to try, as far as is humanly possible, to substitute fellowship for fear of each other, to walk together in the way of Christ.

"Amen, so be it," agreed the delegates at New Delhi. Yet many were concerned as to how they were going to make clear what had happened to them when they got back home to the local congregations. "How can I say, 'I met the Russians and liked them,' that politics did not come into it at all?" one woman delegate wondered. "How can people who were not here really understand the 'tongues of fire' that descended upon us all in New Delhi?"

Charles Parlin, new president of the World Council, was asked by his fellow Methodist delegates to draw them up an explanatory statement to bring back to the local congregations. Since he is a successful lawyer who had been to Moscow to meet Alexius, who had entertained Russian churchmen in his own home, who had met with fellow Christians in Holland, Scotland, Czechoslovakia, South Africa, and many other parts of the world, Charles Parlin's answer to "Why Choose the Russians?" was at once informed, succinct, honest, and down to earth. It was headed "To the

Churches in U.S.A. Members of the World Council of Churches":

At New Delhi, twenty-three additional churches, including the Russian Orthodox Church, were admitted to membership in the World Council of Churches.

In our contacts with the Russian Church over a period of recent years no one of their churchmen has questioned the form of his government's political structure nor the economic theory which it has adopted. But on the issue of whether Russia is to be an atheist or a Christian nation there is a head-on collision between church and state. On this issue no Russian churchman has given any indication that he was prepared to give in or to compromise. On this issue, an historic struggle currently goes on within Russia.

The battle is: Are science and religion compatible or irreconcilable? The Russian state maintains, and teaches in its schools, that the two cannot be reconciled, that science is true and that our Christian faith is based upon fabrications and is therefore false. (See Khrushchev's Instructions to his Party Members—issued in 1953—on how to kill religion.) The Russian Church maintains and preaches that science and religion *are* compatible and that God has revealed himself to man through the Holy Scripture and also through the ever-expanding books of science. The struggle is reminiscent of the conflict in America a century ago of science *vs.* religion.

The members of the World Council of Churches have welcomed into their fellowship the Russian Orthodox Church and they pray God's blessing on the heroic struggle of the Russian Orthodox Church to propagate the Gospel in their land and to restore their country to the status of a Christian state.

That the Russians really were trying to practice Christian forbearance was proven by an incident which I stumbled upon only because I happened to be living at the same hotel. The Orthodox rose early at the Ashoka one morning to celebrate their own communion service to which American, Russian, and other Orthodox priests had been invited. But when the holy Bread and Wine were offered to an American priest of the Russian Orthodox Church every member of the Moscow delegation rose from his knees and walked out of the room.

Shades of the United Nations' Security Council! Were the Russians going to veto the Lord's Table? When asked the reason for this remarkable proceeding, the Russians explained that since the Americans were secessionists who did not recognize the authority of the Moscow Patriarch, they had never been properly ordained, so were not worthy to partake of the same Holy Communion.

"What did you expect?" snapped one Assembly delegate who had joined the same buzzing group as I in the lobby of our hotel. "When the chips are down, they'll act like Russians. . . ."

His voice died away incredulously, for down the hotel corridor were advancing a mixed procession of American and Russian Orthodox priests, laughing and talking amiably, on their way to eat together at one large family table set up in our dining room. What had happened?

"The Russians apologized," explained an Episcopalian bishop who knew the Orthodox on both sides intimately. "They agreed that they had not acted as Christians. Hence the love feast tonight." He sighed. "We've a long way to go. I don't suppose either group have lost their basic mistrust of each other entirely."

Yet the Russians had apologized and the Americans had forgiven . . . they had both offered up their pride at the foot of the Cross.

5

Missionary to the United States

"November 19, 1961 will mark a significant date in Christian church history," exulted Bishop Lesslie Newbigin, former president of the International Missionary Council, now made head of the new Department of Mission and Evangelism of the World Council of Churches, when these two great organizations were amalgamated at New Delhi. "There are no longer any 'foreign missions'; every part of the church in every part of the world is now a 'home base.' "

The joining of these two great international efforts to bring about the earthly Kingdom of the Prince of Peace was, in effect, a "coming-out party" where it was officially recognized that the mission churches all over the world had come of age. They were no longer "have-nots," adolescents to be supported and disciplined paternally, but young adults who were eager not only to pass on to others the riches of Christ which they had received, but who wanted also to manage their own affairs. They were not yet financially independent of the West, but the younger churches of Asia and Africa had come to realize that out of their meager resources they could still share the glory of the spirit that was theirs.

Few people realize how rapidly the sense of responsibility for the whole church has been growing among the "younger" mission churches and how much in both spiritual and material aid these former "receiving countries" have been giving to our Western civilization, even to the wealthy United States.

A young Japanese was stopped recently by a puzzled New York customs official as he read again on the passport the answer to "purpose in coming to this country." The American demanded incredulously, "Does this passport mean what it says—'Missionary to the United States'?"

"Sure," retorted Kioji Buma. "That's me! I am just returning from furlough in my home in Kyoto."

The Reverend Kioji Buma, young, energetic, independent in spirit as Yankee Doodle, had been educated at Doshisha, a Christian University in Kyoto, and at a Japanese government university. After taking part in a World Council work camp at Nagasaki, repairing damage done by the atomic bomb, he had been selected for further study at Yale Divinity School where he took the degrees Bachelor of Divinity and Master of Sacred Theology. During this time he acted as pastor of a small Congregational church in Vermont. He had returned to his childhood home in Kyoto, only to be urged to come back to New York as ecumenical secretary of the Office of Youth Relations of the entire United Presbyterian Church. Here in New York this Japanese helps to set up the program not only for young people in the United States but all over the world. He is also chairman of the Youth Committee of the World Council of Christian Education. Two Asians have carried on similar important jobs in the New York headquarters: one, an Asian woman who formerly acted as liaison between the Presbyterian women of many nations; the other, Andrew Thakur Das from Lahore, who was administrator for church activities in Africa. Other large Protestant American churches with far-flung stations are choosing Asians and Africans, not only for their own national church but for their international headquarters which mold world Christian policy.

"But we still have to send Asia missionaries and money," one layman objected to me.

"True. But the interesting thing is that today some of this comes back. Did you know that church people in Thailand and

from the Philippines are helping with hard cash our migrant farm workers in California and New Jersey?" I asked him. "Training them for new full-time jobs."

Missions as a one-way street, with the rich United States, England, or Europe doling out cash and Mother Hubbards to the poor heathen, are today as outdated as bustles. Perhaps people living on "hungry wages" themselves are more conscious than fellow Americans of the needs of those whom *The New York Times* has dubbed "the children of misfortune," pointing out that little has been done since the exposure by *The Grapes of Wrath* to raise the income or assure the education of this "landless luckless army [that] crawls across the rich fields, harvesting the crops that make Americans the best-fed people in the world."[1]

For the first time in any large way the "have-not" nations are finding that they have more than cash to give, namely, the joy of sharing fellowship in Jesus Christ with the Western nations who do not need money so much as they do the hypodermic of action.

Few Americans realize how extensive is this two-way missionary exchange between East and West. Last year, social work among the Negroes and Puerto Ricans in New York's Harlem was being paid for by Christian women in Japan, Nigeria, and India. The United Church of Christ in Japan sent two Japanese workers to Winnipeg and Vancouver to work not only among the second-generation Japanese in those cities but also among the native Canadians. During summer vacations students from Ghana, Nigeria, Japan, and India have worked with other ecumenical work-camp young people from twenty countries to repair tenements for older people in Harlem, to help North Carolinians build rural homes, to do slum clean-up or to work among delinquent children in St. Louis, Indianapolis, and New Windsor (Maryland), and to take part in a seminar in Oakland, California, for medical students studying the relation between medicine and Christian faith.

1 *The New York Times Magazine*, August 6, 1961.

The fact is that Christian missions as a benevolent autocracy are fast disappearing, giving place to a new democracy of equals. This results not only in the Asian and African standing a little taller, prouder among nations, but also in great spiritual gain for the United States. The West has come to realize that the East has a great deal to teach them about "things of the spirit." At the New Delhi Assembly Bishop Newbigin suggested as part of the new World Council commission on mission and evangelism which he heads, that the younger churches make "real missionary journeys" to the West, with the hope "that the churchmen of Asia and Africa, having studied the spiritual situation of some of the older churches, their conflicts, their victories and their defeats, will be moved to send more missionaries to Europe and America to make the gospel credible to the pagan masses of those continents who remain unmoved by the witness of the spirit in their midst."

An explosion of brotherhood has taken place in missionary methods, with not only the consequent slow taking-over by the mission churches of both men, property, and the responsibility for running their own national church affairs, but an equally imperative realization of the special contribution their Eastern interpretation of the Bible may make to the understanding of Christian ideals among the churches of the West.

"The gospel is being carried out as in the early church by the spontaneous witness," U Kyaw Than, associate secretary of the East Asia Christian Conference with headquarters in Rangoon, rejoices. "All . . . even the very newest congregations . . . share in the task of witness according to the gifts which the Holy Spirit gives." The significant word in Mr. Than's sentence is "spontaneous."

"The Fellowship of the Least Coin" is a striking example of how the idea of "thinking, praying, and giving together," starting with one woman in India "afire with zeal," so kindled the imagination that in less than six years she was joined in her prayers and giving by thousands of women she had never seen in more

than twenty nations. This international Widows' Mite society started in 1956 when Mrs. Reuben Solomon—known affectionately throughout her native land of India as "Shanti Solomon"—was making a world tour of Christian work with four other churchwomen. "There are many things going to divide us women East and West in the next few years," Shanti Solomon worried. "If each Christian woman would set aside the least coin of her country every month whether it be pice, anna, or a penny, and at the same time would pray for her sisters around the globe, it would be a strong bond."

The "least coin" idea caught fire wherever Shanti Solomon went. "We want to keep this so that every woman, the simple villagers in my country or the richest woman in yours, are participating on exactly the same level," she explained in Alaska, Bangkok, and Boston. "This is an international fund and nobody will ever know which nation gives the most."

Last year when the tiny coins were poured out of their containers they amounted to the startling total of nearly forty-two thousand dollars! Women in India, Pakistan, Iran, Thailand, Korea, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Lebanon, Portugal, Brazil, Colombia, Guatemala, and the United States and in many other lands held special prayer services to dedicate these coins. This gift from such small coins was distributed intercredally and internationally: for reopening Christian schools in Colombia; for an orphanage in Korea; for a chaplain for Asian students studying in Paris; for relief work for refugees in Hong Kong; for twelve beds in a tuberculosis sanitarium in India; for the child welfare program in the East Harlem Protestant Parish and for Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village (both in New York City) with its community program for teen-agers, its art gallery and theater, and its help for drug addicts.

It is possible that this emergence among the "younger churches" of a passionate sense of their responsibility to share as well as to receive may be part and parcel of their national struggle

to become strong independent political entities. It is interesting also that their missionary money is not earmarked for use even among their own creed, but is to be used internationally, as is the money raised by "The Least Coin." This is an essentially Christian attitude.

I don't suppose Jesus figured out how many were Jews, Romans, or Samaritans before he divided the five loaves and two fishes among the hungry five thousand; miracles still happen in 1962, where there is faith. The Mosquite Indian Christians in Honduras, who live in such isolation that their mail comes only twice a month, sent the World Council $13.32, squeezed out from their "rice money," their only cash income, merely saying that they wished "to share Christ with someone else." Sometimes this precious, hard-earned cash is used for special emergencies. Students in a Protestant secondary school in Togo, West Africa, gave up their weekly pocket money and some of their normal meals to send 2,971 francs (about twelve dollars US) for use in the famine-stricken Congo, saying hopefully, "This is our five loaves and two fishes. Perhaps our small gift will be multiplied, too. . . ." May not the real fountainhead of Christianity be shifting from the older churches, where the man-in-the-pew tosses an envelope onto the collection plate and then forgets about it, to the younger struggling churches who give of themselves, when it hurts? Robbing their dinner pails means a realization that hunger may be as much of the spirit as of the body.

The biggest job the "younger churches" are trying to face, however, is not co-operating in Western missionary projects but helping to transplant Christ into their own Asia, sending their own workers who can "live Christ" among the people in the local community, through the medium of their own language and culture. They have come to realize that Asians themselves have the responsibility for evangelizing Asia—a more staggering task than has ever been faced realistically by any Christian church before. Stretching from Pakistan to New Zealand, Asia includes almost

a quarter of the earth and sixty-five per cent of the human race, two-thirds of whom have not yet heard even the name of Jesus Christ. Western Christianity through two hundred years has made only a small dent in this hard-shelled problem. For example, only two per cent of the teaming millions of India are Christian, although Saint Thomas, one of the Apostles, is reputed to have landed in South India during the first century A.D. and a Christian church has been there since 4 A.D.! The big difference today is that this is a *crusade from the inside*—an Asian Saviour for the Asians, preached by Asians, not a Jesus clad in Western culture; an African Jesus interpreted by Africans. Like most youngsters, the world of the younger churches is their oyster, and to do the impossible takes just a little longer. *Two hundred missionaries were sent out last year by the indigenous East Asia Christian Conference alone!* Their destinations read like the small print on a world map: Nepal, Malaya, Thailand, Singapore, North Africa, Sarawak, Korea, the Philippines, Japan, Sumatra, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Bolivia, Iran, Formosa, New Zealand, Java, England, Canada, the United States, and "missionaries sent to work not only among the Dyak tribes but among the British in North Borneo"!

"Missions are no longer frosting put on from the outside but the whole cake!" exulted one young African at New Delhi. D. T. Niles even suggested that missionaries serve in hospitals and schools according to need, regardless of denomination, that "missionaries should be commissioned by the total Christian church in a particular area and be received by the total Christian community to which they are assigned."

Not only is this a new Asian crusade from the inside out, but there is also a new understanding that the man-in-the-pew is as important as the man in the pulpit. Many of these new missionaries are laymen, technicians, agricultural and social workers, teachers who never expect to be ordained. Yet lay missionaries are nothing new. Several hundred years ago Christians from Tonga,

that island in the Pacific so tiny the plane still flies there only once a week from Fiji, paddled four hundred miles in outrigger canoes to share Christ with the Samoans and the people of New Guinea. "They were not paid by anyone," a former Australian missionary to Tonga told me when I lunched with him in Sydney on Boxing Day, the day after Christmas. "They simply could not keep the good tidings to themselves. The modern Tongans are mostly Methodist and their Queen Salote is not only the political head of the government but frequently preaches herself in the church built on her palace grounds." He said with a chuckle, "I bet this is the only Methodist State Cathedral in the world!"

This responsibility to tell the good tidings has grown from a ripple on the Pacific to a tidal wave sweeping Asia. At the formation in the spring of 1959 of the East Asia Christian Conference, composed of forty-eight national church councils, U Kyaw Than (you pronounce him Cho Tan) told the delegates at Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, frankly that they could not afford to stay in their "segregated church compounds."

"This means that we Christians must go into every part of the expanding life of our peoples!" he warned. "Into politics, into national service, into the world of art and culture. We must work in real partnership with non-Christians. Every Christian must realize that his primary service to God is in the daily work he does in the secular world."

This witness of action must be backed up by private meditation, by prayer to learn God's will, he warned. Here was where the priest or preacher had his most important job—to help his congregation to think through what it means to be a Christian in daily life. Thus an endless chain is made of prayer and action, of priest and pew. New York pays the salary of an American "exchange worker" sent to teach in an Indian village, which in turn sends trained agricultural workers to Africa; Karen Christians from Burma travel to Thailand; Philippine missionaries take off

for Borneo; and Japan in turn sends missionaries back across the Pacific to the United States and Canada!

In very truth, there are no more "foreign" missions, only home bases East and West from which the jet message may take swift wings to any part of the world. Mornington Island, with a population of about two hundred, is such a remote speck in the Coral Sea that a telegram has to arrive there via Australia. There a carpenter works for an average weekly wage of about fifteen dollars, yet the church people of Mornington sent thirty-two pounds, eight shillings eightpence (about ninety-one dollars US) as their share in the missionary program. Thus the carpenter in a tiny tropical hut and the union carpenter in the United States, who earns more in a day than the Coral Sea man in a week, are equal citizens in the kingdom of Christ.

What impressed me most in New Delhi was the truly Christ-like humility of some of the missionaries from the older churches who have not only seen their mistakes for themselves but who have accepted the rebukes of the younger church members, often inflated by nationalism. It is true that some missionaries lived in walled compounds, protecting themselves from germs and customs foreign to their way of life. It is equally true that much of the volcanic struggle for political freedom, for social and cultural equality boiling up in Africa and Asia, has come from the fiery gospel that all men are equal before God, preached by these very "older" missionaries who have upset the world.

Dr. Mary More, a medical missionary and the wife of a missionary, who came from Scotland to serve the churches of India at Allipur, asked the question, "Why do I presume to continue as a missionary in India?" She spoke not only for herself but for all dedicated Christians serving both East and West when she answered, "It is the interdependence, the necessary exchange of insights and of obedience between the different parts of the Church that are to me my real credentials. I need and covet a share in the treasures committed by God into the hands of the Church

that is in India for the health of the whole Church, and I dare to hope that in some small measure I may be used to channel them to the needy West."

D. T. Niles, who led the panel discussion on evangelism held in the *shamiana* at New Delhi on one chilly evening, in answer to the question "Why Must We Speak?" compared the position of the Christian today to that of Peter who had to choose whether to deny or to stand by his Lord. "Everywhere Jesus is on trial . . . those who bear the name of Christ are challenged to speak." Men say of him still, "He is a revolutionary . . . says all men are equally God's children and God demands that they live as members of one household. Some accuse Him of teaching dangerous nonsense . . . that God expects men to forgive one another . . . that to become the servant of others is the true way to greatness. Others accuse Him of treason. He says that no man should accept as his final authority any power . . . but God." Dr. Niles asked:

> What should the Christian do? . . . Those who accused Him of revolution put Him on a cross. Those who accuse Him of nonsense put Him in a sanctuary. There amidst soft music or hearty singing, the chant of the liturgy or the shout of Hallelujah, His nonsense can be worshipped without proving dangerous, souls can be saved without disturbing the world. The evidence required here, in our day and generation, is the evidence which, in other days, was provided by the men and women who, in the name of Jesus, abolished slavery, reformed prisons, cared for the out-caste and, in seeking thus to make life whole, destroyed the tyrant and gave to men as men the right to be governed with their consent. In our day, the task of Christ's witnesses is the task of bringing His kind of nonsense to bear on the problems created by man's knowledge of atomic power, on the hopes awakened by men's desire everywhere to be politically free, on the realization that has come that this is one world and can be made safe for man, in peace, in justice and in plenty, only as one world. The Christian must speak to prove that, only as men accept the dangers which lie on the road of Christ's discipleship, is there hope for men and for all mankind.

Perhaps it was a needed discipline that we of the West should be forced by the East to distinguish between a culture and a

church, to go back to early Christian principles as written in the Bible, and to let each nation make its own interpretation. The strange phenomenon is that the very Africans or Asians who criticize most the older "colonial missions" have not proved themselves any less arrogant—merely human.

Yet many Asian laymen who know whereof they speak are sincerely concerned for the church, both East and West. Sir Francis Ibiam, governor of the Eastern Province of Nigeria, is one whose criticism at New Delhi cut as sharply as his surgeon's scalpel. The very fact that he has been a Presbyterian missionary doctor for twenty-six years, is an elder in the church, and has worked for the cause of Christ in Africa for so long, made it imperative for him, as a member of the family, to speak plainly to his brother churchmen. Since important government business kept Sir Francis from India for some days, his keynote speech was read by his wife, Lady Ibiam, in her native costume before a great audience of two thousand delegates and native Indians in the *shamiana,* the enormous tent erected for public meetings at New Delhi. It is of great significance for the future of Africa that it can boast women leaders of such poise, education, and truly cultured mien as Lady Ibiam. While Sir Francis admitted that "It is common knowledge among Africans that many of those who hold high office in many walks of life owe their success to the Christian Church," he went on to criticize bitterly the Church's divisions and unchristian ways. Some of his criticisms were apt, some were unfair, but all of them were worthy of consideration as the voice of Christian Africa.

"The very white man who planted Christianity upon the soil of Africa is, by what he says and what he does, loudly uprooting what he planted with love and care. . . . The white men who had been responsible for two terrible world wars in this generation were rapidly getting ready for another," Sir Francis insisted. In Christian America even diplomats from African nations had been insulted by white policemen and a black fellow Christian might

not sit by a white man even in many a church pew. As a physician familiar with the human body, he demanded passionately, "What possible harm can come to a white man because he uses the same hymn book with me?" Christian missionaries had been "colonial," he accused; many had not gone into African huts as friends and equals. "Just what do you Africans want?" I asked him later. He is a quiet gentle person to meet, with a low cultured voice that reflects his physician's training. "Do you want the Western missionaries to go home and stay home?"

"Not at all," he said with a smile. "I am myself a missionary on leave, remember; and I *am* home. All we want is for the best man to get the job whatever the color of his skin, in the church and in the government. Is that too much to ask?"

Sir Francis Ibiam got his answer when the New Delhi Assembly elected this blunt-speaking Presbyterian layman statesman to be one of the six new presidents of the World Council. Six presidents, including a fiercely nationalistic African, a West German, an Indian, two democratic Americans, one native-born and the other naturalized, and an outspoken, high-ranking Britisher . . . The meetings of the World Council executive committee bid fair to be lively!

Since the movement toward Christian unity began on the mission field, where the Indian or Hawaiian could see no reason why he could not be simply a Christian, it was logical that South India should lead the way by organizing the United Church of South India as early as 1908. Intercredal co-operation also zoomed in the United States. During that same year, the National Council of Churches became a powerful alliance. Mergers between Christian groups with related theology have come thick and fast among the Methodists, Lutherans, the Evangelical Reformed Church which has pyramided even further with the Congregational Church and the Church of Christ. North India, Burma, Pakistan, and Ceylon are in the process of working out an arrangement similar to that of South India.

A most hopeful sign that this international, interchurch movement may succeed is the fact that this enormous army of Christians are learning to adapt their methods to modern conditions, to distinguish clearly between imposing a culture and preaching simply Christ. The World Council recently paid the salary of a young Dutch layman who was sent to Vietnam, "not to preach negatively against Communism but to live positively as a Christian among the village people." His orders were "to show these people in Vietnam that they do not have to be Western to be our friends, that Christianity goes beyond credal or national lines. Stay three weeks or as long as you can be useful." Within two weeks this young Christian had moved into a small native hut where he dressed and ate exactly like the Vietnamese; he made so many friends that he stayed three years, preaching his silent sermon in a thatched hut.

Those Not Afraid to Die was the title of a book about the missionaries of yesterday; today's volume might be called, *Those Not Afraid to Live*. They do not stand alone, for behind them are the slowly uniting Christian legions of both East and West. Even inside Red China the light of the Christian torch has not entirely flickered out. Two Australian businessmen who traveled there recently reported that they had attended a Chinese Christian church which overflowed to the doors, where the congregation begged, "Do not forget us! Pray!"

When I was visiting at Koralevu, Fiji, recently, I went alone to visit one of the "younger churches" I had heard so much about at New Delhi where they had "transplanted the shoot of Christianity from its Western flowerpot into their own rich soil." It happened to be a Methodist Church in a nearby small village and the notice on the hotel bulletin board had noted vaguely that "Service will begin about half-past ten." It seemed strange the Fijians couldn't make up their minds when to worship. I was to learn how different customs East and West could be and yet how deeply rooted in the same Christ.

"Bula!"

The tall muscular brown man, dressed in the sarong with splashy pink flowers and with the yellow dust from last night's war dance, which he had led at our hotel (complete with spears and battle cries), still staining his brush of black hair, greeted me cordially at the door of the tin-roofed little Methodist Church. It was ten-forty and the church with its wooden pews and concrete floor was as innocent of congregation as its windows were of glass. When the drums began to mutter outside, even my pink-flowered friend disappeared; the only sounds were the murmuring drums, the humming of the bees in the hibiscus outside the windows. This was Fiji, I reminded myself; time was not master here, urging, "Hurry! Hurry!" but moved along, lush, slow, as natural as breathing. The church drums sounded more insistent, excited.

One by one, the congregation filtered in: smiling, casual mothers settling their crisp-skirted broods of dark-eyed children; two older ladies carrying Bibles; girls slender, undulant, self-conscious; and men in sarongs, young men, mature men, old—half the congregation and all the choir were men! Finally the minister, dressed in a spotless sarong with over it an ancient brown tweed jacket, came in quietly from the rear of the church. My friend with the war-dust in his hair lifted his mighty voice; instantly the men's choir joined in the chant in gorgeous natural harmony, as hauntingly beautiful as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The words may have been the same for all I know, for they sang in Fijian. While the minister read the lesson in the same language, the two old ladies mouthed the verses, monitoring him in their own Fijian Bibles. The liquid syllables of his sermon slipped quietly into my mind, needing no other sense than that of worship. The last Methodist hymn sounded vaguely familiar yet with a cadence that made it truly South Pacific. This *was* Fiji, violently beautiful, carelessly casual, friendly, and a little sad.

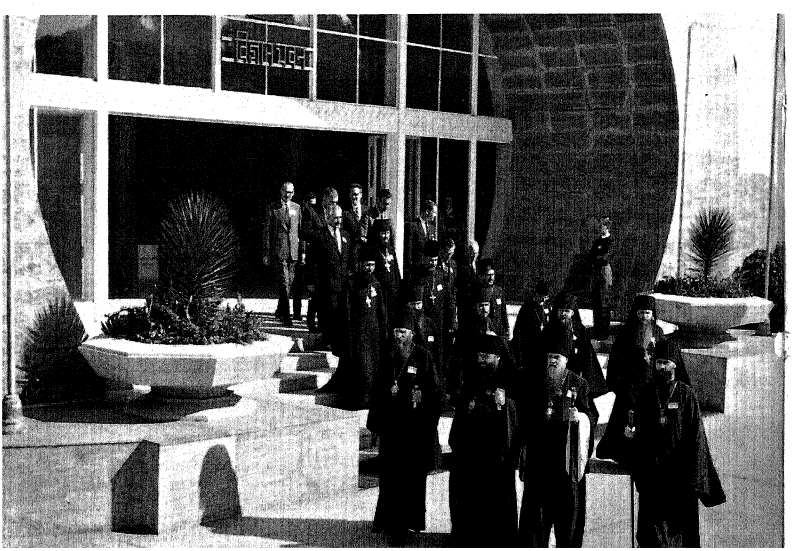
I hadn't understood a single word of the service but I understood only too well the hole in the sleeve of the little minister's

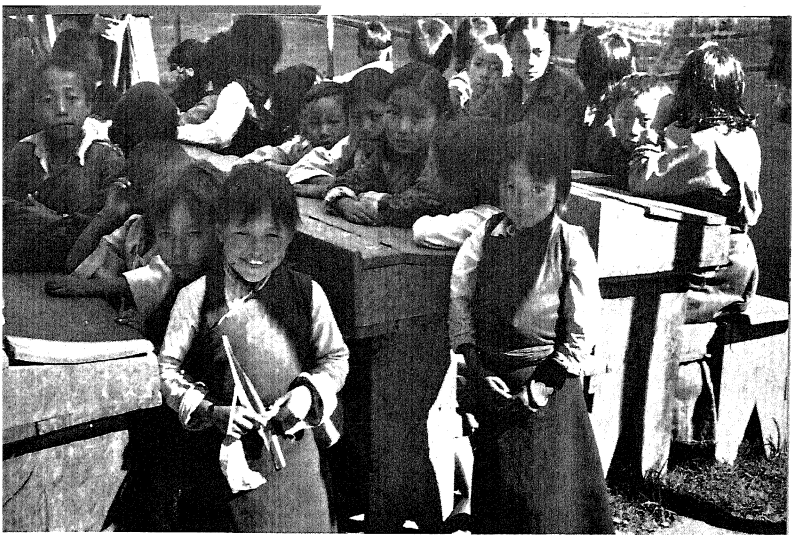
brown jacket, remembering the Sunday morning when my own preacher father had stuffed in two postcards to cover the hole in the shoe he couldn't afford to have resoled. "My father was a Methodist preacher too," I told the Fijian minister as we shook hands after the service. He apologized that his "English was little" and that he wasn't exactly a minister; he taught in the village weekdays, tried to talk here on Sunday. I told him gently, "You *live* Christ as my father did in New England."

