PLEASE FORWARD:

The Life of Liza Tod

Compiled and edited by John Burbidge

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Contents

Foreword

This little book is about impossible dreams come true. If the reader is young and dares not dream of adventures that seem to be for others, it will declare the impossible possible. Liza Tod was a shy, unassuming young person with a heart defect. Yet her life is an epic of adventure. If the reader is caught up in the hurly-burly of midlife and has no time to dream, this book will stop you in your tracks. Liza Tod's life has been one of incredible pain and struggle, yet she has left in her wake an indelible expression of meaning, purpose and victory. If the reader is older, it will declare that there never is a time to give up. Liza's health has limited her beyond what most of us have experienced. Yet from her bedroom the world has revolved. Liza has read extensively in the last 15 years, she has orchestrated profound conversations that have changed the lives of her many visitors, with never a thought of giving up on life.

An important inference in this book is that every person has a life-story of significance. We all have a story that needs to be shared. In the last ten years, it has been my privilege to preside at many funerals and to assist the mourners to compile eulogies to honour the deceased person. I have always felt sorry that these statements have had to wait until the person died. All too often I have listened to people regretting that it is now too late to find out about this one and that one and the era they represented because those who had the story in their heads are dead.

As this book will show, Liza Tod was not only willing but also anxious to tell her life's story. All she needed was some friends to help her get it out. In fact, once she got going, it was as if a kaleidoscope of pictures began to tumble out of her head. The experience made me think that if we all were ready to offer that sort of help to one another along the way, it could change people's whole attitudes to their lives. What if we were ready and willing to help folk through their fears of remembering the past, their

guilt over what could have been but isn't, their deeply ingrained sense that they have nothing to tell? What if we helped each other take the giant leap from the private realm — where stories wither away and disappear — to become the property of the community around us? That is the sort of courage Liza Tod has. Nothing was held back. All was told, and in the telling was healing where healing was needed, and delight where previously whole episodes had lain dormant.

There is another inference. Why do we have to wait until we are 78 to do our "storying"? What if society could be ordered in such a way that story telling is a rite of passage, to be publicly told every 20 years of our life? It is really no accident that the Liza Tod story revolves around the Institute of Cultural Affairs. That organisation has taken seriously the skills of reflection that unlock stories, however great or small, and the methods needed to see one's life as a single fabric with its many rich designs. Stories are often seen as the province of great authors and film writers. But life is really the great author. The question is the articulation.

Finally, it is important to emphasise the contribution of older people to the life of a community. At 60, Liza Tod seemed to be at the end of the road. Yet she knew her journey had more miles yet. Her voluntary decision to throw her lot in with the ICA was courageous, to say the least. Some, no doubt, said it was foolhardy. Her gifts were that she was unassuming and yet willing to offer her skills and graces when they were needed. Indeed, for many years her gifts and graces were most profitably expended raising money for ICA community development projects all over the world. Our fundraisers regarded her as their secret weapon, and that she truly was. People warmed to this lovely old lady only to discover that at the appropriate moment she could pack a completely unexpected and deadly punch!

More importantly, Liza creates community. She is known and loved by ICA people all over the world because she is open, unimpressed by any claims of greatness, and willing to see right through to people's hearts. Furthermore, she is unafraid to say

what needs to be said. Most of us bear a scar or two, and most of us have come to look upon them gratefully. She always has time to listen. When she tells stories, she carefully selects them to awaken us to our own needs. Since she has been more or less limited to her bed, it is a privilege to be invited to visit her, but one never to be taken for granted. She prioritises her visitors.

I have been describing Liza, but her sort of presence is the presence of older people. For some unknown reason in wealthy western countries, we have thought it kind to disassociate our elderly from the ongoing life of the community. What Liza continues to show us is that the elderly have essential gifts that are needed for the success of our life together.

I hasten to conclude that if this book gives any impression that this story is of a life that has been, then it is wrong, for Liza is very much alive to the past, present and future. In fact, if you wish to visit her, she would no doubt welcome you, but make sure you have an appointment and be ready to leave her with your head spinning!

— Brian Robins

Introduction

In one of my early encounters with Liza Tod, she told me firmly, but politely, that I was a "Graham" and not a "John". At first, I was taken aback by this royal-like edict. What did she mean by that? Who gave her the right to rename me? I took it in my stride and let it mull over in my mind for a while.

A few years later, when I was writing what became my first published article, I decided to use Graham as a part of my pseudonym. When the article finally appeared in print, I didn't recognize it as mine. It took a few seconds for my new identity to seep in. Then I remembered Liza's pronouncement and realized that somehow, she had had something to do with the birth of the new me, the writer.

That was November 1987. Now, 12 years later, Liza and I have had another encounter, albeit on distant shores. This time, I'm in Seattle, USA and she's in Melbourne, Australia. Again, our connection involves writing. Colleagues and friends of hers asked me if I would edit a book about her life. Although I've edited other books, I've never tackled a person's life before. I took it as a challenge and a great honour. Liza is one of a handful of people I feel extremely privileged to have known. From the tributes to her in this book, it is clear others feel much the same.

The Woman

It is hard not to be impressed by Liza Tod. Her imposing, lanky frame, silvery grey hair and sparkling brown eyes are enough to stop you in your tracks. Even lying in bed, as she has spent a lot of time doing in recent years, her presence fills up the room. You quickly find yourself preparing for more than a casual encounter as you enter into conversation with this 86 year-old woman.

After several encounters with Liza, you soon become aware that she defies all categorisation. She's the epitome of a dignified lady with class to spare, but not the least stuffy or condescending.

From her descriptions of disgust at being subjected as a child to the class-ridden rituals of British society of her day, to her stories of hobnobbing with maharajas and maharanis in India, it is clear she rejected such artificial human divisions, while often having to operate in the midst of them.

She's as English as tea and crumpets but with 39 semi-permanent addresses to her name, she has lived among and come to appreciate the diversity of the world's peoples and cultures with whom she has been fortunate to rub shoulders. Her passion for and commitment to diversity comes through time and again in her writing. [See particularly, Chapter 4: Life in Community and Chapter 6: Musings.]

When required, she can be unfalteringly direct but with no hint of rudeness or forcefulness. A Japanese businessman in London discovered this when Liza and a colleague visited him to ask him for money for an international development project. When he inquired why they hadn't put their request in writing, as others usually did, she replied, "You can screw up a piece of paper and throw it in the rubbish bin but you can't do that with me!" He admitted she had a point, and against the advice of his company secretary, wrote a cheque on the spot!

She has always been aware of her body's frailty but has taken her "illness" and lived her life through it, rather than letting it control her. Around age five, she became aware that her delicate heart condition set her apart from other children. By the time she was 11, she stopped going to school altogether. From this early realization that she would need to take special care of her body, through to the quadruple heart by-pass operation she had in Hong Kong at age 72, she has refused to be victimized by her physical condition.

Finally, she is one who relishes humour and uses it to laugh at herself, as much as at others. Her straight-forward, unapologetic description of her legs as "just as long as ever with two big feet sticking out the end" is as amusingly honest as her story of a

maharajah falling to the ground when trying to demonstrate to his foreign guests and other dignitaries how to correctly mount an elephant from the rear.

It would be easy to continue listing Liza's many and varied qualities but I would prefer to let this book do that job instead. I hope these few comments entice you to read on and discover or rediscover this remarkable person for yourself. However, one final comment is in order.

Of her many laudable and inspiring attributes, it is Liza's indomitable spirit that has most affected me, and others, I suspect. Her understanding that life is a process of continual change, that the challenges of daily living never go away, and that one can choose to embrace them with openness and courage rather than be trapped by them, are a constant address and valuable reminder to us all.

The Book

In the process of editing this book, several things have emerged. First, this is Liza's book, not mine or anyone else's. I tried to do minimal editing of the text, for fear I might lose the essence of Liza's voice and style. As I sorted through her notes, particularly hand-written ones, I often found myself reading them aloud so I could hear her voice in them. I invite you to do the same. Sometimes, I would find myself wanting to reword a phrase or sentence because I thought it would read better, but decided against it in order to preserve its distinctive Lizaesque flavour.

Second, it is not a biography or even a comprehensive set of memoirs. I was given a collection of material — some her own writing, some pieces she had collected from other sources, and some tributes to her written by others. It is not a complete story. That kind of thoroughness would have demanded an entirely different approach, one far beyond Liza or myself at this point in time. The result is a selection of writings that Liza has deemed important to share, along with the thoughts of others that show her life as they have experienced it.

Third, because the book is a potpourri of often-disconnected vignettes, readers may find it a little choppy in places. To help weave various parts together and to provide a context to the reader meeting Liza for the first time, I have added a few introductory remarks at the beginning of each chapter. It might help to approach the book more like one of Bruce Chatwin's wandering travelogues, peppered with a kaleidoscope of characters and experiences, rather than a biography or life-story.

The People Behind the Book

As with any book, this one has a long list of people associated with its production, of whom Liza and I are only two. If it weren't for a number of her close friends and colleagues, most of whom knew her through their association with the Institute of Cultural Affairs, the Order Ecumenical and the Ecumenical Institute [see page 73 for an explanation of these terms], this book would never have happened. As Brian Robins tells in his eloquent piece, "The Duchess of Bayley Street", it was the suggestion of those who lived and worked with her and were enraptured by her story telling, that led to the idea of the book in the first place.

Brian's own painstaking interviews with Liza to enable her to "write her own eulogy" were a valuable part of this process. Wendy Saegenschnitter's academic paper on aging, written from her interviews with Liza, was another important piece. Sue Chapman, who first raised with me the question of my editing the book, was key to getting this project underway. John and Elaine Telford, who gathered together the wide variety of material and sent it to me in a form I could readily access, were vital links in the chain. Valerie Nash, who happened to be visiting Sydney when the book was in its preliminary stages and read through all the material, offered many helpful comments on its organization. A number of people typed Liza's notes from paper to computer files and did initial organization of material, among them Ann Duffy, Margaret Oakley and Rhonda Robins.

In addition, several people have been involved in the editing process in different ways. Garnet Banks has acted as intermediary between Liza and me, being a courier of e-mail messages back and forth. Liza's daughter, Jill Stephen, has played the difficult dual roles of caring for her mother and answering an endless number of my "just one more thing" questions. Bruce Robertson and Mischa (Michelle) Telford read the manuscript and offered many suggestions for improvement. Joan Firkins did some helpful fact checking in the ICA's Australian archives.

Finally, I was delighted when John and Julie Miesen agreed to oversee the publishing of this book. Their skills in printing and publication, personal knowledge of Liza, and deep appreciation of the human spirit have added immeasurably to the quality of this book.

John Burbidge
Seattle, April 1999

A Mother's Daughter

Like all sons and daughters, Liza found her life was greatly influenced by that of her mother, Mary Allen. Her yearning for the peace and quiet of rural landscapes, her love of philosophy and poetry, and her passion for exotic lands, especially India, were all things she and her mother shared. They also lived through two world wars and raised families in the midst of them — her mother during WW I and Liza WW II. Sadly, it was war that finally claimed her mother's life; for Liza, ironically, it led her to many of her several dozen "permanent addresses" and opened new windows on the world.

Roots in the Raj

My mother, Mary Allen, was born in India about 1886, one of six children of Walter Allen. I am ashamed to say I do not remember my grandmother's name. It could have been Goodeve, a descendant from Lady Godiva, one of several historical figures whom the Allens count among their ancestors. Others include Lewis Carroll and, I believe, Charles Darwin.

Walter had a job in the Public Works Department, building and caring for roads and railways. I am not sure in which part of India they lived but I think he had something to do with the Sukkur Barrage, which is on the Indus River in today's Pakistan.

The stories my mother told me of her childhood in India clearly showed how much she loved it and how happy she was. Her most vivid memories were of the times they all went "on tour" to see what was happening in the vast area her father was responsible for. Their entourage was a great train of people and animals. Bullock carts were laden with tents, furniture, bedding, china, glass and cutlery, so when the *sahib* and *memsahib* arrived with all their children and *ayahs*, they found their tent home completely set up and working. They also took *saises* to look after the horses and cut fodder, *dhobies* to wash clothes, *durzies* to mend and make clothes,

shikaris to shoot game for food, a saddler and shoemaker, all their personal retainers, bearers, and dog boys — not to mention hens and their keeper.

This cavalcade set off, followed by the family, with the grown-ups and older children on horses. The younger ones had ponies, but mostly *ayahs* carried them in dandies supported by two or four men. A dandy is a long, box-shaped affair, made reasonably comfortable by upholstery and cushions, carried by four men in which one semi-reclined holding a parasol, if one was a European lady.

There weren't many roads in those days, so they travelled by tracks through jungles and across wide open spaces and cultivated plains, stopping to talk to people in villages and in fields about the state of the crops. Of course, they also stopped where any of Walter's works were in process. As a result, few miles were covered in a day but the advantage of riding a horse was that you could get a close-up view of the village and the land, with time for personal contact with people. They learned a lot, not only about the work but also about the needs of the local people, which they reported back to the appropriate authorities — health, agricultural, political or police. The cavalcade also included Walter's office and his clerks and *chaprassis* to take the mail back, as there was no post in the interior *mofussil*. The cavalcade stayed several days or weeks in one place before packing up and moving on.

These tours went on for months. The children loved them more than anything else. They probably had some formal lessons with a governess or tutor, but my mother didn't say much about that. Her memories were all of riding and dogs and going out with the *shikaris* to shoot for the pot, very necessary for such a mobile village. They would rise before dawn, when life started — the smell of smoke as the cooking fires were lit, the sound of bullocks being led out to graze and the horses being fed and watered, the *dhobi* going down to the river to wash clothes and spread them out on bushes to dry as the sun came up. In the midst of this, was the freedom, the beauty and constant activity in which children

could join as they pleased. And on top of this, the wonderful nights with the huge bowl of the sky studded with stars arching above them, the noise of animals hunting and jackals calling, as they sat around fires at night with the bearers and *ayahs,* telling stories and talking. When they fell asleep, safe in their *ayah's* arms, they would be carried to bed in a tent, or outside if the weather was hot, and be tucked safely under the mosquito net, as they watched the fire flies with their sleepy eyes.

When Walter died at 47, all this came to an end. The family went back to England — their last big maritime adventure. The children had to settle down to boarding school. My mother and her two sisters, Jessie and Mabel, went to Blackheath High School. They spent their holidays mostly with Aunt Lizzie in a beautiful house and garden called Drina at Clifton outside Bristol. When a schoolteacher asked my mother what she found to be the greatest difference between England and India — a silly question if there ever was one — my mother replied, "The English skies were so small." Their mother, my grandmother, then married an Italian general, Señor Angello Mamello, and after that, took no further interest in her children.

Like the skies, the lives of my mother and her sisters became small. Mary and Mabel meekly married the first man who came along. Mabel married a curate and Mary married Charles George Brandram, my father. Jessie didn't marry and became an English teacher at girls' school in Cheltenham. Of the sons, Harold became an officer in the Royal Artillery and Cecil became a clergyman and sadly, committed suicide. I don't know what Julian did when he was young but when I knew him, he was full of ideas and inventions that never came off, or if they did, his partner went off with the patent. His best invention I knew was a sand-sailing yacht that was great fun.

As all the Allens, my mother was tall and pleasantly plump. She had dark brown hair with a gentle wave that she wore in a bun low down on her neck. She also had brown eyes, a common trait in the Allen family that dates back to an ancestor who was the cook

and the mistress of a French king. Once the king cast her off, someone else — wisely but socially unacceptably — married her and many of us have had brown eyes and been fond of cooking ever since! Before she came along, all eyes in the family were blue.

A Prophetic Birth

I was born in Sherard Gardens, Eltham, Kent on 30 July 1912. I had an elder sister, Jessica and a younger brother, James, both of whom are deceased. I was christened Elizabeth Allen. At my christening, a total stranger appeared — I often imagined she was my fairy godmother — who shook her head and said, "She will never be rich but will always have enough money to do what she wants. She will be lucky all her life, as long as no one who really loves her calls her Betty." This all came true. Relatives called me Betty but none of my immediate family did. My mother called me Betsyanna and my father called me Billy, since I think he would have preferred a boy. However, when I met my husband Dick, he said, "I don't like the name Betty. You are Liza." So it is I have remained Liza ever since.

Soon after my birth, the family moved to Court Yard, Eltham, where my brother James was born. We remained there during World War I. My father worked in his father's engineering firm, Brandram Brothers, that made sulphur, saltpetre and white lead paint at Rotherhythe on the river Thames. He stayed there supporting a family that was to move a number of times over the next ten years. Some years ago, driving around that area of derelict factories and houses, I saw a faded notice saying Brandram Wharf.

During World War I, the area we lived in was subject to enemy attack. When this happened, we would shelter under the stairs, which I thought was great fun but I'm sure my mother didn't think so. One night, we saw a German zeppelin shot down. It was quite a spectacle as it burst into flame, and little bits that I imagined were the crew of 40 fell to earth. I was very frightened. For several years after the war, my brother and I would play a

game in which we pretended to hear an aeroplane and would dive under the hedge and hide.

I went to school when I was three because my mother was ill and only had the energy to care for one child at home. We moved to an old-fashioned farmhouse at Titley, so mother could have some quiet away from the sounds of war. We had horses, drays, and a donkey cart on the farm. It was a place for which I had great affection and no doubt influenced a decision I would make much later in life to return to farming.

When we were young, we children went with our mother to stay at different places. When I was six or seven, we visited Exmouth-on-the-sea where I stole a kitten from my friend. Her mother saw that justice was done over the matter but I ended up with the kitten! It grew up and remained with me until I married.

Another early memory was our journey to Prestbury by car. The car's designer had the ingenious notion of providing a spare wheel that could be attached alongside a punctured wheel. On this occasion, the second wheel came off and rolled away down a hill. The chauffeur chased after it, much to the delight of the children.

Magical Tenby

Of all the places we visited, one held very special memories for me. It was Tenby on the Pembrokeshire coast. Tenby was the Little England beyond Wales where English adventurers had settled in William Rufus's day. Later on, King Henry II, not knowing what else to do with them, dumped Flemish immigrants on the coast. A chain of castles protected Tenby and South Pembrokeshire became a replica of an English community. Its people had to speak Welsh as well as English for they only had to cross the brook at Newgate bridge, between Roch and St. David's, to find themselves in Welsh-speaking Pembrokeshire, where English was an alien tongue.

My mother's people, the Allens, came over from Ireland hundreds of years ago in a coracle. They were wrecked on the

wild Pembrokeshire coast and have lived there ever since. They settled in Tenby. When I was young, many were still there, but I doubt if they still are. My great-grandfather or great great-grandfather, Walter Allen I believe, had eleven sons, all of whom survived, married, and had children. I don't know who they all were!

I first went to Tenby with my mother, brother and sister when I was six or seven. The war was over so it must have been the summer of 1919. I fell in love with the place — its huge granite cliffs and its two vast beaches, North and South Sands, each of which had a big rock in the middle. When the tide came in, these became unapproachable islands. The South Sands had Goscar Rock, a big upstanding rock with blackberries, grass and flowers on top. I climbed it once when I was about nine or ten, and lay on top of it dreaming stories of the sea and of magic, since I had been told that Pembrokeshire was full of myths and legends.

When the time came to climb down the rock, I was in for a rude awakening. To begin the descent, one had to climb down a very steep and smooth face in which were cut shallow foot holes, before getting to the rough and comparatively easy climb. How I managed to get up, let alone down again, I do not know. Only boys of 18 or 19 ever climbed it. I can still remember the fear as my bare toes felt for the next step and my fingers clutched the ones above. When I finally made it down, I was very tired and shaken and never told anyone. We were allowed to run pretty wild as my mother was never well and we couldn't afford someone to look after her and another person to look after us. My brother and I scandalised the relations because we refused to wear shoes and ran everywhere barefoot. It was wonderful to be so free.

When we went to Tenby in 1919 for a summer holiday, dozens of our relations and their children went too. We would join up with 20 or 30 people for picnics and walk along the sands, past Goscar Rock until we came to the pile of rocks that were part of an ancient landslide. Uncles and aunts sat on the rocks and talked as they unpacked a wonderful tea. We got sand in every sandwich or

piece of cake. It was there I fell deeply in love with Cousin David. He was two or three years older than me and took not the slightest notice of me. I went away and sat alone on a rock and was miserable for the rest of the picnic. There was a faded brown photograph of that disastrous picnic; maybe it's still in the collection I gave Claire after Dick died. However, I got over my undying love in two or three days. I decided if he wasn't intelligent enough to recognise that I was a superior being, he wasn't worth bothering about.

To bathe in the sea in those days was considered to be highly beneficial. It was quite an occasion. One didn't just wear a bathing suit under a wrap, shed it, and run down to the sea with all the others and then return and sunbathe. No, no, no, nothing like that!

We would go down in a family party, pay money and get tickets that would entitle us to use the bathing machines that were drawn up in a long line at the top of the beach. We would change into our suits — black or blue serge with sleeves to one's elbows and to one's knees, with an added skirt if one was female. When suitably attired, one would knock and call to the bathing woman who would bring a large horse and hitch it to the machine. We would trundle down into the sea and jump into the water up to our waists, so modesty was preserved. The men also wore bathing suits to their elbows and knees. Their bathing machines were at the other end of the line so we never bathed together. There was a fat bathing woman who bobbed us up and down while our elders swam if they could, very sedately back and forth close into the shore. When we had had enough we would get back into the bathing machine and were trundled up the beach so no one would see us running around so immodestly dressed. It was the same for the men and boys. There was absolutely no thought of sunbathing. It was all rather boring and usually very cold.

Tenby was a wonderful and beautiful place, quite untouched by tourism. The only people who came in summer were friends or relations of people who lived in the big houses on North Cliff or

in some very nice ones in the town. It is built on a high, flat-topped headland. When I was last there, part of the huge, old wall that defended Tenby from the wild people of Wales still remained. On the south side, many twisting flights of steps ran down between the houses built on the steep rock face. Paths cut out of the rock connected two steps. This part was always full of flowers — window boxes, tiny gardens and fuchsia bushes. I loved it.

In the middle of the town in front of the church was the market where all the country people came once a week with their horse or donkey carts laden with vegetables, fruit, eggs, hens, ducks, fish, meat, home-made butter, jams and wonderful bread, not to mention all the things pedlars took round — needles and thread, material, buttons, necklaces, bracelets, vases and ornaments. My brother and I would watch them set up their stalls, tie up their horses and donkeys, drive their dogs under the carts, and settle down for business, all the time talking and calling to each other in Welsh. How we loved it! We never missed a market day. We usually bought stone-baked bread, flat and round and utterly delicious, as well as some fruit. Greengages were our favourite fruit.

When we had seen enough of the market, we would run down flights of stone stairs to the edge of the small harbour. Boat houses had been hewn out of the rock and in the summer, fishermen would sit outside mending their nets and lobster pots. Past them was the long stone jetty, off the end of which I caught my first fish — a dab, a small flat fish. I had it for tea. It was a very big occasion. We would then walk back, turn left and go up Castle Hill, a lovely place full of bees, butterflies and little lizards. The castle was a complete ruin at the end of the headland. If you climbed right to the top you could see the ocean on three sides stretching forever and ever. Below was the lifeboat house. Once we had the glory of seeing a practice launch of the lifeboat. It was very exciting. A siren blew, men came running from everywhere and disappeared into the lifeboat house. In no time at all, the lifeboat appeared and slid slowly down the slipway, all the crew in

oilskins, sou'westers and life-jackets, putting out their oars ready to row away as the boat hit the sea. These men were wonderful.

In really bad weather, too rough for us to go out of doors to play, we would hear the siren and imagine the scene. If the wind abated, we would join the crowd of people waiting and watching for the return of the boat, to get news of the wreck they had gone to rescue. Old lifeboat men would tell us of wrecks they had been to, what it was like, and how many people they had saved. It was incredibly dramatic, standing in the tearing wind and driving rain listening to these stories, surrounded by the wives and children, brothers and fathers of the men who were out risking their lives to save others. They must have been excellent seamen. Their lifeboat was a simple but strong open boat propelled by oars. They had an old engine and a small sail but these were not nearly as reliable as manpower.

Once we lived in St. Julian's Terrace, a line of little houses with back gardens leading down to the North Sands, right opposite St. Catherine's Rock, an island except at very low tide. It was a much bigger rock than Goscar. A large, important-looking house was built on it, spread low over the top, guarded by walls, with a steep flight of steps shut off by a heavy iron gate to repel unwanted visitors. Sometimes, there would be lights in the house, which was very exciting. No one knew who owned the house or what went on there. Speculation about it was an endless source of conversation. We believed everything we heard and invented even wilder stories. Once we saw three men come down to the beach wearing city suits and polished shoes, disappointingly plump and elderly. They crossed the wet sand to the gate — it was a spring tide — unlocked the gate and stumped up the steps. Nothing else happened. I don't know what we expected but we felt very let down. No drama anywhere.

The North Sands had George and his three ponies. Whenever we could get any money we would go for rides. I chose to ride a white pony called Prince. The Sands are a mile or so long, so if we had enough money we could ride half way escorted by George. We

couldn't really ride at all, but the horses knew what to do and did it very efficiently. I pretended I was a princess of long ago dressed in a wonderful fur-trimmed riding dress and hat with an ostrich feather streaming in the wind, and riding a beautiful white palfrey. Actually, I was a rather sandy, bare-footed little girl dressed in a gingham dress tucked into her knickers bobbing about on a small beach pony. It was hard coming back to reality when our sixpenny ride ended.

The times I spent at Tenby have had the greatest influence on my development as a person. I learnt to love the sea in all its different ways. The sea was the pathway to all the strange and wonderful places in the world. Once at sea, you could go anywhere. I loved the great cliffs but was terrified of the caves. No one could persuade or bully me into going inside the caves beyond their entrances. I loved watching the seagulls flying and gliding overhead, or strutting along the edge of the sea searching for food. I loved the flowers and hedgerows inland, and the farms, except the cows and geese. I was frightened of them, but they held great fascination for me. I loved the great storms of wind and rain that whipped the sea to grandeur and the still, warm days when the sea lay blue and calm, lapping the beach and my toes. I liked the men who mended nets, went fishing in trawlers, and manned the lifeboat. They would sit and tell us tales of great deeds and faraway places. Their wives, who were always busy in their cottages, sometimes gave us fresh-baked cakes or milk still warm from the cow.

People of our own "class" didn't really appeal. The children wore shoes and socks and hats and gloves. What could one do when dressed like that? Their mothers held "At Home" days. On a selected day, they would arrange an elaborate tea with special cakes, Indian and China tea, served of course from silver tea pots, milk jugs and sugar bowls. A silver kettle would steam gently on its silver, methylated-spirit burner.

By three o'clock, all was prepared. The ladies and older children were dressed in their best — nothing elaborate or colourful of

course, but always in "good taste". They sat in the drawing room with carefully folded hands and waited for the bell to ring, when the maid in a black dress and frilly white cap and apron would show in their first visitors. People were not invited. They came if they felt like it. Cards had been sent out beforehand to all friends and acquaintances, announcing that Mrs. So and So was "At Home" on every third Wednesday from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m.

The poor hostess waited in agony to see who would come. There was much competition and snobbery. If Lady Whosit came, one's reputation was safe, but if only Miss This and her sister arrived and old Mr. Whatever came, one lost face and might slip out of society. By next morning, everyone knew who had or had not attended your "At Home".

I was once taken to one of these events and it was dreadful. The sun was shining and the whole world was outside. Dressed in my best and wearing hated shoes and socks, I was admired and told how pretty my hair was. "Such a pretty dress dear. Did your dressmaker make it? I simply must have her name." Of course I didn't have a dressmaker. The dress came from a local shop and could be seen in the window any day. After that, I was thankful to be ignored and sat on a hard, upright chair swinging my legs until frowned upon. Mercifully, at four o'clock, tea was brought in with great pomp and ceremony and food was placed on little tables among the guests. The silver tea service and cups were on a larger table where the hostess poured tea and said graciously, "Will you take Indian or China tea Mrs. Whosit? Do you take sugar?" Then the cup was handed to the attendant maid who put it on a silver salver and took it to Mrs. Whosit who graciously accepted it. The talk was of the weather, their relations' and friends' illnesses or mishaps, the discovery of a new place to buy this or that, dressmakers, or in hushed tones, the imminent arrival of *another* baby to dear Sarah!

When tea was cleared and the maids left, the talk naturally turned to servants — how good or bad new ones had turned out, their laziness or efficiency. It was terrible and it went on and on. Not

one of them could have survived without her servants. Not one among them could cook or clean or look after children. Some couldn't even dress themselves or do their own hair and yet they knew themselves to be superior to those they relied upon for every comfort, which allowed them to keep up their totally artificial standard of living. I never wanted to grow up. The prospect was too daunting even to be considered.

Old people were all right. They seemed to have done interesting things and could be allowed their foibles. I was born into a very closed society and it was essential I abandon it as soon as possible.

Dreams of Escape

In 1922, when I was 10, we moved to Oxford where I tried once again to go to school, after having left it earlier because of difficulties with my heart. Although I only had minor heart problems, they started to become tiresome so I left school for good the following year. At this point, I began to realize that my heart condition was going to be a concern all my life. Much of what I learned in Oxford came from what I saw and took into myself — a love of architecture and history that never went away.

When I was 14 or 15, the family went back to Blackheath and rejoined my father. The house we lived in was a typical London suburban type, nicely furnished but cold in winter. There I decided that London suburbs were not for me and I began to dream of escape. During this time, I became painfully aware that my heart condition made me different from other people. I had no friends, I didn't go to school, and I felt I didn't know how to behave like my peers. On the other hand, I realised I rather liked being alone. I read a lot and steeped myself in stories like the ancient Greek myths and the knights of the Round Table. I loved to read about people who *did* things. I became inspired by them and toured the countryside on bicycle.

After my younger brother Jim and older sister Jessica went to boarding school, my mother and I spent more time together. She had a lovely singing voice and took singing lessons for a time. She

also developed an interest in philosophy and poetry that she shared with me, since she realised I was interested in these also.

It became apparent to me early in life that my mother was not happy in her marriage. She felt shut in, stifled by the narrow confines of life after the freedom of her childhood. The difficult time she had during my brother's birth and early years added to her distress. In addition, the husband and wife team we had as butler and cook were unsatisfactory.

During World War II when I was in India, my sister Jessica sent a cable saying our house had been bombed, my father had been trapped in the rubble for 24 hours, and my mother had been killed.

A Passage to India

Few parts of these memoirs capture the imagination as does this chapter. A sense of adventure and audacity, of opening oneself up to "the other" while being rooted in own's traditions permeates Liza's telling of these tales. It is reminiscent of parts of M.M. Kaye's epic novel, The Far Pavilions, *the television miniseries,* The Jewel in the Crown, *and other great stories of the British Raj. But unlike these grand portrayals, Liza's personal descriptions of her life in India at this time come alive in a delightfully fresh and often hilarious way.*

Anchors Aweigh!

