

My EI/ICA Encounters

Brief Bio:

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First Encounter

During the time I was in Austin as a UT grad student (1955-57) I attended church several times on Sunday mornings at University Methodist at the corner of Guadalupe and 24th streets. In the fall of 1956 I also investigated programs at Wesley Foundation, the Methodist Church chaplaincy division for students. After the first session I attended, the larger group broke up into smaller "interest groups." Many went with a leader who seemed quite popular (I later learned his name was Bob Ledbetter). I joined a smaller group (about six or eight people) led by an associate pastor at University Methodist, the Rev. Richardson. We'd discuss art in religion, particularly various paintings of the image of Jesus. Two in particular that I remember we looked at were the famous Salmon's Head of Christ and another painted by the French artist Georges Roualt. For both paintings the Rev. Richardson conducted what I'd later realize to be an "art form" conversation. Obviously, although I didn't know it at the time, he'd had contact with Austin's Christian Faith and Life Community and its charismatic theological director, Joseph W. Mathews.

In the conversation our study group came to the conclusion that Salmon's painting was sentimental and schmaltzy and that Roualt's ("Christ Mocked by Soldiers") was more powerful.

Ecumenical Institute Introduction

As a grad student at the University of Minnesota (1961-67) I attended the of First Methodist Church and Wesley Foundation. A Mrs. Peel had left money in her will to bring to the church each year a special preacher. The series bore her name. Guest preacher in January 1964 was a Joseph Harotunian, a professor at the University of Chicago Divinity School. In January 1965 it was an ordained Presbyterian minister by the name of Joe Slicker from Chicago's Ecumenical Institute. Occupying the pulpit on Sunday morning, he gave what I later found out was the Institute's "God" lecture.

Slicker met with some of the Wesley Foundation students in the afternoon. He probably talked about the Institute's work and objectives. I recall his focused intentionality. It was snowing outside, and I attempted small talk about the weather. But he wouldn't respond to such trivia. Thought I: "What kind of a hard-nosed guy is this?" Later, as I became more involved with the Institute, I discovered he was just acting out a purposeful pedagogical style. I'd encounter others like him.

As a result of Slicker's visit, several Wesley Foundation members, including my friend Phil Weiser and maybe one or two of the ministers, traveled to Chicago in February to participate in the Institute's weekend Religious Studies I course (RS-I). I couldn't go because I was steeping my mind on subjects for my Ph.D. oral exam scheduled for the first week in March. Particularly, I remember Phil returning in a sort-of transformed state, with new insights concerning what religion was all about. My experience, though, would have to come later.

Basic Religious Studies Course

At the Methodist campus student ministry in Fall 1965 our small graduate student study group became more and more identified with the Wesley Foundation group, which included undergraduate students as well as working young adults from the neighborhood. Bob Ouradnik, WF chaplain, more and more quite impressed with his contacts with Chicago's Ecumenical Institute, had taken several trips there to find out more about its theology and methodology. He and the Rev. Kent Kepler, the young WF St. Paul campus chaplain, enlisted several students to go the weekend before Thanksgiving. I was among them.

We traveled in a new Chevy van. (Each year a Minneapolis Chevrolet dealer loaned WF a new van for its use.) I think Kent and I were the only ones over 21, so therefore we had permission to drive it. We were to attend the Religious Studies I (RS-I) course. Kepler had already taken that, so his intention was to take Cultural Studies I (CS-I). Because he wanted to record the lectures, we brought along my reel-to-reel Wollensak tape recorder..

Courses started Friday evening, so we left Minneapolis in the morning. The highway was all Interstate except between Eau Claire and Tomah, Wisc., where we stopped for lunch. In Chicago we checked in at EI, which was then located just off the Eisenhower Expressway at 3444 Congress Parkway in a former Church of the Brethren seminary. Four courses were being taught that weekend: three RS-Is (adult, college and high school), and the CS-I. Though one of our UofM college students briefly questioned whether the

college RS-I was the appropriate one for me, that was the one in which I enrolled. After all, I was still a student. Also in the course were several students from MacMurray College in Jacksonville, Ill.

The sleeping facility was crowded—five guys in a dorm room originally meant for one. There were two double bunks and one single bed stretched lengthwise in front of the window. A teenager from one of the Carolinas, enrolled in the high school RS-I, occupied that bed. Out of deference to my age (38) the Minnesota guys let me have a lower bunk.

Primary teachers (pedagogues) in my RS-I course were David McClesky and Joe Pierce. I was particularly impressed by their note taking. As one pedagogue asked questions, the other dutifully copied down each response. Also, when questioning, at least initially, the pedagogues made sure that each participant gave an answer. One couldn't "hide." Also, we were pressed to be sensitive to every word said by everyone. The conversation after meals was structured more to force one to reflect on one's thinking rather than to provide new information. The objective was to make participants sensitive to the ideas being expressed by the others rather than to cater to and flatter one's own attitudes and ideas.

It was a weekend filled with surprises. On Saturday and Sunday mornings everyone in all courses participated in Daily Office in the old seminary's chapel. Pews were arranged so that participants faced each other, left and right. When kneeling was called for in the ritual, we knelt on the floor (no kneeling rails). Singing was, it seemed to me, raucous. Much thumping and clapping, African style. It was explained to us that that was a part of ecumenism, and I agreed and understood. The institute was located in a black ghetto area of Chicago and Institute staff sought to reach out to residents of the surrounding community.

Even break-times were structured. When we stood in the hallway waiting for the table to be set for a meal, Joe Pierce would gather a group around him to teach singing of the Lord's Prayer to the tune of "Midnight in Moscow" or the Doxology to the tune of "Jamaica Farewell" or "Hernando's Hideaway." Every prayer we said together, every meal we partook together, every structure, even regimented discussion, we did together.

To demonstrate silliness of some religious proscriptions, pedagogues smoked. Lessons: One could smoke or not bow head and/or close eyes for prayer and still be a Christian. An existential aim was to dispel the stumbling block of Christological language and the notion of God as "an old man upstairs." Discussion leaders were nonjudgmental; there were no "wrong" answers to questions. Course structure was orderly, disciplined and intentional. Sentimentality discouraged.

The final "Church" lecture was delivered by the institute's dynamic guru, Joe Mathews. One fellow from Minneapolis, the most gregarious who went with us (probably Bill Enger), had heard about Mathews and his reputation and looked forward to the lecture with anticipation.

Mathews, *Smathews*—I'd never heard of him. But his lecture was indeed full of energy and electrifying. At one point, even though he was then in his mid-50s, he bounded across the front of the room portraying himself as a bundle of energy projecting himself into history. I'll reflect later that Mathews was probably the most charismatic person I've ever encountered in my life.

Lectures and study papers, I later discovered, were based on contemporary theology. In structured form we analyzed passages from papers by theologians Rudolf Bultmann, Paul Tillich, Dietrich Bonhoeffer and H. Richard Niebuhr. These challenged traditional Sunday School notions of what "God" was, the meanings of the Christ event and discipleship and mission and function of the church in society. Full impact of RS-I would hit me later. But clearly some kind of turning point in my spiritual outlook took place.

It was a weekend filled with broadening vision and reflections that forced participants to question the fundamental bases for their religious beliefs. A bonding took place. I knew now why WF participants in Minneapolis had returned from Chicago with a new attitude, new outlook and new sense of mission.

Teachers for CS-I, which Kent attended, were Joe Slicker and Donna McClesky. I later transcribed the tapes he made.

I drove the last leg of the return trip, and was happy to get back to Minneapolis safely. Dense fog between Eau Claire and Minneapolis and my sleepiness made it a miracle.

Church Renewal Movement

In fall 1971 I was employed as an untenured assistant professor of journalism at Purdue University in Indiana. I received a call from a representative of the Lafayette group associated with Chicago's Ecumenical Institute (EI) to attend a meeting of RS-I graduates at Federated Church. I remember debating in my mind whether or not I should go. The 1965 course in Chicago had greatly influenced me. After stiff-arming church association for four years because of the need to finish my dissertation, I was beginning to feel a need to be tied to a religious community again--to "belong." Because RS-I had awakened me, schmaltzy worship services (Methodist or otherwise) no longer sufficed. Too, the EI church renewal movement was activist. It countered the smug religious practice of "just filling in time."

So it was with trepidation that I made the decision to attend the meeting of RS-I graduates, knowing full well that EI again might grab me. The meeting was lead by Herman Greene, prior of the newly established EI Religious House in Indianapolis. Although I don't remember much about the meeting (no doubt it followed what I'd later learn was the Ecclesiola format: college, seminary and sodality), I was impressed and swayed. I was taken in by the meeting's "existential aim," shifting each attendee's spiritual thinking toward greater social involvement. Soon I began to meet weekly with the Lafayette group (later to be called a cadre). Lafayette regulars included Bob and Priscilla Bain and Dan and Trudy Olive. Both of these families at the time were members of Federated Church in West Lafayette (American Baptist and Disciples of Christ). Other people at that first meeting I attended were mainly from Federated since a recent community RS-I had been recruited from that church.

Two Lafayette area families had already joined the EI Order: David and Joyce Reese and family and Fred and Nancy Lanphear and family. David, a minister, had been Christian (Disciples of Christ) chaplain at Purdue and had motivated students to attend EI courses in Chicago just as Bob Ouradnik had done at the University of Minnesota. The Lanphears were members of First Christian Church in downtown Lafayette. Fred, a tenured professor of horticulture at Purdue, resigned to answer what he considered a higher calling. The Lanphears then were living in the newly established Indianapolis House.

My first visit to the Indianapolis Religious House was in 1972 on a weekday evening. Trudy Olive drove, and we had at least a couple of her kids in the back seat of her Rambler American. Two things stand out: I remember helping carry cots from a vehicle into the House (they'd been used at an RS-I course the previous weekend). Also, on the trip back, near Lebanon on the Interstate, we encountered a car coming toward us in the wrong lane. Trudy, of course, shifted into the right-hand lane. Later I wondered whatever happened to the driver of the wrong-way car.

The Indianapolis House was located in a red-brick 23-room former mansion at 3148 N. Pennsylvania St. Though it had been built as a residence in 1912 by a Jewish merchant, a chiropractic college occupied it immediately before EI rented it. (In the late 1980s the house was purchased by a commercial photographer who spent around \$1 million renovating it and converting it into a combined residence and commercial photography facility.)

EI House personnel at the time were heavily involved in something called the New Religious Mode, a church renewal effort. It was designed to counteract institutionalism and pietistic perversions that were making the church, overall, a vehicle for personal salvation only and ignoring social mission. Personnel worked closely with four Indianapolis churches--two Catholic and two Baptist. One minister was the Rev. Bill Dennis, a black minister who'd suffered indignities of racial segregation while growing up in Alabama. An EI stalwart, he'd travel regularly to Chicago to teach in the EI Academy.

In March I attended an Indiana EI "metro" meeting one Saturday afternoon at a Christian church northeast of Kokomo. Representatives were there from Fort Wayne, Lafayette, Indianapolis and, from Bloomington, Kip and Brian May. They had gotten involved in EI through their local Methodist church pastor. Kip, with whom I'd have a long friendship, was about 21; his brother, Brian, still in high school. Both would later join the EI Order (O:E).

House Church celebration awed me, especially the part where your neighbor serves you bread and wine and you in turn serve your other neighbor.

RS-I Recruiting

In Indianapolis the House staff also was heavily involved in recruiting for Institute courses. An RS-I course was scheduled for Lafayette in May, so one Saturday I helped make recruiting calls for it. Two people, John Griffin and another person, came from Indianapolis and Bob Bain and I joined them in making calls. I accompanied John Griffin to Crawfordsville. Names had been given to us by pastors in that area. We made calls not only in Crawfordsville but in New Market and at a farm outside New Richmond. I don't think we "sold" anybody, however.

The RS-I course was held at Grace United Methodist Church, and, since it had been six years since my first experience with it, I signed up for a repeat. As I took the course again I was reminded of the attention to detail that attracted me to the seminar the first time I'd encountered it--the precise arrangement of tables, pictures and other decor selected to be compatible with the seminar's mood and tone, the careful selection of centerpieces. In contrast to many church meetings that meet in a jumbled room, with folding chairs, books and bibles stacked here and there, everything about the RS-I setting was designed to address participants with intentionality.

EI called course teachers "pedagogues." A team of two came from Chicago, led by Dale Griffee; two others came from the Indianapolis House.

Later, on Memorial Day weekend, I participated in a weekend retreat at the Indianapolis House, spending Saturday night there. In a workshop we worked on refining a portion of the description of the social processes (Social Process Triangle) that had been developed by the EI research assembly in Chicago the previous summer. On Saturday evening we saw a movie at a downtown theater, a story of Swedish immigrants and the trials associated with uprooting themselves from their homeland and getting re-established in the American Upper Midwest.

Cots were set up in the House basement for a men's dorm. A skeleton remained from the House's previous status as part of a chiropractic college.

Sunday morning an "art-form" conversation about the movie was conducted by Herman Greene. I remember being impressed by the thoroughness of his questions: he must have stayed up all night to prepare (he probably did, as I was later to learn about Order:Ecumenical intensity). Analogous to the movie's message was giving up one's present job and putting one's life on the line for the sake of a structural social revolution--doing something like joining Order:Ecumenical and moving into the House. Very powerful, but, having worked hard to get where I was professionally, deciding to take such a leap was for me remote.

House residents at the time, other than the Greenes and the Lanphears, were Mike Hoff, Larry and Sherry Brown and family and John and Myra Griffin and family. Larry was pastor of First Christian Church in Summitville, Ind.

In June a regional (Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky) meeting took place on a Saturday in Columbus, Ohio, at the Westinghouse appliance plant on the western edge of the city. I drove Trudy Olive and three of her kids (Dan for some reason couldn't attend). The Bains went in a separate car. We had to leave quite early because at that time Ohio was an hour ahead of us. Once there the kids were placed in an EG (Emerging Generation) program structure. Adults then met in the plant's auditorium.

The Westinghouse facility had been made available because the plant's general manager had taken RS-I and had been impressed by it. Talks were presented by EI Order members Ken Barley, Cleveland House prior; Brian Stanfield, a four-foot-six Australian, and Mark Dove, an Ohio Methodist pastor.

Between 100 and 200 adults attended and it ended with a meal and House Church. Then we returned that evening.

The regional meeting previewed objectives for the July research assembly in Chicago. Work would continue on describing social process structures that had been initiated the previous summer. Intrigued, sometime during the next couple of weeks I decided to attend.

Kemper Building

Bob Bain also decided to attend the Chicago research assembly, but only for the first week. Together we traveled via Greyhound bus to Chicago. Not wanting to park my car on Chicago streets, I left it in Purdue's Grant Street garage.

The summer research program was to be in the recently vacated eight-story building at 4750 N. Sheridan Road donated to EI by Kemper Insurance Co. Around 600 people were enrolled in program structures, but for the opening and closing plenaries, support staff (termed "enablement" by EI), some from the west side campus and nearby EI religious houses, attended, burgeoning attendance to around 1,000.

Activities and living arrangements were highly structured. The first and second floors were devoted to meeting rooms; the top six floors to both dorms and meeting rooms. There were two "temples" with three congregations each (total six), each occupying an upper-level floor. I was assigned to a congregation on the fourth floor (Temple B, Congregation 5, Ecclesiola t, Team 60b). We'd be refining the Social Process Triangle. Bob was assigned to a Temple A congregation that would be working on church revitalization methods.

The "Great Hall" for the assembly was on the second floor in a large room that had housed part of the insurance company's mainframe computer operations. The opening address, to which many were looking forward to with great anticipation, was delivered by Institute's dean, Joe Mathews. In it he declared "The Great Turn." The church had been renewed; now it was time to renew society.

It was a signal speech, but don't recall being particularly impressed. First, I didn't really believe that the established institution of the church had been renewed. Second, I couldn't really hear him. Fifteen hundred people were packed into this banquet room with low ceilings and Mathews didn't believe in use of microphones or loudspeakers. It was only later that I'd be captivated by Mathews' charisma. As Summer '72 started, though, many others already had been.

Here it would be too much of a diversion to restate results of the research assembly's work. That information can be readily found elsewhere (see, for example, *Golden Pathways* CD-ROM). I will say, though, that a book by the French journalist and social critic Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, *The Radical Alternative*, served as inspiration for the original work on delineating the social processes.

EI's summer research programs in the late 1960s had developed descriptions (both graphically and in prose) for the New Religious Mode. Now, in 1971 and 1972, attention was turned to describing "a new mode of humanness" to be articulated through secular mythology. The graphic image was the Social Process Triangle, and essays were written to articulate "the depth longings of man in our day to invent authentic human society anew." Tall order. One speaker compared our effort to U.S. Constitutional Convention. Only here we'd be writing a constitution for the world!

Meals, with beginning and ending rituals and focused conversation in between, were prepared in a first-floor kitchen and distributed to congregational floors. The congregations met for breakfasts. We met by team for lunch and by Ecclesiola for supper. The work schedule was divided into "Week 1" (Monday through Thursday) and "Week 2" (Friday, Saturday, Sunday), the idea being that the four-week assembly could accomplish twice as much work if it were, in effect, an eight-week assembly. Intentional manipulation of time (the normal week) also demonstrated that the research assembly didn't have to be a victim of time, just as an individual doesn't have to be.

I recall looking down the fourth-floor Sheridan Street length of the building, in effect a wide hallway, on the first Saturday evening, and observing members of Ecclesiolas r and s intently focused on their assigned tasks. An amazing sight! That's not what groups of people normally do on a Saturday evening! For me the sight constituted signal demonstration of the power of corporate motivation.

Intentionality

"Orders Of The Day" were given to Ecclesiola priors each morning, having been strategized by a group of EI intellectuals meeting in "Room E" in the old Brethren seminary on Chicago's West Side. Time assigned was tightly outlined (so many minutes for this or that task). Assignments called for intense

endeavor and, even though Ecclesiolas were supposed to finish their work by, say, 10 in the evening, most often it would be midnight or 1 a.m. before they (we) were done.

Interspersed with work on the social processes were Temple lectures at noon each day, followed by team solitary ritual with candles and incense. Lectures focused on the operating design and tactical systems for the New Social Vehicle. They were delivered by pre-eminent EI lecturers: Joe Slicker, David McCleskey, Gene Marshall, Fred Buss, George Walters, Joe Crocker, David Scott, Fred Hess, Bob Vance, among others.

On Sunday mornings the congregations gathered on their floor for House Church. Around noon was a Great Plenary featuring Joe Mathews as speaker. Never was the seating arrangement at an EI gathering pulpit oriented. People faced each other in an arrangement signifying participation. The lecturer stood to one side. Many EI physical formats intentionally contradicted conventional customs. With the traditional pulpit preaching arrangement, for example, a congregation is likely to be spectators awaiting entertainment.

We worked by team and combinations of teams in the Ecclesiola workshops. The work was intense, involving valencing, paragraph writing conforming to semantically structured sentences, e.g., "The master tactical intent of the _____ complex is _____. This intent focuses around the thrust of _____ holding the thrusts of _____. This intent will be done in order to _____." The uniform format and timeline was necessary in order to make the most effective use of talents of 600 lay participants in addition to the administrative enablement people.

Work activities utilized powerful EI workshop methods, particularly the "art-form" focused conversation and "Problem-Solving Unit" (PSU) format--brainstorm, gestalt, contradiction identification, strategy outline and tactical action. The power of these methods greatly impressed me and motivated me to learn more about them. Subsequently, when I did more familiar with them, I'd utilize the methods extensively in my Purdue classes.

Mark Dove, the Ohio Methodist minister, was our Ecclesiola prior (Ecclesiola t). He was the only Ecclesiola prior that summer who was not O:E. Others in the Ecclesiola with whom I became well acquainted (after all, it was a spiritual bonding circumstance), were my team 60b leader, Patricia Morton, wife of the Champaign, Ill., House prior; Paul Schwobel, Atlanta; and Fred Maurer, a billboard sign painter from Canton, Ohio.

Team 60 prior was Bob Stewart, a minister from San Francisco. Some other Ecclesiola t members were Margaret Taylor from Tulsa (she'd later move to Indianapolis with her Disciples of Christ minister husband, Eddie); Don Rollins, a medical student from one of the Carolinas; and Australian John Burbidge, who'd later edit some EI books as well as its "Initiatives" newsletter.

Responsibilities for leading the Ecclesiola workshops fell mainly on Mark Dove and order members Claudia Cramer and Marcelene Clutz. Both Claudia and Marcelene were wives of house priors (Marcelene from either Montreal or Quebec, as I recall).

Spiritual Exercises

The solitary team exercises were only one of numerous spiritual exercises designed to nurture covenantal bonding and set forth the missional importance of our work. We were, so we'd been told, engaged in designing a structural revolution.

Group singing was another covenantal bonding tool. Words for songs had been written by talented enablement staff members to conform to the four "Other World" themes--land of mystery, river of consciousness, mountain of care and sea of tranquility--and adapted to well-known songs. Thus, "Desert Song" became "Mystery is Everywhere," "Guantanamo" was "All Life Is Open," "Morning Has Broken" was "Morning of Freedom," "Danny Boy" was "My Consummation," etc.

Song texts powerfully reflected the Institute's existential theology. And we all sang with fervor and gusto!

Decor throughout the building was intentional, specifically designed to empower the project's task. Most was tied to "Other World" ontology, Social Process Triangle and social project (Fifth City) themes. One night everyone in the building worked all night utilizing a "Watch" format. Through the night,

grouped as Ecclesiola, each hour we'd corporately read traditional church canonical hours--matins, lauds, prime. It was a powerful spirit-enhancing exercise in the tradition of monasticism.

And then there was the Fast, which was the last three days of the third, or "Mountain of Care," week. The story goes that although the fast had been planned, no one notified the kitchen crew. So breakfast was on its way up to the floors via elevator on Thursday and suddenly had to be returned to the kitchen, to what disposition I was never privy to. For the Fast orders were given that everyone would subsist on water and juices only for three days. An instruction sheet was passed out to congregation and Ecclesiola priors contextualizing the Fast's rationale and allaying fears about how it might diminish effectiveness of all the ongoing research activities.

Theologically the aim of the fast was a powerful exercise not only in temporal detachment and corporateness but also radical self-consciousness. Since part of the summer program was an attempt to recover the intensity of monastic vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, the fast was an experience of spiritual poverty. It was also a Fast on behalf of the "have nots" of the world.

In practical terms we were told that the first half day would be the most difficult, but after that the lack of food would be less noticeable. Indeed, I found that to be true; still, I and many others looked forward to the Saturday evening feast that would mark the Fast's end.

To mark "River of Consciousness" week, two Chicago River excursion boats were chartered, one for each Temple. We cruised down the river and briefly out into Lake Michigan. Once on the lake, passengers serenaded colleagues on the other boat with rousing EI songs. Afterward, we in Ecclesiola gathered in the lobby of the Prudential Building and sang "My Consummation" to the tune of "Danny Boy." Some passers-by almost got caught up in the exhilaration of the moment, but then appeared puzzled by the song's altered wording.

The weekly congregational House Church ritual also promoted collegiality and fostered self-confidence. "You can do more than you think you can do." Not only was there the traditional EI communion (each person serving his/her neighbor), but each person was also called upon to be accountable (something like, "Have you been faithful to your life of service during the past week?" Or, when mostly O:E people were present, "Have you been faithful to the rule of the Order during the past week?" Each individual's answer was either "yes and no" or "no and yes," the rationale being that everyone holds in his or her mind a tension of ambiguity to such a question. One may feel mostly "yes" one week and mostly "no" another week. One context for the accountability ritual says that at this point in our lives we are allowed to be equivocal; we are gaining practice for final accountability (as at St. Peter's Gate).

Following the accountability ritual the celebrant minister then pronounced affirmation and absolution. (Later, attending House Church celebrations in Indianapolis, the accountability, affirmation, absolution ritual would affect me profoundly.)

Ecclesiola rituals cultivated collegial bonding. I was reminded of that when I read an article in 1997 by Gene Marshall, who was for many years dean of EI's training academy. Noting the beer TV commercial that said: "It doesn't get any better than this," Marshall wrote that such a line is literally true only when it applies to a gathering of spirit companions. Other gatherings may be delightful, yet they are just another pleasant and fleeting moment unless some sort of grounding in the Eternal is present. When true spirit life is present, the meaning and purpose of being human is present; the meaning and purpose of being human, manifest.

You Are Accepted

Contributing to collegiality and sense of purpose was common ground. Everyone at the research assembly was an RS-I "graduate" and was thus versed in its contemporary theology context (which, incidentally, doesn't support the notion of a literal St. Peter stationed in a literal supernatural place). Also, based on Tillich's nonjudgmental "you are accepted" context, older single people weren't made to feel out of place. At the time I was 45 and probably subconsciously avoided family-oriented church congregations in which people, though they may not say so directly, regarded older bachelors as "odd." But in all my EI affiliations over the years I always felt "accepted."

