

One hundred years ago and more, President Lincoln signed his proclamation of emancipation. It was a revolutionary aim. Today our aim is more revolutionary and more far-reaching in fulfillment. It is a revolution for every red-blooded American. And I must remind you that every American's blood is red.

Some people are afraid of the word "revolution". No man of faith should be. "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." If that phrase becomes no longer a pious drone but a passionate commitment, it is more revolutionary than the filthy paraphernalia of Fascism or anything Karl Marx concocted.

I and my friends have just been marching with Rajmohan Gandhi, grandson of the Mahatma, in the heat and dust of India. He has led a peaceful march 4,000 miles in protest against the corruption, hatred, impurity and caste prejudice that is weakening his land.

Gandhi says not everyone who praises his grandfather lives the Mahatma's spirit. He tells the Indians it is exploitation to call on Gandhi's name unless you possess the power to change human nature and turn enemies into friends.

In new patterns of power unfolding across every continent, revolution to change the aim and character of humanity is blazing. Let us ensure that blaze creates more light and less heat. At a time when it is God's will and man's desiring for everybody—black, brown, white, yellow and red—to walk with head upheld in dignity, equality and peace, selfishness alone breaks homes, divides races, multiplies hate, bedevils the hope of a moral maturity to match the technological and industrial opportunity of our times.

Supposing America, with her Negro and Latin American and Caucasian and Indian minorities were able to proclaim in honesty to the listening earth, "Come and see how all men everywhere are meant to live. We need you all in our bid to change world history. In this essential task, black men, white men, all men are needed. Here in this land we live like sons and daughters of the God who created all men equal, planting in each human heart the knowledge of right and wrong that makes man different from a beast."

Africa, emerging into freedom, would leap with joy and clasp hands across the ocean. Asia would turn her eyes to the West. Latin America would forget the flirtation of Fidel Castro and follow the advances of her comrade in the North. Peking and Moscow would cease to glare, yellow to red eyeball, at each other as they realized their plan to take over Mr. U.S.A. was outmoded.

This brings me to a question no man can answer.

# WHAT COLOR IS GOD'S SKIN?

An address given in Atlanta, Georgia, by **PETER HOWARD**, author, playwright, political analyst, who is in charge of the world program of Moral Re-Armament.



"The different races in America are her strength and glory. They are an asset no other country possesses."

What color is God's skin? In fifty years half the earth's population will be Chinese. The South African government seems to think Chinese are black. Contrariwise, because South Africa does much trade with Japan, the same government says Japanese are white.

Laws are essential. I believe legislation must often march ahead of the growth in man's character that makes much legislation unnecessary. But laws—though in South Africa they change the color of a human skin—cannot by themselves alter the character of a human heart.

On the day President Kennedy was assassinated; I talked with two Negroes. They agreed a civil rights bill with teeth would probably pass Congress. Then one said, "Whatever laws pass Congress, I can never trust a white man. It is in my bones to hate them all." Unless you've been a white man, you don't know what it means to have that said to you.

I told those Negroes how I, an ordinary Englishman, had made the experiment of listening to the voice of God, the inner voice that speaks to each human heart. I saw it was the selfishness, arrogance and pride of men like myself which had caused untold suffering and injustice.

When I spoke to the Mau Mau, detained in the Athi River Camp in Kenya, they covered their faces. They would not look at a white man. My first words were, "I was born white. I could not help it, could I?" They began to look at me. It began to slide upon their understanding it was as immature and ignorant to hate a man because he was born white, as to hate him because he was born black, brilliant, foolish, ugly, beautiful, big, small, Jew or Arab. When I had finished, their leaders said, "If we had dreamed white men could

think as we heard you speak today, there would have been no Mau Mau in Kenya."

Some of these former Mau Mau leaders have become my friends. They saw white men change. They learned that black men, too, could change. They changed. They now are fighting with people of all races to bring God's revolution to Africa. They understand that violence, sometimes regarded as a good servant, can swiftly become a bad master, and that history never long remains on the side of hate. Hate knows no color bar. Neither does love. Heart power is America's strength. Hate power is her weakness.