My release from Blackheath came about in a strange way. My mother had a brother in the regular army, a colonel in the Gunners. He was stationed in Quetta in Baluchistan, now part of Pakistan on its border with Afghanistan. Quite late in life, he married a second wife much younger than himself. He had to go off on manoeuvres for months at a time and was looking for someone to be a companion for his somewhat adventurous wife. He suggested my sister or me. My mother said to me, "I'm sorry. I know you want to travel but I must offer the opportunity to your older sister first." "Yes, I suppose you must," I said. But when asked, my elder sister replied, "No, I couldn't possibly go." So mother turned to me and said, "What about you?" I said, "Yes!"

In those days, there were no aeroplanes so you had to travel by sea. Mother didn't like the idea of sending me alone to India, when I was just 18. It would take four weeks and then I'd have to travel up to Quetta. We agreed she needed a holiday so she decided to use a small inheritance to cover her fare and accompany me. We travelled through the Suez Canal to Bombay where a letter awaited us saying that Quetta was snowbound and we should not come now.

We decided to take the ship back to Cairo and stay there with a couple of nice people we'd met on the way out. However, when we reached Aden, mother suggested that instead of going through the canal to Port Said, we should drive across the desert to Cairo. Mother loved deserts. We went to the police for permission to do this, found a reliable taxi and driver, and telephoned the police at the other end to advise them of our pending arrival. There was no actual road and the trip took a whole day. We saw little except the odd camel skeleton and a dust storm. We had to wait until our arrival in Cairo to see live camels and Bedouin.

After several weeks in Cairo, my mother asked the awful question, "Do you want to go to India, or do you want to come home with me?" I wanted to say, "I want to go home." Instead, I just said, "Yes, I want to go to India." My heart fell into my boots when I said it, but I knew I couldn't take it back. I had to go.

As soon as I was on the ship, it was lovely. It was a "P&O" liner, the Rajputana. One always travelled by Peninsula & Orient in those days. Their ships had first, second and third classes. I travelled in second as we couldn't afford first class. This was great fun, because I was able to meet a lot of people, especially young lieutenants going to India and the Far East. I met officers of the Army, Air Force and Navy who were going to train the Indian Navy, the Malayan police, the Burmese police, as well as civil servants and political people of all sorts. We were a fairly young crowd and it was wonderful. Thankfully, most of the stuffy older people travelled first class.

We played games all day and danced all night. We sat up on deck watching the phosphorescence, the mysterious glow of algae that shines on the dark sea at night. Great romances sprang up, romances we knew would die as soon as we went ashore. It was such a lovely trip, for the three or four weeks it took to get to Bombay.

Bombay to Quetta

On reaching Bombay, I wasn't so self-assured as I had been aboard ship. Everyone I knew suddenly scattered, except one elderly gentleman, whom I hardly knew at all. He asked if I was on my own, to which I replied "yes". "Well, I think I had better take care of you," he said. I was most grateful.

From Bombay, we had to take a small British India ship to Karachi, a trip that took two or three days. The ship only had first class and steerage. High class Indians were in first class and lower class, country people with their wives and children were in steerage. They cooked their food on deck. We were up on the centre superstructure, which was first class and held 30 or 40 passengers. This entire structure was enclosed with strands of barbed wire because of the danger of pirates. In those days, there were a lot of pirates who would attack the BI ships because they knew that in first class they would find rich Europeans with jewellery, clothes and all sorts of valuables. They never bothered their own people down below. The journey went very smoothly. The nice elderly gentleman whom I had known slightly on the Rajputana took care of me. I often wonder how old he actually was — probably not more than 45, but to me at that age, he seemed very old.

We arrived in Karachi where my uncle's bearer met me and took me to a hotel, because we had docked in the evening and the train didn't depart until the next morning. The gentleman who had looked after me so kindly, warned me, "If you're going to spend a night alone in the hotel, watch out. Don't accept invitations from anybody. I will take you out to dinner." Because it was hot, the rooms only had half-doors, open at the top and bottom. I soon saw a pair of well-shod feet come and knock at my door. A totally strange young man asked me to go out to dinner with him. I thought, "Better do as I was told," so I said, "It's sweet of you to ask and it would have been fun, but I'm already booked."

Next morning, the bearer took me to the train. It took over 24 hours to get to Quetta. There was no air conditioning on the

train, since air conditioning hadn't been invented. Because it was so hot, the carriage had a zinc bath with several great blocks of ice and a fan that kept you cool. As the ice melted, the bearer would refill the bath at the next station. I was in a four-berth compartment with two other ladies. There was a restaurant car on the train. The train stopped at a particular station and if you wanted a meal, you climbed into the restaurant car, ate until the next station, and then returned to your own carriage.

After we crossed the Sind Desert we arrived at Sibi, where another three engines were attached to the train, two in front and two behind. We went up the Bolan Pass, which was very steep. By road, it rose about 5,000 feet over 104 miles; by rail it was a longer route. As we went up, we saw catch sidings along the way. If the train lost its power and its brakes failed, it could roll back and be caught in a siding, which would hold the train until it started again. Eventually, we reached the top. Little did I know at the time, but I was to become much more closely acquainted with Sibi and the Bolan Pass in the next few years.

Apart from Aldershot in England, Quetta was the largest military station in the empire. It housed six regiments, the Air Force, and a staff college, as it was too far to send officers to England for training. There were many young and cheerful officers and a lot of entertainment. The Resident, who was the Acting Governor-General (AGG), was the head of the political service and the General, who lived in the grand Flagstaff House, was the head of the military. There was also the civil service. Quetta was a large place with a big club we all belonged to, a cinema, and a large bazaar. When I arrived in Quetta, my uncle met me at the railway station and took me to his lovely bungalow.

A young girl had an extremely good time in Quetta, especially since there were dozens of bright young men. As soon as they spotted someone new, they left cards requesting a meeting with her. At the front of every bungalow was a little black metal box with the owner's name on it, in which young men left their cards. They never came into the house. We collected the cards and my

aunt kept a book, in which she wrote down the names of those who had called. She had to invite them to something or return their cards. If she thought they were pleasant, she would invite them. By returning their cards, it left the way open for them to invite my aunt, so you couldn't be too snobby. We always tried to get the more boring people in with the interesting ones. You also dropped cards in on people when you were leaving the district. There were no telephones, so you used message bearers instead. The best invitations were delivered on elephant or camel.

One day, I went to see who had called. There were only two cards in the box. I pulled them out and said to my aunt, "There are two extraordinary cards here from lieutenants in the Royal Engineers. One is called Sloot and other is called Tod, with one "d". I've never heard of such names." My aunt said, "Oh, Tod and Sloot are known as those two terrible men. Let's have them to dinner and see if they really are terrible." They turned out to be charming young men.

The first time Tod took me out was to a Russian circus. It was travelling around India and somehow managed to get up to Quetta, despite the fact they had to saw the main support of the big top in half to negotiate the sharp curves of the railway. It was a good evening but not as relaxed as it might have been. Our seats were in the front row, about two feet from the edge of the ring where teams of horses galloped round and elephants lumbered and danced. It was all a bit fraught. As we were visiting the animals afterwards, an elephant trumpeted in my ear, which made me fall over a goat! Most undignified.

I eventually became engaged to Richard (Dick) Tod. I loved Sloot dearly, too. He was a lovely man and very funny. Sadly, he was later killed in Burma. By this time, Uncle was getting fed up with the continuing procession of beaux to his house — I had received 13 proposals for marriage — and it was decided I should return to England. Dick and I arranged for the wedding to be in England since he was to come home on long leave. Then one day, I received a letter saying he had been offered the job of Garrison Engineer

Civil. I knew he wanted that job more than anything. He said he could easily refuse it and come home and we could get married as arranged, or I could go out and we could get married in Bombay. I wrote back and said, "Don't be stupid. Of course I'll come and we'll get married in Bombay." I was 20 years old.

Tying the Knot

In November 1932, I returned to India on the P&O liner, the Carthage. She was the finest ship I had ever been on and I loved it. What's more, I was an old hand by then and knew all about sailing. When the ship reached Port Said, I received a cable from Dick asking, "Have the marriage banns been called in your parish?" I cabled back "no" since I didn't realise the banns should have been read in England. I did have a signed approval from my parents giving their permission for me to marry Dick, as I was under age. My being under age, and having no banns called, had made it difficult for Dick to arrange the wedding, but eventually he found that the Scots Kirk would marry us by declaration, as was done at Gretna Green in South Scotland, a place famous for eloping couples. This was highly appropriate, as it turned out that Scotland was to have a great influence on our lives. However, about 15 years later, someone told us that soon after our marriage this law was abolished, so we never knew whether we were legally married or not. We took it we were.

Dick met me as we landed in Bombay in the afternoon and said we were getting married next day. So I looked very prim and said, "What on earth do you think I'm going to do until then?" He said, "Well, I've fixed you up in a flat with some friends." That sounded all right. That night, we dined and danced at the Taj Hotel, and then Dick said casually, "The wedding's tomorrow morning at 11.00 a.m. and we'll need to buy you a wedding ring." So next morning about 9.30 we set off for the Army and Navy stores. They had no rings in the shop. We tried everywhere and couldn't find any. Finally, we ended up in the bazaar where we acquired the needed article for "a very good price". The jeweller produced what he called a white gold ring — a mixture of gold

and silver — but it wasn't quite big enough. He said he could enlarge it in 20 minutes. We said, "No, we don't have time, we are getting married in half an hour." I was married using that ring. Immediately after the service, I took it off and took it back to the shop to be enlarged.

We were married on 16th December 1932. I was 20 and Dick was 27. We had a wedding breakfast at the Taj Hotel with all sorts of strange people who happened to be in Bombay. Dick knew them all, but I hardly knew a soul, so I felt a bit out of it. I went upstairs to get changed and met a woman I knew from Quetta. She said, "Oh, you're back. I must introduce you to someone from Quetta who happens to be here, Captain Tod. But I can never remember your surname. What is it?" I said, "As a matter of fact, it's Mrs Tod."

For our honeymoon, we went to Juhu Beach in northern Bombay, out of the way from the hustle and bustle of the city. We stayed in a lovely palm thatched cottage that was open all the way round. We were there about a week when I had severe stomach pains. My grumbling appendix decided it had had enough. I spent a few days in hospital in Bombay, after which the appendix settled down. The doctor advised us to return to Quetta slowly and have the appendix operated on there. So we went and stayed with Dick's cousin Mollie and her doctor husband at Meerut in northern India. While there, we visited the Taj Mahal by moonlight. That was an exquisite experience but the journey was rather painful for me. When we arrived in Quetta, the doctor was reluctant to operate because he regarded it quite typical that a young married woman might infer appendicitis when in fact she was pregnant. Several months later, when I had another attack, I persuaded the doctor to remove the appendix. By then it was highly inflamed.

The Memsahib of Quetta

Our first home in Quetta was a large, airy bungalow, much too big for two people. It was the Garrison Engineer's bungalow. The

huge two-acre garden grew everything you wanted. We had three varieties of grapes, as well as peaches, apricots, apples, a great big mulberry tree, walnut trees, and lovely flowers and lawns. Quetta only received four inches of rain a year, most of which fell as snow in winter. There was a lake about 12 miles from the town from where water was piped to the edge of the cantonments. From there, it flowed in open channels along the edge of the road. It would come about once a week on certain days at certain times. A whole lot of "water men" managed this. All the gardens had little channels so you could direct the water wherever you wanted. The *paniwallah* came about half an hour before the water was due and warned the *mali*. The *mali* and his boy immediately planned which way the water should go. The water ended up flooding the lawns, so it was just as if you lived on a lake. In that way, you could grow practically anything.

I was young and ignorant. We had about six or seven servants because ours was a first-class position. An officer had to have a certain number of servants, depending on his rank. It was a fine way of giving employment. We employed several people who lived with their wives and families in the servants' quarters at the back of the house, quite a way from us. They had their mothers, aunts, uncles, children and their grandmothers. It was quite a village and we supported the lot. We always gave them flour and sugar, as well as their wages. They lived there for free and had fruit and vegetables from the garden.

They soon came to know I could tie up a cut and do simple first-aid like that. I used to go out to the back verandah every morning and tie up people's cuts and give them doses of castor oil and aspirins. I hoped that would cure them, and it did most of the time, except for those rare occasions when I dispatched them firmly to the doctor. I was kept quite busy.

Dick had six or seven hundred miles of road to inspect. I always went with him and took notes of things that needed doing. Dick was responsible for the roads, bridges and any buildings that belonged to the British. When it rained, water came roaring

down the great barren hills, bringing boulders and debris and tearing the roads to bits, often cutting out a hundred yards at a swipe. We would inspect the damage and plan the rebuilding. I found it very interesting and I learned a lot about road making and bridge building and blowing out bits of cliff to make new roads. It was fascinating.

Major Farley

Dick was posted under a Major Farley to learn the work of a garrison engineer, the same work his father had done as a civil engineer in the Public Works Department in Malaya. Displaying his flair for languages, Dick learned Pushtu, the language of the local Pathan people, to interpreter standard.

Major Farley was a great character. He had worked with Pathans for several years, spoke fluent and idiomatic Pushtu, and was a mine of dirty stories, which earned him the admiration of the Pathans. The best story told of him both by the British and the Pathans was how he was kidnapped, along with an officer from the staff college and his wife.

Wanting to inspect something in Khojak Pass, he and his two companions had to cross miles of desert before they came to the steep hills that bordered Afghanistan. As they drove into the pass, they were ambushed by a horde of Pathans armed with six-foot, locally-made rifles, swords at their sides, and yards of heavily-loaded ammunition belts strung around their bodies. The Pathans swarmed over the car, shouting all at once. When Farley answered back, the Pathans ordered him and his companions to leave the car and walk the 15 miles into Afghanistan. When people in Quetta discovered Farley and his colleagues were missing, it caused a great stir. No one knew what had happened to them or where to start looking. There was a vast area of hill and desert to search.

The first message from Farley brought in by a local Pathan helped relieve the tension. No one knew where it originated but it had been handed from Pathan to Pathan. It read "Have been

kidnapped, please send my gun and two boxes of ammunition. The duck shooting here is marvellous." Once this much was known, it was possible to start negotiations for the release of Farley and his colleagues. This process took about three weeks as all communications were by hand. But it was enlivened by messages from Farley asking for Cheroot cigars and money, as he had taught the Pathans how to play pegotty in the dust and he needed to cover his gambling debts. Eventually, the ransom was arranged. Farley and the other two were safely handed over at the border in exchange for a drum of copper wire and a small land concession.

His captors were reluctant to part with Farley and pressed him warmly to come back whenever he could to join them hunting game and to teach them more gambling games. He went back several times. When Major Farley left Baluchistan, Dick took over his job and benefitted greatly from Farley's popularity among the Pathans.

The Bolan Pass

During our 18-month stay in Quetta, Dick was in charge of roads going up to elevations of 10,000 feet. Quetta is at the head of the Bolan Pass, a steep and narrow pass on one of the main routes from India to Afghanistan through Baluchistan. I have a picture of myself standing on the Afghan side of the border, which was strictly prohibited.

Assisted by four engines, a train ran up one side of the pass, with some deviations. The Bolan river flowed down the centre with the road on the other side. This road was in Dick's charge. There was a gaol half way down and Sibi, a railway town, was at the bottom of the pass. Sibi was 4,000 feet lower than Quetta.

The region was prone to earthquakes. When we were in Quetta, there were more than 400 earth tremors. A fairly strong one sent parts of the Bolan road sliding down into the river and badly damaged the gaol. All the murderers escaped. The thought of 50 or so murderers on the loose caused great consternation in Quetta.

Dick immediately went to review the situation and see what was needed to repair the damage. On arrival, he found a most peaceful scene with everyone clearing the rubble. He was told that on the night of the earthquake, all the prisoners escaped. When they saw that the head warden's house had collapsed with him inside it, the prisoners immediately set to work to dig him out. Prisoners and warders then started to clean the site to rebuild the prison. All Dick had to do was give them advice on how to rebuild, decide what materials he could send them, and provide an overseer who would work with them until the gaol was finished and the prisoners were safely rehoused. The prisoners received many privileges for their good behaviour.

To put the road back into working order took longer than expected, as the whole road through the pass was cut out of the side of the steep, rocky hillside. We went down the pass to Sibi to spend two or three weeks doing experimental road work and to complete the laying of a long pipeline that would bring additional water to Sibi to augment its limited supply.

Travelling down through the pass was always an adventure. We stopped at one place where most of the road had been shaken into the river. The road gangs were making holes far above the road into which they were stuffing explosives and fuses. When the last one was done, the *jemadar* inspected them, counted them and reported to Dick that all was well and asked permission to blast. Dick asked if the road was closed to traffic at both ends and how many explosives were put in. "Seventeen, sahib," said the *jemadar*, saluting smartly, "and the road is closed."

They got the order to light the fuses and I retreated as far as possible without appearing too cowardly, and waited. A man ran along the row of fuses high above us, lighting them as he went. He arrived safely at the other end before the first one went off. They exploded spasmodically over about 15 minutes. Dick, I, the *jemadar* and all the workers stood in a group gazing up at this huge solid hill that was starting to tumble. We were counting the bangs carefully in our own languages or on our fingers. When the

bangs stopped, we all looked at one another and muttered "Sixteen, not seventeen." Dick said, "Wait, sit down and have a cup of tea." So we all did, looking at the mass of broken rock that had fallen. When cleared, it would leave a fine shelf on which to reconstruct the road.

We sat and sweated in the sun and drank tea made by boiling tea leaves for a long time in a great black pot with plenty of sugar. Rancid butter was added at the end, a custom I never learned to fully appreciate. We sat, sipped our tea, and watched and waited. At last, came a puff of smoke and a big bang. Rock came cascading down the hillside. The seventeenth charge had safely blown. All was well and work could begin again on the clearing. I asked Dick what would have happened if the seventeenth charge hadn't exploded. He looked at me sideways and said, "Well, I would have had to scramble up the hillside and remove the charge." I thought that was a terrible idea, so was grateful it had eventually blown.

Travelling up or down the pass in spring or autumn you might be lucky enough to meet the Powindahs, a nomadic tribe that in summer lived in the hills beyond Quetta. They planted and harvested grain and vegetables. In the autumn, they moved everything they possessed down the pass to plant fresh crops in the warm plains. To meet the Powindahs resting near the river was very dramatic. Camels and bullocks would be standing around deep in thought, each one laden with a variety of household goods. The bullocks also had panniers thrown over their backs. In these, the Powindahs stuffed one or two children who were tired of walking, or a bitch with pups. The camels had everything possible draped over them, topped by a *charpoy* on which was tied a small flock of hens that sat happily crooning and laying eggs.

One day, the Powindahs had set up their round, black tents and were sitting in groups. The women, dressed in highly-coloured and embroidered, long cotton shirts and baggy trousers, sat around their little fires cooking and nursing their black-eyed babies. The men wandered about checking the fastenings on the

animals' loads, as well as feeding and watering them. One man was carrying a new-born camel, a tiny thing not more than three feet high covered in a snow white curly coat. It was enchanting. There must have been 50 or 60 people in the group surrounded by their animals, with children and dogs running and tumbling among them. It was a happy scene.

They invited us to join them and gave us "tea". We couldn't talk to each other but sign language with the odd word goes a long way in such situations. They patted my tummy with a questioning look. I shook my head, "No baby in there." Then they told me how many children each woman had and who was pregnant. We admired one anothers' clothes and asked who made them and talked about cooking, all by signs. Meanwhile, Dick was discussing camels, sheep, dogs, guns, swords and tents very satisfactorily with a dozen words between them. It was a wonderful morning, but sadly never repeated.

We then proceeded down the pass to watch men fishing with spears in cool, dark pools. After that, Dick headed out into the desert to drive to Sibi. As we crossed the desert, I saw my first true mirage. Ahead of us was a beautiful lake backed by high cliffs. In the foreground were cattle and birds standing in the lake drinking. It was absolutely clear and true in every detail, including even buildings. Dick drove toward it at 60 miles an hour over the desert. I was biting my nails and shouting "Stop, stop!" but he didn't. Just as the car came to the edge of the "lake", the water receded gracefully and vanished, leaving only bare desert, stones and camel thorn. I was filled with wonder, and still am.

Sibi

Sibi was a cross between an oasis and a shunting yard. The temperature could easily rise to 130°F in the summer. In the cold weather, it was wonderful to leave Quetta at 4°F and in three or four hours, be basking in the warmth of Sibi's temperatures of 80°F or 90°F. No Europeans lived there.

There was a nice big bungalow for the Chief Engineer when he came on inspection and a small Indian-style house on the edge of the bazaar for the garrison engineer. The latter had no running water or electric light. We usually stayed in the CE's bungalow, as he seldom used it. Once he did come while we were there and brought the AGG and several other VIPs with him, so we had to move into the little mud shack. We were invited to dinner and had the great experience of getting dressed in full evening dress by the light of a hurricane lamp — Dick in dinner jacket, stiff shirt front and black bow tie and me in a long, backless evening dress. We gave each other a quick inspection as soon as we arrived and were in the light. The CE's bungalow was built on a steep mound overlooking shunting yards on one side and on the other, a wonderful view across miles of desert to the great jagged peaks through which the Bolan river had carved its way and made the Bolan Pass.

Every evening, we sat outside the bungalow to watch nightfall come over the village. It was "cow dust time". From far away, we could see the clouds of dust stirred up by the herds coming home, hear the leaders' bells ringing, and the shouts of children driving the cattle. Village fires sparkled in the gathering dusk that crept over the land and left the tops of the mountains alight with the setting sun. We sat and enjoyed our evening drinks and talked of the day's achievements and failures.

One night, Dick decided to move our chairs into a darker spot. I raised an eyebrow at this break from tradition but he just smiled, so we moved. After a very short time, out of the darkness behind us came a soft voice, "Sahib, sahib". Dick turned to me and said, "Behave naturally. Pretend to talk but don't as I must listen." So I did a splendid mime of a good wife entertaining her husband with idle chat while he carried on a long conversation in Urdu with the unknown and unseen. We sat for quite a bit after the conversation was finished before Dick rose to his feet, stretched and called for the bearer to bring dinner.

Eventually I heard what all this was about, after we were safely in bed and all the servants were gone and the bungalow was shut up for the night. Among the road gangs, someone was fiddling the books and the road gangs were not happy. They were not getting their due. We went through the books and found evidence of mismanagement but not who was responsible. The unknown had given Dick the full story of the trouble and the names of the men responsible.

Next day, Dick sorted out the whole situation and sacked the men responsible. Several days later, we were having our evening drinks as usual and saw a lorry full of Pathans and Sikhs all laughing and talking coming down the road toward us. As it came nearer and started to wind its way up the mound, they all pulled their *pugarees* across their faces and began to weep and wail and moan in a heart-breaking way. Sikhs and Pathans are some of the toughest men in India so it was obviously a put-up job.

When Dick went up to them, they tried to explain between sobs what a terrible mistake he was making in sacking such poor innocent men who had large families to support. How were they to survive? Dick assured them he knew full well they were not innocent, not even faintly innocent, and that they deserved all they got. In the end, as he had fully intended, he reinstated them but docked their pay for a few weeks — he knew they really were poor — and gave them a strong warning that they were never to try such a thing again. They left looking very repentant. As soon as they thought they were out of sight, they began to laugh and talk and were obviously going to celebrate their "great victory".

Another amusing incident involved the man the Burma Shell company sent, along with some machinery, to help Dick decide what sort of surface would stand up to local traffic in out-of-the-way places. Bullock carts were the main problem. Their iron-rimmed wheels were always loose and wobbled around, cutting the roads to bits. Bill, the Burma Shell man, was great fun and was easy to work with. The plan was to resurface every hundred yards with a different mix and/or method. We had hot and cold mixes

and a mix in place — a new idea where one spread the aggregate on a scarified surface, shaped it with a grader, then poured bitumen over it, hot or cold.

It was all very interesting. Every morning, I would go out with cold beer and find Dick and Bill sitting in the shade of a tar boiler doing sums in the dust. I would listen for a bit, but when it got too abstruse, I would take the caterpillar tractor and drive all over the desert. It was great fun. I would lock the left track and accelerate on the right, so the tractor would spin round on its heels. Nothing to run into and no one to run over. It was lovely!

But road making wasn't all beer and driving odd machinery. One day, our bearer interrupted our breakfast — an unheard of event — salaamed, and said "Excuse me sahib, your road is on fire." Dick said "Dear me!" and left his breakfast to see what had happened. He found the whole stretch of road they had made before breakfast was burning merrily. There was no water to put it out and the workers didn't want to make a worse mess by throwing sand on it, so they just stood and watched. There was nothing else it could burn. The fire was caused by someone unthinkingly raking out the tar boiler onto the still-hot road. Both the road and the boiler went up in flames.

One most unpleasant time was when a dust storm raged for three days and nights. It was horrible. There was no way you could keep sand out of the house, it was impossible to go out, and you couldn't see more than a yard or two. Dick had a book on sailing and some bits of rope, so we spent our time making grommets and back splices and turks heads. Very educational and absorbing. Getting up was the worst part of the day. Hair, face and teeth were thick with gritty dust, not to mention the bedding. You could write your name on the pillow if so inclined. We had wrapped our clothes in sheets and shoes in newspaper. How the servants managed, I don't know. They had to bring our food about a hundred yards from the kitchen to the bungalow. They were wonderful. Our meals never failed to arrive; not always perfect, but always edible.

At last it was all over and we went out into the clean bright air. But where was our road? It was no more. About two and a half miles of newly-laid road was under six feet of sand. In the end, we were forced to the conclusion that it would be much better to supply all bullock carts with rubber tires than try to build roads to resist the iron ones.

The other job Dick had was laying about five miles of pipeline to bring fresh water to Sibi. The town had some water but not nearly enough. The pipeline was to finish in a ruined fort that had been the home of the Queen of Sibi many hundred years before. From there, the water was taken by smaller pipes to various parts of the village. The job took longer than expected. Rigid pipes in sandy soil would try to bend but cracked instead. When we got rubber sleeves to join the lengths of pipe together, which allowed a certain flexibility, all was well. Forty-five years later, in a desert in Western Australia, I saw a water pipeline using the same sleeves. They were new in our day.

When the pipeline was ready to carry water, it was turned on at the far end. The water would eventually come to our end but how long that would be, no one could prophesy. A *chowkidar* sat in the fort all day waiting for a splashing noise from the pipe.

At night, we sat with the two *jemadars*, a Hindu and a Pathan, who had directed the work and a city-type Indian in European clothes who must have come from the head office to see that water really flowed. The five of us made a strange group, as we sat and drank beer together in a ruined fort in the desert under the huge black sky studded with brilliant stars, waiting for water. We listened to the bark of a dog from the village, faraway voices, the clank from distant shunting yards, and the cry of a jackal.

About midnight of the third night, we heard the water coming. I had the great honour of turning the cock and declaring the pipeline open. We had sat there for three wonderful nights, telling stories of our experiences in many lands and different cultures. It was sad when the water finally came through because we knew we

would never again sit together under the stars in a ruined fort and tell stories. The memory of those magic nights stays with me still.

The Wonderfully Wicked Pathans

On one trip, we were going up to Ziarit, a local hill station. It was one of Dick's roads and it was the first time we had been there. One reason for going to Ziarit was that there had been a lot of trouble with the gangs employed to work on the roads. The gangs were made up of Pathans — great, beautiful men about six feet tall with distinctive noses. Some people say they are one of the lost tribes of Israel, because they have grey eyes and big hooked noses.

Two or three months before, Pathans had kidnapped two army officers and the wife of one of them on this road and taken them across the border into Afghanistan. [See section entitled "Major Farley".] Orders had gone out that any officer going on the road should call out armed pickets so they could line the hills and watch your car as it went along. Another order was to always carry a gun. As long as you kept to the road, you were safe. If you stepped off, you were anyone's target. We went up this road and after we had been going a bit I didn't see any pickets and asked Dick if he had called them out. He said he hadn't because they were too dangerous. They would shoot at anything, given a chance. But he was carrying a gun, at the very bottom of the picnic basket. He reckoned that guns were dangerous too, because if you produce a gun people start shooting. It was much better not to produce one.

We travelled up the narrow hill road until we rounded a corner and suddenly were confronted by 15 or 20 armed Pathans dressed in their colourful costumes. They were shouting loudly and looked very fierce. Dick spoke Pushtu, the Pathan language, but I knew none and was sure we were to be kidnapped and marched off into Afghanistan.

Dick finally convinced me that they had only stopped the car to wish us a long and happy marriage and to be blessed by a thousand sons. I was a little daunted by that prospect but relieved

there was no immediate danger. These colourful, wild men then presented us with a basket of fruit, two beautifully carved *khud* sticks, and a white, woolly lamb. It must have been bathed in Lux® suds, it was so snowy white. At this point, Dick explained quickly to me that I was to receive the lamb, admire its beauty, then hand it back as a gesture of goodwill. That night, there would be a feast in the Pathan camp and the lamb would be on the menu, as was their tradition. We were expected to keep the fruit and the sticks.

After reaching Ziarit, Dick called in 30 or 40 gang workers for a meeting that night. I pointed out that there were no other white people within two or three hundred miles of us. He left me and went off to this meeting. After a long time, I heard a lot of shouting. Dick came home quite unruffled. I asked him what had happened. He had listened to their side of the story and told them he didn't believe a word of it. He told them exactly what they had been doing. The whole lot sat around looking at him and listening to him. After he had finished there was a silence, and suddenly there was a roar of laughter. They agreed they'd been caught out this time, but they wouldn't be caught again! After that, Dick was great friends with many of them and sometimes went shooting with them over the hills.

I loved the Pathans. They were absolutely wicked. They would murder, steal and thieve. But they had their rules and regulations and they stuck to them. If you knew this, stuck to their rules and didn't overstep the mark, you were quite safe. They were very hospitable people. I had great respect for them.

Forty Wonderful Years

Liza's marriage to Richard (Dick) Tod spanned four decades, several continents, and produced three children. Although she was "married to the military" and was most often seen as an officer's wife, it is clear from the stories Liza tells of their time together and apart, that theirs was a partnership of equals who had deep respect, as well as affection, for each other. As Liza said, "we were a married couple in every sense of the word."

Children of the Empire

Margaret Amabel Baxendale, or Mag as she was called, was the youngest of six children. She grew up to be a lovely woman, full of joy and independence. She never had time to read books so she had her family or friends read the "in" books and tell her about them so she could discuss them intelligently at dinner parties.