Housing at Kemper was dormitory style with participants sleeping in large rooms on their congregation floor in double-bunk beds. I remember I had a lower bunk near the entrance to the men's dorm on the west wing of the fourth floor. One neighbor, in an adjacent lower-level bunk, was Fred Maurer, the bill poster from Canton, Ohio. Other nearby bunks were from other Congregation 5 Ecclesiolas.

Fred, incidentally, was an older single male probably in his mid-50s. From conversations with him, I think in Canton people might have regarded him as sort of a "homeless person." It didn't seem that he was steadily employed or had much in the way of material goods.

The large dormitory room was separated by a cardboard wall--men on one side, women on the other. The intentional manipulation of space by staff demonstrated that the research assembly didn't have to be a victim of space, just as a person as an individual doesn't have to be.

Bathroom facilities, adequate when the building was an office building, were inadequate for the large number of residents present for the research assembly. In the fourth-floor men's room one toilet stall had been converted into a shower stall leaving three toilet stalls as well as three urinals. And how many men did the bathroom have to serve? Probably 60.

Kemper Insurance Co. had moved out of the building leaving its office furniture. It was of good quality: Steelcase desks, chairs and filing cabinets. Near my bunk, for storage I shared the drawers of a steel desk with another participant.

Despite disadvantages of facilities there were few complaints. One puts up with such inconveniences for the sake of a greater cause and in spirit of collegiality. I must say, though, that it was fortunate that the building was air conditioned. Paul Schwobel, who'd been a participant at EI's 1971 research program located on the West Side campus, said that with no air conditioning they'd sweltered.

Discontinuity times were Sunday afternoons and evenings. A few times I walked to the "EI" station and to the shopping district on Broadway three blocks from the Kemper Building. At the time the immediate neighborhood was generally unsafe for walking alone. A drug culture pervaded, with gangs having members assigned each day to obtain money one way or another for a day's "buy." In an apartment building directly to the west of Kemper, young people sat on the steps surveying the street scene (Lawrence Avenue) for potential victims. Needless to say, I walked on the other side of the street. And walking alone on side streets just wasn't done.

Covenantal Bond

Everyone wore a cross to signify covenantal bonding. We were "commissioned" at a ceremony during our first Ecclesiola meeting, one receiving his or her cross from his or her neighbor and in turn "commissioning" his or her other neighbor. Many assembly participants had anticipated this ceremony and had brought a crafted or store-bought cross. I didn't have one, so fashioned a small St. Anthony Tau cross out of gray cardboard. I wore it around my neck for the summer program's duration.

Ecclesiola teams rotated service duties--kitchen, housekeeping, security. Assigned teams were on duty 24 hours. I don't recall being on food preparation and dishwashing duty that summer, or cleaning bathrooms, but undoubtedly I was. I do remember one time my Team 60b being on security, with responsibilities including running elevators and checking fire escape doors throughout the building to make sure they were locked from the outside.

Inside the building an adult communal spirit prevailed. No doors were locked and, as far as I know, no thefts of personal property occurred. (Note word *adult*. In later years, when youth lived in the building, internal security became a problem.)

In an effort to assign dignity to people engaged on service-duty enablement teams, each was called a "One-Day Wonder." Jargon shortened that to "wonder," and a question sometimes heard was "When is our team going on wonder?"

Security duties included "running" messages from floor to floor and taking people and messages to and from the West Side campus by automobile. On the night our team was on security, a driver was needed for the 2 a.m. run; and since the West Side was in a high-risk area, the only two persons available were Paul

Schwobel and I (Fred didn't drive). Paul, being familiar with black ghetto dangers, opted out. So that left naïve and innocent me.

People who drove to the research assembly and parked their cars in the Kemper lot agreed to turn their cars, communal-fashion, over to assembly use. So I drove a Buick station wagon with Connecticut license plate on it. Owner I knew not who.

I had a passenger or two with me going over to the west side. Once there we parked near the entrance to the main building and passed through security to enter. I remember meeting and talking with two order members who were working on into the night, Gordon Harper and Steve Allen. Gordon, who'd joined O:E as an English professor at Denison University in Ohio, maybe at that time took a liking to me (or likely also impressed that I held a Ph.D. and he didn't.) In subsequent research assemblies Gordon saw to it that I got assignments compatible with scholarly proclivities. Steve was not the famous TV host Steve Allen but a tall O:E member from New England.

Anyway, as I returned to Kemper a heart-in-throat incident occurred. There were no passengers to accompany me, so the black security guard escorted me back to the Connecticut car. Then, there in the middle of the black ghetto at 3:30 a.m., in an attempt to find my way back to the Eisenhower Expressway, I found myself going the wrong way on a one-way bridge across the expressway. And sure enough, here comes a car around the corner at the end of the bridge clipping my left-front bumper. I stopped, and the clipping car stopped as well. Out emerged a black man. We both looked for possible damage; but didn't find anything serious. The black man didn't want to call the police (for what reason I know not) and clearly I didn't. Since I was driving the wrong way on a one way street I was clearly in error. Also, I didn't know the owner of the car I was driving.

The return trip back through practically deserted Chicago streets was taken with great relief. Thank you guardian angel!

Little Sleep

Before attending the 1972 EI summer research program I'd never learned to sleep sitting up. But this I first learned to do during temple lectures which had been scheduled late mornings right before lunch. Also, many times our Ecclesiola and teams (and, indeed, all others) found ourselves short-handed to do the day's outlined research work. People were "pulled off" for special assignments or for one-day wonder. Those left found ourselves having to work several hours past the stated completion hour of 10 p.m.

One afternoon during the assembly's final week I remember working with Don Rollins, the medical student, and being so sleepy I couldn't get instructions to focus much less concentrate on the task at hand. I don't think he was in much better shape. Somehow, though, we finished our required work.

Also, during the assembly's last week, our Team 60b was assigned to the print shop. Since I'd had experience running automatic printing presses, I was assigned to one in the building's print shop. Recollecting, I think there were four Multilith 9x12 offset presses. I'd never operated an offset press before, but the one to which I was assigned seemed to be good working order and the vacuum and air adjustments were similar to those of the old Kluge letterpress that I'd operated many years previous. So I had no trouble.

We were printing papers documenting final results of the assembly's research work. Each participant was to receive a copy. So with maybe 1,800 copies required and documents totaling about 2,000 typewritten pages printed both sides, the total number of impressions required was in the millions.

Obviously four presses at Kemper couldn't handle the task. So "enablement" enlisted help from the Multilith sales office in downtown Chicago. Could we send participants downtown to operate demonstration machines on their sales floor?

A Multilith company sales pitch was that "our machines are so simple to operate that anybody can do it." So their sales manager agreed. So I think it was on the last Friday afternoon of the assembly that I was on a team assigned to Multilith headquarters on the north side of the Chicago River to help print final documents.

Documents had been typed on plastic-coated paper "plates" and an enablement team coordinated the page-printing sequence, backups, etc., with elegant precision. Little time was lost keeping the machines

running. Around 10 Multilith's were on the sales floor with only one or two causing problems for the inexperienced operators. Multilith personnel stepped in to help them out. The press to which I was assigned, though, worked wonderfully. I was back to one of my first loves, running an automatic printing press! Indeed, heaven on earth!

Grand Finale

On Saturday evening a grand ball celebrated the summer research assembly's end. Actually there'd be a grand plenary Sunday morning at which time participants would march to an altar-like table to pick up their documents package.

Everyone waltzed at the grand ball. We'd been practicing it for a couple of weeks in Ecclesiola. The imagery: waltzing over the "Sea of Tranquility." Site was the large second-floor former insurance company computer room. An enablement team had papered the walls and ceiling with gold paper. (Later, after we'd all gone home, I learned that a Chicago fire marshal team inspected the building and was appalled. Not only was the gold paper not fireproof but *cardboard* was used to separate rooms!)

Everyone got only about one hour of sleep following the ball. Thousands of pages of documents still had to be collated in preparation for the plenary. So at 3 a.m. a brass band marched through the building calling people to gather for a great collating event. Tables had been lined up on the first floor and, with hundreds of people collating, the task was accomplished with dispatch.

The Sunday morning concluding plenary was somewhat of an anti-climax. Non-Order people from out of town seemed anxious to get home and get some sleep. Joe Mathews, of course, spoke and we ceremoniously picked up our documents. It would take awhile for me to assimilate just what happened, not only collegially but personally. The work had been intense. I'd seen and participated in an event that demonstrated the powerful synergistic effect of teamwork and of corporateness, the marvel of sum greater than the parts. I hadn't really understood some of the procedures (valencing, etc.) and more often than not felt that I was just a cog on a wheel. Yet the swirl of the whole event effected in me profound spiritual amplitude. I think it was during the final plenary that Fred Buss in a contextual lecture said, "You want to know what heaven is like? This is it!" Hearing that, I think that what initially went through my mind was the image of clogged toilets and lack of sleep. Yet there had been exhilarating moments. Reflecting, in terms of existential theology, Buss was right on target.

For my return to West Lafayette I had several pounds of documents to stuff into my luggage. I was able to do it, though, although my principal bag was quite heavy. Two Purdue graduates who'd been drawn into EI by David and Joyce Reese, Carl and Jane Johnson, had been assigned to the Cincinnati house and would be going there via West Lafayette. They were taking with them a couple of other people; still, I was able to hitch a ride with them.

Even though their car was an EI battered sub-compact (a Simca?), we were all able to crowd in. With all the luggage the car practically "bottomed out" its rear suspension. But soon I was back to my apartment and to sleep.

The EI Appeal

What motivated so many people to attend "Summer 72"? The mood of the times clearly had something to do with it--Vietnam War protests as well as racial and civil rights unrest. Just as the summer program began the Watergate break-in had taken place. Full implications of that outrage would later evolve. The Nixon-sanctioned break-in was, nevertheless, symbolic of societal troubles that left many people feeling that American culture was disjointed. Some people looked to the church for answers, but in vain. The staid institutional church stiff-armed radical social action imperatives.

In 1972 the Ecumenical Institute was still heavily involved in church renewal (Local Church Experiment) and Summer 1972 rituals reflected that emphasis. Many individuals seeking to enliven the moribund institutional church were attracted. People of all ages, ministers and their wives, school teachers, college students, retired folk, and particularly those who could free themselves from employment for a few weeks, participated.

What attracted me, no doubt, was that I needed a new challenge and, although I didn't fully realize it at the time, a new sense of vocational clarity. I was in a state of transition. I felt comfortable with my teaching abilities, and, although it had crossed my mind that I should get started writing articles for

scholarly journals and papers for presentation at professional meetings and conventions, I couldn't seem to focus on challenging topics. In retrospect from what I'd later learn, I didn't know how to focus myself on interesting professional topics. I'd learn more about that, though, but I'd never become proficient.

So I was subtly intrigued by the possibility that I might find clarity concerning the meaning of comprehensive vocation. Somehow I'd sensed that teaching college students was not "service" enough and that I needed a broader perspective. EI offered an appealing progressive and unorthodox way to do that.

During my first years in West Lafayette I'd attended services a few times at a couple of Methodist churches (First and Trinity). Overall ambiance at both, though, seemed stuffy and conventional. RS-I had awakened me and traditional worship services (Methodist or otherwise) no longer sufficed. I needed a church home, and although there was an active EI group in the vicinity led by David Reese, I was only vaguely aware of it. Just as well, for my priorities those first years at Purdue had to be to finish my dissertation and to develop my teaching skills.

Local and Indianapolis EI cadres were, of course, actively seeking new members. Later I'd learn a "spirit nurture" card had been prepared for each identifiable RS-I grad that traced each toward further involvement, at first into advanced programs and courses and later into leadership roles. So to the extent that I was a vulnerable person in transition, I bit.

Then, too, for non-gregarious me, getting more involved by going to the summer program offered an opportunity to enhance collegial companionship, to "belong" to something.

Curiosity about the organization also no doubt prompted me to register. What was making people (like Fred Lanphear) leave promising secular careers, pack up and join Order:Ecumenical? Another appeal was Chicago. Here would be an opportunity to "experience" a big city and to broaden my viewpoints.

At the summer program I observed comprehensive vocation in action. I saw why EI had attracted so many scholarly types and I identified with many would-be social activists seeking to enliven the moribund institutional church.

Introduction to the "Other World" spiritual metaphor also intrigued me. Its four elements outlined transparent, mystery-filled, ontological reality. A descriptive chart had been developed by O:E people in early 1972 and the summer program provided a forum to further develop it.

"Other World" theology was based on an article by H. Richard Niebuhr in *Theology Today*, April 1944. Joe Mathews had studied with Niebuhr while a graduate student at Yale and had been greatly influenced by him. In the Christian theological tradition, one who enters the "Other World" through meditation and reflection, returns "victorious" into a sanctified one. By progressing through the descriptive chart, one can connect the interior "intangible" world of meaning to the explicit world of work. According to the theology, without a spirit map such as provided by the "Other World," work is merely survival function, a career of merely following orders and routine.

The summer program and "Other World" initiation gave me insight on the broad meaning of vocation. It's more than just one's livelihood and more than unconscious community engagement and volunteer service. It involves wedding societal trends and overall care for humanity into effective action.

EI wasn't supposed to be a church home, and although O:E members endeavored to recruit new members, they didn't seek to proselytize, or, at least, that's a message that was sometimes conveyed. However, since I had no church home, to be proselytized for me was a moot issue. So for a more than a dozen years EI in effect became my church.

As I've already hinted, EI methods greatly appealed to me--orderliness of meetings and study materials, rational structure (4x4x4s) for developing curricula and lectures, intentionality (use of strict format for paragraphs, black border graphics), and stress on strong beginnings and endings for presentations. Also, I saw consensus building methods in operation, image-shifting techniques and strategic (contradictional) planning in use. Directed discussion methods impressed me, and I'd experienced the exhilaration of intentional celebration. Intrigued, I was motivated to want to learn more about all this.

(A 4x4x4 is an arrangement of "facts" or data into a chart of four broad categories, then two more subcategories for a total of 16 topics or sentences. With delineation of topics into such rational order, with

effort to fill each box with an entry, a person or a group constructing a 4x4x4 is forced to think of items he or she or a group would not have thought of otherwise.)

EI's audacity also appealed to my liberal, unorthodox proclivities. Lectures were radically anti-deterministic; forces of history aren't inevitable. Indeed, history can be bent.

Guardians Meeting

The fall regional EI meeting was again at the Westinghouse plant in Columbus. It was there that I met the new Indianapolis house prior, Bill Parker, and his wife, Suzanne. The Greenes and Lanphears were gone, assigned to other locations. Others (Griffins, Browns) deciding rigid communal life wasn't for them, left. New to the house was Kip May, who'd been assigned as a sojourner. A couple from Texas, Gary and Nina Gibson, were "second priors." Remaining at the house was Mike Hoff.

Also, everyone in the West Lafayette core cadre was gone. The Reeses, Lanphears, Johnsons, Nelson and Elaine Stover, Marcia Knight and Paula Craddock had joined O:E. An Army officer by the name of Walker, an ROTC instructor, had been transferred to West Point. Leadership now depended on the Bains, the Olives and me.

During the fall we held weekly Ecclesiola meetings Tuesday evenings at Grace United Methodist Church. Mike Hoff and Kip May usually came from Indianapolis to lead them. They came in a VW "beetle." One evening, because of engine trouble, it just barely made it into town. After Ecclesiola, worried that they might not make it back to Indianapolis, Bob Bain loaned them his Renault and then took the VW to the local dealership for repair. Engine repair amounted to around \$250, which Bob paid for as a donation. He was much disturbed later when he found out that the VW had been taken to Chicago, parked on the street and then hauled away for junk. Ten years later he'd retell the story interminably.

I remember one Saturday afternoon of a Purdue home football game making RS-I recruiting calls with Dan Olive. On another Saturday I made calls with Bob Bain. On neither occasion were we successful in signing up participants.

In November I received an invitation signed by Joe Mathews to attend a weekend meeting of EI "Guardians." Again, not wanting to park my car in Chicago, I traveled by Amtrak. The train went via the New York Central line through Fowler and Kankakee. Track condition was so poor in the Fowler vicinity that the train traveled only a very boring 10 mph.

Many early EI Guardians were influential Chicago professional men (lawyers, physicians, corporate executives) who'd been attracted to the church transformation work that EI was attempting. Generally well-to-do, for a time they called themselves the "North Shore Cadre." For the meeting I attended, men also came from Milwaukee, Detroit and Minneapolis, for a total of around 80.

Guardians had met twice before in 1972 mainly to examine ways that the EI "spirit movement" could be made more appealing to secular professionals. In order to permeate "the establishment," a preliminary "secular RS-I" course (later called LENS) was developed. Now the issue was to refine it and use it to enlist expertise from the secular community.

At one dinner meeting Joe Mathews held the group spellbound with a lecture on "Indicative Ethics." It would take awhile for me to assimilate its profundity.

In 1973, for one reason or another, we stopped having Lafayette cadre Ecclesiolas. Instead, Bob Bain and I would travel weekly (Tuesday evenings) to Indianapolis for cadre meetings at the religious house. Most often the main issue at hand was RS-I recruiting. I remember going out on calls with Sr. Judy Albers (later Judy Kilgore) and Kip May. Meetings ended with recitation of a "Geneva," one of four short-forms of the Institute's daily office. They were called "Genevas" because they'd been written at an O:E retreat at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. After these meetings, sometimes Bob and I didn't get back to West Lafayette until after midnight.

In spring and early summer there were other regional meeting trips to Columbus, but for these we met (and bunked) at Methodist churches. EI leadership had alienated the Westinghouse general manager at the fall meeting because they'd misused his WATS telephone line.

House church was held weekly on Sunday evenings at the religious house. Bill Parker, a lay Methodist minister, was a sometime celebrant; but most often the celebrant would be a pastor from the community: Bill Dennis or Father Joseph Dooley from St. Thomas Aquinas Catholic Church. At about this time Eddie Taylor took a job as Christian education director for the central office of a Disciples of Christ (Christian Church) in Indianapolis. Having been involved with EI as a minister in Tulsa, he stayed at the house until he could purchase a house into which he could move his family. He sometimes officiated.

Others who attended from time to time were Lorene Monk; Kerry Masher, a Purdue aeronautical engineering student who'd been introduced to EI in San Jose, Calif., and Louise Bates (later Louise Evans). Louise, a black woman, later moved to Indianapolis and participated in EI events well into the 1990s.

In early February the Bains and I participated in an advanced weekend at a church in Speedway, Ind.: RS-3a, "The Local Congregation," with Gordon Harper as the lead teacher.

Also, at the House, I remember participating in a "gridding" workshop in which we delineated the Mapleton-Fall Creek neighborhood. Terminology (such as community node) from Kevin Lynch's *The Image of the City* was utilized. EI priors thought geographical delimitation necessary because it was found during pioneering work in Chicago's 5th City that broad, unfocused programs weren't particularly effective. So the boundary-setting exercise identified a community and permitted focused concentration.

Forging Guild Dynamic

Theme for the 1973 summer research assembly in Chicago was development and formation of guilds. The first two weeks were spent identifying specific social process imbalances. We were organized into congregations, just as we'd been for the previous summer. This time I was in Congregation C, Team 30a, with congregation first prior being Larry Ward, a black man; second prior (second in command), Ray Spencer, an Australian.

The detailed Social Process Triangle developed during the two previous summers was an admitted idealized view of society--all sectors in harmony and balance. Reality was depicted with a triangle reflecting distorted social processes, an out-of-balance triangle. Our initial team research therefore concentrated on identifying "tyrant" and collapsed sectors. Then we located strategic triangles within the overall Social Process Triangle that constituted "whistle points." (The whistle-point analogy derived from avalanche lore: Start one intentionally in order to prevent one from breaking loose unintentionally. Usually a bullet is fired toward a certain point, but sometimes even the sound of a whistle will initiate avalanche momentum.)

We worked on tactics that could be utilized to forge the guild dynamic (I'm using a bit of EI jargon here). The philosophic strategy held that if people could identify themselves as being a part of a guild they'd be motivated to reconstruct society. "Whistle points" to be activated centered on those that would effectively alter the social framework and move toward alleviation of social injustices.

What tactics (after overcoming major contradictions blocking society's reconstruction) might bring the new social vehicle (as illustrated by the balanced Social Process Triangle) into being? All the world's people would have to feel free to participate. Putting aside renewal of traditional church congregations, EI leadership thought the secular guild would be the best and nonthreatening vehicle to allow people to become engaged. H. Richard Niebuhr's projection for society's renewal wasn't forgotten, just secularized.

Also, leadership recognized that people don't become authentically motivated and engaged by direct confrontation. They become energized when they're provided skills and methods with which to accomplish a transformation themselves. Further, providers function incognito as much as possible. For inspiration for that we viewed the movie *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which depicted use disguise to accomplish a task. Other models were the musical *Desert Song* and *The Lone Ranger* and *Zorro* (movies and TV series). In the latter two, individuals change communities for the better but spurn recognition for themselves. We also viewed the movie *The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao* and reflected on techniques, though fantasized, that Dr. Lao utilized.

We also experimented with cabaret as a technique to attract and engage people. We viewed the just-released movie with that title at an Uptown theater and reflected on its motivational use of story and

drama. Two demonstration cabarets in the Kemper building were organized and performed as well as, at the end of the third week, the *Desert Song* musical. Everyone at the assembly participated in some way. My team helped set the Great Hall (the old insurance company computer room). Others were assigned to various enablement tasks. About 20 O:E people rehearsed and performed. The lure of cabaret, and its popularity in the early 1970s, appeared to be the intimacy it offered for both performers and audience. We saw that demonstrated. Learnings from this (more EI jargon) would later be utilized in the story, song and symbol section of the Town Meeting format.

Substantively, the first two weeks our team wrote paragraphs relating to nine pressure points identified as "basic roles." What is every person's place within the social fabric? What are the functional necessities within a community, points of influence and the self-conscious and unconscious controls?

The second two weeks I was on a team that considered refinement of the "knowledge access" pressure point. How can people attain access to community images? How are of structures for information flow created? For me this related more to a familiar journalistic topic.

Summer 1973 Reflections

As I think back on Summer 1973, it all seems to have a blue hue. Understandably. Beginning that summer O:E people began wearing navy blue clothing, reflecting a belief that signs and symbols help designate intentional living (like clerical collars on priests and habits on nuns). Most decor was also bluish. After Summer 1973 "wearing the blue" continued worldwide for about 10 years until the Institute reorganized into decentralized offices.

For the summer 1973 assembly, our work groups were not located on the same floors as living quarters as was the case in summer 1972. My bunk was in the corner room (Lawrence and Sheridan) containing about 24 guys on double-bunk army cots on the third floor; my guild met, I think, on the sixth floor. I seldom used the elevator but instead trudged the stairwell.

For the first two weeks our guilds were organized into congregations; for the second two weeks they were called protoguilds and paraguilds. In reflection, I didn't experience the bonding in the guild configuration that I'd experienced in the Ecclesiola the previous summer. Leadership might have had something to do with that (prior Larry Ward always started songs pitched too low) thus obviating my full participation; but then, too, maybe it was because some of the newness of living in corporate style had worn off.

Also, with the move toward secularization, incense pungency no longer permeated Kemper. Whatever else, I think that for me incense contributed to the previous summer's percipience of spiritual awe.

Why did I again submit myself to the intensity of an EI summer program and its associated grungy conditions? No doubt involvement in programs and activities at the Indianapolis House during the Parker's first year there, at Guardians meetings in Chicago, and at the 1972 summer program was leading me to comprehend the profundity of what "the spirit movement" was about. I was no doubt searching for a deeper, richer meaning for life than what could be provided through just my teaching job. Innovative methodological and scholarly ideas were constantly presented. And there were challenges and collegiality not present in relations with students and faculty at Purdue. Though relationships were friendly and compatible for the most part, with students and faculty a sense of working together toward a common revolutionary objective wasn't present. The goal of students was to get through a course with a decent grade; goal of faculty was to work individually on glorified term papers (pot boilers) and "get published." With all the injustices in the world, such goals struck me as narrow and pinched. I set high standards for myself, feeling that any research paper topic should be pioneering.

I felt comfortable with the Institute's intense and well-thought-out objectives. The hard-nosed disdain of sentimentality, so necessary for effecting social change, appealed to me.

(Here I'm reminded that on my first Easter at Purdue I went to a free program in Elliott Auditorium put on by Glee Club and choral director Al Stewart. The program was so banal and sappy [*ala* Lawrence Welk] that if I'd been sitting on an aisle seat I'd have walked out. During the time of student protests in the early 1970s the out-of-touch Stewart was in charge of convocations. For one program he brought in comedian Jonathan Winters. Students boycotted; to their mind a Woodstock-style rock band would have

been more appropriate. I didn't attend, but it was reported that an audience of only about 200 rattled around in the 6,000-seat Elliott auditorium.)