Every single one of that congregation, from the Bible-carrying monitors down to the youngest plump brown baby who offered me a moist hibiscus blossom, then decided he couldn't bear to part with it, came beaming to tell me, "*Bula!* Welcome!" I had worshipped in cathedrals in Hong Kong and New York where the glittering golden Cross stood high up on the far altar, but never had I felt more warmly at home with Our Lord than in this shabby little chapel with its drum for a churchbell, for I was a stranger from a far country and they took me into the family.

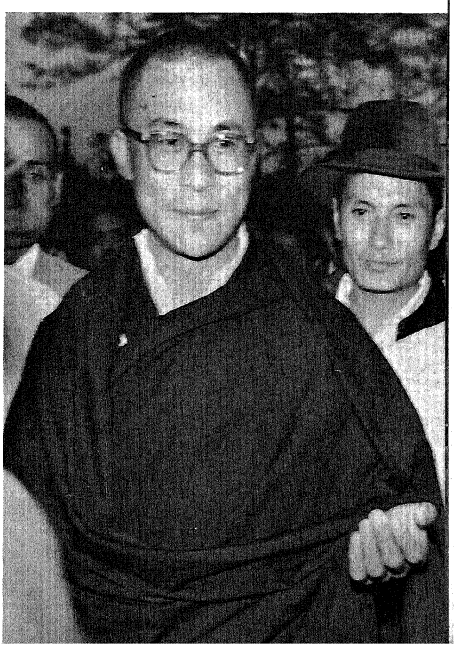
The Six Presidents of the World Council of Churches taken at New Delhi—November 1961. *Left to right:* Governor Sir Francis Ibiam of Eastern Nigeria; Martin Niemöller of Germany; Archbishop Iakovos of North and South America; Dr. Arthur Michael Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury, England; Dr. David Moses of India; and Charles C. Parlin of New York, first American lay president.

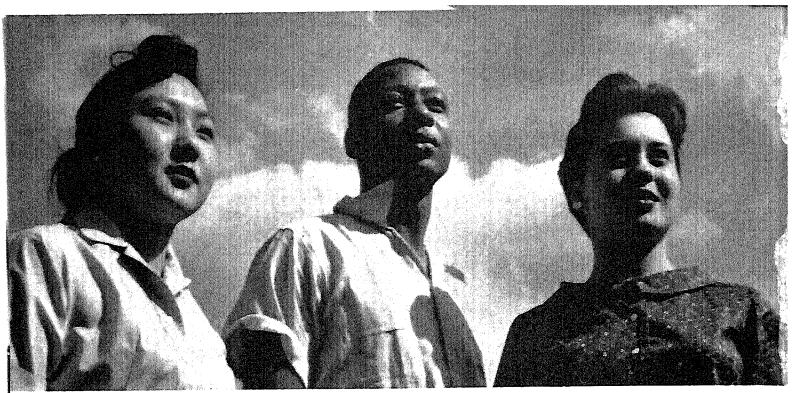
Above: A plenary session of the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches.
Below: The delegation from the Moscow Patriarchate of the Russian Orthodox Church.



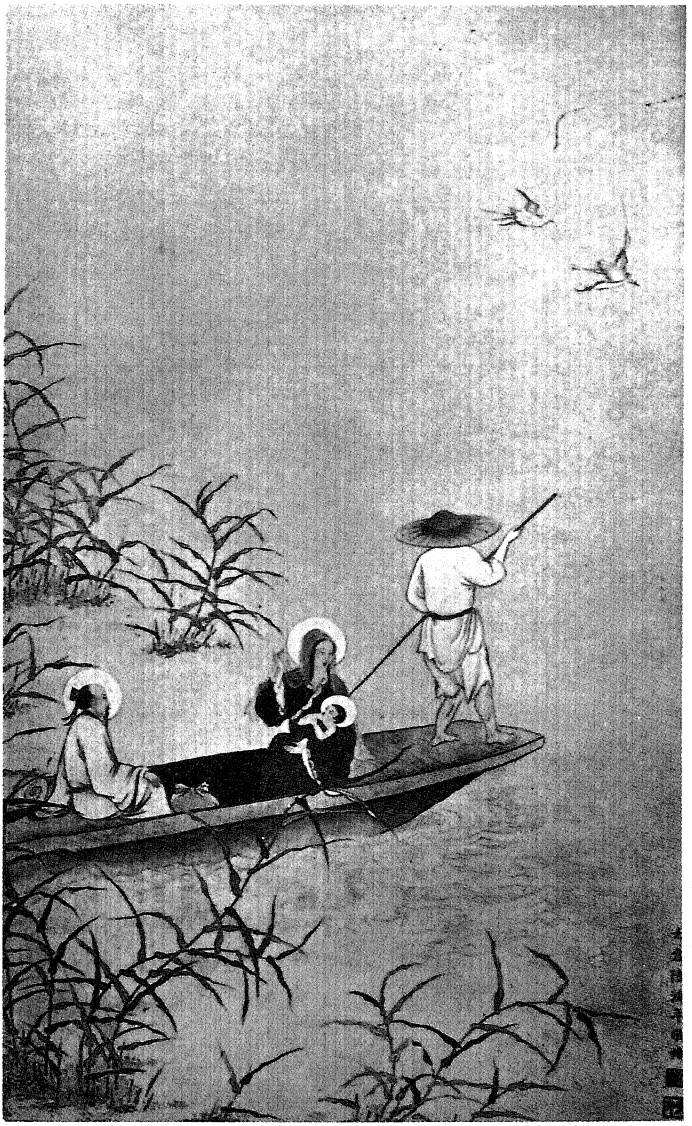


Above: A few of the Dalai Lama's Tibetan children.
Below: His Holiness, the Dalai Lama of Tibet.

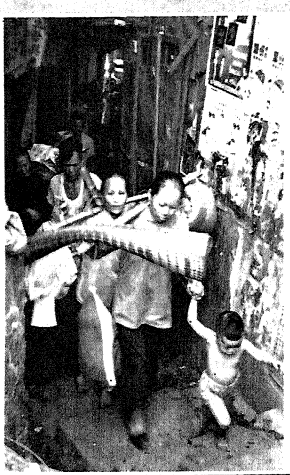


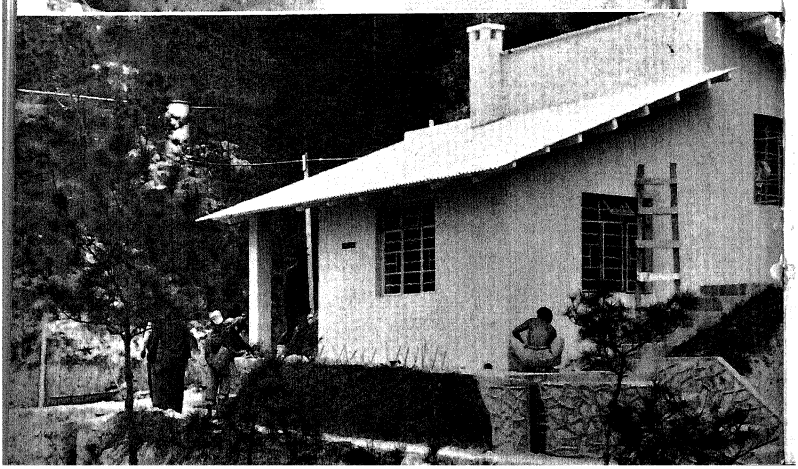


Above: Student workers in a World Council work camp.
Below: Chinese refugee child and his grandmother cared for by Christian church funds.

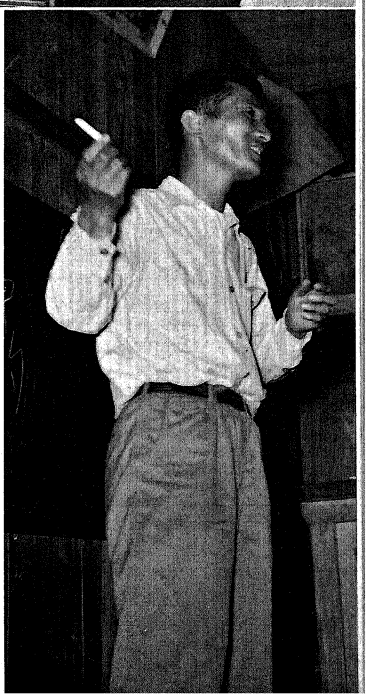


The Flight into Egypt by Lu Hung Nien
(Used by permission of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, London, from their publication *The Life of Christ* by Chinese Artists.)



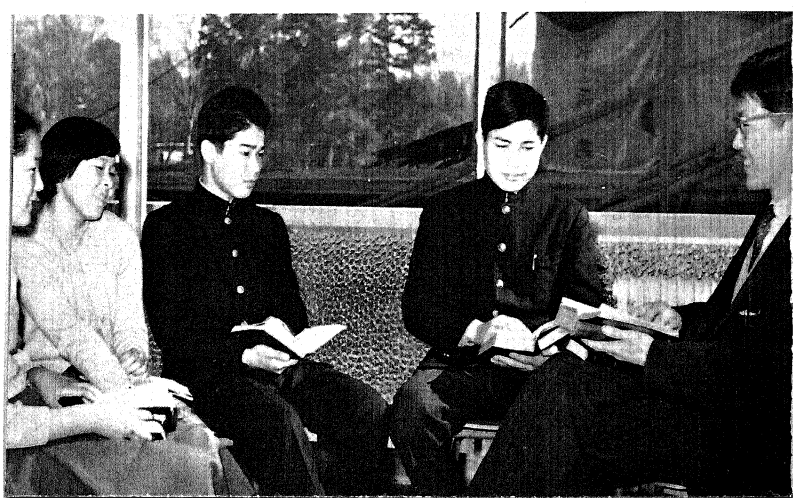


Above: Missionaries sent from Eastern churches to help other Asians.
Right: Soshichiro Sasaki, Japanese war pilot who became Christian worker after his life was saved by American blood.



Opposite page, Above: The environment in which Suet Fah lived. *Left center:* Street in the Walled City of Hong Kong. *Right center:* My Chinese "adopted" daughter, Chan Suet Fah. *Below:* A new home for Suet Fah's family.

Above: Flour sent by Americans to Japanese fire victims; distributed by Church World Service.
Below: Teacher from International Christian University in Japan explains Bible to high-schoolers.



6

Youth Demands Jet Unity

The voice of youth was listened to with unprecedented respect by the assembled bishops, archbishops, theologians of international renown at New Delhi, for there is no denying that this atomic and space age belongs to the young men and women. Never has a generation been so articulate, so surely at the helm of spacecraft and government policy. This is their world and their church, and if the church will not adjust to modern understanding of what it means to be a Christian, they will have none of it.

"Church orators are always talking about 'youth as the hope of tomorrow,' but we happen to be around today!" protested a youth delegate at New Delhi. "I always understood that when we were baptized into the Church, we *were* members! To me the Church seems more concerned in preserving its own institutions than in grappling with the issues of our times. Why weren't we taught in Sunday School about the exciting march toward unity among the churches of the world? We spent our time dawdling around with Moses in the bulrushes!"

The slowness of the older generation to change from the comfortable status quo has always irritated youth, but this generation is more vocal than any other and more numerous. The population explosion after the last war, combined with the fact that the young leaders in the emerging nations of Africa and Asia are often the only citizens with college degrees, have made this a world largely led by youth. Even in Western nations, in both

science and government youth is rapidly taking over the controls. Actually scientific research is discovering new facts about the universe so fast that in ten years the young scientist of today has lived longer than his father did in sixty years. It is no accident that the United States has one of the youngest presidents in its history, nor is anyone startled any more to see in the newspaper the picture of an Air Force general still in his thirties. Older statesmen like Adenauer of Germany do not necessarily contradict this trend, for youth is not a matter of years but of a state of mind, of pliability which accepts change as natural, of adaptability to an expanding universe.

The Church is no exception to this trend. The young people are demanding church unity, not necessarily for all Episcopalians to join with all Methodists, or Anglicans with the Orthodox, but for unity in the essentials of Christian worship—in baptism, in the opening of all pulpits to every ordained minister whatever his creed, and especially in intercommunion among all Christians. They want *free access* to the Lord's Table *now,* not in some far tomorrow.

"We are in serious danger of driving our young people into despair and into flight away from our churches," warned Philip Potter, chairman of the World's Student Christian Federation, at New Delhi. "The peculiarity of this generation's youth has been their sense of churchmanship, their growing participation in the life of their churches as critical responsible members. . . . Yet young people who try to be partners . . . with their fellow Christians in other confessions are frowned upon by our churches, if not considered lost."

One of the things these young people are bitter about is the lack of information given to them in the Sunday Schools about the very theological barriers that hinder interchurch unity. Young Americans at the Youth Assembly at Ann Arbor last year were shocked to find that they did not know enough about the traditions of their own Church—and nothing at all about the beliefs

of other creeds—so that they could even discuss their differences intelligently.

"Why weren't we taught these things?" demanded one young delegate hotly. "I didn't even know that baptism symbolized going through the waters of death to a new life! How can we work for Christian unity? It's like expecting someone to build an atomic reactor without even studying physics."

These youth leaders from the churches were even more horrified when they found that, because of differing creeds, not all of them were welcome at the same communion. "But this is the *Lord's Table,*" they insisted. "Not Anglican, Methodist, Lutheran, Orthodox. Here, of all places, every follower of Christ should certainly be welcome!" When older church leaders tried to explain the historical background which had led to the ancient liturgical churches restricting the Bread and Wine to their own members, the young people retorted impatiently, "But this is the twentieth century! We are not interested in squabbles between theologians a thousand years ago! Christ said, 'This is my body broken for you and for many. . . .' Does this mean what it says or doesn't it?"

Prominent older theologians have also backed this demand of the younger generation for "open communion." "How utterly tragic it is that the caste system, though rejected in theory by Christians everywhere, still persists in the heart of the Church's worship," Dr. Douglas Horton, dean of Harvard Divinity School, lamented at New Delhi. "There are good historical reasons for our separations at this point, as there are good historical reasons for castes. But the separations are not good; it is not a broken company that Christ invites to his banquet."

Dr. Horton went on to encourage these young people, whom he loves and understands through years of association, by pointing out that at least "we are getting far enough along the path to know that separations are not good . . . that we must identify ourselves with all humanity as Christ identified himself with them."

In this spirit, interchurch aid for refugees was given without reference to credal barriers.

"I was a hungry child . . . near Calcutta and ye gave me meat. I was a thirsty native in that outback of Australia and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger on a New York Street and ye took me in, naked in Ecuador and ye clothed me. I was sick in Düsseldorf and ye came to me."

That the churches have taken such steps toward wartime and emergency united action seems to the young people all the more reason why they should take the further step of intercommunion. When the liturgical churches pointed out that under their regulations it was impossible to hold "open communion," the young people retorted, "Nothing is impossible! Men made those regulations, not God. If we made these divisions in the first place, why can't we erase them?"

That the church leaders are not deaf to these demands of their younger members was indicated by the first Anglican communion open to "all who are baptized communicant members of their Churches," celebrated at New Delhi by the Church of India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon. The Federation of Lutheran Churches in India also invited all baptized church members to participate in their celebration of the Lord's Supper; Syrian and Greek Orthodox Churches welcomed the non-Orthodox to attend their service but not to come to the communion table. Methodist and other evangelical churches, as always, welcomed "all who believe in Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour." At least the vocal younger generation had proved that they were not a voice crying in the wilderness. It seems certain that before the next Assembly, all Christians will ponder these things in their hearts.

That the "hot spots of unrest" in the Church as well as elsewhere should center among the high school and college students is natural enough. As individuals they are not sufficiently powerful to change the status quo but as a group they can make themselves heard. "At least they can blow off steam," one theologian

commented wryly. "You can't have a jet takeoff without a powerful booster." Considered thus, the student demonstration which I later found so frightening at Kyoto may be, in a sense, a thrust into outer space where one may view the whole world instead of one's small native corner. Dynamite cannot only be used to make explosives; it may also help build a dam. The vital question is how to channel this youthful energy in such a way that, instead of exploding into violence or disillusionment, it will turn the wheels of international understanding.

The ecumenical work camps sponsored by the churches have been widening the horizons of youth leaders ever since 1928 when a young Swiss decided to do something practical to assuage the bitterness left after the First World War. Young people between the ages of eighteen and thirty, including representatives of all races, nations, and creeds, have paid their own way to work together to help other people in trouble or need in all parts of the world. Last year this expanding program for young church workers sent twelve hundred young men and women to fifty-three work camps in thirty-six different countries. They built roads in Italy and Holland, houses for former "dope" addicts in Hong Kong, a chapel in Vera Cruz, and a community center in Pakistan; they erected a workshop for the blind in Burma and helped to complete the Hiroshima Memorial Peace Park owned by the Japanese city itself. As an aid to older people, the young men and women built an old peoples' home in Korea and redecorated tenements in New York's Harlem; they improved the water system at Okinawa, ran a children's day camp in Puerto Rico and a vacation Bible School in Canada; they cleared the grounds and renovated a chapel for the training of badly needed leaders in South Africa.

Their work also widened the horizons of the campers themselves. Each work group included young Asians, Africans, Europeans, and Americans, in the belief that living together is the only way in which people of differing cultures can come to know

each other intimately. "When a Zulu boy who's never been away from his tribe before shovels dirt with an American Rhodes scholar from Oxford, eats and sleeps in the same room, something from each one is bound to rub off on the other," explained one student camper. He added with a grin, "Or else there's an explosion! Often that clears the air for real understanding. Living together as Christians is lots harder—and more rewarding—than just talking about it at conventions."

Ethne and Clive Gray are two young people who owe much and have given much to Christian youth camps. This South African girl and American boy met at the Wilgespruit Camp outside Johannesburg and spent their honeymoon as leaders of another camp in Mindolo, Africa.

"To follow the path of friendship through the thorny barriers of creed, nationality, and race demands good intentions . . . plus," Ethne told me when I asked her about Mindolo. "To me, Christ gives that 'plus.' "

She did not always feel this way. Born into the social unrest of South Africa, Ethne early strayed from the Presbyterian Church into which she had been baptized; she became "disgusted with creeds."

"I experimented with many religions, even yoga," she explained to me. "I used to insist that all paths that lead to God, Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, were equally good. But when I got in a tight place, I discovered I was not strong enough to go on alone; *I found that Christ not only gave the path but also the power to follow it to the end.* I still believe that every man is a child of God, that some may be coworkers with Christ without even knowing it. But the only path I found with love enough to help me understand the problems of another South African with a skin different from mine, of a Hindu who thought my touch would pollute his food and drink, was the Christian one. I found I needed a personal experience of Jesus Christ."

Wilgespruit gave Ethne a chance to work out her theories of

brotherhood, as it is "the only spot in South Africa where you can check apartheid at the gate." In this church-sponsored camp, black and white students meet as equals, talk out face to face their social, economic, and religious differences. Only fifteen miles from Johannesburg with all its bitter interracial barriers, Wilgespruit, where gold was originally discovered on the Witwatersrand, now offers a golden haven for Christian understanding. The churches of South Africa have held tenaciously to this one bit of land where there is freedom of speech for all their young people, whether Bantu, European, or Afrikander.

"Going back home to Johannesburg was like going to a foreign country," lamented Ethne Gray. "Yet we re-entered this land of trial and disunity determined to increase our efforts to bring about the same sort of Christian sharing we had found at Wilgespruit." She hesitated, flushed. "Maybe I'm romantic about that camp! I found Clive there, too."

After the Grays were married, they decided that instead of going off together to spend their honeymoon, they would like to lead the ecumenical work camp at Mindolo, in the East African copper belt.

Mindolo Foundation was already a center of joint interchurch work and of other Christian relief agencies for training community and church leaders, teaching housewives not only how to can, sew, and cook but how to build a monogamous Christian home where the husband and wife should be equal partners, a revolutionary idea for African culture where a man often had one wife to hoe the garden, another to raise his children, and another younger wife for pleasure. Mindolo also included the first workshop for young African journalists, so that Africans could write for their own people, as well as a school for the blind and other projects. The YWCA was sponsoring the work camp where Ethne and Clive Gray were to be in charge.

"An American woman had given five hundred dollars to buy some land, but the only building on this land was a tumbledown

shack with a rotting grass roof and no water," Ethne Gray told me. "Even the chimney had to be torn down. In rebuilding the house we were planning verandas wide enough so that leaders could meet there even during the hot summer for conferences. Other necessary jobs which rather appalled us at first sight were to build a dam and pipe in water, clear five acres of bush land, and to grade and resod a large anthill so that it might be used as seats in an amphitheater for outdoor dramatics and youth meetings. 'Oh my aching back!' wailed one American college boy as we looked over the land, that first morning.

"We were a pretty mixed group not only as to racial backgrounds but socially and economically—housewives, preachers, social workers, teachers, an African plasterer, a British theological student, an American studying at Oxford, a German printer, and a Zulu boy too scared of the sound of his own voice to answer when a white girl said, 'Good morning!' Fortunately we had 'Lime Jim,' a black contractor from Kitwe, the nearby city, and Father Spillett, the camp chaplain, to guide us. I remember thinking to myself as I looked around that mixed crowd of untried workers, 'Nothing but the power of God can weld this heterogeneous mob into a working union!' As leader, I wondered nervously how on earth we were to follow out our instructions to show that the Church does care about the problems of the local community and to strengthen those who wrestle with them in this place. I knew perfectly well that the white churches would not even allow our black campers in their worship services and they would think it queer that black Lime Jim was the construction 'boss' for our building. Well, one could but try."

"Quite a load for young people to carry," I commented to Ethne. "For any age, for that matter. You don't override well-established custom in a day."

"We wrestled all right," Ethne agreed. "We got up at five-forty-five every morning to wrestle breakfast from the kitchen stove; then we worked from seven-thirty to one-forty-five that

afternoon at harder physical labor than we'd even known existed. I suppose that's why the camp age limit is thirty. There proved to be snakes in the bush we were clearing, and once we lost a boy in the mud at the dam and had to stop to fish him out. The red ants fought back so hard for their own anthill that another day we had to stop working there. After lunch at two p.m., for two hours we could rest our aching backs . . . my word, aching everything! After tea there was Bible study and after dinner talks by Mindolo affiliates or officials from the nearby Kitwe. We were so sleepy we could hardly sit up, and after one particularly dull discourse, we decided we'd rather work for world fellowship than to listen to speeches about it! What we enjoyed most was a guitar concert by twenty of the blind students, where we all joined in the songs around the campfire. Those are the moments you remember. . . ."

The appeal for neighborhood help was one way the Grays enlisted the interest of the local people, which was to have far-reaching results. "We scrubbed kitchens, washhouses, and ourselves until they all shone," recalled Ethne of their first volunteer work day. "At two p.m. our guests started arriving—over a hundred people, mixed whites and blacks, complete with children, swarmed all over the place with shovels and pickaxes. By teatime the anthill was landscaped with sod, three steps had been dug for the house, all the grass had been cleared and the earth leveled in front of the house, and the walls had grown higher like magic. After tea, we sang together, before the townspeople painfully and slowly left for home, taking with them blisters, dirty children, and a new feeling of respect for each other. Had not the white town magistrate taken orders from black Lime Jim, for the first time in memory?

"Not long afterward, one preacher got up his courage to invite our mixed group to speak to his congregation about Christian fellowship; some of his congregation didn't like it but the ones who had worked at the camp did. Other ministers followed suit.

Our Lime Jim was equally 'shooken up.' He remarked, 'Up to now I wouldn't never work with any girl or woman! Not me. But here in camp I work with many other peoples. It is a new thing for me. I pray God for them all.'"

By such strenuous work and co-operation the new house was finished in time for the dedication before the campers left Mindolo. The last night six campers slept in the house "to christen it." "We had grown so fond of it and of each other, we hated to leave," Ethne said wistfully. "You see, we'd built a part of ourselves into that house, forever."

How do such work camps differ from the American Peace Corps who are making so many friends all over the world?

Ethne Gray said, "To me Christ is the difference. Also our workers do not all come from the same country. In the Peace Corps, American youth are going to help underdeveloped countries. Our church student workers themselves come from many of these countries, both East and West. They learn by experience to adapt to differing cultures, that service is a two-way street. In both groups, unless we are as willing to be helped as to help, unless the whole thing is a shared enterprise, we will be doing little except building up our own egos." Perhaps the war disillusionment with old goals has had something to do with the realization by our Western young people that there are greater rewards than that of making a million dollars. There is no reason why the integrated international church work groups and the American Peace Corps cannot go forward together.

One Japanese girl and Filipino boy, both assigned to a church work camp in Thailand immediately after the war when tempers were still hot, worried over what to say to each other when they first met. The Thailand camp had been planned to foster mutual respect between college students and farmers who work with their hands, in a country where class distinctions are still rigid. The Japanese and Filipino, who had composed elaborate speeches to say to each other, found themselves too busy when they met to

say anything but "Hi." Working together in the fields, by the end of the summer the farmers had discovered that boys who read books were not all lily-fingered esthetes and the students had a healthy respect for the volumes which the farmers knew about working the soil.

The girl camper wrote back home, "I forgot I was Japanese; I was just friends. My nationality is in heaven."

While over twelve thousand young church people from a hundred nations have since 1946 taken active part in these work camps run by the World Council, millions of local church young people cannot afford to pay their own way to a foreign country. European young people who live nearer to each other than in North and South America or Africa and so have closer contacts, assemble frequently to discuss the joint responsibility of young people of one nation for those of another. Speaking to such a group of young Europeans Willem Visser 't Hooft, the "Chief Fisherman" for the World Council, asked his youthful audience, "Are we 'the beat generation of an exhausted continent'? Or are we a real youth movement in churches which are being renewed in a continent which has discovered a new vocation?"

The response has been heartening. In Western Germany last year thousands of young church people gave a day's pay to aid refugees from East Germany. When the German churches sent out a call headed, "God needs people, God needs you," more than four hundred young Protestant doctors, technicians, sociologists, food experts, and engineers volunteered to give two years of their time to help in areas of acute need in South America, Europe, Burma, India, Hong Kong, and elsewhere in Asia.

Last year both Protestant and Roman Catholic students from twenty-five countries met together at Louvain under the sponsorship of the World's Student Christian Federation and the Pax Romana, a Roman Catholic organization of students and intellectuals. The subject for discussion was the impact of rapid scientific advance in the world today upon the problems of morals and re-

ligion. "Science may give us new worlds to conquer, but first we must conquer ourselves," they decided.

New Delhi was particularly alive to this concern of its young people to reconcile the demands of science and religion. The report of the section on service remarked,

> The Christian should welcome scientific discoveries as new steps in man's dominion over nature. . . . But the decision about the use of a particular scientific discovery is not a *scientific* decision; it is an *ethical* decision. It will be intelligent only if based upon sound scientific and technological understanding; it will be *good* only if motivated by the will to serve man. Good and intelligent decisions are more likely to be made if the education of scientists helps them to understand the nature of man and God's purpose for him, and if the education of the businessmen and administrators gives them some understanding of science. . . . It is not good that man should be subdued by nature or enslaved by technology.

Another problem discussed at New Delhi was the contention that young people in the local churches who wish to co-operate with the secular community or with churches other than their own communion are frequently considered "disloyal" or "backsliders" by the intransigent older members of their own church. The young people warned that this might well result in the severing of membership from the local church since "the ecumenical fellowship may be far more meaningful than the current Monroe Doctrine of the local church."

This is a serious indictment and the delegates from the local churches at New Delhi considered it so. This complaint was referred back for further study by the member churches, since the World Council, as such, does not decide action by the member churches; it merely voices their decisions. It remains to be seen how far into the twentieth century these jet-propelled young people have pushed their elder church statesmen. Youth asked bluntly, "Is our present Christian fellowship any less real and compelling than that which made men of differing confessions in concentration camps kneel together in a common Holy Communion?"

World Youth Projects which list urgent needs of young people of many creeds in other lands have arranged "units" ranging from a few hundred dollars into the thousands, which young people who cannot leave their jobs or do not have the cash to travel to the ecumenical work camps may choose to support. This is a co-operative venture started in 1951 by the Youth Department of the World Council of Churches and the World Council of Christian Education, and is perhaps one answer to what the young people did *not* learn in Sunday School.