I don't know when she started on her "world tour". All her brothers and sisters except Nell had married and gone abroad and started sending their children back to Nell to raise, so they could be free of the danger of tropical diseases for which there was no cure at that time. The children were usually sent home when they were about five years old. Many young women went abroad as brides and didn't return to Britain until they were grandmothers.

Mag set off by sea to stay with married brothers or sisters, each visit lasting a year or so. She stayed in Fiji where one of her brothers was an ambassador or governor. She also stayed with cousin Mab in India who married Edward (Ted) Hingston, of the Royal Engineers, who was later awarded a Victoria Cross. She stayed with them a long time and fell in love with the Royal Engineers (RE), a love that led her to decide that if she ever had a son, he would become an RE. Her wish was soon fulfilled.

She moved to Malaya to be with her sister who was married to a rather high-ranking civil servant, so she had a very gay life, as she

did wherever she went. There she met and married Logan Miller Tod, also an engineer. On 2 January 1905, she gave birth to a son, Richard, or Dick, in Klang (Kelang), Malaya.

Theirs was a very happy marriage but it ended tragically when Dick was only a few months old. Before Dick was born, Mag had had malaria and typhoid. A few months after his birth, she developed appendicitis and had to travel by bullock cart to the hospital in Kuala Lumpur, twelve miles away. Her appendix burst and there was no chance of saving her, since antibiotics were not discovered until World War II. She was 34.

Logan found he was unable to care for his son as he would have liked, despite the help of a devoted *amah.* He decided to take Dick and his *amah* back to England to be cared for by Nell. The *amah* never left Dick, even insisting that she sleep on the floor against the door of his room. Logan returned to Malaya and his job with the Public Works Department.

Nell, who had several other nephews and nieces in her charge, lived in Grayshott, a village in Surrey. She was the daughter of a country parson near Maidstone, Kent. Dick and I visited the village about 1936 and found a beautiful big vicarage with large gardens, stabling for several horses, and coach houses, all built of lovely old red brick. There were many out-buildings for the coachman's family, a tack room, a hayloft, a grain store and a laundry. It was a lovely place, surrounded by a high brick wall with big double doors for the coach to drive in and out and a small gate for people. When we saw it, it was a hotel, just across the road from the little church. In the church was a brass plaque in honour of Dick's mother.

Nell was the eldest of the six children. They all had a happy childhood, broken only by their mother's death when Nell was 14. In spite of her youth, Nell picked up the reins and kept everything running as well as she could, dealing with a large staff, helping with the parish, and bringing up her brothers and sisters.

Just when she had just finished successfully raising all her brothers and sisters, they began sending back their children for her to look after. Altogether she brought up 13 children, none of them hers. She said she never had time to marry. Dick was the youngest and the only boy of the second generation.

The first of the younger generation were Molly and Eve. Their father had gone to Fiji and married a Fijian princess. She probably wasn't pure Fijian but came from a noble family who had intermarried with Europeans so you could see the Fijian strain in both Molly and Eve. It was very attractive. Molly was wonderfully kind, with a peaceful and happy nature, obviously inherited from her mother.

Their mother and younger sister where shipwrecked and drowned at sea off Japan so Nell went to Fiji to stay with her brother and run his house and entertain for him. He was a fairly important person by then. She stayed a year or so then brought the two girls home with her. That was the beginning of her second family.

Then came Dorothy and her sister Gwen. Their mother was Ethel. She had married Cecil Wray who was in the Malayan Civil Service and whom, I believe, became the Governor of Selangor. He lived to be over 90, although he retired from the Civil Service at 45 with a pension. He then took on two other jobs and earned pensions in both. They retired to Grayshott, and Nell took a house there to be near her sister. Two other children were added and then Dick when he was about 18 months old.

During World War I, a regiment of Canadian soldiers was stationed near Grayshott. Nell was kind and entertained the young officers to tea and tennis. One remark she made is always remembered. A shy, young officer asked if he could have a bath — not something one usually mentioned — to which she replied briskly, "Certainly, I like our visitors to be clean and sweet about the house."

When I first knew her in 1931 she was a lovely little old lady — alert, gentle, humorous and kind. She was also very perceptive and

not easily deceived. She lived in a flat in Battersea with Molly and Eve and a devoted young maid called Marion. Nell kept her old-fashioned and elegant ways. The flat was a centre for all the Baxendale brothers and sisters and their children. Whenever they came back from strange places, they always visited her. She kept us well informed of the doings of the other members of her vast family. She was a wonderful letter writer and died about 1936.

Around 1913, Dick went to his first school, the local preparatory school of St. Edmunds, Grayshott. Among the pupils were W.H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood who were later to become well-known writers. Dick saw no sign of their future literary fame as neither showed much inclination for work except when allowed to mess about in the laboratory. I know little of Dick's time at St. Edmunds except that he had no use for ball games.

From Garrison Engineer to Military Adviser

Dick had always wanted to go into the navy but unfortunately he was colour blind and couldn't tell red from green. About 1919, he was sent to Cheltenham College where he was placed in the military section, which he enjoyed and in which he did very well. From there, he passed into the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich in 1923, which trained men for the technical arms of the service — the Royal Artillery, the Corps of Royal Engineers (CREs), and the Royal Corps of Signals. Since Dick passed out among the top 20 he could choose to serve with the REs, thus fulfilling his mother's dearest wish for him. He never regretted it.

Around 1926, Dick received his first posting as a second lieutenant to Germany with the British Army of Occupation. He was sent to a railway unit whose headquarters were in Wiesbaden. The REs were responsible for the security and operation of the railways, which was not an arduous job. During the week, he spent most of his time driving steam trains and at weekends, he would canoe down the Mosel and Rhine with a fellow officer, Happy Reed. Along the way, they would stop at most of the attractive wine gardens to sample the local wines. To

get back upstream, they simply attached themselves to a string of barges and lay back admiring the passing scenery until they reached their destination.

His next posting was to India (1928 or 1929) to the Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners at East Kirkee near Poona. His job was training troops from all over India. He quickly became fluent in Urdu, the language of the army. He hunted jackal with the Poona Hunt Club and rowed on the Mula-Mutha river in pairs, fours and eights. In 1929 he stroked the RE eight to victory in the annual regatta, a performance he repeated with me as cox ten years later.

Dick and I met in Quetta, Baluchistan early in 1931 and were married in Bombay in December 1932. We lived in Quetta for about 15 months, where Dick was a garrison engineer in charge of road and bridges in an area as big as the UK, as well as civilian buildings in Quetta. After this period of duty finished, we had six months leave before returning to the UK. [See Chapter 2, "A Passage to India", for details of this period.]

Dick's next posting was to Scotland in 1935 where he was Adjutant to coastal defence units in Edinburgh and Greenock on the river Clyde. These territorial units had an excellent reputation. The only drawback was the troops' very strong Clydeside accents. For the first few months, Dick needed an interpreter! The Clyde unit had searchlights and anti-aircraft guns but none were operative. The Munich crisis caused the government to take action. During and after the crisis, Dick's area of responsibility was extended to include the coastal defence of the Orkney and Shetland islands and Scapa Flow.

In October 1937, Jill was born in a maternity home in Edinburgh to the sound of church bells from the cathedral, and christened in the Margaret Chapel in Edinburgh Castle. This was a privilege only granted to the children of serving officers.

Our stay in Scotland came to an end in December 1938. For a few uncomfortable weeks, it looked like Dick's posting would be

Aden, a prospect I did not welcome but finally, we returned to India in an overcrowded troop ship. Once again, Dick was posted to the Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners in East Kirkee, Poona, where he trained Indian troops in the use of explosives in wartime, something he enjoyed a lot more than training people to use inoperative searchlights and anti-aircraft guns. Soon after we arrived in Poona, Jonathan was born in the Military Hospital to the sound of sustained rifle fire from the adjoining rifle range. This was March 1939.

In September that year came the fateful announcement that war had been declared. I remember the moment well. I was planting wallflowers around the *mali* pond in front of our bungalow, No. 4 East Kirkee, Poona. "What should I do?" I wondered. There was nothing I could do, so I went on planting.

About the middle of 1940, Dick was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and posted to Roorkee, northeast of Delhi, to take over the job of Military Adviser to the Indian States Forces. Leaving East Kirkee, we travelled by train for three days and nights to a place where Dick met us and took us to the foothills of the Himalayas, as it was still very hot in the plains and our bungalow was not ready. Dick settled us into the Charleville Hotel, Mussoorie and returned to his new job and preparing the bungalow for us.

The "princely states" had always had private armies, made up of magnificent men who were tremendously proud of their regiments. When the British Raj took over India, it came to an agreement with the princes that the princes should keep their armies. The British would help pay for their upkeep and train them in the art of modern warfare. In return, the princes' armies would fight for the Raj in times of need.

Dick was responsible for training in five states. Two of these were in the plains — Malerkotla, a Hindu state ruled by a Mohammedan royal family and Faridkot, a Sikh state. Three were hill states — Tehri-Garwhai (Hindu) that bordered Tibet; Mandi

(Hindu), on one of the old roads into China; and Sirmoor, ruled by the Mohn royal family, with people of different religions, way beyond Mandi in the hills. As he travelled to these intriguing places, the children and I often accompanied him. We had some wonderful experiences together, as we found ourselves being treated as VIPs, often in the company of royalty.

Faridkot: Elephantine Disasters

Faridkot was in the Punjab. It was not large but well run and prosperous, under the rule of His Highness, the Maharajah. Since His Highness was only three when his father died, a wise uncle had acted as regent for many years until His Highness was old enough to take over his official duties. The young boy had grown to be a tall, handsome man, full of self-assurance and pride. Educated in England, he spoke perfect English and was altogether charming, but not to be trusted.

On the occasion of our visit we arrived by train, which pulled up at exactly the right place so we could step out onto a long red carpet. As we did so, a band struck up and a guard of honour was called to attention. Waiting to receive us at the end of the carpet was the younger brother of His Highness, Kunwar Sahib, the prime minister, and the chief of police. They greeted us with great politeness and solemnity. We were all put in a vast limousine and whisked away to the guest house and another red carpet. The palace, guest house and law courts were modern and laid out in well-kept parkland. It was not ostentatious, but pleasing.

The prime minister spoke to the bearer at the guest house to assure himself that all was in order and that he knew how to care for us. They then left saying that His Highness would pick us up at 4:30 p.m. to watch polo. This was the first of many events His Highness arranged for our amusement. He was driving a magnificent open, black and silver carriage drawn by four splendid black horses harnessed in black and silver with large green feather plumes on their heads. Quite a sight! We watched polo for a bit until His Highness grew bored. He sent the carriage

away and we walked to a shady garden where young men were playing bicycle polo, a highly dangerous sport. His Highness joined in for a little which put a damper on the game.

I was getting tired and wondered how we were to get back to the guest house, since the carriage had gone and there was no sign of other transport. "That's easy," said His Highness, who walked us round a shrubbery where an elephant was lying down. Its head, ears and trunk were beautifully painted in a multicoloured design that resembled a Persian carpet. His *mahout* stood beside him. As was custom, the prime minister, chief of police and Kunwar Sahib joined us on our elephant ride.

The elephant had a large, crimson velvet cushion tied on his back by silken cords. At a sign from His Highness, the *mahout* spoke to the elephant who promptly curled his trunk round the *mahout* and lifted him on to his neck. A short ladder was produced and all of us except His Highness climbed up and sat back to back with our legs hanging down, nervously clutching the silken cord behind us.

His Highness, seeing we were all comfortably seated, announced he would now show us the proper way to mount an elephant. He went to the rear and placed one foot on the elephant's heel. The elephant promptly curled his tail to make the next step. His Highness mounted and was reaching for the silken cord to pull himself up when the elephant smartly uncurled his tail and stood up. His Highness, with a certain loss of dignity, slid rapidly down to the ground. We all said nothing. His Highness demanded the ladder, climbed up it and sat beside me. He said some rude words to the *mahout*. We then set off for the guest house at a brisk walk. We went through the park then out on to a road that led through the bazaar His Highness wanted to show us. He also wanted to show himself to the people. This was a nice idea but did not go exactly as planned. The elephant liked the feel of the road and gradually walked faster and faster, the *mahout* trying in vain to slow him down. There is not much one can do with an *ankh* to slow down a determined elephant.

By the time we reached the bazaar, the elephant was doing a full gallop. The six of us were unable to do anything but hang on to the silken cord behind us. The elephant charged into the narrow street lined with stalls of fruit and vegetables, brassware, earthenware pots, food, sweets, flowers, silks, shoes and more. The road was full of shoppers — men, women and children, as well as coolies, dogs, goats and hens. Into that busy street came this great beast with His Highness and VIPs on board. He flashed through the length of the bazaar, scattering everything and everybody, leaving a trail of ruin that must have taken days to replace. I don't know how many people were hurt, because we couldn't look back but there must have been several.

We came to the end of the bazaar and turned into the open park that led to the guest house. To our relief, the elephant slowed down and we began to catch our breath. But then we came to the turning circle outside the guest house and the elephant was off again at top speed. He went round the circle about five times before the *mahout* could make him lie down. He finally did. Never have six people dismounted faster. We shot off from both sides, some of us landing on hands and knees. The elephant was up and away before we were properly on our feet.

His Highness looked at me and said "Elephants are often a little *musth* at this time of year." That was all any of us said of the incident. Then Kunwar Sahib, the prime minister, the chief of police, Dick and I — all a little shaken — went into the guest house with His Highness for a very civilised afternoon tea with a silver teapot, fine china and dainty sandwiches. We talked nicely of this and that, and His Highness and the others soon left. The afternoon had not been a total success.

That evening, His Highness gave a banquet for us in the palace. Fifty people were invited. When we gathered in an anteroom, Dick and I were the only white people there. I was disappointed in the lack of colour in the ladies' *saris* and the men's *achkans*. The latter were all navy blue or black. We stood around in two quite separate groups, men in one, ladies in the other. This was all right

for Dick, as a lot of the men spoke English or Urdu. The ladies only spoke the Sikh language, Gurmukhi, so we just looked at each other, no smiles. Then the double doors were flung open and His Highness and Her Highness came in followed by their entourage. They went around and greeted all the guests, the way royalty always starts a reception. We were then shown into the dining room which had a long table down the middle and a bearer behind each chair. The centre of the table was for VIPs, six on one side, six on the other with Their Highnesses together in the middle of one side. The table was decorated with flowers, silver and glass that shone in the candlelight.

I looked at my plate and was shocked. It was pure gold. All the VIPs ate off gold, the rest off silver plates. I admired all this and said I had never eaten off a gold plate before. His Highness admitted it was a bit ostentatious, but it was really an economy. His china plates were always getting broken and he had to send back to Harrods in London to replace them. If Harrods had run out of the pattern he had to buy another whole set. With gold and silver it was easy. When dropped on the floor, they were only dented and were sent down to the bazaar to the gold or silver smiths who quickly beat them into shape. It made good sense.

The next day was the first day of spring, an occasion everyone celebrated by wearing yellow clothes. Early in the morning, His Highness came to pick us up, with his usual escort all wearing yellow *pugarees.* He drove us down to the polo ground in his beautiful custom-built car. There we found we were to celebrate spring by flying kites; not ordinary ones but fighting kites. The string of each kite had been covered in glue for about three yards and then coated with powdered glass. There were a lot of people flying kites but one end of the ground was reserved for His Highness's party of senior officials that had grown quite large. Probably few people have flown kites with a prime minister and a chief of police!

Fighting kites was quite an energetic sport, in which you tried to cut down another's kite by getting yours to fly above the other,

then pulling it down so fast that the weight of the glass-covered string cut through your opponent's. This meant one had to keep a sharp eye for invading kites and be ready to run to save your kite from death. Lots of little boys in yellow surrounded the ground to retrieve any fallen kites and tie them on again. You then had to get your kite high in the sky as quickly as possible or your would lose it again. This entailed a great deal of running about and manoeuvering. The chief of police and the prime minister made a dead set at Dick and he had a lot of trouble keeping his kite in the air. I was treated with more kindness and was even permitted to cut down His Highness's kite, but only once. It was all good fun.

Another funny episode happened while we were in Faridkot. The police had heard that a large meeting had been called to take place the next afternoon at 2:00 p.m. in the town square. It showed every sign of developing into a nasty riot. His Highness summoned his prime minister, the chief of police, the army chief and others, including Dick, to decide how to deal with the situation. The general consensus was to call out the army to put down any trouble with force. Dick disagreed. He remembered a song about "A Hundred Pipers". Lacking the pipers, he asked if he could turn out the army brass band at 1:45 p.m. the next day and lead them through the streets of Faridkot for a couple of hours.

After a lot of argument His Highness agreed, although he thought Dick was mad and would be killed. Next day, the band, playing lustily and led by Dick, marched in and around the town, up and down. In no time, the crowd dispersed and people followed the band, dancing and singing in the streets. The meeting never took place. No blood was shed and everybody had a wonderful time, except the organisers of the meeting.

The next afternoon, His Highness drove up with the prime minister. He wanted to take us for a drive around the town in his magnificent new open car. He knew that yesterday's planned riot was directed at him and wanted to show everyone what a nice chap he really was. When we all got in the car, I was surprised to find I was to sit in front with His Highness. When I queried the

seating, His Highness replied airily, "No one would dare to try to shoot me with you sitting beside me. You make me feel more relaxed." We slowly drove all round the town, His Highness calling greetings of goodwill to the populace and all of us waving graciously and smiling till our cheeks were sore. I'm pleased to report that no-one tried to shoot anyone.

The Hill State of Mandi

In contrast to Faridkot in the plains, Mandi was a hill state. When I say "hills", I mean the Himalayas. For some reason, the word "mountain" was never used. Huge hills and valleys divided the three hill states in Dick's jurisdiction and all had to be approached by different routes.

To get to Mandi, we took a train in the middle of the night to a place where we changed to a narrow gauge line with a small train in which we trundled off into the darkness. As dawn came, we saw the hills and realised we were running into a new world with quite a different history, people and culture from the plains.

The train stopped at little stations and then wandered on. At one station, Dick asked our bearer — one never travelled without a bearer and always first class — to ask the engine driver to give him some water from the boiler so he could shave before arrival. The bearer brought the water and Dick had his shave. After a bit, the bearer came with a message from the engine driver. "Had the colonel sahib finished shaving? If so, had he his permission to start the train again?" Dick was a bit startled; he had not realized that the world's work had been held up while he made himself presentable.

We settled down to gaze out of windows and eat a light breakfast we had brought with us. Eventually, the train stopped with an air of finality. We had reached the railhead and it could go no farther. The name Pathankote leaps to mind, although I do not know for sure if that was where we were. Anyway, it was the end of the line and we were to be driven the rest of the way into the hills to the town of Mandi. The station was an open space with some trees

and bushes, one or two sheds and no fences. People, animals and birds wandered or hopped around observing who and what had arrived. There were sheep, cattle and dogs. Old men spun wool by hand as they strolled about chatting and children stood in solemn groups staring at us.

Dick went to thank the engine driver for the hot water. We waited for someone to meet us. Eventually, a man appeared, saluted smartly and said he was the driver of the car His Highness had sent for us. We said "Good, let's go." He said, "We can't just yet. The road is closed but it won't be too long now."

This struck us as a bit sinister. "Road closed" could mean anything from a minor rock fall to an avalanche in this country. We waited patiently, fascinated by all we saw. Quite soon, the man came back and said we could go now. He led us to a big, comfortable, old car, drove a short way, and stopped. Then we understood why the road was closed. The one and only way into Mandi was one way! Traffic was allowed up for about an hour, the last vehicle through was given a baton to hand to the guard at the other end, so he knew it was now safe to allow his build-up of vehicles to proceed down the steep, crooked road.

It was a fascinating drive, winding up through the glorious hills, passing scattered buildings in groups of three and four where the hill farmers and their families lived. Carpet makers sitting in the sun worked and watched the cars go by and people did their shopping at tiny little shops. We were a convoy of only five or six cars going up. We overtook a few sheep being driven back to their home farms. Slung over their backs, they all had saddle bags made of sacking which contained salt. They had been down to Pathankote to be sheared and their wool sold to the plains people who paid for it with salt, which was then transported by the sheep and sold for money, probably the only money the farmer earned.

The road roughly followed the river that had carved its way through steep rock down the ages. We arrived at the top, past the barrier and went on an easy, two-way road until we got to the

capital of the state. The road continued on up the Kulu Valley and on to China.

Mandi town was enchanting. We came upon it unexpectedly as we swung round a steep corner on to a stone bridge high above the river. The town was above us and spread right down to the river. It was a jumble of little grey stone houses, temples and monuments that ended in broad steps from which women in bright clothes did their laundry in the tumbling waters while their children played around them.

We were taken to the guest house where an aide-de-camp welcomed us and said we were invited to dinner with their Highnesses that night. A car was always at our disposal and the commander of the Mandi State troops was ready to talk with Dick at any time. He was here now. So I went to unpack. The bearer did Dick's unpacking and then took our clothes to the *dhobi* to be ironed. There were no crease-resistant fabrics in those days.

The guest house was very different from the sprawling bungalows in the plains. This one was three stories high and narrow, squeezed into a small flattened site on the edge of a drop down to the square on one side and built into the side of a six-storey, abandoned palace.

Around the porch was a creeper with huge, white, bell-shaped flowers that had a beautiful scent. We were only a few steps from the town so I went to explore it while Dick broadened his knowledge of the state's forces, who were reputed to be a very good unit. The bazaar was built on a very steep site that dropped down to the river. Hundreds of little shops and dwellings were full of colourfully-dressed people, in contrast to the crowds in the plains who tended to dress in white. Children and dogs were everywhere and the smallest cows I have ever seen wandered through the narrow streets helping themselves to vegetables on sale. Different levels of habitations were joined by steep flights of stairs carved out of the rock. I was amazed to see these little cows wandering unattended up and down the stairs. I even saw a

smartly dressed man riding a hill pony up the stairs as he read his paper. Both animal and rider were quite placid.

One day, I had written a letter to my mother and wanted to post it. I could see the post office down below where the main roads broadened out into a square with a policeman in the middle of the traffic. As soon as I appeared, the policeman blew his whistle and held up all the traffic. I thought His Highness must be coming, but no, it was for me! The policeman then came and escorted me to the post office before he allowed the traffic to get going again. Then the postmaster came and shoved everyone out of the office while he sold me a stamp for my letter. I was shattered and ever after gave my letters to Dick to be sent with his official mail.

We dined with Their Highnesses in the modern palace — a long, low European style building adapted to the country and set in beautifully tended gardens with tennis courts and children's areas, very open and relaxed.

Their Highnesses were young, in their 30s or early 40s. Both had been educated in European, as well as Indian history, politics, art, music and literature. They had travelled a lot. It was a small dinner party of about six or eight people and we learnt a great deal. His Highness was ruler of Mandi state in name only, as he was at pains to explain. The real ruler was a god who lived in a temple in the big square in the centre of town. When His Highness went away, the statue of the god was brought out of the temple and set up in the square so every one knew they were being cared for in His Highness's absence. This worked well. It was easily the best run state we saw. The people were really well cared for. There were schools for everyone. I was taken to visit the hospital that was built in several parts for men, women, children and strangers. The latter was the part I saw. It had 20 beds and anyone who was taken ill when passing through Mandi on their way from China to India or wherever was cared for with the best the hospital could provide. Treatment was free to everyone. The state and donations paid it for. It was Their Highnesses' great

interest. They imported all the latest equipment and the whole place was clean, attractive and homely.

His Highness took us for a drive up the narrow winding road, which led eventually to China. The chauffeur had instructions that if there were men, women or children standing at the side of the road, he was to stop. His Highness got out and spoke with the people and his aide-de-camp made notes if they had any special needs or complaints. Some just wanted to have a friendly chat. Obviously, His Highness had a good relationship with his people.

We left Mandi and went on into the hills to Sirmoor for our first visit. We were driven on into the hills up the Kulu Valley and turned right off the main road. The main road was two-cars wide in places or had passing verges where it became a single lane. The new road was not so grand. It looked all right to start with but was narrow and shortly turned into a dirt road with potholes. It was beautiful hill country, naturally well-wooded with plenty of grass and no habitation or cultivation.

The weather was hot and humid with heavy clouds. The monsoon was just breaking. We got to the boundary of Mandi and Sirmoor and there was no car to meet us as announced; just a group of men and a few houses. One man stepped forward, saluted and said he was in charge of a portion of the state cavalry. They were not impressive. The houses were small and men dressed any way they pleased but they were the ones for the job. We were told the monsoon had broken higher up and a river that was dry for most of the year was now in flood.

The Pleasures of Poona

The type of houses we lived in in India varied in style but one that comes quickly to mind was near Poona. Like all the houses we lived in, it was a bungalow, a single-storey building made of mud brick, nice and cool with deep verandahs. It was more modern than our previous house and much lighter because of the many doors and windows. It had a *mali* pond in the front garden. A

mali pond was like a centrepiece that cars drove around. The *mali* used it to dip water from it and some people kept fish in them.

The house had a low-pitched, corrugated iron roof. Under this, were tightly-drawn, white cloths that were used instead of ceilings. They sagged a bit after a while. Creatures lived in the roof so you could see the cloth dip with their paws. When we noticed an animal, we would try to guess what it was. One creature, the civet cat, was fierce and dangerous. Once we had to catch a half-grown one. Three men went after it, including Dick who had a basket, a net on a long pole, and thick leather gloves. They managed to poke it out of the roof. It then got its back to the wall and I have never seen such ferocity. It fought and spat and scratched and never gave up. By the time it was safely in the basket, the heavy leather gloves were cut to ribbons.

In front of the house overlooking the garden was a big, wide verandah. It had a drive 30 or 40 yards long lined with trees full of lovely birds, chameleons and other lizards which delighted us. To enter the house, one walked up steps to the verandah. This was furnished like a sitting room with *Roorkee* chairs with their wicker backs and seats with wooden arms. Attached to each arm was an extension that would fold underneath the arm, or swing out in front so you could put your legs up to feel relaxed and cool.

The house was furnished in a most English style — chintz-covered chairs and little tables. All the furniture was hired from an Indian furniture dealer. Through the doorway in the dining room was a big polished wooden table for dinner parties. On each side of the sitting room and dining room, doors opened into bedrooms, each with its own dressing room and bathroom. Each room in the house had four double doors that connected with the other rooms and to the outside so the wind could blow right through. Over the doorway we hung light Indian silk curtains. The inside doors were made of wood and all outside doors had large glass panels. There seemed to be five times as many doors as windows. Usually the only windows were high up above the doors. We called them clerestory windows.

The bathroom was smooth mud brick. It had no running water except for a single tap over the bath. The *bhisti* brought hot or cold water in a kerosene tin, while the other plumbing was attended to by the sweeper. The bath was an oval zinc tub with handles to facilitate emptying. We did this by upending the tub and letting the water run out of a hole in the wall. This hole was usually covered by wire mesh but sometimes the mesh washed away and was not replaced. Then small creatures could creep in through the hole. Once a snake came in and another time I found a bandicoot in my bath. There were always scorpions so one had to shake slippers before putting them on, since scorpions liked to sleep in slippers. Opposite the bath was a table with a pitcher, basin and soap dish. In the outside corner stood the thunder-box, a square wooden affair with a hole cut in the seat and an enamel bowl under the hole. The hole was covered by a lid which was usually painted green, for some reason. When you had finished using the thunder-box you put your head out the door and shouted for the *mehtar* to come and take it away.

Opening out of the dining room across the back of the house was a long narrow room which had a sink for doing the dishes and a big hot case at one end where the *khansamah* could put a meal to keep it hot. It was well insulated and had a charcoal burner in the bottom. There was a locked storage cupboard where I kept flour, sugar, tea, coffee, candles, matches, tea towels, soap and all those things I gave out every day. Every morning, the *khansamah* would come and we would plan the day's menu. I would go through his book and check what he had bought for the previous day's meals and question the cost of one or two items and add up the total and pay him. This was all a farce. I didn't know the cost of anything as I never went to the bazaar. If I had it would have done no good. Prices were quite different for the *khansamah* than they would have been for me. He was entitled to a small rake-off but it had to be kept in bounds.

Every day, I gave him four clean tea towels and he brought me back four dirty ones from the day before. The bearer was given tea

towels because he polished things when laying the table. I gave out cleaning materials as needed; they had to bring back the empty tin in exchange. Otherwise, they would sell the new one. All the servants came to get what they needed for their work.

A covered walk connected the house to the kitchen about 20 feet away. Here the *khansamah* cooked on a stove made of the same kind of mud bricks as the house itself. It had holes in the top to hold the cooking pots. You would light fires at the bottom under each hole. There was an oven down one end. A good cook could make anything in this kitchen, even soufflés. You simply asked for European or Indian meals. Cooks were either good or terrible; there was no in between. If the men shot a peacock, the *khansamah* was perfectly capable of roasting this huge bird in two tin *degchis* — round metal bowls with flat bottoms and a lip with which to pick them up. These were used in every sort of cooking.

The more senior Dick became, the more servants were added to the ranks, in spite of the work being the same. The day the *sahib* was promoted the bearer said he needed more help. It was all a matter of *izzat* or pride. We had to have a cook's boy to help in the kitchen to chop vegetables and keep the kitchen clean, thus halving the *khansamah's* workload.

The garden at East Kirkee was mostly down each side of the drive and around the *mali* pond. The rest was barren grass since it wasn't good soil. On the other side of the road was the jungle, but not the sort of tropical jungle we often think of. It was bare, scrubby stuff with low bushes, dried grass and weeds that led to trees lining the banks of the Mula-Mutha river on which we sailed canoes and went rowing.

Indeed, it was this river that was the scene of a rowing triumph for Dick and me. Dick, who was a keen rower, was the stroke of the Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners (RBS&M) and I was the cox because I was so much lighter than any of the men. To my unutterable joy, we won the 1939 regatta. Mind you, there was

only one other boat and it ran aground! I also coxed a winning pair and that time, our opponent did *not* run aground.

Training was wonderful. We would get up before dawn and pick our way through the scrubby jungle to the quiet river. The world was just beginning to awake. We would row to the boat club on the other side of the river to join our crew and have the boat in the water by 6:00 a.m. Eight men rowed and I was cox.

We would start very gently, listening to the birds and animals, the water flowing past the rowing shell, and the drips from the oars as they came out in rhythm. As we rounded a bend, we would see the saint standing with water up to his chest and hear him chanting "*Om mani padme hum*" for hours at a time. He was a highly educated person who had earnt an engineering degree with first-class honours from Oxford University before returning to India and becoming a saint.

Once we had passed him, we would speed up as the sun rose and cover three miles to arrive at a small outpost of the club. It had a lovely verandah right down to the river. There we would have a superb breakfast of mangoes, bacon and eggs served on a rough table with benches and views of the river. Small boys were sent up the palm trees to pick coconuts so we could have fresh toddy to drink. Fresh it was safe; left for 12 hours it was lethal! We would then row back the three miles more slowly. The serious training was all done before breakfast!