EI's rational model-building methods impressed me as well as the "making people aware of reality" societal enlightenment objective. The Institute's existential theology countered drippy religious sentimentality and the two-story ("old man upstairs") myth of the universe, and that appealed to my contrarian proclivities. The model-building methods sought to bring everyone's suppressed creativity to the forefront: Create climate and conditions within a community whereby any person could rise to his or her full potential.

Too, the incognito stance also piqued my interest. What you do is to provide people with skills, methods and self-reliance so that they can bring about community or workplace transformation themselves. In the end they'll think they themselves effected the change. "Put dice on the table and leave the room; but make it seem possible to the players that you were never in the room." (A quote attributed to John Fowles, possibly from his novel *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.)

Everyone wants to live a significant and effective life, and the Institute's effort to seek ways to allow that to happen, based on H. Richard Niebuhr's RS-I paper on the purpose of the church, impressed me.

Also, proffered comprehensiveness. Many organizations endeavor to correct societal and environmental imbalances and injustices: Common Cause, Amnesty International, Sierra Club, National Wildlife Association, etc. Many others seek volunteers: Gideons, a political party, etc. So the questions prompted are: Where do you want to put your life? Which one is most nitty-gritty in terms of bringing forth truly effective action? For which one would you "die your death"? Clearly for me the answer was for me "the spirit movement."

Identifying myself with EI as a volunteer left little time for writing articles for scholarly journals and papers for presentation at professional meetings and conventions. As I've already mentioned, I had difficulty motivating myself to research and write articles on topics didn't reflect pioneering thought. A little later I'd have a modicum of success in uniting EI methods and content to my teaching. In 1972-73, though, my teaching efforts were rather conventional.

I found spirit motivation through participation in workshops both in Indianapolis and in the Chicago summer and guardians gatherings. Leadership methods were nonjudgmental, each person's opinion honored. At the House, birthday celebrations went beyond the vapid "happy birthday to you" cliché. The honoree's past, present and future was recognized by holding him or her accountable, signifying his or her uniqueness, pronouncing absolution, and ending with an atypical song of unity.

Thinking about the end of Summer 1973 now I see that I'd reached a new plateau in my life. Not only were methods and celebrations affecting me but, also likely, some of the thoughts and studies about sanctification. Spirit studies during Summer 1973 centered on *Dark Night of the Soul* by St. John of the Cross and his 10 steps up the sanctification ladder. I won't elaborate on it here, but will say that it dealt with stages of awareness, of assessing just where you are in your life. First, was simply becoming aware that you had talents beneficial to serve others; second, an awareness to want to serve. This progresses to "getting hooked," to service becoming a total preoccupation of your being, to feelings of unworthiness and being humiliated by others because, in the intensity of your preoccupation, your lifestyle is so "different" from the mainstream.

The dark night of the soul is the way one's life is lived; it's not that one progresses sequentially from one rung to another. That's western imagery. A person goes up and down. It seemed evident to me, though, that only full-blown saints with the designation saint in front of their name ever reach the top (or 10th) rung.

Sanctification lectures and studies of St. John of the Cross during Summer 1973 seemed aimed primarily at those who wore the blue. The objective was to stiffen their resolve, to help them find the inner strength to "run and not be weary" and to assure everyone that each had the wherewithal to expend his or her life effectively.

Reflecting now, I see that, participation enabled me to go up a step on the sanctification ladder. Before becoming involved as an EI volunteer, I think I had an open mind to helping make the world a better place in which to live. The Institute's innovative methods gave me practical vision concerning how I could

help that happen. I think that at the end of Summer 1973 I was up two rungs on the sanctification ladder. But I'd work out my concerns for the world as part of what EI people called "the Extended Order."

EI Becomes ICA

In early 1974 the Ecumenical Institute (EI) had officially secularized itself, becoming the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA). Weekly cadre meetings at the Indianapolis House continued, with Bob Bain and me the usual attendees from West Lafayette. I don't recall who all were House sojourners, but I think Gary and Nina Gibson, Johnson Reynolds, Hylida Jackson, Cathy McCall (later Cathy Marsh), Kip May, and Don and Cathy Bayer were there. Sr. Judith Albers (later Judy Kilgore) taught art at St. Mary's Cathedral school and often participated in cadre meetings. Roy Stansbury, a friend of Kip's, who worked as a draftsman at an Indianapolis firm, also participated. Roy would move into the House as a sojourner the next spring.

Main tasks that fall related to adjusting to the Institute's shift of focus from church renewal to community renewal. One reason for the shift was that nationwide it was becoming harder to recruit participants for the religious courses. The challenging issue confronting Guardians at our fall meeting was to outline something called "The Guild." What course (or courses), building on the experiences with and the power of RS-I, could appeal to secular community folk and to businessmen?

A total of 200 were present at the fall meeting of Guardians in Chicago. We were told about developmental work being done on the NINS course ("New Individual in the New Society"). Later, after refinement, the course would be LENS ("Living Effectively in the New Society").

The weekend before spring break at Purdue, an Odyssey course was offered at the Indianapolis House. I elected not to take it as a participant but instead to function as "Brother Lawrence," servant for those on the journey. (See *Journey to the East* by Herman Hesse.) "Brother Lawrence" prepared meals, set and cleared tables and otherwise enabled course spaces. Meetings and meals were held in the basement at the Pennsylvania Street house; the "washing your grave plot" exercise in the floor of the first-floor conference room. For that exercise I had to lay out for each participant (I think there were around eight) a 3-foot by 6-foot space with masking tape and provide each participant with a bucket and scrubbing rag even though the exercise was symbolic only. Water wasn't used.

The course, beginning at 6 p.m. Friday and taught by the Parkers and Johnson Reynolds, was intense. Watches were taken away from the participants and, to demonstrate that one is not a victim of time, eating and sleeping habits were radically rearranged. In monk fashion, participants all wore bathrobes, a rope belt, and a cross around their neck. I don't recall the schedule, but the meals consisted of gruel served at 12 (both noon and midnight) and again at 6 (both p.m. and a.m.). The final feast at noon Sunday was celebrative, more substantial, and in the first-floor dining room. Sr. Judith came in from downtown to help me prepare it.

Sleep time for all participants was minimal. For me I think I got in two or three half-hour naps. The Parkers seemed worried about sending me out to drive home on Sunday afternoon, fearing I might fall asleep driving. I didn't, but certainly did fall into bed for a long sleep when I got back to my apartment.

That particular Odyssey followed the poverty format. Later, in Academy in Chicago, I took the course as a participant; and since it took place over Thanksgiving, it followed an abundance format. Time was still rearranged (I remember one workshop on *Journey to the East* taking place at 3 a.m.) and I don't think the format change affected the course's spiritual power.

Around Easter the Bains dropped out from ICA participation for awhile. What happened was this: Bill Parker apparently was under considerable pressure from Chicago to expand the number of sojourners in the Indianapolis House. He and Suzanne would be leaving that summer for a new assignment. So Bill and Gary Gibson came to West Lafayette and persuaded the Bains to commit themselves to sojourning at the House. It turned out that the commitment was made without family consultation, and the Bains's two daughters rebelled. "No way" would they move into the House. Chagrined, the Bains reneged on their decision, and in fact decided to no longer participate in ICA activities.

At the end of April, a weekend LENS course was offered at the Marott Hotel on North Meridian Street in Indianapolis. Rick Loudermilk, Maureen Jenkins and Anne Slicker from Chicago, as well as Dick

Galbreath from Washington and Jim Armour from Cincinnati, came to teach it. Overall, the course attracted around 45 participants. Course fee was waived for staff and others from Order:Ecumenical (O:E), so when the course was over the Indianapolis House found itself faced with a substantial hotel bill. There'd been only 33 paid participants. Don Bayer prevailed upon me to contribute to help pay the hotel debt. I wound up subsidizing to the tune of \$300.

It was at this course I learned some new terms: pro-establishment, dis-establishment, trans-establishment. The pro-establishment represents all of society's established institutions (the "system"). It's made up of the people who are in control and who participate in dominant structures such as trustee and corporation boards.

The dis-establishment represents those who question societal structural elements and their future relevance. They, the active protesters and demonstrators, view establishment structures as humanly demeaning. Dis-establishment folk don't participate in dominant structures, yet they are the ones who most often come up with innovative ideas for correction of social injustices.

A trans-establishment person (advocated by LENS) stands in both the pro- and dis-establishments. That person picks up the best aspects of each and moves beyond both. He or she helps create and act on new models to deal with harmful situations. For the trans-establishment person there's an element of maintaining creative tension between the other two. Of necessity, people who are trying to change social conditions must rely on bankers to obtain incubatory funds.

The trans-establishment notion fitted my proclivities. As I reflected I saw my working lifestyle as compatible with it. It tied to the journalistic vocation of objectivity, one who endeavors to remove oneself from the scene and who can transcend and synthesize pro- and dis- perspectives of others. I vowed to develop a class lecture on the "establishments" and tell my students about my discovery.

Spirit Life Hooky

For the summer research program in Chicago I was assigned to the "Promotion Tools" guild headed by Robert Rafos. Our job was to design a brochure for use in LENS promotion. Others on the team were Marshall Jones, O:E, and media specialist (he'd later produce *The World of Human Development* film); Nancy Eggert, a Milwaukee attorney; David Dunn, a Kalamazoo minister; Ray Caruso, a BBD&O advertising agency executive (McDonald's); Nancy Knowlton and Anne Wood, O:E, and Fiona Willock, from Scotland.

The summer's overall research tasks, in addition to refining LENS and developing a marketing strategy for it, included perfecting tactics and methods for conduct of overseas projects (world impact) and study of sociological transparentization (ontological love). Immediate practical concerns related to finances, operational structures and staff assignments. Feeling that I needed to spend some time that summer refining my own Purdue courses, I decided to attend only the first two weeks of the summer program in Chicago.

That summer I remember going to the famous (though I didn't know it at the time) Green Mill bar one evening with Sr. Judith and another nun from Indianapolis. A woman, probably in her 80s, belted out honky-tonk piano music. Part of the Green Mill's history was that it was an Al Capone speakeasy during the prohibition era and a sometime hangout of famous comedian Charlie Chaplin and famous actress Gloria Swanson. In 1974 it was a popular hangout for O:E people.

Spirit life for the summer program featured a cabaret and something called "mundanity spins" relating to the Other World. In our congregation (the protoguild appellation from the previous summer hadn't caught on), Bill Alerding did one on "The Chair and I," eliciting profundity about a common object as part of the Land of Mystery. A California prior, Rick Deines, did one on "Fifteen Miles North on Plum Street," relating the act of turning a corner in a car to the Sea of Tranquility. That caught my attention because the Plum Street he talked about was in Hutchinson, Kan., the city where I'd come of age.

In essence, as I remember it, Rick noted that his in-laws lived near Windom, Kan., and that there was alienation because he and his wife, their daughter, had joined this radical outfit called Order:Ecumenical. However, driving from California to Chicago for the summer program, he felt a strange tranquility as he turned onto Plum Street to go north to Windom before then going on to Chicago. *So what* what his in-

laws thought! He and his wife were comfortable with their decision. Further, they had to live their own lives.

Also at the summer program, directed conversations relating to morning news items were a breakfast feature. These followed the focused "art form" method, and I adapted the format for use in my public affairs reporting classes.

On Saturday, July 6, "Orders of the Day" called for spending the day doing something called Ignatian Retreat--silent meditations reflecting on ones sins, etc. Too much for me! I played hooky. Slipped out of the building and spent the morning and afternoon nosing around in shops and bookstores in the Old Town and Broadway areas.

Toward evening, just before everyone emerged from the Ignatian ordeal, I returned to Kemper. If I'd been missed nothing was said. Actually, I don't think I was missed because people had been reconfigured into different rooms. The personal Chicago excursion for me was regenerative. Definitely I gained more by "experiencing Chicago" (unofficial missional discontinuity, to use EI jargon) than by submitting myself to being boxed up in forced meditation on a fine, sunny Saturday.

Invisible College

During the summer 1974 program I became aware of the invisible college and league concept. It's introduced in one of the LENS lectures. As articulated by the prominent economist Kenneth Boulding in *The Meaning of the 20th Century*, the notion of the invisible college appealed to me.

Boulding's inspiration came from Derek de Solla Price, Yale science historian, who, in *Science Since Babylon*, mentions the secret network of Englishmen who conducted scientific research before it was legally sanctioned in 1663. Projecting to the mid-20th Century, Boulding saw the invisible college as having an altruistic spiritual dimension. "[T]here is in the world today an invisible college of people in many different countries and many cultures, who have (a) vision of the nature of the transition through which we are passing and who are determined to devote their lives to contributing toward its successful fulfillment," writes Boulding.

"Membership in this college is consistent with many different philosophical, religious, and political positions. Its representatives are a small group of people, but it is they who hold the future of the world in their hands or at least in their minds."

Joining the invisible college requires commitment and self-discipline. It implies that one must change from the habit of an unexamined life to one of an examined life. "What the results of this examination will be, however, and even what constitutes a good grade, is hard to predict for any particular person. What is certain is that we will see and do even old things in a new light and in a more examined manner."

Invisible college people have existed throughout western history, but because they've been "invisible" they've not always been readily identifiable. And since they've not proclaimed themselves they've usually received little or no notice in their own times. Yet they've catalyzed, in their relative obscurity, profound and earth-shaking events. Looking back through history, it would appear that Confucius and his *literati* were an invisible college as well as the Benedictines.

Boulding views the invisible college as a positive engine of change. It's tied to enhancing spirit, to innovation, to think tanks and legend--aspects, of course, dear to EI leaders. So it's no surprise that Boulding was an EI secular guru.

I should mention that Boulding's optimistic view of the invisible college contrasts to one advanced by various Marxist societal critics. Their invisible college viewpoint is sinister; it's a conspiracy designed to perpetuate the establishment. "Negative" invisible college writers would include Dallas Smythe, Herbert Schiller and C. Wright Mills.

Since I liked to think of myself as a person of vision, as an innovator, as a catalyzer for change, when I heard about Boulding's notion of the invisible college, I could relate to it. Later I'd learn more about it (as the league) in Academy study of Herman Hesse's *Journey to the East*. Hesse alludes to the invisible college by referring to a "league" of people who have a sense of mission. They surpass societal cultural conditioning, make a visionary ethical declaration and then undertake responsive practical steps.

In 1974 in Indianapolis the ICA House had new priors, Roger and Maxine Butcher. Others in the House were Charles and Sheila Sensel (he was a Methodist minister from central Illinois), Gary and Nina Gibson, John LaRoche. Quite possibly Johnson Reynolds was still there. With the Bains inactive, I no longer went to weekly meetings. Several times, though, I went to Indianapolis for Saturday "Problem Solving Unit" (PSU) sessions. Projects at that time, as I recall, centered mainly on launching the Mapleton-Fall Creek Neighborhood Association.

Lafayette Cadre

By Jan. 1, 1975, with a different prior family in Indianapolis, the Bains had again identified themselves as part of "The Movement." Priscilla said, "We can't live with it, and can't live without it." They were, however, about to leave for a sabbatical in England. Before leaving they helped me set up an agenda for continuing weekly Lafayette cadre meetings.

Most of the local people in the cadre had taken an RS-I recruited through Federated church. They included Jerry and Edith Ervin, Lorene Monk and Anne Hinds. Two Purdue students, Kerry Masher, an aviation engineering major, and Mary Van Reken, a psychology graduate student, had become acquainted with EI before coming to Purdue.

Meetings, following the Ecclesiola format, were held at the Ervin home near Americus. A representative from Indianapolis, usually Gary Drown, attended. The weekly "seminary" section reviewed the four part of RS-I: Crisis of Faith, You Are Accepted, Freedom, and Purpose of the Church. I remember that Jerry led at least a couple of them; Edith, one.

Meetings fizzled out toward the end of March. Attendance became fewer and fewer. Bain steadfastness was missed. Meetings ended when the Ervins moved to northern Indiana.

A demonstration Town Meeting was held in Chicago at the Kemper Building March 13. I attended, riding with Hugh Sample, an Indianapolis colleague.

It must have been sometime in June 1975 that I went with Indianapolis House people (Butchers, John LaRoche and others) to Hamilton, Ohio, for discontinuity weekend. People came from the Cleveland House (Boohers, Bushmans, Larry Ward and one of the Hamje boys, I remember, but there may have been others). We camped in tents on the Antenen property on Sevenmile Creek north of the city. Jay and Ann Antenen were active ICA Guardians, but they stayed at their home. Others from Cincinnati were likely at the camp site.

The weekend was strictly discontinuity--cookouts, innertubing in the creek's fast moving but shallow waters, etc.--except for one ritual. Upon breaking up to go home, we fumbled around for a profound ending. Finally, Don Bushman suggested we sing the "Life from nothing began through him" spirit movement song from biblical poetry, which we did:

*Life from nothing began through him,
And life from the dead began through him,
And he is therefore justly called
The Lord of All, the Lord of All.*

Sang twice to the tune of "I Walk the Line," it had powerful effect on me. Even now I remember that moment of collegiality.

Global Training Institute

For the summer 1975 ICA research program in Chicago, Gordon Harper had me assigned to work with an "intellectual" group to help develop a secular International Training Institute (ITI) based on the humanities. It would be called Global Training Institute (GTI).

ITI was for world churchmen. In most Southeast Asia countries, though, it would be seen as endeavoring to convert to Christianity. Indeed, it would be seen as effort to subvert. So the objective for GTI would restate ITI's premises (heavily RS-I) in secular terms. Also, to appeal, the course would have to be designed to keep people from mentally getting up and walking out; keep them from saying, in effect: "Nuts to this. This is not where I'm at."

On the task force ("Impact Constructs") were Rick Deines, Jim Bishop, James Fenton, Shirley Heckman, John Webster, Delores Morrill, Don Cramer, Ruth Hollinger, Barbara McDonald, Kamala Kareth, Vivian Paul, Sue Fowles, Gordon Harper, David Jabush, James Jewell, Symond Kock and Robert Teats. Also on the team was Bill Grow who'd had extensive experience teaching ITI in India and Southeast Asia.

Various other teams worked on other projects: developing and promoting town meeting for worldwide use, developing a worldwide social demonstration model, finding funds (development) and refining leadership training methods.

University 13 Curriculum

During the summer program's last week I worked on the University 13 "task force" headed by Gordon Harper. Others on it were Bill Grow, James Jewell, Frank Cookingham, Dennis Lord, Barbara McDonald, Shirley Heckman, Ruth Hollinger and David Jabush. Ruth taught at Penn State, Altoona; David was a speech professor at the University of Utah. O:E members James and Frank had Ph.Ds; James's in chemistry, Frank's I don't remember what.

U-13 originated with Joe Mathews who'd mentioned to Chicago colleagues that the idea for it came to him on a return plane flight from Southeast Asia. His rationale: In order for ICA to effectively carry on with its mission, new leaders needed to be trained--and fast. "New troops" needed "functional eptitude"--shrewdness, comprehensive understanding, canniness, a practical grasp of cultural history and world events. New people would have to be adept in dealing with the wiles of bureaucratic institutions and have the fortitude to stand up against being intimidated by functionaries within bureaucratic institutions.

A tall order, but one that intrigued Gordon Harper enough that he took on the task of leading an effort to develop a model for it. Gordon, a University of Chicago ABD (all but dissertation), probably recruited me because if the program were to be initiated, credentialed instructors would be needed.

As designed, the program sought to compact at least two years of college work into 13 weeks. A goal would be to take high school graduates and provide them with basic intellectual, motivational and methodological skills required for community leadership. Not to be left out would be older people who might be intrigued by innovative methods offered and who sought to have their minds refreshed.

Some contextual courses included in the U-13 plan were adaptations from others already well developed by ICA: Imaginal Education, LENS, CS-I. Others were extensions and adaptations from ICA Academy courses: principles of science and mathematics, of history and philosophy; the economic process and human governance; psychology; art and world religions. At end would be a vocational planning workshop .

U-13 intrigued me because I fancied myself as a forward looking person interested in new forms the institution of the university could take. To be successful, though, 13-week intensity would have to depend on the sustaining power of corporate structure. Some task force members argued that the institute's eight-week Academy demonstrated such corporate feasibility. But could colleagues in conventional collegiate programs be convinced? Could U-13 attain some kind of accreditation? Certainly a positive accreditation answer would help with recruiting.

Products at the end of the U-13 planning week included a description of the program, 26 course briefs, week and day timelines for the 13-week period, and a prospectus. Reflecting at the end of Summer 1975 I found participation in college-level innovative curriculum planning, both for GTI and U-13, a rewarding experience. Not only were there collegial satisfactions of working with an intellectual group with "future edge" ideas but I learned more about innovative methodological techniques that I could pass on to my Purdue students.

Town Meeting Endeavors

Before the fall semester started I drove Roger Butcher to Evansville and to Bowling Green, Ky., on a Town Meeting setup trip. We went to Evansville one weekday morning, visited with civic leaders and spent the night at the Craddock residence (daughter Paula Craddock was Order:Ecumenical).

On to Bowling Green the next day where we visited with the Chamber of Commerce manager, some civic club leaders and a banker. From there we went to Louisville, where I left Roger at Barbara

Schwartz's house. He'd spend the night there and make further TM setup calls with Barbara the next day. I drove on back to West Lafayette. I think we intrigued some people in the two cities, but that was about it. To obtain sponsorship commitment would take additional trips.

In 1975 ICA's major emphasis was Town Meeting setup. TMs were viewed as a gathering that would afford an awaken-ing experience similar to that of RS-I only in a community sense. As planned initially, TMs would be all-day affairs held in larger cities and would attract possibly 200 to 250 people each.

ICA leadership later determined that large all-day meetings took too much time and effort to organize, so a short, three-hour meeting structure was designed for smaller communities. To tie in with the nation's Bicentennial, one would be held in every U.S. county. In that way an estimated 1 percent of the nation's population would be exposed to TM, its philosophy and its methods. Participants would experience directed dialogue and reconciliation. They'd find out that their neighbors cared as deeply about their community as they did. They'd see "challenges" instead of "problems" and focus on changing troubles into issues. Profound consciousness would be released in the resulting spiritual exhilaration.

Stemming from the "Local Engagement" Social Process Triangle pressure point, holding TMs (Global Community Forums) worldwide was seen by ICA leadership as an "end-run" evangelistic tool. Methods utilized had been perfected for 20 years through experiences with RS-I and other EI/ICA courses, therefore TM included elements of confession, absolution, praise, dedication and benediction. Further, the methods allowed participants first to be made aware of their community situation and then, with newfound energy generated by the event, work together to revitalize their community.

Each Thursday afternoon, during fall of 1975, I traveled to Indianapolis to work with Roger on Town Meeting setup. Two clinical psychologists, Richard and Diana Bost, both with Ph.Ds. from Southern Illinois University, were sojourning at the House. As I remember, in order to bring income to the House, Richard worked at a clinical facility in the Indianapolis area and Diana at West Lafayette's Wabash Valley Hospital. She commuted each day. On one occasion I remember traveling for a meeting to Indianapolis by bus, staying overnight at the House, and returning with Diana the next day.

Setting up large TMs required sponsorship and funding, and I remember working with Diana and Roger on a grant proposal (unsuccessful) to the Indiana office for the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Principal ICA project for the fall, at least as far as Lafayette people were concerned, was gaining sponsorship and funding for a Lafayette Town Meeting. Steering committee weekly meetings (21 people) were held at Cumberland School. My main job was to handle publicity, which meant writing press releases, talking with Journal and Courier managing editor Angie Rizzo and radio station news readers.

I also did some work on site selection, finally making arrangements with people at the Southside Community Center. Lafayette Town Meeting would be one of the first events to be held in their new building.

The Nov. 13 meeting attracted about 120 people, including Lafayette Mayor Jim Riehle. A few ICA people from Chicago came as well as a few from Indianapolis. Five students from my Public Affairs Reporting class attended; I'd offered it as an optional news reporting assignment.

Summer Task Force

ICA leadership decided, for the 1076 three-week Chicago research assembly, that several position papers needed to be prepared to document project "learnings." Doing had outrun knowing, said John Epps, leader of Task Force J to which I'd been assigned. Justification papers, informing "troops" why they were doing what they were doing, why they were engaged often trying situations, would bolster morale.

Other task force members were Brian Stanfield, Bill Alerding, Charles Moore, Elaine Hockley, Dianne Francis, Bill Dorrman (a Catholic priest from Cincinnati), Bill Wall (from Saskatoon, Sask.), and Brooke Kroeger (an Order member and downtown UPI reporter who was with us only part-time).

To write what were called "strategic essays," we divided into sub-groups. I worked with Charles Moore and Dianne Francis to write one on the "profound function of Town Meeting." We pieced it together using ICA lecture-building methods. Onus of the work fell to Dianne and me. Charles, though an articulate,

circumspect long-time Order member, was not only burned-out, but was having marital difficulties. His enthusiasm left much to be desired.

