

### 3. Eyes To See

For me, one of the supreme moments of television communication came with the singing of a nineteen year old lad in the old parish kirk of Banff. The year before, Billy Elvin had been the Captain of Banff Academy. Now he was a first-year student at The Royal College of Music, invited back to be the soloist in their local *Songs of Praise*. He was singing Katharina von Schlegel's great hymn, 'Be still, my soul' to Sibelius's haunting tune, *Finlandia*, and, as the hymn progressed, he began to reveal a maturity of expression far beyond his years. I got my cameraman to fill the screen with Billy's face and I swear he most gloriously interpreted the inner meaning of every word and phrase in that superb hymn, not only by his deep, bass-baritone voice, but also by the whole nuance of expression in his eyes and face. It was a memorable experience for all who watched, as many a letter proved after the broadcast.

In those years we had the opportunity in Scotland of a short television programme, running up to midnight on Hogmanay, New Year's Eve: a pause for reflection before the noisy celebrations of the New Year burst upon the screens; a time for family viewing; a time when all kinds of people, many of them bereaved in the year that was ending, were alone in their own homes before their television sets. It was my privilege to take these programmes for a decade. Often I tried to include highlights from the past year and that year, naturally enough, had Billy Elvin. I have before me a letter dated 1/1/65. It reads:

'Ere I lay me down to sleep, I must write and tell you how uplifted I feel by the broadcast. I have never written to anyone before, but I feel I can face 1965 with someone's prayers to help. You talked to me, the singers sang for me and Billy could have been

the little boy I lost 20 years ago when I also lost my faith. My daughter is out, I don't know where: my husband sound in a drunken sleep. I shall try to regain my faith through prayer.'

In one respect at least, these two stories reveal what religious broadcasting is all about. When it ceases so to communicate to people, then it has departed from that potential for mission which Christian men have seen in it for over fifty years. For it enters all men's homes equally: believers, agnostics, atheists.

Principal David S. Cairns of Christ's College, Aberdeen, was the most massive Christian in intellect and in witness of my student days. Once he was telling us how the night before he had been listening to Adolf Hitler, speaking from Nuremberg, 'subverting', as he said, 'the whole German people'. He looked thoughtfully round the class and added, 'Gentlemen! What St Paul would have done with the microphone!' And even more, I suspect, with the cameras. But Cairns put his finger on this missionary aspect of all religious broadcasting work which some of those actually involved in it reject these days, for all sorts of polite and rationalized reasons. It is my belief that when religious broadcasting loses this deep sense of mission it opts out of the principal reason for its existence.

What are the kinds of programme which preserve this sense of mission? Which are successful in 'getting the Message across', to use the Baird Trust's original briefing phrase? They cover a wide field—the whole field of television. They have used the same facilities, the same technical equipment, the same skills and staff as any other area of television; ultimately the same 'know-how' of television production which only comes after years of close acquaintance with the medium. Let us then consider the three main divisions of television: the Outside Broadcast; the Film; the Studio, as well as the sophisticated combination of all three which goes to make up the magazine-type programme.

First then, Outside Broadcasts. The most popular of all religious broadcasts, for 35 years now, has had to do with the simple singing of hymns. This phenomenon began in an interesting way. During the winter of 1939-40, the period of the 'Phoney War',

the BBC visited the British Expeditionary Force in Europe and said to them, 'What sort of broadcasts would you like from home?' There were many and varied suggestions. The one religious proposal was 'Hymn-Singing'. Would it be possible for the BBC to broadcast the folk at home singing hymns for the troops, then perhaps the next Sunday night the troops might sing hymns for the folk at home! A perfectly straightforward and understandable request—and that was how *Sunday Half-Hour* or *Community Hymn-Singing*, to give it its sub-title, was born. From that day to this, it has been a constant fact, first on BBC and then on the independent television channels too, that the largest number of listeners to and viewers of religious programmes has been to those programmes with a high proportion of hymn-singing content, whether by massed congregations and choirs or by popular solo artists.

A notable church musician told me years ago that, in his opinion, *Songs of Praise* was a deplorable programme. An equally distinguished church musician told me around the same time that it was his favourite programme. Theologians, would-be trend-setters within the Church, all manner of religious sociological experts, have attacked such programmes for reasons which seem good to them. But the common man, the ordinary viewer, has just gone on watching and enjoying them. Why? For three reasons, chiefly. The first is that we all have within us a musical sense for rhythm, and for verse set to rhythm; it is a fundamental part of our make-up. Secondly, because we have all learnt hymns expressing simple, religious truth in childhood, and the meaning of the verses and the music to which they are set express a need of the human heart. Thirdly, in many of the popular hymn-singing programmes, such as *Songs of Praise*, viewers can identify with the ordinary folk they see, just like themselves, singing away with great gusto. Or, as the trade says, the 'viewer-participation-rate is high'.

In the sixties, it was my good fortune to produce around 200 television *Songs of Praise* programmes, about a third of which were seen throughout the United Kingdom, while several others found their way onto European and Antipodean networks. At their

peak, these broadcasts were collecting huge audiences. For example, my diary tells me that on a Sunday in October 1966 a *Songs of Praise* from Jordanhill Parish Church had such a high viewing figure that it equalled the best viewing figure for any BBC programme that day and even beat the popular variety programme *The Billy Cotton Band Show* by 4%! That was something to boast about in those days or indeed in any day since. Was this only because of the widespread popularity in hymn-singing? Basically, yes, I suppose, but *Songs of Praise* evolved over the years in a remarkable way.

First, it was at its best a *community* effort. We tried to select a church in the heart of what was known to be an area with a good community sense. We went to its minister and the best musician of the district and laid out our proposition: 'We want all the church choirs of your area, irrespective of denomination; we want the support of any community choirs be they Lyric, Philharmonic, Gaelic or whatever. We want the best children's choir you have. We then want to work together in rehearsal for five or six weeks so that when we come with the cameras and the microphones you will be ready to go on the air.' We were saying to the churches of the district, 'We are giving you a missionary opportunity. Local loyalty being what it is, when you go on the screens every television set for miles around will be switched on. You will have entry to countless homes that your Churches do not normally enter. You can sing a Word of God *for* them and *to* them. And far beyond your district many folk will be helped and uplifted by what you are doing. You have indeed a mission before you, with a limited objective, for which you and all your singing people can prepare.' Very few churches throughout the length and breadth of Scotland failed both to appreciate their opportunity and to rise to it.