We would arrive back at the club about 11:00 a.m. and go ashore feeling very tough, hearty, and somewhat superior. We'd been up since dawn, while everyone else was just arriving, immaculately dressed in their best clothes. We were scruffy and hot, and when a general happened to see us, we never knew if he'd frown at our being improperly dressed or smile at our getting such good exercise so early in the morning.

At the main club, lots of tables and chairs were spread out under the trees. The club was only used for rowing. On Sundays, it served drinks and meals but offered no other social life. I never

went into the main building. On Sunday mornings, a military band played under the trees. The officers and their wives sat at round tables and gossiped while *ayahs* took their children to a corner to play. The weaver birds ignored us and got on with their business of building nests hung from the slender branches of willows that lined the river banks.

From Asia to Europe

In June 1944, Dick was posted to the war in Burma. He was to command a Beach Landing Craft Unit, but found himself building airstrips in the middle of the jungle to assist the advancing army fighting the Japanese. The army advanced so rapidly he had difficulty keeping ahead of them. Dick's men had many rivers to cross with equipment loaded into heavy, flat-bottomed barges. He asked if anyone had experience in this sort of manoeuvre. A young soldier said, "Yes sir, I'm the punting champion of the upper Cam." Dick was duly impressed and put him in charge of a barge.

While Dick was in Burma, the children and I had to decide where to go since our bungalow belonged to the job Dick had vacated. I gathered up the children and went to Kasauli, a hill station near Simla where we stayed in the Alaysia Hotel for eight months. During that time, we experienced six feet of snow. Kasauli was an "R&R" station for troops on leave from the war in Burma. I organised weekly dances, set up a cafe with "mother's home cooking", and arranged classical music evenings. It was an eventful eight months, despite my separation from Dick and having total responsibility for the children.

When Dick returned from Burma in March 1945, his time in India was finished but there was much uncertainty about our future, so we were told to go to Bombay and await further orders. We spent a depressing time in a holding camp, which was not too different from being in a prisoner of war camp. Finally, we left Bombay in the Monarch of Bermuda, a passenger liner that had been converted to a troop ship. To everyone's amazement, we

sailed on Friday, 13th April. No one thought any sailor would allow such a thing, especially in wartime. We sailed at speed until we reached Gibraltar where we joined a big convoy guarded by several naval ships and aeroplanes. It was a wonderful experience sailing through the straits of Gibraltar. Jonathan, aged six, decided he would join the navy.

We arrived in Glasgow on VE (Victory in Europe) Day and all of Britain was celebrating. Everyone was drunk so we had great difficulty completing our trip to London. Ours was the first train from Glasgow to London with all lights turned on. As we journeyed along, all the houses had their blinds drawn back with lights in every window and had lit bonfires in their gardens. The children thought it was all for us!

We stayed with Dick's Aunt Ethel in Grayshott. It was heaven! After a month, Dick's leave was up and he was posted to Halifax in Yorkshire to command the Holding Battalion in the Duke of Wellington's Barracks. It was not a very exciting job but one thing pleased him. One day, his adjutant knocked on the door, saluted smartly, and said, "Excuse me sir, can you spare the time to see the Duke of Wellington? He would like to meet you." Dick was surprised since he thought Duke of Wellington had died years ago. Clearly, he hadn't and they both enjoyed the chat. Dick's batman, Disraeli Dunn, was our saviour through this difficult time of rationing. He always seemed to be able to find his way through the system.

In 1946, Nicholas was born in the middle of a thunderstorm. We were then living in the terrace house we bought in Halifax. Ten days later, Dick left for Hamburg where he did a staff job for several months before being transferred to Kiel on the Baltic Sea. Once more, our family was separated until I packed up home and we sailed to the Hook of Holland and took a train to Hamburg, where Dick met us and drove us to Kiel. The city was badly bombed and we were all confronted with the devastation of war. Although Dick was on the staff there, his job was to repair the war

damage to the yacht club and get all the requisitioned sailing boats back into the water.

Dick had found a house on the edge of the woods where we had our own vegetable garden but we didn't stay there too long. A few months later, he was transferred to Düsseldorf to plan the future set-up for the British Army of Occupation — houses, barracks, offices, roads and bridges — in that part of Germany where everything had been heavily bombed. The 18 months we spent in Düsseldorf was a difficult period. Mixing with the Germans was not allowed. The children were taken to school in an armoured car and Dick was picked up by a staff car. It was not a happy time to be in Germany but there were two compensations. One was the mansion in which we lived on Bergesheland Strasse, surrounded by an overgrown garden with fruit trees and an asparagus bed. The other was the opera which had started up again. Sometimes, we went to the opera three times a week. The Germans made the rebuilding of the bombed opera house a top priority.

We left Düsseldorf at the end of 1948. After a month's leave, Dick was posted to Middle East Headquarters in the Suez Canal Zone, Egypt, where he was in charge of Military Stores for the South Eastern Mediterranean. As there was no accommodation there for families, we had to look for another place for the children and myself. Jill, 11, went to boarding school in Grayshott, Surrey; Jonathan, almost 10, went to the preparatory school for Gordonstown in Morayshire; and Nicholas, three, and I returned to the rather bleak terrace house in Halifax. I wondered what to do. Then I made a momentous decision.

Dick and I had always said that someday we would go on the land. "Why not now?" I asked myself. So I bought a caravan and advertised in the *Farmers Weekly* that I wanted to learn how to manage poultry and small animals. To my surprise, I received 41 replies. I accepted one from Dumfriesshire. Because the owners were not too healthy, I and a German ex-prisoner of war soon became the main workers. We managed ducks, turkeys, hens and geese, plus 16 poodles, Siamese cats and a few horses!

By the Easter holidays, I had a home for Jill and Jonathan to come back to.

Dick was pleased. He enjoyed his job. He had a wonderful time visiting all his depots — including Cypress and Greece — but he really thought it was an unnecessary position so he wrote to the war office and told them he thought it should be abolished. The job had two more years to run but he wanted to get back to his family. Shortly after, in the summer of 1950, he was posted to Scotland as Chief Engineer, Lothian and Borders, whose headquarters were in Glasgow. Nicholas and I moved with the caravan to a hotel near Loch Lomond and reared chickens for the consumption of the customers. However, Dick didn't much like Glasgow so in the autumn he moved the headquarters to Edinburgh and we moved the caravan to Fairmile Head to be close to him.

Then came another momentous decision. Dick was told he was in line for promotion, on his way to becoming a general, but he didn't want this as the more senior one became, the more time one spent in the office sending out other people to do the interesting and practical jobs. Besides, it would have been a totally different lifestyle from what we had enjoyed up till now. We discussed the matter and decided to say no to the possibility. We felt now was the time to go on the land. To prepare for the shift, Dick did a short course on the maintenance and use of farm machinery, ploughing, and other related subjects at the Agricultural College in Cirencester. Nicholas went to kindergarten. By this time, we were living in three caravans. It was 1951.

Civvy Street

Dick then advertised for a job. Out of several offers, he chose Auchenbowie near Bannockburn in Scotland. The property was owned by another retired colonel, Sandy Munro, who needed to get his estate back into working order and make it pay. Owing to the war, nothing had been done on the farm for many years. The woods needed cleaning and underplanting, fields badly needed

new drainage systems, and the lovely old farm buildings needed to be made waterproof before any project could be started. Dick enjoyed bringing order out of chaos — seeing waste land become productive, trees given space to grow to their full potential, new plantations started, roads repaired, and water running where it should. He was in his element. I continued my work with poultry and as hen-wife, ran 2,000 laying hens and volunteered for anything that needed extra hands. We were there for four years, during which time Nicholas followed in Jonathan's footsteps to Gordonstown preparatory school on the Moray Firth.

All of us had always felt the call of the Northwest Highlands of Scotland. Jonathan told us that if we were decent parents we would buy an estate there. Then came the opportunity. One day, Dick saw an advertisement in a forestry magazine for a manager of a West Highland Estate, in Invernessshire, opposite the Isle of Skye in a district of about 350 people. It was owned by the tobacco magnate, Lord Dulverton. The ad mentioned a sea loch, a deer forest, a salmon river, some sheep and cattle. Lord Dulverton's main interests lay in forestry and grassland improvement. With his experience, Dick felt qualified. He applied and got the job.

In the early summer of 1955, with Jill working in London and Jonathan and Nicholas at boarding school, Dick and I moved up to Eilanreach which was to be our home for six years, the longest period yet in one place.

Dick ran the estate which was mostly hills and one glen with arable land. There were beef cattle, sheep, forestry, a saw mill and red deer on the hills. There was a staff of two stalkers, two shepherds, four or five in the saw mill and four or five in the forestry team. The work was primarily planting trees and improving grassland, both of which necessitated draining. The Glen Beg river needed care for the sake of the salmon. We had two boats and we lived in the lodge that was big and cold. We loved it.

Of the many things he achieved here, Dick was most proud of three. One was draining and seeding a large section of hillside and seeing it grow into good grassland where once there was only bog and heather. When fenced, this became the lambing area which gave the ewes and their lambs a good start before they were turned onto the hill. The second was the draining of other hills to make them suitable for planting 30,000 trees that thrived, and I'm told, reached full maturity.

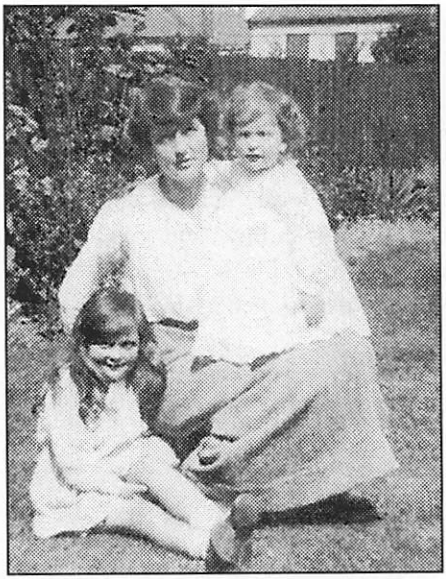
The third was the salmon river. With his knowledge of water control and river management, Dick made major improvements to the river. He built sausage bunds to make quiet pools and prevent bank erosion. The salmon lay in the pools waiting for the river to rise high enough to allow them to swim up river to the spawning beds. He also cleaned the beds and made new ones, restocking them with thousands of salmon parr about two inches long that we bought from a hatchery. Dick also found time to enjoy his love of sailing here.

I organised a Scottish Women's Rural Institute in Glenelg. With the help of the whole community, my great accomplishment was the building of a village hall, which took 18 months. It was little short of a miracle. It gave us somewhere to go for dances, the cinema and a library. Later, in the Institute of Cultural Affairs, I was to remember that effort many times.

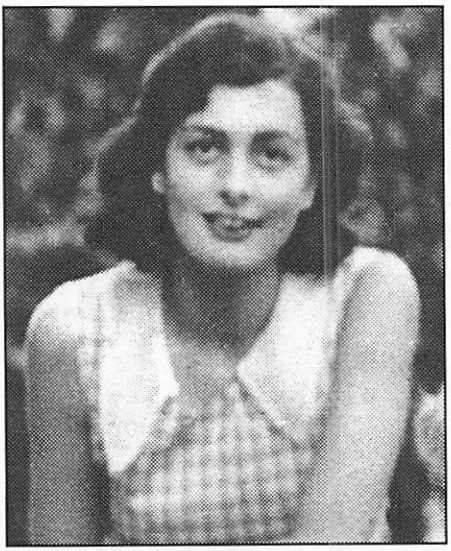
We were there six and a half years and extremely happy. Eventually, the Dulvertons divorced and part of Lady Dulverton's settlement was Eilanreach, which she decided to let go back to nature. We had to leave, along with all the staff except the stalkers and shepherds. Seventeen families were displaced.

For us it was on to new pastures. We headed for southern England as the children were there and the climate was less harsh. Dick got a job as secretary-manager on a large estate, Springhead, at Fontmell Magna in Dorset. However, after a few months, he had a minor stroke which made him unfit for regular work. The estate owner, Rolf Gardinea, rented us a cottage at Bedchester at a very

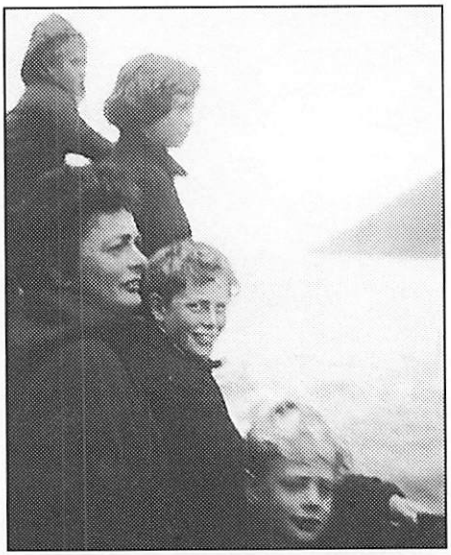
low rate and asked Dick to walk around the estate in his own time and report to him on anything he saw that needed attention, especially the woods and the river. This suited Dick admirably. It gave him an interest and reason to be out and about. It lasted for about 11 years, during which time I worked on village activities, particularly with the Women's Institute at local, county and national levels. In 1972, Dick had a heart attack and died suddenly. I found him lying in the hall. Our life of 40 years together ended and I had to find a way to begin once again.



Liza on her mother's lap joined by her elder sister, Jess.



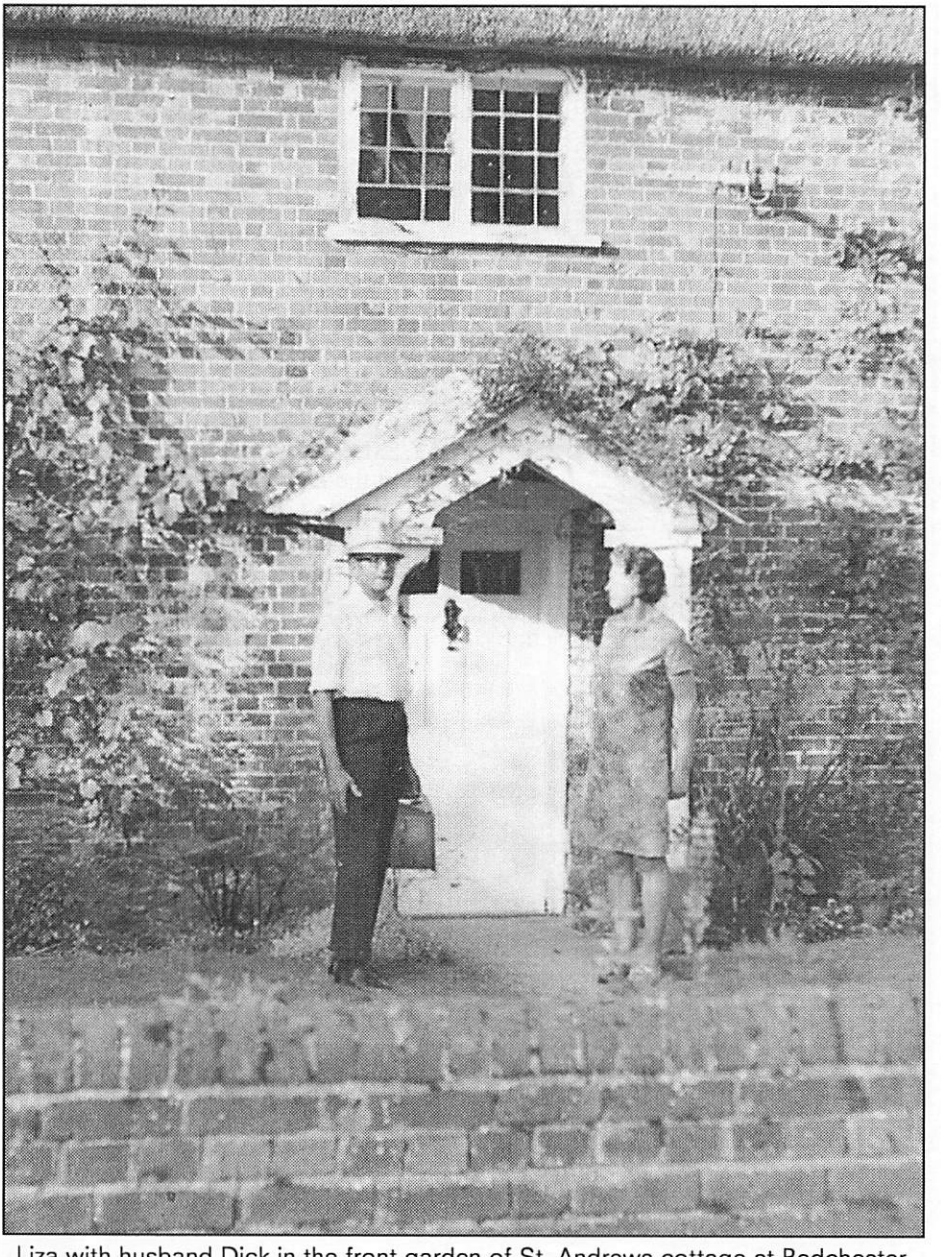
Liza in her 20s. Her granddaughter, Sophie, bears a remarkable resemblance to Liza at this time in her life.



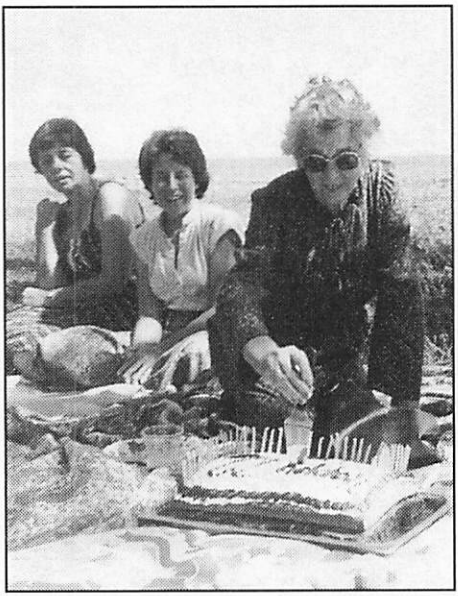
Liza in Scotland with her three children (foreground) and family friend (in rain hat).

Liza in Canberra, Australia, with Liz Banks (left) and Ingrid Banks.

Liza Tod, September 1995.

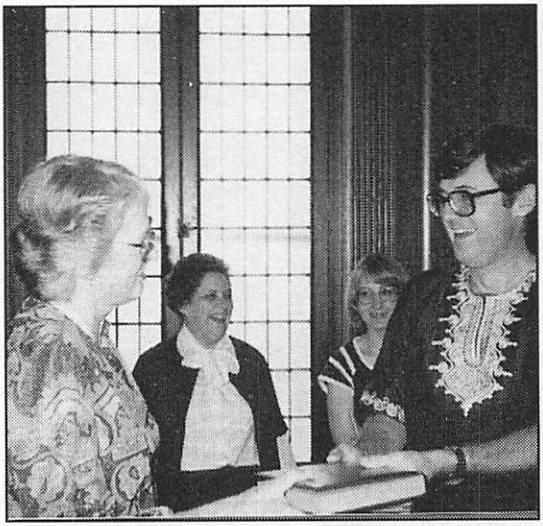


Liza with husband Dick in the front garden of St. Andrews cottage at Bedchester, Dorset, their home from 1963 until 1972.

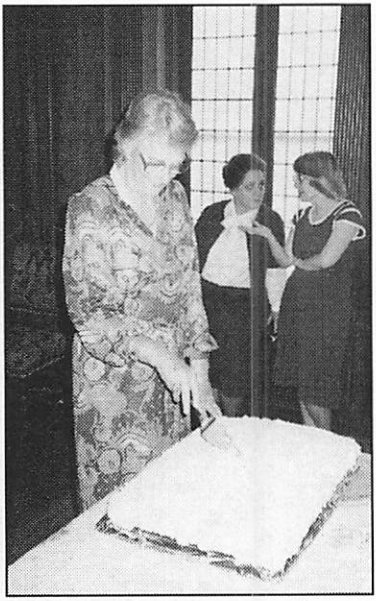


Liza celebrates her 70th birthday with colleagues by Lake Michigan, Chicago, July 1982.

Liza at the christening of Liza Berresford (named after Liza Tod), July 1982.



Liza with John Patterson on the occasion of her 70th birthday, Chicago, July 1982.



Liza cuts the cake to celebrate her 70th and Lyn Mathews Edwards' 64th birthday, Chicago, July 1982.

Life in Community

Liza's journey to Australia following Dick's death marked a major transition in her life. In the midst of coming to terms with the loss of her husband of 40 years, she felt the need to redefine herself as a single woman once again. The will to do this was strong, but she had little notion of what form it might take. Soon after her arrival in Melbourne, at a chance encounter with a couple at church one Sunday morning, the seeds were planted of the next phase in her life.

The couple were members of a secular-religious community called the Order Ecumenical whose local office at the time was in neighboring Prahran. The Order was the full-time, residential core of a larger movement known as the Ecumenical Institute (EI) and later the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA). The mission of EI was the renewal of the local church as a vehicle for catalyzing positive change in society. The ICA, initially a programme division of EI, was set up to create, test and disseminate methods of individual, community and organisational change.

The more she learned of this dedicated group, the more Liza became intrigued by them. Finally, after much soul-searching, she decided to take the leap and join them. The writings in this section are from this time in Liza's life. They include a chronological description of her ever-changing addresses and some highlights of each place, some private musings, and some public statements called "witnesses" she gave at community gatherings. One of these, "The Universal Journey of the Vocated Life", she delivered to the whole assembly of the Order in Chicago in 1983, an audience of hundreds of people.

My Other Family

Following Dick's death, the children, who by now were all married, returned home. Jonathan was in France, Jill in Australia, and Nicholas in Bermuda. It was the end of one long journey and the beginning of another. I shut up the house and went to stay

first with Nicholas and Gill in Bermuda, then Jill and Robert in Australia. The "Land Down Under" was love at first sight but Jill advised me not to make up my mind too soon. However, the day was not too far away when I returned to England, packed up my worldly goods, closed my flat in Dorset, and sailed to Melbourne.

I took a flat at a crossroads for the summer and later moved into a nice place on Toorak Road in South Yarra. Seeking companionship, I went to Christ Church, the local Anglican Church. There I met John and Elaine Telford who introduced me to the Ecumenical Institute (EI) and its affiliate, the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA). Thus began the next chapter in my life.

I was surprised when John Telford took the trouble to visit me after our chance meeting at church. He invited me to the Institute's house in Greville Street, Prahran. I was impressed. Here was a group who actually planned their tasks according to what was needed, not what they would like — so unlike the ladies guilds!

My "Waterloo" was the Institute's Religious Studies-I course. This weekend course made me so angry. I would have left except I was beyond public transport, so I decided to "sit it out". After a while, it began to dawn on me that all my life, I had been scratching at the surface of what I really believed and wanted to do with my life. I sensed the opportunity to commit myself to something "larger than life" and I did.

The ICA folk asked me to go on fundraising calls with them. I had never asked for money and was brought up to understand that you didn't do that. Now, I began to discover the fun of the task. I remember one wealthy businessman who had been giving $200 a year. Barry Oakley and I asked him for $2,000 and he wrote a cheque without a word. After we had got into the lift and the door had closed, we opened the cheque and couldn't believe our eyes — it was $2,000! We hugged each other in joy just as the lift stopped at another floor to expose us in our embrace to three important-looking businessmen.

My other memory of fundraising had to do with a challenge from our ICA colleague, Raymond Spencer, to find an aeroplane to take leading patrons from Melbourne to see the ICA project in the Aboriginal community of Murrin Bridge, near Lake Cargelligo in New South Wales. I remembered my contacts and after discussing the matter with Jill, called a plane owner and to everyone's astonishment, was given the use of the aircraft and a pilot for the day. Among our illustrious party was Sir Roger Darvall, then chairman of the Potter Foundation and a former managing director of the ANZ Bank; Pat Fielman, Executive Director of the Potter Foundation; Alex Ogilvy from BHP; and Peter Derham, Managing Director of Nylex Australia. John Burbidge, Katrin Ogilvy and I made up the remainder of the party. For many of the group, it was the first time they had visited an Aboriginal community. It was a totally unexpected pleasure for everyone and thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by all.

These were heady days for me. John Telford convinced me to go with him to Tasmania to set up Community Meetings in every shire. I went again to Tasmania with Garnet Banks and Bill Norton and on each occasion the response was beyond our wildest dreams. Between 1974 and 1977, I travelled to Chicago two or three times for the annual Summer Programs where people came from all over the world to report on their work and plan future directions. On one trip, I stopped off on the way back to Melbourne to spend time in the ICA's rural development projects in Malaysia and Indonesia to understand more about the work so I could talk more knowledgeably about it when doing fundraising. [See Chapter 6: Tributes, section entitled "Lady Liza".]

I joined the ICA in Melbourne and entered the Greville Street house. It was a most interesting and rather painful time in my life, with much unlearning and relearning to do, but it was great fun too. Before long, I joined John and Gwenda Rees, Sue Chapman and John Rader in Perth. It was the time when the Oombulgurri Aboriginal project came under attack from different quarters and

I was able to field and deflect a number of impudent news hunters. I did some funding calls and Community Meetings before returning to Melbourne for a while, where the Oakleys were then assigned.

It was in Melbourne that my heart began to falter and I was assigned to Canberra and the care of Lis and Garnet Banks. As a doctor, Lis was able to keep a close watch on me. I didn't do much in Canberra but I did win permission from the Department of Immigration to bring in 16 much-needed Americans, at a time when that was a most unusual permission.

Then I was assigned to London. Initially, I was intending to join the Banks in Denmark, but Lyn Mathews-Edwards, wife of the ICA's founder and first dean, Joseph Wesley Mathews, persuaded me that my country needed me. At the time, the ICA lived in Bridge House on the Isle of Dogs. It was great fun. The Cramers were there when I arrived but John and Thea Patterson soon replaced them. John and I became great colleagues in crime!

Once we made a fundraising visit on a man who was half-Japanese. ICA staff had called on him several times and he had promised money but it never came. For once, I took the lead in the call and told the man we needed the money to help with our work in Indian villages. He asked why we hadn't written our request like everyone else. I replied, "Because you can throw a letter in the wastepaper bin, but you can't throw me in there." He liked that response and made quite a good donation on the spot, despite his company secretary's stern disapproval.

At Christmas 1981, I asked to go somewhere warmer and was assigned to Kuala Lumpur. I loved the place but was there only six months when the operations were transferred to Hong Kong, following a decision made at the Global Council in Chicago to restructure the ICA around the world. It was the year of my 70th birthday and of Lyn Mathews-Edwards 64th. Lyn was a member of one of the original seven families who moved from Austin, Texas to Chicago to form the Ecumenical Institute. Colleagues

held a great party in our honour in the Guild Suite on the sixth floor of the Kemper Building, the ICA's global headquarters at the time.

The following year, I was asked to give one of five "great talks" at the Global Council in Chicago. I never enjoyed giving talks to large audiences, but whenever I did, I often surprised myself and others with the effect I had on a crowd. My talk was entitled "The Universal Journey of the Vocated Life". It was my own life-story. [A copy of the talk follows in the next section.]

When I first arrived in Hong Kong, the ICA house was in Whitfield Road but later we moved to a wonderful derelict house that we rebuilt in the forested hills of Quarry Bay. During my stay in Hong Kong, I visited the Philippines with Elizabeth Caperton to do fundraising for our Human Development Projects there.

My five years in Hong Kong were eventful, but not easy for me. I was delighted to be with colleagues such as the Stansburys, the Hoffs, the Telfords, the Oakleys and the Duffys, but on the plane going there, I had a serious heart turn and knew things were not quite normal. At the 1984 Global Council in Chicago, Dr. Ken Gilbert decided to test me and took me walking in the park each day to see if exercise would help. I thoroughly enjoyed all this but it did not help my heart. In March 1985, I had a quadruple by-pass heart operation in Hong Kong. The operation coincided with the opening of the Heart Centre and I found myself in the public eye. The Centre made a video of the operation that I keep among my treasures. The picture of Dr. Ip holding my heart in his hand and stroking it to keep it working always awes me.

I recovered quickly from the operation but ten days later, an infection broke out in the wound. Over the next 15 months, I had five or six operations to clean the infection. One was a complete reopening of the incision. During this time Mary Ward, Sally Fenton and Margaret Oakley cleaned and dressed the wound twice daily. Indeed, all my ICA colleagues were wonderful. They cared for me, never balking at the nastiest or most tedious parts of

the job. They took me to the hospital weekly for treatment and waited around for hours when they were extremely busy and never let me feel a burden. Bless them for their great goodness, patience and love.

Then it healed. Three months later, I came down with fluid on the lungs. It was a critical situation and the family was called. I remember my utter helplessness throughout this period and my realisation in the middle of it, that there was no need to worry. I saw that life was in charge of me, not the other way round. My role was to say "thank you" and to relax and not fuss. It was a time of great learning.

In 1988, after many conversations, I was assigned to Sydney and given a room on the top floor of the ICA apartment house, overlooking a park and a golf course. There I became the confidant of the community and made all aware of the great place of the elderly in a community, of the value of elders' wisdom, and the leavening effect of such a presence.

The following year, Jill decided to build on a room for me and remake the bathroom in her tiny house in Melbourne, so I could move in with her. In 1990, I left Sydney and moved into this lovely little room overlooking the courtyard at Jill's place. It was my 39th "semi-permanent" home.

In 1992, I celebrated my 80th birthday with letters and cards from ICA friends everywhere and the gift of a quilt with patches made by many people with whom I had worked during my fascinating time with the ICA. It's my most treasured possession.

The Universal Journey of the Vocated Life*

This word "vocation" has long been reduced in meaning and understanding. People who had a vocation were thought only to be people who gave their lives to the church or were lawyers, doctors, or nurses. People who were good at their jobs and enjoyed them, like a cabinetmaker, were also said to have a vocation.

But in fact, every single one of us has a vocation. Every person has a vocation in life whether he or she knows it or not. It is not everybody who can follow the journey of a vocated life right through and it is this journey of the vocated life that people with a vocation decide to travel. This is the journey I took.

The best definition of a vocated life I know is: The application of one's energy to a life cause, which is out to serve constructively the present and the future of the whole globe. That is a mammoth job to take on so it is not surprising that not everyone does. From this, you can see that a vocated life is not a static thing. You can't go out and just pick up a vocated life; it has to be created. We each have to create our own. What I create and what you create are quite different things because we are totally different people with totally different backgrounds, but nonetheless, whatever we create is a vocated life.

