

# You Can Change the World

by JAMES KELLER, M.M.

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world. But suppose now every one of us here strikes a light!"

Faster than it takes to tell, nearly 100,000 pinpricks of flame flooded the arena with light — the result of 100,000 individuals, each doing his own part. That is how the Christopher movement works.

No matter who you are, or what you are, or where you may be, you can do something to change the world for the better. You, as an individual, are important. You count!

Remember the gigantic letter-writing campaign which helped to smash the radical forces in the Italian elections recently. Literally millions of letters went out from people of Italian descent in the United States encouraging relatives in the old country to vote against totalitarianism. One of the men who fostered that dazzling campaign was a

barber in Southampton, Long Island.

Irritated by Old World criticisms and lies about our American ways, he was also exasperated that people who resented such attacks did nothing to counteract them:

**He decided to do something about it personally.**

First he wrote to relatives in St. Catherine, Sicily, describing his happy life here. Next he wrote his wife's relatives. Then he persuaded his son, a doctor, and his daughter, a dietician, to write. Meanwhile he appealed to newspaper editors and even to President Truman to help enlist the nation. All agreed it was a good idea but too unwieldy. Various organizations wished him well, but that was all.

But the barber, enraptured with his cause, refused to quit. He kept on asking for help. Slowly the idea burned with its own fire. Businessmen, young GI brides from overseas, housewives, veterans' groups, civic societies and religious leaders joined in. A steady trickle of letters to Italy swelled to a torrent; the democratic victory heartened all Europe.

One man helped start this, because he lifted himself out of his own narrow, selfish sphere and into the larger world with all its breath-taking potentialities.

Not spectacularly, but in countless ways, tens of thousands of Christophers are busy and never before in history were such efforts needed so desperately. For today the world is

ill of the disease of the soul called materialism. If the trend toward paganism continues, it is only a matter of time before our nation will collapse from within. That is what happened in Germany.

Millions of decent Americans have long forgotten the basic truth that every human being gets his fundamental rights from God — not from the State! That, in fact, the chief purpose of the State — as the Founding Fathers repeatedly affirmed in the Declaration of Independence — is to protect those God-given rights.

To believe that these rights are safe today is to embrace illusion.

The stockbroker who, forsaking Wall Street, lowered his entire family's living standards to take a government job and fight for good principles is a Christopher. So is the Baptist lawyer down in Texas who spends all his leisure time making speeches on the brotherhood of man. And so is a girl epileptic, bed-bound in a small California hospital, who started writing a column that would "concentrate on the good in life around us, instead of just the opposite." A little newspaper printed her words; fan letters poured in — and, believe it or not, this girl is now almost completely recovered from epilepsy. Her doctors understand why; she got out of herself and out of her own narrow world, gave herself a purpose in life and so

did away with mental and emotional frustration.

It is estimated that subversives who are trying to undermine the United States compose less than one per cent of the people of our country. Christophers believe that one per cent of the normal, decent citizens of America can be found ready and willing to work just as hard to restore divine truth and human integrity to American life.

The story of one American wife shows the inestimable power of a woman, working behind the scenes in her own home. Her husband told her the Reds were taking over his union. "Keep out of that!" she advised him. "It'll only mean trouble."

But a Christopher explained how getting decent people to stay away from union meetings was just what the Reds wanted. From then on, she urged her husband to attend every meeting, she induced him to urge others, finally she egged him on to run for president of the union. In substance, that is the history of how a large union was taken away from an organized leftist minority. One woman with a Christopher purpose was all that was needed to start the fire!

In the home, in all our personal relationships, we must practice love and we must pass on the message of the good life. As you grow in love for others, you will find your own power increasing. You will learn how to disagree without being disagreeable.

You will become more approachable. You will better understand why **all people** want to be truly loved and not just tolerated. You will emphasize more and more the good side of even the worst people. You will develop an inner warmth, an abiding sense of humor; naturally you will make mistakes, but you will always be able to laugh at yourself. Your never-say-die spirit will give courage to everyone you meet.

Life itself will take on a new and exhilarating meaning, because you will be fulfilling the purpose for which you were created: to love God above all things and your neighbor as yourself.

"We hate Christianity and Christians," proclaimed Anatole Lunacharsky, Soviet Commissar of Education. "Even the best of them must be considered our worst enemies. They preach love of one's neighbor and mercy, which is contrary to our principles. What we want is hate. . . . Only then will we conquer the Universe." (Quoted in *Izvestia*.)

The one thing that terrifies the godless the world over is the fear that some day all those who believe in Christ will wake up — **and Start acting their beliefs.**

Once that happens, most of the great problems which plague mankind will disappear overnight.

### AIN'T NO HEAVEN

A tipsy soap-box orator who had reached the argumentative stage, sat down next to a clergyman in a street car. Wishing to start something, he drawled: "I ain't going to heaven; there ain't no heaven."

No answer.

"I say there ain't no heaven; I ain't goin' to heaven," he shouted. The clergyman replied quietly, "Well, go to hell them; but be quiet about it."

—Lake Shore Visitor.

### SONG OF THE PLOW

It was I who built Chaldea and the Cities of the Plain;  
I was Greece and Rome and Carthage and the opulence of Spain.  
When their courtiers walked in scarlet and their queens wore chains  
of gold,

And forgot 'twas I that made them, growing Godless folk and bold,  
I went over them in judgment, and again my cornfields stood  
Where empty courts bowed homage in obsequious multitude. . . .

For a nation that forgets me in that hour her doom is sealed  
By judgment as from Heaven that can never be repealed!

Anon