We had a formula for the hymns too. There were normally nine of them. Perhaps it would be best to quote straight out of the briefing document we sent at an early stage to those organizing the *Songs of Praise* locally:

'The selection of the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" is yours. You and your musicians will know best what your

people can sing. We do like to know what you wish to sing at an early stage, as we keep a check so that we don't sing the 23rd Psalm to Crimond every second week. We always begin with a great metrical psalm of praise: "Ye Gates Lift Up Your Heads", "The Lord of Heaven Confess" or something of that nature to its familiar tune. Thereafter, there are normally nine other praise items. We suggest that the odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 should be "good familiar" hymns, but that the even numbers, 2, 4, 6, 8 should be less familiar—modern hymns, the children's choir, a folk group or some other variation. The vast majority of viewers if asked what they want to hear will say, "The good old favourites". If pressed they will talk about "The Lord's my Shepherd", "The Old Rugged Cross", "Count your Blessings", and, generally speaking, the Victorian type of evangelistic hymn that goes with a swing. At the other end of the scale there is the musical/theological purist who is unhappy about any hymn which does not express sound theology set to the music of the masters. The best *Songs of Praise* programmes present "the best old" with "the best new" and depend upon the enthusiastic sincerity of all the singers to communicate what their Word from the Lord is. Many new hymns being written are too difficult musically for all except trained choirs, while sometimes their words, as one distinguished musician remarked, are "more relevant for psychiatrists than for musicians"! But there are some splendid modern hymns, such as Sydney Carter's, which tell a Bible story in modern terms. Interestingly enough while some viewers only want the old favourites, if they see and hear a proper admixture, communicated with zest, insight and understanding, they will react with enthusiasm to what is happening. So while the choice of praise is vitally important, it is equally true that the singers must show that they mean what they are about. Perhaps the great hymn, whether old or new, whether ancient or modern, Moody and Sankey, Johann Sebastian Bach, Walford Davies, Malcolm Williamson, or Sydney Carter, is the one which immediately communicates, at all levels, whether people be in highland croft, multi-storeyed city flat or university cloister.

'The BBC side of the operation is to bring together all our technical and production resources to present the hymns in the liveliest and most imaginative way at our command. It is a fascinating, fast-moving programme, producing often as many as 130 shots in 35 minutes, with the tempo of shooting raised at times to 12 shots per minute. The visual content is high with descriptive stills, showing your community and its characteristics as vividly as possible. The whole television crew enjoy doing a good *Songs of Praise*, by their own frequent confession, "as much as any programme".' End of quotation, as we say.

The viewer judges *Songs of Praise*, or indeed any other television broadcast, by the quality of the programme which he sees on his screen; he is completely unaware of any problems or peculiarities that may have affected its preparation behind the scenes. He knows a 'good one' when he sees one and reacts accordingly. For the Word of God has been sung for him, and, in varying ways, it has spoken to his condition. Yet, as the briefing document has shown, the preliminaries, the rehearsals and the actual transmission of a *Songs of Praise* can be a memorable experience for all those taking part. More than one person has said to me, over the years, 'Oh yes! We date everything in our community here by the *Songs of Praise*. Was such-and-such an occurrence *before* or *after* the *Songs of Praise*, we say!' Which is another way of saying that the programme enabled a community of Christians to be themselves in service to others, if even for a limited objective.

Naturally enough the best programmes came from the already self-contained communities such as Greenock and Helensburgh; Ayr and the miners of Auchinleck; Oban, Inverness and Fort William within the Highland zone; Banff, Buckie, Peterhead amongst the fishing communities; Elgin with one of the most comprehensive of them all; and Motherwell, Coatbridge and Bathgate in the mid-Scotland industrial belt. Somehow or other the ones that looked good on paper, from ancient and great cathedral-type churches, never quite achieved excellence. It was almost as if the buildings and their traditions overawed the singers or made them all pitch their programmes too high musically for

the common man. The buildings, too, inhibited enthusiastic singing.

Following the Christian Year as it does, *Songs of Praise* teaches the whole pattern of the Christian Gospel, thoroughly, once each year. It teaches it simply and yet with great devotion to Jesus Christ the King and Head of the Church, for the Jesus-centred hymns are the most popular. It was this thought which prompted one of the most moving and comprehensive teaching broadcasts we ever presented. In Currie Parish Church, Midlothian, the Reverend Gordon Simpson, a musically talented young minister, had spent several years and much experimentation in teaching his congregation the main truths of the Christian Faith through singing them together. There had been hymns, anthems, Christian folk songs, protest songs—a wide variety of choir, congregational and solo pieces. So the thought occurred to us, could we not bring all this together at the most dramatic of all the Christian Seasons?

Together we devised a programme we called *The Eight Days of Easter*, meaning the eight days from Palm Sunday with its Triumphant Entry to Easter and its Resurrection. We went to the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, and, from it, harmonized a complete, chronological order of the Passion. As each succeeding episode reached its climax, we paused to meditate upon it, as it were, by singing. Sometimes it was a rousing, congregational hymn such as 'Ride on, ride on in Majesty!' Sometimes it was a solo voice singing a protest song, at others the skilled choir with Bach's 'O sacred head sore wounded'. The climax came in the great Easter hymn 'Jesus Christ is Risen to-day, Hallelujah!' The Scripture was read, without any man-made comment, by Patrick Garland, an actor of genuine spiritual perception. For 70 minutes, so the subsequent viewing figures revealed, we held an audience of several millions all over Britain, certainly more viewers of both church and non-church varieties than had gone to church on that Easter Day.

Derivative programmes from *Songs of Praise* of this nature provided several outstanding broadcasts, notably the Carol Service of the students of Aberdeen University under the baton of Reginald Barret-Ayres and the Toad Choir of Greenock—more enthusiastic

young people—under Iain McRorie, on such themes as ‘Songs of Peace’ and ‘Christ is for all Men’.

If this programme has a simple lesson to teach the Church, it is this: that people want to sing their faith, to participate in voicing their problems and the Christian answer to them in hymns old and new and in a variety of ways. Hymn-singing is for the 90% of people who *feel* their faith, rather than intellectualize it; it is for those whose belief is primarily of the heart rather than of the mind. However much university and college-trained clergy may wish their flock to *think* their faith, the vast majority of them will never do so. The Church has not taken seriously enough this deep need and longing on the part of most of her members—and a great many folk outside her walls too. In my second winter after leaving the BBC, I was locum tenens in a parish church which continued to hold Sunday evening services for congregations of around 20. But once a month they had a ‘Singing Together’ service, arranged entirely by the choir-master and a woman who loved hymns. The 20 shot up to 100 and more, and they loved it.