Miss Umeko Kagawa, former secretary, says, "Actually my job was matchmaking, discovering groups who needed help and those who could give help from other countries and bringing the two together."

This, like the work camps, is a two-way program where the important element is not the money raised but the understanding that the youth in the East are very like Western young people. One lad from Virginia said at the North American Youth Rally at Ann Arbor, "As Christians we have exported the gospel all over the inhabited earth, only to discover that in many ways the child is stronger than the parent. . . . Christians in Africa and Asia may have a lot more to teach us about the gospel than we can tell them." Such understanding can temper the arrogance of youth; one college boy in North Carolina said of his group of student Christians, "We are young people on our knees, trying to make head and tail of life . . . trying not to be phony."

Indian young people from South America have sent their contributions, small in money but large in sacrifice because of their limited incomes, for scholarships for American Indians. A youth group from Ohio helped a village in Greece pipe in water which formerly the women had to carry on their backs in barrels a mile every day. When the new water tap was dedicated by the Orthodox priest, he said, "We thought we were destined to become a forgotten people, to die alone on the hard earth under the hot sun.

But people we do not even know have shared our work with love. We will never feel alone again."

Eastern youth is sharing with their own people. Last year twenty young leaders were sent by the East Asia Christian Conference to work among other young Asians. When Leonora Flores went from the Philippines to set up teacher-training courses in Africa, her fare was paid by a church group in her own country, the World Council supplied her salary for the year, and local African churches paid her board and room. Often the by-products of this co-operation are more important than the projects themselves.

"We're so glad you sent us a woman," wrote back the Africans to the Filipinos. "Without words, our people here have come to see that a woman can be as important as a man."

At New Delhi one hundred young volunteers who paid their own way to India received, for working ten hours a day, only board and room, which was sometimes uncomfortable and far below the standards to which they were accustomed at home. But they were cheerful advertisements for today's young church men and women. The menial jobs which no one else wanted, or had time to do, fell to their lot; at the information desk, they soothed distracted delegates who couldn't find rooms or whose rooms had been assigned by the hotels to someone else; they kept "ringers" out of Assembly sessions and ushered in those who had badges; they fitted up a bookshop, sold photographs, and sang as they worked hour after hour, duplicating speeches they could not hear, sorting the thousands of mimeographed pages for the over three hundred press representatives demanding "copy." The busy corridor where they worked, each in his own costume—Indian, Philippine, Korean, Japanese—was musical with their young voices harmonizing . . . which was more than some delegates did in committee meetings.

The Reverend and Mrs. L. T. Hathaway from Malden, Massachusetts, were among the lucky ones who had no housing

problem, for they had driven to India in their own "home on wheels," a Minibus which they had fitted up with bunks and cooking apparatus. Living on their savings collected for three years from a pastor's meager salary, these two young people came to New Delhi by way of Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and West Pakistan, and after ten thousand miles, arrived at the Assembly only ten minutes late! Mrs. Hathaway, a nurse, helped in the health office while her husband took charge of the storage room. The head of this young volunteer army marveled, "Every one of them has paid his own expenses and has cheerfully accepted any task, no matter what he or she has been asked to do. If these are the lost generation, I'm glad I found them!"

World Council scholarships for graduate work have given many thoughtful church young people a chance to judge for themselves cultures other than their own and the value of missionary work already in action. An Indian graduate student at the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School startled his fellow students by celebrating communion in his bare feet, since the Mar Thoma Christians, like Moses, consider the place where the Lord is as "holy ground." (At a similar communion celebration in the cathedral at New Delhi, I was interested to observe that Archbishop Ramsey and his assistant bishops served in their stocking feet out of deference to Indian custom.)

Marian F., a graduate of New York University who had also studied at Oxford University, England, and who was preparing her thesis for a doctorate at Bryn Mawr, was sent by the World Council to Kenya for two years. No one but an American Negro, familiar with the struggle of her people for equality in this country, returning to her ancestral continent, could have approached her task with such compassionate understanding and authority. At first she was treated cautiously by both blacks and whites in Nairobi where she went to study the family budgets and spending habits of African families in that city.

"I wanted to get at the root of the racial misunderstanding between whites and Africans there," she told me. "I had lived long enough in England to know that the average Britisher is no Simon Legree, but a reasonable, kindly person. Why then the savage Mau-Mau outbreaks? Was the black man merely a cornered animal, clawing and slashing unreasonably? Or did he have good reason for his savage outbreak? Was it possible that, with the best intentions in the world, even our missionaries had been antagonizing the black man, refusing him the right to stand erect as an equal, which the African so passionately wanted?"

So that both sides could come to visit her unobtrusively, Marian chose to live in the Asian section of Nairobi. In making her survey of African family spending she was assisted by college students, local Christians, and by trade union members and politicians who could approach their fellow citizens more easily. But she was suspiciously regarded as a possible spy until one evening when she stayed out twenty minutes after the ten o'clock curfew for Africans and was arrested by the police. She was rescued by the African political leader, Tom Mboya, who explained that she was an American doing a research job and got her released without bail.

"But I got a taste of the dreadful feeling of being shut in," she explained. "Of not being free to walk the streets of my own city. Not that I wasn't safer after dark on the streets of Nairobi than I would have been crossing Central Park in New York at night! But after being arrested I was uneasy every time a knock came on my door. Was it the police or a social invitation? I understood the blind terror of the black man with no American background to help him who may be pulled out of his bed at any hour of the night for some minor infringement of the law. Some workers are not allowed to bring their wives into the city, but naturally they come anyway. Many a man has been sent to jail for sleeping with his own wife!"

Once while driving about the countryside in her car, this American woman picked up three weary Masai men and drove

them to their own village. They invited her cordially to come into their cow-dung-plastered hut for refreshment with Masai milk. Marian described the preparation of this delicacy with a shiver.

"First they rinse out the calabash you drink out of with cow urine, then sterilize it with burning twigs. Then the calabash is ready to be filled with cow milk mixed with the blood of the same animal, and the mixture is offered to the honored guest. At first it seemed as if I could not possibly drink it or keep this on my stomach; then I realized it would be an insult to refuse . . . so I shut my eyes and drank. Thank heaven, the mixture stayed down. When I left that hut my new friends said good-by joyfully, calling me 'our lost daughter returned.'"

After two years in Kenya this Christian student returned not only with her Ph.D thesis but with the conviction that friendly relations between her own democratic America and troubled Africa, as well as the future of Christian missions in that country, depended upon our sympathetic understanding of social and cultural differences.

"The white man must learn to bow his proud head as I did going through the low door of that Masai hut," she says. "He must be willing to admit merit in a culture not his own, which he may even find abhorrent. The black man must be freed economically and socially to work out his own salvation, to blunder through as we did here in our colonial United States, for only in so doing can he hold his head high among free men. For the white men to insist upon the African doing things only in the Western way will only mean further disaster. For his own best interest, the European must assist the black man to raise his standard of living, to educate himself, to govern himself. *The white man must learn, as I did, to drink the Masai milk.*"

7

Letters from God—the Laity as Priests

Not only youth made itself heard at New Delhi but the layman, the man-in-the-pew. The insistence upon the laity as "letters from God, written not with ink but with the spirit of the living God," taking their place side by side with the ministers and priests as fellow workers, spelling out the Christian gospel in the office, kitchen, or schoolroom, amounted to a new Reformation. For the first time two laymen, one American and the other Nigerian, were elected to the Presidium of the World Council and one-sixth of the Central Committee were selected from among laymen, including women. Up to now the term "ecumenical movement" had been termed by many "theological jargon"; now all agreed that to be really effective, this movement for the fellowship of all Christians must be interpreted into the language of the man-in-the-street . . . who is also the man-in-the-pew. Only thus can he himself recognize his clear responsibility. Many individuals have pointed out this need for lay participation, but too often theologians and clergy had gone happily ahead, convinced themselves that world Christian co-operation was vital, but not able to fire the lay members with their own excitement. The path must first be blazed toward understanding between individual Christians, between men of good will in many nations, before a lasting peace can come between governments. If Christians cannot talk amicably with one another, how can diplomats and professional soldiers be expected to? The man-in-the-street—the man-in-the-pew—who has most to gain by preventing another war must make himself heard, not

only in words but by united action. In other words, it is up to the church people to take the lead in real democracy.

When Count Klaus von Bismarck was urged to study for the ordained ministry, he insisted, "But I am already ordained! I was ordained at baptism as a lay minister of Jesus Christ." As director of the West German Broadcasting System he is preaching to a more vast congregation than any cathedral could hold. He is one of the "letters from God" so often spoken of at New Delhi.

"The frozen assets of the church" is another name for the ninety-nine per cent of the lay congregations who are merely passive Sunday Christians. "If we are to revive Christianity in an apathetic Western society or to use it as a living force to help mold the moral structures of emerging nations in Asia and Africa, both men and women must come out of the church pews, must take the principles as enunciated by Christ himself (not necessarily as any one creed interprets them) out into the world and live as 'little Christs,' " was the earnest plea of church leaders, spoken in English, German, French, and in passionate voices from the "younger" churches.

The final message from the New Delhi Assembly to the local church members emphasized this emergency:

> This letter is written from the World Council of Churches' Assembly. *But the real letter written to the world today does not consist of words. We Christian people, wherever we are, are a letter from Christ to His world "written not with ink but with the spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone but on tablets of human hearts." The message is that God in Christ has reconciled the world to Himself.* Let us speak it and live it with joy and confidence. . . .

If every Christian who listens piously to the words of the preacher on Sunday mornings lived that same gospel on Monday in the office, factory, schoolroom, or kitchen, crime would not flourish as it does today; since he has not delivered his "letter from God" to the whole world for which it was intended, the modern churchman is guilty of allowing social conditions conducive to

crime to continue. Therefore he cannot draw aside righteously from the criminal since, by his indifference, the churchman himself is indicted, the World Council delegates were told flatly.

E. Varkey Mathew, advocate of the Supreme Court of India, started one of the hottest discussions in New Delhi when he initiated this premise, that a lawyer's duty was not only to uphold the law of the land and to treat everyone equally under these laws, but that as a Christian he should go a step farther, identify himself with the social and economic ills which had produced the criminal. He said, "Law can only recognize individual responsibility and provide punishments and rewards on that basis. . . . Only ideal justice can recognize the intricate pattern and the tragic way in which human beings are bound together in sin and interlocking responsibility. The lawyer's role is really the structural expression of the community's sense of guilt and responsibility in the breaches of law." Otherwise, he demanded, why does the state itself provide a lawyer to defend the man accused of a major crime such as murder?

"Every Christian is called upon to be an advocate for sinners. Hence there exists no Christian basis for any lawyer to wash his hands of 'dirty cases,' " declared this distinguished Indian judge. "The Christian Church must own the lawyer who is duty-bound to fight seemingly hopeless cases of notorious criminals and who, in the process, consciously becomes with fingers soiled by dirty affairs. The Christian lawyer must realize that he cannot work out his own salvation by developing his spiritual dimensions on the basis of his own moral choice of right and wrong. Instead, he must own that both he and his client are caught up in the tragedy and dilemma of sin that needs forgiveness at every stage . . . which forgiveness is freely offered in Jesus Christ."

Here was an Asian jurist teaching Western Christians what it meant to live in a modern world as "letters from Christ" . . . the Man who associated with publicans and sinners, who elected to

take upon his own shoulders the weight of the guilt of all mankind.

Every Christian, therefore, had a duty to go into politics to help mold the social life and the government of his own nation upon practical Christian principles, Judge Mathew pointed out. He further insisted that "the Church must teach its laity the necessity for legitimate forms of compromise in political life . . . [not to] stress the moral character or piety of a candidate seeking election without taking into account the forces that support him. Neither deep piety nor moral attainment is any guarantee of political wisdom nor of any concern for social justice." He called for all church members, East and West, "to recognize ourselves as sinners before God and stop making ourselves the judges and dividers of good from evil."

The loud buzzing among the delegates at the Vigyan Bhavan discussing this lightning shaft had barely subsided before it was announced that Prime Minister Nehru had decided to come to speak to the assembled Christians. This was unusual, since when similar general assemblies of Moslems and Hindus had been held in New Delhi, Nehru had not appeared. After a great wave of welcoming applause, this statesman who calls himself an agnostic, who is the voice of the silent millions of India, said almost the same thing as E. V. Mathew, the Christian judge. The whole tenor of the Prime Minister's low-voiced talk with his Christian guests was that government leaders often went far ahead of the thinking of the bulk of their less informed fellow citizens, that the result must necessarily be a compromise between what the leader knew to be ideal and what he could actually accomplish to bring the greatest good to the greatest number of his people.

To me the significance of these two speeches lay not in their content but in the very fact that two important Indians took for granted the desire for social justice of the assembled intercredal international Christian church leaders, and were therefore free to

talk about practical means for attaining that justice; that the layman was urged to live in the world according to his own interpretation of the principles of Christ. In other words, that he was his own carbon of the "letter from God." This kind of Christianity does not waste time on intercredal differences nor on the pot calling the kettle black, but gets on with the job of being "a little Christ" in the world, making religion an integral part of daily living.

The "dirty hands theory" was hotly argued both pro and con, by both clergy and lay delegates; the conclusions seemed to be that the clergyman should come down out of his pulpit as well as the layman rise up from his pew, so that both might meet to work out together how the Church, not only as an institution but through its individual members, might become a more vital force in society and government. Martin Luther was quoted as authority for this priestly duty of the man-from-the-pew, when he said, "Clergy and the laity [in the early church] are distinguished from each other, apparently, by the fact that the former have a commission from God to administer the sacraments and the Word of God. Otherwise, they are alike. Peter and John say, right out: 'All are priests.'"

Even the final report of the division of the laity of the World Council took cognizance of the "dirty hands" theory when it urged the delegates not to shut themselves up in "a ghetto of their own making" but to "enter obediently into the structures of the world where our Lord is already there. . . . If we hope to re-examine and help change those structures so that they serve better the destiny of man, we must be willing to subject ourselves to the conflicts of loyalties . . . to face such questions as: What to do if we can choose only between evils? Where is the frontier between justifiable and unjustifiable compromise? . . . When, if ever, must a Christian stand aloof or actively oppose the structures of society? Is it possible to avoid getting 'dirty hands'?"

Similar self-questioning by Christians in many professions, in

business, by manual laborers as well as their employers, has been going on for some time in the Lay Institutes, fostered both by denominational church headquarters and by the World Council of Churches. "To live as a Christian in the modern world cannot be done by instinct . . . it has to be learned," Kathleen Bliss pointed out in her résumé of the Lay Institutes in Europe, *Signs of Renewal*.[1] Each country has evolved different names for such institutes and different methods of integrating its laymen into the missionary project of staying in the world, not to proselyte but to live as "little Christs."

Surveying the despair of his fellow countrymen after the war, Baron von Thadden-Trieglaff had early decided that in Germany nothing more could be accomplished by calling upon the ministers. "Ordinary members of the Church in all walks of life bear the responsibility before God and man for the spiritual fate of our people. In a world that has been turned from God, we must develop a lay apostolate of the Church." The answer in Germany was not only the *Kirchentag*, the great rally of laymen, but the growth of Protestant Academies to be "centers for conversation and a common search for the answers to the fundamental questions of life." Christians and non-Christians, people with the widest range of opinions, were asked to lead these discussions, "hammering out relevant and correct moral principles."

Similar discussion centers where labor and management, doctors, lawyers, businessmen, artists, and manual workers might discover their own answers as Christians sprang up in Sweden, the United States, Finland, Scotland, England, Holland, France, Italy, and other countries. The Ecumenical Institute at Bossey, near Geneva, Switzerland, administered by the World Council of Churches, is unique among these discussion centers in that it stresses not local or national but world-wide aspects of problems common to Christians everywhere, both laymen and clergy. It

1 *Signs of Renewal* (Geneva, Switzerland: The World Council of Churches, 1961).

also offers graduate work in ecumenical studies in affiliation with Geneva University.

The increasing number of young business and professional men who go into the ministry is one result of this search for satisfying goals by which to live; another is the changed attitude toward their professions of many laymen when they begin to view their daily jobs as essentially Christian. In order to get authentic instances of how lives had been changed, I pursued a former fellow pilgrim to New Delhi, Dr. Robert G. Mayfield—general secretary of laymen's activities in the Methodist Church, who is also on a similar committee for the World Council—as he dashed for a transcontinental plane. In the taxi careening out to Idlewild, I jotted down the following true-life stories in modern America of laymen who had become letters for Christ.

A Kansas City lawyer, coming home from one of these discussion meetings, decided to make his own office Christian. When a husband or wife came to him wanting a divorce, this lawyer asked himself first, "Can this family be saved?" His legal fees became less but his satisfaction in doing a constructive Christian job increased, for many of these families were reconciled into trying again, depending not upon legal rights but on compassion and an understanding that they did not stand alone in their problems, for Jesus Christ could be an invited guest in their home. This lawyer found further that his own ideas of stewardship, of sharing his finances with those in need both inside and outside the Church, changed, radically. As Hans-Ruedi Weber warned at New Delhi, "The Christian should learn to give discriminatingly, not just to hand out cash because a friend or the Church asks for it." Methodist officials became so impressed by this Kansas City lawyer's ideas that they asked him to give up his legal profession; he is now in charge of stewardship for the entire Methodist Church.

An outstanding gynecologist, chief of staff in a large hospital in New Jersey, has taken time out of his busy life every summer

for ten years to attend a Christian discussion institute, since he feels that "keeping up to date in my Christian ideas is just as important to me in my profession as advances in medicine or surgery." Many patients need psychological, Christian therapy as well as healing for their physical and mental ills. This successful doctor told Dr. Mayfield how his approach to his patients had been changed.

"I used to think it was entirely my own skill as a surgeon which cured people." He smiled, somewhat wryly. "Now I know that the hand of God is in it as well as mine. I never go into the operating room without praying. When patients come into my busy office, sick with fear of possible cancer or of the unknown, I take time to sit down with them, talk the operation over, try to counsel with them as one believer in God's guidance with another. If they wish it, we may even share a short prayer. It is astonishing how much difference peace of mind can make when a patient goes into the operating room. That goes for the surgeon also." Certainly there can be no split fees or unneeded operations under a system such as this.

Acting as a Christian may even be a political asset. This is the conclusion of a prominent Lutheran layman, the Honorable Luther W. Youngdahl, judge of the United States District Court in the District of Columbia. "I can testify from experience," he says, "that Christianity and politics are not incompatible. As a matter of fact, a politician has a much better chance to stay in office if he is more concerned with the next generation than about the next election."[2]

Judge Youngdahl believes that our best chance to remain a free democracy is to revive the faith of our forefathers who so brought Christian principles into the daily mart as to mark our coins, "In God We Trust." "Too many of us have been unwilling to pay the price of putting Christianity into our daily living," he

2 "The Layman's Responsibility for the Mission of the Church," *Religion in Life Magazine* (Winter, 1961-62).

remarks, when actually active Christian principles, far from being their own reward, have tangible results. Lack of such practical Christianity has led to many of our modern ills. Lack of Christian homes has resulted in juvenile delinquency and divorce; failure to put Christ "into our very churches" has led to disunity and ineffectiveness; leaving Christ out of labor-management disputes has allowed "collusive arrangements between management and labor . . . to the detriment of the public"; leaving Christ out of politics has meant corruption, influence peddling, disrespect for law; unchristian treatment of minority groups has resulted in intolerance and bigotry; most important, because we have left Christ out of international negotiations is "why we have war."

"We get just as bad government as we are willing to stand for and just as good government as we are willing to fight for," this former governor of Minnesota told his fellow citizens. "If the government is corrupt, inefficient, and unprogressive, it is because Christian people have not cared. On the other hand, if government is wise, humane, and progressive, it is because Christian people are alert to their citizenship responsibilities." Henry Ward Beecher was quoted as saying that many men thought conversion to Christ was like cleaning a garment, then hanging it away neatly in a shut-up closet. This modern Christian judge agreed that "a Christian who is hung up so that he shall not be tempted . . . the moths eat him, and they have poor food at that."

The Ecumenical Institute at Bossey, situated near the World Council headquarters, is housed in a château "complete with spacious grounds, eighteenth-century salon, and a twelfth-century tower, looking out over Lake Geneva and the Alps of Savoy." Among its former owners are many romantic names: Madame de Staël, famous in French literature; a former star of the French theater, who after her death remained embalmed in a glass case for two years in the château; and other French and Italian nobility. Shortly after the war, a gift from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., enabled

the World Council to use the château and its sixty-eight acres as a "center for the renewal of the whole Church." This included, of course, the laity who, as Bishop Stephen Neill pointed out at the First World Council Assembly at Amsterdam, were the ninety-nine-per-cent frozen assets. Hendrik Kraemer, professor of history of religions at Leyden University, who became the Ecumenical Institute's first director, hoped to melt these "frozen assets" by bringing together from all over Europe, as well as from the United States and Asia, members of different professions, doctors, lawyers, social workers, artists, writers, who should turn the hot searchlight of their Christian principles upon their work.

In some creeds, however, the only way to reach these men-in-the-pew was through their preachers. Training courses for preachers and leaders in religious education were therefore set up whereby their own horizons were enlarged to include the whole Church of Christ, and where these leaders worked out the best methods of enlisting the aid of their men-in-the-pew. This was in line with the trumpet call from the second great World Council Assembly at Evanston which warned:

> The real battles of the faith today are being fought in factories, shops, offices and farms, in political parties, and government agencies, in countless homes, in the press, radio and television, in the relationships of nations. Very often it is said that the Church should "go into these spheres"; but the fact is, that the Church is already in these spheres in the persons of its laity.

By New Delhi, this move toward the laity as priests of God became almost an avalanche. One report asked the local church leaders pointedly, "Much money is being spent for the training of clergy and non-professional lay workers. This is indeed important. But do you spend at least as much money [from your local church budget] on equipping 'those Christians who try to do God's work in a secular job,' the great majority of church members?" A Japanese layman chimed in, "We *say* that all are priests . . . and that the ministry must be that of the whole Church . . . but what

have we *done* to educate laymen sufficiently to be ministers in the world?" This was the job that the Ecumenical Institute, as well as the discussion institutes scattered all over the world, had been designed to do, but compared to the millions of Christians who had never even heard of the world-wide movement for church unity, much less of a small château in Geneva, these efforts made only a feeble piping.

The obvious answer was that the local preacher must lead his own church out from its "segregated smugness" into responsibility for the whole Church. But how? Many laymen sprang to answer. "By Bible study which does not consist of incomprehensible exegesis learned in your theological schools but of applying God's word to our concrete lives and work situation. . . . Yet how few pastors have learned [themselves] to lead this kind of Bible study and to participate in it!" Too many lay leaders were "domesticated and pastorized," poor copies of the preacher himself; a new lay preacher must be evolved, able to speak the language of his fellow workers, one who was less concerned in getting new members for his church than in living Christ where he was, in his office or factory.

> Christ is not imprisoned in our churches; Christ is incognito already present in the structures and power systems where we [the laymen] have to live our Christian lives. . . . Christians are not called upon to make converts . . . that is God's business. Christians are called upon to witness to their faith which involves loving their neighbors and treating them as the objects of God's love regardless of their religious affiliations. The rest is in God's hand.

This emphasis upon living one's religion rather than "proselyting," merely exchanging one Christian creed for another, was partly due to the influence of the Orthodox churches, who have always frowned upon that kind of missionary endeavor. The Christian who flaunts his own piety is only too apt to fall into the case related in the Bible, "Woe unto you, scribes and Phari-

sees, for you transverse sea and land to make a single proselyte, and when he becomes a proselyte, you make him twice as much a child of hell as you yourselves." However, the Orthodox stand was firmly backed by the younger churchmen from Asia and Africa who pointed out that, since the Christian Church as an institution had come into ill repute as a "white man's religion," the best chance of proving that Christ belonged to all nations and creeds was for the Christian to go out into politics, society, and government, to illustrate his faith. If the Christian chose to be incognito in the world, "It may happen that suddenly, to the amazement of our non-Christian friends, the light of Christ may reflect itself in us. It is then not our work but His, not our light but His."

Certainly our Puritan forefathers must have turned in their graves at this lack of emphasis upon creeds as the *sine qua non* of eternal life. Yet this return to the essential message of the early church, interpreted by our modern knowledge of science and emphasizing the urgent need for all men of good will to stand together against the forces of atheism which threaten to engulf the world, was not unprecedented. As several theologians pointed out, the teachings of Jesus had already been sifted down to us through Jewish and Greek culture in the Old and New Testaments. Why not read again the original message of Christ and work out our own 1962 interpretation, whether this be according to the Gospel of America, Europe, Africa, or Asia? Very likely this stand will be as hotly argued among the World Council members as it may appear reasonable to some non-Christians, but at least the issue has been stated, laid upon the dotted line for the signature of such Christians as agree that Christ comes first, the Church as an institution second.

"Is the Christian preacher, then, to give the helm over to the layman?" demanded one delegate doubtfully.

"Not at all. They are to meet in the sanctuary," retorted one of the younger church leaders, clapping the preacher on the

shoulder. "The layman who is not 'domesticated' but a free-will worker with the pastor will be his helper."

President E. M. Batten, a woman lay delegate from England who is the principal of William Temple College in Rugby, described Christians as "parachute troops."

The local churches must be seen as supply depots, rather than "arks of safety." Such depots must be competent to help with expert technical advice; that is, sound theological scholarship, and the provision of supplies of food and ammunition. There will have to be some members of a medical corps to look after the sick and wounded. But the Church must not be seen as a social club or a sphere of continuing activity, even worship. It will be a place for the parachutists to call in for the apostles' teaching, that is, for briefing for their work in the world; for fellowship in order to encourage one another, for the next bit of active service; for the breaking of bread—the sacraments—through which they will be refitted for the next spell of duty; for the prayers in which they will lay before God their concerns and receive new light.

In short, the aim of the churches must be to minimize the cost of the bases in order to maintain the maximum number of men on operations—if this urgent task of witness to the Light of the World is to be their first priority in countries like Mr. Mathew's on one hand, and mine on the other [India and Great Britain].

This may sound dangerous but the Christian Church was, and is, a revolutionary movement. When the Christian Church came into being, men and women found themselves for the first time equal members of a society called into existence not for its own ends, but for the purposes of God in the world.

"This is a challenge to the Church to act as a whole," said Hans-Ruedi Weber, former secretary of the department of laity for the World Council.

Here in New Delhi, laymen have spoken very frankly about what can be done to attain that end. In many local churches, laymen would never dream of talking back to the minister; but then, in turn, many seldom ever listen to what the minister says either. Their religion is a separate Sunday act. One revitalizing thing that must happen is a frank two-way talk between the preacher and his laymen.

One result of this conversation may be that the church may become

less demanding about even its worship or local church activities, may release the church member for more work in the community. There is a tendency to think that church work is holier than the PTA or politics . . . yet it is in exactly those places that the Christian should make known and exercise his faith. Not only should Christians go into politics—get "dirty hands"—but the whole church should back them when they do, give them comfort, counsel, and understanding.

"Ye are the letters from Christ" does not mean that the Christian is urged to do something over and beyond his own job, to take on another missionary activity of the church, but he is asked to witness for Christ by the way he acts as a businessman, as an insurance salesman. The kitchen or the schoolroom can be as much a church as a Gothic nave. Tackle your problems in the local community first, and out of these will come world-wide influences, for people are pretty much the same everywhere. Maybe there is a race problem in your church; tackle it. Or a need for the rich and poor to understand each other; tackle it. A cleavage between factions in a local church must be healed before they are ready to take on the problems of a sick world.

There should also be a reshaping of our prayers. . . . Prayer should not be just a vague invocation but an individualized petition. Do we remember to pray for the postman and the grocer? For our boss or stenographer? Does the pastor pray for the special needs of his people, by name? We too often pray for missions as if they were far apart from us; actually every church East and West is now a missions' base for mutual help.