This journey starts with an experience. One's life understanding is confronted by an event or a series of events which forces one to question absolutely and totally one's whole self-understanding, one's whole outlook on life. Something or other brings this about; depending on who you are, you will have quite different experiences. Depending on your age, your upbringing, your work, all your experiences will be different. The old will have quite different experiences from the young, men from women. It is when this profound experience happens that you start on your vocated life.

For me it happened when my husband died suddenly. We had been married 40 years, had lived around the world, and were a married couple in every sense of the word. So when he was gone, I had to face the question of "What could I do with the rest of my life?" What did I want to do? What did I need to do? Did I really want to go on living in the English village where I was? We had lived there for 12 years but did I actually want to go on doing this? Did I want to go on running the village fetes, pouring tea for the church socials? Did I want to go on giving talks to the Women's Institutes? Could this possibly or conceivably fill my life? The

answer was an unequivocal no; it could not. There was no doubt about it. It could not fill my life. I felt I had to do something quite different and the thing that forced me to this conclusion was something I hadn't realised or even thought about.

In a small place where one is well known, everyone had always seen Dick and me as a couple. When Dick was gone, they knew me as someone alone and wherever I went there was the shadow of the man who wasn't there beside me. In many ways, I felt people saw the shadow more clearly than they saw me and my needs. There was only one thing to do — I must go away to where nobody knew us as "us" but would get to know me as me. Then I might get the courage to go on. But what may I ask can an untrained widow of 60 do to fill her life? How can she possibly find something that is all-absorbing and will fill her whole life? This is where, although I didn't know it, I took the second step of this universal journey.

It wasn't a nice step at all but it was very necessary. This step left me in the depths of profound despair. It really did. There was nothing. I had nothing. I had no self-confidence. I had no self-understanding. I had no courage. But somehow there was this strange, pressing demand that the whole purpose of my life had to be changed. There was no doubt about it. And with no self-confidence, no self-understanding, and courage having flown right out of the window, I knew something had to be done. So I left my village in England and went to Australia. That was where my daughter was living, so it was not quite such a big step as it sounds.

I love my daughter and I loved Australia absolutely on sight. I knew this was a good place for me to be. But I was still untrained, lacking in self-confidence, and over 60. What was I going to do? I still had nothing to absorb me. I took a flat and said, "Well, there is only one thing I can do, though I know it will probably lead me into the same hole I was in in England. The only thing I can do is go to a church and there I will meet people. The church is a caring organisation and maybe I will find something that will

absorb me, or perhaps I will discover I am not capable of finding a really full life at my age. Perhaps I am only suited to pouring tea and running fetes; I was quite good at that. Perhaps I am suffering from enlarged ideas of my own capabilities, and that my whole life might be needed somewhere is all illusion."

I went to a church and met some nice, fine people. The first job they gave me was pouring tea! Well, I was determined that, come what may, if I was needed to pour tea, I would pour tea! I would say "yes" to everything that was asked of me. One day, a nice young woman put a piece of paper in my hand and said, "You might be interested in this." I looked at it and it was announcing a Religious Studies-I (RS-1) course in the near future. To this day, she reminds me of my reaction. My instant reaction was "I can't go to a thing like that. That's not for me. I don't go to things like that." The vision of me, a carefully brought-up Church of England person, being asked to go to some mysterious prayer meeting or something! People might even try to save me! It was against everything I had ever believed; it was just not me. It was not. I was a properly brought-up English lady who didn't do things like that! So the next morning, I rang Elaine and said, "Yes, I would like to come. How do I get there? I was very frightened but I had decided I would say "yes" to everything.

In some ways, the RS-I was just as bad as anything I had ever imagined. It forced me to look at all I had lived by for all of my life, to pull out and look at all I believed, to question all my actions, question all I say — and that was horrid! I tell you, as near as tuppence, I almost walked out on two occasions. I didn't, because the RS-I was utterly fascinating and I had the feeling I was getting here something true and I was coming much nearer to understanding myself.

So, here I was, ready for the third experience. This is a tricky one. This is how one responds to the Mystery's demand that you change your whole life-pattern. There are two ways of responding to it. The more immediate and quick response, which is really a temporary solution, can leave you on a plateau, a comfortable

and illuminated plateau with lots of nice people. You can stay there and work there and be quite sure that what you are doing is right. Also, if you don't take care, you can step backwards and fall right off this plateau, and then you have to start the journey all over again.

I sat on that plateau for quite a long time. The air was good, the work was good, I met a lot of nice people, I learnt about the work of the ICA, I learnt about Oombulgurri, and learnt about many things I had never dreamt of before. I went out on development calls with really fine people. I went on authorisation calls to set up Community Meetings. This was good, until something said, "What are you doing sitting on your plateau?" I didn't know what I was doing, but it was so. Then I realised that demands were being made of me and this was where I had to make a real honest decision. I couldn't keep in with my nice social life and work for the ICA. I could not do it; it was impossible. I had to stop mucking about and make the leap — the second possible response. I had a horrible fear this would be a final commitment and there would be no backsliding from then on. Little did I know all the great chances I would get for backsliding.

So I took the fourth step in the vocated life. The interesting thing is that having taken this leap, I got a weird compulsion to talk about this thing that had happened to me. To talk about what I was looking for and what I had got. Now this is a thing I had never done before. I am naturally a self-contained and controlled person. I never talked about myself a lot; it wasn't in my nature to do such a thing. But here I was bubbling over with it all! I very quickly discovered this is a fine way to get rid of one's friends. They thought, "Poor Liza, it's a pity. Do you know she has got religion or something?" I don't know what they all thought, but anyway, they began to vanish quite quickly, and my own life, my social life, vanished with them. I left my flat and moved into the Religious House. All this talking I found was not only to get rid of my friends; it was to commit myself deeper, because of course, the more I talked the more I understood what I was doing, and

the more people reacted to me. It was a way of confirming the decision I had made.

When one has really admitted to living a vocated life, interesting things happen. One was that my eyes were opened. When I really began to understand about things I began to see people; I began to see the innocent suffering in the world. I saw the tired mother pushing her handicapped child in the wheel chair. She was tired but she was living that child. You could see by the way she was smiling at him. I saw the old, old couple walking down the street together, both of them with those terrible old feet that makes it a pain to walk. The man had taken the woman's carrier bag with the day's shopping. It wasn't heavy; she could have carried it perfectly well, but he took it and carried it as his gift of love to her. There is a man I see whenever I go up to Forest Gate. He stands outside the Princess Alice, one of our favourite pubs. He is an elderly black man and his clothes are old and shabby. He wears an old green cap pulled down and his shoes ... well, they aren't polished. He stands in the doorway; not the one we go in, but the one just to the side. He stands there and whatever time I go up to Forest Gate, there is this old man. Just standing. What his life is and how he came to be there I just don't know, but it is one of the lives one worries about. You begin to see the differences, appreciate the ethnic minorities, the poverty, the junkies, the drunks. You begin to see them clearly and vividly.

Before you start seeing, you can walk down the same street and just see lots of people who probably get in your way. You may see a dirty old man and someone pushing a pram and you hope it's not going to catch your stockings. You see the buildings and the shops you want to go into and the things you want to buy. But you don't see the life that goes on. This is just one of many incredible gifts.

But you are still not safe in your vocated life. This period has got all sorts of short circuits that can trip you on your journey and send you back. When you look at all this you tend to deny that anyone can do anything about it. You know something ought to

be done, but how can anyone do anything about this mass of sorrow and suffering and how, above all, can I do anything about it? I mean, it's ridiculous. I can't do anything about that man in a green cap standing outside a pub. I cannot do it. It's just no good. If this feeling is allowed to get a hold, life can become a sort of living suicide. You die to all your hopes and all that is good that you have seen so recently. You are still walking about but you are not alive.

The other short circuit is one of emotionalism, where you get too tied up with particular people. The junkie you met and knew you could help because he liked you. He takes up all your time. Or the disadvantaged child that truly you can do something for, but you get sucked right into her life and lose sight of the global situation and become ineffective. You can't get on with the job because you are so embroiled with these two or three people. At worst, you can become psychotic. Lis Banks can tell you of many social workers who come to her who have completely broken down in the face of this challenge.

I thought quite a bit about this situation, but my thinking never came to much. Then one day, John Patterson and I went to see a Mrs. Hickson who who was head of the Department for Short-Life Housing in the Greater London Council. ("Short Life" wasn't your short life, but the houses' short life!) We needed a house and the Council has houses which it buys up when they come on the market if they are on a site needed for development sometime in the future. They let these houses cheaply for a limited period, sometimes up to 20 years.

John and I sat and talked with this good lady for quite a long time. She wanted to know who we were and what we did. Then she said, "When do you want this house?" So we said, "Well, actually we have to get out of our present house in two and a half weeks' time." She said "Oh". Then, "How many people are living in it?" We said, "Well, roughly eight adults, although others keep coming in and out, and five children." And she said very sternly,

"You need a house in two and a half weeks for eight adults and five children and you are not even faintly worried?"

We said, "Yes, we need a house, and no, we don't think we are worried." She said, "But look, everyone else who has only three months in which to find a house parades up and down in front of the Council with banners and bands to draw attention to their plight, but you just sit there quite happily and are not a bit worried. Why aren't you worried?" So we just said, "Well, we just aren't." She promised to do the best she could about finding us a house.

Afterwards, as we were walking down the road, I said to John, "What is this? Here am I, a well brought-up English lady and I am going to be turned out onto the streets in two and a half weeks. Furthermore, we have a phone bill, which came in this morning, and we haven't a hope of paying it. It was an astronomical phone bill. I am in charge of the money so I know. Never in my life have I owed a penny to anybody. It's not what I do. At least two of our programs are in danger because we haven't written the right letters and I forgot to post one this morning. Our washing machine has only got another week's life in it, and then we will all have to wash by hand. As for our dryer, it died a week ago and it has never stopped raining since! But I am still not worried. Why am I not worried?" And he in his wisdom replied, "When you have the care of the world on your shoulders, these things just do not count."

He was so right. This was the answer to one of my greater problems. Why I wasn't worrying was really becoming a very great worry to me.

Now we come to the intensification of the journey. You throw your whole self into the vocational life. You know you are historically engaged. You build plans. You implement plans, and the task appears to grow larger and larger. The results seem to be coming slower. They are coming much slower than you ever expected. Ambiguity increases. Things become more obscure until the vision you had vanishes and you are left with nothing. You

know you are a complete failure. All your visions, all your plans, just aren't working out. Then you are in very deep water, and you can drown so easily.

This is the time to remember the manual on small-boat sailing. It says, "When — not if — your boat capsizes, stay with it. Do not panic. Do not try to swim to shore even if it appears to be reasonably close. You can get cramps half-way and drown. You can be caught by currents you know nothing about and be swept out to sea and never be seen again. Stay with your boat, even if it is badly holed and upside down, until help comes. A boat is much easier to find than a swimmer."

If you can ride through that period and say, "Yes, I am a failure. Yes, my plans are not working out, probably because my vision was not as clear as it should have been. Perhaps I pinned my hopes to the wrong thing. Perhaps I shouldn't have hoped." Then the vision may stealthily creep back. If you can hang on, you may not be safe but you have a chance.

When all this happens to you and you are immersed in the day-to-day struggle, you wonder if it is all worthwhile. This is the time when myth and poetry come together and make sense in your life. Give yourself time to read many books and many authors. Read the poetry of Hammarskjöld and Kazantzakis, as well as old legends and fables. They will all come alive to you. You begin to see and begin to understand what these people went through because it is not so different from what you have been through. In every culture, there is poetry and myth about the cost of service. Just the understanding of being part of this "crimson line of service" is a great support. One enters into a kind of covenant with all the people who have gone before and all the people who will come after. It has been exactly the same for them as it is for you and me.

Here is another of these lovely discoveries that comes so unexpectedly — the way one can talk about one's deepest feelings, one's innermost convictions and one's major worries with anyone

whom you sense is living the vocated life. It doesn't matter who or what they are. Millionaires or dustmen. It doesn't matter what their background is or their politics or religion. When you recognise a vocated person, they will understand immediately the meaning behind your stumbling words.

Then, what happens to a community or religion where a vocated person lands up, the global servant who assumes responsibility for the globe in the exact place where he or she is standing at that given moment? A very small percentage of vocated people can make an enormous difference in the structures for human caring. The vocated person can become a resource and a model for others. The vocated person can stand up and say, "I dare to be a prophet." "I dare to train people." "I have got the methods." "I have got the way." They can even be journey masters and help others to walk on this journey of the vocated life. The whole of this life is all one deed and one service and in it one's very self is lost, utterly lost. As Dag Hammarskjöld says:

> I don't know who or what put the question. I don't know when it was put. I don't remember answering. But at some moment I did answer "Yes". To someone or something. And from that hour I was certain that existence was meaningful, and my life in self-surrender had a goal.

* Sub-titled "The Recovery of Vocation", delivered at the Global Council, Chicago, July 1983.

The Declaration of Liza Tod

I have written and torn up thousands of words on this subject. It was all rubbish but I hope it cleared my mind and that I can state my reasons for being in the Order clearly and concisely.

My whole life has been working toward the Order since I was a child when my favourite reading was myths, legends and fairy stories from all over the world. I developed a more global outlook and interest in people than most others around me. I never went to school after I was ten or eleven so I had plenty of time to think

and read. I married into the Army, lived in many places, and realised the great need for a vast improvement in the quality of life for most everyone. I joined many voluntary organisations but to none could I give my whole-hearted allegiance, and certainly not my life.

When I met the Order I was instantly attracted by the people. They seemed to understand so much of my half-formed, vague aspirations. They knew the world, its people and cultures. They knew that men, women and children were as important as one another. They spent their whole lives in service to people, not just their spare time. They were a thinking, planning and disciplined people who were always kind and caring and never afraid of laughter.

So I decided to join them, after a tremendous struggle. I had so much to unlearn before I could start to learn and become a part of this remarkable group of people, whom I felt were the people I had been really searching for all my life. Until then, I had always felt a stranger in the world, but no longer. I had come home. I had a real part to play, people to love and care for, people who taught me the real meaning of care for one's neighbour whoever they might be and whatever culture they might come from. They helped me grow up in my old age!

I love the Order as a whole and individually, and believe completely in the work it is doing. I know we make many mistakes and fall flat on our faces at times. We are only human, after all. But we have the great gift built into our structure of self-criticism and willingness to accept our mistakes and rebuild our thoughts and doings while never losing sight of our precepts. We do not suffer from false pride.

If the world would give us time, we really could make the world a great place in which to be alive, instead of a place of horror, misery and deprivation it is for so many. We can do it and this summer will be a very big step on our journey. We have the brains, the faith, the will and the people to accomplish miracles.

There is also a vast number of people in the world who are just waiting for a lead to start really working with us, not in the Order, but of it. I could never leave the Order, but if I ever had to physically because of old age or illness, I would never leave it mentally or spiritually. It would be an utter impossibility. We are going into a great time of change, which will mean stress. Change is life; not to change is to die. I know we will live.

1988

Change and Growth

I was reading a book by a Chinese gentleman and came across a phrase that caught my imagination. This is it.

"All species can die of hyperspecialisation, an idea carried to excess. The dinosaurs did. They got hyperarmoured and their brains got smaller and smaller. The same thing can happen to us with our enormous bombs and our smaller and smaller capacity to trust in one another. It is being too sure that one is right that finishes one off."

The International Exposition of Rural Development (IERD) has shown us that we are one of thousands of organisations and millions of people who see and understand that care and service are needed by many people. This is good but each one must beware of overspecialisation. Many have not been careful enough. They have stayed with what they knew had succeeded before. They become afraid of change and so they died. History is full of failed causes.

All people and organisations should grow, not necessarily in numbers, but in thinking. To live is to grow. Growth means change and change is growth. Never fear change but work to understand how that change will help growth in a constructive way, however difficult and painful it may be.

In Victoria Park, some beautiful bushes were growing splendidly. One day, I was shocked to see that they were cut down to short bare stubs. I was horrified. Then I looked more closely and saw

experts — people who knew what needed doing and had the courage to do it — had cut them. The pruning may have encouraged them to grow into a completely different-shaped bush or one of much the same shape. It all depends on the pruners. Sure enough, in a few weeks, new shoots could be seen coming from the sturdy base, nourished by the well-established root system. Those bushes will now grow twice as beautiful and three times as strong as they would have been if they had been left to grow as they were. They would have become straggly and weak and any strong wind or careless passer-by could have snapped the branches and allowed rot and disease to get into the bush and flow down to the roots and the bush would have died.

This is why I am excited by the Year of Order Council. We are experts, deeply concerned, hard thinking, and with courage. We are going to look at our Order and see where it needs pruning and what needs cutting out. Never fear for the final results, the roots go deep and will hold in the rich soil from which they sprang.

The eventual shape of the bush may be unrecognisable by some. But that is of no consequence. In one way, nothing will be changed. It will still be the same bush still growing from the same roots and still nourished by the same care, prepared to grow new shoots and become a stronger and bigger bush than we can ever imagine.

I have great faith in our Order. I have worked with it and watched it through several years and many changes of direction.

I came in as the last half dozen of the 24 Human Development Projects (HDPs) were being filled in. This was a wonderful time and I, in my ignorance, thought we could go on like that forever. But no. Of course, we did go on doing HDPs, but also started the "golding" campaign, doing community meetings all over the world — 10,000 of them. "Good," I said, "this is our real work", and marvelled at all the programs that had come out of our experience and settled down to get on with what we were doing. Then came the real bombshell of the IERD. I was convinced the

IERD was the final glorious finishing touch to all our work that shaped our future and we could and would carry on from there.

But even before the dust had begun to settle, we were launched into the Year of Order Council. It seems we are not yet in danger of carrying one idea to excess and becoming dinosaurs and dying of hyperspecialisation and I pray we never will. I know my prayers will be answered.

5 May 1984

The Healing Power of Hills and Nature

I started to think about this when Marilyn Oyler led us in a meditation last Saturday. She made us visualise ourselves lying flat on our backs on the grass on a beautiful summer's day.

"Let your eyes wander and see a butterfly. Admire its colour, its lightness of flight. Then look higher and see a large bird, perhaps an eagle, soaring gracefully, only occasionally moving a wing. Look higher and see a soft, summer cloud drifting across the sky, gently changing shape till it's out of sight. Then look at the great arch of blue sky holding everything. Then become part of the sky. Pause here a little while. Slowly drift down and become the cloud; now the eagle; finally the butterfly."

This made me remember a little grey-haired and wrinkled man, dressed in hospital pyjamas and a very old pullover. We passed each other while walking round the circular corridor with the wards on one side and offices in the centre. We met, we smiled, and he asked if I was enjoying my walk. I said, "Yes, it's wonderful to be able to walk again." He told me he loved walking round and round because he always imagined the sea on his right where the wards were. Sometimes, it was a lovely sunny day and people in colourful holiday clothes were walking up and down, meeting and chatting. Children were running around and playing on the beach, building sandcastles and paddling in the sea. Other times, he walked by a bare and rocky coastline, great cliffs soaring up from the sea which broke in spray at his feet. He was a happy man and there are not many truly happy patients in hospitals, but he

had the sun and the sea always with him. After meeting him, I too walked by the sea. I never saw him again and I sometimes wonder if he was real.

The sea is a great healer. So, too, are parks and gardens, fields and woods, but above all, hills, steep hills rising above the rest of the world. There is a great power in hills that you can feel when walking among them. There is the joy of stopping for a drink at a tumbling stream, a wonderful reward for all your efforts, looking down to a still lake in a steep valley below.

Most of all, you feel the power of the hills at night when you are walking or camping among half-hidden hills. They seem to have drawn closer so you can touch the sky and the stars.

A great silence wraps around you and you only hear the rustle of a small creature going about its private affairs. A soft night wind drifts by just touching you and leaving no trace of its passing.

The mist, around — impenetrable, solid but cannot touch.
Walk through at your peril.
I sat one morning unable to see a yard
Watched it slowly clearing.
Glimpses of the world below.

Then hidden sun rose — the mist drifted away.
First see where you are sitting
Trees around you
Below, a village half-veiled in mist
People starting to move and do chores
Milk cow, chickens, dog, children.

Slowly hills revealed in majesty
Further the silver sea
Hold reflections snow-capped mountains
Calm and shining surface
The dawn wind ruffled by seagulls diving
A new day begun
Walked down to the village and breakfast
All touched by magic of hills and the dawn
Never forgotten.

Cardinal Newman many years ago said : "I say of the angels — every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garment, the waving robes of those whose faces see God."

Three Types of Caring

You have often told me that I must have experienced a variety of happenings when I was in hospital that would make for many witnesses. I supposed this to be true, so being assigned to do the witness today gave me the push I needed to think back and attempt to clarify my thoughts.

The first thing that came to mind was the people who helped me to get though a rather trying experience. I thought of their different approaches and realised there were three ways of helping someone in hospital:

- Sympathy, which can be defined as pity or compassion
- Empathy, or the power of understanding someone else's feelings
- The absence of either of these

To my everlasting gratitude, I met all three. They were all helpful in their various ways. What happens to one's body is very important but even more important is what happens to one's spirit. One of my favorite sayings is "It's not what happens to you that matters. It's how you react to it that counts", or words to that effect. So I will take the three different approaches and say how they helped me.

Sympathy

I met this in two or three people. One was a nurse. The immediate effect of her sympathy was to make me feel sorry for myself, as she sat on my bed and held my hand and looked sad for me, bless her. I began to worry: Was I worse than I thought? Did she know something I didn't know? Doctors don't always tell you everything. Down I went until I realised that self-pity was overwhelming me.

I began to fight back. I had to resist this well-meant but weakening kindness. I had to think of all the good things — the sun shone, the rain rained, I was alive and being well-cared for. Thinking and saying these things stiffened my will and was a great help to me. I couldn't have taken her kindness often but fortunately she was very busy and couldn't stop by too frequently. But just seeing her go past my door made me start thinking of all the arguments against self-pity, so she and one or two others were a great help.

I don't mean sympathy is wrong but in a long drawn-out case like mine, it wasn't helpful in itself. In the short-term it is helpful, every time.

Empathy

Empathy is the power or art of understanding others' needs. I met this frequently and I could not have managed without it. It came from doctors and nurses, letters and get-well cards. Never doubt the power of these. All of you who came regularly to visit me were a strength indeed. You drew me back to the world outside the hospital. I knew you cared or you wouldn't have been sitting beside my bed giving up so much of your precious time and energy just to be with me and talk. It was wonderful and very strengthening. You made me feel real again. You took me out of my surroundings and gave me something other than myself to think about. My brain wasn't always as good as it might have been and quite often I could not remember more than a sentence or two of what you had said, but a glow remained. My life had been enriched. You will never know how important your visits to me were.

No sympathy or empathy

The last people were those who offered no sympathy and no empathy. One of these was the anaesthetist whom I met regularly in the operating theatre. I didn't enjoy him. He was loud-voiced, hearty and casual. I was just another job on the operating table that had to be done and got out of the way, the sooner the better. Then I realised that was exactly what I was — just another job he

did every day. So why should I worry? I realised my pride was hurt. I was me and needed care and consideration. But didn't I reject sympathy when it came my way? So just relax and let him get on with his job, I told myself.

So here we had the people and the approaches that made up the wonderful team that helped me through a difficult time —

- the ones with sympathy who made me fight self-pity.
- the ones with empathy who brought me the great big wonderful world from outside and showed me I was still a part of it.
- and the one who made me see I was just another job on a busy day, one of many in the hospital in Hong Kong and in the world, one of the lucky ones who was receiving good medical attention.

All these people helped me so much and I am endlessly grateful to them.

Cathedrals and the ICA

There are two cathedrals in England I especially love. Canterbury Cathedral is the one I want to talk about. I cannot remember the date it was built, but I do know it was 800 years old when Geoffrey Chaucer, who wrote *The Canterbury Tales*, went to the school attached to the cathedral. He was born in 1342. My youngest grandson is going to the same school in the same building in a couple of years and may possibly sleep in the same dormitory.

I feel we should plan our future way of living and working as the people of the church did so long ago and to a certain extent, do so still. I am not suggesting that we build huge and magnificent buildings that will last 1000 years or more, but that we use their methods.

The word "cathedral" means a seat; a cathedral was the seat of all learning. Around the cathedral were houses for the clergy, dormitories for monks, and schools for teaching all kinds of subjects

including music, voice training, manuscript illumination, and stained glass work. There was also a library and archives that all could consult. They trained people for the church and held services.

The cathedral is the mother church for all the parish churches scattered around the diocese. Parish priests could always go and seek advice, discuss things with the cathedral staff, and refresh themselves by talking with like-minded people and consulting books. Once a year, all the priests from outlying parishes walked or rode to the cathedral on tracks that still exist but which now are mostly roads. They came to the Mother Church, hence Mothering Sunday, which has become to the lay world to mean breakfast-in-bed for mother. Not so then.

Couldn't we do something the same — have a centre where those of the Order who appreciate the communal life could live together, have a library of books and videos and reports of our doings from all over the world for any one to read, and strange artifacts from around the globe for atmosphere? There would be enough room to hold seminars and training programs, as well as offices to deal with central matters.

Others who prefer to live on their own would have houses or flats within a reasonable distance of the centre. They would gather a group or groups around them and run programs specially planned for the group and send those interested to the centre to be trained on how to become facilitators and to plan programs. Each of these groups would run different programs, depending on where their passions lay and what demands were made on them.

[*Liza wrote this in response to a request to say how the ICA might work after the Global Council of 1984, at which a number of major changes in the organization were proposed and implemented.*]

The Necessity to Change

I have always thought that courage in living and thinking and being was one of the first essentials to being effective. The courage

to look at life and your place in it. I have been haunted by words in the song we sing, "The Courage to Care":

> This world in transition, all forms torn apart
> Creates a new mission, demands a new heart
> The new world is crushing, the one that we knew
> Our minds barely touching, the change rushing through.

When I was in Europe, I felt it was dying, and if it was dying, it was because it was not facing up to changes and could not see what was happening to the world around it. I came to Malaysia and got a totally different feeling. Here was a country and people getting a firm hold of the future. The difference was astonishing.

People are talking of change everywhere and realising it's a fact whether we like it or not. Elaine was telling me of a book she had heard someone talking about on the need to change our whole way of thinking, which is a big order. We can make changes in our actions that may seem big and brave but unless we change our way of thinking, it will only be lip service to the future.

We are changing. There is our big proposal on East Asia and Pacifica, a huge and sweeping concept. We must not diminish it one iota. We must change our way of thought to embrace it, make it become part of our being, not as an end in itself, but as a beginning. The IERD is changing and will change everything yet again.

There was an article in yesterday's *South China News* called the Pacific Explosion that we should all read. Change is all about us and we know it. The ICA is full of the knowledge of change. We must live it, plan for it, be it. Organisations throughout history that have failed to change have died. We must not die. We must have the words and the courage to care, the vision to share, throbbing through our lives and illuminating our thoughts; to work with this change which is the new world crushing the one that we knew. Half measures won't do.

Creative Unity

I have been thinking about the great power of the Order and how it comes into being. Recently, I came across the phrase "Creative Unity" and realised it had something to do with this power.

I have always deeply appreciated that our Order Houses are made up of people of both sexes, from many different cultures, religions, backgrounds and ages, from nothing much to old age and everything in between. They live and work together, learning from each other.

Never forget how much even the smallest child can do for the Order. Did you see two year-old Carmen at Ashrath's birthday party? I saw her sitting on the floor surrounded by Chinese people whom I am sure she could never have met before. She had a squashy bit of candy of some sort in her hand and she was solemnly tearing off tiny pieces of equal size and giving it to the next person in the circle till everyone had a piece, and then she popped the last bit into her own mouth.

Nobody had told her to do this. It was a charming and touching little scene that those who took part in or witnessed will not easily forget. The fact that Carmen was Peruvian, is now American, and the people she fed were Chinese, and those who watched were Filipinos, British and Americans, made it a very powerful scene.

There was great wisdom in the Order's early decision that men and women of all ages and cultures should live and work together, learning from each other quite unconsciously.

I have watched many organisations and joined several and have always grown dissatisfied with them because they set their sights too low and so achieved little. They were always of one sex and mostly the same race and background. If they were made up of both sexes, the females were allowed to speak but were usually overruled, unless they were volunteering to make the coffee. Forgive me. I am biased; things are changing.

You can imagine my joy when I finally found the Order, an organisation that set its sights impossibly high and then went ahead and achieved more than it had set out to do. And what it did, lived on. Before it had finished one project, it was planning the next.

You remember the 24 Human Development Projects? That's where I came in, just at the end. That was followed immediately by the campaign of Town Meetings, which in turn was followed by the International Exposition of Rural Development. Each was an impossibly wild idea, but they all worked.

I found that this Order actively encouraged everyone to express his or her views, however foolish or off the point. Allowances were made for everyone from the bombastic person who wanted to hold the floor to the shy or uncertain one who found it hard to speak. One was controlled and the other encouraged, and all opinions and ideas were accepted, and given equal weight. Each person's growth was of great importance.

I will never forget how Larry helped me when I was trying to get my brain working again after too many anaesthetics in too short a time. We were assigned to work on producing a syllabus on a schedule for a program, or something like that. Anyway, there were about 10 columns on the board, which we had to fill in. Larry could have done the job in half an hour on his own but he took three times as long to explain each column to me. As soon as we moved on to the next column, I forgot everything about the one we had just finished, but he encouraged me to speak and even wrote my vague ideas on the board. I am sure they were never used, but it was a wonderful thing to do. I began to see that it was going to be possible for me to become a thinking human being once more.

All this leads up to something I read in *Out of Africa* by Baroness Blixen. It says what I understand to be true but could never put into words. She was talking about the happiness and spiritual satisfaction she got from living among people of several different

tribes and races — the Masai, Kikuyu, Somalis and several others. She learnt about their cultures and beliefs and their wonderful understanding of all the animals and birds and plants that made up their world and ruled their lives. She said: "In order to form and make up a unity, especially a creative unity, the individual components must be of different natures; they should even be, in a sense, contrasts. Two homogeneous units will never be capable of forming a whole, or at best, the whole will remain barren."

Men and women become one, a physically and spiritually creative unity by virtue of their dissimilarities. A hook and eye are a unity, a fastening. With two hooks you can do nothing. A right-hand glove with its contrast, a left-hand glove, makes a pair. Two right-hand gloves you throw away. A number of perfectly similar articles do not make a whole.

A quartet is a unity because it is made up of dissimilar instruments. An orchestra is a unity, and may be perfect, but 20 double basses striking up the same tune are chaos.

I think that sums up all I wanted to say, except that the word "chaos" made me remember one other great piece of wisdom. I am told that the two Chinese characters that make up the word "chaos" are danger and creativity. Remember that the next time you feel your life or the life of the Order is in chaos. Work your way painfully and prayerfully through danger and creativity.

My Reason for Being in the ICA

I have been a wanderer all my life.