Before we leave the Church Outside Broadcast, a word about the televising of Sunday services. It is the fashion in some religious broadcasting quarters to dismiss or even sneer at the televising of the traditional Sunday morning service as being not daring enough for television, a misuse of television religious broadcasting time, too expensive, a format unsuited to the medium and half a dozen other condemnatory excuses. Sometimes when services do appear they are so altered as to be unrecognizable as such. I am all for experimentation in its right and proper place. But Sunday morning is neither the time nor the place. At that time there is a large home-audience, increasingly large these days, of elderly and geriatric folk who are incapable of going to church. One such wrote me as I was leaving the BBC to say how she had been an active church worker and worshipper all her life until crippled with arthritis. She was desolated by the thought that she could no longer worship in the church she loved. Then she discovered the televised services and was writing to express the enrichment to her faith by worshipping with people all over Scotland and Britain, feeling genuinely a part of them. Whatever else should

be modernized, experimented with, given a new image, I firmly believe that Sunday morning services should be televised, as attractively as possible, of course, but in the more traditional forms which the, by now, millions of aged and infirm people genuinely need to support them in this one act of corporate worship that is left open to them. Broadcasting and broadcasting alone can serve their needs. It is both ungracious and unimaginative of it not to do so.

BBC-Scotland, so far as we know, is the only part of the television world in which the religious television lecture has flourished, although the Australian Broadcasting Commission and the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation have relayed Scottish lectures more than once with considerable effect. 'What!' said the pundits. 'A man talking religion, alone, in front of cameras! Bad television and a shocking misuse of the medium!' To which the answer is, 'It depends upon the man—and what he has to say.' Primarily, he must be a person who can communicate at the deepest levels to all sections of society, whether educated or otherwise. And that means he must be a very *human* man. The great master of this kind of outside broadcast has been Professor William Barclay, until recently of the Chair of Biblical Criticism of Glasgow University. Between 1962 and 1970 Dr Barclay did eight annual series of lectures, all centred upon the New Testament and its teaching. Already a well-established radio broadcaster, he was strangely reluctant to undertake television and refused to do so for several years. Then he agreed to do a series, provided he was joined in the studio by some of his ablest and brightest students. The viewers loved Barclay, but the students merely irritated them. 'Get rid of them!' was the common demand. Next year we mounted another series, still within a studio, but also with a participating audience, drawn from all over Glasgow, and who questioned Dr Barclay on his statements. This kind of participation was very much the vogue—and still is—in religious broadcasting. Indeed, during the early sixties, it was rank heresy to allow any Christian minister to say what he wanted to say without submitting him to some form of criticism or questioning. The viewers, however, once more hated it and demanded Barclay on his own,

with a free rein to get on with his job. So we moved the Professor back into his Trinity College lecture hall and gave him an audience to address and simply televised him in full flight so doing. The result, over several years, was quite brilliant communication, so brilliant that in the late sixties Dr Barclay's viewing audience was often as high as that of *Songs of Praise*. Precisely the same results have been observed in Australia and New Zealand. Although year after year, his lectures were offered to those responsible for Religious Broadcasting elsewhere in the United Kingdom, they were rejected, until the late sixties, on various grounds, ranging from his theological and critical inadequacies (in their opinion), to his thick, Scottish accent, unlikely to be understood by Sassenachs who at the same time, incidentally, were lapping up the variety of accents used in *Dr Finlay's Case Book*. Then when at long last his *Sermon on the Mount* series was put out on BBC-Network very late on Tuesday nights, Religious Broadcasting staff in London were flooded with letters and were so fascinated themselves that they began to speak as if they and they alone had discovered this extraordinary communicator of Christianity with the common touch! Why has he been so successful? In some respects, in terms of bulk, accent, style and delivery he breaks all the accepted television rules of the pleasant, handsome, relaxed and smooth communicator such as are chosen to read news bulletins and present a wide variety of programmes.

William Barclay within himself is a dynamic communicator. He ranges restlessly up and down his platform, stabbing a finger here, twisting round and pounding his podium for emphasis there. He plays with his hearing-aid, twirls his hands in the air and altogether is totally caught up physically in what he is saying. Next, what he says is fascinating. He obviously knows his subject inside out and backwards, but he has refined it down to the basic simplicities, related in human terms with a wealth of vivid illustration drawn straight from everyday living or the lives of great men and women whose greatness lay in their humanity. Stories and anecdotes abound, but always relevant to the essential truth he is teaching. People's everyday lives and problems suddenly take on a new dimension for them; religion becomes meaningful, espec-

ially the religion of Jesus, perhaps for the very first time. Not only the *religion* of Jesus, either, but Jesus of Nazareth *himself*, for at the back of all Barclay's teachings there is obviously revealed his own deep devotion to his Lord and Master. To everything else is added his transparent sincerity, the supreme quality which makes even the careless viewer pay attention with respect.

Barclay's lectures were discussed on Monday mornings, in offices, in factories, in shipyards and the places of heavy industry by a vast number of people, many of whom never darkened a church door. The common man heard him gladly. And quite often the not-so-common man too, academics in plenty, but, sad to relate, not many from the Faculties of Divinity.

Another type of outside broadcast which met with varying success was the 'Teach-In'. This was one of those splendid ideas in theory which was very difficult to mount in practice. It was an attempt at frontier engagement, at debate and dialogue, at different levels. The format was straightforward. A panel of varied experts, after short statements of their own ideas on the given subject, then dealt with spontaneous questions and discussion from the participating audience. For example, the O.B. cameras went to Scott-Lithgow's shipyard on the Lower Clyde, the most progressive and professional shipbuilding concern in the whole of that noted area. The Panel was drawn from Management and Trade Unions, an Industrial Relations Lecturer and the full-time Industrial Chaplain. The topic for debate was 'Can you be a Christian in Modern Industry?' We recorded about one and a half hours of discussion and then edited it down to the programme length of half that time. This broadcast had its moments, but it was exceedingly difficult to edit into a coherent whole because the whole gathering, management and men, went out of their way to say, and to keep on saying, how much they owed to the Rev. Cameron Wallace, and what a splendid chaplain he was. They kept returning to this theme, quite naturally, by way of illustrating what they had to say. So at the end of the day we were left with a superb tribute to a man who had stood for being a Christian in Modern Industry, with very great power.