One way to help the local churches to deal with local problems is for Christian churches in various parts of the world to share their experiences in lay participation in the ministry of the church. Sweden has worked out a system of parish visitation, whereby each child baptized is assigned not only his usual godparents but a "godparent" from the congregation who accepts this child as his special interest. On the anniversary of the child's baptism, the parish godfather visits him to congratulate him, and when the child is four, the parish sponsor invites the child to start Sunday School. When confirmation classes begin, not only the pastor but the sponsors from the congregation visit the candidates to welcome them into the church family and to invite the candidate's

parents or members of his family to special classes to brush up on what the candidates are learning. Thus a continuing fellowship has developed between members of the congregation, the church school, and the home.

Austrian local churches have worked out another way of using the laymen as parish workers. The Sunday services are recorded on tape, taken by laymen to be played in hospitals or in the homes of those who for some reason cannot attend church services, because they are old and sick themselves or have young or ill children. In some outlying rural districts, groups gather in a member's home to listen to these recorded church worship services, later to discuss them with the church visitors. Since Austria also has a large number of tourists, a poster and map service has been developed by the churches to show visitors where the nearest church is situated, to announce by poster the time of service and the welcome of the local churches along the main routes of travel.

In Germany the congregation participates in different ways. Carefully trained members visit others in the congregation, not sporadically in a once-a-year visit to ask for funds, but a continuing campaign to get acquainted, to find out the new member's special interests. This "Every member campaign" is designed not as in the United States and England for financial subscriptions, but to build up a warm continuing Christian fellowship.

The role of the businessman traveling in foreign countries as an "incognito" missionary for Christ is another angle of the laity's responsibility for building a world-wide Christian unity.

"One of the greatest missionary opportunities confronting the church today lies in . . . the great number of Christian laymen criss-crossing the world in the service of business, government, and other occupations," it was pointed out in New Delhi. "Many countries are recruiting doctors, technicians of all kinds, for work in foreign countries, but Christian businessmen who are there in another capacity may also be 'letters from Christ.' Businessmen are not only ambassadors for their own country but also for or

against Christ. It should be the duty of the church to train such Christian laymen to 'a recognition of their role as missionaries,' to guide, and orient them for this service."

England has taken the lead in this matter by establishing at Moor Park College in Surrey, the "Oversea Service" which runs courses for men going abroad in government or industry, designed to help them understand more about the people whom they will meet in their new work as well as to evaluate their special responsibility as Christians. The leader of this unique training service is a former engineer who has also been a parish priest and leader in Christian education.

One great difficulty in training the laity for its service in the world has been finding preachers who can and will speak the language of the pew, who can translate "theological jargon" into words that can be understood "by the milkman from Kansas." "Why do most theologians always have to stick in a Greek word where an English word would do?" lamented one man-from-the-pew at New Delhi. "Do they think it impresses the layman to be called *Laos* instead of people? It simply makes him say, 'Nuts, this is not for me.' If the theologians want to talk Latin among themselves, that's fine. But if a machinery salesman to India is to be a 'letter from Christ,' it had better be written in plain English . . . or Hindi."

New Delhi discussed the implications of this program realistically:

> If this penetration of the world by lay leaders is an essential part of God's plan for his Church we must examine the structure of our churches . . . to see whether they assist or hinder the work of evangelism. . . . We must not think of the church as primarily a building . . . run by ministers, to which people come or are scolded for not coming. . . . We must inquire of ourselves whether our present structures do not preserve our divisions in a fossilized way, instead of enhancing the unity of . . . the community? We must ask ourselves, is my congregation happily content to regard its primary function as being to keep itself alive as a prosperous going concern? Does my neighbor feel at home in my church, can he

understand the language that is spoken to him? To communicate the Gospel involves the ability of the evangelist to identify himself with those with whom he is speaking. It is as if one beggar were telling another where the bread of life may be obtained.

Many ministers need help in formulating such a lay program. Bossey Institute is unique in that it offers work on a university level to graduate students, in affiliation with Geneva University. While its courses are not limited to theological students, many are candidates from the mission field or younger ministers who want to discover how to help both clergy and the layman to work together effectively in the secular world.

I asked a friend of mine who had been on the faculty at Bossey Graduate School of Ecumenical Studies and who is presently teaching at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to tell me what this experience in Geneva had meant to him and to young ministers adjusting to modern conditions in a shrunken world.

He explained, "Up to the end of the war not only was the whole church fabric disintegrated but religion in Europe had been on a steady decline. Where one thousand people used to attend a cathedral, maybe twenty would gather of a Sunday morning. No wonder they began to ask themselves critically, 'What's wrong?' They decided there must be a new understanding of the place of the Church in the modern world. Bossey was set up as a meeting place to talk over this problem.

"To me the professional discussions were most interesting to listen to, such as, 'How does a Christian lawyer differ in practice from a Communist lawyer?' In a state like the Soviet Union which has broken from the past, where the system of justice is set up on the principle that 'the good is the state,' rather than the Christian ideal which emphasizes the rights and duties of the individual; in a democracy which was founded on Christian principles but in practice has strayed far from those ideals, how does a Christian lawyer differ from any other?

"The discussion groups on the Christian family were important because up to now the experts had hardly spoken to each other; they had treated each member of the family, the divorced parents, the juvenile delinquent, as if each were an individual, set apart in a compartment. But at Bossey, doctors, psychiatrists, social workers were brought together to find a common language, to learn to treat the family as a whole . . . as a Christian whole.

"The need for graduate work soon became evident, since these leaders were to interpret the world movement toward church unity in almost as many countries as there were students. So an October-to-February course in connection with the University of Geneva was set up to train these young men and women graduates. Ecumenical scholarships were also offered to graduate students from Asia and Africa and other countries to study in America and England, usually among communions other than their own. Different liturgies, as practiced here in Cambridge by these foreign students, have come alive for our own students—for example, the demonstration of the Kiss of Peace which has come from the days of the early Christians and is actually a joining of hands by participants in the communion service. We have had refugees from East Germany who tell us firsthand what it feels like to be a persecuted Christian. In this homely way is brought home to each young preacher the need for understanding each other if we are ever to go ahead as a unified Church."

This practical pragmatic gospel has made increasing numbers of mature businessmen choose the Church as a new and rewarding profession. As one former bond salesman said at Bossey, "Let me in on this. . . . This emphasis on Christ instead of institutionalism, of understanding sympathetically each other's creed, is exactly the sort of church in which I believe!"

But "Bossey is something more than a cold intellectual place to study," remarked a laywoman who had been there. "It has been called the hearth of the World Council, the place where the World Council is 'at home,' where it welcomes its guests. . . .

Bossey is the place where ecumenism must be lived . . . an experiment and an adventure in faith."

The place of the Christian laymen in the new sovereign nations in Africa and Asia is even more important than in the churches in a more stable society. M. Madathilparampil Thomas from Bangalore said at New Delhi, "One has to be thankful that in most of these nations, the revolution is still in a fluid condition, still struggling to define its ends and means and that Christians as citizens may, along with others, play their part in this struggle. The question is how can the Churches and Christians be equipped to take up this challenge?"

Mr. Thomas warned, however, that Christians must work in real partnership with non-Christians in building a new moral structure to take the place of crumbling tribal taboos and outgrown national customs.

It is a foolish and mad idea that Christ works only through the Church. . . . The Christian contribution to building national thought is to recognize Christ in the aspirations and events of our times . . . by faith, to correct false ideologies and to contribute to the development of a realistic humanism. . . . The churches and Christians as partners in legislation, community development schemes in both village and city, in social welfare programs must, in co-operation with non-Christian agencies and the State, make their contribution to the spirit and form of the new secular society . . . a harder task than building segregated Christian communities.

Mr. Thomas enlarged Bishop Newbigin's reference to India to include all emerging nations:

I believe that this great new upreach of vital power which is expressing itself in the whole life of the new nations—in rural development, in industry and technology, in politics and social change—is in the last analysis the fruit of the meeting of the Gospel with the soul of African and Asian peoples. I do not mean only the Gospel as missionaries have brought it, but the Gospel reflected and refracted in a thousand ways—yes, and distorted too—in the civilization of the West within its literature, its service, its jurisprudence, its political ideas, and in many other ways.

Africa and Asia are responding to that contact now for the first time with their whole strength. And that means both vast opportunity and vast danger. The coming of Christ always means mercy and judgment—we shall fail the new nations and fail our Lord at this moment of decision, if the Church is not more ready than it is today to identify itself much more thoroughly with the life of the nation, and to show Christ as the one in whom all things, all the riches of all nations and all created things, are to find their harmony and their fulfillment.

Prayer, which touches the hand of God and so receives power, is still the most potent way of integrating good will so that it can make itself felt in a world rent by opposing ideologies, creeds, and hate that feeds chiefly upon fear. That New Delhi was essentially an assembly of Christians stumbling toward unity was emphasized by the report of the committee on unity which stated: "Our deepest responsibility . . . is faithful prayer for the unity of Christ's church as and when he wills it." The Week of Prayer for Christian Unity had been encouraged by the World Council as a way of fellowship among many nations. Yet as Dr. Visser 't Hooft himself admitted recently to the assembled bishops of the Methodist Church,

> We do not yet have this [wholly united] fellowship. We have the beginnings of it, real . . . but only beginnings. We have an instrument for common witness [the World Council of Churches], a common strategy, mutual aid. We have reason to be grateful for all that has happened and is happening. But it would be unrealistic not to look at the other side.
>
> All the unity we have is too much dessert, rather than the salt which penetrates all our food. We do not have full fellowship at the Lord's table . . . we often act separately when we should act together. But thank God we have heard the call to unity.

Or as one layman at New Delhi urged: "Do not continue to play solo instruments but let us join in Christ's great orchestra so that *together* we can play the oratorio of redemption."

8

The Six Presidents as Human Beings

It would be difficult to find six more different men than the new presidents of the World Council of Churches elected at New Delhi. Sir Francis Ibiam, a fiery-tongued Nigerian patriot, is outspoken against the "mistakes" made by the British, especially in the African mission field; His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, spiritual peer of the British realm, argues on the side of conservatism that "the way of the truth . . . and holiness cannot be hurried"; Martin Niemöller, the German pastor who fought Hitler's attempt to coerce the Christian churches into bowing the knee to the Nazis, is now fighting for world pacificism; Dr. David Moses, an Indian scholar and philosopher, is less well known outside his native country but has earned degrees from Yale, Union Theological Seminary in New York, and Columbia University. Even the two Americans elected to the Presidium are very different in background. Archbishop Iakovos, head of the Greek Orthodox Church in North and South America, impressive and dignified in his flowing black ecclesiastical robes and insignia, is a naturalized United States citizen, originally from Turkey. Charles Parlin, an international lawyer, as familiar with Berlin, Paris, Moscow, and London as he is with New York, the Middle-Western boy who made good in Wall Street, is as American as his native city of Wausau, Wisconsin.

Yet there are two things these new presidents have in common: they are all men of action, successful in their own fields of endeavor, and they are men of God. They think of church

unity not so much in terms of the merger of organizations, but of fellow Christians trying to follow together the Cross of the living Christ to world peace.

A man at sixteen is largely the result of his cultural background and physical inheritance, but what he is when he approaches sixty—all six men are either on the sunny or shady side of this milestone—depends largely upon himself, upon how he has invested his life, the goals which he has selected as important to him. I thought it might be interesting to find out what kind of people these six presidents really were under the trappings of their distinguished careers.

Martin Niemöller proved at first to be the hardest to get acquainted with, probably because his impulsively frank statements have made good copy for so many newspapermen that he shies away from any writer, as dangerous to his peace of mind. But when we did finally meet, instead of the impassioned orator I had expected, Martin Niemöller turned out to be a quiet-spoken, rather shy little gray man with a sweet smile which illumined not only his tired, lined face but his whole being. It was like coming into my own living room expecting to meet a stranger and finding instead a friend. When we passed each other afterward in the crowded corridor of the Vigyan Bhavan, he would wave cheerfully and call out, "How are you getting on?" He had plenty of time for those who were trying to get to the bottom of a question because that was what he had always done himself.

One of the secrets of Martin Niemöller's successful, if stormy, career has been his ability, even at the white heat of enthusiasm for an idea, if he is proven wrong by his own investigation, to change his stand without apology. Only a man alive to his fingertips can grow thus to larger stature, although this sometimes leads to misunderstanding. He has progressed from being a much-decorated German U-boat captain during World War I to being today one of the world's outstanding pacificists.

Martin was born in 1892 into the parsonage of a Lutheran

preacher in the town of Lippstadt, which prides itself upon being the first to accept Martin Luther's Reformation—so there was no question what the new baby should be named. Many insist that his stubbornness under fire comes from being a Westphalian, which is equivalent in this country to saying, "I come from Missouri." As a boy of eighteen, he entered the German Navy and advanced so rapidly that by the end of World War I, he was the young commander of a brand-new submarine, the U–67. Early in the war he had received the Iron Cross for his valor as a crew member of a submarine so ancient it was known affectionately as "the floating coffin." Promotion followed and finally he walked the bridge of his own command. The ensign from the U–67 still hangs over his bed, a strange trophy for an avowed pacifist to treasure, but Martin Niemöller makes no apology; to him there hang his boyhood dreams.[1]

Yet it was his war experiences which first started him toward the ministry. When he was an officer on the U–39, it torpedoed an enemy troopship. A destroyer and trawler had come to the rescue of the drowning crewmen, and the German captain was about to fire his last torpedo into this desperate target when Martin protested impulsively, "But you can't do that! It wouldn't be right!" The captain was so startled to be spoken to so peremptorily by an under-officer that he hesitated while Martin convinced him not to fire at the drowning men. As he confessed later in his autobiography, this incident was profoundly to influence his life, for this young Navy man began to realize for the first time "something of the tragedy which it [war] involved, which no single man could of his own volition avert. . . . A moritorium on Christianity!" He pondered this so soberly that once on the bridge of his own command when a fellow officer asked Martin Niemöller what he planned to do when the war ended, he said thoughtfully, "I might become a minister."

[1] Clarissa Start Davidson, *God's Man* (New York: Ives Washburn, 1959).

It was not easy to settle down after being a war hero to the grind of studying Greek and Hebrew, especially when one is the almost penniless father of a growing family. Niemöller, his wife, and three children lived for several years in three attic rooms while he prepared himself for the pulpit. His third child was baptized there before an improvised altar upon which stood a crucifix, candles, and a font, while behind on the wall was the ensign of the U–67. He still saw no incongruity between being a Christian and fighting as a patriot for one's country.

He was to take on another kind of battle soon, with Hitler in person. In the early days of Hitler's rise, Niemöller was quite willing to give him the benefit of the doubt that he might be another good German who would lead to a more stable government; but when the Nazi government issued the famous Aryan paragraph condemning the Jews, Martin Niemöller rose up wrathfully in his pulpit of the Church of Jesus Christ in Berlin-Dahlem to thunder, "Christians should show love toward all men and women, Christians, infidels, and Jews!" When Hitler called a meeting of the recalcitrant German pastors in his office, Niemöller told the Fuehrer to his face, "*Herr Reichskanzler,* the responsibility for our German nation has been laid upon our souls and conscience by no earthly authority but by God, Himself, and no earthly authority can take away that responsibility, not even you."

Hitler was so furious with this outspoken preacher that even when a judge later dismissed the charges of treason against Niemöller, Hitler refused to have him released, but flared, "Let him be my personal prisoner then!" Niemöller did not make himself any more popular with the Nazi government by helping found the Pastors' Emergency League which two thousand pastors joined at once, or by signing with them the statement of their convictions: "We stand by the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as the unique test of our faith and life, and the Confessions

of Faith as the reformed explanation thereof." From this came the name, the Confessional Churches.

"The Confessional Church drew unto it many different people who were against Hitler, but it was not primarily a resistance movement," Martin Niemöller assured me at New Delhi. "It was simply trying to avoid the deceit of Christians into thinking that the Nazi party *was* Christian."

For this uncompromising stand, Niemöller spent eight of the war years in prison, the first two in solitary confinement in Moabit prison in Berlin, two more years in Saxenhausen concentration camp, and four years in the dreadful Dachau, of which he wrote home, "the camp is full of corpses stacked up like firewood." Yet even though their countries were at war, his friends in the ecumenical movement of churches did not forget this German pastor. On the day after his fiftieth birthday in 1942, Niemöller learned that a service of celebration had been held for him in St. Martin's in the Fields, led by his friends, William Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Chichester, the Right Reverend G. K. A. Bell.

After the war ended, Niemöller drafted the famous Confession of Guilt—wherein the Churches of Germany took upon their own shoulders the guilt of their fellow countrymen for not acting as Christians—presented at a meeting of the Provisional Committee of the World Council of Churches which had been called by some of the same men who had stood by him when he was in prison. By then he was coming to believe that the only way to peace was through non-violent methods. The statement ends: "We hope in God that through the common service of the Church the spirit of violence and revenge . . . may be brought under control and that the spirit of peace and love, wherein alone tortured humanity can find healing, may gain the mastery."

His final conversion to pacifism came after he had visited Russia to see conditions there for himself. He had reason to hate this enemy country, for his two sons had been held in Russian prison

camps, but in no spirit of bitterness he searched for the truth of the situation of the Russian Church. He found, contrary to news reports, that sixty Orthodox churches were still open in Moscow, if merely tolerated by the government, and after a search of some fifty sermons which he had translated, in which he found no trace of communistic politics, he decided that to ally these Eastern churchmen with Western Christians was much better than fighting them. In an atomic age when either side could destroy all mankind in a matter of minutes, he held no brief for Russian communism, yet he felt coexistence was the only answer. He pledged himself from now on to become a bridge between East and West, to get men at least to talk to each other, to settle their arguments without violence. At New Delhi when the Moscow Russian Orthodox Church joined the World Council, of which he himself was made a president, he saw one step of advance on this path to world peace.

Martin Niemöller had now gone all the way from the U-boat bridge to international Christian citizenship. He told me, quietly matter-of-fact, "A Christian is called upon to put Christ first, above any worldly authority. If the state asks me to do something Christ cannot share in, I cannot give in. A Christian is a Christian first, an American, German, or any other nationality, second."

In contrast to the impulsive Niemöller is the conservative Archbishop Iakovos, head of the Greek Orthodox Church in North and South America. As he walks along in his impressive ecclesiastical robes, using his staff of office, Archbishop Iakovos is the very picture of the proud dignity of the ancient church of which he is the head. Yet I soon discovered that under all this official dignity lay a warm heart, a keen wit, and compassion for all men, even newspaper reporters. As we sat together at breakfast at the early hour of seven a.m. in the Ashoka Hotel, he answered all my questions with clarity and understanding; although he was avalanched by appeals and was to preside later that morning over the entire Assembly, he gave the impression of quiet

ease, of a man whose inner calmness no outer clamor could ruffle.

At fifty, His Eminence is the youngest of the presidents. He was born Demetrios Coucouzis on the island of Imbros and was educated in Turkey. "I was the son of a village storekeeper," he told me, "and was trained as a chemist. Learning was easy for me as I had a photographic mind and did not have to look twice at a book.

"But the Church was in my blood. My grandmother's brother had been abbott at Mount Athos and my mother's brother had also been a deacon in the Orthodox Church, though he died when only thirty-three. Still I had stubbornly planned to be a chemist." The Archbishop smiled, admitted, "But the thoughts of man are not always the thoughts of God."

After young Demetrios graduated with honors from school, he found himself strangely reluctant to begin his career, uncertain of what he should do. "At this crossroad I had a vision," he told me simply and seriously. "You remember, 'your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams'? So it was with me. I dreamed that I saw a Man who looked like Jesus Christ in my Bible. He did not speak, but wherever I went, his eyes followed me. I woke up convinced of what I must do, and within two weeks I had definitely decided to be a clergyman."

The rise of this young visionary in the church was swift; he soon proved himself not only a scholar but wise beyond his years in handling people. After his graduation with honors from the Theological School of Halki in the Ecumenical Patriarchate in Istanbul, he served as Archdeacon to the Metropolitan of Derkon from 1934 to 1939. He told me quietly, "I came under conviction to serve God in those early days, and I have never been sorry that I am in His service."

His interest in a world-wide church movement increased as he served his church not only in Turkey but in the United States and Europe, so that he came to understand the culture and the psychological background of people other than himself. He ar-

rived in the United States in 1939 as Archdeacon and professor at the Archdiocese Theological School then located in Pomfret, Connecticut. After his ordination as priest in 1940, he served as priest in Boston, Hartford, and St. Louis, and preached at Holy Trinity Cathedral in New York; two years later he became Dean of the Cathedral of the Annunciation in Boston. In this way, this young Turkish Christian became familiar with American thought both North and South, knew both the scholastic world and the problems of the ordinary man in his congregation. He saw that whatever their differing needs and views, all these were children of the same God, with the same yearning for the peace that passes understanding, with the same human foibles which prevented their attaining the Christian perfection which they sought. He added himself to this list, with humility. He told me as we broke bread together at New Delhi, "I regret only my own smallness, my inability to carry out His great will." And in this humility and sincerity lay the greatness of this man.

He was soon to have even more varied experiences. When he was elected Bishop of Melita (Malta) in 1954, he was assigned the Archdiocese of Central and Western Europe. After a further promotion to Metropolitan, he was the first ecumenical representative of his church to be sent to the World Council headquarters in Geneva. He is proud that "I was the first liaison officer to try to work out practical co-operation between other creeds and sects." It was here his outlook widened to take in all Christians everywhere.

As a leader who had contributed much, Archbishop Iakovos could well cite this year of 1961 as one of notable advance in co-operation and Christian understanding, as witnessed: first, by the recent Pan-Orthodox conference at Rhodes (to which both Protestant and Roman Catholic observers had been invited to be guests); second, by the World Council Assembly held in India; and third, by the role of Pope John XXIII "who unceasingly prays and works for the restoration of Christian unity." This unity,

Archbishop Iakovos said, "should cease to be understood as an amalgamation . . . of all existing churches into one or as . . . mergers inspired by conventional or expedient motives . . . but it [unity] should be conceived as a personal concern and commitment for every Christian in today's world and in God's name."

This shopkeeper's son from Turkey had come a long way to see lifted up over national and credal differences the same Cross of the Universal Christ. Two years ago he was elevated to be Archbishop of North and South America of the Greek Orthodox Church, one of the largest of the many Eastern Orthodox Churches in America, with one million one hundred fifty thousand communicants and three hundred and seventy-four churches in the United States alone. He feels that his varied background has given him a more objective viewpoint than most native-born citizens. He explained to me, "Because I was not born American with a memory of fighting for freedom from Great Britain, struggling to achieve for my country human and religious freedom as Sir Francis Ibiam is, I can see his point of view of liberalism, as well as the wise, patient conservatism of Archbishop Ramsey of Canterbury."

Remembering the concern of some delegates because, with the coming of the Russians, the World Council would include more individual Orthodox members than any other church, I asked His Eminence, "What special gift has the Orthodox Church to give to the world-wide movement for church unity?"

"We are the conservatives, the voice of the ancient Church." He hastened to add, "That does not mean we are inflexible, the changeless voice of the past, only that we are *experienced*. Since the eleventh century when there was the great schism, we have tried out, discarded, or made use of many ideas about ecumenism. We had early talks with the Pope at Rome and later with Martin Luther, about working together. We had our historic libertarians such as Arius. It was in line with this early policy that I went to

Geneva to talk about unified church action fitted to modern times."

"Why *do* we have so many Churches?" I demanded.

He smiled. "Differing interpretations of the Bible . . . and because people like to be founders of a new sect! We Orthodox come from the other direction; we feel that it is possible to get unity in the light of history. That does not mean giving up one's own liturgy. The Orthodox do not believe in transubstantiation as the Roman Catholics do, that the bread becomes the actual flesh of Christ; but we believe a miraculous change takes place, that the bread becomes the spiritual body of Christ. We are undoubtedly ecumenical in that we wish to restore unity in terms of the early historic Church where Jesus Christ was the sole criterion and He alone."

"Would you say, then, that the ecumenical movement has given anything to the Orthodox Church?" I asked.

"Many things," His Eminence said promptly. "First, the sincerity with which the World Council approaches unity, their fresh approach to the truth. Second, the persistence with which they work. Third, their open-mindedness and frank liberalism. Lastly, their missionary experience. The Orthodox have been accused of lack of missionary zeal because we do not believe in proselytizing from one Christian Church to another; we think that these divisions are a stumbling block to the non-Christians to whom we preach. Therefore, we rejoice in the union here at New Delhi of the International Missionary Council and the World Council. Instead of dividing the Church over credal issues, would it not be much better to concentrate upon telling about Christ to those who have never heard of Him?

"Also, meeting, talking face to face in these great church assemblies, we have made a great advance in tolerance. Protestants used to call us 'Orthodox idolators,' while we, in turn, referred to them as 'infidels.' Now we can sit around the same table discussing

frankly our differences and our alikenesses. Together we are learning two great lessons, how to pray for one another and how to be forthright and sincere."

His large brown eyes fastened upon my face, keen eyes that seemed to bore through to my own inner mind, as this Christian, whom great honors had made not vain but humble, expressed his creed in a few simple words:

"We must show the sincerity and simplicity which our Lord displayed."

If Archbishop Iakovos is the voice of experience, Sir Francis Ibiam of Nigeria is the voice of tomorrow, who speaks not only for Africa but for all the younger churches in Asia who are impatient of yesterday's mistakes, sure that today's missionaries, both Western and indigenous, must do a better job if the Kingdom of Christ is to be of real value in their countries' emerging national life.

Sir Francis, as I had seen him in photographs wearing his native costume, is a tall black man who stands very straight and looks every inch a potentate. I had listened to his fiery speech read by his wife, Lady Eudor Olayinka Ibiam, a queenly woman who believes passionately with her husband that only as the problems of Africa are solved will peace come to the rest of the world. When I went to meet Sir Francis at the Janpath Hotel, I expected to find a flamboyant orator, holding forth angrily. Instead, the Governor of Eastern Nigeria, which includes ten million souls, was so quietly dressed in a business suit, so engrossed in talking to a group of students clustering eagerly about him, that I inquired bewildered where could I find Sir Francis?

"I am Sir Francis." He looked very like my own family doctor as he rose to take my hand, with that mixture of authority and friendliness that makes a patient feel better before the doctor even opens his black bag of pills. As he left the student group to talk with me, he promised one boy, "Send me your name. I will do what I can for you."

Sir Francis is a physician who has labored for the well-being of his fellow Africans so ably that in 1954 he received the accolade from Queen Elizabeth as Knight Commander of the British Empire "for selfless service to country." He seemed bewildered that his straightforward criticism of missionaries at the World Council Assembly had stirred up so much controversy. "But I am a missionary myself," he pointed out. "I have been for twenty-six years. I am only on leave of absence for five years. If one cannot speak the truth among friends, in the bosom of his own church people, where can he speak? I have been offered many higher-salaried jobs than that of a poorly paid missionary doctor; but I never regretted my choice as the church worker because I have been paid in better coin, in the satisfaction of making my life count for my own people. I took on this executive's job because of the emergency, the need for trained men, Christian men, in building up our nation."

Sir Francis knows both the native kraal and the university classroom. Born of pagan parents fifty-five years ago in Unwana, Nigeria, he was converted to Christianity through the efforts of an uncle. He received his early education in the mission schools, including Hope Waddell Training Institution at Calabar, of which he was later to become president, and King's College at Lagos. His medical training, however, he took at St. Andrews University in Scotland.

"When I saw lovely Scotland and all the amenities the Scottish missionaries had given up to come to my country, thousands of miles from their own people and way of life, I was inspired, too, to give my life to God." He smiled wryly, telling me, "But my youthful enthusiasm received a cold douche when I rushed to offer my service to the Church. The man in charge of the office didn't even ask me to sit down, but told me, 'Possibly someday when you are further trained we can use you.' It was as if a child had held out a trusting hand, only to have it slapped down."