The second essay I helped corporately write was one called "The Liberal Heresy." This one was based on an earlier lecture that had been delivered by Order member Jim Wiegel. It criticized "limousine liberals," people who have fine intentions about improving social conditions throughout the world but who don't really care to involve themselves in nitty-gritty efforts to bring them about. They want to keep themselves above the fray.

How this got written I don't really remember. On the team with me to write it were Bill Alerding, Charles Moore and Brooke Kroeger. Charles was still for the most part "out of it." Brooke helped us out only for a few hours each evening. Neither I nor Bill was profusely articulate about the topic.

As a team we assigned ourselves sections to write, and then the whole thing was pieced together. It went through several drafts, finally being perused and edited by John Epps, an EI/ICA intellectual with a Ph.D. in theology from Southern Methodist, and other task force members. In the end it came out quite well.

Mail Order Strategy

With ICA strategy being to hold a Town Meeting in every U.S. county, which meant that one would be needed in each Indiana county. To advance that strategy, John and Elsa Bengel, new house priors, devised a "mail-order" sponsorship plan. A TM announcement was sent to Indiana Methodist ministers along with a return postal card if the minister desired further information. The response was far greater than expected, and the mail-order plan led to minister sponsorship of many Indiana TMs.

Over the next year, teams of two, made up of House personnel and ICA colleagues, traversed the state facilitating three-hour meetings, mostly on a weekday evening. Some "came off" better than others. The meeting at the nearby town of Colfax (which I didn't attend) drew a large and enthusiastic crowd; but only about six people showed up for the meeting at Flora, another nearby town. Some that I assisted with were Pine Village, Amboy, Covington and Kingsford Heights.

At Purdue, with "publish or languish" signals ever more prevalent, I decided I'd best not attend ICA's Summer 1977 research program. So I wasn't involved with helping develop the Estimates II set of position papers. One paper dealt with the "moral issue of our times," the disparity between the "haves" of the world (15 percent) and the "have nots" (85 percent); another with an ICA objective, to catalyze community action throughout the world by providing people effective methods, and another a strategy for actuating human development projects worldwide.

I drove to Chicago on a Saturday for the closing feast and heard Joe Mathews deliver what turned out to be his "last great speech." Having been diagnosed as having liver cancer, he'd die in the fall.

Reflections - Summer Programs

Why did I continue to involve myself in EI/ICA, particularly to go to summer programs? Did I involve myself in a cult?

In the 1990s some former Order youth (in their "Conversations" newsletter exchange) opined that the Institute in the 1960s and 1970s was a cult. In my view it wasn't, at least in the extreme sense. It may have had a few cult-like characteristics, but certainly it wasn't typical of radical, destructive cults (apocalyptic, utopian, spiritualist, revival, eastern, voodoo or satanic) evident in American society in those years.

A primary characteristic of a full-blown cult is that it is lead by a charismatic person (usually a man) who claims divinity and infallibility and who demands a swearing of allegiance by followers. Well, Joe Mathews certainly was charismatic and as a result held undeniable mesmerizing attraction. He was the sort of man who created vibrations whenever he entered a room. I think, though, that he recognized his cynosure and exerted effort to diffuse it. Presumably at his direction many of his lecture reprints didn't even carry his name. Also, for people who joined the Order, no swearing of allegiance or vow acknowledging his infallibility or divinity was required.

In confusing times many people find comfort in a person they perceive as a guru or sage and they recognized Joe Mathews as such a person. Too, during the turbulent 1960s and 1970s, many young

Americans were experimenting with different lifestyles, including communal living. Some felt a need to turn to new religions, a societal characteristic during times of upheaval. Many ministers felt the mainstream church institution was an empty shell.

Since EI was committed to societal structural change, those who joined the Order adhered to a "different" lifestyle. Religious house duties were, in monastic tradition, regimented. Each day began with a Daily Office. Duties and assignments relating to details of everyday living and Order objectives were communal. Members who "worked out" turned over their salaries in order to benefit the House community.

"Cult" is a subjective word, and sociologists apply it to groups of people whose beliefs or lifestyles are very different from their neighbors. Historians sometimes apply the term to such now-conventional groups such as Quakers, Mormons and Christian Scientists. Also, because the word "cult" often projects a negative image, some social scientists now even refuse to use it. Instead, they use terms such as "new religion" or "alternative religion" to refer to organizations with cult-like characteristics.

A cult-like characteristic exhibited by EI/ICA in those days was use of jargon (shorthand words that only insiders know): "learnings," "the Edge," use of the word "dynamic" as a noun, etc. And it's true that many Institute papers and lectures were overly intellectualized and too full of abstractions. Also evident at times was an "end justifies the means" philosophy. But contrary to a characteristic of a radical cult, sojourners could leave at any time. Sanctions were not usually imposed against wayward members; although, later, residents of the Boston House were "drummed out" due to a financial disagreement.

So, why did I continue to involve myself? No doubt in part I was impressed by the guru. But also, ideas of Order leaders were futuristic, stimulating and visionary. There were prospects of adventure, discovery and collegiality. Institute colleagues were, for me, a part of my extended family.

EI/ICA methods and objectives piqued my peripatetic intellectuality and general skepticism concerning the operational integrity of traditional economic, governmental and social structures--especially when in charge of Republicans. Adhered to values were unconventional and forward-looking. Too, I relished the epistemological challenges; they related to my altruistic sense of personal mission.

Particularly appealing philosophic concepts to me were concepts of "the invisible college" or "the league"; model building as a way of life, methods of directed conversation.

Invisible College intrigued me not only because I liked to think of myself not only as a person of vision, an innovator, a social pioneer, but because I viewed myself as being apart from mainstream societal values. Particularly grating was the penchant for pinning all hope for human happiness on market comforts and the focus on making life a game of acquiring possessions. I considered myself unorthodox. Other than for classical music, most radio programming made me groan. Except for news-type documentaries and a few of the more erudite sit-coms ("All In the Family," "Mary Tyler Moore," "M*A*S*H" and a few others), the same for TV.

Also, attitudes that I'd developed as a journalistic skeptic made feel kinship with the free floating individual described by Herbert Gans in *Deciding What's News*. His idealized journalist is an objective outsider unattached by class who can transcend and synthesize the class-bound perspectives of others.

A theologian no doubt could (and many likely have) relate the invisible college concept to the "Royal Priesthood" to which all believers are a part (1 Peter 2:9).

Another writer, Nikos Kazantzakis in *Saviors of God* indirectly refers to the invisible college as people of the "crimson line." Such persons have seen the highest circle of spiriting powers and have named that circle "God." They might have given it another name: Abyss, Mystery, Absolute Darkness, Matter, Spirit, Ultimate Hope, Ultimate Despair, Silence. Still, they named it God because that name, for primordial reasons, can profoundly stir people's hearts. And this deeply felt emotion is indispensable if we are to touch "the dread essence beyond logic."

Model building impressed me because of its exemplary logic. The inspirational source was an article by an early Order member, William Cozart, who wrote about how a model can liberate and release creativity. Models are based on mathematical "beauty" and "elegance," he noted. Further, when a model is translated into a lifestyle, into one's own organization of his or her own values, the model becomes the impetus for motivation, responsibility and commitment. Examples (from Cozart): the housewife with her

model of a gracious evening of hospitality; the anthropologist with his model of the changing tribal patterns in an under-developed country; the civil rights worker with his model of the power structure in a rural community in the South; the city planner with his model of the racial situation in an urban ghetto; the PTA president with her model of an experimental local grammar school.

Model building activity helps one delineate battles worth fighting for while at the same time providing motivation for fighting them.

Throughout my educational experience I'd never thought myself as much of a mathematician. Even high school and college algebra was a challenge. Still I empathized with Cozart's article, "Model Building as a Way of Life." It appealed to my sense of logic and order and quickened my imagination.

Model building practicalities were later delineated by Order member George West in a lecture. When I read a transcript of it I was struck by his statement that indicating that model building is a form of prayer. When one builds models he or she creates a decision-making framework. One's model tells one what one is going to do each day, how he or she is going to spend the next five years of his or her life. Ideally a model is comprehensive, it motivates and holds a person responsible to one's societal obligations.

The directed (or focused) conversation technique utilized by the Institute was based on concepts—one, the Socratic philosophic concept, the other on an objective, reflective, interpretive, decisional (ORID) progression adapted from works of religious existentialist Soren Kierkegaard. Utilizing it, a discussion leader nonjudgmentally and with due respect, doesn't tell people what to do or how to behave. He or she asks questions with the aim being not to impart knowledge, but to spur others to find it for themselves.

The discussion method, utilized in Town Meeting workshops, diffused pretentious pride. We found it put "know-it-alls" in their place even while honoring their viewpoints. It afforded citizens a method for "being all you can be" and for initiating effective social action.

Kierkegaard's insights provided the basis for structured experiences that create new images and change lives. He understood that a person becomes free when he or she faces a life situation, takes a relationship to it and then self-consciously appropriates that relationship. When a person does that he or she avoids becoming a victim of a situation or of his or her relationship to it. The same process applies to groups.

In all my courses I began to effectively interweave ICA methods into instruction. At first I experimented with ORID directed conversation discussion procedures; later, I adapted PSU (problem solving unit) workshopping methods. Student responses seemed favorable. Moreover, utilizing ICA methods stimulated my interest in finding creative ways to maintain my own interest in topics I was teaching.

My students may not have perceived me as a revolutionary person. However, in my inner thoughts I perceived myself as revolutionary in the sense that I sought to foster creative thinking on their part. I perceived myself as a person of vision, "open minded," constantly on the lookout for stimulating and innovative ideas. Some of my discoveries I was able to adapt effectively to my teaching. Self-effacing, though, I never bragged to others about it all, probably mainly because I was unable to put it all together as an integrated whole. My efforts fell short, say, of the "wholeness" of EI/ICA course design.

Overall, though, the methods were compatible with my employment. The "edge" teaching methods I learned seemed effective the classroom. Further, the new techniques and ideas kept me intrigued with EI/ICA's institutional aspects.

Joe Mathews Death

In early October 1977 I traveled to Chicago to attend an ICA Guardians meeting. The meeting was eventful in that everyone knew that in his fourth-floor corner room at Kemper, Joe Mathews lay dying. And, indeed, at high noon he died. Jokingly, several Order people said he'd planned it that way.

At Guardians closing feast no doubt many knew of Joe's death. Still, there was hushed anticipation as John Epps rose and made the formal announcement. Methodist Bishop James Mathews, Joe's brother, was in attendance and may have said a few words (I know definitely that he'd spoken to the group earlier during the meeting). Shortly after the announcement, the Institute's Daily Office was observed.

I've alluded to Joe's charisma. Though I never had direct contact with him other than to listen and be moved by his talks (first the "church" lecture the first time I took the RS-I course and then in subsequent research assemblies and at Guardians meetings), nevertheless I was powerfully influenced indirectly by the awe-filled spirit life that he projected. The effect of his teachings is interwoven throughout this opus. To specifically recount his influence would be too peripheral here, but Gene Marshall, who as dean of the Global Academy for many years had direct contact with him, in a memoir of Joe written 10 years after Joe's death, cited him as an audacious, innovative man of vision and action.

With propitious persuasive power, wrote Marshall, he led teams of colleagues to develop the basic religious studies course (RS-I), the New Religious Mode charts, Ur and Other World images. His pioneering ideas and theological spirit constructions led to development of a social ideology based on spirit recovery of radical Christianity.

And all of this was not novel for novel's sake. Joe acted, pushing colleagues to give form to spirit. In Chicago he moved EI headquarters from more-or-less comfortable quarters in Evanston to a west side black ghetto so that the Institute would be engaged not only in practicing what it preached but establishing a sign for action.

Though an audacious creative innovator, Joe initially took pains to keep himself and the Institute relatively humble and hidden. "We never seek publicity," but are not averse to being "discovered." The relative invisibility helped social action to take place without getting bogged down with governmental bureaucratic minutia.

Joe was a paradoxical sort of Christian, Gene wrote. Though radically innovative, to his detriment he created modes of intimidation that were disrespectful of people and which resulted in the total body closing out important incoming data. His family order structure was flawed. And though colleagues participated in consensus building structures which began at the bottom and moved naturally and democratically to the top, in actuality a centralized prior group with Joe at the head controlled the outcome of significant decisions. Too, he was blind not only to the emerging feminine and environmental revolutions but to measures to sustain the physical health of the community he founded.

Even so, Joe realized himself that in his own great haste to see practical realizations of social actions being projected that there were quality shortcomings. To his credit, though, he pushed for action even though practices were incomplete. Dare I compare Joe to Jesus who was also a radically innovative prick in his time? (More on Joe can be found in Gene's assessment, *Realistic Living* No. 7.)

Principal messages in two of Joe's talks impacted me particularly, "Indicative Ethics" and "Barefoot Jesus." Tied to Bonhoeffer's OJWDA (observe, judge, weigh up, decide and act rubric), with indicative ethics a person does not decide his or actions according to teleological, ontological or ideological rules or frameworks, but by inner-directed decision and action.

"Barefoot Jesus" was delivered in Spring 1977, possibly at Guardians meeting. In it he mentioned that he'd recently visited Israel for the first time. He said that through his life he'd avoided Israel like the plague, "for I never felt that I was ready to put my feet in the Holy Land which is the source of many memories which are like realities in my own life."

Once there he told himself that he wouldn't fall into the trap of being a gadabout Bethlehem tourist. "I tried to see nothing that was not a part of the mission of why I was there," which was to visit a Kibbutz to assess how work within it is done communally but living within it remains private.

Joe, recognizing his position as role model, added that not everyone need follow his hard-nosed self-discipline. Even so, he admonished: "Don't get caught dead outside the mission!"

Though not intentionally, he and his party had to go through Nazareth to get to the Kibbutz. And it was at Nazareth that he had his reflective encounter with barefoot Jesus. The talk is an account of the power of the experience and on its relevance.

Academy Participation

For Fall semester 1977 I'd been granted a sabbatical from Purdue. For it my plan was to spend part of it to attend ICA's Global Academy in Chicago. So in my application I no doubt stated how my time there would enable me to gain futuristic knowledge and enhance my teaching abilities.

At October's end I drove to Chicago for the first few days of Global Academy (hereafter I'll just refer to it as "Academy"). Then, since I didn't want to leave my car parked in the Kemper parking lot much less on Chicago Uptown streets, I drove back to West Lafayette (Saturday, Oct. 29) and then returned to Chicago via bus on Sunday. I don't remember where I parked my car in West Lafayette, but may have had the Bains look after it. Academy began in earnest for me on Monday, Oct. 31.

Academy duration was eight weeks, and began in early October. I elected to attend only for the final four weeks. My feeling was that because I'd spent several months off and on attending various EI/ICA programs in Chicago and Indianapolis, I already had a pretty good feel for the content and structure of the first four weeks.

Academy courses covered the entire Institute's curriculum. The first four weeks included a demonstration RS-I, CS-I (Cultural Revolution), and courses in church history, psychology and art and classroom dynamics. Academy was, of course, in EI/ICA tradition, highly structured and ritualized.

I was assigned to the Ecclesiola led by Bob Shropshire. Ecclesiolas (there were three of them) met Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. For my first one we were studying Kazantzakis' *Saviors of God*.

Roommates were Ed Miller, an inactive Episcopal priest from Texas, and Maybin Simfukwe from Zambia. I never knew the full story, but Ed had been recently divorced and the trauma of the experience prompted him to take a leave of absence from active ministry. Maybin was, I think, in his early 20s and was among six Africans enrolled. Other internationals were from Korea, Philippines, Canada and Scotland. Total enrollment: 48.

Academy occupied Kemper's fourth floor and included both academic and residential rooms for participants and some staff. Common kitchen for the building was located on the first floor.

Weekdays began with Daily Office in the second-floor Great Hall at 6 a.m. followed by corporate breakfast and collegium designed to familiarize participants with worldwide ICA community reformulation projects.

Principal staff was Bob Shropshire, an African-American, dean; David Lazear, who'd studied at Chicago's McCormick (Presbyterian) Theological Seminary (he may have even been an ordained Presbyterian minister); Australian Brian Stanfield (mentioned in an earlier chapter); Keith Packard and Elizabeth Loudermilk. Others assisted as seminar leaders--Kathy Barton, David Greenwald and Mary Hahn. Still other Order members assisted with lecturing, notably Symond Kock, Kaye Hays and Lucille Tessier. Bill and Barbara Alerding led the Global Social Demonstration (GSD) practice lab.

Bob Shropshire was a particularly powerful and mesmerizing speaker. He had Martin Luther King-like ability to hold an audience spell-bound even when talking about routine background contextual matters.

Each course lasted two days with morning and afternoon sessions. Each session began with a lecture followed by a seminar, using the Institute's charting and ORID methods, in which a paper covering a segment of course content was discussed. Courses covered during the last four weeks, which I attended, were Science and Philosophy, Holy Life, Individual and Family, Old Testament and two that dealt with advanced leadership techniques.

Lectures I perceived as particularly relevant were the ones on indicative ethics, transrationality and Xavier principle. Indicative ethics substance I've already briefly mentioned. On transrationality, I missed that one because I was on "wonder" that day. (Previously I've mentioned the "One-Day Wonder" research assembly enablement structure. Similar "obediences" religious order set-up for Academy.)

The lecture and seminar on transrationality was part of one of the leadership methods courses. The topic appealed to me because I saw possibility that I might apply it to professional journalistic training. The lecture, delivered by David Lazear, dealt with taking elements of the social order, language, culture and scientific method, and interpreting them ontologically. Korean John Sung was kind enough to tape record it for me.

The Xavier Principle lecture was delivered by Lucille Tessier. I think she was an ex-nun. At any rate, the lecture, because it related to the life of St. Francis Xavier and his understanding of life mission, had power. Xavier's paragon relates to participation in "God's ongoing revolution," which is to turn matter

into spirit through toppling idols of common illusions. And the greatest illusion is the deterministic one that says that possibility for betterment of conditions in which most of the world's people live does not exist.

Another aspect: Die in the situation. As did Xavier, you decide that it's you who must independently stand as a solitary giant in a particular local situation. There's no telephone for you to call someone to ask "What do I do now?" It is *you* who must put in the time, the effort and the creativity in order to release the creativity of the people in the grassroots community. Collapse is not in your lexicon. You do the necessary deed.

A three-day segment involved an experimental GSD. With this we went through the procedures for doing one: Community vision, contradiction identification, strategic proposals and tactics. Later, for my first trip to Brazil, I'd be directly involved with doing a real GSD in a so-called Third World country.

Objectives of the 50 domestic and overseas GSDs that ICA had established were mainly to demonstrate, as secular "missions," comprehensive socioeconomic planning and human development.

For the Academy Uptown GSD lab I was assigned to a team to investigate community support services. How to gather information? Another team member, David Coggeshall (a college-aged fellow), proposed that a couple of us visit some Uptown bars and engage people there in conversation in order to ascertain "what is going on in the community."

With team approval, David and I set out to visit some bars. In the first, a couple of blocks west of Kemper, there were only a few patrons (it was mid-afternoon). And one patron had barfed all over the bar. We decided to engage anyone there would be unpleasant and futile.

We went across the street to another bar. Again, too few patrons. So we wound up interviewing each other about recent life experiences. I don't remember how we finally collected our first-hand information, but it wasn't in the bars.

I think I knew that David was the son of Dr. and Mrs. Bayard Coggeshall of New Jersey. A quite well off family, they were heavy ICA financial contributors. David seemed to be trying to "find himself." Just prior to coming to Academy he'd spent a couple of weeks solitary backpacking through New England mountains and had thought he'd accomplished his objective. But now, in Academy for just the last three weeks of its current session, he found that he hadn't really "found himself" yet and was going through the process again.

Also, during Academy, were three week-end sessions involving training to teach RS-I. Because I was enrolled only for the last four weeks, I missed the first one. However, for the Academy's second pedagogical training session, I was present and led a discussion of the Tillich "You are Accepted" paper. David Lazear critiqued my effort. Since an objective with all seminars was to accomplish an attitude shift in each participant's thinking (existential aim), David's main comment was that I was too easy-going and didn't "push" participants hard enough to make a mind-shifting decisional change.

For the third training session I was assigned to deliver the God lecture. As I may have already mentioned, doing the God lecture is challenging in that you talk about God without using the word "God." Keith Packard evaluated my effort and she (no, her name's not a typo) thought I did a "good job."

Other memorable Academy participants were Solomon Shiu, of Chinese extraction from Vancouver, B.C.; Helen Haug, who, in delivering the "You Are Accepted" lecture in pedagogy training, talked about how she came to admit her lesbianism; Dan Slattery, son of Kaye Townley who'd later attend law school and presumably become an attorney; Bill Dent, a Virginia state prison chaplain who'd been taking Academy in two-week segments over the previous couple of years during his vacation; Ellen Stracener, whom I took to the bus following Academy's last session so that she could return to her home in Mississippi, and Korean Lee Jae-Joon, with whom I had several conversations mainly because we'd been together on several teams. He had trouble with the "you are nobodies in history" incognito aspect of EI/ICA ontology since it seemed so foreign to what his culture had taught him.

Breaks from classroom came on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons. One Wednesday afternoon I visited Symond Kock, an Academy part-time staffer of Chinese dissent from Singapore, at his carrel in the Lutheran seminary library adjacent to the University of Chicago. He was working on a graduate degree in

theology. The opportunity to visit him gave me a chance to poke around the University of Chicago campus awhile, soaking in the ambiance, before catching the El back to the Kemper building.

Academy celebrations were highly intentional demonstrations of changing matter into spirit, each planned and executed by both staff and students. One was a Cabaret; another, a Grand Ball. The Academy's internationality was demonstrated at the final feast at which the Africans and Asians sung and danced to folk tunes from their native countries.

Vocation Challenge

Out of the Protestant Reformation came the precept that there's a religious dimension to all of one's work. One doesn't have to be a priest, a monk or a nun to engage in God's work. A primary objective of the Global Academy was to provide context and methods to help participants realize this and make a profound vocational decision relating to that realization. Ideally, leadership would have liked for everyone to join The Order. Short of that, though, Academy provided participants context for functioning intentionally in mission.

For me, was my decision to attend redundant? Well, yes and no. Although I'd experienced much of context and methods through participation in summer research programs, Guardians, and Indianapolis Metro programs, Academy impressed me more than ever on the power of the basic RS-I course. Indeed, Academy was Religious Studies-1 in depth, with the objective to so familiarize you with its content that you feel as though you wrote it yourself. As with teaching, you don't really learn a course until you have to teach it, the opportunity expand my RS-I knowledge by being called upon to teach certain aspects of it, taught me more.

As with most people, I didn't see RS-I's profundity the first time through (in 1965). That was only a tip of the iceberg view. Through in-depth study I came to see that "The Word" ("God's Word") is in the course in virtually every line and action.

I gained something from the "know thyself" emphasis, the idea being that one can convey "The Word" only out of an authentic story one's own life. One is supposed to gain this through self-examination in solitaries (forced meditation, in my view) and through "visits to the other world," which was/is Institute terminology for prayer.

Thanksgiving at the Academy I attended came during the secular/religious Odyssey segment, so it was more of a celebrative happening than the traditional "poverty-oriented" Odyssey. Objectives were the same, however: to create an environment to enhance one's vocational thought. We studied and reflected on Herman Hesse's *Journey to the East*, and meditated on the meanings in our lives of poverty, chastity, prayer, and knowing, doing and being.

Impressed upon me at Academy were principles relating to methods for finding essential societal contradictions and placing one's life and passion there. One develops a plan (builds a model) and then "does" it. The required tactics may be mundane, like having to make 10 recruiting telephone calls on a Monday morning. "Is this building the earth?" Of course it is.

At Academy graduation I didn't get a certificate because I hadn't attended the entire eight-week course. Even so, I felt the communal elation of the Send Out: "We send you forth as those who know that they no longer belong to themselves, as members of 'The League' who dare to stand before the wonder and pain of all of life. . . . We send you forth to be the nobodies of history, the hidden servants, yet as those who've decided to be witnessing servants who beckon others to discover their own hidden possibility." Implication: Would you rather have a safe superficial life or a real challenging one?

Down From Mountain

Back in West Lafayette it took awhile for me to come off the mountain's peak. Indeed, Academy had been a profound experience. I assembled and reviewed my notes, allowing some time for content to sink in.

Also, since I'd been on sabbatical I was required to prepare a report (albeit perfunctory) to the university on my experience and the sabbatical's benefits for my employment. In the report I pointed out

how I'd been exposed to unique teaching and workshopping methodologies designed to bring out hidden talents and self understanding of students and how I anticipated utilizing these methods in my classes (which, of course, I'd do).