Other teach-ins took in fifth and sixth formers on 'Why I

Believe in God', which aroused two extremes of scholars, both very articulate. On the one hand, there were those from a strong, conservative evangelical background, who knew where they stood and said so in evangelistic terms. On the other, there were the equally forceful secular evangelists from the far-left political parties. Both, on the whole, tended to cancel each other out. Sadly, the genuine seeker after truth, who tended to be diffident and hesitant in his or her contributions, got steam-rolled out of the way by the more dogmatic classmates.

Ecumenical occasions and an excursion into a university, provided other types of teach-ins. What seems to be a good idea for open and free discussion of important religious ideas and situations proves to be extremely difficult to mount. The chief danger is the take-over in content and discussion by the brasher, more articulate and aggressive elements in the participating audience, whatever their political or religious colouring may be—which is, in many ways, a sign of the times in which we live.

A final thought on outside broadcasts concerns the 'Great Occasion'. As we have seen, the cameras which so admirably portray the Commonwealth Games, can equally bring to us a royal wedding in Westminster Abbey or all the tragic pathos of the memorial service in Glasgow Cathedral for the 66 young men and boys crushed to death in the Ibrox disaster. Those who watched the latter occasion were much impressed, indeed moved, as the camera tracked along the faces of the rival Celtic and Rangers football teams, to see them singing 'The Lord's My Shepherd', like all true Scots, without benefit of hymn-book. Similarly it revealed a unity between the teams in that ancient House of Prayer which was of deeper significance than their often fierce encounters on the football field. Or who shall ever forget the simple dignity of the Stand-Down Conventicle of the Cameronians, The Scottish Rifles, the famous lowland regiment raised out of the wars for our religious freedom, going out of business in the same way that they had been constituted, at an open-air conventicle, with sentries posted at the four points of the compass, singing the psalms of their Covenanting fathers. However much the national tones may overlay such occasions, there is

still a Word from the Lord to be heard in them for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

So, as we move on, we salute the world of outside broadcasts, as its protagonists within television say, the real world of people and events.

The world of Film is a real world too, although different and more painstaking skills are required to capture on film this world of reality than is the case with the O.B. Not only so, but it is more open to manipulation than the O.B. world, as each piece of film is edited down to the required length whether that be 3 minutes, 30 minutes or three times 30 minutes. As we have already noticed, its great asset is its mobility, it being possible to take filmcameras anywhere that their operators can walk, fly, climb or swim. Editing may have grave potential for distortion, but in the hands of the devoted producer, out to reflect truth, it can also be used to concentrate the images, the sound and the pictures, on the highlights of the truth under examination. Thus, the feature or documentary film can tell a story ranging over years, if need be, but almost in the same way that the good feature writer can express his craft in newspaper or magazine.

Two types of film have proved to be outstandingly successful in the sphere of religious broadcasting—the documentary-feature which tells a story of Christian witness and endeavour, and the film-profile which examines a Christian of distinction closely and revealingly so that the basics of his belief and his Christian practice are discovered for all to see.

Perhaps the best documentaries BBC-Scotland produced were in a series, spread over three years, which examined quite different yet challenging parish situations in which the local church had risen in positive response to the challenge before it. *Highland Parish* considered how a young minister, the Rev. Harry Thomson, faced up to the needs of his parish in a declining community situation, and sought to bring it together again, particularly in terms of the provision of facilities and interests for the young people whose eyes were fixed on the faraway, bright, city lights. *Mining Parish* told the story of how the people of Auchinleck, led

by the parish minister, the Rev. George McCutcheon, his elders and the local Mineworkers' Union people, combined in a two-year struggle to get the local pit opened, after a disaster had closed it and thrown 500 heads of families out of work. *In the New Gorbals* showed how the Rev. James Wood helped his parish church in the first part of the notoriously badly housed Glasgow suburb to be rebuilt to face up to the challenge of providing new premises, especially for an interdenominational youth club, on their own initiative and under their own money-raising schemes. *In a City Centre* related how the late Tom Allan and his congregation made St George's-Tron Kirk, once due for redundancy, a centre for evangelism and the rehabilitation of lost men and women. *The Cephias Club* revealed all the enthusiasm and dedication of the young people of the Edinburgh West End Churches in developing the remarkable club and its attendant residential centre, to meet the needs of the other young people who frequented the cafes and pubs of the West End, often with serious personal problems of delinquency, drugs and homelessness. *At a Nation's Heart* demonstrated how Dr Harry Whitley of St Giles' Cathedral insisted that, amidst all the splendour and national occasions, St Giles' remain at heart a parish church with one of the worst-housed parishes in the city, in the Royal Mile, and with a great deal of Industrial Chaplaincy work to be done in the international Waverley Station.

There were other films of this nature, but these six show the comprehensiveness and the range of the film-making. Each of these films had three things in common. First, an interesting story to tell. Second, at the centre of the story, a vigorous and attractive personality. Third, a sense of Christian commitment and caring for others in need which became self-evident as the story unfolded. Each situation required a considerable amount of knowledge and research before the filming ever began. Let us examine in detail one of the films, *Highland Parish*.

From various sources, word came to us about the interesting work which was going on in the Parish of Lochgoilhead, under the minister, the Rev. Harry Thomson, a war-service candidate for the ministry, recommended to us by his professors as a young former

business executive, as well as an ex-soldier, of promise. So we visited the parish and studied it for a day, accompanied by Mr Thomson. Then on another day, alone, but with his knowledge, we met all sorts of people, churchgoers and non-churchgoers, up to and including the local anti-church Communists. Incidentally, the most hostile person encountered was a retired naval officer who thought the democratic form of the Scottish Kirk Session, with 'working-class fellows telling the minister what to do', to be a highly dangerous encouragement to the upsetting of the order of society of which he approved.

Over the next two months, we visited Lochgoilhead from time to time, to ask more questions, to study more closely what was happening locally. Then we produced what is known as a 'shooting script', the script which tells the story under review in sound and pictures and which is used for the basis of the actual filming to follow. We discussed the script with the minister and invited comment upon its contents. Nevertheless we pointed out that the good film (and indeed this holds for any kind of television programme) invariably is the product of one mind, ultimately the producer's, and that there comes a stage when those being filmed simply have to trust him to give a truthful representation of what they are seeking to carry out.