My education was spasmodic until I was 11 years old when I realised there was no point in going on at school since I was absent so often. I had developed trouble with my heart when I was about five years old, not life threatening, but very tiresome and limiting what I could do.

These days, a pill or two can keep it under control but nothing was known of such things in 1917. As I couldn't go to school, I lived very much on my own, and was looked on as odd by all who

went to school. I couldn't understand what they talked about. I knew none of the "in" words. My two chief joys were scouring the countryside on my bicycle and reading. I read all I could get hold of, and dreamed of travel. As I grew up I was still odd and couldn't join the tennis club, had no old school friends, so what was I? An oddity to be avoided.

I married a soldier and travelled the world. I mixed more with men as they did not expect me to know what they knew, or behave like them. The women still thought I was suspect. They could not put a label on me. Men didn't worry as long as I listened to their talk without interrupting.

I learnt a lot about the world this way and learnt to draw my own conclusions. I joined many voluntary organisations as I saw much needed doing, but they were all female organisations, and in my eyes, lacked the male way of thought and never took things far enough.

Then one day, when I was 63, I met the ICA, a mixed group. I knew they were people I could talk to, but would they understand? They did. It took me time to lose my inhibitions that had grown over the years, but as I did, I learnt to trust the ICA. They didn't think I was odd if I didn't conform to certain social standards. They were from many different cultures and all that mattered was that you were a caring person.

The ICA delighted me by the fact that nothing was considered impossible. If it needed doing, they went ahead and did it — not always very well but they had the sense to know that nothing is perfect. What matters is trying and learning from one's mistakes.

Here at last were my people. They taught me so much and cared for me and made me who I am now. I am still learning and being cared for and caring.

I could never leave the ICA now. It is my life and my love. I will always want to live as part of the community and serve it in

whatever way I can. I would love to live in Bayley Street for the rest of my life or anywhere else that sees fit to call me.

1988

The Role of Elders in the Order

I see the elder's role in the Order as similar to that of a grandparent who can pass on the history and myths of the Order to the newcomers who are not aware of our roots. By their very presence, elders can affect the atmosphere of a House. Because of their age, they need a different kind of care and understanding than younger members. They introduce a different element, just as children do.

I see myself as one who always has time and the inclination to listen to anyone who feels the need to verbalise something that is causing them concern or joy, or to get their thinking sorted out about something that has happened or is going to happen. I love to hear reports of what has been done in the way of programs and calls. This keeps me in touch with people, the life of the House, and the Order.

It is always important that I read all the reports that come in so I get an idea of global thinking and events. I love to meet anyone who comes to the House. They always bring new thoughts. Also I must continue to read the newspaper and cut out bits of interest that touch our work.

With all this, I can be a real member of the House, with understanding and opinions of my own to pass on for the pot. I will also attend meetings whenever I can.

A Letter to A Friend

Dear Janice,

The six weeks of the Global Order Council have just ended, and what a six weeks it has been! Among other things, it has made me stop and think about myself and my life and role in the Order, and the life of others of my age. I find this a very positive experience.

As you know, I am 72, and have a bad back and an unreliable heart. But this can be no excuse for not still leading a very full and rewarding life.

When I joined this Global Order, I found I had become part of a large and loving family, comprised of people of all ages and nationalities. It is a deeply caring family, not only for all the people of the world, but also for each individual. My needs and weaknesses are always considered and especially my great need to grow mentally and spiritually, as well as my need to have fun! My strengths and "wisdom" — such as it is — are fully appreciated and called upon at the most unexpected times. I am never treated as an old lady who should sit all day in the sun, or by the fire, with her knitting and her cat!

I have never been trained to do any one thing in particular so I have no special skills to draw on, but I have learnt a little bit about a lot of things, as I have travelled through life.

My days are full, each one quite different from the last. Basically, I work in the office, which keeps me in touch with all the day-to-day events that happen, not only in the place where I am living at the time — last year it was Hong Kong! — but also in places all over the world. One never knows just what the next letter or phone call will bring.

I help with the planning of each day's work, and also with the planning for the week, the month and the year. We study and discuss many books I would never have thought of reading on my own, as well as papers written on a variety of subjects.

I learn new things all the time. I go on visits with my colleagues, and meet all sorts of interesting people, and this is where my age sometimes is a distinct advantage! We tell them of our work and ask for their help, advice or money. It's exciting when you sense they are really beginning to understand what one is talking about.

We also have social evenings and show slides or videos and talk about our work. And, of course, we have celebrations — fine parties on the spur of the moment when something really good has happened. We also have parties if something has gone very wrong, so we celebrate, cheer up and try again!

We have people of all ages with the Order, from new babies to people of nearly 80 years. One woman, who has been blind for 12 years, joined us three years ago, with her seeing-eye dog, Vogar. She is a tremendous person to have around. She takes part in everything, and because of the way she has dealt with her handicap, she has a special sort of wisdom. She has even had the courage to accept an assignment this year to Caracas in Venezuela. There is a remarkable man who has been in the Order for years, and has always had very badly twisted and paralysed legs. He gets about with difficulty, but with speed, using a stick, and he does a full day's work. He also has a black belt for judo, and is a master teacher of karate! In addition to all of this, he is a professor of something, but I cannot remember what. Another remarkable man, an Indian architect nearly 80 years old, has worked closely with the Order for years. When he had a severe heart attack and was told to take things easy, he promptly went back to India and travelled around the villages teaching people how to build better homes for themselves.

These people add so much to our life here, as does every single member of the Order, no matter his or her age or nationality. In fact, the old people in the Order only complete the continuum, just as the babies start it for us all.

We are now planning for the next 16 years. Reflecting on the task, I have asked myself whether I have a continuing role to play in all this. The answer, very firmly, is "yes" and I will play it to the best of my ability.

Love,
Liza

People Leaving the Order

- Why do people leave a House or the Order? Because the Order doesn't satisfy them or to find a new life for themselves or possibly for their children. Why do people leave the family? Because they want other ways of life. Why do they forget their schools? Because they have grown out of them. Why do they grow out of them? Because they see other things they want more than what they have.

- All life is growth one way or another. Some grow straight, some bend, and some hit a snag and turn sharply, going off at a completely new angle and sometimes, tack. They take another right-angled turn and come back on the original tack.

- The Order is not to blame. The House is not to blame. The leavers are not to blame. It is all three that have failed to provide the leavers' needs.

- We must always believe in the Order. Trust ye the precepts. The Order must always be able to trust us. We must not lose faith in or doubt the Order's wisdom and rightness. We must look to ourselves and how we live the Order and demonstrate the Order in our daily lives.

- We need faith to accept change, whether we understand the change immediately or only much later.

- No organisation will suit everyone forever. Even Jesus had Peter and Judas among his closest followers.

- People change and the Order changes, which doesn't suit everybody.

- "Honour all people", as we say in the Daily Office, means you, me and all in and out of the Order.

- A lot of things are not right in our life and a lot are not right in the life of the world. Our attitude of steadfast faith is vital at this great turning point of our lives.

- We will never know what is good and what is bad for a person, a House, or the Order.
- It's not what happens but how one reacts to it that's important.

What Gets Me Out of My Door Every Morning

- The love of my colleagues and their love for me.
- The knowledge that I do contribute something.
- Knowing my presence is needed to complete the team.
- It's a new day.
- Becoming part of a team. The great understanding one has of teamwork.
- The kindness of relationships. Trust. Great stability and support.
- The freedom to speak one's true mind and thoughts, knowing one will be understood and accepted. Convention does not come into the thinking and talking. All ideas can be expressed and considered. Honesty of thought is what everyone strives for.
- The excitement of the day. What will happen? No day is the same as another. One knows it won't be what one expects. Boredom is unknown. Exhaustion, yes. There is something about the adventure of the spirit.
- The people I meet and talk with.
- Discipline. I joined this lot. My life is here. I have no other. I want no other. I can think of no better life. This life is rich and fulfilling. It's dangerous and demanding.
- When I had no purpose in my life, I asked God to head me to a big pond in which I could be a small fish. God did, with his usual terrifying exaggeration of my wishes. In Chicago

each summer, I see the overall plan. I am a small part of that plan all the year.

- The feeling that what one is doing, is right. One may not understand but there is always someone who does.
- As much as I dislike the word, this life is a "challenge".
- Being forced to think deeply.
- No one counts the cost of their care.
- Self-pity is not considered or encouraged.
- The rewards are great. The disasters are accepted as part of life.
- The knowledge that I will grow a little each day.
- How can one not get out the door and into life?

Taking Note

Among the many materials Liza's friends and colleagues sent me for this book were things Liza had written or jotted down from things she had seen or heard that caught her attention. I have attempted to verify their sources and check for accuracy, but wasn't able to in all cases. I have organised them into categories according to the type of piece they are — booknotes, jottings, musings, and quotations. The first two I have included in this chapter; the latter two as separate chapters. Because a number of items in all four categories deal specifically with the ICA/EI/Order Ecumenical, I have included these in the chapter "Life in Community".

Booknotes

For a long time, I stood looking at the lovely line of gentle hills which surround us on three sides; the Hangers to the northwest, Butser Hill to the south and Harting Down in the east. Some phrase of [Cardinal] Newman, in garbled form, ran in my head — something about the line of the hills being the skirts of the Angels of God. Checking it up, I find, "I say of the Angels — every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving robes of those whose faces see God."

Blessings in Disguise, Alec Guinness

In the middle of the night, Anna and Fynn were sitting by a canal in the East End of London, deep in conversation on the meaning of things. Suddenly Anna said, "I love the dark. You can see so much further than you can in the light when your thoughts are continually bumping into the things you can see around you."

Mister God, This is Anna, Fynn

The work of hands compels the mind to rest and gives free rein to movements of the soul.

I have been reading this book with great interest. Some of it I do not understand at all but some I do and what I understand gives me a new way of looking at one's journey through life. Shirley Maclaine sees the whole of life as one great movie made up of lots of smaller ones. All people are actors engaged in the production. She says:

We are all actors and act every moment of our lives. Because we act, we write our own scripts. As actors, we are given many parts to play, some of which suit us and we play them well. Some we cannot get to grips with, so our act is a flop. No matter, all acting is experience. Failure teachers us a lot about ourselves and our capabilities. Some find their roles very quickly and become settled in a part or get typecast and know just what to do. Some stay as extras in crowd scenes, some play camera operators, directors, authors, sceneshifters, writers, lighting people, painters, etc. There are parts for everyone. What matters is how you play those that are given to you from time to time.

It's All in the Playing, Shirley MacLaine

"Life begins at eighty because when you reach that age, no one expects anything of you and you are forgiven everything." This wise remark was made by a lonely, old character in a book that gave me great pleasure, *The Cat Who Lived High* by Lilian Jackson Braun. It's a very happy book. There is a general feeling at the beginning that it is going to be a crime novel but one soon finds it is much more a book about people and two Siamese cats, Koko and Yum Yum. It's very well written, very funny and kind. Even if you don't know cats as personalities, you will get to know these and the people stick in one's mind. The main character, Qwilleran, and his friends crop up in many more of Lilian Jackson Braun's books,

all of which have titles starting "The Cat Who ..." For light but intelligent reading, they are hard to beat. They are totally original in plot, characters and conversations of astonishing erudition and are to be enjoyed even if you haven't the faintest understanding of the subject, such as this one on higher mathematics, which is a closed and locked subject to me. It doesn't intrude but drifts in and out, as Qwilleran is a professor of mathematics.

The Cat Who Lived High, Lilian Jackson Braun

If you cannot understand my argument, and declare "It's Greek to me", you are quoting Shakespeare; if you claim to be more sinned against than sinning you are quoting Shakespeare: if you recall your salad days, you are quoting Shakespeare; if you act more in sorrow than in anger, if your wish is father to the thought, if your lost property has vanished into thin air, you are quoting Shakespeare; if you have ever refused to budge an inch or suffered from green-eyed jealousy, if you have played fast and loose, if you have been tongue-tied, a tower of strength, hoodwinked or in a pickle, if you have knitted your brows, made a virtue of necessity, insisted on fair play, slept not one wink, stood on ceremony, danced attendance (on your lord or master), laughed yourself into stitches, had short shrift, cold comfort or too much of a good thing, if you have seen better days or lived in a fool's paradise — why, be that as it may, the more fool you, for it is a foregone conclusion that you are (as good luck would have it) quoting Shakespeare; if you think it is early days and clear out bag and baggage, if you think it is high time and that that is the long and short of it, if you believe that the game is up and that truth will out even if it involves your own flesh and blood, if you lie low until the crack of doom because you suspect foul play, if you have your teeth set on edge (in one fell swoop) without rhyme or reason, then — to give the devil his due — if the truth were known (for surely you have a tongue in your head) you are quoting Shakespeare; even if you bid me good riddance and send

me packing, if you wish I was dead as a door nail, if you think I am an eyesore, a laughing stock, the devil incarnate, a stony-hearted villain, bloody-minded or a blinking idiot, then — by Jove! O Lord! Tut, tut! For goodness' sake! What the dickens! But me no buts — it is all one to me, for you are quoting Shakespeare.

Bernard Levin, on Shakespeare,
quoted in *The Story of English,*
Robert McCrum, William Cran and Robert MacNeil

In *The Clan of the Cave Bear* by Jean Auel, they understood gratitude, but that carried a different connotation. Generally, it meant a sense of obligation, usually from a person of lesser status. They helped one another because it was their way of life, their duty, necessary for survival, and no thanks was expected or received. Special gifts or honours carried the onus of obligation to return them with something of like value. This was understood and no thanks were necessary.

I have become most excited about a book on Tibet, *Land of the Snow Lion,* by Elaine Brook. Tibet is one of my favourite countries. Or is it the people I love? Could be.

Elaine Brook, an English mountaineer, starts off with a climbing team in Tibet with the understanding that she would leave them before the really difficult climb starts, as she was not of the standard demanded by the men. She would then go walking through Tibet where she had been before. She spoke a little Tibetan. She was looking for something; she didn't know what it was but she knew she would recognise it when she found it. Of course, it was in herself. She walked alone, lived in tiny villages, and came to know the people who maintained their inner peace under great difficulties and hardships.

At first, I didn't much care for the beginning when she wrote of the plans and problems of getting to Tibet — visas, permissions, personality clashes. Later, I realised this was needed to show the different ways people had of dealing with life's problems. I was fascinated with the book and it made me crave to learn more about the "Dharma", the basic ethics of Buddhism. I was then led to my bookshelf to rearrange books, nothing to do with what I have written here, and *Shambhala* by Chogyam Trungpa fell into my hand!! Exactly what I needed and wanted so much. I am now sitting down to reread it.

The snow lion is a symbol of Tibet. It lives in high mountains and glaciers and is white with a turquoise mane and tail. It leaps from peak to peak, never touching the snow. The following is taken from *Land of the Snow Lion.* It is a conversation between Marco Pallis, a Himalayan mountain climber of the 1930s-turned-Tibetan scholar, in conversation with the Lama of Lachlen:

One day the Lama suddenly asked me: "Why do you go up to the Zemu and try to climb snow mountains?"

I made a lame answer, "We love to go to the wild places for their solitude, to avoid the bustle of town life."

"You will never find it thus," he replied, "you have no idea how to seek it. It cannot be won by such methods. It will not be obtained nor acquired, nor procured, nor encompassed. The solitude to seek is the concentration of your own heart. If you have once found it, it will not matter where you are".

Pallis replied by quoting from Milarepa's songs: "Obeisance at the feet of Marpa the Translator, may he grant me strength to persevere in my mountain retreat."

But knowing in his heart that mountains are the means and not the end, he asked the Lama: "Tell me truly, can anything be learned about solitude without a teacher?"

"It cannot."

"So it seems a study of the sacred books by itself won't reveal the way to it."

"It will not reveal it ...
without milk you won't make butter
without barley you won't brew beer
without meditation you won't attain Buddhahood."

Elaine Brook writes, "In this context, the teacher gives not only technical instruction and guidance to his pupil but, by initiating him into the practice, provides the subtle inspiration which sets the mind on the path of meditation." She quoted this because she had found the peace of mind that often accompanies time spent in mountain solitude, which sometimes tempts one to make a facile equation with ascetic practices of hermits like Milarepa, but knew that this alone was just a temporary "high" without foundation. Marco Pallis expressed this contrast in his conversation with the Lama of Lachlen.

She is in a monastery talking with a Lama.

She pulled the Milarepa book out of her bag and showed it to him. He examined it carefully.

"This is English script?"

"It is the story of Milarepa in English."

He nods again, touches the book reverently, pauses, then speaks again. "There is a prophecy, made by Guru Rimpoche when he first came to Tibet. He said, 'When the iron bird flies, and houses run on wheels, the Tibetan people will be scattered like ants across the world, and the Dharma will come to the Red man.'"

The guru hands the book back and sits in silence. Slowly I begin to smile, I know what he is saying. Not that I have wasted my time here. Any search is a journey, a process of learning. But he is telling me that the "secrets", the teachings of Tibet have already moved on, and I can find what I am looking for at home. All Tibet needed to do was to open my eyes so that I knew how to look.

The Song of the Breaking Pot
by Milarepa, the Tibetan hermit.

I owned a pot
Containing all my worldly riches
And at the same time, I did not have it.
With this loss
I gained the realisation
Of the impermanence of things
My humble pot becomes my teacher
In the very moment of its breaking.

What you write in ink, in small black letters
Can all be lost
Through the work of a single drop of water,
But what is written in your mind
Is there for eternity.

Tsangyang Gyatso, the sixth Dalai Lama

Jottings

Do you remember that some English divine once remarked that it was a mistake to suppose that God is chiefly concerned with religion?

I heard on the radio a discussion on religions and how they frequently led to wars, persecutions and all sorts of horrid things. Surely, that meant religion was a bad thing on the whole. The reply was that wars and persecutions were not always caused by religion. One had to love the good and hate the bad, all religions taught this. The trouble came when one hated the bad more than one loved the good; or much worse, loved the bad.

Last night you walked solitarily amidst men women and children. Now you belong to the village.

Claudia spoke of someone who wanted to learn Zen. The teacher said nothing but poured tea into a cup that already had some tea in it and the cup overflowed. When asked why, he said you couldn't pour a cup of tea unless the cup was empty or void. The same with Zen — you could not teach it until the pupil's mind was void or empty of all previous knowledge.

No one can make her or his mind a void. Something has to happen to make one realise that all one knows is not true and not needed and misguided, and one must start all over again. Many things can trigger this. You may know what did it for you and made you ready for the Religious Studies-I course. With me, it was when God spoke to me in Commercial Road, Prahran, Melbourne, and firmly told me to stop using Him as a crutch and learn to walk beside Him. I panicked and said, "But I couldn't possibly do that." He said, "Why not?" and went away completely.

I had relied so much on my conventional knowledge of God all my life and especially when I became a widow. That was what he meant by "using Him as a crutch." I was lost, bewildered, distraught, in despair and hopeless. All I had trusted in was swept away by those few words "stop using me as a crutch" and "walk beside me."

Change is life, good or bad. One's reaction to it is growth — for people, organisations or countries. In the 1950s, Japan made clothes and other goods. In the '60s, it changed to cars and ships; in the '70s, to electronics. So in the '80s, it is way ahead. They saw the trends and were not afraid to change.

Talking of caring ... after the film, Libby said that our work in projects must help us to live together. I said it was the other way round. If one didn't live co-operatively, caring for one's colleagues, one couldn't do it in a project, or at a course. I suddenly understood from that exchange the meaning of "charity begins at home", which has always baffled me. Charity is love. This must be taught in the home before it can be extended to the globe.

The acceptance of karma should not be confused with fatalism. We are all to a great extent, masters of our own fate. But also we must learn to bow before the inevitable. This is the true meaning of acceptance and it is only this that brings the harmony without which life is not really worth living.

I am a great admirer of people who use and develop any talent with which they have been fortunate enough to be blessed to the fullest extent possible. I have often been asked what sort of people I admire and have never before been able to put my feelings into words.

1st January 1993 — My favourite quotation and the one I try to live by, and fail is: Whatsoever you do, do it with love.

When I think about it, you find that when it says, "Whatsoever you do" is exactly what it means, even brushing your teeth or sweeping up dust. If you do it with love, you do a much better job and, incidentally, get happiness from doing a boring chore. The same goes for parking you car, catching a bus, and every other thing you do. I fail all along the line but making the attempt colours my life with joy.

Try for improvement but don't deny the past.

Some thoughts from reading *The Tao of Pooh:*

- Unless you become as little children ...
- Joy in everyday things — so many bring joy.
- Laughter and the wisdom that comes with laughter.
- "Taoism is for the poor and simple", not the rich and clever.
- What's wrong with the poor and simple? Many know so much more about what's important in life.
- Everything you do, do it with love.
- All the world (except the vast majority of humans) follow the plan laid down for them and know their place in the scheme of things. Birds, animals, plants, air, water, fire, heat and cold all have their allotted lives.
- Humans will try and change things for what they think is better without listening for the voice within them.
- Immutable laws of nature.
- The thousand and one miracles of everyday life.
- Good things spring from seeming disasters.
- Be still and know that I am God.
- Compassion, consideration, understanding, wisdom and lots more come through following the immutable laws laid down for our lives.
- The whole globe and everything in it is governed by one immutable law, which allots a place and lifestyle to all.

The invisible is always more important than the visible.

Prayer is when you talk to God. Meditation is when God talks to you.

Sri Lankan Buddhists don't teach the core, only the path to the core. The gospels are stories to lead you to the core. If we take the text of St. John's gospel literally, we are in trouble. Abandon the time scale and ignore the empty tomb. You have to probe and find that Jesus lives.

Life after death is not our business. Our business is here and now, to feel, know, believe and see that Jesus lives here and now. Bishop Spong has put away all his books on the afterlife. They don't apply. This is how I have felt for a long time.

Thought alone is valueless. You must act for thought to become effective. The greatest mistake man ever made was to distinguish between the mind and the body. An order doesn't exist if it is not obeyed.

On the joy of listening to good music out of doors:

Think of Ikebana. Heaven and earth and all living things between draw life and strength from the power of both. Without these powers, there would be nothing. Out of doors, sitting on the grass, you are in close touch with heaven and earth and all living things. Good music stems from all these vital forces and brings them together in sound and creates a wonderful experience for everyone to feel if they give themselves to the moment.

I have always been interested, not to say fond, of words, their meanings and their origins and the fact that people get more careless in their use. I find this most vexatious. When I found I had never really understood the word "synergy", which people were tossing around all over reports and documents, I decided to

find out its real meaning. I consulted my beloved Chambers dictionary and this is what it said:

Synergy: combined or co-ordinated action.

Synergist: a substance, which increases the effect of another. e.g. a muscle that acts with another.

Synergism: the doctrine that the human will and the Divine Spirit are two efficient agents that co-operate in regeneration. Ascribed to Melanchthon. Increased effect of two substances, as drugs, obtained in using them together.

The adjective *synergistic* comes from the Greek *synergia* meaning co-operation. *Syn* = together, *ergon* = work.

This made me really happy and I ceased to be vexed. Here was a word, which had only recently come into use and was being used correctly. What joy! The English language may yet survive.

Another word I looked up is *comfort*. It comes from "comfortaine" [French] meaning "to make strong". Comfort is the spirit of God, the life-giving flow of love.

Musings

These pieces Liza wrote in response to requests or some encounter she had with a person or something she heard or read. In general, they are longer than the entries in the former chapter under "Jottings". Clearly, some are still in embryonic form, waiting to be developed further.

Aging

You asked me to write about aging. This gave me a shock and my immediate reaction was to say, "But I don't know anything about that, I haven't started aging yet!" My second reaction was, "That was an unlikely thought as I am now 78 years old. I must know something."

What is aging? Is it mental, physical or spiritual? Is it real or does one think oneself into it? I don't know. My body is not at all strong nowadays. That I put down to all the operations I have had over the last half dozen years or so. Not age. My legs are just as long as ever, with two big feet at the end. My arms are still too long for ready-made clothes. My body is recognisable as my own, changed but not aged, and could surely be coaxed back into something a bit nearer the one I have lived in for so long. My hair has changed and I must admit that the grey, and almost white in parts, *is* a sign of aging. Secretly, I find it rather becoming and a change for the better. To have the same coloured hair forever could be boring. My face has become unfamiliar. It bears some resemblance to the one I used to have and people recognise it, but I don't, so perhaps that has aged.

Mentally? That's a problem. Sometimes I think my brain works just as well as ever and it's only because I am adapting to a new life that I get confused and don't think things through, and so neglect both sides of the question. But that cannot be age. It's just laziness or people or things that distract me. After all, there is so much that interests me in this extraordinary and wonderful

world — some big things, some small, some good, some bad. How can it be age that trips me? Is it that there is so much constantly shouting for my attention? I was never very clever or orderly in my thinking.

Spiritually? Now what is that? I hoped that I would grow wise as I grew older, that would have been a splendid and enriching sign of aging. But no, I don't get wiser. I have more experience and have thought more so my head tends to be a jumble from which I can pull words of what appears to be wisdom at first sight, but not for long. Then the great thought becomes a cliche. Most disheartening. Is that aging?

But what is wisdom? I think it must be a gift, like the gift of music, that is not of one's own making. It can be cultivated to a certain extent but it is just there or not, unchanging and waiting to be of help if called upon. Sometimes it illuminates without any provocation or action on one's own part. This is a great joy and surely no sign of aging.

So what is aging? I just don't know. Thank you for asking. It's been interesting and fun. I must think about it some more.

Other thoughts on aging:

- One must not live in the past but move confidently into the future. Explore new ways of living, learning and loving. In short, continue to grow, knowing that your time is limited; the end is in sight and inevitable.
- I am not getting old. I am getting on in years, which is quite different. I don't know what future I have or can plan but I know I have one.
- To be old is to see no future for yourself. To be old is not a matter of years. I have known old people who are still in their teens and many in their 30s or 40s.
- Refusing experience is to be old. I'm reminded of the story of David Jago and me doing timelines in Brisbane. I now know that my future lies in you and in everyone I meet. I can't plan

a future as David Jago can plan his life. Neither of us could see our future. Both of us were horrified at the length of life ahead. For me, it was the very short time I had left.

- I am not a person alone. I am a part of a whole and so I will have a future. My future is different as befits my age. I am not wise or clever or even very nice. But I matter. Read *The Source.*

Being a Geriatric

One morning I met a colleague who asked me how I was, so I said, "Fine, thank you." Then I thought a moment and realised I wasn't telling the truth. I had been feeling rather dilapidated so I qualified my answer by saying, "Fine, but old." My colleague, 30 or 40 years younger than me, replied in heartfelt tones, "So am I." We decided we would have a serious and lengthy conversation on this important matter, not then, but sometime.

I got to thinking, "What is 'old'?" Old is not just the accumulation of years. I have known people who had only lived eight or ten years who were old and others of 90 who were young. So what is old and who are old? After a lot of thought, I realised one was old when one refused to accept new ideas and situations, when one was convinced that the old days and the old ways were the best.

I imagined us as two old people in an old people's home sitting by a window and looking out at the street. We were watching busy people passing by on their busy lives, while we sat and watched and talked in a desultory fashion about how old we were and how there was really nothing we could do at our age. We are proud of our age, but frustrated. It's not as we had imagined — a time of feeling fulfilled and relaxed. We felt we had never done much but then we never really had a chance, not with things as they were when we were young. The world was in a poor way then, with no

opportunities for the young unless they had some sort of influence. We would and could have done anything when we were young, but it was too late now.

Those terrible words, "too late". No one needed us and there was nothing to do except walk down the street and have a cup of coffee at the place we always went to. Shall we? Yes, but perhaps not. It might be windy out and no one interesting would be at the cafe at this time of day, except that strange old man and the woman in that yellow hat. They must have done something; if one only knew. But one didn't like to speak to them. They might think us pushy, and anyway, what could we say that would interest them?

That terribly true picture of many old people's lives leapt to my mind and started me thinking how one never does anything big or important in one's life. One gets up, gets dressed, eats meals, works in the office, home, factory, farm or shop; then comes home, eats, watches television, goes to bed, and starts again next day. And so life goes on. The big things are in one's mind, in what one says, and in one's expressions and the questions one never asks oneself and others.

Saving someone from drowning starts with kicking off one's shoes and jumping over board. But these two geriatrics had never kicked off their shoes and jumped into the water. They had always waited for someone else to do it first, so they could only tell what they had seen or heard. Theirs was a second-hand life.

There are geriatrics of every age, people who will not and cannot kick off their shoes and jump. Not necessarily literally, but in their minds. All life is in the mind or imagination or spirit. It's not easy to imagine that life can be other than it is, but this is what must be done if, at the end of the day, we are not to feel we have accomplished nothing because we were never given a chance.

This is one of the reasons for vandalism, riots, murders and robberies. These acts make one feel that one has achieved something, shown people that life is not as it should be, and that

you are not going to stand by and let it go on without a protest. What difference it will make you aren't sure but you know it will do something towards changing the world, and of course it does. That is a terrible danger to the world. This is what we are called to do. To put meaning into people's lives, all people, but especially the young since they will be producing the next generation. If the present young see no real hope, how can they teach their children to be anything but more dissatisfied, more angry with life? Creativity is lost and destruction continues. The Lord of Misrule takes over.

To be good, patient, helpful, loving and useful — in short, a caring person — sounds dull and unadventurous, lacking in power, getting one nowhere.

As opposed to my first two geriatrics, I have seen old people who have spent their lives being loving, patient and helpful. They are full of sparkle and don't worry about whether they achieve anything in their lives that would change the world. They just know they are content with what they are and are at peace with themselves. And in being themselves, they do change the world.

I have been reading James Michener's *The Source* and one paragraph hit me. The Arabs were trying to kill all the Jews in Safed because they wouldn't become Muslims. An old Jew is speaking to a Muslim friend and says, "Everyone throughout the year must regard himself as if he were half-innocent and half-guilty, and he should regard the whole of mankind the same way. If then he commits one more sin, he weighs down the scale of guilt against himself and the whole world. And he himself causes the destruction of all. But if he fulfills one commandment, he turns the scale of merit in his favour and perhaps he saves the entire world. He by himself has power to bring salvation and deliverance to all the world." This zaki would often recite to himself adding, "Every man in Safed tonight, Arab and Jew alike, has this divine opportunity. The charity you do tomorrow, you, Mohammed Igbal, may save the world."

This is what runs through all our programs and it is what our methods are based on and how we try to live. It is our gift to the world. It may yet save the world, and the youthful and those getting on in years in all walks of life won't know what it is to have no future.

Those who are open to the new, not thoughtlessly accepting the new because it is new, nor rejecting it because it is new, but being made open to new thinking. That is how this Order has been from the beginning. It's easy to be open when young and enthusiastic. We are still young but not brash.