Also about this time he had begun to realize that the color of

his skin might be a drawback, because at that time "no black doctor could receive an appointment to an English hospital," Sir Francis explained. "But when I got back to my own country, I was offered a chance to start a hospital where there had never been one before. I accepted with two provisos, first, that I should have six months working under an experienced doctor, and second, that I be allowed to go back to England every six years to brush up on my profession, for I wanted to offer my people only the best. For three years I cleared brush from the hospital site by the sweat of my brow, put up buildings partly with my own hands, trained village girls as competent nurses and helpers. The hospital at Abirba had just begun to function properly when I received a letter from the mission authorities asking if I did not want to be transferred to a bigger hospital with more opportunities. I wrote back at once, 'Of course I want to stay here. Do you think I want to close this up, waste three years of my life? Besides, these people have no other physician.' "

Sir Francis worked there as a Presbyterian missionary doctor for fourteen years before he consented to move to a larger hospital, only to be asked to head the school from which he had graduated at Calabar. He demurred, "I am not a schoolteacher; I am a doctor!" He smiled telling me this, and the change from almost sadness on his dark face to sudden radiance explained his warm charm for his own people who know him best, as he said quietly, "Of course I went where I was needed."

Yet he feels that the role of today's missionary in Africa must be reviewed frankly, as he had done, using his own experience as criterion. The African today was wary of Christianity, he explained, identifying it with white supremacy. Too often the missionary had lived within a small clique, either Western or Christian. He himself was far from repudiating the missionary—was he not one himself? Had not the mission schools given him his early education? But times had changed; it was not enough now to teach black children to read and write, to sing hymns;

they must also be taught that all men are equal before the Lord and to act in that way.

"Western missionaries are still desperately needed in Africa," Sir Francis explained. "But they must come on terms of equal partnership. We don't care what the color of a man's skin is; but we must meet each other with our hands out in welcome and our heads up proudly."

Shade of Patrick Henry shouting, "Give me liberty or give me death!" Sir Francis might well be a New England American like my own ancestors. It seemed to me that, far from resenting the fiery youthful spirit of these leaders, we should rejoice that responsibility for building a nation had fallen upon such capable shoulders as those of this Presbyterian elder.

I asked sincerely, "Tell me then, what can we American Christians do for African Christians?"

"Be our friends. Come and see for yourself what kind of people we are, if we are trying to be Christian or not," invited Sir Francis. "Or if you can't afford that . . . one doesn't have to be rich to help. A Sunday School in Scotland paid for my brother's education and he, in turn, paid for mine. . . . So the children's pennies and tuppence were not wasted.

"Our greatest need is for trained young Africans who will agree, when educated, not to take all the tempting offers open today to a college graduate, but to be willing to invest their lives for their own people. It costs only one hundred and eighty dollars a year to keep such a boy in school in Nigeria; that is, it costs more, but we Africans can pay the rest," he added quickly. "When Lady Ibiam and I were traveling in Canada, the women in one church pledged themselves to give us five hundred dollars for our scholarship fund and two other churches asked me to recommend two bright young Nigerians for training in the United States. The boy is now at Princeton and the girl in junior college." He waited, looked at me hopefully, then handed me this card. "I can always be reached here."

H. E. Sir Francis Ibiam
State House, Enugu, Nigeria

His address might be the State House, but this man's heart was still in his mission hospital. The chidden delegates at New Delhi must have agreed with me when they elected Sir Francis to the most important position they had to offer—or perhaps they merely remembered that they were Christians, too.

At first sight, it might seem no one could offer greater contrast to this Nigerian whose beginnings had been so humble than Dr. Arthur Michael Ramsey, the successor to the throne of St. Augustine, head of the Anglican communion of some forty-two million communicants, His Grace, the hundredth Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England. Yet, under all these titles, is the warmly human man who once told students in Dublin: "Let me say two things about myself. I claim to be a Christian . . . a very bad one. I claim also to be a humanist, meaning I understand a concern about the dignity and freedom of man."

His Grace is a big man in every aspect, body, mind, and in his sympathies, who charged beaming about the corridors of the Vigyan Bhavan, his purple robes floating out behind him, followed by a long queue of people waiting to talk to him. His friendliness has an almost tangible warmth, and he gives you the compliment of his entire attention. His blue eyes twinkle under his wreath of frosty white hair as he talks, and his vigor of mind and spirit punch home his words. He once said on beginning a mission at Oxford: "We live in a puzzling world. Each of us is something of a puzzle to himself and to other people. I have come here to talk to you about the conviction that the Christian faith makes sense of the puzzle, and shows us how to grapple with it."

Strangely, this man who holds the highest office in his Church was not born an Anglican but the son of a Congregationalist whose father in turn had been a Congregational minister. Arthur Ramsey's birthplace was Cambridge, England, fifty-six years ago,

where his father was University lecturer in mathematics. However, Arthur Ramsey also came from a Church of England background, as his maternal grandfather had been an Anglican priest. Arthur Ramsey attended the public school where his predecessor, the ninety-ninth Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Geoffrey Fisher, was headmaster at the time; Dr. Fisher still calls the Archbishop "my boy." Later he studied at Magdalene College at Cambridge, where he was president of the Student Union; as we Americans would say, he was a "big man on the campus." He studied first to be a lawyer, then changed to theological studies. Not only was he himself taken back into the fold of his maternal grandfather's Anglican communion but he later had the pleasure of confirming his own father in that faith.

He has been described as "one of the most learned of present-day British clergymen"; certainly he was well fitted for the scholastic life, for he taught for six years on the faculty of Lincoln Theological School, was for two years vicar of student life at St. Benedict's, Cambridge, taught at Durham University, and was also Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge University. He confessed to a friend that he was a recluse at heart but could not bring himself to withdraw for the good of his own soul, from a world that needed help. Through his books and lectures he has done much to mold the lives of young Englishmen. He warned at Durham: "Man, in exalting his own selfishness and putting himself in God's place, in trying to exploit the earth and its resources to his selfish ends, finds he cannot control things, that things have begun to control him. I need not elaborate on this. It is the frustration on our advanced civilization. It is as if man's toys had come to life and threaten to destroy him."

He was not only scholar but executive when for ten years, from 1940 to 1950, he served as Bishop of Durham. He also held the see of York before his enthronement as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1961.

He has been a lifelong supporter of the idea of Christian unity.

Early in his career he played an important part in bringing a closer communion between his Church and the Church of South India. He led a delegation of Anglican priests to Russia to bring about a better understanding with the Orthodox and has traveled widely in Africa, studying church problems in that vast continent. One of his first statements as Archbishop voiced his wish for closer ties with other Christian churches.

But His Grace is a practical man as well as a scholar and mystic; he does not expect church unity to arrive as a thunderbolt from heaven. He cautioned at New Delhi, "The way of holiness cannot be hurried, nor can the way of truth; there must also be in this matter of church unity 'a divine patience.' "

But he also pointed out realistically that

the churches do not need to attain unity organically before they can work together. Don't expect the World Council to produce a plan of action in a fortnight here, but the churches will go home to further consider unity. The most significant thing that has happened here at New Delhi is that the Orthodox Church, which for centuries has been isolated, is now going all-out for unity. In this process of getting together, we must include Rome. There has been, of course, no advance in organic union here, but the spirit and temper of co-operation between Protestants and Roman Catholics has been quite remarkable. We often find ourselves together in seeking the Holy Spirit; now we can at least talk about the faith we have together.

People forget that when our Lord prayed for unity, he also prayed that his disciples might grow in knowledge of the truth. Unity, truth, holiness; we can't separate them; we must grapple with all three.

When the Archbishop appeared at the Cathedral at New Delhi, splendid in his shining golden miter and cope, supported by a galaxy of similarly brilliantly arrayed bishops, it was typical of Dr. Ramsey that he preached a simple sermon any country parson might have given his parish church. He reminded his vast congregation of Christians from every corner of the globe that all our pomp and wealth would pass away, "that we would in the end meet Christ, naked and with only ourselves to offer." But he does

not hesitate to speak his mind as freely as Sir Francis, though perhaps more tactfully. He insists, "Christ came to save the world. He is not only the Light of the Church but of the entire universe. . . . Let the races, white and black, see each other in the light of Easter, and apartheid is at once condemned."

His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, comes very near being the ideal Englishman, regal yet unassuming, dependable as a rock, cautious in asserting his rights, yet stubborn to defend them. He may well be the gyroscope that keeps the ecumenical ship on an even keel for the next six years.

Dr. David G. (Gnanapragasam) Moses of Nagpur may be one of the least internationally known of the six presidents, but he is one of the most scholarly and has a long missionary family history. His father and grandfather were both Christian missionaries who used to go by ox cart to the villages, where they would camp just outside under a tree for fear they would not be welcome; there they cooked their meals and preached the gospel to anyone who would listen.

"Nowadays people are more willing to listen, but not to accept Christianity," said Dr. Moses as we sat together in the lounge at New Delhi. This gray-haired, vividly alive scholar, who also knows how to speak simply of the faith that is in him, acts as an unofficial liaison man between the theologian and the man-in-the-pew, a job that is sorely needed. "Today Hindus and Moslems tell you politely, 'You have your religion and I have mine; they are both equally paths to God. You keep yours and I'll keep mine.' "

"How do you convince them that Jesus is the Light of the World, not just a light?" I asked this professor of philosophy.

"For me, the uniqueness of Jesus Christ is that he was God, had all the power of God, but chose to lay this power down. He completely emptied himself of divine power to the extent of being obedient unto death. In no other religion do you find that abdication. At birth he was a little helpless baby and he chose to suffer the Cross. To many religions the Cross is a foolishness, and a

stumbling block. Yet the power Christ gained by living as a man, by not exerting his might as the head of the universe, was greater than what he lost . . . because it is this eternal power which lasts. In his little baby fingers he held all the potential of the universe—the whole world in His hand—yet he chose to lay this down to become a man who died and rose again from the dead. Only thus could he atone for men's sins, humble himself to become great.

"Today we have a wider conception of evangelism than my father and grandfather had. In the old days evangelism simply meant preaching the gospel in the market places wherever people would gather to listen. Now we bear witness to the Christ in the whole of life, in business, in education, among non-Christians and Christians, in the whole of society."

Strangely Dr. Moses was not ordained a priest until a few weeks before New Delhi and when I asked him why he had given up the lay ministry of college president at Hislop Theological College in Nagpur, he said rather apologetically that he hadn't given it up; he had been ordained so that he might be a better moderator for the Nagpur Christian Council since he would be able to administer the sacraments. He also teaches philosophy in the government-founded Nagpur University.

He was born in Madras State, India, sixty years ago, graduated from Madras Christian College, afterward distinguished himself in American universities, taught at Union Theological Seminary. Under his guidance, Hislop College developed the first department of journalism in a Christian Indian college; it is also now a union college with students of many creeds. His five children are scattered between East and West. One son teaches at Teachers' College, Brockport, in New York; a daughter teaches in a public school in Madras, India; another daughter, a graduate of Columbia University, taught for two years in the Women's Christian College in India before she married; the youngest son is in the Nagpur Agricultural College, while still another daughter is an eye surgeon in the Presbyterian Christian Hospital in West Paki-

stan. Thus does the family tradition of Christian service continue.

Dr. Joseph H. Oldham was also honored at New Delhi by being named honorary president of the World Council of Churches by the Assembly. This eighty-five-year-old British layman has been active in the ecumenical movement since the days of John R. Mott; he has been long identified with the International Missionary Council as well.

I have left Charles Parlin, the first American layman to be elected a president of the World Council, till last, because I know him best. It is hard to be objective about someone you've been fond of for thirty-eight years. It simply can't be done; all I can do is to show the Charles I have seen in his home, among his friends, and in his church. During the many long years we have been friends, I have never known Charles to make a small or mean decision, nor to turn aside anyone in trouble. Not only his business interests but his personal acquaintance is world-wide; when you go to dinner at his house you never know if you will sit next to the French Ambassador or an Indian Untouchable. Each one will be equally Charles' friend.

But the Church is closest to his heart, except perhaps his family of three children, two boys and a girl, and his nine grandchildren. As many of these as can arrange it meet at his patriarchal table every Sunday, to begin their meal with singing John Wesley's grace, "Be present at our table, Lord, Be here and everywhere adored. . . ." From his highchair the ten-months-old youngest grandchild, Andy, listens wide-eyed. Religion here is a vital part of the warp and woof of daily living.

My husband, Jock, and I first met Charles when we were all just out of college, when he, as superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School in Grace Church, came to ask us both to teach classes. Half a dozen young professional and businessmen, recently graduated from Harvard Law or Harvard Business School, had settled with their brides in Brooklyn near Jock and me. All of us lived in walk-up apartments, none more than seventy-five

dollars a month; all the men were just starting their careers; we were short on cash but long on dreams. Charles got me to teach without any difficulty. With my father a Methodist minister, I took church work as a matter of course; but even Jock, an Anglican Englishman, was sold on Charles' enthusiasm for his Methodist Sunday School. He would sell an Eskimo an icebox.

Charles still gets up early every Sunday morning, no matter if he has flown in from Berlin, Germany, late the night before and goes down to teach his nine-thirty a.m. Sunday School class of teen-agers in the little Methodist Church in Englewood which is his church home; but, more interesting, he lets his Sunday School class teach him. When I asked him one Sunday what sort of lessons they were studying, he chuckled. "I didn't like this lesson at all today. I told my kids, 'Let's talk about something else. This guy has missed the point entirely.' But one boy burst out, 'I don't agree with you, Mr. Parlin!' You know," he laughed, "by the time those high school orators had finished, they had convinced me!" A president of the World Council of Churches who can still allow himself to learn from a teen-ager . . . No wonder a British artist sent to paint Charles' portrait tore up his first attempt, grumbling, "They told me you were a stuffed shirt big-shot—but you aren't at all. I'll have to begin again."

I forget that Charles is the senior partner in the largest law firm in Wall Street, director of banks, of international companies, that he is as at home in Paris, Berlin, London, Washington as he is in New York, that his list of important connections, of honorary degrees from universities and colleges fills the fine print of *Who's Who*; he is my friend. I suspect that a great deal of his success in business comes from this same ability to put himself on the other fellow's level, to establish a warmly sincere entente. He sees the person behind the façade and his flattered listener comes halfway to meet him. He calls cabinet members, archbishops, millionaire business executives by their first names, but when he received a manuscript from an unknown Methodist minister Charles read it

himself and took time out to dictate a letter to the editor of a national magazine, recommending the story to his attention "because it's the real thing." It was a Christmas story about a church in the South which did not approve of the third Wise Man in their crèche being black, but which later admitted their mistake.

As one of his business associates said thoughtfully, "Charles Parlin may not be the most brilliant lawyer I have ever known, but he is the wisest."

The truth is that this boy who was born in Wisconsin some sixty years ago, who came east to find success, is still at heart the same warmhearted Middle Westerner as was his schoolteacher father who later inaugurated industrial research methods that have become nationwide, yet who still said grace at his own table. Father Parlin was of the opinion that a child should become independent as early as possible, so young Charles was sent alone to Boston at the age of twelve to find himself a public school, finish out the scholastic year, and arrange for a suburban home into which the family could later settle. With his facility for making friends, young Charles did all right; but boylike, that summer he rented a room at Nantasket Beach where he could not only enjoy swimming in the salt water but also take rides in the amusement park. Perhaps the reason he can still talk the language of his teen-agers is the lingering memory of this joyous early independence.

But with all these interests, Charles does not neglect his job as one of the leading tax authorities in the country. No matter how late in the evening he has been speaking on world affairs, his morning alarm clock rings shortly after seven. He usually gets to his office long before anyone else to plan his day. It is typical of him that instead of driving to Wall Street in his Lincoln Continental behind his chauffeur, he goes to work on the subway. His wife drives him over the George Washington Bridge from New Jersey, then meets him again at night; she refuses to send the chauffeur; she explains, this is usually the only time she and

Charles have to talk alone, to chat together. This intimate closeness between him and his wife is another great secret of his success, for the two are nearly one person in their love for the church and for each other. That is not to say they always think alike, but they respect each other's opinions and defer to them; I am sure that if Charles ever did develop ideas of grandeur (which he has shown no signs of, to date) she would prick his balloon, bring him down to earth. To see them together is to feel a tightening of the throat because a true marriage of mind, body, and heart is a rare and beautiful thing.

When my husband died recently, Charles drove four hundred miles to come to the funeral, but he did not offer his shoulder for me to weep upon, though I could sense his own grief at having lost an old friend. Instead, he said to me, in his brisk, smiling way, "Well, Sue, now you'll have to come down to New York, take a little apartment, build a new life for yourself." He was the only one who was positive, who cheerfully assumed that to a Christian merely one phase had ended, that death was a doorway beyond which the eternal life was still going on. When the shock of Jock's going lessened, I saw that Charles was right. The only way I could lose Jock was to give up working for the things he had been interested in, his church, his town, his country. I chose the job of trying to write the story of the world-wide movement of the churches toward unity in words that even "the milkman from Kansas" and the "housewife from Massachusetts" would understand. If I have succeeded at all in making come alive these people from so many nations, the credit is due to Charles and Miriam, my friends of whose family the World Council is a member.

Charles throws himself into whatever he is doing. At New Delhi he was so preoccupied day and night that he didn't even take time out to go to Agra to see the Taj Mahal, though he did put a wreath on Gandhi's memorial. Miriam remarked rather ruefully, "This is the way he takes his vacation!" His idea of a

pleasant way to spend a quiet evening is to sit before the fire in his library, reading the life of Pope John XXIII, whom he admires. He was not surprised when this tolerant, kindly Pope sent official observers to the New Delhi Assembly nor when he invited representatives of the World Council to be "delegate observers" at the Second Vatican Ecumenical Council of the Roman Catholic Church to be held in Rome in October 1962.

When Charles was elected World Council president, one of his Roman Catholic partners rushed into Charles' office, waving a copy of his church magazine saying, "I never expected to see *your* picture in *my* paper!"

Charles Parlin regards his money as entrusted to him as steward, to be spent wisely. He has set up the Epworth Foundation by means of which he keeps anywhere from ten to twelve young people in college every year. These students, who come from Japan, China, India, the deep South and the Northern part of the United States, are of every conceivable color and creed, from the young sons of a Chinese laundryman to a brilliant Negro mother and her son. He has taken an active part in working for the integration of his black and white neighbors in the city of Englewood where he lives. When the "colored" Methodist church burned, the "white" church which Charles attends offered their building. The Negroes preferred a church of their own, so Charles served as joint chairman of the building committee with a woman from their congregation. He gives himself to whatever he feels is worth investing in.

"It's unchristian to have so much money!" some critics might protest piously. "Christ told the young man to sell all he had and give to the poor."

He also said, "The poor ye have always with you . . ." Money is merely one kind of power. It is the attitude a person has toward power, whether it is his master or his servant to be used to help others, that makes the difference.

Charles, Miriam, and I were sitting at dinner one night at the

Janpath Hotel in New Delhi when the waiter came up to say that he was leaving that night for his vacation, obviously hoping for his tip before he departed. Charles reached into his pocket, drew out a bill, crumpled it into his fingers, slid it into the Indian's brown hand. "Tell your wife to have a good time!" The waiter unrolled the bill, went white as a brown skin can.

"That was a hundred-rupee note—twenty-five dollars!" said a shocked British voice from a nearby table. "If that isn't just like an American, spoiling the natives for anything else!"

It *was* American, thank God—an impulse to share his own enjoyment of life with a man who probably never owned that much money at one time before—as American as the Declaration of Independence which insists that all men are created equal. The waiter had tears in his eyes as he went away.

A newspaper once called Charles Parlin "a practicing Christian." That about sums it up. When he makes a mistake he is ready to admit it, to learn even from a teen-ager, and he is steady as a stone wall in his belief in a compassionate God to whose Cross many paths lead. No, stone is too hard; Charles is more like an oak, vividly alive, still growing, among whose spreading branches and cool greenness little creatures may find a refuge and a home.

These six presidents of the World Council, so different and yet so alike in their passion to show Christ as the healer of all nations, issued as their first official act a Pentecostal message this past Lent. It may be well taken as blueprint for their future action during the next six years as leaders of three hundred million Christians.

Six months after the [New Delhi] Assembly, we rejoice and give thanks for the reality of that fellowship. It is not a small thing that in a world torn by so many divisions, we have been able to discover such a measure of common purpose concerning the unity, service, and witness of the Church. Here we have seen for ourselves that the power of the Holy Spirit to bring fellowship out of a great diversity of nations and languages is as alive today as on the first Pentecost in Jerusalem, long ago. . . .

The fellowship of the Holy Spirit "centers around Word and Sacrament," round the presence of Jesus Christ in the midst. . . . As a fellowship of love, it seeks constantly to draw others within its range. The Holy Spirit can never preside over a closed society for self-congratulation, but only over an outgoing society of forgiveness and service. . . . "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes."

9

I Adopt a Chinese Daughter

The Interchurch Aid and Service to Refugees, which had been so important an influence in cementing international friendships during the war and in molding the World Council of Churches, is still today, long after the hot war has turned cold, a very live organization. Hong Kong, to which thousands of refugees cross the boundaries of Red China yearly in order to find food and freedom, interested me especially, for here one can see Christianity in action. Here the giving of one's self, money, and energy are truly ecumenical, for the need is so great that no one has time to consider whether the starving, the homeless are Buddhists, Confucianists, or Christians. Credal boundaries exist but have no practical validity. The Anglican calls the Presbyterian, or the government calls the Catholics, the Friends, or the Jewish agency and says, "I have here a thirteen-year-old girl, just across the Shumchun [the river that divides Red China from New Territories and is placid except when rippled by Communist bullets. They don't normally mind the old and sick escaping but young boys and girls are another matter]. We've cured her bullet wounds but we don't have any place for her to eat, sleep, or go to school. Do you?" Somewhere, somehow an opening is found for this girl; but eventually the openings are all filled and there is only despair.

The great tragedy came when British border patrols were forced to turn back sixty thousand Chinese refugees, hungry for food and freedom, because there was no more room for them in Hong Kong. "We cannot carry this burden alone," the Hong Kong au-

thorities said regretfully. "It is impossible for our economy to absorb so many thousand refugees in one month, to be fed, sheltered, cured of their bodily diseases, found jobs to support themselves and their families. If the West does not help us, what can we do? There is just so much space and so much food." Was this to be a new Bethlehem where there was "no room for them in the inn"? Must international political red tape choke off the answering cry of sympathy from other men and women around the world, anxious to give but not sure how they can?

So I went to Hong Kong to see with my own eyes what one lone American without very much cash could do to help.

The Chinese are a gay, brave, wonderful people, and Hong Kong, to which so many thousands have escaped from Red China, some by train, some by swimming the winding placid Shumchun River, some by stowing away in sampans or under truckloads of vegetables, is to me the most beautiful city in the world. I flew in at night when the hills that brood over Hong Kong and Kowloon were jeweled with thousands of lights, splinters from the myriad stars in the vast arched dome of the sky; the streets were rivers of radiance and the black waters of the restless harbor sparkled with tiny fireflies of ships. The city of a million eyes which never sleep. . . . How can one sleep when his only bed is a doorway with traffic roaring by, like the small dirty boy who lay huddled on the step of a shop near my hotel? You cannot keep these Chinese down; like yeast, they rise again. When this lad opened his eyes warily to see if we were going to drive him away from his doorstep bed, what do you think he said? "Hello, America!"

"Hello, America!" That is what millions of refugees in Hong Kong, Africa, and Asia are saying hopefully to the Western world. Not only their future but our own, the fate of our children's children, will depend upon how we answer that greeting for we can make of them either friends or enemies.

"But how can one person who hasn't very much money help such swarming millions?" a friend of mine asked doubtfully when I told her about the boy on the doorstep. "Anything I could give would be only a drop in the bucket!"

So I told her of the wealth I had found in Hong Kong, about my new little daughter, Suet Fah (her name means "Snowy Flower"). Suet Fah is no soft cultured blossom cherished in a hothouse; in her short fourteen years she has seen more tragedy than any teen-ager should even know existed. She is rather like one of the snowdrops which push their brave heads up through the March snow in my New England garden, fiercely seeking for the sun which means life. Snowy Flower looks exactly like her name, a tall slender girl with a heart-shaped ivory face, fine dark hair that falls free to her shoulders. She is unmistakably Chinese, yet she is more: she is youth incarnate, for deep in her clear young eyes there lies a dream.

When the Chan family, Suet Fah, her father, mother, and four other young children, escaped from Swatow, Red China, to Hong Kong, the only place where they could find shelter was in the inner Walled City. Here the main street, a mere slit between high gray festering walls, is barely six feet wide, with an open sewer running down the middle. So little daylight filters down that you must grope your way over cobblestones slippery with discarded filth and human excrement; here the texture of evil is so thick you can all but touch it, in the worst city slum I have ever seen. It is not safe to go there unaccompanied; even social workers walk two by two since one Presbyterian woman worker was attacked by a heroin-crazed man with a hammer.

"Stay close to me," S. Y. Lee ordered. "SY," as he is called affectionately, is the dapper, dedicated Chinese secretary of the Hong Kong Christian Welfare and Relief Council, supported chiefly by the World Council of Churches and the British Council of Churches. He had brought me to the Walled City so I could understand why people take to drugs. I stayed close to his broad

comforting back, for the walls, closing in, were like a hand at my throat, choking me

"People are *living* in those caves dug into the walls on either side of this stinking alley!" I gasped. There were no doors, so whole families ate, slept, and procreated in public, on the sidewalk so to speak. A mother in black cotton trousers and jacket was cooking over charcoal glowing in a battered kerosene tin; while the father whirred a sewing machine, a boy, perhaps eight years old, with incredibly dirty fingers was making a delicate pink plastic rose. A baby naked except for the rag which tied him to his father's sewing machine was playing with an empty tincan on the dirt floor. Tied for safety? "Look out!" cried SY. I leaped aside to avoid a man vomiting into the sewer-street. "A drug addict being sick." SY shrugged; the Chinese are a practical people who call a spade by its name. I followed his glance to the cave-room across the street from the little family. There half a dozen men lay inert, wrapped in drugged dreams.

"The Walled City is the center of the heroin industry. The government tries to clean it up but it won't stay clean," SY explains briskly. "It costs less than a package of cigarettes to 'chase the dragon.' Last time I brought an English lady here, we had to step over a woman, lying half in street. We thought she was a 'dragon-chaser,' but when we came back, she was still not moving." He ended matter-of-factly, "So we called the police and she was dead."

The fetid air is sour in my mouth as I suck it in, stare at the baby who has stopped crawling over the dirt floor to watch the drug addict being sick, and I think how carefully we guard our children in Sudbury, Massachusetts. . . . I follow my Chinese guide past a bakery which has no air vent, a grocery store with the intestines of pigs hanging up to dry, past child after child, few over ten, patiently making plastic flowers with small grubby fingers. I can never bear to buy another plastic flower as long as I live . . . yet how else can they get the pennies to eat? "Two-

thirds of the world's children go hungry to bed every night." My own son, Rick, has never gone without a meal in his life. I clutch closer in my hand the little wooden horse I bought this morning for Rick's wife, Sylvia, because she so loves horses that I try to buy her one everywhere I go; I paid a refugee fourteen cents for this one, carved and painted bright yellow.

A Chinese girl in a gaudy cheongsam slit to her thigh brushes by me, pushing me against the wall. "Poor man's prostitute." SY darts at me a sharp glance. "Rich man's prostitutes live up near your hotel." He dodges a stream of filthy water, emerges immaculate, which is fortunate since this is his "good suit" which he plans to wear this afternoon at a garden party for Princess Alexandra who is visiting Hong Kong. "This is the main street. Do you want to see the smaller side street? See how people live?"

"No. Yes!" I do not want to go but I must. We turn into the even narrower slit of street, perhaps two feet wide, so dark that SY has to use his torch. His light touches a chicken coop set in the wall. I gasp, "They're babies! In that cage!" Two children are peering through the chicken wire wrapped around four stout posts. The older baby can't be more than two; the younger looks like a Chinese doll I got once for my birthday. "The mother, maybe, is a coolie, works on the streets. She pens them by day so no harm can come to them," SY explains. Two babies, alone in this dark all day. SY's voice is drowned out by the older boy's cry as his hand darts out through the chicken wire. He has sighted Sylvia's bright yellow little horse! Hastily I push it through the wire into his tiny clutching hand.

This time it is not the dark but welling tears which make me stumble along blindly so that I bump into a small boy leading a puppy chow dog on a string. At least he has a pet. Or is it food being kept for the winter? I remember my taxi driver yesterday, as he avoided a stray dog on the street, telling me with a chuckle how good was the meat of a chow dog on a cold winter's day. The government had forbidden the eating of dogs, but the chow

meat was excellent, he said. Too many dogs to feed anyway. I shiver. Is there no end to this dreadful place? Suddenly down this narrow stinking alley comes the high sweet sound of children singing! The words are Chinese but I know the melody:

"Yes, Jesus loves me . . . ."