I also mentioned how I might utilize ICA's iconoclastic notions of press freedom and content-less action models to research paper preparation. That would come later.

While I was at Academy the Indianapolis House moved from its Pennsylvania Street location to another on Fall Creek Parkway. John Bengel had succeeded in obtaining a rent rate of \$1 per year from the Indianapolis Foundation, a charitable organization that owned the Fall Creek house. The move improved the Indianapolis financial situation considerably. No longer was the house saddled with a monthly rent rate amounting to several hundred dollars.

The Bengel's statewide "mail order" town meeting set-up campaign evoked vital response; facilitating them began to strain personnel resources. ICA's objective was to hold one in each U.S. county (3,100 in all), so that meant, obviously, one in each Indiana county.

In our area we'd already held one in Lafayette and Brookston; now, in January, several of us traveled to Pine Village to hold one there. It was a below-zero Saturday, I remember, and it was held at the Methodist church. Only a few townspeople showed up (probably two-thirds of participants were from Lafayette and Indianapolis). Water pipes in the church were frozen, yet the Town Meeting was successful enabling us to check Benton County off the list.

Among those assigned to the Indianapolis House were David and Jackie Speicher and family (who'd returned to the U.S. from assignment in the Berlin House), Paula Craddock and Janis Johnston. Town Meeting format had been shortened to three hours. One evening Janis and I conducted one at a town near Muncie (I think Saratoga); then David and I, one in Kingsford Heights and another in Roann, and then one with John Bengel and Paula in Amboy.

The Bains and I facilitated one in Covington to which only a few townspeople showed; and the Bains helped with a couple of others in the vicinity, Colfax and Flora. Bob and I conducted one in San Pierre. All in all it was a busy time for the Indianapolis House, coordinating facilitation teams over the state virtually every weekday evening. And although some Town Meetings attracted only a few people, often they were community leaders. Numbers of people in attendance didn't necessarily dictate whether or not the Town Meeting was successful. Some that attracted only a few came off better than some that attracted many. Too, even a few people showing up still allowed the House to "color in" the county.

In late June, on their way to Chicago for the ICA summer research program, John and Elsa Bengel conducted one of the last of the 3,100 Town Meetings of the national Bicentennial campaign: Morocco, Ind. I was in Brazil at the time, but I remember that later Elsa commented "Morocco is a zooney place."

Academy Reflections

Academy afforded me opportunity to attain clearer perspective on various theological topics--the concept of God, Biblical literalism, meaning of the Christ event, vocation, etc.

Some ruminations, simple though they may be: To the Hebrews, the notion of God was such an infinite, ubiquitous mystery that the name, YHWH, was unpronounceable. Nowadays "God" carries so much semantic baggage, distortions advanced by some fundamentalists, that people cannot approach it objectively and with an open mind. Whatever it is, one remembers one's first encounter with it. The term represents a poor approximation of what is really real.

And God or Jesus as "Lord"? Or Jesus as "King"? Maybe in ancient times poor serfs and peasants, despite oppression, might be able to identify the God concept in some way through use of these terms. But today such terminology, even if compared to a benevolent ruler, is only an effort by mere mortals to explain an entity so profound that it defies description. The 12th Century Christian theologian Thomas Aquinas understood the analogy.

Other prevalent distortions attach to words such as heaven and hell. Heaven, despite supposition advanced by fundamentalists, isn't a place to which one might look forward to going as a place of escape.

It isn't a literal place where angels float around on clouds playing harps. Nor is hell an actual fiery hot place with Satan prodding inhabitants with a three-pronged fork.

Some unenlightened fundamentalists deny living life on earth--just quit the trials, tribulations, even joys of earthly life, and anxiously await a literal transcendence to the "higher place." Such refusal to live life as it is constructed is a form of sinful rebellion. (Though I'm no theologian, I'll have more to say about that later.)

A societal problem is that of loneliness and disconnection from the ultimate entity (God). Too many people stoically try to live by trusting only their own experiences, and that contributes to a prevailing emptiness.

Mythologist Joseph Campbell was once asked if leading a spiritual life was an imperative. He answered, "It's OK for a person to live a pragmatic, non-spiritual life. Don't disturb him. He's getting more out of it than he knows. But some people find that that's not good enough."

Some people find a life spirit dimension through meditation on poetry, literature and/or nature. Others through such activities as mountain climbing, surfing, hang gliding, skydiving or similar activities. Campbell would, no doubt, lend his qualified affirmation. But for one exposed to the challenges of in-depth involvement with EI/ICA's basic religious course through the Academy, a secular life devoid of spirit dimension would be "not good enough." In Academy one's notion of the term "God" is clarified, possibility in the midst of broken trust and shattered dreams is offered, and a method for decision making in the midst of complex circumstances is outlined.

God, Lord or Creator, whatever you want to call it, is not an old man upstairs. It is an infinite, ubiquitous mystery that we trust just as a child trusts his or her parents. In the Lord's prayer we pray, in non-fashionable language, "Thy will be done." That means that we request that everyone who lives will see the light—that they will be able to hold this enigmatic Reality in awe-filled respect.

Early Christians, in an effort to define the mystery, borrowed from Greek mythology the up there/down there analogy. My own faith tells me that some sort of transfiguration takes place when we die, but it is something so profound that it defies mere mortal explanation. If one believes, then to that person will be revealed the whatever glorious thing it is that happens. It will be revealed even to open-minded questioners, i.e. seekers, but it will not be revealed to those who specifically renounce it all as hokum.

There are many examples of the ubiquitous power that many people call God working in history, and we mortals on earth are not likely to see the end of it, which will be a drawing together of the perfection of all things.

The male gender identification for God, and as a father figure, undoubtedly came about in early efforts by people to explain the unexplainable mysterious power "out there" that grants freedom and then mocks it. And many languages give all nouns a male or female gender, so pick one to describe "it."

The power is so mysterious and indefinable by mere mortals that we can only get a glimpse from time to time as to what it is. It is always exactly enough, and never enough.

Religious distortions caused by fundamentalists, people who interpret the Bible literally through bombastic tactics and hell-fire and damnation sermons, are more damaging than saving. (See John Shelby Spong's book, *Rescuing the Bible from Fundamentalism*.)

Religious writer Kathleen Norris, in *Cloister Walk*, writes that she hears stories of people who are exiled from their religious traditions yet who experience a hunger for spiritual grounding. One woman said she felt great longing for ritual and community, yet she wanted to mark the year with more than watching the trees change. She'd joined some secular political organizations and a women's service club, but that wasn't enough. She was afraid to even think of joining a church—she'd been so turned off by the fundamentalism she was subjected to in her early years.

Too bad that fundamentalists in effect thwart people's spiritual longings through browbeating and use of loaded words. And the experience of the woman cited by Kathleen Norris I think is far from isolated.

A glimpse of the meaning of the Christ, its message of possibility, is revealed through study of Tillich. For example, it's a Christ event when one's defensiveness calls attention to the reality of one's situation.

This sometimes happens when a person realizes she or he can't "cut it" at a job in which they are employed. The person may pout, be non-collegial, lash out and, with women, become a "bitch" to work with.

But on the positive side, the reality of one's own life is accepted if one is willing to allow it to be accepted. "Simply accept the fact that you are accepted," wrote Tillich. He challenges a person to like all formulations of the deep dynamics of spirit healing. The "simply accept" sentence interpreted superficially is trite, but properly understood it doesn't ask us to suppress the psychological pains of our failures and inadequacies.

Clarity concerning one's own attitudes and capacities, revealed through self-meditation and prayer, leads next to vocational thoughts both long-term and short. A long-term decision relates to the question of what one is going to do with one's life. Short-term decisions, daily and weekly, relate to effective use of one's time. According to Bonhoeffer, such decisions emerge out of an obedience plan that involves holding the tension between freedom and societal responsibility.

What is the stance of a comprehensively responsible person in society? Well, one continuously must decide. One may be torn between an individualistic "weekend belongs to me" on the one hand and an obligation to be engaged in effective action for the benefit of humankind on the other.

Fortunately, Bonhoeffer provides a helpful method for deciding: Observe, judge, weigh up, decide, act. It's the same method outlined in "Model Building as a Way of Life" that I mentioned earlier. Still there's a caveat. One must start with an understanding of spirit consciousness.

(A scientific experimenter might note the similarity between OJWDA and the method for conducting an experiment. To what extent did "age of analysis" philosophy influence Bonhoeffer?)

Bonhoeffer's message greatly intrigued me. Living an unintentional fill-in-time life--playing bridge, golf, watching soap operas, shopping--had never appealed to me much anyway. Bonhoeffer affirms intentional decision to serve humankind.

If one has an altruistic bent, has made a decision to assist making the world a better place for all, to reduce injustice, misery and innocent suffering, there's another reason to identify with a group of like-minded people who are grounded in missional clarity. One's efforts can be more effective when one's action is developed and followed through in concert with such a group.

With its "effective action" rubric, as I've mentioned, the ever-evolving EI/ICA programs appealed to me. Spirit based, the initial appeal was its activist church renewal promise. One should not "just fill in time" practicing smug religion. And discovery of such activism was for me akin to being "saved" in the fundamentalist religious sense. Turn matter into spirit. Enable the disadvantaged to be all that they can be.

Through the 1970s EI/ICA was in effect my church. Rituals associated with weekly metro and/or cadre meetings afforded opportunity to touch base collegially with the infinite. Also, the summer programs, Brazil, Academy, Guardians meetings, House churches intensely challenged my need for spirit-based societal involvement.

Before ending this chapter I need to mention Bonhoeffer's existential orientation. Life is sheer ethical risk at every single moment. The minute you think you have a place to stand, you've sold out and you are in chains.

As I've indicated, one must make both small and large vocational-related decisions if one is to steer clear of being just an eating and excreting blob in life. Small decisions are daily, weekly and monthly. Large ones involve deciding how you might best make your mark in history. Bonhoeffer himself did this when he decided to return to Germany from the United States even though he knew the Nazi goons had his number. And Joe Mathews did this when he left his comfortable professorship in theology at Southern Methodist University to become theological adviser to a small upstart religious group in Austin. For both, colleagues no doubt thought each was nuts.

And there were others who gave up professional jobs, conventional denominational pastorates (such as Bill Grow, whom I've mentioned, and John Gibson, whom I'll say more about later) or tenured

university professorships (such as Fred Lanphear) and with agreement of at least their spouses if not their children, who went through a similar decisional process and joined the "far-out" Order Ecumenical outfit.

I wouldn't presume to speak for Jesus, but I wouldn't doubt that in praying at Gethsemane he went through a process similar to observe, judge, weigh up, decide and act rubric, finally saying "I don't want to do this, nevertheless I will."

Previously I related Joe Mathews' admonishment: "Don't get caught dead outside the mission" and that he didn't expect everyone to follow such hard-nosed advice. Even so, keeping focused on vocational engagement rather than some mundane fill-in-time activity is an exemplary goal. Bonhoeffer offers us a method for assessing and deciding our large and small responsibilities, for continually holding the tension between freedom and obedience. And for not letting death find us engaged in life in a place where we ought not to be.

In April 1978 I again went to Chicago for Guardians. The meeting's big push was to get individual Guardians to commit themselves to participate at one or more of the many overseas Global Social Demonstration consultations ("consults"). We were shown a list of locations and timing schedules. Tom Whitsett, an Oklahoma City physician, specifically approached me about which ones I could attend; and, looking at the projected list, the one in Brazil at the end of June appealed to me. I'd always had a fascination about the country and a hope that someday I might go there. Here was an opportunity! And a missional one at that (compatible with the Global Academy's send out: "We send you forth to be the . . . witnessing servants who beckon others to discover their own hidden possibility").

Although I briefly considered participating in both the Chile and Brazil set-ups, in the end I decided on Brazil only.

ICA Guardian Barbara Schwartz of Louisville would also be going to Brazil. In talking with her about possibly coordinating our plane reservations, we thought we'd make them for the same flight. It turned out though, since we were using separate travel agencies, that my Miami-Rio flight would be one day earlier than hers. We did, however, manage to schedule the same Louisville-Miami flight.

Having been impressed by my Academy reports, my sister (Phyllis W. Allard) decided to enroll. Afterward, so impressed by its meaning for her life, she decided to join Order:Ecumenical. She would locate in Kemper. I took her to Chicago and spent a day getting her settled, then back to West Lafayette and on to Louisville. I'd leave my car parked in Barbara's garage and then retrieve it upon returning from Brazil. I'd then drive it back to West Lafayette and endeavor to sell it.

Flight to Rio

Barbara's parents took us to the Louisville airport and saw us off on an Eastern Airlines DC-9. We were met in early afternoon in Miami by Barbara's sister-in-law's mother who took us to her house. My flight to Brazil would leave that evening, Barbara's the next evening. She'd spend the night at her relative's house.

Barbara's sister-in-law's mother took us on a tour of Miami Beach in a conversion van. I remember we drove out a causeway to the South Beach area and then up famous Collins Avenue lined with luxury hotels. Impressive, but a sight that would soon pale in comparison to Rio's Copacabana.

I'd fly to Rio via Varig (Brazilian) Airlines. I was originally scheduled to leave at 7 p.m. on a flight that would go via Manaus. But upon checking in at the Varig counter I was told that a direct New York to Rio flight had been diverted to Miami and would be leaving around 11 p.m. for Rio. Space was available and since it was non-stop, I decided to take it.

As the plane, a DC-10, approached Rio I experienced a traveler's nervous anticipation. There'd be no one to meet me, nor did I even have an English-speaking traveling companion to lean on. Instructions given to me by Priscilla Wilson in the Chicago ICA office seemed cryptic. Not knowing Portuguese, how was I going to get from the Rio airport to the Rio ICA office? Still, I knew that this would be no culturally insulated "Cook's Tour." This trip would be a genuine adventure full of apprehension and implied "travail," an authentic travel event (see "The Lost Art of Travel" in Daniel Boorstin's *The Image*).

I think that it was in 1977, even before attending Academy, that I anticipated I might sometime in the near future participate in an overseas GSD consult. That realization prompted me to apply for a passport.

So, therefore, when I decided to go to Brazil, I had a passport in hand. Upon arriving in Brazil it was duly stamped.

Then on downstairs to Brazilian customs, where passengers were met by a bevy of porters. I engaged one, and he laid my luggage out on a table. I had a suitcase, a small carry-on vinyl briefcase, and a well-tied-up box of songbooks for use at the consult. (Since two checked pieces were allowed without extra baggage fee, Priscilla had prevailed upon me to take the box.) On my list of things I was bringing into the country I'd unwittingly told the truth about contents of the songbook box instead of listing it as personal items, the customs agent brusquely gestured: "*Aberto! Aberto!*" ("Open it! Open it!"). I did, even though I hated since it had been so securely tied. Once open, he briefly pawed through it and decided, apparently, that the contents weren't contraband and waved me on.

The porter spoke no English, but somehow, after retying the songbook box, I was able to direct him to a taxi stand. At the stand was a woman who spoke English and I gave her the phone number Priscilla had given me to call. She called it for me. On the other end of the line was Sharon Turner, a black woman who'd come to Rio from ICA's Venezuela project to help with the Brazil consult. She gave me taxi instructions and said the fare would be the equivalent of \$5 in *cuiserios*.

The address Priscilla had given me was "Rua Haddock Pobo 258, TiJucasa." A lady at a taxi stand hailed a cab for me and it turned out the driver spoke some English. Upon showing him the address, he pointed out errors in it. Corrected, the address was "Rua Haddock Lobo 258, Tijuca." In a taxi similar to a Volkswagen Dasher, he swiftly took me there, through, as we approached our destination, what seemed to me like twisting, narrow streets teeming with traffic and people. (On subsequent Rio trips I'd become quite familiar with city's Tijuca district and Rua Haddock Lobo.)

The address was for a Brazilian Episcopal church, and it stood next to a very large Catholic church fronting a plaza. We turned into the church's driveway and went to the rear. As we unloaded, we were met by the Rev. Celso Franco de Oliveira, the church's priest, a man who spoke fluent English.

After I paid the taxi driver, Celso took me into a small office in the rear of the church. Sharon was there, as well as other people who'd be leading the consult. All were busy. I arrived on Thursday. The consult, in the village of Bananeiras about 60 miles northeast of Rio, would be starting Sunday and much set-up work still had to be done. Sharon didn't speak Portuguese, but was on the telephone, nevertheless, speaking in Spanish, endeavoring to line up "in-kind" food and other consult logistical support.

Initial Rio Impressions

Objectives for each GSD were not to go out and "do good" for villagers, but to provide context and methods that would allow them to improve their own life situations in such areas as economics, education, health care, agriculture and physical infrastructure. Also, as consultants, our intention was *not* to act out some need to fill out our own lives with significance, but to act out "the necessary deed" (Institute jargon) to alleviate a dehumanizing day-to-day existence. People at the site wanted to change their local situation; projects were initiated at the invitation of each community or village.

I kept a diary of my first few days in Rio. As I review it I note that the room in which Sharon was making her calls was the church's small vestry room. During the afternoon Celso was in and out of his office and home in an adjoining building. After lunch (lunch-meat and chewy Brazilian bread that Sharon had available) I went to a nearby corner and bought a Coke at, of all places, *Bar Lafayette*. (Indeed I was going to take precautions "not to drink the water.") Then I stood on the corner for awhile immersing myself in the surrounding culture by watching people embark and disembark Rua Haddock Lobo buses.

Back at the church I met Lela Campbell, who with her husband Jim had been in Brazil for several months working on consult set-up. Fluent in Portuguese, she was busy coordinating immediate logistics. Since it was the southern hemisphere's winter equinox, darkness came early. Other ICA associates who'd been out in the city collecting in-kind foodstuffs to take to the village appeared, among them Father Raphael Davilla, a Maryknoll missionary identified with the ICA's Venezuela project, and Christopher Foya, a young black man from Mozambique. I recall that Christopher, though fluent in Portuguese, seemed hesitant about making requests of lighter-complected Brazilians. To me strange, for I envied his

Portuguese fluency. Although an element of discrimination may have been involved, there may also have been an understanding discrepancy between his Mozambiquian Portuguese and Brazilian Portuguese.

Something that struck me upon arrival at the church was that the toilet had no seat. Isolated incident, I thought, but found out later that finding a toilet *with* a seat, except in a hotel, was the exception.

For supper it was again a lunch meat and a chewy bread sandwich. My notes say that for my sandwich I sliced tomatoes and onions with my pocket knife. Being Catholic, Father Davilla easily made connections with priests at the large San Sebastian church next door. Associated with it was a monastery and he obtained a room there for two of us for the night.

In the monastery bathroom, again no toilet seat, was a shower in which you turned on the electricity to heat the water with an open knife switch. It was readily accessible to a person standing in the tub! I wondered how many monks had been electrocuted!

I slept well since the previous night on the plane, because of nervous anticipation, I'd only cat-napped. Next day, after coffee and roll at *Bar Lafayette* with some of the others, I first went with Celso in his VW "beetle" to a bank a few blocks up Rua Haddock Lobo where he assisted me in exchanging dollars for cruzeiros; then with Raphael in a VW Microbus (*combi*) to pick up folding beds at a Catholic warehouse. The combi owner, a young man named Jose, went with us but didn't drive because he wasn't licensed. The warehouse was located on a hillside and outside was a man lying on newspapers picking at sores on his ankles. We decided we didn't have room for the beds, so picked up straw mattresses only. Then on to the big new pyramid-shaped cathedral in the Centro district with Jose as navigator. There, at a loading dock, we obtained blankets. No time to "tour" Cathedral Nova.

Mid-day we left Rio bound for Bananeiras (Correntezas on maps) with three of us in the front seat-- Raphael driving, me in the middle navigating from a city street map, and Karen Troxel who'd arrived just that morning from the Chile project. In the back were straw mattresses and blankets.

Before we left, Raphael, speaking in Spanish, negotiated with Jose to rent the combi for a couple of weeks. He also tried to get Jose to go with us to help with the consult, but apparently he was too fearful of being away from Rio's familiarity.

I took pictures of the Rio skyline as we sped across the long bridge across Guanabara Bay to Niteroi. At a truck stop near Rio Bonito we stopped so that Raphael, who was having trouble staying awake, could get a coffee. Then on into the town of Silva Jardim to check with the Catholic Church priest there for use of the unused church in Bananeiras as sleeping quarters.

Obviously revealing the Brazilian priest shortage, the Silva Jardim priest appeared barely out of seminary if even that. He was a mulatto and appeared to be in his 20s.

The road from Silva Jardim to Bananeiras, about 15 miles, was gravel and clay, mostly rutted clay and slippery in places. We crossed several wooden bridges, each with two runners for vehicle wheels. We arrived in Bananeiras at sunset (5:30 p.m.). Soon the sound of a gasoline-powered generator pervaded the town's darkness. It provided the town's only electricity, serving the local bar and pool hall.

Consultation Engagement

ICA headquarters was in a four-room house provided by a local resident--concrete floor, tile walls and roof. I slept in Joe Crocker's bed. He'd be the consult's leader; however, since he'd also led the Chilean team, he hadn't as yet returned to Brazil. Still, I think there were around 18 people sleeping in the headquarters house ("auxiliary house") that night. Newly constructed, it had been loaned to ICA for an indefinite period.

Saturday morning I walked to the town square to brush my teeth at the town water supply--the end of a hose that came from a spring on a nearby hill. After taking some pictures I then helped with the construction of rough wooden benches and tables at the open-air pavilion where the consult would be held. Tough going since we had only cheap hand saws and the wood was green mahogany.

Houses near the pavilion site featured a proliferation of variegated coleus plants surrounding them, which I remembered as one of my mother's favorite potted plants on our screened porch in Paragould. Nearly every house featured caged parakeets, and there were many hummingbirds about.

In the afternoon additional U.S. consultants arrived as well as other members of the leadership team-- Joe and Marilyn Crocker and Ruth Landmann. With other men consultants, I slept that night in the Assembly of God church on two pews pushed together. With the town's darkness, stars shone brightly and Australian Jim Bishop pointed out the Southern Cross to me. Oh behold the Southern Cross!

Construction at the pavilion continued Sunday. I helped build benches and paint blackboards. During the day the Assembly of God church was converted to a women's dorm with the men moving a couple of blocks to the Catholic church at the edge of town. Advantage of the Assembly building was that it had a working toilet even though water had to be poured into it to flush it. At the Catholic church was an outhouse that hadn't been used for some time. For washing there was clear flowing water in a nearby creek.

Procedures for the five-day marathon event were well structured. There'd be a community life team (essentially involving education), an essential services team (medical care), business and industry, and agriculture. I was assigned to business and industry with Karen Troxel as leader. There were 27 "foreign" consultants (mostly from the U.S.) and a facilitating staff of 12. In addition, around 35 Bananeiras citizens participated. From Rio there was a food preparation staff of maybe two.

Enabling personnel included teenagers Peter Whitney, Kevin Woodward and Ray Knowlton. In my mind, though, I can visualize only Peter. I took a picture of him holding a board on which he'd nailed the skin of a large snake that he'd killed in nearby brush.

Each team, of course, required a translator and Celso served as ours. The week's schedule generally followed the Town Meeting format, only more comprehensive. On Monday, following an opening feast Sunday evening utilizing kerosene lamps for light, teams listened to resident's hopes and dreams.

Tuesday we assimilated factual data relating to community problems. I think it was on that day that our team traveled by combi to Rio Bonito, about 25 miles away, where we visited the office of a chicken hatchery, the bank and a bakery to get some insight on new industry (chickens), financing (bank) and re-establishment of a defunct community enterprise (bakery). Economic presuppositions, based on ICA's previous experiences with community development, were to bring money into the community, to retain and circulate internally injected funds in the community as long as possible, and to operate in harmony with state and national realities (such as, in Brazil, a high inflation rate).

Wednesday each team dealt with principal contradictions blocking accomplishment of hopes and dreams. What fundamental problems keep hoped-for changes from coming about? We determined that villagers had no clarity on procedures for obtaining available business development funds from the municipality or bank loans. Further, when inquiring about how to obtain moneys, villagers were unable to sort out good information from bad.

Thursday practical thrusts were identified with Friday allotted to reparations a grand community plenary that evening.

Some residents thought that bringing electricity to the community would solve all their problems. Contradiction analysis, however, determined that lack of sense of community identity was a major factor keeping the community from realizing its potential. There were few unified community goals or purposes. (I won't go into the detailed report resulting from the Bananeiras consult since it is available in ICA Archives.)

Consult food was prepared by a staff headed by a cook brought in from Rio. She was a large black woman and the food she prepared featured black beans and rice as well as fresh vegetable salad. And there were tropical fruits: paw-paw, papaya, mango.

At the abandoned Catholic Church we men slept on straw mats laid out in rows on the floor. We'd pushed the pews back against the wall. Sleeping was fairly comfortable, as I remember. Actually I had a double layer of straw mattress. Joe Crocker's prediction that the straw mattresses would be full of biting bugs fortunately didn't result. Even outdoors, where you'd expect many insects in a tropical country, there were few. Too, amazingly, no rodents were evident.