We were in danger of showing we were getting old but we didn't. We proved we were still young and full of growth. This growth is proven to me every day now. So much change has come into our work. We hear about it from all our meetings with colleagues and it shows up in the mail we receive. I used to have to copy and circulate letters, talking papers and reports every day, but now we hardly get any, because everyone is working too hard to write.

The new has been approved and accepted and taken into our lives. We don't know much yet about what we are doing, how we should do it, or where we are going, but we are young enough to know what needs to change and to see the good in change and to work for it, not write about it. We are growing and alive.

To be old is to refuse new experiences. To be young is to accept new experiences with courage and dedication. The old look from the present to the past, while always looking to the future through the past, for the present.

Change and Constancy

- Never fear change. Change is normal and essential for growth. Always be prepared for change in your surroundings, colleagues, thoughts, tactics, ideas and above all, in yourself.

- Never fear change but fear change for the sake of change. Fear change that comes about simply to make life easier without adding anything to the journey towards the vision. Fear change if it will simply reflect favourably on the changer.
- Never fear change in your thinking. Hold fast to that which is good.
- Know that nothing you do or say is unimportant.
- Humility is very important but undervaluing yourself is a sin.
- Know that each thing you do or say is vital, not necessarily to the person you are talking to, but most frequently to yourself.
- You can never know the power of the simplest word or action. (The old sweeper woman in the London Underground).
- Constancy is as vital to growth as change.
- Structures support and bring comfort in the midst of chaos.
- Self-discipline is paramount as a guard against life's attempts to shake you from your chosen path. To guard against depression, self-doubt, and in those awful times when life means nothing — when there is no life, no hope, no creativity — self-discipline will bring you through, until you come back with added strength and courage to the certainty of the rightness of your journey.

The Power of Stones and Circles: Two Stories

When England and Scotland merged in the early 17th century after the death of Queen Elizabeth I, an English bishop was immediately sent to Edinburgh with instructions to teach the heathen Scots to be strict Anglican Christians! The English entirely overlooked the fact that the Scots had been taught Christianity centuries before by St. Columba who had come from Ireland. St. Columba had brought a free-thinking religion, which

he adapted, to the particular needs and way of life of each clan or village. He taught them how to build better houses, fishing boats and farming practices.

The English bishop decreed that anyone caught teaching or preaching the Presbyterian religion would be shot or hung immediately. The Scots looked penitent and said, "Of course your word is law and we will obey." But they went on with their old traditions and were never found out.

They did this with special stones and stone rings. Their churches had been demolished, so they had a special stone where people would gather for their religious services, and rings of stones as meeting places. Their ministers were dressed as shepherds and wandered the hills and glens with their dogs, visiting the people casually, teaching the children and comforting the dying.

At the special stones where they held services, the Scots posted scouts to keep watch. The English, always intent on making a big impression, would go from village to village with a band and troops, without ever leaving the roads. Hence, the meetings and services were never discovered and no one was caught disobeying the bishop.

The power of the circle has been known from the beginning of time. Some call it magic. It appears in many cultures, such as Stonehenge, the Fairy Rings, and King Arthur's Roundtable.

I was once in a group in which we were asked to pass a stone from hand to hand in absolute silence and to concentrate; to follow it around the circle with our eyes; to put in our worries or sorrows. I felt the strength of our thoughts. I knew that to some it meant nothing but others tried a lot. I wondered what it would mean to me.

My turn came. I held the stone and was quite sure it was not real, but man-made. No matter, it was symbolic. I looked at it and told some worries. I never took my eyes off it. I realised the stone was

part of all countries and peoples of this planet, and that the moon and other planets were made of it. Then I remembered a new galaxy 300 million light years away. My worries went with my thoughts to that galaxy. How impossibly small were my worries. They vanished. I washed the stone and my troubles were gone. The stone circulated. I put in hopes and thoughts came back from 300 million light years bearing knowledge. I was part of something so big that there was no need for silly little hopes or fears. I came back to the bogus stone symbolic of the universe. The circle was one of strength and love and caring. No one was left out.

Titus's Witness: "Being in a Time of Crisis"

What is a crisis? A crisis is something to be dealt with. It's a part of life, such as spreading dismay and despondency among the troops. To some, it is as small as a washing machine giving up or someone late for dinner.

Some just don't recognize a crisis when they are right in the middle of one. A cockney woman dug out of her bombed house in war-torn London had a bottle of brandy in the cupboard and couldn't think of drinking any of it. She was keeping it for a time of crisis.

Nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so. Think a wet day is bad, and it is. Think it is good, that you need water and have much to do at home and it is good. When you break a leg, you are inclined to think it is bad or terrible. Instead, think of all the things you can do now you can't rush about, and it's good.

A crisis is when things don't go the way you have planned. Nothing usual happens all the time to everyone. Never give in to a crisis. It's there and can be dealt with. Face a crisis with courage but know a crisis cannot last. Don't worry about a crisis. It probably means you are expecting the impossible.

A crisis is when people drop in unexpectedly and you have nothing special to give them. This is bad unless you decide to show you love them by your welcome and simple hospitality. Don't waste time apologizing. You only do it for your own benefit to show you know what's what.

Think of this war time illustration. A couple's home was bombed and they lost the house and everything in it. When given sympathy, they said, "Oh no, think of the relief of having nothing to insure and clean and polish and save from damp or sunlight." They had had a beautiful home full of beautiful things. Now they were free.

A crisis means a change of direction, a rethink. Perhaps a change of standards or lifestyle. It's your attitude to a crisis that counts. Start giving up or throwing your hands in the air and you soon find it has become a habit hard to break. If you cope with small crises, this becomes a habit hard to break when you meet a big one.

Don't be grim and important. Enjoy your crisis. The way you behave today influences how you will behave tomorrow. Grow from it. Gain strength and wisdom. If you do, you will greet the next crisis almost as a friend. Go to meet a crisis and it fades visibly. Run away from a crisis and it grows bigger with every step you take.

To live through a crisis standing up is to come out much stronger and with greater knowledge of what it is to be alive. Give in to even the smallest crisis and you die a little or are diminished. Life is like the weather. No good comes of grumbling about it. Get suitable clothes and you can go out in all weathers.

You will be changed by a crisis. You may be dead, in which case you will have another crisis on your hands. I'm not talking about disasters in a flippant way. Life is meant for living.

Truth Versus Facts

The only really revolutionary thing is truth. If you show people possibilities, they say you are talking nonsense; you must look at facts.

You don't want to look at facts. Facts are deadly things. They stop you from doing so many things. It is essential to look at the truth, which is that all things are possible. But that is frightening and revolutionary, so nice people will have nothing to do with it.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well and that is because it is such a powerful thing that it can't be left lying around. It has to be searched for with courage and hard work. It is possible perhaps to find it alone, but much safer to find it with others. What one person finds may look like truth, but others of equal sincerity and discernment must test it.

People told a one-legged man on a bicycle that he was a cripple. But he said, "No, I am not. The fact is, I have only one leg, but the truth is that that fact does not make me a cripple. I'm a one-legged man and what's wrong with that?" He wore shorts because he liked shorts and they were cool. He rode a bicycle and carried a crutch for when he wanted to walk.

Facts keep things as they are. Truth changes everything. When I suddenly see the truth about myself, I am changed, however hard I try to produce facts to disprove it. Truth is good; it is the Mystery breaking in.

Hope, the Great Deceiver

Hope is dangerous because it can so easily bring great disappointment. One can so easily hope for the wrong things.

If you hope to get better when you are ill, you can become over-anxious and look at each change in your condition as extremely significant. Does it mean you are getting better or worse? The

change may just be temporary, not of any real importance in the long run. But how you react is of great importance. Don't go through the roof with joy and hope. It may be nothing and you will come an awful crash when the good feeling goes and you are back to where you were. Likewise, don't despair or be over-anxious when things go wrong with you. Again, it may be long lasting or fatal. Either way, hope only makes you over-anxious and you try too hard and exhaust yourself, which is not helpful. I know. I've done it myself. Just say, "Oh yes, this is how I feel today." Take an intelligent interest in your symptoms, good or bad, so you can report them to whoever is caring for you.

Realise fully that whoever is caring for you — doctors, surgeons, nurses, relatives or friends — however highly trained or qualified, are only human beings. They are not gods. It is impossible for them to know everything. They can only apply what they have been taught and learned from experience to making you better. To do this, they need help. They need cooperation, trust, intelligent reporting on how you feel and what is happening to you. They don't need you to be swinging from hope to depression, and nor does your body. They both need quiet acceptance of what is happening to you.

Never ask the useless question, "Why should this happen to me?" There are one hundred reasons why this should happen to you. Your body is a remarkable, wonderful and extremely complicated thing with so many muscles, glands, veins, arteries, nerves and organs — more than you will ever know you possess. Everything you do can help or hinder this marvellous construction in its working. It is highly improbable that you are 100% strong in every detail. The wonder is that you function as well as you do, considering what a fantastically complicated being you are. All organs depend on one another to function. When the brain, which directs all these parts of the body, gives wrong messages, things go wrong. This is the danger of hope.

Accept your illness. Get to know what it needs. Work with it, not against it. Be relaxed and don't imagine things that may never

happen. Don't be resentful. Always remember today is the day you are living and you need not live it in fear or anger. Don't worry about the future. Look at what your illness is doing to others. Try to be genuinely interested in other people, the happenings and little joys and sorrows that are always around. Don't feel guilty about being incapable of doing things. You can't, so that's that.

Leadership: Notes on a talk heard on Radio National

- Any good teacher should be able to see a talent for leadership in a child of seven or eight years old. S/he should nurture this talent by endless encouragement and never letting it slip.
- Leadership is being able to see things in depth and think laterally.
- Margaret Thatcher and Bob Hawke made up their minds to be prime ministers before they were 16. They succeeded by the methods that toppled them.
- The top man in Ampol knew all the pubs in the UK.
- The top man in the Snowy River dam building project made a rule that every man should read the gauge registering flow every day.
- Colin Powell has turned the United States Army into the best in the world while the British Army has sunk to the bottom. There is more lateral thinking in the US than in the UK.
- Leadership qualities are nothing to do with charisma or push or anything resembling promoting oneself. They are simply the ability to see things in depth and think and act laterally, always just beyond your grasp.

First Scribbles on Love

The ICA taught me that all people are precious. You need to love them, i.e., give them your time, consideration, understanding and trust.

Laugh with them. Love and laughter are closely related. Laugh at yourself and happenings, never at other people unless they invite you to share their own foolishness. This breeds trust, understanding, consideration, sensitivity to others' feelings, and empathy, not sympathy. The latter can be patronising.

All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all.

We all need love and understanding and consideration of our various ways of life. Animals, birds, fish, insects, plants, the earth and sea around us all need our love if they are to survive and us with them. It is called being "environmentally friendly". We are afraid to use the word "love" in public and keep it to our family. Try spreading it. It is the most powerful word in any language. Love breeds wonder and joy and opens our eyes ever wider.

Whatsoever you do, do it with love. Man-made things are often made with love. Some are made for people and some are made for money. Learn to differentiate between them. "People friendly" means "environmentally friendly" and vice-versa. Doing things with love doesn't mean being soft and never criticising or telling people when they are being foolish and untrue to themselves.

Teamwork

The Canadian Ukrainian dancers were a kaleidoscope of colour. There were no stars but many changing roles. On a given beat, they were all back in their original places. Some excelled at one thing, some at another. All were an essential part of the whole.

This was teamwork at a very high physical level. It struck me how like our teams they were. They only achieved success by hard physical and mental work, disciplined living, the study of history, and the meaning of everything they did. They always said yes to any assignment. Refusal means one gradually drops out of the team. Even their dress and style were similar but different, according to their work.

They looked like a team, felt like a team, and acted like a team. Above all, they cared for one another. If one missed a step, someone was always there to cover for him or her.

Even in the last glorious finale, with everyone doing different things all over the stage, there was always an ever-changing half-circle of dancers holding the beautiful chaos together. At a precise moment, all the chaos flowed instantly back into place and once again, the dancers were an orderly body working together.

Three Men of Power

After talking to Jim Lindsay in Hong Kong about India, I remembered three men of power I had encountered. We have to decide which we will be, since we are capable of being any of the three. Mostly, we are a mixture. We must decide which will predominate.

The Rajput

He was a man of the desert, a man of beauty, very proud; a man of the world, a tireless fighter for what he saw as right — his home, his honour. Tales were told of his triumph over wrong. He knew his worth and understood his environment. He accepted heat and cold, hunger and plenty, crowds and desert, life and death. He was dressed in shining white clothes with a coloured waistcoat and shining buttons. He was skilled at swordplay and horse riding. He was a true folk hero.

The Sikh

I felt a cold blast across a crowded room. The maharajah was rich and powerful in his own state. He was beautifully dressed to impress others. He was tall and very good-looking and had everything he wanted. He was the top man and intended to stay there and let everyone know it. He sanctioned cruelty for his pleasure. He was proud, ruthless and totally evil. Tales were told of his poisoning to triumph over others, and crooked deals he engaged in. He delighted in schemes and plots against everyone or anyone. For him, the scheme was the joy.

The Tibetan Monk

I met him coming down a mountain road in the Himalayas. He was warm, gracious and strong, and happy to be himself. He was fearless in his trust of goodness and grateful for life. He walked like a king with a *chela* sheltering him with an umbrella. He was dressed in Tibetan bits and pieces and had rags around his feet. He had no fear of life or death or anything else. He bowed to us, we total aliens. The bow was a blessing we felt unworthy to be given.

We know all these types of human beings. Few are so clean-cut to be just one of these. Most of us are a battleground of all three.

After the Typhoon

I love trees, flowers, grass, rivers, ponds, bogs and the sea, and all that lives in them. I like watching them and the people who work with them. They have a deep reverence, knowledge and love, which they don't often realize. I saw examples of this in the park after the typhoon.

Trees were broken and uprooted, branches were blown afar, flower beds flattened. The wind had burnt things. All paths were blocked and grass was covered with debris. It was a terrible sight. Peacocks were injured. So many people of every age enjoy the parks.

But yesterday, that had all changed. Everything was cleared away. Broken trees were trimmed; uprooted ones had been replanted; flower beds had been made beautiful again; the peacocks were back in their pen with an elegant pool and fountain and their tails were growing again.

The biggest miracle to me was the new green leaves, even on bare stumps. The only signs of the disaster were strings and the props for replanting. People with knowledge and a love of their job had done everything.

I thought of how people had built new lives, put down new roots, and put on new leaves. They had seen they could do it if they were prepared to give their lives to working for the good of all. They, too, could have a life worth living, in a place of beauty.

The Vision

- A vision is an attitude of mind. People will always come and go. They come because they see the vision. They go because they lose the vision. Another vision replaces it. Perhaps the vision they saw was just romantic or intellectual. It could have been a half-grasped vision, or their vision may be better served some other way.
- Life is always trying to take away or tarnish your vision. Each time you refuse to allow your vision to be blurred, you are a much stronger person.
- Everything changes all the time; not the vision. To follow the vision to the end is very hard. Hold fast to that which is good.
- Nothing and no one can live life for you.
- Learn to accept that few things you do will look important to you. Life is mundane and is made up of little things — washing clothes, photocopying, drawing charts, settling

children's squabbles, adding up figures that are never enough, seeing people who don't understand a word you say.

- Nothing you do is big; nothing you do is small. The vision you have is big. Live to it.
- Find the core of your vision. If it is true, it will sustain you through the endless ordinariness and simple drudgery of everyday life. If it is a fake, it will wither away.
- This vision is your very own, so guard it. See the glory of the vision. If your vision is something about the glory of life and the importance of love in your life, you are probably on the right track. If your vision is to see God ruling a heaven on earth, you are probably wrong. It's totally unrealistic, however desirable.
- See the glory of your vision and live for it. But don't think you will ever achieve it, because you won't. You must accept the fact that you won't live forever.

The Water Cure

I learnt this on the radio from a general practitioner who had specialised in pharmacology and dietetics. She said whenever she had a patient, she didn't ask what was wrong. She asked about diet, what medications they were taking, and what were the symptoms that brought them to see her. Most often, it was tiredness, not feeling right, being tense, not sleeping, or lack of appetite.

Then she prescribed water — at least eight glasses of water a day. Most people suffer from minor dehydration. Our bodies are dependent on water to keep every organ working, including the brain, which is in charge of all the works. When she says "water" she doesn't mean coffee, tea or soft drinks. Coffee and tea are diuretics and most soft drinks are not helpful since they are full of sugar.

I started on water and four weeks later, I was much less tired, I slept more easily and peacefully, was less tense, I didn't worry over things I knew I couldn't affect, and my body was stronger. In short, every part of me was working better, even my memory. I started telling everyone about it.

Quotable Quotes

This collection of quotations is marked as much by its diversity of sources and subject matter as it is by its profundity and plain common sense. I'm sure there were many more quotations Liza came across that made an impression on her; these were the few that arrived with her notes.

If you have been able to think out and shape your life, you have achieved the hardest task of all.
It is our duty to set certain standards for ourselves. Our greatest accomplishment is to live in accordance with them. Everything else, be it building cities, reigning, or earning a fortune, amounts to nothing more than added quibbles and details.

Experience, Montaigne

If you want to be happy ...
for an hour, get drunk
for a day, kill a pig
for a month, get married
for life, be a gardener.

From a Mandarin saying, heard on a gardening programme.

At every moment of our life, we are the descendants of ourselves and the atavism* which weighs on us is our past, preserved by habit.

* The appearance of ancestral, but not parental, characteristics.

Letters, Marcel Proust

It is better to light a candle than to swear against the dark.

A Chinese Proverb

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

Jonathan Swift

Him, as was has gone from we
Us, as is must go to he.

An inscription on a Radnonshire tombstone,
A Journey through Britain, John Hillaby

While we look not at things which are seen, but at things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

II Corinthians 4:18

In 16th century Spain, the sick became the precious possession of the community... The incurably sick had the love of the people and the royal favour, for heaven was open for them.

Dieter Jetten

Angels can fly because they can take themselves lightly.

Orthodoxy, G. K. Chesterton

There is a difference between prolonging life and prolonging the act of dying until the patient lives a travesty of life. Dying is the final stage of growth.

The Hospice Movement

What you sow is more important than what you reap.

A Chinese Proverb

The common cormorant or shag
Lays eggs inside a paper bag
The reason you will see no doubt
It is to keep the lightning out
But what these unobservant birds
Have failed to notice is that herds
of wandering bears may come with buns
And need the bags to hold their crumbs.

Verse and Worse

Fishing for bananas is like fishing for rainbows.

Said to my son Nicholas by a rather drunken fisherman at Port Douglas, Queensland

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds adorned by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.

Essays: First Series. Self-Reliance, Ralph Waldo Emerson

I thought that all I had tried to do was wasted, I thought that every battle was lost and no voice left against the driving power of evil. And now I see that the seed you plant stays in the ground while the grass above it shrivels and burns, and the fire can't touch it, and the soil made up of dead things will keep it alive and ready to give new life ... And the vision stays and keeps me in its warmth, and wherever I go, I cannot lose it.

Testament, R.C. Hutchinson

Athol Fugan said, "All worthwhile art in South Africa is stimulated by work between the races; creative impetus and vitality must come through cooperative efforts ..." Fugan wrote the play *Blood Knot* and many others performed in South Africa and abroad. He was brought up by his white parents (Polish and Irish) in the black slums of Port Elizabeth. He said that was "a damn good experience". He is now regarded as one of the greats of our time.

... to love the ugly, the unloved
because that is all that ugliness is,
the thing that isn't loved.

A Far Cry — The Making of A South African, Mary Benson

And stand together, and yet not too near together;
For the pillars of the temple stand apart,
And the oak tree and the cypress
Grow not in each other's shadow.

From the Jewish wedding ceremony in
The Prophet, Kahlil Gilbran

In reply to the question about whether we were becoming too cosmopolitan, P. V. Stonon said, "The more we influence each other, the more we become ourselves."

I am told and I forget
I see and I remember
I do and I understand.

An old Chinese saying

A letter to *The Age* newspaper on 25 October 1990, in reply to one against the ordination of women. It was titled, "Today's Clergy are No Match for the Disciples".

I am indebted to J. Kakos (22/10/90) for the timely reminder that Christ chose only males as his disciples. Come to think of it, he also chose only first century Judeans or Palestinians with little or no education, most of whom were fishermen, with the odd tax collector thrown in for good measure. None of them spoke English, all of them were Jewish, and most of them were probably bearded.

If the particular dozen people whom Jesus called first are to represent the "Theological Foundation" for the priesthood, as J. Kakos suggests, then on that basis, he or she is bound to disqualify from ordination any well-educated, 20th century, English speaking, non-Jewish, non-Middle Eastern, clean-shaven person whom doesn't catch fish or collect taxes. Absurd? Of course.

I get very uncomfortable when dogmatists like J. Kakos are so quick to accuse others of heresy or blasphemy. It was on the basis of exactly such accusations that Jesus and countless martyrs after him were put to death.

One can only be thankful, that in this country at least, disagreement with a particular point of view doesn't still attract the same penalty.

Rowan Forster, Surrey Hills

Remember only that mankind is united by its doubts, divided by its convictions. It stands to reason that doubts are far more important to the survival of the human race than convictions.

The Old Man and Mr. Smith, Peter Ustinov

Hypocrisy leads to progress.

A man reporting on politics and politicians from London.

Hope is not the conviction that something will turn out well, but the certainty that something makes sense, regardless of how it turns out.

Networks, Vaclav Havel

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat.
We must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.

Julius Caesar, William Shakespeare,
in *Flood Tide,* John Ridgway

John Ridgway was sailing non-stop round the world. The last land he had seen was 16 days after he had set out. The first albatross appeared 6,000 miles south from home. He was thinking of the Southern Ocean spring-time storms just two months ahead.

"I think I understood what Damodara had meant when he said, 'There are none happy in the world but those beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon.'"

Flood Tide, John Ridgway

[I feel this applies to all horizons — physical, spiritual and intellectual. Liza.]

"Numinous", that wonderful word that describes the mixture of awe, fear, dread and wonderment. That is proper to the contemplation of the cosmos. Without a sense of the numinous we are less than human. Even worse, we are bores.

"Praise be the Ascent of Man", *The Weekend Australian,*
Phillip Adams

Numinous: pertaining to a divinity, suffused with the feeling of a divinity.
Numen: a presiding divinity

Chambers 20th Century Dictionary

The truth lies in a man's dreams ... perhaps in this unhappy world of ours, a wise madness is better than a foolish sanity.

Don Quixote quoted in *A Damned Serious Business,*
Rex Harrison's book on stage acting.

If you believe that life is good, that belief will make it fact.

Authentic spirituality accompanies the emptying out of our expectations: it is the still, small voice that speaks to us from an interior condition beyond life's tempestuous assaults. Simplicity rather than elaboration, and a widening of our concern for others because of the diminishing importance of our own desires — these are among the leading qualities of the spiritual life.

"On Spirituality" in *Meditation,* Dr. Edward Norman,
excerpted in the *English Weekly Telegraph.*

Perhaps you remember Mr Belasco telling Lynne Overman that absolutely nothing is corny if you really believe it. Well I believe in LOVE. I believe it to be a blood relative of LIFE and that each depends on the other for its fundamental existence.

Vanity Will Get You Somewhere, Joseph Cotten

[A lovely book — Liza.]

But if for a while I think on thee dear friend
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

William Shakespeare, in the above book.

Service is the price you pay for life.

Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother.
[This is her favourite quotation. It bears thinking on.]

Until one is committed there is hesitancy, the chance to draw back, always ineffectiveness.

Concerning all acts of initiative (and creation) theory is one elementary truth, the ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans.

At the moment one definitely commits oneself then providence moves too.

All sorts of things occur to help one that would never otherwise have occurred.

A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising in one's favour all manner of unforeseen incidents and meetings and material assistance which no one could have dreamt would have come their way.

Whatever you can do or dream you can, ***begin it.*** Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Begin it now.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Chinese people ...

don't naturally shake hands
don't open presents in the presence of the giver
don't ask someone directly for an appointment or give an invitation person to person or on the phone. You would lose face if they refused; so would they.

Noble House, James Clavell

Evil has so many faces and the plough so little honour.

Virgil, 19BC.

Smiley asked Jeremy if he had it, to which Jeremy replied he thought he had it. Smiley then said, "A lot of people haven't these days, the will, especially England. A lot of people see doubt as a legitimate philosophical posture. They think themselves in the middle, whereas of course, they're nowhere. No battle was ever won by spectators, was it? We understand that in this service, we're lucky."

The Honourable Schoolboy, John LeCarre

We ought to remind ourselves daily, repeat it like a litany, that in our being lies concealed the whole gamut of existence. We should cease worshipping and inspire worship. Above all, we should cease postponing the act of becoming what in fact and essence, we are. "I prefer," wrote Van Gogh, "to paint men's eyes than to paint cathedrals, because there is something in men's eyes which is not in cathedrals, however imposing and majestic the latter may be."

From an ICA weekly celebration witness

We are not permitted to choose the frame of our destiny. But what we put into it is ours. He who wills adventure will experience it, according to the measure of his courage. He who wills sacrifice will be sacrificed, according to the measure of his purity of heart. I don't know Who — or what — put the question, I don't know when it was put, I don't remember answering. But at some moment I did answer *Yes*, to Someone — or Something — and from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a goal.

Markings, Dag Hammarskjöld

Let all thy days be as the month of May
And all thy days be as a marriage day
Let sorrow, sickness and a troubled mind
Be strangers to thee.

To A Bride, Francis Quarles

At times, it seems as if arranging to have no commitment of any kind to anyone would be a special freedom. But in fact the whole idea works in reverse. The most deadly of all is to be committed only to oneself. Some come to realise this after they are in a nursing home.

The Lonely Silver Rain, John D. MacDonald

The Mewsings of Blanche the (Black) Cat

- I am part of all I have met.

Regaining Compassion, Charles Birch

- I have never met a complete man who wasn't religious; not necessarily a churchgoer.
- A quotation for every minute of the day and night: "Be still and know that I am God."
- Spirituality is the only reality.
- Evil is the absence of love, not a power in itself.
- The power of love is the ultimate reality.
- One must always remember that the present impasse is never the end.
- The biggest stumbling block to spiritual understanding is self.
- The true battle of life is to get rid of the wrong sort of self and pierce through to the true self which is revealed.
- For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but a spirit of power and love and a sound mind. (II Timothy 1:7)
- It's time we gave up thinking of God as "He" or "She" or "It". For me, God is the power of all love, of all life, of all good, and all truth. The divine principle of all that is real in the spiritual sense.

If this is true — that we love the quintessence — it surely means we should give up arguing as to whether God is a he, she or it.

[Chamber's dictionary defines "quintessence" as: Originally meant a fifth entity, in addition to the four elements; the pure concentrated essence of anything; the most important part, form or embodiment.]

- It is not the shape of a face or the colour and texture of hair that we love. What we love in people is the essence of their true being, unchanging and undying, being the essence reflected in quality.
- On meditation, there are two kinds. One is mental gymnastics and the other is spiritual consciousness. They are both valuable on their own and the first can lead to the second.
- The more we are afraid of a thing the more we contribute to the energy of its possibility.
- The whole of life is a movie and our happiness and well-being depends on how well we play the parts that have been allotted to us.
- The more you speak to the good in you, the more you are answered.

Things heard on the radio

To laugh often and much
To win the respect of intelligent people
And the affection of children
To earn the appreciation of honest critics
And endure the betrayal of false friends.
To appreciate beauty,
To find the best in others,
To leave the world a bit better
Whether by a healthy child, a garden patch
or a redeemed social condition.
To know even one life has breathed easier
Because you lived.
This is to have succeeded.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Death is going backstage to meet the Author.
There is continuity at every point
Nothing is finished,
The stream flows ever on.

A Life of Song, Donald Swan

If you want your children to be very intelligent, tell them fairy stories. If you want them to be super-intelligent, tell them many more fairy stories.

Albert Einstein

[This ties in with what the Duchess or the Red Queen — I can't remember which — said to Alice in *Alice in Wonderland,* namely, it is essential to believe three impossible things every day before breakfast.]

I was learning more and more that thoughts carried power capable of manifesting into reality.

Bonding through dependence never works, whereas bonding through freedom always does. [Referring to family relationships.]

Dance While You Can, Shirley MacLaine

Tributes

People who encounter Liza experience a remarkable woman, full of grace, charm, wit, humour, courage and compassion. She is not a person you easily forget. Rather, she stays with you and you become deeply grateful for the privilege of knowing her. On occasions, people have felt moved to express their feelings for Liza in various ways, such as the quilt given her by friends and colleagues for her 80th birthday, or in letters and poems. In this section, are some of these tributes to Liza. I feel honoured to include one of mine among them.

The Duchess of Bayley Street

Liza had had a year of slow and frustrating convalescence after her heart bypass operation in Hong Kong. With many changes going on in the Order, she decided it was the right time to come back to Australia. She could have gone to live with her daughter Jill but she was an Order person and wanted to be in a House.

It had not been easy for us to ask her to come. We knew what a rough time she had been through in her last year in Hong Kong. How could we possibly care for her? We lived on the second floor of a block of flats. This raised the whole difficulty of how she would get up and down. We wondered if we would be able to give her due care in light of the many things we were trying to do. We were clear that care for her was more a matter of love than duty, and so everyone in the house had to decide where they stood on the matter.

When we finally made a decision and she graciously accepted our suggestion, then it was a matter of which room would be hers. Since she would have to spend most of her time in her room, it would be good if it had a nice view. We also thought it needed to be near a bathroom, the kitchen, and if possible, the room in which we had meetings and ate our meals, so she could sometimes join us. The room we picked had a beautiful view of the golf

course and the river — it always looked green and inviting — and met all the other requirements. But this choice had implications for others. It meant resettlement all round. The family already living there had to move and others had to move to accommodate them, and so on. There was some disgruntlement about all this!

We painted the room with as much skill and care as we could. We brought up Liza's bed from Melbourne, along with some other sticks of furniture purloined from here and there. Her arrival was a learning experience in itself. She could not climb the stairs, so we had to carry her. She said, "All right. Two of you make a chair with your hands and up we go!" Adrian Rhodes and I drew the short straw. Do you think we could work out how to plait our hands to form a solid base? Finally, growing a little exasperated, Liza taught us how to prepare for her royal bottom. It was the first of many such trips and somehow, despite the clumsiness of her henchmen, she managed to make it a royal entry on every occasion.

She quickly assessed the situation in her room. She needed a really nice chair, a bedside cupboard, a standard lamp and several other things. She somehow got a catalogue from Ikea® that has very nice furniture you assemble yourself. We made a memorable trip down to Ikea to look at their wares — probably one of the last Liza made in Sydney. The furniture had to be beautiful. The trip nearly did her in but she made it back with all these things that we then set about putting together. When all was assembled, it really did look wonderful. If ever there was a feminine Don Quixote, it was Liza. She could make a frumpy old flat into a castle, and that is what Room No. 5, 3 Bayley Street became.