The next stage was a fortnight's stay in the parish by the producer and his secretary, with a Film Unit of, in those days, five men: a senior and an assistant cameraman, a sound engineer for recording the dialogue and the natural effects, an electrician to cover interior lighting, etc., and a driver-orraman for extra and heavy tasks. During that fortnight we ranged far and wide in that lovely Argyllshire parish, by day, by night and on Sundays, filming according to the shooting script which was considerably amended by the expertise of the Film Unit on the one hand and the new and interesting situations which arose from a closer and more intimate look at what was going on there.

Our story-line was straightforward. The viewer arrived at the pier on the morning tourist steamer, to be welcomed to the parish by the minister who was waiting there. The minister then showed the viewer round the parish, with one marvellous sequence filmed

high up on the hillside on one of those rare days which shows the full charm of the Scottish Highlands, with loch, mountain, and glen all surmounted by a clear sky with just enough small clouds to add to the picture. Next we met a cross-section of the inhabitants who spoke quite freely (the minister being absent) about their village, its problems, the kirk and what it meant or did not mean to them. They included three 'in-comers': W. H. Murray, the distinguished Scottish mountaineer and writer, the Roman Catholic wife of a naval officer from the near-by submarine base, and a Communist forestry worker employed by Glasgow Corporation, which had land in the parish.

Those interviewed said exactly what they thought of the church and its place in the community, and perhaps the most impressive word came from the naval officer's wife. 'If this village were in England,' she commented, 'it's centre would be the pub. Here it's the church—but I don't think the local people really appreciate that fact properly.' The Communist was much less critical when we came to film him than he had been in preliminary conversation. Indeed we had to have no less than four 'takes' before we got him anywhere near as forthcoming as we wished. When I teased him about his lack of zeal later, he said, 'It's all very well for you and your cameras. Next week you'll be away from here. And you won't be here when the film goes out. But I've got to live here.' Such are the pressures of local public opinion, even amongst the radicals.

Next we saw the minister at work, visiting the sick and aged, running his young people's group, and with them, seeking to turn the redundant local church into a bright and lively youth centre. We met too with those who carried out the industries of the community, in forestry, farming and the local stores.

Towards the end of the film, we visited the beautifully restored parish church, a pre-Reformation building, adapted for Reformed worship by having an extra leg built outwards on the north side, the pulpit being moved to the centre of the wall opposite, thus making it one of the famous T-shaped constructions. The worship showed us the people of the parish, many of whom we had already met, within the Christian community which the officer's wife had recognized as the centre of local life.

Thus, we brought them all together into a meaningful if very diversified whole. There was one last parish scene. We took the minister away up the hillside once more and said to him, 'Tell us what you really feel about your parish and its people.' This he did in a penetrating 'thinking aloud' sequence in which, if you like, he saw his visions and dreamed his dreams. Then came the final shots where we had begun, the tourist steamer rounding the point, going out of sight as a jaunty fiddle tune was played.

It was an unpretentious and immensely satisfying film, both to make and to view, as the 75 letters from all over Britain later testified.

In an age where the anti-hero is often the centre of television programmes, it is good and helpful to make a biographical or autobiographical study of outstanding Christians. Who will ever forget Malcolm Muggeridge's film about the saintly Mother Theresa who cares for countless dying Indians in their last days and hours of life? Or the film by James Buchan, formerly Programme Controller of Grampian TV, which gained international acclaim, on Mary Slessor, our Scottish missionary to Africa. Jim Buchan, a Roman Catholic layman, was so impressed with all that he discovered about the redoubtable Mary that he is now, in his retirement, writing a definitive work about her. Or Dr Nelson Gray of STV's *Shadow of an Iron Man* which concerns itself, 100 years later, with the consequences of David Livingstone's vision of what Christianity, commerce and civilization could do for Africa. This honest and frank assessment, shot in the lands Livingstone opened up, is both a teaching and a challenging film for any Christian youth or adult group to view, a copy of it having been made available for these purposes after its transmission, through the Kirk's Visual Aids Department.

My own favourite film of this type was *The Old Padre*, being the story of the life of the Rev. Angus MacVicar, for almost 50 years the minister of the Mull of Kintyre. He was a devoted pastor and social reformer, and we were able to make the film in the 90th year of his life, reconstructing much of the early years from existing stills, as well as his own reminiscences. The technique for making this film was exactly the same as in *Highland Parish* but

in this instance we had the immense advantage of the scripting by the expert hand of his son, Angus MacVicar, the distinguished Scottish writer, novelist, and broadcaster. Another earthy and thought-provoking film-portrait was called *View from a Hill Farm*. This told how J. D. Michael, layman extraordinary, retired from Indian Railways to work a small hill-farm in Glen Urquhart, to transform it in many ways and, in the process, to work out a Christian philosophy of seed-time and harvest, of death and resurrection. *Having Soldiers Under Me* was the story of that remarkable soldier, author, statesman, churchman, Bernard Fergusson, now Lord Ballantrae, one of the most fascinating characters anyone can meet anywhere in the world. Yet, at the heart of tales of danger and great men, was his own simple confession of how the words of Scottish psalms learnt long ago in his youth sustained him most wonderfully in the depths of the dangers of the Chindit jungles.

The film, as we know from its wide-ranging products on television, is a marvellous vehicle for expression. A major criticism I would make of all religious television is that, because of the cost of film-making, in both staff and resources, there have been far fewer films than there should have been. The film alone can most fully reveal works of mercy, compassion and endeavour, without which all our Christian witness becomes a pale thing indeed. Let us now turn to Studio programmes.

In the Studio the atmosphere, the arrangements, are strictly speaking 'artificial', made by art rather than the natural surroundings of a nature film or the scenes communicated by O.B. cameras. Here, the 'showbiz' atmosphere predominates. Let us consider, for instance, two different programmes in which churchmen are invited to participate. First, an O.B. of a service from a church. Despite the upset of extra lighting, various camera positions, rehearsals and so on, the minister is firmly set within what is for him his normal natural positions, together with the support of the familiar faces he knows so well, in choir and congregation. Certainly, there will be an added strain above the normal, but on the whole the end product is a rather exciting and often rewarding

experience, that of communicating the Christian Gospel far outside the walls of his church.

