

In the summer of 1951 I accompanied the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, the dean of Canterbury, on a section of his roundtrip in Hungary. We waited for him at Hegyeshalom /the frontier station of Hungary/ with two big cars. When he got on the Hungarian car and we left Hegyeshalom we have perceived a peasant who was walking on the road going to the next faraway village. There was a hot summer day and the poor peasant was carrying a big, heavy bag on his back. I asked Rev. Johnson what his opinion was to pick up the peasant in the car. Johnson answered: "Well! I just wanted to ask you to do so. I think only this is becoming to us." When the peasant has got a sit in the car he smiled and his joy grew even greater when we let him know who his traveller partner was. He knew the great English vicar. He has seen many photos of him in the Hungarian newspapers and he seemed to be more grateful for being a partner of him, than for the very fact itself he was brought by car to his village in a few minutes. When he bade us farewell, he said: "Now, I tell my folk at home that I had a journey with a clergyman who teaches the people to good..."

Afterwards we had a trip around the lake of Balaton. Rev. Johnson has paid visits to resthomes for children. I had an experience with him I shall never forget. The children were taking their nap after their lunch in the afternoon. Six hundred children were set in this resort. The bathing-clothes were hanging on a long rope to dry and the children were in slumber in wide, cosy rooms. We awoke the members of a big room. They came out, each of them wearing

nice, neat shorts. There were about thirty little girls between seven and ten. Reverend Johnson asked them saying: "Who, do you think, I am?" After the interpreter's words the children answered with a shouting: "A clergyman from abroad" Johnson answered: "Yes, you are right. I am Hewlett Johnson an English vicar." and he asked the children: "Do you like the English people?" The children answered "Yes, we do! Sure! Of course!" Johnson replied to these words this way: "But, do not you know that the English and Americans are preparing for a war against you?" There was a bit silence, but after a moment a little girl of about eight with black hair came forth saying: "No Pastor, I do not think so! The English people do not want war! I think only the leaders of the English people want war. We greet the English people!" Johnson's eyes filled with tears. He ~~was~~ could not answer anything... After a while in the car he remarked only that: "I have never believed that such little children might have so a clear vision in politics. The nation that educates its children in this way it wants peace indeed.

In the evening we were in a restaurant at Badacsony. A Gipsy musician-band was playing and one of the brownfaced musicians asked the interpreter to translate his wish to Rev. Johnson. He wanted to be blessed by him. He took Johnson to be a bishop. The interpreter - and I must confess - I myself in spite of being a bishop thought this request not to be a right one at least at that time and especially on that place in a restaurant. So we did not want to translate the musician's request. But he perceived that we wanted to keep quiet about something and therefore we had to interpret the wish. Johnson did not wonder, he told us that he quite understood why we kept quiet about this, but added: "My opinion is: I - as a

pastor- must take this request seriously." He caught the big cross-that was a gift of Alexij the patriarch of Moscow; he got it by him on one his jouneys in the USSR.- and laid his other hand upon the musicians head.He blessed him in the name of God of peace and mercy.A lot of tourists have seen this scene at the terrace of this rastaurant. Little pioneers opened their eyes widely,some others grown-up people made a sign of the cross and a graet,solemn silence arose.Johnson,the great fighter for peace practiced his vocation:the pastorship,~~xit~~ he did as a pastor must have done - in a rastaurant at Badacsony.

The next day we have sat on a terrace of a restaurant for tea at Tihany.Questions after questions were raised by him towards me in order to have a clear sight in the Hungarian conditions.Above all he was interested in children.He asked me - among others - what the workers could do with their children while they were working.He knew well the facts about the abolition of unemployment,that we put an end to it in Hungary and that there is going to be given work to more and more men and women here.He -I must say :enthusiastic -appreciated the impulsive work that all Hungarians join in our country."But what do the parents do with their little children?" - he asked me.I told him something about the new day nurseries and creches and the increase of this whole system which belongs to the health protection that is afforded to the working people in our Constitution,but he knew well - what I just mentioned only-that we need of course many creches yet."And what will be happened with the children up to that time,when these will be built?" -he asked. I answered smiling:"There are grandmas in Hungary too..."Johnson took his wifes hand and said:"Have

you heard that, Dear ? - that's fine - creches and grandmothers.
Now, I see that we must fight in England not only for creches
but for grandmas too that they should enjoy a quiet old age
in the family homes and serve the children - the future..."

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