Bats roosted in the church's rafters during the day; we'd note them if we returned to the church to obtain something during the noon-hour lunch period. They were gone during the nights. Doug Stauffer,

awakened by noises at the church door early one morning (I was awake and heard it too), thought some town drunks were trying to break in. It turned out to be goats.

As the consult proceeded, loose dogs, chickens and ducks foraged in, out and around the open-air pavilion. Other observations: Village children, hungry for something to do, for structures, following us around in tag-along fashion; 3-year-old kids (and older) with pacifiers in their mouths; the village idiot; moss on the *south* side of buildings. The weather was mostly dry, although at times there was a light rain shower. Since it was the Brazilian winter, darkness descended at about 5:30 p.m. Consequently, each evening at 4 p.m., a team headed by the consultant from Chile, Jaime Castro, moved to the kitchen pavilion to prepare kerosene lamps so that we'd have light for the evening meal and evening sessions.

Always, as the consult progressed at the pavilion, some Bananeiras people hung about on the edges, apparently skeptical that anything could happen and hesitant to become involved. Or maybe it all appeared too complicated for them, with the meetings being conducted in English along with a simultaneous Portuguese translation. For the celebrative meal Friday evening, though, many of the "hangers about" joined us.

Document Preparation

With all human development projects an ICA goal was to make a few highly visible and tangible changes so that villagers could sense a change. Raising a sign or symbol, according to H. Richard Niebuhr's theology, motivates people to effect further changes. What happened immediately in Bananeiras was to re-open the moribund health outpost and to re-establish regularized class procedures at the school.

During the next week, one volunteer consultant, Dick Wampler, a physician from Oregon, with the help of an interpreter, was able to ask the right questions to get the community health outpost, constructed new two years earlier and then abandoned, reopened. Over 200 adults and 200 children from the Bananeiras vicinity were given TB skin tests in the reopened outpost.

On Saturday morning, as I passed out of Bananeiras heading to Silva Jardim in Jose's combi with Jim Bishop driving, we passed by the two facilities. Much activity, many people cleaning and sprucing up buildings and grounds.

I should mention that project vehicles available to ICA included a newer VW combi as well as a VW "beetle." Both had been rented in Rio. Jose's combi, as Jim pointed out as we traveled the rutted road to Silva Jardim, was on the verge of breakdown. At one point we stopped and Jim made an adjustment to the carburetor. Upon inspection it appeared to me to be literally held together with hairpins.

At human development projects, preparation of the consult document usually took place in the host community during the week following. This was done so that villagers might observe all the late-night work being done on their behalf. In Bananeiras, though, since there was no electricity, document preparation progress would have been severely hampered. So the decision was made, a questionable one, to prepare the document at a place where electric lighting was available. Thus, about 17 of us were assigned to the writing team that would do its work in Silva Jardim. Others were assigned to remain in Bananeiras to get revitalization underway. At each GSD an auxiliary staff stayed on, usually for two years, to assist villagers in initiating specific tactics and proposals outlined during the consult and in the published document.

Jim and I (another person was with us, but I don't remember who) were the first to arrive in Silva Jardim. Other team members followed that Saturday coming in the newer combi and by commercial bus. We'd stay in the residence part of a building that had been vacated by Anderson Clayton Corp., a Dallas, Texas, agricultural firm that apparently had decided to downsize Brazilian operations. Writing would take place in a sizable meeting room at the rear of the Catholic church located on a knoll a couple of blocks up the street. The work room featured fluorescent lights!

For writing we divided into teams and wrote sentences and paragraphs utilizing the inimitable ICA "fill in the blanks" structured style. Using data assembled from the village consult, we were organized into contradictions, tactics and programs teams as well as a three-person editorial board led by Marilyn Crocker. I was on the tactics team.

At the Anderson Clayton house, since it was unfurnished, everyone slept on straw mats and blankets laid out on the concrete floor. Jim Bishop and I, among the first arrivals, worked to make the living quarters (five rooms including kitchen) habitable. Water gravitated from a cistern atop the bathroom adjoining the kitchen and had to be poured into the toilet in order to flush it. An electric cord with a socket hung from the middle of each room. No bulbs. Someone went to the local hardware store to purchase some.

I recall helping tinker with fuse box on the building's outside in order to get the electricity turned on. We didn't know the voltage; but fortunately it turned out to be the familiar U.S. household range--115.

Two couples were on the writing team, the Crockers and the Campbells. They were assigned to one of the rooms. Women were divided into a couple of other rooms and men into one. The men's sleeping room was small, and when five of us (Doug Stauffer, Mike Tippett, Raphael, Jim and I) spread our sleeping mats there was scarcely room to step or park our luggage.

We all washed out our clothes in the kitchen sink and took advantage of the clothes lines in the yard adjacent to the house for drying. Raphael, the Maryknoll Missioner, in keeping with the poverty model of his Order, amazingly had only one extra set of clothes.

Meals were greasy lunch meat, chewy bread and tropical fruits. Also, at the Anderson Clayton house there was a stove on which soup and coffee could be prepared. Even though otherwise bare of furnishings, I think there was a table and some chairs in the kitchen. Teams of us rotated food preparation.

After our first day the water supply to the Catholic church was turned off. Repair work on pipes was underway in the street in front of the church. Typically in Brazil water systems have little pressure. City or town water is supplied in dribbles to cisterns on the roofs of buildings.

At the time, Silva Jardim was a town of about 3,000 population. Days were sunny and there was a well-manicured park (in keeping with the town's name) cater-corner from the church. During one noon hour I visited the small post office and sent postal cards home. Adjacent to the post office ran a narrow-gauge mixed passenger-freight train powered by a diesel engine. It left each day for a nearby small town to the northeast, Casimiro de Abreu, and returned about 1 p.m. One day, seeking escape from missional duties I suppose, I contemplated riding it. In the end, lack of knowledge of Portuguese influenced my decision not to make the excursion.

Brazilians we encountered were always friendly and understanding with respect to our language deficiencies. Somehow the owner of the Silva Jardim hardware store became especially friendly with Mike Tippett and invited him to come to eat at his house one evening. The owner had taken a mail-order course in English and wanted to practice his skills.

Day-dreaming, I've sometimes subsequently thought what a great adventuresome experience, albeit not a missional one, it might be to move to a small Brazilian town like Silva Jardim and just "hang out" even with minimal knowledge of Portuguese. You'd soon have to become fluent in order to survive.

The Silva Jardim public school, located across the street from the church, operated in three shifts: elementary in the mornings, middle school in the afternoons, and high school in the evenings. Each day, when we'd be finishing our work at the church at 10 p.m., we saw high school pupils leaving the school for their homes.

Thursday evening our team had been assigned to prepare supper (greasy cold cuts and chewy bread no doubt). We were in the Clayton-Anderson kitchen when a resplendent young newspaper reporter from the nearby town of Casimiro de Abreu appeared. Driving a shining white VW "beetle" and dressed in an immaculate white suit, he looked like he'd just stepped out of a band box. He spoke only Portuguese, but was able to communicate that he was seeking information about the Bananeiras project. I was able to convey that he could get the information he needed from a person who spoke Portuguese (Lela Campbell) at the church (*igreja*). He left his card, Joao Marcos Alues Pesson, and a sample copy of his paper, which from a typographical standpoint left much to be desired.

Toward evening, Friday night, some of us left by bus for Rio Bonito for the wrap-up Bananeiras celebrative event that would take place that evening at a restaurant on the highway bypass. Others, both ICA people and Brazilians from Bananeiras, would follow in various vehicles. Some Rotarians from Rio Bonito who'd been present for part of the consult would also be present.

Those of us who went by bus waited for others in front of Rio Bonito's hotel. As we waited, we noticed a car parked nearby on the street with "*Lave me, por favor*" etched on the dust-covered rear window. Barbara Schwartz, especially, enjoyed that. Indeed, sometimes perceived cultural differences aren't so great after all.

At the restaurant we sat at a long table. The menu featured *churrasco* (barbecue), Brazilian wine, and engagement in appropriate reflective conversation utilizing the objective, reflective, interpretive, decisional (ORID) method: What are some of the things we did? What were the high points? Low points? Where did we struggle most? Where did breakthroughs in our thinking occur? What new vantage points do people of the community have? Etc.

For a North American visiting a "third-world" country, especially when one has opportunity to break out of the insulated tourist circuit, can be, as it was for me, an epiphany experience. No amount of reading about the poor and their living conditions can substitute for first-hand observation. The basic human problem of the world is that 85 percent of the people of the world are have nots; and only 15 percent are haves. We participants saw the imbalance and the beginnings of a transformation.

We returned to Silva Jardim around midnight with Joe Crocker driving the newer combi literally packed with probably 12 of us. Then next morning several of us boarded a bus for Rio. We boarded in front of the Anderson Clayton building and changed at the Rio Bonito bus station.

Exploring Rio

The Rio Bonito-Niteroi bus was a comfortable Mercedes Benz. At Niteroi we took taxis to the Guanabara Bay ferry to Praca 15 de Novembro and then taxis to Rio's Copacabana area. Taxis were VW "beetles," so, being so small, more than one was needed. I don't remember who all was in the group besides me. Definitely Lois Reeves, Barbara Schwartz, Helen Eskridge, Doug Stauffer and Mike Tippett. I think that Joy Jinks may have been along, but went on to stay with friends in Rio.

Six of us went to Copacabana because Doug had stayed at a hotel there the week before the consult and thought it suitable. It turned out to be rather expensive, however, especially for Lois and Helen even though it was located on a side street. With luggage piled on the sidewalk, we had an informal meeting: "Now what?" (Helen, 5th City Chicago's representative to the Bananeiras consult was handicapped, having had suffered at one time from a stroke; yet she had the most and bulkiest luggage--two large, heavy suitcases.)

We decided that the women should guard the luggage while Mike and I would try to find a lower-priced hotel. We walked up the street about a block and decided to inquire at one. Fortunately the woman desk clerk could speak English. I think the price she quoted was still too high for us, or maybe there weren't any rooms. At any rate, she decided to help us out by calling a hotel she knew about in the Fatima district that featured rates near to what we were looking for. Indeed, the hotel she called, Hotel Nice, had rooms at a suitable rate: the equivalent of \$11 per night. The clerk, speaking in Portuguese with the Hotel Nice desk clerk, negotiated reservations. We returned to the women guarding the luggage and then it was on to Hotel Nice (pronounced *neece*) in two VW taxis. There we obtained a room for the women, another for Mike and me.

Saturday evening we all traveled by city bus to a Copacabana Beach restaurant for a Rio celebrative event hosted by Arthur and Brenda Powers, both former Peace Corps volunteers. I think both were then currently employed by Brazilian firms; Brenda had taken time off to assist with the Bananeiras consult as a translator. After the dinner I remember Brenda took me out to the sidewalk to point out to me, in an opening between the tall beach-front hotels, the brilliantly illuminated and famous Christ the Redeemer statue atop Corcovado.

Following the dinner those of us staying at Hotel Nice boarded a city bus to return there. However, not knowing precisely where we were to get off, we found ourselves being taken on a jouncing midnight ride straight through downtown Rio and on into the suburbs to who knows where. Finally, after an hour or so, the bus reached the end of its run. For awhile we were apprehensive about becoming stranded. Fortunately, however, soon the bus, with a different driver, left to return to Copacabana. After another hour or so we were able to disembark on Rua do Riachuelo near the hotel.

Sunday we decided to visit a few tourist attractions—the famous Pao de Acucar (Sugar Loaf) and the so-called hippie fair in Ipanema. Since none of the hotel personnel spoke English, no doubt we consulted a guidebook to learn about routes and fare procedures. Bus fares were nominal, equivalent of 15 cents.

On a Sunday morning the buses were not crowded and we changed on Praia de Botafogo. We then took aerial tramways to the top of Urca and then on to the top of Sugar Loaf. I think it was when we got to Urca that I discovered my packet of National City Bank travelers checks was missing—around \$1,000 worth. Pickpocket? Possibly, although I didn't remember brushing up against a stranger. Just fell out of my pocket? Doubtful. I had deposited them pretty deep in a front pants pocket. Whatever. With the pink receipts that I fortunately found when I returned to our hotel room I could obtain a redemption.

The Sunday afternoon “hippie fair” at Praca General Osorio, featuring Brazilian arts and crafts, didn't turn out to be much. Most goods proffered seemed to me too large and/or bulky to conveniently pack back to the U.S. (Later, on my 1990 trip, I found the “hippie fair” vastly expanded in terms of offerings. But by then, with numerous thieves roaming around the periphery, it was a less safe place to visit.)

Some of our party decided to return to Bananeiras for another week. Mike, Barbara, Lois returned for sure, I don't recall others. I think Helen returned to the U.S. that weekend. As for me, I decided that I wanted to experience a little more of Rio—at least enough so that when I returned to the states I'd feel that I'd been there. Just a few days “passing through” the city wouldn't be enough. With Mike's help we negotiated a single room for me at Hotel Nice. I don't remember how we found a translator, but somehow we did.

Alone in Rio with only bare knowledge of Portuguese, first thing on my Monday morning agenda would be to walk to the National City Bank branch to get reimbursement for my lost/stolen on travelers checks. Not only would I need the money to meet hotel and meal expenses for the remainder of my Brazil stay, but I needed to report the loss.

The bank was located on Avenida Rio Branco, the main banking and corporate office street in the Centro district. Tall, modernistic glass-walled tall buildings loomed on either side of the street making it a virtual canyon. A lady at the bank reception desk spoke English, and soon, after due checking of my passport, the pink receipts, etc., my checks were replaced. Then I began my 10-day walking tour of Rio.

Rather than just wandering aimlessly looking through museums, colonial buildings, churches, etc., I decided I'd make my trek purposeful; I'd shop for inexpensive souvenirs, arts and crafts, etc., to take back with me to the states. And with my camera I'd take unobtrusive pictures. In order to observe the culture of a foreign land as much as possible without knowing Portuguese I'd avoid “tourist trap” stores.

Indeed, along the way as I engaged in my purposeful walking excursions, I traipsed interesting shopping streets such as Av. Senhor dos Passos and observed Rio's potpourri of old and the new. Characteristic of tropical countries, nearly all stores had open fronts onto the sidewalk.

For the return trip to the U.S., Barbara's and my reservations didn't jibe. My flight was one day sooner than hers. Someone, probably Jim Campbell, had told me that the most economical way to get to the international airport on Ilha de Governado was to catch a bus at the downtown Santos Dumont airport. So that's what I decided to do.

1978 Brazil Reflections

The 85/15 imbalance dehumanizes much of the world's population. The methods devised and used by ICA attack this fundamental discrepancy and enables practical solutions. I saw a transformation take place beyond “do-goodism.” Latent leadership within the community was empowered and released to act.

To alleviate sub-standard conditions caring people from rich countries have to fight off “do-good” proclivities and maintain focused objectives--raise signs of hope, provide context and methods that allows villagers to improve their own life situations. Negatively catastrophic conditions (famine, flood) would modify such goals, but that's not what we found in Bananeiras. Folks there needed a restructuring event and that's what we participants, through use of ICA procedures, sought to provide.

On the tactics writing team we reflected on what we might see in the community if we came back in six months. We'd see a welcome sign, a beautiful school and health outpost, uniformed school children, a football field with a white-painted rail fence, a community garden under cultivation. And indeed some of

these things and other accomplishments were achieved. A one-year-later report stated that a bakery had been established with a broad local market even into the surrounding hills, an irrigation system to enhance vegetable growing and marketing had been built, and contacts had been made with Rio businessmen to supply technical expertise and training. Progress was also recorded in the community services arena, with road and water supply improvements as well as beginning of construction of an electricity supply line. A pre-school was underway and community pride had been bolstered through three celebrations that attracted hundreds of people. The Health Outpost had been reopened with a weekly physician visit.

The Brazil trip for me wasn't entirely "don't get caught dead outside the mission." Though a bit peripheral, my excursions out onto the streets of Rio allowed me to learn, absorb and assess the ways of a different culture thus expanding my observational perspectives in the OJWDA sense.

And getting involved in something like an overseas community development project enabled me to have an impact where I desired to have impact occur, even in some small way. I saw myself as directly helping to make a difference.

Yet, when compared to a Maryknoll Missioner such as Father Raphael Davilla, whose possessions were not much more than one change of clothes, my effort was totally inadequate. In the Episcopal *Book of Common Prayer* is one for forgiveness for sins known and unknown, things done and left undone. When saying this prayer I often think of Raphael. Now shouldn't I, for mankind's betterment, be out in some remote Brazilian village with only one change of clothes working to improve conditions for the disadvantaged?

No, I am forgiven. The EI/ICA song "Responsibility" to the tune of "Yellow Submarine" and based on the lessons derived from Bonhoeffer says much about one's obligations amidst life's ambiguities and demands (even though written before the feminist revolution rendered sexist language obsolete):

Refrain:

Free Men live in responsibility, duty bound and free in relativity.

Free Men live in responsibility, whoever they may be, their deeds are history.

Observe and judge the given facts. Weigh up the values, decide and act.

You're alone, completely free, leave the judgment in history.

To no principle, no law, to no authority can you withdraw.

You decide it all the time; right from right and wrong from wrong.

Obligation is the call; to God and neighbor, surrender all.

The free venture is the deed rendered up to meet the need.

Brazil Again

I'd worked with Bill Grow at ICA's 1975 summer program when we both worked on the Global Training Institute (GTI) curriculum. Then later on several occasions at Kemper I'd had occasion to converse with him and more so after I learned that he and Nan had been assigned to Brazil.

Correspondence with the Grow's, by then in Brazil, began in 1986 after they'd sought out people who'd participated in the Bananeiras consult. I received an invitation to return to Brazil to participate in a 10th Year Anniversary visit, which would be in June 1988.

For one reason or another I decided I couldn't go to that event. We continued to exchange letters, though, and I initiated monetary support for their work. Too, being eligible again for a sabbatical in 1990, I kept in mind that I might return to Brazil that year.

And so it came to pass. In preparation, in 1989 I renewed my passport and submitted a sabbatical proposal. It was approved, and in spring I made arrangements with Omni travel agency for air fare.

The trip would be via Toronto--Air Toronto commuter plane from Indianapolis to Toronto and Toronto to Rio via Canadian Airlines. Phyllis took me to Indianapolis so that I could catch the flight.

For this trip I wouldn't be completely on my own upon arrival in Rio. Customs presented no problems and Bill met me at the customs exit and hailed a taxi for the trip to their apartment. Road to the city and

streets in the city were heavily congested because of a bus driver strike. So the normal 20-minute trip took 1½ hours.

The Grow apartment, on Rua Valpariso, turned out to be only a few blocks from familiar 1978-visit territory--the Rev. Celso's Tijuca district Episcopal Church. (Celso, though, was no longer rector there). The apartment, on the third floor of one of the typical three-to-five story apartment buildings along the street, had three bedrooms. The front one, facing the street, was used as an office. I was assigned the middle (guest) bedroom. The Grows themselves slept in the back bedroom.

The arrangement was that I'd pay nominal room and board. Also, I'd assist with chores, namely with grocery shopping and dishwashing.

ICA Brazil Activities

Next day after arrival, Friday, July 13, Bill and I traveled by bus to the ICA office in the downtown (Centro) district. Buses were back in operation, but the subway (Metro) was still on strike. Consequently the bus we took was quite crowded. We stood all the way, and when it came about time to alight we had to make plans several stops ahead to work our way to the front of the bus so that we could disembark. Quite an intimate experience--rubbing bodies with Brazilians of both sexes.

At one point Bill rattled off to me the numbers of buses that I could take to and from the office, direct ones and ones more circuitous. I couldn't hold them all in mind at the time; indeed it took awhile for that and other "getting around town" information (which came in a flood) to assimilate in my mind. Bus fare was cheap--equivalent of about 18 cents.

And, yes, buses still bounced through the streets bucking bronco fashion just as in 1978, with drivers caring little for passenger well-being. Jackrabbit starts, sudden stops. Straphangers hold on for dear life!

Main ICA Rio activity was "Consulting Services"--providing various companies with various ICA facilitating and spirit-building techniques. The office was on the 11th floor of a *circa* 1920s office building located on Avenida Graca Aranha.

After being introduced to the staff (none of the Brazilians spoke more than just cursory English), Bill put me to work laying out and typing a one-page outline for a seminar he would conduct at the Brazilian Esso office.

In late afternoon, as I tagged along, we rapidly walked a couple of blocks through crowded streets, around many cars parked on the sidewalk and in-between stalled bumper-to-bumper traffic, to the office of one of ICA's principal clients, Mills Equipemento. (Many people had driven to work that morning not realizing that the bus strike had ended, hence the more-than-usual street crowding.)

After delivering and picking up some papers at Mills, and being introduced to secretarial staff, we then hiked on about four more blocks up Avenida Rio Branco to drop off some materials at Intercontinental Seguradora Insurance. More introductions to ICA friends and staffers there.

The whirlwind continued on Saturday with me tagging behind Bill. After all, he knew the language. We caught a city bus that went over the long viaduct over Baia de Guanabara to Niteroi, alighted and rushed through some vacant lots to an inter-city bus stop--Bill reciting the bus-changing procedures as we went. Then it was onto a comfortable Mercedes-Benz bus and on to Rio Bonito.

The ICA Rio Bonito project at the time was benefiting from a rather large (\$227,622) three-year Kellogg Foundation grant, an office and a rather large staff. Community development work was, in the ICA manner, comprehensive, involving imaginal education, health, and agricultural and business projects.

Grant money had enabled the Rio Bonito staff to purchase two or three vehicles, and in one of them (either a VW "beetle" or a Fiat) and with one of the Brazilian staff driving, Bill and I traveled a few miles out of town to attend a *Festa* at the village of Lavras. It was a Bananeiras-like town with a showcase ICA imaginal educational program--new school building and eight grades (up from three in five years).

There we ate lunch and visited with people. They all treated me like a visiting dignitary, which I guess I was. Then it was back to Rio Bonito and then by Mercedes bus to Niteroi. At the Rio Bonito bus station I took a picture from the bus--same street scene and building that I'd taken 12 years earlier. At Niteroi another bus change--this time near the on-ramp to the Baia de Guanabara viaduct.

The Grows operated their apartment, in a way, like an EI Religious House, with Friday evenings set aside as "family night" and Saturday evenings as House Church. They welcomed me to join them for their family night and we'd go out to eat. House Churches were conducted in English and at the first one I met Marion and Anita Way, long-time Methodist missionaries. Marion originally was from South Carolina; Anita from southern Brazil.

Other regular House Church participants were Kit and Margaret Krauss (Order people from the U.S. assigned to Brazil) and some English-speaking Brazilian friends with whom Nancy had become acquainted when she served for awhile as pastor of an English-oriented federated church in the Baia de Tijuca district.

Bill concentrated on business consulting and had lined up companies such as Mills, Inter-Continental, Esso Lubricants and Lincoln Electric (electric welding equipment). Nan assisted with promoting office collegiality and with publications. She engaged in English tutoring on the side.

Thinking it would be helpful for me to familiarize myself with Portuguese, the Grows engaged a tutor for me--Sandra Garcia. She'd earlier tutored them. So for a few weeks she came to the apartment weekday mornings to give me lessons. Grows didn't, of course, pay for this instruction. That would be up to me, and it came out to around \$125.

Also the Grows helped me with my sabbatical project, which was to investigate and write a report on college-level journalism instruction at Rio colleges and universities. To assist me in making contacts, the ICA office (temporarily flush with funds) provided me with a translator, Joshua Krauss, 17-year-old son of Kit and Margaret.

Daily Routine

Grows would leave for the office around 7 or 7:30. I'd leave for the office after my Portuguese lessons and after the morning rush hour. I'd walk three blocks past the Brazilian Navy Hospital along Rua Pereira Barreto to the Sao Francisco Xavier Metro station; catch Metro to Carioca, and then walk the couple of blocks to the office building.

(Yes, the Metro was the very one under construction in 1978. Clean, efficient, swift and cheap--trip to Carioca station took only about 15 minutes and trains ran every 10 minutes. Cost was only a little more than bus fare. I'd get a 12-ticket book; go up to the ticket window, say doze, and push forward my money.)

Most days Bill made tuna sandwiches to take to the office for lunch for himself, Nan and me. Most office personnel were in and out. Particularly I remember Kit, who was there much of the time except on Tuesdays when he traveled to Rio Bonito; Margaret, who taught at a school somewhere in the city and who wasn't there much; Monika Sternecker, receptionist-secretary; Karen Harris Cinone, of both American and Italian descent, new on the staff helping Bill with consulting programs, and Nelson Menazes, who was on loan to ICA from the Mills office.