Joining her for an evening drink was a privileged invitation. Sometimes it was sherry, sometimes whisky. We were soon to discover that the drink was secondary to the talk. Nothing escaped her notice. She gleaned whatever snippets we told her, exactly what was going on around the place. This was always good news for her colleagues!

One of the things some of us began to discover was the magic of her stories. As she talked about India, Poona in summer and the Khyber Pass, we were transported to another world. They were wonderful occasions. It was through these ruminations that the idea came that she should write her life story. I remember the night I suggested to her that it would be wonderful if she would think about her own eulogy. I made the suggestion with some reservation, since you don't really suggest such things to people before they die! However, she was unfazed by such morbidity. It struck a chord with her, which has given me the courage to suggest to several other older people that they might consider such a venture.

So began this fascinating story time. With the help of a tape recorder and with suitable prompting, she told her life story, episode by episode. Her eulogy is like a precis of what later became the basis of this book.

As my wife Rhonda and I look back, this experience, which in the first place was seen as "giving an old lady something to do", became the task around which the whole life of the House revolved. Interestingly, it was a time for the whole Order to be story telling, remembering, meditating, and getting said who we were and what we were about. Liza sat in the middle of it all, ever encouraging and ever suggesting another way that might enrich the experience. Life in the House was not always easy in those days. She was a presence that leavened the situation and made our life together a little more profound.

— Brian Robins

Lady Liza

In 1977, with our youngest son only seven months old, we flew from the United States to take an assignment with the ICA in Canberra. Liza was assigned to Melbourne at the time. We were having difficulty adjusting to the heating changes in Australian houses after the ancient blast furnace we had in the building in Chicago. My husband John was ill while on a visit to the

Melbourne House and remembers fondly the beautiful tea cosy and the down comforter that Liza brought to him. The warmth and the graciousness of her care helped him to resume his duties the next day. Years later, when we purchased a down comforter, he remarked that it would always remind him of Liza's care.

Our next assignment was to the Indonesian village of Kelapa Dua outside Jakarta, near the town of Tangerang. Liza visited us as part of an around-the-world tour. Everyone was so addressed by this 70 year-old woman travelling on her own but the most remarkable thing was her luggage — only a shoulder flight bag! As an independent woman, she didn't want to depend on anyone to carry her baggage, or to be victimized by it being lost. She took only what she could carry through the long airport walks and sometimes from village to village.

In my mind, I can still remember her as an erect, grey-haired woman on the stone patio beside the water pump at Kelapa Dua. I see our son Jeremiah and maybe Ruth Morris taking their bath in the plastic tubs and Liza is getting ready to wash out a few things for the next day.

Liza gave us younger ones beautiful images of growing old with a mission. Her humour and nonchalance gave a boost to every table. She gave great dignity to the term "a lady". She was Lady Liza.

— Lynda Cock

Fashion Consultant

No matter which ICA house Liza happened to be living in, she was an inspiration to other women of all ages and cultures to improve their dress sense, hair styles, make-up and general health. If she perceived she had failed to inspire by her own example, she was known to have been more direct.

While living with Liza at Woodside in Hong Kong about 1986, I confided in her that I needed to buy some new clothes. I suspect she feared I would simply take a tram to my beloved North Point market and buy something totally unsuitable. Two

days later, she summoned me to her room and asked if it would be convenient for me to go shopping with her to Causeway Bay the next morning.

Although not very strong, Liza called the taxi and off we went to her favorite store and in the space of an hour and a half, with Liza directing and inspecting, I was the owner of a pair of taupe-coloured pants, a taupe straight skirt, a blouse to go with both and a wonderful blazer-style jacket. The jacket had bold stripes but was elegant in taupe, navy, white and tan.

Liza was too weary to sit down and have coffee as we had planned, so we took a taxi home and at our leisure, reviewed the shopping. Liza was triumphant that I now had a coordinated base for my summer wardrobe. Although delighted with my new clothes, I felt so grateful to this dear friend who cared for me in this way. Thank you, Liza.

— Margaret Oakley

World Citizen of Our Day

Liza is an unbelievable, undeniable lady, one to be reckoned with. Her wit is amazing, her observations sharp, her presence and comments demanding and deserving attention.

When I lived with Liza in a community for a few years, I often noticed a mixture of admiration and fear in me. I experienced interest and joy in being able to communicate with her, but also a little distance. Maybe it was that I was German and she was English, that as Germans, my ancestors or I had been at the "wrong" end of the political and ethical spectrum. She never mentioned anything like that but I was conscious of it. Was it guilt? Indeed, as a young child, I had begged British soldiers for bread, as well as hidden some family treasures from them in the garden, lest the victors consider them free for the taking. I did not feel anger at the British. In fact, our historical and cultural relatedness always felt a lot stronger to me than our quarrels in history and I worked for and experienced a great willingness to accept and forgive.

You could talk to her about almost anything. She was always interested in life itself — and still is today, I imagine — in people, as well as in social, cultural, economic and political issues. She was alive and alert and kept herself informed. I remember how often I was glad to talk with her to learn of the latest developments or events in the community that I didn't have time to attend or read about. I also enjoyed her perceptive and humorous commentary.

During that time, Liza was a source of information and a treasure of experience and reflection. Many older people seem to be full of memories they need to rehearse and almost dump on you. Liza did not have that need. When she talked about the past, it was digested material that came up, her reflections on her life, rather than the raw data. She impressed me as an English lady of nobility and class, yet she was willing to enter into any situation that needed her. She was not afraid of poverty, humility and other challenges of a life of service to the local-global community. She was prepared to give and to risk, more than a lot of other people.

Most of all, Liza always impressed me as a true world citizen who identified with her own background and upbringing, yet had experienced many other places and cultures. She was appreciative of these differences and was willing to integrate some of their "otherness" into her own realm of reference. She was an educated woman and a transitional being between the generations at a time when the roles of women, their self-understandings and their relationships to men and to the world at large have shifted tremendously. Liza was aware of these different worlds and seemed comfortable in all of them.

Finally, Liza was particular. She knew what she wanted and what she didn't want, what went with what and what did not, from spices to clothes. Her legendary lemon pepper recipes could lead me to many stories. By contrast, I have often found myself embarrassingly open and unclear about what I want and like. Moreover, she had style.

What an amazing lady. What a gift to all who know her, have lived with her, and are still learning from her.

— Maria Maguire

A Mother to All of Us

I have never had the privilege of living in the same house as Liza, but I do remember visiting the ICA residence in Prahran, Melbourne, in the 1970s and being invited into her lovely front room. It had an aura of light and serenity to it — just like Liza. Colleagues have told me that Liza was always ready with a smile and a chance to talk. Her colleagues quickly became her good friends and she has never lost them.

My major contact with Liza has been through editing the ICA Australia newsletter *Pacific Waves*. She has always been a faithful contributor, and often when I wonder if I have the motivation to go on year after year, I will receive a letter from Liza. Her handwriting is a bit shaky these days but her words always encourage and give blessings, in a time when most people are just too busy to be able to do that.

Joan Firkins and I visited her in 1995, and sat and talked with her and her daughter Jill in her bedroom. The conversation was stimulating, as one would expect from a woman who keeps abreast of life in the 20th century. She is a prolific reader and always has something to add to a subject. She also has a gentle way of making one feel that everything will turn out fine. Our positive Liza is like a mother to all of us who lived as members of the Order: Ecumenical in the 1960s onwards, and we are truly grateful.

— Julie Miesen

A Woman with Style

We met Liza at South Yarra Anglican Church in Melbourne in 1975 or 1976. It was our "local church assignment" just up the road from the Melbourne House [of the ICA] and our girls went to Sunday School there. I remember Liza as a gracious British lady

with wavy, silver hair who invited us to high tea at her flat in South Yarra. It was a wonderful treat as we were the "new kids on the block", having just arrived on our first global assignment via Canberra, where we lived with Garnet and Liz Banks for a few months until our two children could join us. Liza served us tea with hot buttered toast with liver pâté — a first for me and I loved it! We were enchanted by all Liza's stories of her life in Britain, India and Australia.

Soon after that, John Telford "recruited" her to be in the house, and she said "yes"! Being the good sport she was, Liza moved her lovely antiques into the big blue front room with bay windows on the ground floor of the house. She brought great class and culture to our life there. Among other things, she added her "five o'clockies", a sherry hour that was a time to relax and talk about the day. Most often, it was the development teams and other guests who were her regular entourage. But I remember her room, with its ambiance of quiet elegance, as a welcome haven from the rest of the busy house activities — chores to do, children to feed, and a frenetic community meeting campaign in every local government area across Australia underway!

In Melbourne at that time, Liza's forte was fundraising and hosting important people. She lent her air of maturity, stability and credibility to the Institute's work in requesting support from patrons and foundations. When we held events with these people, it was a great relief to me that Liza's role was always to be the hostess. She was perfect, knowing just the right thing to say and with such style and good humour.

Liza taught me other things too — about plants, particularly "prayer" plants, and how to edit documents using "proper" English. She certainly gave us a big world perspective that prepared us when we left Melbourne to take our next assignment to Tairgwaith in Wales. Lucky for us, Liza moved to the London House during that time and we could continue to work together.

Although Liza is a unique woman, she is like a wonderful "Aunty Mame" for us all. Personally, she will always be my role model of a woman with style — the kind of woman who stands tall, speaks her mind, and loves the new. Liza, thank you most of all for being you!

My daughter Felicia remembers Liza's love of animals. When Felicia was five years old, she found a kitten in the laundry room in the backyard. Sweetheart, as she called the new kitten, was her first pet and it was Liza who taught her how to treat animals. Today, at 23, Felicia's love of animals and her instincts of how to care for them is still influenced by the experience of Liza's knowledge of and gentleness with animals.

Another time when Liza's great wisdom saved the day was when Felicia came home from school, hot and thirsty. She saw a half-full bottle of Coke sitting outside and took a couple of swigs. To her dismay, it was dirty motor oil, left by the car repair team! It tasted awful and burned her throat. She ran into the kitchen screaming for help. Liza was there, keeping calm and ready with a milk remedy. Thank goodness for quick thinking in emergencies.

My husband, Bill, particularly remembers the assistance and support Liza provided as he was struggling to control his alcoholism in Melbourne. Liza knew that control could not come from outside restrictions and constraints but had to be developed as self-control from inner resources and decision. Once when Bill wanted some wine in the wee small hours of the morning, he woke up Liza and asked if she had some. She let him take some of her wine out of the refrigerator in her room. He had his wine, but on later reflection, wondered if it was worth it to wake up such a wonderful person as Liza in the middle of the night. It was not her judgment that he shouldn't have the wine, but his own perception and later decision that it wasn't worth it. He has been sober for the 16 years following that early morning encounter and is grateful to Liza.

We also learned from Liza never to return home by the same route, to avoid an ambush. We still take this advice to heart whenever we go out for a drive these days.

Finally, Liza and I grew up with slightly different traditions for observing the first day of the month. I learned — from the Bob and Ray show on NBC radio in New York — that on the first day of the month, before talking to anyone, one is to jump off the end of the bed and shout "Rabbit, rabbit!" Liza's version of this tradition — I'm sure it is the older British tradition — is to say "Rabbits" as the last thing you say before going to sleep on the last day of the month and "Hares" as the first thing you say on the first day of the month. Liza's version, of course, is more appropriate for a lady of her style and stature. One day, in my maturity perhaps, I shall stop jumping off the end of my bed each first of the month and resort to "Rabbits" and "Hares"!

— Maxine Norton

Eggs Benedict with Equanimity

I remember many of the things about Liza everyone else remembers — her unfailing good humour, her quiet and elegant style, her twinkling eyes. But the incident that stands out for me happened during one of the massive ICA Summer Programs in Chicago. I'm awful on dates, but I think it was the Global Research Assembly of 1985. Liza and I were on a breakfast team charged with the task of making 650 Eggs Benedict!

If you know anything about Eggs Benedict, you know that they require a little effort, even when limited in number. The English muffins need toasting; the Canadian bacon needs heating; the eggs need poaching; and the Hollandaise sauce requires cracking a jillion eggs, melting butter, and bringing off a delicate combination with lemon juice that avoids separation. The kitchen was as hot as blue blazes, and after a little planning and organisation, we got the system going. Time-lapse photography would have revealed a madhouse of activity — muffins in and

out, poached eggs being perched on bacon, and rapid-fire applications of Hollandaise.

And there was Liza, as calm as ever, doing her bit to save a little piece of humankind from starvation. In the middle of the madness, she turned to me and said, "And to think, my daughter gets upset about a dinner party for twenty. Wait 'til I tell her about this!"

— Sandy Powell

Sherry and Island People

I remember the evening sherry sessions with Liza in Melbourne. She once said, "There are two types of people in the world — those who like dry sherry and those who don't!" Fortunately, I was one of those who did. Liza entertained and impressed many major donors for us in the wonderful "lounge" of the Melbourne House.

I also remember asking her after a trip to Tasmania what it was like, never having been there myself. In her best English accent, she replied, "Oh, you know. Like all island people, inbred and ignorant."

— Anne Yallop

Two Spirits

Two spirits join as one
Where the mists of the rugged, craggy hills
Roll down to the sweep and subtle colours
Of the valleys below, soft in their evening
autumn hues.

One, the spirit of strength,
Rugged and formidable,
Timeless in the eternity of its embattlements;
Unshaken by the forces of the tempests
That have flung themselves with savage fury
Against the towering heights of their rugged
splendour.

The other, soft and mellow in the evening sun.
The day far gone, yet still,
With every breath,
With every shade of colour,
With every pattern of delight,
With every rustle of falling leaves
Sings and sparkles as the brooks that meander
Through the golden shafts of sunlight in her tranquil beauty,
Rejoicing in the essence of being.

Where one speaks of the strength of life,
The other speaks of beauty, of hope and peace,
Of vibrancy.
Together they speak to me of Liza.

— Barry Oakley
In honour of 75 years of adventurous living.
Liza's 75th birthday, 1987

Ode to Liza

Oh, how sweet the sherry
sipped at five
As we talked of day's adventures.
Myself, a youth, and Liza;
so young at sixty.

And still we may
sip sweet sherry
and talk of life's adventures.
Myself, a woman, and Liza;
eyes ever young yet elder wise.

— Joan Firkins

To Liza, with Love

From that strange little isle just left of France
have come forth many our world to enhance,
But of all those souls, some quaint, some odd,
few can compare with one Liza Tod.

'Twas 1912 when she made her debut
in Eltham, Kent, where the apple trees grew,
Who'd have guessed then that this fair lassie
would traipse the globe from Tenby to Tassie?

Ever since that day she stood by the shore
and watched a lifeboat come in to moor,
As if in a dream, a vision unfurled
the ocean became her path to the world.

While starting school at a mere three years
she was soon cut off from most of her peers,
Her heart demanded she cease her classes
as others were busy with getting their passes.

After years of moving from town to town
her family regathered and settled down,
But London's suburbs had little appeal
for this young woman with spirit and zeal.

Eighteen she was when the moment came
to leave Mother England and stake her own claim,
For India she sailed on a P & O liner
a jewel in the crown, there was none finer.

Bombay, Karachi were both in the plan
to join her aunt in Baluchistan,
Across the desert they call the Sind
she journeyed by train 'midst sand and wind.

Life was so gay in those days in Quetta
since women were few and so much the better,
With thirteen bids from suitors to marry
her uncle decided she should not tarry.

Back to England she returned once more
leaving her heart on that Indian shore,
The distance was far but the claim was strong
to be with Richard she began to long.

And so it was in December '32
they tied the knot that would see them through,
The Afghan border was their first assignment
full of challenge and little refinement.

Yet when to Roorkee Dick was posted
in maharajah's durbahs they were royally hosted,
Alas, this style of sumptuous living
was somewhat curtailed since war was brimming.

Gathering her children to Kasauli she headed
split for eight months from the man she wedded,
Always making the most of her chances
she organized cooking and music and dances.

After the war, to Britain they sailed
arriving in Glasgow as victory was hailed,
Though times were hard and rations still poor
they learnt how to keep the wolf from the door.

Next it was Germany which beckoned them come
to Kiel then Düsseldorf they made their home,
The scars of war were everywhere near
though opera and music provided some cheer.

By now she decided she'd had enough
of the mobile life and all that stuff,
So taking a caravan with Nicholas in tow
decided she'd try some poultry to grow.

With ducks and geese and turkeys and hens
she soon did the job of a dozen good men,
Plus poodles and cats and even some horses
who ever said she lacked resources?

Then Dick announced it was time to retire
move to the land and find him a squire,
Ploughman and henwife, side by side they worked
ne'er was a day when a duty they shirked.

The highlands they loved and wanted to stay
if only good fortune would come their way,
And lo, it did, as they well deserved
so to Skye their passage they reserved.

While Dick raised trout and grew grass and trees
Liza was busy with community bees,
In eighteen months she'd confounded them all
the end result being a fine village hall.

Events took a sudden turn once again
to Dorset they ventured with meadow and fen,
Was Country Women's where she made her mark
displaying her skills and quite a lark.

But life is not fair, when all said and done
forty years of marriage and Dick passed on,
The children rallied from lands near and far
together they mourned the loss of their pa.

Sensing now was a good time to move on
she bade England farewell and soon was gone,
Sad, but excited by the challenge it was
with Jill she travelled to the place called Oz.

Love at first sight was this land Downunder
though some would say, "That's no bloody wonder!"
A South Yarra flat was her new abode
replete with all comforts, not least a commode.

It happened one Sunday at church that she met
as friendly a couple as she'd found yet,
The Telfords by name, they were fair dinkum beaut
belonged to that group called "the Institute."

Before long she found a new role in life
a "larger" calling than mother and wife,
Asking for money one just didn't do
but to her dismay, she was doing it too.

Of all her feats in developmentship
none quite match up to the Murrin Bridge trip,
Inkinding a plane so patrons could see
how their money was spent, is quite beyond me.

To Perth and Hobart she trekked back and forth
to Canberra too, but never far north,
Now would you believe, when they needed her there
to London she went her talents to share.

True to form, she began her old tricks
bringing in money, where others got nix,
Teaming with John P. her partner in crime
she did much more than just nickel and dime.

When faced one day with a company head
who asked why she hadn't written instead,
She gave him a stare and said "You see
you can throw away mail, not so with me!"

Off once again down new pathways to roam
this time the Orient became her new home,
First was Kuala Lumpur then came Hong Kong
at seventy she was still going strong.

About this time her heart began to say
"Ease up, dear Liza, or you'll have to pay,"
So into hospital she found herself going
video and all, 'twas quite a showing.

After a fairly long convalescence
she headed to Sydney to share her presence,
A room with a view and service as well
brought many to hear the stories she'd tell.

And yes, once again, it was time to move
back to South Yarra, a familiar groove,
For the thirty-ninth time she found a new home
with sherry at six, plus a book or a poem.

In case you think the story ends here
there's much more to tell to a listening ear,
It's the tale of one who's always said "yes"
with courage and panache yet gentleness.

With eighty on the board, and lots of flair
this player has tried what others wouldn't dare,
An innings of style, with many a "How's zat!"
she inspires us all to go out and bat.

So gather round friends as the time draws nigh
to celebrate a life we hold up high,
Raise your glasses, sing praises to God
for that incredible soul called Liza Tod!

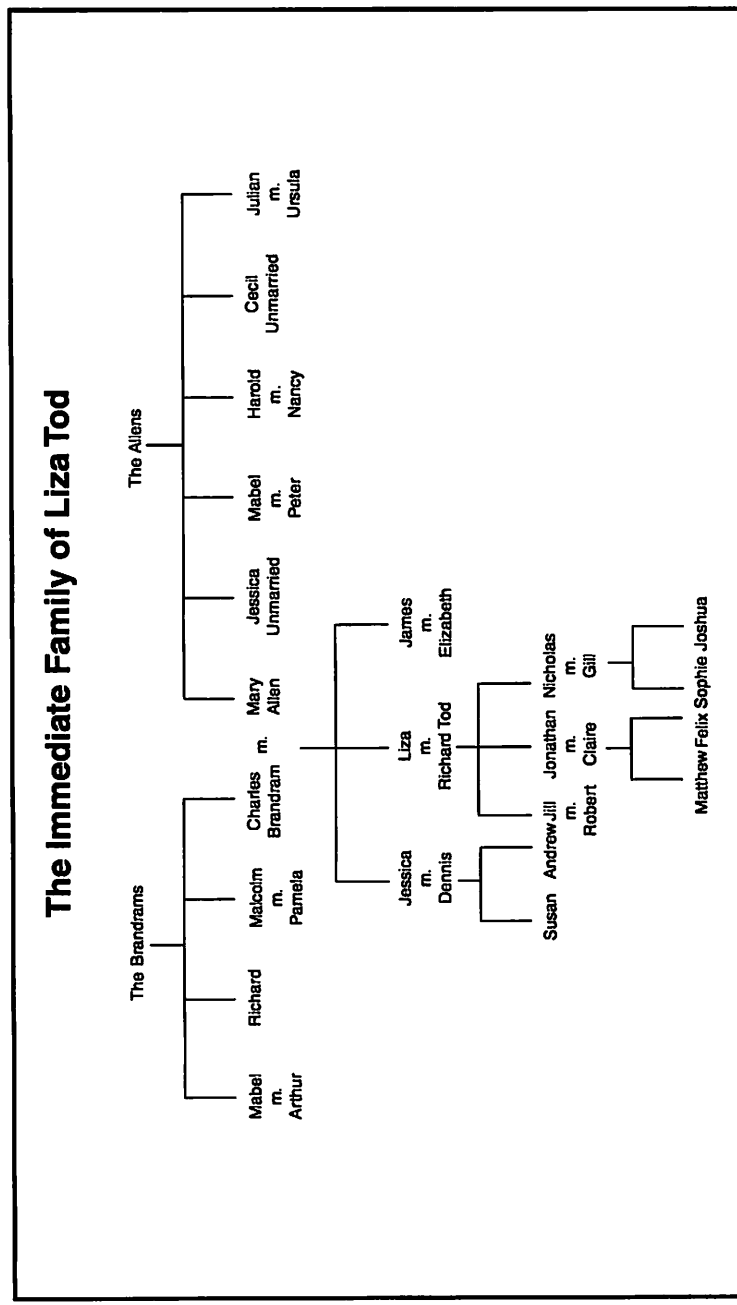
With fondest wishes to a dear friend and colleague
in celebration of your 80th glorious year, 30 July 1992
— John Burbidge

The 39 Semi-Permanent Homes of Liza Tod

No	Year	Local Address	Country	Significant Events
1	1912	6 Sherard Gardens, Eltham, Kent	England	Liza is born
2	1915	Court Yard, Eltham, Kent		Brother James is born
3	1916	Titley		Mother and children move to farm
4	1917	Exmouth, Devon & Tenby, Pembrokeshire		Family has adventures by the sea
5	1922	Oxford		Liza leaves school forever in 1923
6	1924	91 Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath, London		Parents live together again in the same house
7	1930	Kidbrooke Park Road, Blackheath, London		
8	1931	Quetta, Baluchistan	India	Liza stays with Uncle Harold & Aunt Nancy; meets Richard Tod
9	1932	Kidbrooke Park Road, Blackheath, London	England	Liza marries Dick in Bombay in December
10	1933	1 Lyltton Road, Quetta, Baluchistan	India	Liza, the Garrison Engineer's wife
11	1934	Glebe Cottage, the Glebe, Colinton, Edinburgh	Scotland	Dick in charge of coastal defence in Scotland; Jill is born
12	1938	Military Catonment No. 4, East Kirkee, Poona, Maharashtra	India	Dick trains Indian troops in the use of explosives; Jonathan is born; war is declared
13	1941-1943	1 Civil Lines, Roorkee, United Provinces		Dick becomes Military Adviser to the Indian State Forces
14	1942	Charleville Hotel, Mussoorie, UP		Family stays in the hills for the summer
15	1944	Alaysia Hotel, Kasauli, UP		Dick goes to Burma; Liza and children stay at hotel for eight months

No	Year	Local Address	Country	Significant Events
16	1945	Yew Tree Farm, Halifax, Yorkshire	England	Family arrives in Glasgow, VE Day; a small, modern country cottage
17	1945	Stafford Court, Halifax, Yorkshire		Terrace house; Nicholas born in a thunderstorm; Dick leaves for Hamburg in 1946
18	1947	Kiel, Schleswig Holstein	Germany	Confronted by war's devastation
19	1948	Bergesheland Strasse, Düsseldorf		Go to the opera every week
20	1949	Stafford Court, Halifax, Yorkshire	England	Dick posted to Suez; Jill and Jonathan go to boarding school
21	1949	Elshieshields Tower, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire	Scotland	Liza and Nicholas live in a caravan and raise poultry
22	1950	Lochard, by Loch Lomond		Dick returns to Glasgow
23	1950	Fairmile Head, Edinburgh		Dick retires & trains for the land
24	1952	Auchenbowie, Bannockburn, Stirling		Dick gets job on an estate
25	1955	Eilanreach, Invernsshire, opposite the Isle of Skye		Exchange a caravan for a cottage on Lord Dulverton's estate
26	1961	Top of the Hill, Fontmell Magna, Dorset	England	Dick has slight stroke, gets work as an estate secretary; Liza active in Women's Institute
27	1963	St. Andrews Cottage, Fontmell Magna, Dorset		
28	1972	Shaftesbury, Dorset		Dick dies; Liza stays with Nicholas then Jill; takes a flat
29	1974	Cnr Alexandra Avenue & Chapel Street, South Yarra, Melbourne, Victoria	Australia	Liza meets the Telfords at church; begins volunteering with the ICA
30	1975	Toorak Road, South Yarra, Melbourne, VIC		
31	1977	48 Greville Street, Prahran, Melbourne, VIC		Liza joins the ICA Community
32	1978	Brennan Street, Hackett, Canberra, ACT		Liza helps secure 16 American visas

No	Year	Local Address	Country	Significant Events
33	1980	Bridge House, Isle of Dogs, London	England	Liza works on fundraising
34	1980	Stratford East, London		
35	1981	7 Lorong 5/19 B, Petaling Jaya, Kuala Lumpur, Selangor	Malaysia	Liza seeks warmer climate
36	1982	31 Whitfield Road, I/F, No. 1, Causeway Bay	Hong Kong	Liza has quadruple heart bypass operation and several follow-up operations over 15 months
37	1985	Woodside, Mount Parker Road, Quarry Bay		
38	1988	3 Bayley Street, Marrickville, Sydney, NSW	Australia	Liza has a room with a view
39	1990	6 Alexandra Street, South Yarra, Melbourne, VIC		Jill builds on a room for Liza; Liza's 80th birthday quilt is her prized gift


The Immediate Family of Liza Tod
The Brandrams
Mabel m. Arthur
Richard
Malcolm m. Pamela
Charles Brandram m. Mary Allen
The Allens
Julian m. Ursula
Cecil Unmarried
Harold m. Nancy
Mabel m. Peter
Jessica Unmarried
Jessica m. Dennis
Liza m. Richard Tod
James m. Elizabeth
Susan
Andrew
Jill m. Robert
Jonathan m. Claire
Nicholas m. Gill
Matthew
Felix
Sophie
Joshua

Glossary of Non-English Terms

Most of the following words are from Urdu or Hindi. Many were incorporated into English during the time of the British Raj and some have survived into contemporary English usage. If you ever wear pyjamas (pajamas) while you eat chutney (chatni) with curry (kadi) on the verandah (varanda) of your bungalow (bangla) as you look out over the jungle (jangal), keeping your eye open for an unexpected juggernaut (Jagannath), you might appreciate the extent to which English has been enriched by the Sanskritic languages of South Asia. *Editor.*

Urdu/Hindi	**English**
achkan	tight-fitting three-quarter length coat
amah, ayah	child's nurse
ankh	iron hook with a spike or goad, literally "eye"
bhisti	water carrier
chaprassi	attendant, peon
charpoy, charpai	bed made of rope on a wooden frame
chela	disciple, pupil
chowkidar	sentry, watchman
degchi	round metal bowl with flat bottom and lip
dhobi	clothes washer
durzi	tailor/dressmaker
Gurmukhi	language of the Sikhs
izzat	pride, honour, reputation

jemadar	junior Indian officer promoted from the ranks
khansamah	cook
khud	steep hill or cliff
khud stick	intricately carved stick made by Pathans to help you climb hills
mahout, mahavat	elephant driver
mali	gardener
methar	sweeper, janitor
memsahib	lady, esp. European married woman
mofussil	interior region
musth	happy, intoxicated (only applies to male elephants)
"Om Mani Padme Hum"	Literally: The jewel (mani) in the lotus (padme)*
paniwallah	water carrier
pugaree	turban or thin muslin scarf
Pushtu	language of the Pathans
sahib	gentleman, esp. European
sais, syce	groom
sari	traditional Indian women's garment of cotton or silk
shikari	hunter

* This famous Buddhist mantra has many different meanings and has been translated in a variety of ways. Reciting it releases all thoughts of suffering and allows the mind to return to a state of nothingness.

If you require additional copies of this book please contact:

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Autobiography/Memoir

"A child of the Empire, a woman of the world" was how one person described her.

Growing up in an England ravaged by World War I, marrying an army engineer in the last days of the British Raj, and raising a family in the midst of World War II — these were the backdrops against which Liza Tod lived her early life. Then, at 62, her children dispersed and her husband of 40 years dead, Liza made a momentous decision.

Determined to recreate her identity as a single woman, she travelled to Australia, ran into an extraordinary group of people dedicated to a life of service, and threw in her lot with them. Her time with The Institute of Cultural Affairs deeply challenged many of her earlier notions of who she was and what she could do. From fundraising in the corporate world to traipsing through Asian villages, Liza was a beacon of possibility to all who encountered her. Her open-door "sherry at five" sessions became legendary in the Institute.

At the urging of friends and colleagues, Liza Tod has gathered together in this book a rich sample of the wealth of experiences and reflections she has accumulated throughout her 87 years and her 39 "semi-permanent" homes in seven countries.

Editor

A colleague and friend of Liza Tod, John Burbidge is one of many whose life has been profoundly affected by this remarkable woman. A native of Perth, Australia, John has worked with the Ecumenical Institute and the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA) since 1971. He is Communications Director for the ICA in the Western USA. His articles have been published in magazines, journals and newspapers in Australia, Belgium, Canada and the United States. He is the editor of *Approaches That Work in Rural Development* and *Beyond Prince and Merchant: Citizen Participation and the Rise of Civil Society*, as well as the ICA USA newsletter, *Initiatives*. He lives in Seattle, Washington, with his partner Bruce Robertson, and family.

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