Unbelieving, I stare through the glassless windows at twenty-four small Chinese children, sitting at desks where, safe for the moment from the evil all about them, they learn to read, to write, and to sing. How can that young Chinese teacher, swinging her baton in time to the song, bear to stay day after day in this sunless place? The answer is carved over the stone doorway. CHINESE RESCUE MISSION SCHOOL.

"Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak but He is strong . . ."

As Mr. SY Lee and I emerge gratefully into the blessed sun and air of the outer road where his jeep is parked, a line of beaming, bowing Chinese stand waiting. "They thank you for the little horse," SY translates. A little yellow painted horse that costs fourteen cents but is probably the only toy this baby in the dark cage has ever owned. *They* are grateful. . . . I am suddenly shamed that I have never known what it means to be savagely hungry, to have nothing at all.

We rattle along in SY's jeep toward Siu Lam. He has showed me where the drug addicts live; now he will show me where they will grow into new people, he promises. The Hong Kong Relief Council is starting a pilot project for families of former addicts "to keep them cured." In the hills where there is sun and air, nice cottages, there is no more reason to "chase the dragon." Hills preach hope.

"Are you a minister, SY?" I ask.

He shakes his head, demands obliquely, "Does being ordained make me good? No! A man loving God makes one good, keeps

the church alive. The Levite who passed by on other side was no better than the sick man who hit the lady with the hammer in Walled City. To preach we must have both words and action, ordained priests and unordained. Not even words perhaps. A blind and dumb man can preach by what he is. We must *live God* to show what He is like."

It has cost SY plenty to live his creed. He was once senior assistant in the Hong Kong government department of agriculture and fisheries, which is as high as a Chinese can go. He remembers proudly, "I had a car and a man to drive, always waiting for me! When I visited, people waited, wondering; if I said, 'Yes!' they got help for their farm; but if I said, 'No,' they didn't."

"I say unto one man, come and he cometh," I remember. SY remembers, too. "It meant a very good advance for me. But I am troublesome in my mind. I think of the rich young man whom Jesus told he must sell all he had and give to the poor. So I gave up my good job; I had no money so I gave myself.

"Why am I happy with only one-seventh of my former salary? Because I am no more troublesome in my mind," SY answers himself. The jeep engine is a heart beating but I find no words big enough to say as he rushes on: "A funny thing happened. My boss, the Britisher who headed the agriculture and fisheries department, asked himself, 'Am I not Christian, too?' So he gave up his job also, studied, and is now an Anglican priest in England. It never happened this way before in the Hong Kong government, I think."

Nor in many other governments, I amend silently; what would happen if all the workers in the United States department of agriculture from the Secretary on down suddenly decided to act first as Christians? Perhaps the first thing they would do would be to pack up all the extra grain and wheat we pay such high taxes to store and send it to Hong Kong so that the teeming hordes of refugees might be fed, so that the small boys and girls would stop making those dreadful flowers for a few pennies, could come out

of the Walled City into the sun, could eat all they can hold for once, could laugh, play, and go to school like American children. . . . What is Mr. Lee saying?

He is telling me how the father of the Chan family could find no work in Hong Kong when he arrived from Red China. As he had a strong body, he got an odd job now and then as porter, but not enough to feed seven people every day. It is hard to watch five children you love going hungry to bed night after night, so finally he could stand this no longer, began to "chase the dragon." The government discovered he was a drug addict and sent him to a prison-sanitarium to cure him. For Mrs. Chan, already eight months along with her sixth baby, it was even harder to earn food for her family, so she agreed to "push drugs." She also was arrested and sent to prison where her child was born.

Suet Fah was left alone to care for the other four younger Chan children. But she was only twelve. If her father and mother had failed, where could she find a job? She was tall and strong for her age, so perhaps . . . She told the man at the plastic flower factory, defiantly, "I am fourteen!" so he took her on; the younger they are, the less one must pay. She worked for ten hours a day for just enough to keep the five of them from actual starvation. After she got home from work, this twelve-year-old gathered the four smaller children in from the streets, cooked rice over a tiny burner, washed them all at the public faucet on the sidewalk, then they huddled together in a dark corner of the Walled City to sleep. Mornings, Suet Fah would strap her two-year-old brother onto his six-year-old sister's back so he would not be killed in the "brutal traffic" of the outside Hong Kong streets. It was here, sitting on the curbstone, dabbling their feet in the rain-wet gutter and crying because they were hungry, that the four younger children, looking forlorn and skinny even for Hong Kong, were noticed by the church relief worker. He inquired where their parents lived, discovered they were in prison, and sent all five Chan children including Suet Fah to St. Christopher's Orphanage,

that haven for lost and unwanted children, to be cared for until their parents got out of their respective jails.

"Now the Chan family is together again living in a nice stone cottage in Siu Lam where I am taking you." SY beams. Here the churches are trying out an experiment, trying to keep drug addicts who have been "cured" from going back to the environment which might again cause them to take the easy drugged way out of discouragement and despair. The government, for a small sum, had given the land on the barren forest-denuded hills of Siu Lam; prisoners from the Tai Lam Chung prison for drug addicts had built the stone cottages for their own prison "graduates"; whole families like the Chans had moved in. "The former addicts work in nearby factories or make gardens where there was nothing green before. But we have channeled in water and until the harvest comes, for five months, we are giving each family thirty dollars Hong Kong with which to eat." He chuckled as the jeep lurched on the rough mountain road. "We give the money to the wife and mother. Look, the Chan family lives away up there!"

I glance up at the yellow hillside with the narrow steep path winding up to the cluster of stone cottages. Do all Chinese and Tibetan refugees live on mountains? I wish heights did not terrify me, but I manage by not looking down into the valley far below to follow SY, who runs in high speed up the path. A group of children, sure-footed as goats, come tumbling down the path, pell-mell, to meet him, chattering excitedly. Fourteen children I count, wearing odd bits of clothing, but with rosy faces and bright dark eyes; there are almost as many puppies and dogs barking, noisy as Chinese firecrackers.

"Hello, Auntie!" one small boy cries to me over the din, exhausting his English. He wears only a red shirt, wide open, and is not at all embarrassed by his lack of pants.

"He is one of the six small Chans," SY introduces me. "I want you to see their cottage."

Safe on the wide veranda in front of the stone house, I venture

at last to look down into the greening valley below where Mr. Chan, sun-browned and barefoot, with a huge barrel of water on his shoulder, is watering his proud new seedlings. After the Walled City, it is unbelievably beautiful here; wild orchids grow by the tumbling brook, and tall feathered grasses bend over the pool loud with squabbling ducks. Everywhere there is sun, air, and blessed hope for tomorrow's growth. "Why don't they plant a dead fish in each hill of corn like our Indians in the States used to do—for fertilizer?" I ask helpfully.

"If these families had a fish, they would eat it," SY says.

Mrs. Chan shows us proudly through the cottage, followed by a brood of youngsters, silent now, minding their Chinese p's and q's. The cottage has two rooms with plenty of sunlight, with a sink to cook in, bunks along the walls for all to sleep. The "prison baby," fat and rosy in his clean white diaper, perches on his mother's arm and smiles toothily as the Chan family clusters about us. But one child stands apart, a tall slender girl who wears a pair of white cotton pajamas, shrunk too small for her so they show the lovely curves of her body. Suddenly she gathers up her courage, rushes to SY Lee, and bursts into an eager torrent of Chinese.

"I know, Suet Fah, I am very sorry," SY translates to me. "I tell her I did not promise. I said only I would try."

"What does she want?" I ask, curious.

The girl bursts into another passionate plea; her heart-shaped face has gone white and her whole body is tense, desperate. But SY still shakes his head. "She wants to go to school to learn to be a teacher. But she is fourteen and only in the second grade in Red China. I tell her I can find no one who wants to adopt a girl almost a woman!" Tragedy is dark in Suet Fah's despairing eyes. Is it her fault she is not younger? What has she ever had? A chance to go hungry so that four smaller than she might have fuller stomachs, a chance to work ten hours a day while her parents are in prison. . . . But this girl with the dream in her eyes refuses to stop trying. "Her father says that if she cannot study to be a teacher," SY trans-

lates, "with so many mouths to feed, she will have to go back into the plastic flower factory. . . ."

That does it. "I will send her to school," I say abruptly.

When SY told her, Suet Fah stood perfectly still, trembling, staring at me, not daring to believe. I had to make it real to her. I said, "Tell her I have always wanted a daughter and now I have one." Then I bent and kissed her cheek; it was cool, smooth as satin. Too late I remembered Orientals do not kiss. But Suet Fah understood; like someone living a lovely dream, she laid her hand timidly on my arm and smiled up at me for the first time. So, without words, we adopted each other.

As SY Lee and I rattled back from Siu Lam to Hong Kong in his jeep I told him I'd like to visit schools tomorrow—any daughter of mine must have one to fit her particular needs. And wouldn't Suet Fah need clothes, a uniform perhaps, going away to boarding school? Probably those too-small white pajamas were all she had. SY nodded. Finally, I remembered to ask, how much will Suet Fah's schooling cost? "Ten dollars a month US." SY added anxiously, "You understand if you 'adopt' a girl, you must keep on? Better not to start than not to finish. Is that too much money?"

Exactly the price of the tickets for the seats where my friends and I were going that evening to see the British Army Tattoo, put on for the visiting Princess Alexandra. "No, it is not too much. I'll send you a check. But I'll give you the money now for Suet Fah's clothes. How much do you think? . . ." I opened my purse, waited.

"Ten dollars . . . Hong Kong . . . will be plenty," SY said firmly. "She must buy shoes but a Chinese girl can make her clothes herself."

A school outfit for a little over three dollars. Even the chemistry lab breakage fee was larger when my Rick went to school. Here in Hong Kong a drop of water is a whole life-giving shower in a pitifully thirsty land.

"God bless you for what you have done this day," SY said.

Why haven't I done this long ago? What have I given? A couple of theater tickets maybe—and I had gained a new daughter. As we rattled back along the coast road, the sun went down, a huge red ball caught in a transparent nylon net of incredible beauty, like the unbelieving joy in Suet Fah's dark Chinese eyes.

I wrote Rick and Sylvia an ecstatic letter about "adopting" Suet Fah and how glad I was, but after I'd mailed the letter, I began to worry. Would Rick be pleased? After all, he was the heir to what little I had. This wasn't a legal adoption, of course, only schooling. But would he resent my taking on a new financial burden at my age? Weeks later, just before Christmas when I was in Bangkok, my hotel phone rang and the operator asked, "Mrs. Fletcher? New York is calling." Was anything wrong? Were Rick or Sylvia sick? Or was he perhaps angry? . . . "Mother?" His voice sounded very far away, coming and going in waves of sound. "I just wanted to ask you for my new little sister's address. Sylvia and I want to send her a note of welcome into the family. . . ." His voice died away completely and the operator said, "It's a bad connection. Shall I call New York back?"

My heart leaped up with joy and pride. "Don't bother, Operator. He's already told me 'Merry Christmas!' "

Another story of how drops in the bucket from England and the United States had combined to rescue three teen-agers escaped from Red China was told me by the Reverend Elbert E. Gates, director of Church World Service in Hong Kong, through which the World Council channels much of its giving. Everyone in Hong Kong is too busy helping to bother about who gets credit for what. The government is doing a magnificent job; last year they set aside three million dollars to aid the refugees. They have built huge apartment houses where in each building twenty-five hundred Chinese have found shelter; six and a half persons have to use a one-room apartment (a child counts as half) or else the family must accept "roomers"; but each apartment house boasts

communal running water, plumbing, and electric lights. Up on the rooftop church schools, young children are taught to read and write and incidentally are kept off the streets. There is clean good water in the public faucets on the sidewalks for those who still must live in doorways or in shacks on hills or housetops; and when cholera was brought in from Red China, the epidemic was checked at once by the government health authorities. Last year the churches gave about a million dollars (about one third of the refugee cost to the government) and transplanted as many refugees as they could into host countries, but the relief count in Hong Kong stayed in the millions, for every day more hungry people come.

"How can you send them back to bullets or punishment for all their families?" Mr. Gates asked reasonably. "Last year a newspaper photographer took a picture of Lady Black, the Governor's wife, pouring tea at St. Christopher's Orphanage. Inadvertently the picture showed a boy, escaped from the Communists, whose father was a doctor. The boy got word his father had been sent to a prison camp to end his days at hard labor, for letting his son get away. 'But I will not go back,' the boy told me. 'It would not help my father. Besides, he gave me his blessing before I left.'

"We are writing a bright page of history here," Mr. Gates told me proudly. "You can't beat the Hong Kong combination. The British give integrity, executive ability; the Chinese are competent, resourceful, easily trained. That is why the government plus the churches Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Friends, and many others, plus the YM and YWCA, plus many other greathearted workers and people are able to do the impossible.

"Three boys, two thirteen years old and the third a small fifteen, were waiting here in my office when I came to work yesterday. They had been in school in Red China, had swum the Shumchun River to get away. The Chinese are not very good shots, so the rifle bullets missed the children. They sat there in

my office waiting hopefully for the free West to welcome them. Frankly, I didn't know what to do with those kids so I started to slit open the mail on my desk.

" 'We are three old maid schoolteachers in New Jersey,' the first letter I opened said. 'We're retired on a small pension but we'd like to help a boy get an education.' Out of that letter dropped a check for seventy-five dollars—twenty-five dollars apiece. 'Before ye ask I will answer.' . . . So one of those three boys was taken care of for six months!

"I was taking a lawyer from Texas out to show him the Good Hope Sanitarium at Rennie's Mills. I couldn't leave three kids parked in my office so I took them along. One of the boys marched up to the bulletin board at the hospital and began to translate the Chinese. 'Why, he can read!' gasped the Texan. 'How much would it cost to send a smart boy like that to school in free Hong Kong?' So the second boy was taken care of!

"Believe it or not, when I got back to my office, a letter and check from a schoolteacher in London was on my desk. Truly the ends of the earth had come together to welcome my three boys to the free bank of the Shumchun River!"

"My" boys he called them.

"These schools and orphanages take the place of the family which has always been so important in China," he explained. "The family has cared for all its members, even to the far cousins, succoured the old, disciplined the young. Even today no matter how poor the family, no Chinese child in Hong Kong is unwanted; and because he knows he is loved, the child is not insecure, like some children of divorce in the United States. You'd think in a city like this where so many are hungry, the temptation to steal would be overwhelming; but there is very little juvenile delinquency. In fact," he ended proudly, "our chief of police told me recently *that we have one of the lowest rates of juvenile delinquency in the world!*"

Interchurch aid in Hong Kong does not preach creed; it simply

opens the door into the family of Christ. "Refugee work in answer to the call of pity is good but not enough," Dr. Leslie Cooke told me. (He is Associate Secretary for the World Council of Churches, which this year has budgeted nearly eight million dollars for interchurch aid and refugee work.) "When the earthquake is over, people forget—but the Church remembers. It houses the old, the sick no one else wants. For Christian people to give themselves with the gift is more important than how much they give. It is not enough that men should have bread; they must have it with *hope*, the hope that is in Jesus Christ who is still here, who suffers with them. Believe me, social and relief workers, too, need Christ to stand the terrible impact of human suffering, not to grow hardened nor to break under the horror! All men need the bread of the spirit as well as of the body to satisfy the hunger of the soul."

The Church of the Holy Carpenter, a long low cement building squeezed in between a dockyard and a cement factory in Hung Hom, the industrial center of Hong Kong, offers both kinds of bread. This is one of the strangest churches in the world; it looks like another factory, for its nave is full of carpenters busily hammering and shoemakers working at two long tables. A long black cotton curtain at one end hides the church altar. This workers' church has no Sunday-morning service; its congregation of factory workers must worship if at all between the day and night shifts, for the factories run seven days a week.

SY introduced me to the smiling Chinese girl, a doctor from Sun Yat Sen University in Red China, whose degree is not recognized here but who runs a free dispensary for the neighborhood sick every day. At mealtimes, the long tables in the church nave are cleared to serve a meal for a few pennies, soup and rice mostly, not only to these workers but to the one hundred and fifty young people who live in the three-story dormitory behind the church. These young workers between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five who earn not more than $150 Hong Kong a month (about

fifty dollars US) may rent a dormitory bed for ten dollars a month. The Church of the Holy Carpenter acts as parent for them.

"It is hard with a small salary to meet and marry nice girls," SY explained to me. "Many young men have no family here, no go-between. So we help them build up a marriage fund. Boy puts aside ten dollars a month from his wages; the church adds twenty per cent. When the time and nice girl arrive together, he can marry!

"These carpenters have made their own altar!" SY flung aside the black cotton curtain so I could see the life-size woodcut of the Holy Family which serves as reredos and the banner at the left of the altar which urges in Chinese, "Preach Through Work." On the right . . . I caught my breath sharply, for the Cross of another Carpenter looked so real—only two rough lengths of wood nailed together while hung upon it was a crown of real thorns, such as Christ himself must have worn on his bloodstained brow.

The blood has flowed also from the hands of many of these refugees, cut by barbed wire as they escaped. They know pain, rejection. This cross and thorny crown are the silent creed of the Hong Kong Church of the Holy Carpenter. Amid the endless din of the busy factories they remind, "Lo, I am with you!"

"I never knew such kindness from strangers!" one refugee from Red China said, wondering. "I always thought Jesus was an Englishman!"

"No, he was born in the East, like you," he was told. "He was a Carpenter, humble, gentle, and very wise."

I shall never forget the Crown of Thorns nor the painting by a Chinese artist of the Flight into Egypt which I saw in the window of a Hong Kong bookstore the day before I left. Instead of riding on a donkey across the hot sands, the Holy Family were setting sail for Egypt in a sampan. The artist had pictured the almond-eyed Baby, held lovingly in his Chinese Mother's arms, while Joseph sat in the stern complete with halo and the handkerchief wrapping their small belongings. Delicate willow branches on

the river bank bent their blessing on the little sampan while over Our Lord's head swept seagulls instead of angels, on high triumphant wings.

Why shouldn't Jesus be Chinese? Like the Cross of the Holy Carpenter, he belonged to everyone. Standing there jostled on a Hong Kong sidewalk, my heart went out in yearning to my own little Chinese daughter. She already knew pain and bitterness; I prayed that she might also find the peace that passes understanding. Suet Fah was already attending classes at St. Simon's School for Fishermen's and Farmers' Children, run by the church where last Sunday I had taken Holy Communion, but whether or not she might choose to become a Christian rested with her alone. But of this I was sure—whatever she should decide, like the little Jesus setting out for Egypt in a sampan, my very dear little Chinese daughter would be loved.

10

Have the Japanese Forgiven Us Hiroshima?

I chose to visit the work of the Japan Church World Service (run by the Japanese but contributed to by Christians from many other countries as well, including those of the World Council of Churches) because I was curious to see if people who had so recently been our enemies had truly accepted us as friends or if their tolerance of us was merely skin-deep, a necessary politeness. I had heard that Buddhists, Shintoists, and other religions had welcomed the new International Christian University near Tokyo because they felt that a limited democracy (or limited monarchy) such as they had so recently inaugurated needed moral foundations of the kind our American founding fathers had brought to New England, that freedom of the individual could last only if it was built upon the educated will of their people. Christianity was indeed on trial in Japan and I wanted to see how the churches were meeting this challenge. That I myself was on trial I had no inkling until I arrived at Hiroshima.

A strange sense of familiarity, that I was seeing again well-known scenes, hearing the voices of friends, haunted me all the exciting month I spent in Japan, visiting colleges, agricultural projects, technical training for the handicapped which the Japan Church World Service sponsors. "Ken" Buma, as the Reverend Kentura Buma is known the world around, introduced me and came with me as often as he could spare the time from his busy days. Ken runs the interchurch relief operation with a smiling

efficiency. Vigorous, outgoing, not at all like the imperturbable Oriental of fiction, Ken speaks as excellent American as Kioji, his brother who is a missionary to the United States. If I did not know them to be ordained ministers, I would place both the Bumas as rising young business executives. They are so engrossed in their Father's business that I forgot to ask them what creed they grew up in.

This uneasy sense of recognition of the scenes I was seeing was nonsense, of course; I had never been nearer Japan than the chubby little doll with its dark hair sticking out in all directions which I had loved as a child. My imagination must be working overtime. Yet Tokyo was not at all as I had imagined it, quaint with kimonos and cherry blossoms. It was a gray city bursting with vitality, exploding into skyscrapers in all stages of construction side by side with shabby little shops; street traffic was frantic. The whole city reminded me of an anthill unexpectedly uncovered, whose inhabitants rush off in all directions. Everyone wore unflattering utilitarian Western clothes and anything less like cherry blossoms than the Ginza sidewalks on a rainy October day would be hard to imagine.

"Strange that people who love beauty so, who can make a work of art out of a matchbox or hotel menu, should build such an ugly city," I remarked to Polly, my traveling companion and friend who'd lived in Japan before. "The only spot with any repose is the Emperor's palace with the moat around it. That eruption of red and yellow neon signs is pure Coney Island!"

Her answer took me back twenty years. "You should have seen Tokyo before the war bombing. . . . When I first visited here, it was a lovely leisurely city with time to be polite. Sometimes friends who met on the sidewalks would bow to each other so long, you'd have to walk out into the street to get around them! Postwar Tokyo like Topsy, just growed." Polly sighed. "But women seem still to be at the tail end of the male procession. . . . Remember the fight we had to get onto the plane for Osaka?"

"As bad as the five-o'clock subway rush back home." We'd been jostled and stepped on by the crowd of Japanese businessmen intent upon beating us American females to the best plane seats. Or was it possible that we Westerners were responsible for more than bombing? Along with copying our methods of industrial mechanization, our aggressive neon advertising, had they also adopted our bad manners? Or was this merely a surface irritation, an acne on the face of adolescent progress?

Certainly at the Imperial Hotel where Polly and I were staying, old-fashioned politeness was an art. Anything from a bottle of cleaning fluid to a pass to view the art in an Imperial Palace was produced on request; once when I sent a blouse with a button off to the cleaner's, it came back with an entire new set of buttons, at no extra charge. Imagine that in an American or European hotel. . . . Yet this was good business, customer appeal. Underneath their official politeness, what did the Japanese really think of us Americans? Was it possible they had forgiven us Hiroshima? Nagasaki?

My first day in Japan I went alone to Mitaka, half an hour out of Tokyo, to visit the International Christian University. Since I knew not a word of Japanese, at each stop I'd rush to the window and nervously inspect the platform station sign. A Japanese gentleman with gray hair, wearing a neat salt and pepper suit, with his books and papers wrapped up in a flowered, gay handkerchief, stood this as long as he could, then came to sit beside me. "I am professor of English." He bowed, smiling. "May I help?" He not only drew me a map showing how many stations we stopped at before Mitaka, but sternly ordered a Japanese schoolboy in the traditional dark-blue uniform and cap to find me a taxi at my station, to tell the driver to take me to the University. We both bowed deeply as I got off the train, the lonely American and the gentleman of the old school.

The gold Cross towering high above the University chapel was a welcome friendly sight as I drove through the narrow wind-

ing streets of Mitaka. Living there in low, huddled buildings were Buddhists, Shintoists, people of no creed—yet they were the very people who had helped to put the Christian University there. Ninety-four per cent of the hundred million yen raised to build the "University of the Future," as its first president, Dr. Hachiro Yuasa, had christened it, had been given by non-Christian Japanese! Japanese newspapers had featured the building campaign and a prominent Buddhist had acted as chairman. Why?

"Gifts came from everyone from the Emperor down to schoolchildren, from fishermen, farmers, schoolteachers, other intellectuals who thought that a new democratic government should have a spiritual foundation," a member of the University faculty explained to me as we inspected the campus of some three hundred acres. Some of the government buildings which had formerly housed Japanese fliers were still in use; others like the modernistic library were new. "Remember, this large sum was raised by public subscription just after the war when defeated Japan was impoverished, humiliated, seeking for a new way of life. The Japanese educational system had been based upon a code of ethics, mostly Confucian, taught to each child, but the militarists had turned this into a propaganda machine. The first thing General MacArthur did was to forbid any more such propaganda teaching.

"But there was nothing to take its place," this American who so loves Japan he has made it his permanent home explained earnestly to me. "Democracy had had its rise in the United States based upon a religious faith, but here they were trying to grow a plant rooted only in hope."

"Perhaps they confused our culture with our Christian religion, as did so many of the early Western missionaries who came here," I suggested.

It was possible, he conceded. At any rate, the Japanese had wanted this International Christian University enough to pay cash for it. Its faculty were truly international, intercredal, forty-five per cent from Japan so that the curriculum should meet the

special needs of their own country, fifty-five per cent from Europe, North America, or other Asian countries.

"We never call anyone 'foreigners,' " this big American said with a chuckle. "At faculty meetings, when a Japanese professor snaps, 'We never do that in Japan!' the dean says mildly, 'If that is the result of constructive thinking, going beyond national and cultural lines, fine. If it means, "Let's stop thinking" . . . bad.' "

Today over twenty religions are represented in the student body of 850, only about fifteen per cent of whom are Christian. The only required religious study for all students is a three-hour course called "Introduction to Christianity"; after that, students may come to chapel and Bible study if they like, but it is not compulsory. "There is no proselyting but Christ is here," the professor of Bible told me quietly." We keep our little candle alight but we do not blow out the others."

One interesting student group are the Mukyokai, Christians who do not belong to any organized church but who try to find their own way to Christ. Bible classes are held informally in a leader's home, but there is no minister or special place of worship. It is estimated that there are thirty thousand Mukyokai Christians in Japan, many of whom are intellectuals. Not even the University church is cloistered, reserved for students; it is also the neighborhood church home where farmers, fishermen, and local businessmen take their places on the committees as well as in the congregation, which includes Episcopalians, Mennonites, Lutherans, Methodists, Mukyokai, and many more creeds. Two hundred children from the homes of Mitaka are taught by students in the Church Sunday School.

"No one is forbidden to worship here," Dr. Maurice Troyer, vice-president of the University told me. "We have developed a unique fellowship without a statement of creed, who attempt to serve God and man as Christ did. The church members are called 'affiliates.' When we were discussing what should be the basis of membership in an international University church, a

member of the faculty brought in this interesting definition: 'An affiliate means to be taken into the family by adoption, usually but not always signifying membership.' "

Truly this remarkable "University of the Future" has lived up to the promise of former President Yuasha that it be "conceived in universal brotherhood, founded by international co-operation, open to qualified students without regard to race, creed, sex, or nationality . . . forever searching for truth and aspiring always to enlighten and serve."

This is the positive side of the Tokyo picture, the sincere effort being made jointly by Christians and non-Christians to build up what the bombs tore down, to develop a new social and moral code, a Japan whose youth are united in spirit. In estimating Japanese psychology, this effort must be balanced against the frantic rush to copy our financial and industrial structure, to make the yen equal the dollar. At Mitaka the Western Christian and the Japanese stand side by side, each treasuring his own culture; the most effective preaching of brotherhood in Christ is to live the sermon. As one non-Christian student put it bluntly, "How are we to see Him except in you?"

Even today when a Japanese is converted to Christianity a great change is made in his life. He may be disowned by his family, may have to walk a lonely way; so the Christian fellowship is not entered into lightly. It is further significant that although only one per cent of the Japanese population are Christian, the majority of those coming into the church are young people. Young leaders like dynamic Ken Buma have certainly been one factor which led to the merging of thirty-four denominations into the United Church of Christ in Japan. In old Japan, organized charity or relief was not known; the family cared for their own. But as a young Buddhist admitted, "Your Christian relief work for our people regardless of creed has shown us our own responsibility." Not only have the modern Japanese poured out millions for emergency relief, for educational institutions such as the In-

ternational Christian University, but the newly united Christian churches have sent Japanese workers and missionaries to Canada, Brazil, the United States, Bolivia, Okinawa, Taiwan, Thailand, and India.