He is then invited to take part in a studio presentation for the first time, to be interviewed, let us say, on some aspect of his work which the broadcasting authorities consider to be noteworthy. After a preliminary 'briefing' meeting, he is ushered into the studio, and as he enters it, is almost blinded by the fierce lighting which pours down upon him. He is greeted by an attractive young woman, called a floor manager, or an equally long-haired young man with the same title. The floor manager steers him efficiently into the appropriate seat where another young man clips a small microphone on to his lapel and advises him not to fold his arms or otherwise impede the functioning of this small piece of equipment which will carry his voice to the outside world. Squat, ugly cameras silently wheel about him, tentatively finding out the best position from which to communicate his features to the viewers. Occasionally the cameraman says something indistinct and incomprehensible to no one in particular, to be echoed by the floor manager as she clasps her headphones tightly to her ears. The victim suddenly realizes they are not speaking to themselves but addressing an unknown being away beyond the studio. 'Of course!' he thinks, 'I've seen pictures of this. There is another place near by where technicians are looking at rows of television pictures and "producing" the programme.' That he should be so dispassionately observed in his rapidly rising confusion, is a thought almost more unnerving than the strangeness of the lights and the cameras have already suggested to him.

This strange, totally unfamiliar, technological atmosphere so lays hold upon him that he becomes a lonely, isolated and even frightened soul. The floor manager, of long experience, has observed his near-panic, comes charmingly up to him, pats him on the shoulder as she would her aged grandfather and murmurs, 'Not to be afraid! Just relax and be yourself!' Long years afterwards, he will remember nothing of his first studio broadcast, save the lights, the dalek-like cameras, the nice lassie who tried to reduce his irrational fears, and the heavy pounding of his heartbeats.

On the whole, the Church and churchmen do television broad-

casts better on their home ground, so to speak, through O.B. cameras set within their church, than they do studio broadcasts. This also explains why, despite their massive numbers by all television authorities, distinguished programmes of this nature are hard to come by. The simple truth is that very few churchmen, or politicians, or journalists or doctors or trade unionists, are good subjects for studio broadcasts. It also explains why so many members of the acting profession are sought out as presenters and participants, because they are trained to perform under the most distracting of circumstances. The advice I was given long years ago when on a BBC Television Producers' Course was, 'Teach all your cast to over-act by one-fifth!' The use of the word 'cast' by our instructor emphasizes my point, since he, together with most of the techniques he was suggesting, came from the world of theatre backed up by the world of cinema.

It has to be recorded that however high the secret ambition which lurks in every clergyman's heart, and even more so in his wife's, the solemn truth is that only a tiny minority of them take quite naturally and impressively to television. And when one does, even in a first appearance, all the professionals behind the scene at once recognize this fact. For example, I recall an *Epilogue* carried through under the most difficult of studio and external circumstances during the Suez Crisis of 1956. Our O.B. Unit had moved into the Pleasance Gymnasium in Edinburgh, to use it as a temporary studio for the production of a play, a light entertainment variety show, and, on a very long Sunday, a Morning Act of Worship, an afternoon children's programme and a late-night *Epilogue*. Exactly the physical situation I have already described obtained. The speaker was surrounded by a flood of lighting and the silent cameras and crewmen serving them, all weary by now, got on with their jobs with a minimum of fuss. Into the middle of this, to the centre of the avalanche of light, we led Hugh Douglas, minister of Dundee. Out there beyond that blinding circle of light, was a troubled nation with men and women deeply upset by what was happening at Suez, wondering not only if the operation was in any way justified but also whether it might lead on to a major conflict between the Great Powers who had only ceased their strife

a mere eleven years ago. It was the kind of occasion which offered a great opportunity for the man who had a Word from the Lord.

Hugh Douglas had that Word. What was even more important, he delivered it, calmly, in an intimate, man-to-man way, so that viewers were left with the impression of a man of God who cared for them, and what was as important, gave them a Word full of realistic peace and hope. Both the senior engineer and the floor manager said the same thing to me after that *Epilogue*—‘There’s a man who can do it!’ We knew that we had discovered that rare creature for those or any other days, the Christian broadcaster completely at home in an alien environment with the ability to communicate through all the surrounding technology so that he becomes a welcome guest in viewers’ homes, whether they are of the Faith or not, with something of eternal worth to share with them. One of the longest running and most helpful pastoral series ever broadcast, *Coping with Life*, was born that night under those grim circumstances.

Around this time, we had very limited facilities in Scotland. Our first studio had but one camera, and for long years never more than two. There was also very little money so necessity became the inevitable mother of invention. Our chief asset was people. More Hugh Douglases, in other words. One of the first ‘stars’ was the late Tom Curr, an artist in his own right, but also a brilliant cartoonist. Tom taught his beloved Boys’ Brigade Bible Class largely through the medium of the cartoon. This work of his transferred straight on to the television screen—and one camera looking over his shoulder was all we needed! The Rev. James Wood of Aberdeen had—and has—one of those attractive personalities which seems even more attractive on a television screen. Jimmie’s roots were deep in the north-east fishing community and his beloved Scottish hills and several excellent programmes emerged from his double-love which would not disgrace the screens today. Most memorable of all was the *Epilogue* he gave when all Scotland was mourning the loss of both a fishing-boat and a life-boat in grim winter’s seas. The Rev. James Dow of Greenock had a quite different and fascinating television tale to tell. First it was the similarities and the differences

of Robert Burns and St Paul, who both share the same 25th of January. Then it was a highly visual children's series which covered many aspects of the Firth of Clyde, from lighthouses to buoys and pilot-boats, all delivered with that rich, gravelly voice which makes him immediately listened to on either medium. The 'stills', large and small, for all these programmes, I shot with my trusty Leica camera.

The Rev. William Cattinach, then in Aberdeen, was another whose appearance was charismatic. He tackled Bible study related to life, a pattern he had pioneered in his House Churches in Greenock. The fellowship of his group helped to heal a lass back to sanity from the edge of suicide.

Leonard Small was another pioneer, especially with children's programmes which caught the note of mystery and wonder which young people experience when they visit Iona's sacred isle. He it was, a dozen years later, who followed the formidable Barclay Lectures with a series on *What I Believe* which proved so popular that the book of the scripts had to be reprinted several times.

