



Bill and Marianna Bailey
On the occasion of their 60th Wedding Anniversary
April 30, 2009

The Adventures of Bill and Marianna Bailey
As I Remember It

By
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April 19, 2009

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The Adventures of Bill and Marianna Bailey

As I Remember It

Forward

I decided in the summer of 2008 to take on the challenging task of writing my life story as “the adventures of Bill and Marianna Bailey.” I can only write this story from my perspective relying on my experiences of what happened as Marianna and I surfed the twentieth century and made a successful transition into the twenty first. In the following pages of this journey I will include the episodes that I remember most and the way I remember them. Perhaps Marianna, my wife, would have other stories to remember and I hope that someday she will write some of those stories from her own unique perspective. The same is true for our children, Tom, Lynn, and Nan. Maybe someday they will tell their stories in the same way I tell my own. Since I fancy myself as a “story teller” let me add in the words of the Swamp Gravy Theater in Colquitt Georgia.

I've got a story, you've got a story.
We all have a story to tell.
You tell me yours; I'll tell you mine,
We can spice them all up, and
Have us a story telling time.

I wish to thank my daughter, Lynn. She has patiently read and corrected the pages of my story occasionally pointing out where I might give a better explanation of something I wrote, corrected my atrocious spelling, and (when the going got tough) she encouraged me to continue.

Also, I want to dedicate this effort to Marianna (my wife) and the kids, Tom, Lynn and Nan. All of you have your memories of our journey as a family. The following are my reflections.

Well, here goes.

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1931 – 1950 Early Years, Grammar School, and High School

I, William Raymond (Bill) Bailey, was born at Martin Memorial Hospital in Mount Airy, NC on September 10, 1931. My father's name was George Raymond Bailey and my Mother was Helen Mae Monday. My grandparents on my father's side were George A. Bailey and Eva Mack Bailey. On my mother's side of the family were William Isaac Monday (W.I.) and Ella May (Smith) Monday. The Mondays and Baileys lived next door to each other.

(I remember very little about my first years of life and little did I know that my grandparents, both the Baileys and Mondays, were destined to play a very significant role in my life).

Marianna Hines was born to Matt Hines and Stella (Parker) Hines on November 5, 1932. She was born at home. The Hines family lived on the other side of the hill from the Mondays and Baileys, one block away.

Marianna has a wonderful story about her birth. She did not remember this happening but one of the doctors who attended her birth told her about it several years later.

The story is called: "I was the first man to kiss you" by Dr. Mitchell, Mt. Airy, NC.

When Mrs. Hines went into labor preceding Marianna's birth Dr. Mitchell was out on another call (this was back when doctors made house calls) so the family called Dr. Lovell who was available to come immediately. When the birth happened, Dr. Lovell concluded that Mary Anna Hines was still-born so he laid her aside and attended to Mrs. Hines. At this moment Dr. Mitchell arrived, seeing that Dr. Lovell was attending Mrs. Hines, Dr. Mitchell pick up Mary Anna and took her to the kitchen where he ran warm water over her body while he put his mouth over her mouth to facilitate her breathing. He kissed her and she started breathing.

(As I am writing this I am crying – I am so thankful for Dr. Mitchell, his skills and his kiss because Mary Anna Hines was to become Marianna Hines Bailey when the two of us were married on April 30, 1949 in York, SC) thank you Dr. Mitchell!!!!

My memory of being alive comes from a few episodes I had in the first two or three years of Life. At some time in those early years I remember my Dad putting me up on a piano stool in the Monday's dining room to get something I wanted. I fell off the stool and broke my left arm. It hurt, and I still have a crooked left elbow that reminds me from time to time of that injury. I also remember having my tonsils out at Martin Memorial Hospital. Specifically I remember asking the nurse to let me see what my tonsils looked like and she brought me two little square pieces of meat that were about the size of dice. I've always wondered if that's really what tonsils look like, or was that just two nicely cut pieces of beef steak to satisfy my curiosity.