The two Negroes said to me, "Do you think education and environment can change human nature?" I long for every man, woman and child to have the best education and environment civilization can provide, but neither environment nor education changed me. God did.

God made men in different colors. A white man's world—in the sense that a white man because of the color of his skin, is closer to God than his neighbor—affronts the will of the Almighty and the conscience of humanity. So does a black man's world. So does a world of yellow or red domination. We need a world where all men walk the earth with the dignity of brotherhood that should be normal to all who accept the fatherhood of God.

The Negro is neither worse nor better than his neighbor. The same is true of the white man. We all have our loftier side, and our more debased.

America will set the continents free when she experiences lasting freedom—freedom from the immaturity of hate, the underdevelopment of selfishness, and the infantility of impurity and dirt. We exploit our wife or somebody else's wife, our neighbor, our business rival, and scream out against exploitation.

We white men are prone to tell everybody else what to do. But we are too proud to listen to the voice of God and, in obedience, learn what to do ourselves. We preach unity and call ourselves the United Kingdom or the United States. We transfer idealism to the United Nations but we remain, behind the doors of homes, offices, churches, deeply divided by jealousy, ambition, greed or prejudice. I pray the black man does not fall into the white man's ways in this regard.

Today, the long-awaited tide of history flows toward the non-white races. That tide will lift burdens of centuries and wipe out bloodstains in the sands of time. Be sure it elevates all humanity. You cannot expect every Negro, any more than every white man, to be a genius of ability, a paragon of virtue, a miracle of grace. But I hope, pray and expect that the Negro people of the United States will have the wisdom and human greatness to avoid mistakes that men like myself have made.

The black man's chance is surely coming. What will he do with it? I do not say, "Be patient." I say, "Be passionate for something far bigger than color. Be passionate for an answer big enough to include everybody, powerful enough to change everybody, fundamental enough to satisfy the longings for bread, work and the hope of a new world that lies in the heart of the earth's teeming millions."

Segregation yesterday. Confrontation today. Transformation tomorrow. Let the hands of the black man stretch out above the heads of governments and nationalities to welcome all people ready with them to remake the modern world.

Unless we accept a world aim, we may be lost in narrow disputations. It is difficult, if not impossible, for others to place confidence in a system of democracy that preaches inalienable rights of the individual with its lips but robs men of their rights with its customs. Yet, nothing would suit the enemies of freedom more than to see this country tear itself apart, preoccupying itself with internal strife, while dictatorship takes over the world. Some demagogues, white and black, inside and outside America, desire to push the problem for the sake of personal power instead of curing it for the sake of all people.

It remains my belief that crossless Christians do more to camouflage the reality of Christ's revolution from humanity than any Communist or Fascist.

There are sincere men who have no faith in God. To them it can be said, "Accept the challenge of living

the way you would wish to see your neighbor live." Absolute moral standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love are a yardstick by which all men can measure their conduct. If you have a standard, it must be absolute. Otherwise, it is no standard. And those four standards may prove a ladder that leads a man toward faith.

My faith is in modern America. I believe Americans will arise with a character that convicts, captivates and changes nations. I believe those who have suffered most will show the greatest passion and compassion for long-suffering humanity. I believe those who have been victims of the worst discrimination will be the first to heal the hates and fears of others because they themselves are free from fear and hate. I am convinced men and women who for generations have drunk the water of tears and eaten the bread of bitterness will give living water and the bread of life to millions, trembling, longing, hoping, waiting, praying, for the new type of man and the new type of society that will lead the world into lasting justice, liberty and peace.

Those who have passed through the fires of persecution can hold forth one hand to persecutors and persecuted alike, and with the other uplift a flame of freedom to illuminate the earth.

For a copy of Peter Howard's recent addresses, "Design for Dedication," now being published in book form, mail one dollar to Moral Re-Armament, 112 East 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

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