Stuart MacWilliam, with the help and experience of my colleague Stanley Pritchard, followed another line. Stanley Pritchard has run the BBC-Scotland's Week's Good Cause programmes since he became my first colleague in Religious Broadcasting back in 1949. As a result, he has come to know more about charities, the true and the false, than perhaps anyone else in the United Kingdom. It was this knowledge which was applied to the series *Matter of Concern* which Stuart MacWilliam presented, ably and with a balance which never once slipped into the sentimental, always the danger when dealing with the affairs of the underprivileged and those whose mental or physical conditions provoke pity.

The pioneer years were remarkably exciting and stimulating. They also produced some excellent programmes which had a freshness and a willingness to experiment which has tended to die out in recent years. The motto of those days was 'We'll try anything twice!' First time round, mistakes were made; but the second attempt learnt the lessons revealed by the mistakes. Sadly, at that time, especially during the years 1955 to around 1962,

many church folk and ministers affected to despise television, or protested that they were much too busy to watch it at all regularly. The loss was certainly theirs.

Studio programmes, of course, consist of more than epilogues, meditations and interviews! It is within the studio that the majority of news and current affairs programmes are presented. And a good news-magazine of that type may combine all three of the windows. Its presenter may call in material from an outside broadcast of a national event, a royal wedding, a hijacked plane standing alone at the end of the tarmac, a General Election speech. It may add to that a carefully shot and edited filmed report which is, in fact, a small documentary in its own right. Indeed one of the most attractive means of conveying a deal of information, either on a single theme or several, is the magazine programme. It is also one of the most expensive in terms of staff and effort, for it may cover different parts of the country or indeed the world, and for each part there must be a film or O.B. producer and crew.

It was a passing conversation with the great John Grierson which sparked off the first-ever BBC religious television magazine programme, *Sunday Set*, first televised in 1968 in Scotland. We met, casually, in a restaurant, a year or so before that, when the 'Immoral and Permissive Play' debate was at its height. James Miller, our Scottish Head of Programmes, had invited me to meet Sydney Newman, the then BBC Head of Television Drama, in an attempt to explain to him why it was that our General Assembly felt so strongly about his permissive plays. He explained that he knew what I was talking about even if he disagreed with it, because he himself was a Canadian Jew who knew his people's religious and moral background; also that he was married to the daughter of a Calvinist missionary! At that point of the discussion, John Grierson came up to our table and recognized Sydney Newman as his old Film Assistant of the days when he produced films for the Canadian Government. 'I've been watching your work, Sydney,' said the great man. 'It's promising, but it will get a lot better when you realize that you are working with a small screen and not a great, muckle stage! Close-up shots which show people's expressions mean more than great, wide-angle scenes.' Then he

looked at me and added, 'Saving your presence, your reverence, the television screen is for the two or three that are gathered together. Get these two principles into your head, Sydney, and you'll make better programmes!' He had, of course, stated plainly and with force two of the basic principles of television communication.

At that time, he was concluding a long series of fascinating magazine programmes for STV called *This Wonderful World*, in which he used his vast knowledge of the cinema to make his attractive presentations. Greatly daring, I asked if he had any formula for these successful programmes. 'I'm broadcasting into an average Scottish home of father, mother, a teenager and a ten-year-old,' he replied. 'Therefore my programme must have an interesting piece in which all can share. There must be something which appeals mainly to father, something for mother, something for the teenager and something for the youngster. An item for each which makes him or her feel, "Here's something I know about and *they* don't!" That's the way to keep them watching!' he concluded.

When *Sunday Set* began its run, which continued up till the time I retired from the BBC, that was the formula we attempted to use. We aimed the broadcast, as it were, at a typical Scottish family. We had an opening item of general interest, followed by the main argumentative-debating spot in the week's religious news for father. Then, in terms of variety as well as content, a religious folk or 'pop' group—we auditioned many of these which have mushroomed throughout the churches although a smallish minority only came up to our standards—next, a film-story on a theme expressing compassion with, if you like, sentimental overtones, and this for mother. The one part of Grierson's formula which never seemed to fit properly was the piece for the ten-year-old. Nevertheless, at its peak, *Sunday Set* was collecting as many viewers as the ever-popular *Songs of Praise*. But I digress. Most television services begin in studios and some of the smaller independent television companies in Britain, such as Grampian, have never had any O.B. facilities although they cover affairs and events outside the studio by the use of film. Many overseas countries

in the developing world, especially in Africa and Asia, are in the same category. So 'showbiz' atmosphere or not, it must be fully mastered if good programmes are to result.

The meditative programme had a great deal to commend it, chiefly because it was a complete *television* form in itself. The first requirement was one of those rather unique characters to whom we have referred, the minister who could look a television camera straight in the eye and appear to the viewer to be completely at home as he did so. Then, aided and abetted by his producer, he had to 'think visually', to illustrate what he had to say in terms of visual illustration, but more than that; he had to be able to take visual material, photographic or paintings, and make their spiritual point understandable and impressive to all who watched. *Signpost for Pilgrims* was such a meditation, in this case entirely on visuals with the commentary spoken out of vision. The signpost was St Martin's Cross, outside the west door of Iona's Abbey Church, the last signpost of a whole line of Celtic crosses which stretched in early times across the Island of Mull on the Pilgrim Way. St Martin's Cross simply thought aloud, about the pilgrimages it had witnessed, from the burial-parties to the Graveyard of the Kings, through the years of desolation when only a few distinguished tourists such as Samuel Johnson visited the island, until the rebuilding of the Abbey and the thousands of tourists who pour on to the island today from all over the world. A similar *Epilogue* for Remembrance Day looked at the war memorials of both Scotland and Germany, sadly quoting the words of Jesus which appear most frequently upon both countries' monuments, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends'.

In some ways, the most important studio opportunity of all occurs when there is a massive audience of both church and non-church viewers, drawn equally to the screens by a universal anniversary such as New Year's Eve, or a national disaster, such as that which happened early in 1971 at Ibrox Park. Neither occasion is one in which to attempt to be clever. People's hearts are wide open to receive a Word from the Lord. This must be spoken with understanding and insight. Woe betide us if we fail in these circumstances.

Such programmes fall within the realm of *direct communication*. We have already suggested that such communication is the gift of a very few indeed in terms of television. They are an unusual breed who, far from being abashed by the lights and the unusualness of the 'showbiz' studio, actually like it and are stimulated by all its challenges.