Shia San, a sophomore at the University at Mitaka, was one of the students in the Bible class who used to ask the most searching questions. "What does it mean, in plain Japanese, 'to be converted to Christ'? . . . What is 'the joy and love of God'?" Her professor, a tall American with the kindly lines in his face that told of his tolerant affection for young people, told me how Shia San came to him after class, confessing she was not able to sleep nights, trying to make up her mind whether or not to become a Christian. She confessed, "I'm afraid!"

"Of what?" the Bible professor asked.

"Of many things. That I may be put under the spell of soft music, smooth words . . . and then regret it. Emotion is not enough."

"No, you must believe with your whole mind, too."

Shia San hesitated a moment, then half-whispered, "Mostly I'm afraid of my father. I've been afraid of him all my life, ever since I was a little, little girl."

Her father, she explained, had been one of four Buddhist conscientious objectors before the war who had vowed to commit suicide rather than take up military service. After Pearl Harbor, three of them did commit hara-kiri, but Shia San's father had decided to live. Breaking his vow had been on his conscience ever since, had made him a hard, bitter man. How could she add to his bitterness by telling him she was thinking of deserting her family religion, following this foreigner, Jesus?

The professor knew his Japanese family. He assured Shia San it would not do for her to become a Christian without consulting her father, but that Jesus was no foreigner; he was not born in America but in the East also, in Palestine. "Very well," she conceded. "I will write my father today." After she mailed the letter,

she waited for an answer, three days, four days . . . still no word. She became so worried she couldn't study, go to class, or sleep nights. What was her father planning to do to her? Come to the University to haul her away home? Would he hate his unfilial daughter?

Early one morning a loud knock brought the professor to his front door; there on his doorstep stood a radiant Shia San, waving a telegram. It said but one word: "Blessing!" A letter followed in which the Japanese father told his exultant daughter, "All my life I have been looking for God. If you have found him, I rejoice with you. I am a Buddhist. You are a Christian. But He is the same God and you have my blessing."

The search for God is the only point on which all men can agree, a basis for a world peace that cannot possibly sanction either a Pearl Harbor or a Hiroshima. Working together face to face as is possible in our shrunken world is essential to international understanding. It is easier to drop a bomb upon people you have never seen than upon a neighbor, whose face and ways you know. Vice-president Troyer's farewell to me as I left Mitaka was, "What we need now is a Japanese president for an American university!"

Polly and I traveled Japan from one end of the island of Honshu to the other: from the northern mountains where Christian workers were helping the refugees from Manchuria to plant clover on their rugged hills where no rice could grow—to provide pasturage for Jersey heifers sent by Americans—down to the farther end of the island-jeweled Inland Sea to Beppu; then back by train through the lovely countryside where the workers, knee-deep in watery rice fields or thrashing the yellow harvest, looked as picturesque as I had expected, while inside the train ladies in lovely flowing flowered kimonos bowed to us, graciously. Tokyo is not all Japan any more than New York is the entire United States. We flew back from Osaka to Tokyo where the old part of the

Imperial with its homely architecture and flashing Victorian mirrors was by now home. Unconsciously, I had put off going to Hiroshima. Was I afraid of the hatred I might find there under the veneer of politeness? Or did I hesitate to face up to the uneasy guilt lurking in my own conscience? But I knew I would never be satisfied unless I saw Hiroshima with my own reluctant eyes.

On our way, we stopped at Kyoto, the ancient home of Japanese culture, where we witnessed a startling exhibition of mass hypnosis among young people, both students and teachers, which explained in part why so many thoughtful Japanese had welcomed such institutions as the International Christian University which taught tolerance and non-violence.

The hotel where Polly and I were staying was directly across from the City Hall and our windows and a small balcony looked out upon the plaza in front of this huge building, as well as upon the intersection of two main streets. That evening we had left the hotel to have dinner in a restaurant which specialized in the famous Kobe steak. When we came out again onto the sidewalk, we were startled to find the street suddenly filled with a long line of marching, chanting young people, waving huge red flags lettered with gold Japanese characters.

"Do you suppose that means 'Go Home, Yanks'?" I worried to Polly. "Student riots here are no picnic. We'd better get back, fast, to the hotel, before they notice us."

Easier said than done, for the sidewalks had filled miraculously with crowds of people, marching too, watching the students. Policemen, sprung Jason-like from the ground, filled what little space was left; I had never seen so many police, uniformed men on foot, in cars, in squads on every corner, waiting ominously for trouble, for an excuse to move in. Their very silence, immobility was frightening, mysterious. Up to now I had found a Japanese officer the very essence of politeness, going blocks out of his way to help a foreigner. So I went confidently up to the policeman

standing in front of our hotel. He wore the red shoulder tab which meant he spoke English. I asked, "What seems to be the trouble? Why the big parade?"

The malignant look he gave me was like a blow in the face, the same oriental bared-tooth ferocity of one of those stone demons who guard a Buddhist shrine from evil—as if my innocent query had been a mortal insult. He did not answer me; anyway I did not wait. We scuttled into the safety of the hotel only to have the hall porter tell us, "They beat up a news photographer who tried to take pictures this morning so bad he's in the hospital."

From our eighth-story veranda I watched the drama developing in the streets and on the City Hall plaza below. The long lines of students now had begun to snake-dance in the middle of the main streets so that all traffic was immobilized; in a seemingly endless thick writhing black line they came, waving their red banners and shouting, "Hi, hi, hi, *hi!*" As each group reached the City Hall, they would turn into the plaza, make a great circle going round and round, still chanting, "Hi, hi, hi, *hi!*" The rhythm was hypnotic, growing louder, faster, wilder, with its ugly spell wielding the group into a mob. "Hi, hi, hi, *HI!*" A girl in white holding a red banner stood alone in the center of the circle of demonstrators; she bowed to them, they all bowed back, began to sing, to shout. . . . "It's the *Internationale*!" I gasped to Polly. At its finish, they all saluted with clenched Communist fist and marched away to let others fill the plaza. "Hi, hi, hi, *HI!*"

Without any sound or warning, the police suddenly moved in, a great iron-faced silent army, flying wedges among the students, as uniforms came from all directions. There was no shouting, no violence, except that I saw a policeman kick viciously at a girl who did not move fast enough to suit him; it was a most efficient police action—yet chilling to watch. For a few moments the outcome was in doubt; passion and hatred fought stubbornly with law and order; then all at once the student lines broke, they

scattered like rice chaff before a high wind . . . and traffic began to move again, honking a great sigh of relief.

We read next morning in the newspaper that the students had been marching neither as anti-Americans nor as pro-Communists, but to protest a proposed ruling in their Parliament that such student gatherings should be banned, as well as to reject the finality of the junior high school examinations which either assured a child who passed of a chance to go on learning or condemned him as permanently inferior. Yet the ominous brutal mob-rule spirit had been there. How was this different from the lynch mob I had once watched, horrified, in our own South, on their way to snatch from the jail a cowering black boy who was later proved innocent of crime? Perhaps this was why Japan had seemed so familiar, because underneath all our differences we were psychologically the same—alert, adaptable, and thus the more easily herded into group hysteria. "East is East and West is West and never the twain . . ." But in Japan East and West *had* met. What kind of national moral and social code resulted from this amalgamation would be of vital importance not only to Japan, but to the rest of the world.

Still disturbed, I arrived at last at Hiroshima where the Japanese had most reason to hate us Americans. I carried a letter to the Reverend Kioshi Tanimoto, pastor of the Nagaregawa Methodist Church, which had been flattened by the Bomb. He was best known for being one of the founders of the Hiroshima Peace Center Foundation, supported by both Americans and Japanese. Tanimoto had been widely criticized for bringing to the United States the twenty-five girls with badly mutilated faces for plastic surgery, for making (as they felt) Hiroshima and Tokyo doctors "lose face," the worst crime in the Orient. Yet the girls came back ready again to face life, and the Reverend Tanimoto, who had not been immobilized by an atomic bomb, was hardly one to give in to mere words of censure.

In order that I might know clearly what I was talking about

to Mr. Tanimoto, I went through the terrible Peace Memorial Museum which records exactly what happened when the Bomb fell on Hiroshima.

This exhibition of human suffering is beyond imagination, almost beyond bearing, emotionally. Yet the facts are from beginning to end objectively displayed, without bias or comment except to identify the pictures and events, beginning with portraits of the scientists from many nations, including the Japanese, who worked out the experiments that resulted in atomic fission. Then the Bomb fell and the terror began. There is no sensational attempt to pile horror upon horror; the record is simply there, all the more dreadful because of its stark reality. The acres and miles of flattened homes where, a few seconds ago, people had been eating, sleeping, loving, and hating, now nothing but smoking ruins, with bits of lumber and human bodies spattered about the front yard; churches, cathedrals, banks, bridges, only melted steel and stone and a few kindling—all of this was too vast to be taken into consciousness at once, yet it pyramided photograph by photograph until my heart began to thud and my hands to tremble. This might be Boston tomorrow!

Nauseated yet unable to look away, I stared at burned bodies stacked high, at men and women still writhing in agony, at burned hands with no flesh held up for bandaging, at faces scarred and drawn into terrible grinning caricatures of human beings. One dazed naked woman was laughing hysterically at how the pattern of her dress had been burned into her own body. I looked numbly at whole classes of schoolchildren at their desks, supposedly protected by their wooden buildings, who three weeks later had died one by one of radiation sickness. A naked man with a streak of burnt lightning down his back was rocking in his arms his dead baby son. . . . Dear God, I have to get out of here! . . . I was stopped in my panic by what was to me the most shattering picture in this whole museum of horrors—the dark shadow of a human body burned into the granite doorstep of a bank. A man

must have fallen there when the Bomb exploded . . . and nothing was *left of a living breathing man but his shadow!* But the shadow spoke, it cried out silently, *"Stop! Look, remember! You did this to me!"*

Tears rained unchecked down my cheeks all the way in the taxi out to Mr. Tanimoto's home. He came in his stocking feet to the door of his little parsonage, full of sunshine, clutter, and the voice of a little girl singing, but I was too upset to remember to take off my shoes before stepping onto the spotless tatami. I quavered, "I've just come from the Museum. How you must hate us! If anyone had burned to death my husband and my son . . ."

"Many did and do hate," he told me quietly. "Especially at first. Come, sit down. I want you to meet my wife and small daughter. Shake hands with the lady, Kanaye." He nudged forward his shy two-year-old adopted daughter, this calm man of God giving me time to get hold of myself as he told how when she was four months old, Kanaye had been found in a basket in front of his church altar with a note saying, "Please bring up this baby in the mercy of God." Naturally he had adopted her—even though he already had four children himself to bring up on a Methodist preacher's salary. Hearing her name, the baby flung her arms around his neck; he winced, explaining ruefully he was only today out of the hospital after an automobile accident.

"I shouldn't have come. I didn't know," I faltered.

"Oh, we think hospitals are nice places to be. My wife and eldest daughter—she's seventeen, away at college—have to go back every little while for a few days to rest up, get infusions. It's a queer thing, this recurrent weakness from 'Bomb sickness,' even after all these years. But we were the lucky ones."

His lucky wife and baby were buried under the wreckage of their parsonage but managed to crawl out before the ruins caught fire. Mr. Tanimoto happened to be away in the suburbs of Hiroshima. He was knocked flat; when he came back to the consciousness that something terrible had happened to the whole city, he

ran eight miles, then swam a river where the bridge was blown out, to get to his family. He would have arrived sooner except he had to stop to dip from the river, for there were so many burned lips begging and moaning for water. He was able to help hundreds in his wrecked parish before he too developed radiation sickness and went to the hospital with a fever of 104 degrees; he stayed there under treatment for two months.

He told all this matter-of-factly, adding slowly, "The physical hurts were not the worst . . . it was the fear. The unending fear that this may be *it*—the mysterious unseen sickness that ends in death."

To counteract this fear with faith had been this man's job as a Christian preacher when he got out of the hospital; it still was, seventeen years later. Families who had lost everything, houses, family, health, needed much more than the scientific aid offered by both the Japanese and American scientists and governments; they needed trust in Jesus Christ to hold them steady, in this world and the next. Many people were still helping by supplying special foods for the bomb victims who could not hold full-time jobs because of this recurrent weakness; social workers with World Council aid were making small grants to widows with children to educate, to solve the problem of inflation which made adequate food impossible on the government pension of only eight dollars a month. Even when the churches offered the children scholarships at school they were often too weak to study. Over five hundred babies orphaned by the Bomb had been adopted financially by Americans, Mr. Tanimoto said. He himself kept regular hours for consultation at his rebuilt church for his parish—300 members, 200 seekers, 160 in his Sunday School, 400 in the church's English classes. Most of these had now come to share his own Christian forgiveness for those "who know not what they do."

"You asked me how we could forgive two hundred thousand dead and thousands more who wished they might die?" Mr.

Tanimoto repeated my question now I was quiet enough to listen. "I think it is partly because of the oriental philosophy of life, *shikataganai*: 'It can't be helped.' For the man in the street who knew nothing about Pearl Harbor until it was over, war was a disaster like a typhoon. But there is a further reason for us Christians to mourn. We accepted the guilt for Pearl Harbor, for the death of many, as a weight upon ourselves. As a minister of the gospel I could point out to my people, 'We were wrong. Let us admit it. Let us further decide there is no excuse for another war. All who love the Christ must work together for the universal peace which all men want in their hearts.' "

Every August 6th on the anniversary of the Gethsemane of Hiroshima, an intercredal prayer service is held in front of the concrete memorial which holds the ashes of five hundred unidentified dead, and of hundreds more who died later because of the Bomb sickness. They pray that God will never permit another war. "When Buddhists, Shintoists, Roman Catholics, Protestants can pray together, that is something, is it not?" said the sturdy Japanese pastor beaming. "God must listen, don't you think?" He chuckled, then sobered. "I have arranged for you to talk to Dr. Shigeta, head of the Atom Bomb Hospital. . . . Oh yes, he still has many patients there."

"Is he Christian, too?" I ventured.

"No, a Buddhist. A good man." This Methodist preacher seemed surprised I bothered to ask. "When the hospital collapsed, he did not go home for two months. He stayed, operated in an improvised shed as long as he could stand up; then he slept and began again."

To see patients in an Atom Bomb and Red Cross hospital was the last thing I wanted to do that afternoon after the ordeal of the Museum, but I could hardly refuse to go when Mr. Tanimoto had phoned I was coming. When I met this good Buddhist, I saw what his Christian friend had meant, for kindness radiated from the doctor's lined plain face, from his sturdy body, from the

touch of his hands on the shoulder of a crippled man who leaped out into the corridor on crutches just to say, "Hello, Doctor!" and in his reassurance to the worried wife who tagged at his heels till he told her her husband could go home perhaps next week, next month surely. All I could think of as I stood there beside this good physician with his people crowding around him was "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

He glanced up at two men coming down the corridor toward us. "I have to show around the hospital an American doctor from the Atomic Commission who is here from Washington and another research official here in the city," Dr. Shigeta informed me, hospitably, proud of his efficient wards and nurses. "You must go, too. After I get rid of the others, we will have tea together and talk."

Even the smell of ether makes me faint. . . . Tea after seeing at the Museum the piled, stiff bodies of the dead?—I was almost sick in the hospital corridor, but of course I had to go with the doctors. If the patients could stand being here, I ought to be able to stand looking at them, since I was the one who . . . "Does anyone mind if I talk German?" Dr. Shigeta asked. "I trained in Germany but I talk very bad English." That was one blessing; at least I couldn't understand the case histories of the lackluster eyes of the men in the leukemia ward. But I wasn't let off that easily. The research man explained in English to the American doctor, "The leukemia rate was 29.57 per cent within two hundred meters of where the Bomb exploded, while for those outside that radius the rate was only 3.59 per thousand." He glanced through the open ward door. "Those paper cranes hanging over the beds are like you give flowers, for good wishes and to ward off evil." Paper cranes, to halt hovering death. . . . I swayed dizzily.

"Here, you don't want to go in here. Hold this for me." After a glance at my white face, the American doctor thrust his camera into my hands.

After the others left I still had the ordeal of tea with Dr. Shigeta in his office. As he turned the pages of his album, showing with scientific interest how the Bomb had affected X-ray pictures, the tiny blue teacup shook in my hand. He snapped the book shut. "You are not well?"

"I'm fine," I lied. I was sick, sick in body, in mind, sick in my New England conscience, nurtured by a Methodist parsonage. I put the question that was etched by now into my brain to Dr. Shigeta.

"Ah so." The good Buddhist doctor shot me a keen diagnostic glance. "My dear lady, it is only good sense to admire what is good in America. All thinking Japanese know if there had been no Pearl Harbor, no Hiroshima. . . . But we must learn from the past, look to the future. If we hate Americans, they will hate us. War goes on and on. Look at the United States and Russia who hate! It is no good."

"True," I said. "But . . ."

It remained for his crisply white-costumed little nurse with her dark, sparkling eyes to put the final straw upon my heavy load of guilt. As she took me out to the taxi she looked up at the hospital ward windows above her and agreed with Dr. Shigeta, "We deserved Hiroshima: it was our just punishment. We learned our terrible lesson, I think. But . . ." Her small ivory fingers gripped the car window sill till the knuckles were white and her eyes were full of agony as she whispered, "My family comes—came—from Nagasaki. *Why, oh why did you have to drop a second Bomb?*"

How could you say, "I'm sorry," for a whole family, for a hundred thousand dead? All I could tell her was, "*I don't know. I don't know!*"

For the first time in my life I was ashamed of being an American. For the first time I faced the dreadful fact that I, a citizen of a nation that called itself Christian, had let loose this atomic horror.

I had been up in that plane with those boys under orders. I was equally responsible, as was every other American. Christian? O Christ, forgive . . .

When I got back to the hotel, for long moments Polly didn't say anything; she just looked compassionately at me sitting there, staring at nothing and trembling. Then she slid something into my hand. It was the little bronze Buddha only two inches high that I'd been looking for all over Japan to complete my collection. She said, "I knew you'd need comforting when you got home."

I still don't know the answers and I do not condemn anyone but myself. Nor am I a pacifist. There comes a time in every man's life when escape is cowardice, when like Jesus cleansing his father's house of the money-changers, a man has to stand and fight evil. But this I do know. . . .

It should be obligatory for every single statesman and politician, Russian, American, Chinese, European, Asian, African—for all who control war but who rarely fight with anything but words—to visit the terrible Peace Museum at Hiroshima, to walk through those endless wards of the Atom Bomb Hospital where those broken in mind and body wait to die, under the pitiful paper storks. There each man should read aloud—if he dares—the twenty-second chapter of Revelations:

> And I saw the dead, great and small, stand before God . . .
>
> And the sea gave up the dead that were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead that were in them; and they were judged, every man according to his works.

II

The Man Who Got Out of His Pew

"Let's get down to brass tacks. Theory is fine but time is short; we need action. What can the man-in-the-pew do in his own home church, his town, his community to foster this world movement toward Christians around the world understanding and helping each other?" one layman demanded of me recently. "What can he do to bring closer the world peace for which every man, woman, and child so desperately yearns?"

"*Get out of the pew and live Christ in your own community.*" The answer is as hard to implement as it is easy to say.

"But I'm not good enough! Not wise enough."

The job is God's as well as ours. He is big enough, wise enough. Our job is to will to begin. Our young people accuse us older Christians of dragging our feet.

> *Use me, O Lord . . . but not just now.*
> As soon as I've reached retirement,
> As soon as I'm getting ahead,
> As soon as I get my pension,
> As soon as I'm dead!

This gay ironic lyric, part of an original musical comedy, *For Heaven's Sake,* written and staged by the church young people at Ann Arbor, Michigan last year, reflects their impatience with an older generation of leaders who are not moving fast enough toward church unity to suit them. Youth also admit their own responsibility, insisting, "We are not the hope of tomorrow; we

belong to the Church today and the Church belongs to us as baptized members."

Many of their elders, lay leaders in the local congregation, are ready to move out of their pews into action, to become "letters from Christ" in the community, but they do not know how to begin. The Archbishop of Canterbury had no hesitation when I asked him how the layman could best write his living "letter." He said promptly:

"First, he must deepen his loyalty to his own church. He should have a sound knowledge of what his church stands for, as so few laymen today actually do.

"Second, and only second, he should explore what other churches stand for. Then he is ready to propose unity for *all* churches. He can put his businessman's mind to work to solve the great problems that keep us apart in the same manner his acumen works on the international tariff system, for example. This movement for intercredal, international co-operation is not for theologians only, but for the entire body of the church."

The layman needs to know how the Church came to be what it is—the preacher does know—it is as simple as that. The preacher has to shed his "theological jargon" and the man-in-the pew his indifference, before preacher plus layman can equally advance. As one layman put it at New Delhi, "Let the preacher come down from his pulpit and the layman come out of his pew to meet in the aisle for the onward march of Christian soldiers. A battalion with one soldier wouldn't get very far."

Prayer and the Bible are his manual of arms, and the march without them is as if a jet bomber had shot off at six hundred miles an hour to fight the enemy, with its bomb bays empty. For the struggle to bring to the world a positive peace does not mean passive coexistence; it is a mighty battle against the smug certainty that "We alone are the people of His pasture," against the fear that drugs men into inaction. Joining the dawn patrol for Christ is even more difficult than in more innocently pious days

because the modern Christian goes out into the secular world not to ram his beliefs down his neighbor's throat, but *to live his creed.* Like the silent sermons at Nepal, his witness may be without words; by the manner in which he does his job he demonstrates "whether I be of God or not."

One of the most brilliant Christian businessmen I have ever known said to me once in a moment of discouragement, "Susie, the hardest thing in the world is to climb the ladder of success without stepping on the face of the man on the rung below you."

This applies not only to individuals but to groups, employers, employees, union officials, or physicians. J. Irwin Miller, a business tycoon from Indianapolis, who is also president of the National Council of Churches, said at New Delhi:

> Men who consider themselves bound to behave morally and responsibly as individuals offer resistance to the idea that the laws of God apply to them with equal force and validity when they are banded together in groups. They resist the idea that a business corporation, like an individual, is called to "Lose its life for Jesus' sake," that labor unions should "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and that nations must "Love their neighbor as themselves!" Perhaps a society can face no greater danger than this—the notion that there is some area, or some manner of grouping, wherein its members are exempt from the laws of God. The Church must speak to this mortal error, finding the words which it has not yet found, that will bring these great, new, complex, interdependent efforts of men under the rule of the Gospel. Only the Church can in this way help a society to save itself. Only the Church can show men how to change bigness from a monster which threatens into an instrument of God, which brings opportunity and life and fulfillment to those involved in it.

Laymen all over the world are preaching Christ from strange pulpits. A kamikaze pilot in Japan who once girded himself to die for *bushido*—honor—has found that in planting clover and hope on the rocky hills of northern Honshu he is honoring both his country and the Christ whom he tells about in his own home on Sunday mornings to small boys and girls from the nearby farms. Soshichiro Sasaki runs a model farm built with the help

of many people, the Japanese government, American farmers associated in CROP (Christian Rural Overseas Program), young people from many countries at two ecumenical work camps, and Christian churches in both the United States and Japan. This experiment in helping people to help themselves began in the hills overlooking a town that sounds like a five-finger exercise for a flute—Okunakayama.

When I told Ken Buma I wanted to go up there to ask Sasaki why he, whose family had been leading Buddhists for generations, had become a Christian who preached with clover and cows, Ken said, well, he was driving up in the Church World Service bus next week end with medicines and movies for the farmers, but perhaps I'd be more comfortable going by train.

Comfortable is a relative word, but the trip up by sleeper was certainly different; the berth had old-fashioned green cloth curtains which refused to pull together but gave an excellent view to interested Japanese gentlemen who went up and down the aisles all night in their long winter underwear to save the creases in their trousers. Mr. Sasaki, a tall silent man whose smile was more eloquent than his English, met me with his jeep at the station, slithered us over the yellow mud, full of potholes, which he said was the road built by the work-campers from high schools and colleges. "Road?" I gasped, rising a foot off the seat as we emerged from a pothole.

"You should have seen it the first time I came up here," Ken Buma said later, reproving my levity. "The mud was so slippery we couldn't walk upright. We had to claw our way up here on our hands and knees!"

The young people had also built the attractive guest house where I was to lodge and the big barn that had room for forty cows downstairs, with upstairs a dormitory for visiting farmers staying overnight for a conference on modern agricultural methods. I was glad the ladies' dormitory was not up over the big clean-looking pigpen; anyway, the view was gorgeous, I thought,

looking up at the misty purple mountains that circled around us. . . . Ken said dryly, yes, but one couldn't eat a view, as the refugees coming home to Japan from Manchuria and other places where they were no longer welcome after the war had found out. The government had sold them these hilly farms on long-term loans, but early frosts ruined the rice crops, and because the farmers were now landowners they were not eligible for government relief, so they nearly starved till Sasaki came.

Mrs. Sasaki, a handsome sturdy woman with rosy cheeks and merry eyes, called us in to a delicious lunch of rice, peppered with odds and ends about whose origin I felt it best not to inquire, and hot, hot tea. When she exited with the remains, her husband, Ken, and I sat down in front of the gratifying warmth of the little iron woodstove, while Ken translated for me Sasaki's own story.

"I used to despise Christians," Sasaki began in his rippling Japanese syllables, so musical I almost wished they didn't have to stop to be translated. "My relatives near Morioka were Buddhists, some of them priests, and as a small boy I used to throw stones at the other children who went to the 'foreign devils' Sunday School. Later I studied at Tokyo Agricultural College where I was judo champion, so when the war came my disciplined body was useful as a pilot for the Navy. Near the end of the war, I was assigned to a kamikaze squadron; I prepared myself for sacrificing my all for my Emperor, my country, and my honor, but instead I was shot down on a reconnaissance mission. I was furious with myself for landing in a safe hospital bed in Morioka, instead of having an honorable death. When a Christian minister, going through the wards, offered me a tract I tore it up fiercely. What did a Navy pilot want with a gift from his enemies?"

One of Sasaki's lungs had to be removed, as well as seven ribs, because of his injuries when his plane was shot down. The Japanese doctor who was Sasaki's friend told him frankly, "We will operate but there is very little chance of your coming through

without blood transfusions—and the blood bank is almost empty."

Yet the operation was successful. When Sasaki opened his eyes coming out of the anesthesia, the doctor explained happily that he had been able to get some pints, probably given by GI's, from the American blood bank. Sasaki gasped, "What kind of people are these who give their blood to an enemy?"

"They're Christians," his wife told him quietly from his bedside. She had gone to a Christian Sunday School as a child, but when she married him, she took also his Buddhist religion as a good Japanese wife should.

"Go buy a Bible," he ordered her. "I want to read about these strange Christians." He emphasized proudly that no one gave him a Bible; he bought it for himself.

But Sasaki did not recover as he should; tuberculosis set in and he had to go back to the hospital. After looking soberly at the X-rays, his doctor friend warned Sasaki that he had better put his affairs in order; he'd be lucky to be alive four months from now. "Then," Sasaki decided, "I will go back home, spend the short time left with my wife and my boys."

The fire crackled in the small hot stove as we sat there in the little guest house; there was no other sound for a moment as this man remembered what the face of death had looked like. He said slowly, "Facing eternity, I searched the Bible harder than ever. I read: 'Though ye die, yet shall ye live again. . . . Christ has conquered death.' I told Him in my despair, 'I believe you, Christ. Help me!' " There was another silence, deep and pregnant with emotion; then Sasaki ended quietly, "*So He did*. Because the hate had gone out of me and my mind was at rest, my body could heal. When I went back three months later for X-rays, my remaining lung was completely healed."

"It is a miracle!" my doctor friend cried.

"No, it is Jesus Christ," I told him. "I belong to Him from now on, for He gave me back my life and my family."

Sasaki returned to agricultural college to brush up on modern methods, but when he came back to the hills above his native Morioka, he found despair, and dark hints of communism. The country was farmed chiefly by refugees who had thought to support their families with the only crop they knew, rice; but rice grew feebly on these bare rocky fields, and if it did grow, the frosts or drought took it before harvest. Their children were hungry and ragged; in their anger they had turned to communism which promised them, vaguely, everything. But Sasaki knew these were reasonable men. Had he not been born here? He went among them saying, "Wait. I have another way." He gave each a handful of clover seed. "Christians from across the sea have sent you this. Plow your fields, plant the seed, and when the clover comes, the American Christians will send you cows to eat the clover. Each farmer will pass on his first heifer born to another farmer, but the next heifer belongs to him. In the end, all will not only eat but will provide for their children again, be proud heads of a family as a man should."