Intentional Observation

Sometimes I'd walk the streets just to absorb the environment and culture. Such observational excursions were for me enjoyable experiences.

Streets in the Rio Branco and Carioca areas were crowded but, in daytime, safe from the criminal element. Rua Uruguaia, also, particularly was filled with vendors offering trinkets, digital watches, packaged candy, hardware, pots and pans--you name it. All kinds of dime-store-like items for sale.

On my weekday excursions I didn't stray far from the Centro area. Bill's rule for safety: Look like a Brazilian and walk around "like you own the place." This meant appearing like you knew where you were going and certainly no fumbling around with tourist accouterments like maps or cameras and wearing no gold or silver. For a ring I wore a plastic one I'd bought on the street; for a watch, a \$2 plastic digital one I'd bought at K-Mart before going to Brazil.

My "official" work at the office consisted mainly of helping Nancy with editing and graphics for seminar presentations. I also worked on an issue of their "People & Projects" newsletter.

Saturday Eve House Church

As I've mentioned, House Church was held usually at the Grows on Saturday evenings. Featured were the common meal with witness and celebration closely following the Ecumenical Institute format. Regular participants were, of course, the Grows, Kit and Margaret Krauss, Marion and Anita Way, and various English-speaking Brazilian friends of all. On a couple of occasions I did the witness and on a couple of other occasions led discussion of the study paper (the seminary).

One Sunday we traveled by bus to Christ Church in Botofogo, the same Anglican church where choir rehearsals were held. The priest conducting the service had a speech impediment, I remember, and the service was conducted using the 1662 Anglican Book of Common Prayer. The archaic mood of the service made me more appreciate the contemporary service structure of St. John's at home.

About a month after my arrival a "Long March" training retreat was held with ICA staff and Brazilian affiliates participating. It was held at Casa de Retiro Carit, a Catholic retreat center and convent in a Rio suburb. Proceedings were in Portuguese but nevertheless I understood much of what went on (Nan had given me an outline, in English, of the program). One presentation, by Christian Nacht, Mills Equipimento president, related to Kazantzakis's familiar "Crimson Line" metaphor. Workshops involved training with ICA pedagogical and facilitation methods. Bill, Nan, Kit, Margaret as well as a couple of other Mills executives led. Some of the participants had traveled to the retreat from Rio Bonito.

A couple of times the Grows and I went to the Igreja Batista Church, about 10 blocks away from their apartment, for Sunday service. It was the home church of Dona Daria Glaucia, president of ICA:Brazil, and long-time supporter of ICA's work in that country--dating back even to before the Bananeiras consult.

Adjoining the Igreja Batista Church was a seminary (Baptist) in which Glaucia taught. On the Sunday before I was to leave to return to the U.S. we went to her apartment for a huge Bahian menu--chicken, fish, salad, mashed yams, rice, and prune pudding for dessert. Nan told me that Glaucia didn't want me to leave Brazil without having a genuine Brazilian meal. Bill said that Brazilians don't do this unless they have high regard for a person. So the treat was quite an honor!

1990 Brazil Reflections

Indeed any visit to a different culture is mind-stretching experience, and my second trip to Brazil (as with the first) enabled me to learn much. Especially, by observing the culture from an ICA perspective, the sojourn touched me deeply. Once again I was able to be involved in the life of a great nation apart from tourist insularity.

In general, Brazilians do not radiate European-style decision-making rationality. Even so I observed ICA methods (gestalting, charting, orchestrating, etc.) applied with intensity. A few leaders even caught on to the possibilities, stretching their capabilities and taking charge of situations with confidence and competence.

Yet, as Nan demurred, hope was in reality all that ICA can ever offer: Profound hope for the nation. In many respects, because of conditions brought about by years of mockery of laws and institutions despite high-sounding principles (right to vote, education and justice), continual hyperinflation and government corruption, people had given up. They seemed exhausted by ceaseless promises that things could get better.

Paul Rambali, in *In the Cities and Jungles of Brazil*, notes that France's Gen. DeGaulle on a state visit in the early 1960s labeled Brazil as "not a serious country." This put-down cut to the quick. When, much later, a newly nominated secretary of state for the environment dared affirm the general's analysis, he was fired. Public servants just don't go around frankly proclaiming such pointed truths.

Rambali also contrasts black ex-slave energy over against native Indian lassitude, an observation I also noted. Many black people (especially men) exude determination. They walk purposefully and radiate "up and at 'em" intentionality.

Following my retirement from Purdue in I returned to Brazil to work for a two-month sojourn with the Grows in 1993. They were working as consultants with seven companies: Mills Group, Top Seed, Esso, B. Braun Laboratories, and SARSA Laboratories. At that time, economic conditions were at an even lower

ebb than from 1990. Corruption in government persisted. People seemed not proud of their country. People have given up, Nan said. They don't see any hope that things will get better for Brazil. "Hope is all that we have to offer," she said. "We're dealing with profound hope for the nation." (Things did get better, though, with the election of President Cardoso in 1994. Inflation was stabilized, and the economy improved further with the administration of President Lula da Silva.)

Kit Krauss was working with world Wildlife Federation, interviewing to recommend World Bank funding at four Amazonia reserves. House churches continued at the Grow apartment on Rua Valpariso. Upon my return to Indiana, I reported to the Indianapolis House about what I'd learned, in particular about pedagogy methods and the importance of use of "grounding language" when teaching the Bonhoeffer and the Community papers.

Both of my Brazil experiences wouldn't have been rich had it not been for the Grows. They were exemplary hosts, personal guides, translators and companions. Actually, Bill Grow is a man with probably the highest IQ of anyone I've ever been closely associated with—in the 180 range, I'd say. Moreover, though humble about it, he utilized his intelligence and sense of purpose to full advantage in the highest sense of vocation and mission, truly addressing the RS-I ultimate profound question: "How can I contribute significantly to history?"

My EI/ICA Encounters: Overall Reflection

For this I'll utilize the Other World format I learned from my EI/ICA experience. Someone once acclaimed the Other World as perhaps the Institute's greatest contribution to religious thinking and method. It originated in the mind of Joe Mathews' mentor, H. Richard Niebuhr, in the article "Towards a New Other-World-liness" that appeared in the April 1944 issue of *Theology Today*. Existential in context, it has to do with basing one's life on the doctrine that concrete, individual existence takes precedence over abstract, conceptual essence. It holds that human beings are totally free and responsible for their acts and that this responsibility is the source of their Kierkegaardian feelings of dread and anguish.

The Other World involves a reflective method that, practiced consciously, enables one to recollect one's life as he or she lived it. (See Chapter 5 in Brian Stanfield's *The Courage to Lead*.) By distancing oneself in thought from the trials and tribulations of everyday life, at times, for example, one may be struck with a feeling that all things are mysterious; at other times, with a sudden deep awareness that everything about daily life is ambiguous; at still other times one may be get caught up in passionate care for others, and lastly one may have a feeling, in the midst of life's furor, of tranquility.

The goal of reflecting in these ways is not to achieve a warm, fuzzy feeling about one's place in the world. The categories say something about real and valuable elements of human life. Through reflecting on life experiences utilizing the Other World format, one can provide perspective on one's life and work.

Though I never employed the Other World meditative context *per se*, I offer this comment: In some respects the reflective methods bear a relationship to traditional introspective methods such as quietly talking to the ubiquitous mystery via prayer. And, consistently through my life, both privately and alongside others, I've done that. So, although one might advantageously use Other World reflective methods for coping with and enhancing day-to-day living (and I might have done that as well had not traditional introspective methods permeated my early life), I think now, as I approach this reflective chapter, that Other World metaphors can be useful for organizing my profound life understandings. Specifically they are Land of Mystery, River of Consciousness, Mountain of Care and Sea of Tranquility.

Land of Mystery: Discovering for oneself the wonder of the world (awe of it) and with the motivational power associated with that discovery is the context for Land of Mystery. You see it when "mystery" envelops you, the wonders of the vastness of the universe, its "agelessness" and your momentary existence in it.

As to a specific "land," I see the Midwest, the place of my birth and childhood, the place of my grounding. And since anyone's roots are an integral part of one's psyche, growing up in the Midwest (or USA Heartland) in many ways tells me who I am. And because I feel that the Midwest, and Kansas in particular, is so much a part of me that I find a resonant chord in William Least-Heat Moon's description of its vast openness. In *Blue Highways* he writes about how easterners (people from east of the Kansas-Missouri line) are discomfited by the apparent emptiness that makes matter look alone, exiled, and

unconnected. When driving through, say, Kansas they try to get away from space, roll up the safety-glass and speed through.

Not for me, though, and along with Least-Heat Moon I love the awesome mystery of "wide open spaces," I see, in comparison with "the East," how the openness changes roads, towns, houses, farms, crops, machinery, bucking oil rigs with a "smell not unlike a wicked fart in a close room" (an odor from the bowels of the earth, said my father), how the vast openness affects politics, economics and ways of thinking.

Heartland "ways of thinking" (for, after all, I have to include Arkansas, Texas, Minnesota and Indiana) without doubt permeated me. Promiscuous Eastern and Hollywood values never infused me. And particularly in the Kansas and Arkansas towns where I lived there were many taboo topics--money, appearance, sex. Still, I never felt deprived.

Jane Smiley, Pulitzer prizewinning novelist from Iowa, was once asked if she saw small town life as not having drama because of topics that weren't talked about. Perceptively, she answered that there's drama even in what easterners (and people from large cities) might term mundane. There's laid-back drama, she says, even in a story about a visit to Wal-Mart. (See also vignettes about people and places in Gregory Martin's *Mountain City*.)

Another permeating factor that no doubt influences my psyche is Heartland civility. David Lamb, in Arizona on his alone bicycle ride across America, emerged from a cafe and met a young truck driver who, Lamb writes, possessed the inherent politeness of a person from the American heartland. With self effacing modesty the trucker talked about his dream of bicycling across the country but who knew he never would because "I wouldn't have the spirit to make it." Lamb observed the young man expressed typical Midwestern diffidence.

The first Land of Mystery reflective theme relates to making life choices that are in keeping with your true nature even though your "true nature" is a mystery. A hint toward informing the riddle (I won't say "solved" because, as long as "God" remains a ubiquitous mystery, it's never "solved") comes not only from your roots, but from subsequent life events. These inform you about your vocational life task.

And that's the essence of Land of Mystery contemplation. It's the wonder of spiritual power. And it comes about when you grasp that every life situation can be an empowering motivational happening. (See the existentialism in that?)

Realization of this power (awe-filling) may come about suddenly, like one day the absurdity of your workplace task suddenly strikes you. Like a day when I was running Virgil O'Connor handbills off the printing press in Senath, Mo., and suddenly realizing that I didn't want to do this and similar jobs forever. I think it was right then and there that I resolved to advance myself professionally.

I didn't envision poetic or allegoric images for the feeling I had at the time, but now the Land of Mystery reflective procedure invites me to do so. "Lost in quicksand" aptly describes the state of my mind at the time.

The Land of Mystery reflective procedure dictates that at some point you realize that, alone, you're not in control of your life. There comes a time when you realize that you are only a minuscule shadow of whatever is really in charge. This comes about whenever you feel impotent in achieving your goals. Certainly, in 1966, when I was stalled in making progress on my Ph.D. dissertation, I felt that. And now, as I reflect on that period, I see that I felt absolutely vulnerable--totally exposed by the mystery and yet enveloped in it. Something greater than myself pushed me to persevere.

You learn from such setbacks. And they in everyone's life. Even truly great figures in history such as Moses, Joan of Arc, Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King Jr. experienced some sort of failure or tragedy. My 1966 experience pales in comparison with setbacks experienced by many people, even many who are or were not great figures, but the message is that any person periodically falls short of his or her objectives and is forced to wrestle with the consequences.

A paradoxical transformation occurs following a setback. "Why is this happening to me!" You rage and rebel against the mystery. Yet what follows often is a surprising transformation calling upon you to respond. It's like words from the old-time spiritual hymn, albeit sentimental, "There Shall Be Showers of Blessings." The Land of Mystery brings showers of blessings on the other side of suffering or an objectives setback.

I experienced "nothing is the same" elation after I passed my Ph.D. oral exam. By grace and/or divine intervention (if you believe in such a thing, and I do) the long and arduous undertaking was at last finished, and the struggles I'd undergone had all been worthwhile. It felt "right."

Then there are times in your life when you get so caught up in your work that you forget to eat. It's a "lizard brain" state of mind, says historian Shelby Foote, when you're engaged in some activity and find yourself on some kind of a "high." You forget about time and your work progresses "automatically." That happened to me as I arranged and placed type into newspaper front pages in a print shop or found myself engaged in scholarly search in a university library. I felt an ecstatic "at home" thrill in such ambient environs.

If you stop to think about it in the midst of such a happening (hard to do because at the time you are so intensely engaged) your thought might be one of "It's absolutely incredible. I can't believe it's true." You feel guided by some unseen entity. And you are briefly bewildered that you are so affected.

Then there are other times when you feel you've been "had" by the mystery. Now that's a feeling I had when I made the decision to go to an RS-I follow-up meeting in autumn 1971. Mindful that my previous contacts with that controversial Ecumenical Institute outfit that it might "grab" me I carefully weighed the decision in "to be or not to be" perspective. Result: The mystery told me that EI involvement would best open the pathway "to be" to me.

Consequences of my decision were beneficial, but because the road I chose was the one less traveled by, it had detrimental consequences relative to a Purdue career that was very much oriented to "publish or perish" and "publish or languish." As an EI volunteer I had little time left for writing conventional articles for scholarly journals.

It's quite possible that I'd already been impacted by Institute imaginal methods and on-edge philosophies from the very beginning, from my first encounter with it in 1965, and that I'd been so intrigued that I wanted to learn more. In the end EI methods enriched my teaching procedures. I squirm when I think about how appalling my teaching might have been had I not been able to inject EI methods into it. Overall, the methods enabled to improve myself as a professional college teacher.

Joseph Campbell, the late mythologist, noted in one of his writings that through rites and imagery a person is awakened to a sense of awe, gratitude and even rapture about the mystery of the universe and one's own existence within it. My decision to become involved with EI certainly gave me that.

River of Consciousness: The second Other World metaphor is River of Consciousness. Literally, when I think of "the river" I see in my mind the expansive view of the Mississippi from the park on a bluff above the bridge at Louisiana, Mo. It's on a route that I frequently traveled. Metaphorically, though, River of Consciousness relates to self-knowledge cognizance. In fear and trembling (see Kierkegaard) you become aware. You realize that you're absolutely and utterly accountable for your being here on earth in history. When that happens you "see through" everything (transparency). You attain freedom's spiritual power and motivation; you grasp that your life is wild creativity. And the new freedom realization becomes an entity other than yourself that drives you on. You decide your world and you become a sign of life. You think beyond good and evil, beyond legalistic rules and codes. In traditional language it's similar to being "born again."

The new realization doesn't mean that you no longer have fantasies or that you're free from nagging fears of inadequacy. It does mean, however, that you experience freedom as new spiritual power. For some people the new realization comes suddenly; for others, including me, incrementally.

River of Consciousness reflection also involves awareness of your creative existence and inventive freedom resulting from that awareness. Like: Have you ever felt a yearning to want to live a life other than the one that you're socialized into? That's happened to me many times. And it's not a feeling of just yearning to escape, say, to become a carefree beachcomber on a Brazilian beach. No, it's more like a feeling that if I only had greater mental capacity (nagging fear of inadequacy) I could do so much more to benefit the world.

But how do you put practicality on your awareness of your creative existence and its associated inventive freedom? When do you realize that your track record may be good or poor; your training excellent or minimal, your qualifications tops or not so great but that you're still ready to "conquer the world"?

Well, it's like you find yourself doing something that totally engages you. At that point you're pretty close to finding your niche in life. Close to finding fulfillment. Close to finding your imagination stretched. It comes when you discover that you're not bound by a rigid time cycle. Tuesday could be Saturday night; in fact any day could be Saturday night. And I've mentioned that such a realization came to me at the 1972 when I viewed EI research teams at work in an atmosphere free of time and space shackles. (Douglas Brinkley, writing in *Majic Bus*, says that a reason for Elvis Presley's popularity in the 1970s was that he conveyed to a whole generation of young Americans that they were free of rigid time cycles.)

One favorite aspect of college teaching for me came at test construction times. They were sort of engagement “highs”—the challenge of condensing either an entire course or test period into a fair and meaningful review. I could become lost in the work, disregarding time. The activity “carried on by itself.”

Test construction is an art form, and with such engagement you know your imagination is stretched and your conscious freedom something other than yourself when you find yourself totally involved. Your conscious freedom drives you on. You feel free to invent, even, possibly, with reckless impertinence, beyond the confines of time and space. And you keep going until, finally, you “know” your task engagement is “just right.”

Another exciting River of Consciousness guise is when you realize that you have license to devise a new moral standard and to think beyond legalistic rules and codes. This came to me with my discovery of (and continued enthrallment with) William Cozart’s “Model Building as a Way of Life” paper. To build social models is to live a life of contextual ethics; and, as I pointed out in previous reflection, a form of prayer. Too, when you build social models you create a decision-making framework. Your model directs where you put your energies; it sets priorities and gives motivational impetus for responsible and committed action.

Obliquely, Paul Hawken no doubt had such social models in mind when he wrote, advising a would-be MBA, “Do not major in management, but in design” (*Whole Earth Review*, Fall 1985). Design (model building) enables ordering “chaos” into issues; a “designer” envisions and innovates social structures.

Action, based on your model, in order to succeed sometimes requires going beyond established and accepted standards. “To innovate you must be unorthodox,” said my Ph.D. mentor, Ed Gerald. Consequences of decision to act may paralyze. After all, the well being of many people will be affected by what you decide. At that point it may occur to you that you’re beyond justifying yourself to anyone; yours is the mandate to create new moral standards by which others will be measured.

To live a life in accordance with the contextual, model building, ethic means that your thinking extends beyond decision making via codes and laws, which are, of course, insufficient for making important ethical decisions with certainty. “It’s only existential freedom that can deal with important decisional complexities and ambiguities with appropriate flexibility and creativity,” states Gene Marshall, the long-time dean of the EI Academy. “Everything else but this sheer freedom is all too often mean-spirited, stiff-necked and self-justifying moralism.”

I remember going to Indianapolis, particularly when the Bengels were there, to participate in quarterly contextual, model building, PSUs (Problem Solving Units). Such workshops were usually all-day Saturday events, and we utilized the OJWDA format. It was a rewarding experience for me, at least, to work with colleagues of similar mind, who appreciated along with me, the logic, order and balance of bottom-up decision-making procedures; the 4x4x4 rationale and all that. Further, there was always anticipation about the outcome. Often the procedures created a synergy resulting in an innovative product.

And not only Indianapolis for PSUs. Similar logical procedures generated meaningful directions for effective action at our weekly Lafayette Ecclesiola meetings. For me, methodical social process planning was always a mind-expanding experience, and, as I’ve stated, many of the imaginative dialogues and contexts I found adaptable for use in my Purdue classes.

Be out on the frontier of new ideas. Search for ideas that don’t seem to be generally known or that seem to be discovered but forgotten, admonished the Canadian economist Harold Innis. And it’s better to develop these ideas with other people rather than to get them from books or periodicals. Model building methods afforded matchless opportunity to do that.

Oh, had I had the genius to have been innovative enough to build my Mass Communication Ethics course based on the “Other World” precept!

Finally, River of Consciousness freedom transports you; “the world is not my home” while at the same you feel firmly anchored in this world. It’s like when you work and work to perfect a particular project and you reach a point when you “know” it’s just right. When does an artist “know” when his or her painting is finished? Or a musician to “know” when a musical work is finished? Or a performance fully developed?

The River of Consciousness chart says you reach a point where you’re “surprisingly victorious” or securely anchored. You grasp that, come what may, you stand totally accountable before the mystery for what you’ve done. For you are what you’ve done.

Paul Fussell writes that after his traumatic experience as a combat Army officer in World War II (Christ event *ala* Tillich, but he didn’t call it that), he became irrationally angry at efforts by well-meaning people to coerce him into group behavior. He became detached, determined not to waste a second of his

life in silly activity, like golf, do-gooder and social clubs, gossip or trivia. I must say I felt much the same way in the 1970s when I became involved with EI intentionality. Are you going to engage yourself in activities that you've decided (after building a social model) that you think will make an impact? Or are you going to be pushed around by the economic establishment, advertisers and promoters of social fads? My intentionality never was as hard-nosed as that of Order:Ecumenical, but, in accordance with "no and yes" rubric, my decisions were still absolved and affirmed.

At the EI Academy send-out, our collective journey down the great river of consciousness was recognized. The excursion at times confronts us with unexpected turns and twists, but it's one that we all take. It gives us wondrous experiences and vital lessons, and these seeming travails enable us to be great teachers to the rest of the galaxy and, indeed, to all of creation. "Always be cognizant of what you are becoming," the send-out said. "Understand the eloquence of the sacred process. Enjoy the ride and be joyous in the journey."

Mountain of Care: This metaphor is based on the comprehensive mission model that you've created. How to view the world you've been given. To sustain that model requires spiritual stamina in order to minimize burnout.

Literally, when I think of "mountain" I recall my first encounter with them. In 1934, as our family headed west for Colorado vacation, the Rockies, a deep blue shadow along the horizon, looking much like a cloud, were pointed out to me as we neared Pueblo. A few days later we took the gravel road to the top of the famous Pike's Peak. I learned meaning of the word "timberline."

In later years it would seem that Pike's Peak, though one of the highest in Colorado, wasn't as high as I first remembered it, largely because of it being nestled among other mountains. Mt. Hood in Oregon, a lustrous symmetrical snow-covered stand-alone object, as seen from an observation point in Portland, would appear larger.

At time I wish I could envelop the whole world in my arms. It's a feeling of care, I suppose. It's a feeling of heavy responsibility. Oh how I wish I could "save" it. Theologian Friedrich Gogarten called it the feeling of heavy responsibility "doom": You find yourself responsible for *all* that is, what is no longer and what is not yet.

Within this feeling of responsibility, though, is delight that within your chosen vocation you can make a difference. It allows you to be involved with all the issues, pressures, colleagues and history. Interest in non-missional activity wanes; various "fill time" activities, such as, say, a hobby or gadabout traveling, lose appeal.

Mountain of Care focus doesn't mean complete forfeiture of diversion, it only means that such activities no longer control your life. Some diversions, after all, are beneficial; they inform and sustain mental and physical health and heighten collegiality. Background classical recorded music, for example, a diversion, assisted greatly my ability to maintain vocational focus. Music is a good stress buster and muscle relaxer, that it causes stress-hormone levels in your blood to sink. Later, another diversional activity, bicycle riding, helped me maintain physical stamina.

Everyone possesses multiple talents. Some people are even "expert" in more than one. So the challenge and joy is to meld them all into effective vocational action, using them to maximize care-for-the-world engagement. Always in mind is realization of unnecessary suffering in the world--hunger, disease, injustice, things that Gogarten referred to with his "doom" metaphor.

"Doom" envelops the world, and once you grasp the meaning of Mountain of Care it becomes your world and your ever-present responsibility. You've compassion for all the world's peoples, not only the 85 percent "have nots" who suffer poverty and lack of opportunity and the 10 million orphaned children in sub-Saharan Africa due to the AIDS epidemic, but also the 15 percent "haves," many of whom gad about with no sense of direction, pushed this way and that by popular culture and advertising.

Though in the long run the earth will burn up, history essentially is not predetermined, and you feel thrilled with the knowledge that it is possible to bend history through use of rational model-building and spirit methods. Images of a beneficent future far outweigh those of doom. Wrote historian Arnold Toynbee: "For the first time in history, mankind has dared to believe that the benefits of civilization can be made available to the entire human race."

The theme of Albert's Camus's existential work *The Stranger* is that a person achieves a certain grandeur and becomes authentically human when he (the book's hero) is confronted with doom. Though the absurd mechanisms of society destroy him, he courageously faces death while at the same time affirming life. (We're doomed so what use is fright?)

And Andre Gide: Each human being who has only himself for aim suffers from a horrible void. Yes, (aligned to Mountain of Care rubric) once you realize that you belong to all creation, you feel compelled to serve it with all your life. Bonhoeffer felt so compelled even to the cost of his life.

Actually, care for creation is more of an attitude toward life than anything. You do things that have to be done to enable others to be all that they can be. For example, I'd go to Indianapolis on weekday evenings to help recruit for an RS-I course, I'd participate in weekend planning sessions at Indianapolis or Columbus, Ohio, (PSUs) rather than engage in self-indulgent "play."

An existential philosophy premise affirms the great tragedy for someone to come to earth and die without ever having truly lived. But what does "truly live" mean? Although, as I mentioned earlier, mythologist Joseph Campbell wrote that it's OK for a person to live a pragmatic, non-spiritual life and that they're getting more out of life than they realize, still it's sad for me to see people who've never "found it," who cast about without vocational focus. Some still do it even 20 years after high school. They remain a thing and don't even realize that their life is ruled by "things."