Hugh Douglas of Dundee, whom we first saw in this situation in his first and memorable *Epilogue* at the time of the abortive Suez adventure, obviously had this gift. Soon he was involved in a pastoral series, the first of that type, seen throughout the United Kingdom, under the title of *Coping with Life*. Over a period of years, no problem of living escaped his helpful understanding and advice. Marital relationships, chastity before marriage and fidelity after it, the bringing up of children, the problems of teenagers, the sheer, ugly fact of evil in the world around us, encroaching into the most sheltered lives, sickness, suffering, growing old, death itself—the whole range of human existence was covered and commented upon. Perhaps most dramatically of all there was a short series entitled *Coping with Myself* in which he related his personal experience of serious illness and recovery from the same. Such broadcasting drew in a considerable correspondence, all of which had to be carefully answered. More than one person in deep need was led into the full fellowship of the Christian Church, both north and south of the Border.

Religious broadcasting, in both television and radio, seems to me to be missing out quite seriously these days in this realm of pastoral care. There are talk/discussion programmes, especially but not exclusively on radio, phone-ins, write-ins and teach-ins, on a wide variety of personal, social and moral problems. Somehow the Church's angle seems to get left out. We ought not to surrender lightly our basic truths and insights to the sociologists and the psychiatrists.

Another striking example of direct communication which has a unique flavour is that of Stewart Lochrie, communicator-extraordinary to the deaf and dumb, though equally understood and impressive for those who have all their faculties. His combination of speaking, of using the deaf and dumb finger-language

simultaneously, and above all his quite superb miming of even the deepest spiritual realities such as the Cross, the Holy Spirit, and God himself are universally apprehended by all. Not only so, but his total personality is caught up in what he is doing in a marvelously attractive way. A large part of his secret, as he once explained to me, is that the deaf and dumb to whom he ministers seldom if ever attain to even secondary school education, and therefore he must speak to them 'simply, as to a little child'. This, come to think of it, was a principle our Lord himself advocated more than once.

Christian education has been widely attempted in both media over the years. Its most successful programmes were in radio, leading up to and through the Radio Missions of 1950 and 1952 into the Tell Scotland Movement. But such programmes have not been as popular or as widely used as they should have been, these failures being due to both broadcasting and the Church, but chiefly the Church as we hope to demonstrate in another lecture. Yet such programmes, at their best, are a form of direct-communication, principally from a studio.

Let us turn now to *Indirect Communication*. The classic example of this is the interview or discussion, with a person or on a theme, carried out before the viewer's eyes so that he sees and hears the questions and opinions as an onlooker to the dialogue. He may agree or disagree, even furiously, with what is being said. Indeed it is often the intent of the producer to make him react in this way, a purpose which is full of dangers, at which we had better look before selecting the more helpful type of programmes.

First, let us have no illusions about the discussion programme in general. It is the cheapest and most easily mounted form of studio programme. For both reasons it is popular with the broadcasting authorities. The producer, faced with a series of such programmes, does his best to make them 'good television' or 'compulsive viewing', to use the two operative phrases, by seeking out controversial themes and lively, articulate but not necessarily representative speakers to debate them. In terms of religious broadcasting, such discussion/debates are often carried out far

above the heads of ordinary viewers without benefit of secondary school, let alone university education. All the parties concerned, before and behind the cameras, are drawn from an academic-cultural world understood by not more than 10% of the population. Such a stratum of society is, of course, vitally important in many ways, but it ought not to dominate the screens at a *popular* viewing period. So to do is a form of visual, theological and intellectual snobbery which is an insult to the ordinary viewer.

These programme makers and broadcasters are most at home in a university atmosphere where there is a high level of education and intelligence and time for continuous study and discussion. In television, on the contrary, the audience is entirely unselected, topics have to be discussed under pressure of the clock and therefore at a superficial level, without the necessary time to examine a case thoroughly.

In the late fifties and early sixties, it was BBC-London religious policy to mount such, often barren, religious studio discussions. They tended to infuriate viewers, except for the tiny minority who liked that sort of thing. In Scotland we were deeply troubled by these policies. In 1959, we were visited by Dr Martin Niemöller, the great German churchman. When we laid this problem before him, he wanted to know the object of the exercise. Was it to inform people about the Christian Faith; was it even to convert to the Christian point of view? If it was neither, we were wasting the time at our disposal, as *Christian* broadcasters. He, personally, never argued with an agnostic. He would answer his questions, of course, but agnostics, in his experience, were not seeking Christian truth but rather the justification of their own points of view. Altogether he had a tremendous sense of mission and urgency which reminded me of my own motives, many years ago, for entering into the work of religious broadcasting as an evangelical agency of terrific opportunity. It also made me think deeply about what made a good religious studio programme.

First, it seemed to me, it should be concentrated on really important issues upon which there was a definite Christian bearing. Secondly, so-called 'open-ended' discussion, which left the viewers up in the air, frustrated rather than informed the average

person. Thirdly, the more 'experts' there were in a programme, the less ground it would cover, the more diffuse it would become. Lastly, most people expected from a religious broadcast some insights into the relevance of the Christian Faith to daily living.

We tried to pattern our studio-discussion on these principles. Many of them were straightforward question and answer, or dialogue, programmes, such as *Why I Believe*, in which a mature Christian was cross-examined about his life and beliefs. More direct cross-examination, this time by a team of three rather than one questioner, was the impetus to *Witness-Box* when a believer, an agnostic and a young person pushed the questions at the 'witness'. In *Scottish View-Point* the same type of three-questioner technique was used, but this time the questioners were press men (and women) with widely different personal backgrounds of belief and unbelief.

In all these programmes, information about Christian life and work was conveyed, sometimes in an impressively modest way. But there was another and, to many viewers, even more important factor. It was the Christian character of the person in the witness-box, as it emerged under often deep probing. Not only were we hearing about Christian belief and living, but we were also seeing into the depths of a Christian man's being. Something which we might sense in a 'straight-to-camera' piece of direct communication, but a quality which was there for all to see, under questioning.

A final thought. Television producers will produce the kind of programmes in which they personally believe. What is more, they will also produce the kind of programmes which reveal their own personal beliefs or lack of them. If a producer's programmes reveal debate, uncertainty, querulousness, and an agony of indecision, you may be sure that you are seeing right into his mind, as clearly as if he were being processed by a team of questioners. Where, on the other hand, there is a sense of mission, even if one is not sure of the answers, there will at least be a questing forward in search of Christian truth and action.