The desperate farmers planted the clover doubtfully but it flourished. The cows came as promised from the Heifer Project, Inc., supported by thirty-five Protestant church denominations in the United States; the new heifers were passed on, and slowly this mountain area began to hope again. The only religious service Sasaki held was to invite children to his own farmhouse for Sunday School, if they cared to come. "To make up for throwing stones long ago," Sasaki said, smiling to me. "Many have asked, 'Why do you not become a priest?' I say, 'I *am* a priest: I preach how to help yourselves.' "

Ken Buma interrupted his translation to say, "Paternal giving is bad—bad for the giver who becomes peremptory, for the receiver who comes to accept it as his right. Men here wanted to stand on their own feet. That is how this agricultural project has helped so many, not only to eat, but to have self-respect. A Christian layman who gives himself to God preaches in strange ways—

God's, not his own. After only three years, the Okunakayama farm is in the black, is paying its own way."

We drove out next morning in the jeep through drizzly, miserable fog and rain to talk to some of these farmers who now were too busy to bother with communism, each one eager to build up his own farm. The dreary little unpainted wooden shacks didn't look very prosperous to American eyes, but the children, though dressed in odd ragged clothing, were rosy, happy, and frequently dirty. "There is no cash to buy soap when you earn less than a dollar a day. They can't even afford to drink their own milk yet," Ken Buma explained. "They sell it for cash income. But Sasaki is teaching them how to utilize everything; that big tank over there is precious cow urine for fertilizer. Once they build up their herds to ten or eleven cows, they'll gradually pay back their loans and owe no man anything."

"O-hi-o!" A farmer came running up from his field to welcome us, his teeth white in his smiling dark face. When Ken explained I was an American writing about Okunakayama, the farmer all but threw his arms around me.

"I American, too!" He searched desperately for English. "American grand-pa-pa! My daughter marry US pilot. My grandchildren live in I-da-ho!" O-hi-o which means welcome, I-da-ho which means home. I thought, "And so the whole round earth is everywhere bound by gold chains, about the feet of God."

"We give you clover and cows and you give us wives and babies," I chuckled to the beaming Ken Buma as we drove back toward the model farm that was now self-supporting. "Does Kioji, your brother who's a missionary to the United States, have any babies? In New York?"

"Sure, three . . . so far," Ken smiled. "I hope they'll learn to talk Japanese as well as American."

All of us, in both the pew and the pulpit, have got to learn to talk American, Japanese, Hindi, Fijan, Tahitian French, figuratively if not literally, if we are going to keep up with some of

these Eastern Christians. An Indian layman has become president of the Division of World Missions for his own country, a position formerly held by a Western missionary, handling approximately a million and a half dollars a year. Conversely, a South American conference of the Methodist Church, fiercely nationalistic, has just elected an American missionary as their bishop. As Sir Francis Ibiam said, "The best man for the place, no matter what the color of his skin." Some Christians become so much men of God that they lose any other nationality. When someone commiserated with an Indian lay leader because Lesslie Newbigin, a Britisher, had been elected Bishop in India instead of a national, the leader countered, "Why, isn't he Indian? He belongs to us!"

These Eastern Christians have much to teach us.

The Church is coming to realize everywhere that Sunday Christians are not Christians at all, merely pew-warmers. As M. M. Thomas of Bangalore put it, "The question of whether Asia and Africa are to become Communist or truly Christian depends upon the willingness of the indigenous layman to roll up his sleeves, to consider politics as a Christian imperative, to work for the ideals of Christ as interpreted by the Asians or Africans themselves."

His Lordship, Lakdasa de Mel, Bishop of Ceylon, who was head of the public relations at New Delhi, endeared himself to all three hundred newsmen by his rapier mind, his even temper and ready wit. At one particularly tense moment when the discussion about the Russians entering the World Council grew hot, the Bishop looked at the nearly fifty waving hands of newsmen anxious to talk and murmured, "I feel like a mosquito in a nudist colony. I hardly know where to land!" Laughter punctured the ballooning tension. But Bishop de Mel was more wise than witty. As preacher at the first Indian Anglican communion service open to all Christians at the World Council Assembly, he told the fifteen hundred worshippers the story of a missionary who went to

Gandhi to ask for advice about how a Christian in India should act.

"Be a little more like your own Jesus," Gandhi advised. "Also, when your people become Christians, do not let them forget they are also citizens of India. . . . In your desire to win cheap converts, do not hide from them the more exacting demands of Christ. Christianity in cheap terms is not worth having."

"If Asians are so satisfied with what they have, why do we bother to send Christian missionaries at all?" one American layman asked, sincerely puzzled. "Why not let them go on being good Hindus or good Buddhists? Didn't Gautama Buddha teach his followers the Golden Rule before Christ was born? What special gift does Christianity have to offer?"

"Christ," was Dr. Moses' answer. The Christian does not act the good Samaritan to get credits for the next life, on the great wheel of transmigration to be reborn an elephant rather than a mouse, or to advance in the social scale from an outcaste to a Brahman. The follower of Christ binds up the wounded man not for his own gain but for Jesus' sake, for the sake of the man who fell among thieves. The Christian is at once a theist and a humanist, a channel through which God pours his divine healing upon a sick world.

"Jesus was the only religious leader who laid down his divine power to become a man, to show firsthand how man could conquer himself, could live again after death," Dr. Moses had already pointed out. He added: "Man has been searching through the centuries, trying to find God in some far-off place. In Oriental religions man is still searching. *But in Christ God came down to man.* The long search is over. *God is here and now.* Man has only to open the door, to let Christ walk in. *For the preacher to do this is not enough; the layman must also become the partner of Christ.*"

A Hindu newspaperman who covered the World Council Assembly daily for three weeks put his finger upon the sore spot in

intercredal relations when he said, "What we need from Christians is not more men to take up the microphone, but men to live among us and take up a Cross."

The time is short in which to show non-Christians that Christianity is not merely a product of Western culture. An African layman warned, "The resurgence of Mohammedanism in Africa, of Buddhism in Thailand and in other oriental countries, points up the fact that millions of non-Christians regard Christianity as a white man's religion. Instead of wasting our energies on differing creeds, we should seek for aims *common* to all sons of God, black, white, yellow, brown. Christian unity is as important for the United States and Europe as for Africa and Asia. . . . The risen Christ alone (as lived in each man's daily job) can lead us out of our morass of suspicion, even hatred of each other."

Even the Bible is under scrutiny in Africa.

"The best training for Christian workers is a translation of the Bible by students, a steady revision (in view of today's living conditions) or a writing of commentaries," said Edwin H. Robertson, a secretary of the United Bible Societies. He went on to explain how, when the Luganda Bible was being written, the translation became the work of a whole community. The translators would explain the meaning of a Greek or Hebrew word, and the people would think about it as they went about their daily work. "When they found themselves using a word similar to the Bible word, they would drop their job, run to the translators with the newly discovered meaning. Thus the Bible entered into their daily lives so this translation the people prepared has twice defied efforts to revise it. . . . Even a judgment made by the Lukiko, the high court of Kabaka [was] determined by a study of the Acts of the Apostles."

"This is all very well for the emerging nations, but what about Europe, the United States, where judicial and political patterns are already set?" one thoughtful man-in-the-pew asked me after

my return from New Delhi. "What earthly good would it be for me to go into politics, if 'there must be no Christian block,' merely a vague Christian spirit? Moreover, I don't like the World Council's Commission of the Churches on International Affairs always shooting off its mouth, telling our government and all the world that three hundred million Christians want them to do so and so. How can they possibly speak for me? Or the other 299,999,999? My church belongs to the World Council, yes, but I wasn't even asked what delegate should represent me at the New Delhi Assembly!"

"Did you give a hoot?" I asked frankly. "Did you even bother to find out when he was up for election? All the churches chose their own representatives, chiefly clergy, because they knew the significance of the New Delhi Assembly. The authorities might have had a shock if a large number of laymen had announced their own candidacy! The lay tendency is to leave the 'ecumenical movement' to the clergy and the United Nations to Adlai Stevenson."

"Let the clergy boil their own turnips," another businessman said with a yawn. What had he to do with *oikumene* and *diakonia*?

"We believe in translating the scripture into Urdu and Hottentot," snapped another exasperated lay delegate at New Delhi when he was inundated with oceans of mimeographed "theological palaver." "But we ourselves need to be translated into the language of Main Street, the sports page, and the village pump. Newspapermen are familiar with this problem. After a church meeting, they scratch their heads, puzzle over what they have taken down. There has been a much-applauded speech here [at the Vigyan Bhavan] containing the sentence, 'We are all familiar with the pronouncement on this issue, from Lake Mohonk through Willingen to Bad Boll.'. . . I ask you, what is this going to mean to the milkman from Kansas?"

Charles Taft, former Mayor of Cincinnati, did yeoman duty

at New Delhi in explaining to newsmen what went on and what it signified. Strangely enough, it was a realistic down-to-earth newspaperman from New York City who answered the critic of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs. "Christian principles are no longer the potent factor in American homes and foreign policy they used to be when this country was founded," he pointed out. "One reason for this has been the divided voice of differing Christian creeds. On a matter where moral issues are involved, the Church has an imperative to speak out. The devil has a loud enough voice." He grinned. " 'Devil' is an old-fashioned word, but you know what I mean. What's wrong with the statement that we should be willing 'to run reasonable risks for peace' as well as in time of war?"

This commission's statement as adopted by the New Delhi Assembly said in part:

> The supreme achievement of a government is to enhance the dignity of man and free him for the creative exercise of his higher powers. . . . There is a great opportunity for constructive action in the struggle for world development. To share the benefits of civilization with the whole of humanity is . . . an attainable objective. To press the war against poverty, disease, exploitation, and ignorance calls for greater sacrifices of scientific, educational, and material resources. . . . In this common task, let the peoples find a positive program for peace, a moral equivalent for war.

"Too hifalutin," snaps the milkman from Kansas. "Give me some plain facts in plain English about how I can work in my house, on my street, in my town for Christian unity and for peace."

I put this query to many leaders of thought in New Delhi, to bishops, archbishops, businessmen, and newsmen from Europe, Asia, and both Americas. Here are some of the practical ways for the Christian to live as a "letter from Christ" in his own church, town, and country. *Wherever he is.*

(1) Prayer and Bible-study "cells," small groups in the factory, office, schoolroom, or local church, who band together

to learn the meaning and power of prayer and how to implement this by action.

Even a commuting train can be used for religious study and worship. One Congregational parish near New York City, finding that the most free time the men of its parish had was on the way to work, hired a special car, wired it for a loudspeaker, and on the way from Chappaqua, Pleasantville, and North White Plains to New York City, led by their minister, they discussed such problems as: "How can you love a man who has blocked your job progress? What do you say to a boss who asks you to pad your expense account to cheat the income tax?" These laymen, both business executives and office workers, were sufficiently interested to get up to take a seven-a.m. train, "the church commuters' special."

Jewish laymen celebrated the feast of Purim in the club car of a Long Island Railroad commuting train led by a rabbi chanting the Megilla which tells how Queen Esther saved the Jews from extinction in Persia long ago. Religious tolerance belongs also to 1962, is timeless.

(2) Sunday School teachers can make sure that the world-wide movement toward Christian unity is explained in simple terms to their classes. Too often the World Council has no continuing contact between the information it gathers about what united Christians are doing and the Christian education departments of even its own member churches. Children love the idea of meeting by proxy other children with strange costumes and tongues; they can leap seas in imagination as easily as puddles in the church yard. Frequently Asians will accept help from children which they will resist from governments whose interference in their affairs they fear. Dr. Reginald Helfferich tells in his *Bees for Bali* the difficulty he had in getting some communities in India, even when hungry, to accept the food our United States government was donating, that their own government was admitting free of charge, and which the Church World Service was

distributing, along with other church and welfare agencies. The Indians asked suspiciously, "Where does the food come from? What do we have to promise to get it?" "Nothing," Dr. Helfferich told them. "American Sunday School children are sending it to you. See?" He showed them a map of the world which had hung on a local Sunday School wall in a small Missouri town. Underneath the map were squares marked "milk," "butter," "cheese," "vegetable oils," "bread." Some were covered with bright-colored bits of paper. "Every time a child gave ten pennies, he could paste the bright paper over the commodity," Dr. Helfferich explained, "while he said this short prayer: 'Dear Father, take this gift and with it send some milk to another child who is hungry.'" This was the kind of gift even a proud Asian could accept. Missions came alive also for the American children.

(3) Laymen may act as "Minute Men" telling the congregation briefly at the worship service what the World Council of Churches to which they belong is trying to do.

(4) Joint visitation by laymen and the minister of a local church, not to get something out of their fellow members but to give fellowship and sympathy, unites a congregation. "And don't forget," urged one man, "that the old-timers can be as lonesome as the newcomers."

(5) Men, especially, should take a vital interest in the new kind of two-way missions where the missionary comes to help them, as well as goes out from them, and not just depend upon the Women's Missionary Society . . . bless 'em.

There are many Asian students going to college or taking graduate work in many localities in the United States, England, France, and Germany. Inviting them to talk to the local church not only serves to inform the church but integrates the boy or girl from Africa or Asia into the local Christian community. "But don't just invite 'em once and forget 'em," urged one such student. "Ask them over and over, give them a key to the front

door to drop by whenever they feel lonely or discouraged. Make them feel they have a home away from home."

(6) Fathers, as well as mothers, should form discussion groups to talk about Christian education for sex, for prevention of juvenile delinquency, about the problems of building a Christian home, both in their own country and overseas. "Once in a while invite the children, let them talk back; you *listen* for a change," one religious educator advised. One of the great regrets of the young people at ecumenical conferences was "Why are we so ignorant of what is going on in our own church and in other communions? We are illiterate spiritually. We don't even study the Bible stories any more, just something called vaguely, 'Christian Psychology.' There's plenty of sound psychology in the Bible."

(7) The local congregation should discuss international Christian activities not only one Sunday in a year, but frequently. They should ask themselves, "Is my church a member of the World Council? Who were my delegates to New Delhi? Did I pray that they might be wisely led? Just what went on there at the Third Assembly and how does it concern me?"

(8) The local church must first work out the problems of race, color, and society in its own back yard. Is everyone welcome in our congregation? Or is the newcomer uneasy because of his lack of social standing or the color of his skin? Do we have the right attitude toward missions?

Bishop Newbigin commented: "We should ask ourselves how willing we are to have our Western ideas of what constitutes Christianity corrected by those Christians from other lands who think differently. That is not to say that they are always right and we are always wrong. But there is a real danger of our trying to put across our own Western ideas which may not be fitted for Asia or Africa, for example. We can learn as well as teach."

(9) If your church has sponsored a refugee from any country, do not bring him into the community, get him a job, and forget him. As one United Nations official explained:

The psychological problems which the refugee faces in his new home are difficult:

It is only a short time ago that I met a Hungarian refugee couple in a country of second asylum. They told me that they were thankful to this country because they had work, they had a roof over their heads, and they were able to earn their own living. I asked them then if they were happy. They hesitated, and then said . . . No . . . It became clear that what they resented was that they were condemned to live an isolated life, that they had no contact with their neighbors, that they did not feel that they had been accepted in the community.

(10) In politics the Christian should use his common sense, work for practical goals, not spectacular or utopian ends. "There will be Christians in politics who work for peace, who will work for charity, others for justice. They will do what they can, working for tolerable justice under given conditions, leaving it to God to further fulfill His designs."

(11) Older church citizens should help impatient youth to work for open communion, to correct "the great scandal of the divided Lord's Table." St. Paul insisted, "We are all partakers of one loaf." Youth, ignoring theological and liturgical hurdles today insist, "All Christians are *already* one communion in Christ; it remains for us to *actualize* this in daily living."

"But tampering with ancient theological differences is dangerous business," warns the conservative. Of course it is. But when has the Christian lived other than dangerously? These are those who have upset the world. "Do not be discouraged when you make mistakes," urged one delegate at New Delhi. "Any human or group of humans errs, inside the church and out, even the World Council. This is the price of advance. Frank and open discussions will often show up errors of judgment, provide for a new start with everyone pulling together. Even if this unity of action does not come, wounds heal better when exposed to sun and air."

(12) "We all should pray often for other people by name," advised Hans-Ruedi Weber. "Pray for people in your own family,

your church, your community, your President, your Queen, for the Secretary of State or Prime Minister, that they be led by God. Pray also for African, Asian, and Russian Church leaders *by name.*" Another added: "Through prayer we can work together for Christ's kingdom . . . now. What we need is not a cold peace but a warm affectionate prayer life on both sides of the Iron Curtain."

(13) The Christian should give with discrimination, not to every appeal by a friend or an unknown organization—not even to church needs as opposed to secular needs. While half the world starves, a mere ten dollars a month will feed, clothe, and give schooling to a boy or girl in Hong Kong or Nigeria. One housewife said ruefully, "I spend that much a day at the local A&P, for food that makes me too fat so I have to pay out more cash for pills to reduce!"

(14) Retreats, discussion week ends in some quiet spot pay dividends for professional groups, doctors, businessmen, lawyers, students, or husbands and wives to talk over the business of making a hospital, home, or office truly Christian.

(15) Consider setting aside Church Days, like the German *Kirchentag.* Joining the Week of Prayer, held every January in fifty countries, is one way to bring home to the local church members how big our world job is. The theme for 1962 is "I am among you as one who serves." The World Day of Prayer, fostered by the United Church Women, a department of the National Council of Churches, is another opportunity to share. The proceeds from this collection are distributed in various parts of the world. The Fellowship of the Least Coin has shown how drop by drop the chalice of good will may be filled so that a thirsty world may drink.

(16) Invest your valuable time in positive intercredal community co-operation, not just in local church groups who meet to pick out hymns for the joint Thanksgiving or Christmas celebrations, nor in smug committees who spend a pleasant evening

drinking coffee, then go home. Groups who discuss the real problems of Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews working together are vitally interesting.

This year the same theme for the Week of Prayer was used in France both in Protestant churches and the Roman Catholic Association Unité Chrétienne. In Paris more than one thousand people attended joint unity meetings. In Rome, Cardinal Bea, President of the Roman Catholic Secretariat for Christian unity, said on Radio Vatican: "The Christ who conquered the world can also overcome our divisions. There are already certain signs of victory." Often these prayers lead to interconfessional Bible study, retreats, discussions between leaders of different churches. The professors in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts found such a discussion meeting with the professors of St. John's Roman Catholic Seminary in Brighton so mutually stimulating that they decided to meet regularly.

Many congregations have followed the suggestion of Dr. Oscar Cullman, Professor of New Testament at Basle, Switzerland, and are making contributions to the poor of another confession. Roman Catholics in that country recently gave twelve thousand Swiss francs for a Protestant missionary hospital in the Sudan. Dr. Cullman explains that this interchange of gifts started when the early Christians gave for the poor of Jerusalem, to bind together Jews and Gentiles in service to each other. Once when Dr. Cullman had finished talking about this plan to a group, an unknown Roman priest slid a banknote into his hand, saying, "From a Catholic monk for a poor Protestant in Rome, as a symbol of Christian solidarity." Dr. Cullman tells in his book, *Catholics and Protestants*,[1] how, when he delivered this money to a small Waldensian seminary in Rome, the students took up an offering out of their modest means and sent it to the abbot of a large cloister in the same city as an indication of good will.

1 *Catholics and Protestants* (London: Lutterworth Press, 1959).

These are only a few of the practical ways which New Delhi leaders suggested so that the layman might come out of his pew and make his Christian emphasis felt not only in his own life but in that of the local church and of the community.

Yet in order for the Christian to act as a letter from Christ, he must have engraved deep within his own soul the message he must give. This sort of intercommunion is possible only in a life where meditation and prayer keep open the channels between man and his Maker. Dr. D. T. Niles of Ceylon put the need for this spiritual conversation into words at once simple and blazing with light, when he said at New Delhi:

> There is not only a message to speak but a secret to be kept. . . . So it is written of Mary, the mother of our Lord, "that she kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."
>
> There must be a reticence, if the word spoken is not to be empty of meaning. The work of grace in one's soul cannot be translated into words without becoming the foolishness of self-advertisement. We who speak about Jesus must learn to keep quiet about ourselves.
>
> Mary kept her secret. But she also had a great deal to say. She saw in what happened to her the sign of what would happen to the world.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord,
rejoice, rejoice, my spirit, in God my saviour;
so tenderly has he looked upon his servant,
    humble as she is.
so wonderfully has he dealt with me,
    the Lord, the Mighty One.

His name is Holy;
his mercy sure from generation to generation
    toward those who fear him;
the deeds his own right arm has done
    disclose his might:

the arrogant of heart and mind he has put to rout,
he has torn imperial powers from their thrones,
    but the humble have been lifted high.
The hungry he has satisfied with good things,
    the rich sent empty away.

This song of Mary is still the song of the Christian revolution.

One of the biggest jobs the World Council of Churches is tackling these days—but then only when asked to do so by the local church communions—is that of reconciliation between churches which disagree over racial and social problems.

"Whenever men are willing to be led by the Holy Spirit, the way of consultation can lead to the way of reconciliation. The Church can go where a government cannot rush in," explained Charles Parlin, new lay president of the World Council, telling a New England Methodist laymen's conference recently about the South African consultation of churches. "Much good is done by men of good will outside the Church, but the Christian goes one step further! Where man fails, God can succeed; the impossible can be done only by man plus God. It is the 'plus' that makes the church job vitally important."

The invitation to the World Council to go to Johannesburg, where it is all but impossible for black and white Christians to meet for frank discussion of their mutual problems, came in 1960 from eight South African churches. The World Council group who went "for consultation only," to discuss the difficult question of apartheid, included two Americans, one Dutchman, one German, a bishop from Ceylon, and two members of the World Council staff from Geneva. Governor Sir Francis Ibiam had expected also to go, but at the last moment was kept at home by state affairs in Nigeria.

Since it was impossible by law for white and black citizens to meet in a public hall in Johannesburg, permission was granted for the churchmen to meet together at nearby Cottesloe, a residence of the University of Witwatersrand.

"In order to understand the roots of the bitter tensions between even church groups in Johannesburg, it is necessary to know a little of South African history," Charles Parlin told his fellow Methodist laymen in Boston. "The English and Dutch originally settled on the coast of South Africa, much as they did in North

America, and got rid of the Bushmen as we did the Indians. The English became industrialists, ran the copper mines, dug diamonds and gold, started their own Anglican Churches, while the Dutch mostly took to farming on a large scale and organized the Dutch Reformed Churches where their own language was preached. When some of the Dutch and native people intermarried, the result was a group of 'colored' people who spoke Dutch. In 1860 Indians were imported to work the South African mines, but they soon branched off; some became shopkeepers and built their own Hindu temples. So you have not only a mixture of races but of creeds. Add to these the Bantus who came down from the north to invade the European settlers and remained to work for them. It is no secret that the English and the Afrikanders have tried to keep the twelve million Bantus separated so they could not unite against them, which was not too difficult since the two hundred tribes each speak a separate language. With such differing backgrounds, it is not hard to understand the tensions that exist not only between blacks and white, Europeans and non-Europeans, but between the Anglican, Bantu, and the Dutch Reformed Churches.

"Each of the Protestant Churches in the Union of South Africa (Anglican, Methodist, three Dutch Reformed, Congregational, and two Presbyterian) sent ten representatives to Cottesloe, making eighty delegates in all, most of them prominent elders, presbyters, theologians, an archbishop, as well as lay members who were authors, scientists, even a member of Parliament. The World Council consultants chose not to go off the campus because the black delegates could not, so the black and white Christians ate together, slept in the same dormitories, and met in the university classrooms for frank discussions. It was agreed that what was said was off the record, that no official statement was expected to come out of this meeting; each man was to lay bare freely the Christian concern that was closest to his heart.

"After we broke up into smaller discussion groups, the separate

communions couldn't even agree upon which church should lead which group, so the World Council consultants acted as chairmen," Charles Parlin related.

"When my group got together, it was a distinguished assembly, including Alan Paton, the Anglican who wrote *Cry the Beloved Country* and whose passport had just been taken away because of his liberal views. Paton had retorted, 'I'd rather keep my views than my passport.' The government could hardly deport him as they had other critics of apartheid, since his family had lived in South Africa for 189 years. Near him sat the Afrikanders who approved of separate but equal facilities for whites and blacks, who supported the government policy. The Afrikanders were dressed in business tweeds, and obviously enjoyed their reputation as plain men speaking the language of the average white citizen. The Bantu Presbyterian delegation included four white missionaries from Scotland and six black preachers. I found it startling to ask, 'What does the Bantu Church think about this?' and be answered by a Scottish burr! Last of all, an Anglican archbishop in full ecclesiastical regalia, a bright red robe and biretta, came sweeping majestically into the conference room and sat down as far from the Afrikanders as possible. The tension between creeds and races was so intense, I hastily asked the archbishop to lead in prayer. If they couldn't talk to each other, at least each group could talk to God.

"From the beginning, the discussions were caustic and frank. Then as we lived, talked, slept, and ate together, we began to shake down into neighbors. I have always felt the Lord was there in that classroom, leading the discussions rather than I. For we all slowly became friends. On the last day when the archbishop came in, he had shed his bright robes of office and was dressed in ordinary tweeds; he had even discarded his necktie to wear his sports shirt open at the throat! Startled, I watched him walk over to the rough and ready Afrikander with whom he had argued most hotly and hold out his hand.

" 'I have been mistaken in your motives, Friend,' he confessed. 'I know now that we may differ but you are as sincere as I am. Forgive me for not acting as a Christian.' "

The Afrikander, too overcome to speak but with tears in his eyes, gripped the archbishop's hand in his own. "I tell you," said this Wall Street lawyer soberly, "as these two friends stood there together, Pentecost was not two thousand years ago; the Holy Spirit was right there with us in that room."

Even though warned by the World Council consultants that a statement would probably get them into trouble with the government and the community, the Cottesloe discussion groups were so moved that they insisted, if eighty per cent of them could agree on a public statement, it must be made. More than eighty per cent did say plainly to their fellow citizens in troubled South Africa:

"No one who believes in Jesus Christ may be excluded from any church on the grounds of his color or race. The spiritual unity of all men who are in Christ must find visible expression in acts of common worship. . . . We acknowledge before God the feebleness of our divided witness for our Lord Jesus Christ and our lack of compassion for each other."

They agreed with Martin Niemöller that "if the state asks me to do something Christ cannot share in, I cannot give in." This was said in no spirit of defiance but in prayerful soberness, and in knowledge of what it might mean to them personally. After Cottesloe, when the Synods of the three Dutch Reformed Churches met, they repudiated the statement which their own elected delegates had signed, and voted to withdraw their membership from the World Council of Churches. Several prominent church leaders who had signed with the majority lost their positions of authority. Yet one of them wrote: "Do not worry about me. Our church has had a shaking up, emotionally and theologically. I think a new day is dawning soon. I am glad to have had a part in it."

These who thus chose to be citizens in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ may well speak for all the three hundred million Christians, Orthodox, Methodist, Pentecostal, Anglican, Mar Thoma, Episcopalian, and many other communions who are making this great march toward unity called the World Council of Churches, pioneers who go forward, walking, running, stumbling, even falling, but getting up again, blazing a path through the wilderness of fear to the peace that passes understanding. Not a single one of those censured churchmen has retreated a syllable from his Cottesloe stand. These are they who dare to say:

"We acknowledge before God the feebleness of our divided witness. . . . We dedicate ourselves afresh to reconciliation in Jesus Christ."

(continued from front flap)

living doctrine prevailed. Mrs. Fletcher describes her trip to seek wisdom and comfort from the Dalai Lama of Tibet; her 14-year-old adopted Chinese daughter who cared for four younger children when her parents were jailed; the lesson in Christian forgiveness she learned from the Japanese of Hiroshima.

Told with wonderful conviction and delightful enthusiasm, *The Whole World's in His Hand* is an inspiring report of the efforts and effects of world Christianity, written by a woman whose books have brought comfort and hope to thousands of readers.

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