Then there are others who seem unable to elevate their minds above the groin and who treat life as a lark. Though it may be true that they're getting more out of life than they know, still, the existentialist in me compels me to think that at minimum there's a waste. To truly live means that you should give of yourself to the betterment of society and the world.

And it's sad that the fully human message is so difficult to convey. As Norman Maclean states in *A River Runs Through It*, "So it is that we can seldom help anybody. Either we don't know what part to give or maybe we don't like to give any part of ourselves. Then, more often than not, the part that is needed is not wanted. And even more often, we do not have the part that is needed."

How can you tell people of the younger generation how to avoid pitfalls of life without being overbearing? In reality, they have to live their own life of discovery and learn from mistakes. You feel sympathy (or, more likely, empathy) for them, but at times feel helpless even though they may hear and heed more than you think. As this memoir attests, the words of others through the years have affected my life even though the people who enunciated them most likely didn't realize at the time that their words were having an effect. (The rector of Boston's Trinity Cathedral in Boston says that he gets letters from people he's never met who say that words from one of his sermons changed their life.)

Effectivity involves end-run techniques, such as the "indirect" approach, as exemplified by EI/ICA facilitation methods. They effectively draw others out, motivate them and make them disciples for the sake of the world. Hope abounds.

A disciple ultimately does what is right; penultimately he or she does what is effective. What is right is that you put your life's effort on things of high purpose. Focus on one task. For me, once I perceived the existential meaning of God (the mystery, the engine of creation) I determined that my task should be, Joseph Mathews' words to "communicate the ethic of the indicative" which was really to practice and demonstrate "Model Building as a Way of Life" to the best of my ability.

Effectivity emerges from operating out of a well-developed long-range social model. The person who is thinking just two days ahead looks lazy beside one who thinks 20 years ahead. (Although, some say, with computer and internet technology, six-month planning now is considered long range.) Effectivity also emerges from giving people (students, in my case) methods to impel them to be all they could be, to allow suppressed creativity to come to the forefront. To do this, awareness maintaining creative tension as seed-ground for new models was essential.

Doing what is necessary, certainly, involves drudgery. Teaching, for example, at least initially, doesn't permit weekends of leisure that seem so significant in other lines of work. Only after grades are turned in is there any spacious unwinding time. For me, weekends often meant time for paper grading and, come Sunday, preparation for Monday's classes.

So, though you often feel that you fall short, there's solace in thinking that you're accomplishing more than you think. Lord knows, even after epiphany came upon me, there were aimless time periods in my life. So, not that you find yourself actually constantly accomplishing miracles, Mountain of Care awareness means that, with your attitude toward care, you "feel" that you can work miracles even though you fall short.

"Don't let death find you outside the mission," said Joe Mathews. You do what is necessary not permitting death find you where you ought not to be, i.e., playing bridge, golf, watching soap operas, overindulging. Eliminate from your life the trivial and the unnecessary (as much as possible). Concentrate on a single goal; narrow life to a critical focus.

So it may come to pass that you see through it all and develop a strange power to speak with authority and move mountains. You feel caught up in something bigger than yourself. You acquire a strange independence, like, you can take care of yourself. Somehow you feel “professional,” you “know” what is right and go about your work almost automatically as if controlled by an unseen hand. Said Frischetti, cartoonist at the Chicago Daily News (paraphrased): “I am a professional. I like to do well in my work and I work hard at it.”

Professionalism includes, at least in some small way, a notion of vocational service and an ironic twist: Sometimes the most important things you do are not done for pay. And, for a salaried professional, it’s ridiculous to ever to try to match work (time spent) with pay. Virtually no one (even punch-clock workers) believes he or she is paid adequately. And, indeed, likely you are never really sure what an adequate salary might be for yourself.

Mountain of Care can hardly be expressed better than to the word of the EI/ICA song, “I Am the One” (to the tune of “76 Trombones”):

I am the one set free to embrace the world, I am the one compelled all to give, I am the one condemned to be ever sorrow-filled and to die each moment that I live.

I am amazed my life is in history, I am amazed this world’s where I’m bound. I am amazed I’m one with creation’s family and in each the mystery is found.

The guardian of the world for all eternity living, living, with all who’ve gone before, the director of the world in all its future, and the key hist’ry is waiting for.

The wiseman who can always know his knowing, standing, standing ever in the fray, the watchman who is always on the stage in every single age, and moves a million mountains every day.

Sea of Tranquility: “When we are filled with the joy of creation, we long to dance with creation and wonder who placed that longing in our hearts.”

Thoughts and ideas generally tell what I’ve learned from my life experience and what I’ve come to believe, “learnings” (to use EI/ICA jargon) and beliefs not mentioned earlier. Loosely, they align with the fourth, and last, Other World metaphor, Sea of Tranquility, which has to do with accepting life as it is; accepting who you are. Sea of Tranquility is the peace that passes reason’s capacity to grasp it as peace. It’s a “strange victory.” No worldly care; no earthly foes--only continual integrity.

One “strange victory” is the joy of becoming expert enough to apply Kierkegaardian distancing methods to leadership. The methods gave me confidence as an instructor that my techniques enabled me to empower others, in this case students, to think beyond conventional legalisms and rules. For, after all, the Other World is beyond good and evil: it’s not moral, but ontological.

Wrote Kierkegaard: “The self is a relationship that reflects to its own self and in willing to be itself grounds itself transparently in the power that posits it.” What profundity!

Such “distancing method” I was able to bestow to my classes. In my ethics class I related it to Daniel Yankelovich's "double seeing" concept, which he outlined in his visionary book *New Rules: Searching for Self-fulfillment in a World Turned Upside Down*. “Double seeing” enables you to transcend one’s own ego to see the wider drama of the times in which we live: “The self is not a private consciousness independent of culture and society. We don’t ‘find ourselves’ solely by looking inward. We are enmeshed in a web of shared meaning.”

I also found the joy of “integrity every day” in Duane Elgin’s book *Voluntary Simplicity*, which I’ve already mentioned and which I briefly outlined in class. And the joy in discovering and presenting the main visionary message of Alvin Toffler’s *Third Wave*. Combined, these works question conventional economic goals, the fallacy of placing all hope for human happiness on market comforts and the “bigger is better” myth. In keeping with the Sea of Tranquility context, the books connote an ethic of commitment, breaking out of conventional molds and providing the associated intentionality, determination and action required.

On my first visit to the literal sea, the Gulf of Mexico in 1956, I found it indeed calm, though I don’t remember any particular feeling of calm and serenity. The place was Galveston and it was July 5. The day was hot, which I noticed that when I found myself at times behind a building blocking the sea breeze. Seeing the sea is something my father during his lifetime never had opportunity to do. He got close, having been sent as an Army lieutenant to a Columbia, S.C., staging area for shipment to France during World War I. But then the war ended.

The gulf, though tranquil when I saw it, from time to time breeds devastating hurricanes. The “Disaster of the Century” struck Galveston in 1900, killing 6,000, injuring 5,000. Deceiving tranquility

amidst memory of appalling tragedy. I thought about that as I viewed the sea from Galveston, but that was before I became acquainted with the tranquility metaphor.

As you reflect on Sea of Tranquility you accept yourself as you are. And as a committed person this means that you realize your likes and dislikes. Some things you enjoy, other things bug you. Sometimes there's no explanation for such quirks, other times you perceive an explanation. For example, take aesthetics and cultural appreciation. The Texas writer J. Frank Dobie wrote, for example, about freight wagons driven by Mexicans in southern Texas, each pulled by six mules. "The manes and tails ... were always neatly roached, every team was matched exactly for color—six black mules, six sorrels, six duns, and so on. ... The management was responsible for breeding the mules, but the patterns in teams were out of Mexican instinct for symmetry and design."

Dobie doesn't say whether the Mexican bent derived from the Spaniards or Aztecs. To my knowledge neither is present in my blood. Yet, I like the observation because I think that I have a similar instinct. It manifested itself when I found as an undergraduate in college that I had an affinity for newspaper page design and graphics. My natural sense of taste and informal balance revealed itself. It was a skill beyond that possessed by my compatriots. Similarly, I think Minnesota appealed to my sense of aesthetics—the contrast between clean, well-ordered Nordic surroundings and unkempt, slovenly southern yards and porches featuring dingy, worn stuffed furniture. Minneapolis, by contract, with its great sprawling metropolitan university, its theaters, galleries and museums.

I lived in Minneapolis 25 years before the arrival of the Mall of America, so though I suppose such a place is a wonder for folks who adhere to shopping clichés ("Shop like you mean it." "Shop till you drop." "I shop, therefore I am."), I don't think I'd like it beyond cursory curiosity. Similarly Las Vegas with its haute-tacky fake Egyptian pyramids, fake Eiffel tower, fake Venetian canals and fake New York skyline.

Generally I disdain the fake, cultural and otherwise. Though I'm not a comfortable frequenter of bars and saloons, I'm not rabid against them but I think there are better places to confabulate. Call it Puritanical, but it's a part of my heritage. Grandfather Webster, whom I never knew, was, after all, a prohibitionist.

Other dislikes are incivility, boorishness and trite conversation, plus some quirky ones (things that "bug" me, that give me the "willies"): wind chimes, using a coffee table as a footstool, sitting at kitchen table eating with cabinet doors open, redundant radio newscasts, something dangling from a car rear-view mirror, low frequency woofers, someone mispronouncing Car-i-BE-an, screeching sopranos, hypocritical piosity, redundancies (Sierra Nevada Mountains), banality.

There are few foods of American fare that I dislike (no experience with unusual foreign delicacies such as dog tongue, fried bull's testicles or steamed water beetles). For some reason ginger ale, chili peppers and jalapenos don't like me and I've never learned to like buttermilk.

The realization of things you think you're pretty good at, accepting life as it is, accepting who you are is "certitude at the center." I think I'm a pretty good journalistic editor, which requires encyclopedic knowledge of many subjects. I'm not as practiced as some professionals, but better than others I've seen. I never felt comfortable as a newspaper reporter with prying into people's private lives and was also troubled by the self-serving aspects of the journalistic compulsion to invoke the "public's right to know" mantra.

Am I a "left hemisphere" person or a "right hemisphere" person? Well, probably more left than right. Characteristics of a "left hemisphere" person include: linear time sense, gravitates to reading and writing, introspective, good at grammar and syntax, sequentially ordered and able to analyze. Yet there are some "right hemisphere" characteristics I can identify with. I'm holistic in terms of thinking, am oriented to music (untrained) and have good geographic orientation. "You are good at getting together a comprehensive vision," said Ed Gerald, my Minnesota mentor. But he also perceptively observed another "right hemisphere" characteristic: "You're too non-competitive. You don't stick up enough for your rights."

With EI/ICA I had affinity for geo-social community gridding, problem-solving (PSU) and model-building methods. And over the years I developed an expertise in areas of freedom and social responsibility of the press, press relations with business and press leadership in community development. A teaching challenge was to convey to students (through university courses) my insights into content and the innovative methods I'd learned.

"Plunge into the deed without fear with the gladness of April in your heart."

I remember trips to Indianapolis in the early 1970s for meetings at the Indianapolis Religious House. Priors, first Herman Greene and then Bill Parker, apparently felt they were under intense pressure to

“permeate” the community. Having taken Order vows, along with their families, they were voluntarily engaged. Nevertheless, I suppose, they hardly expected the frenzied activity required. After all, they were attempting to bring forth a religious revival based on contemporary theology—a revolution, although use of that word was a no-no. Instead the word “resurgence” was used.

Pressure on priors of that era has been noted by Fred Hess, who was at the time prior of the Oklahoma City House (see *Golden Pathways* CD Rom under “problemlessness”). He tells about how his hopes and dreams were constantly shattered by things going wrong, colleagues burning out, etc., until finally he reached a point where his whole attitude toward ever accomplishing his objectives changed. “I mean there were no problems, and nobody could get you angry and there was no hostility.”

Fred says that he became unperturbable; nothing could bother him. He transcended anger and hostility to go with the flow. Whatever came, came; whatever fell short of objectives, fell short. “As over against earlier having had to tortuously turn everything that happened to me into something that was good; suddenly, the whole fabric of the cloth was good, in and of itself, and I did not have to force it bit by bit.”

That’s what problemlessness is about—accepting what *IS*, and accepting it regardless of conventional unenlightened societal criticism. Fred transcended beyond anger and hostility and when he did “everything was just fantastic!” Overwhelming relief. “Suddenly, every little thing was just fantastic—children in their bathrobes hesitatingly re-enacting the birth of Jesus, getting on the bus to drive six hours to Amarillo through the middle of the night to be there for a meeting and turn around and come right back, six more hours. It was just fantastic!”

I experienced a bit of that toward the end of July 1972 at the end of the Institute’s summer program. Ecclesiola work was intense; adhering to work-load timeline impossible. And many team members were being “pulled” for other assembly duties. Though the day’s work was supposed to end at around 10 p.m. we found ourselves writing programmed sentences far beyond that.

During workshops in mid-afternoon I found it very difficult to concentrate because of lack of night-time sleep. Yet the work was accomplished, and on that day when a team of us went to the Multilith office in downtown Chicago to run off the completed documents on the offset presses, and the next morning when we were awakened at 3 a.m. to assemble them, I experienced a bit of “everything fantastic” glee.

The Institute’s Summer 1972 summer program was designed so that participants could experience all the “Other World” categories. And as I look back now, I fully appreciate the profound experience of that four-week adventure. Indeed, “You want to know what heaven is like? This is it!” Despite “problems” of clogged toilets, lack of sleep, dorms with cardboard walls, exhilarating moments predominated; and I’d been present and participated in helping create society’s future!

“You are not required to complete the work, but neither are you at liberty to abstain from it.”--Rabbi Tarphon.

Other World reflection denotes no intrinsic sequence. As you live your life and reflect on it you don’t necessarily start with Land of Mystery, move on to River of Consciousness, Mountain of Care, and then Sea of Tranquility. Except for one certain sequence: Unless you’ve stood on the Mountain of Care, that is you’ve seen the world’s doom is your own and assumed correlated vocational commitment, you cannot experience true Sea of Tranquility.

I’ve sometimes felt true Sea of Tranquility at moments in nature when I’ve longed for a moment to be perpetuated. Surroundings of unexpected joy. Like walking through the West Lafayette Village area on a fresh clean summer morning after a rain shower, before the sun has really gotten all the way up and before stores open and traffic intensifies. Or walking through Rio’s Centro district before the thousands swarm the streets. Odors of food preparation wafting from the open-fronted *lanchonettes* gave me a sense of being at one with the world.

The epitome, though, of the “everything new” experience was that sunny afternoon in 1976 when, working on Estimates I, I viewed the tall apartment buildings a few blocks to the north along Sheridan Road, and saying to myself, “this is the life; this is heaven.” One day life is new and the universe sings. It’s an ecstasy of sorts.

Yet, as Kazantzakis, puts it: You shall never be able to establish in words the times that you live in ecstasy. You’ll struggle unceasingly to establish it in words—battle with myths, comparisons, allegories. God works similarly. “He speaks and struggles to speak in every way He can. With seas, with fires, with colors, with wings, with horns, with claws, with constellations, and butterflies that He may establish His ecstasy.”

You are confident with your discoveries, beliefs, “philosophies of life.” I like to think of myself as somewhat of “a different drummer” in the Thoreau sense, independent of the bland, conformist crowds. I never accommodated wife and children syndrome, sometimes, when feeling lonely, to my regret. How interesting a person’s life is, though, how free from boredom and frustration, depends more on attitude, outlook and self-sufficiency than on actual activities. Too, according to a University of Keele study in Britain, older people are less subject to boredom than the more youthful. Has to do with filling your mind with intellectual topics, I suppose.

I’ve mentioned delusions wrought by the two-story universe image in popular culture. God is not “upstairs actually or factually.” Rhetorically, the two-story universe representation is known as the transcendence metaphor and it dates back to ancient times when it was believed that the earth was the center of the universe.

Now, though, in view of scientific advance in biology and the advent of post-Einsteinian physics, things are seen differently. There are other ways to talk about God (“the Infinite”) and about humankind relationships with Him (or “It”). A valid one—and something that speaks to me, influenced as I am by existential Ecumenical Institute teachings—is the transparent metaphor. Gene Marshall describes it as the Infinite shining through every finite being as its back light. If we look hard enough at a tree or a bird or another human being we see standing behind this finite being its mysterious infinite source, its sustainer and limiter, and its ender.

The transparent metaphor is existential in context and in the Kierkegaardian sense quite profound. Like what do I do (or you do) in view of awareness of this boundless image shift? This newfound freedom? This newfound realization of life’s fullness?

Well, maybe I’m so overwhelmed that I’m tempted to hide. Gene Marshall again: Not only am I dead at this moment, but the possibilities for living my life are so generous and extensive and downright demanding that I am tempted to retreat into my back room and find there some way to postpone seriously deciding what to do with my one life. What do I? cries out in my deepest interior.

But a fascination pushes one onward. The full life is lived in endeavoring to live intentionally, endeavoring to keep oneself engaged in effective action and keeping focused on, in the words of Kazantzakis, transmitting matter into spirit. You do what you can to maintain open-mindedness and to be an empathic advocate for social justice.

Gene Marshall’s translation of the model prayer of Jesus, popularly called Lord’s Prayer, is an effort to do away with the transcendence metaphor and talk with the Infinite transparently. It eliminates the literalism trap and lifts the heart (Realistic Living, June 1996). I’ve memorized it and reflect on it in my mind (pray it) frequently. In formal settings, like church, when I and everyone else are reciting the popular Lord’s Prayer, this is the one that runs through my mind. Actually, I’d rather everyone be reciting this one rather than the standard one.

O Infinite, enigmatic Wholeness, whom we trust like a small child trusts its parents,

We request all who live to hold your reputation in Awe-filled respect.

May human society that expresses and obeys your Eternal presence, rather than flees from it, take place right here and right now, for such living is rooted in the essence of things.

We request from you all our daily needs.

And we count on you to welcome us home in spite of all our flights into unreality, even as we welcome and wish well those who mistreat, ignore and take from us.

And may our encounters with you not panic us to flee into further illusion, but rather rescue us from all unreality.

For trusting in you is the arrival of human fulfillment, it is the faith that cannot be conquered, and a life of unending Awe. Amen.

Episcopal priest James R. Adams in *So You Think You’re Not Religious?* states that faith cannot be rationalized; it’s a belief that lies deeply in the heart. The Greek word *pistis*, as used by St. Paul for faith, meant affirmation of what is, a “yes” to facts as we know them about our universe and about ourselves despite ambiguities. *Pistis* meant Amen! But unfortunately many people use “faith” in ways that are quite non-biblical, usually ones that suggest absence of doubt.

“There may be a more fundamental truth than the rat race in which we may be caught.

I don’t recall now where or when I came across Alexander Solzhenitsyn’s view concerning socially conditioned perceptions, but wherever or whenever it was, it evoked positive response. Possibly I saw it in his 1978 work, *A World Split Apart*. At any rate, he decried America’s blind acceptance to values of the

economic marketplace. We are so caught up in western European modes of thought that our perceptions of reality are distorted, he wrote (actually “said,” since his view was delivered to a Harvard graduating class). Business and governmental leaders, as a result of ingrained western cultural values, make improvident decisions.

It’s like being so caught up in your cultural values that you become complacent and fail to anticipate detrimental outcomes. Examples, in business, include the Ford Edsel, General Dynamics 990 jetliner and RCA mainframe computer fiascoes; in government, savings and loan collapse, Pearl Harbor, Bay of Pigs, Vietnam war escalation and Watergate cover-up.

Scientific inquiry and logical pragmatic thought so permeate western thought that, unless we pause to reflect, we don’t even realize how powerfully these methods slant our actions. Also individualism. Our country’s Founding Fathers, heavily influenced by the writings of such European philosophers as Locke and Montesquieu, set forth individualistic values that even today exert potent grip.

For example, does the following sound familiar? The community is no more than the sum of the individuals in it. Your fulfillment lies in an essentially lonely struggle in what amounts to a wilderness where only the fit survive; and where, if you do not survive, you’re somehow unfit. That’s from Locke.

Today such intense individualism is phony. And indeed all along it may have been only an ideal. Fierce individualism obviates care structures, intimating they aren’t needed. Yet when one gets sick, where does one run to? To the structures.

Though the notions espoused by European philosophers and which influenced the Founding Fathers should today be viewed in context, that’s easier said than done. It’s difficult to even realize the presence of such values when they are deeply imbedded in your socialization and heritage. “I don’t even know what I know,” said poet Maya Angelou. Indeed, virtually no one is truly aware of all the subtle biases that color his or her think-ing and analysis. We do not know what is true and therefore have difficulty relating actions to what is real. And the blindness forces slavery to social, economic and political structures and our decision-making abilities are therefore truncated.

So while we in the West stress rugged individualism, Asians stress community responsibility. Too, Asians generally are capable of believing that something is simultaneously good and bad, right and wrong, black and white. Such thinking, based on their ingrained cultural values, drives Western people of the Aristotelian either-or mentality to distraction.

Concepts of freedom also are different. To westerners, freedom is so basic that we overlook the fact that most cultures have rejected the whole idea. In modern America the dominant note is personal freedom which gives members of a community a voice in running it and guarantees personal freedom by participation in government. But in societies where discipline, divine authority and protection in a social order are prime values, freedom is equated with being outcast, lost or abandoned. Also, though freedom is at the heart of Western culture, it is also the root of greed, alienation and social injustice. It has a dark underside.

As you go through life you walk through walls even at times when you realize that you may be trapped by your heritage, your upbringing and/or other ingrained values. At these times you realize that life has changed on you. And, with “everlastingness at the center” aspect of Sea of Tranquility you come to realize that there’s no longer a kind of sensation about these “walk throughs” at all. Putting them all together you come to realize that everything about your life is transformed.

As George Holcombe, one of the Ecumenical Institute gurus put it, “It’s not like anything you even knew before. It’s not like you have had a new experience which helps you understand the past experience, it’s more like that you have had these things happen and your whole life is made new. You have to tell a brand new story about the life you did not even have the day before yesterday. All of your life is made new, and all of your future is made new, and all of the ways you had of grabbing a hold of it in the past do not work anymore.”

Your task then is to create a whole new world. The old heaven and earth pass away and a new heaven and earth come into being. In the midst of that, you don’t know, you find yourself unable to spell it out, but it’s there. Your understanding fails you. Your senses try to appropriate it but you find yourself unable to grasp it. That’s “everlastingness at the center.”

In my view, it likely has something to do with the phenomenon of never being able to really know what is going on. The best we can “know” is only an approximation of reality. There’s an ever-present nagging discomfiture that, for example, there may be an even better system for living that hasn’t yet been discovered. We have through our heritage good reason to believe that what we have it is pretty good. Still we know that many injustices persist.

Wisdom, the “everlastingness at the center,” is something you grow into; it doesn't happen all at once. And throughout this work I've cited eye-opening breakthroughs, discoveries, ecstatic experiences, disappointments, some affecting my outlook and others affecting my vocational decision making. And I've mentioned various scrapes which left me wondering how I got through them. Lesson: You get through by the blessing the Infinite (some call it grace of God). The Infinite for some reason smiles on you.

Each eye-opening breakthrough, discovery, ecstatic experience, disappointment led me to become a more complete and open-minded person. And I continue to explore and expand my mind. Generally, I view myself as an optimist, one who sees the world as a cup half full rather than as a pessimist who sees the cup half empty.

For whatever benefit I've tried to be a spirit person. Maybe, even, a messenger of the great spirit in the tradition of the Thunderbird symbol. One needs some kind of a operating mythology to guide you, stage by stage, through the inevitable psychological crises of a useful life, from the dependency of childhood, through the traumas of adolescence, the trials of adulthood, and, finally, the deathbed. Regular touching base in community with the Infinite, with that which is greater than oneself, is important, and in recent years I've done that via regular (weekly) church attendance.

The day is now, our choice is to live in the present, in the activity of everyday life. This is where meaning is found. Life is what happens while you are making other plans. Or, more profoundly, a quote from Joe Mathews: "Life is a song of intensified consciousness."

In the end, of course, meaning will not be revealed on earth. Just as ancient insects that led full, productive lives disappeared without a trace, and those that bumbled into amber and died are still around in a tangible form, so our own personal failures remain, sharp and clear, long after day-to-day routines and minor victories fade into nothingness. Nothing lasts, everything fades: our parents, our statues, our pyramids, our dinosaurs, even, eventually, the sun itself.

Some things I'll never know in this life. Like, what is the real story of the resurrection? Who really wrote the literary works attributed to a man named Shakespeare? Other mysteries come to my mind from time to time. But, finally, why is there something instead of nothing?

--John B. Webster, West Lafayette, Ind., January 2001