Some time in my second or third year Dad, Mom and I moved to Mt. Holly N. J. My dad went to work for my great uncle Monroe who ran a local County Farm Co-Op. I did not know then, but learned later, my father was an alcoholic who could not hold a job. Sometime during that

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year my mother asked me if I would like to go back to Mount Airy and if I did, my Grandfather Bailey was coming and he would take me back on a Greyhound Bus. Mom told me she too planned to come to Mount Airy in a month or so. Well Grandpa Bailey came, and the two of us boarded a bus that stopped in Richmond, Va. (this was Grandpa Baileys home town and he had two sisters living there. I remember spending the night at my Grand Aunt Bessie's house). The next day we boarded a bus and later that same day we arrived in Mount Airy, NC. Needless to say, but I was delighted to be back home with my Grandparents, both the Mondays and the Baileys.

To make a long story short, Mother didn't come back to Mt. Airy. She stayed in NJ and began working for Uncle Monroe. As for my father, he disappeared and I did not see him again until sometime in 1937. Later I learned that the Mondays said they had the finances to look after me and the Baileys said that they had the atmosphere of a positive working together family life (Grandpa Bailey had lost everything but his house in the depression, so Grandpa, Grandma, and my father's older sister Louise all worked together to keep the family going. Grandpa Monday had a good position in a Wholesale Supply Store so had a good job).

During the ages of 4 and 5 I remember playing with the neighborhood kids and going to Sunday school at the First Baptist Church with the Mondays. However, I did have the experience of the Catholic Mass a few times when Grandpa Bailey let me go with him on Wednesday night. Grandma and Louise were Episcopalians, but I did not go with them until I was about 10 years old. Because the Episcopal Church was small in size and number, for several years during this period I carried the cross during the processional at the 11:00 AM service.

Memorable Events Between ages 6 to 11

First, a Personal Story

In September of 1937 I became six years old. In the Bailey household this meant that I was expected to become a working member of the family with chores to do and responsibilities to fulfill. From now on I was expected to do my part in baking and selling fruit cakes for the Christmas Season.

At that time the Bailey family consisted of four people, Grandpa and Grandma, their oldest daughter my aunt Louise, and me. Grandpa Bailey had lost everything in the depression except his home. Louise had a job as secretary of the Surry County Health Department. Grandma Bailey looked after the house, and I went to school. Baking and selling fruit cakes for Christmas accounted for a significant portion of the yearly family income. In 1937 I became a part of that team.

Beginning in October our kitchen became a bakery. Four tables were set up, one for cracking nuts, one for cutting citrus fruit, one for mixing, and one for the finished product.

For the next two months the nuts had to be cracked, the citrus fruit had to be cut, and the mixing had to be done. From start to finish our kitchen looked like a snow storm. Everything was covered

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with flour: the nuts, the citrus, the kitchen floor, Grandpa, Grandma, Louise and me. By December first, the Bailey Family, by had baked, packaged, soaked, and sold over 500 pounds of “made from scratch” Christmas Fruit cakes.

Once this chore was completed, the family moved into the dining room. The table was cleared, and a 1200 piece jig saw puzzle was scattered over the top. The four of us now had three weeks to put the puzzle together, and even though the finished picture was of two old men playing chess, the family was eager to meet the challenge of finishing so we could move to the living room, put up our tree, and celebrate Christmas.

This same journey, the kitchen, the dining room, and Christmas were a yearly ritual for the Bailey Family. It happened like that for the next four years. Fruit cakes, two old men playing chess, and putting up the Christmas tree were my first introduction to being a “working” member of the Bailey Family.

Of course all of this ended after December of 1941 when the United States entered WW 2. After that the Bailey Family became a part of the war effort. We took in boarders, knitted wash cloths, folded bandages and made blankets for the soldiers overseas.

Some events with Marianna

Usually Marianna played with her friends on one side of the hill and I played on the other. Occasionally our paths crossed but not very often. But we did get better acquainted at my birthday party when I was six. Grandma Monday decided to have a Hobo party (remember, being a Hobo was one way of dealing with the great depression, Mt. Airy also had a W.P.A. program and there was a C.C.C. camp near Mt. Airy that was building the Hwy 52 bridge at the entrance to the Blue Ridge Parkway.)

For my birthday party Grandma came up with a number of walking canes and blue and red bandanas. She made sandwiches and cookies, wrapped them up in a bandana and tied them to the canes. For the party, I and all my friends hiked to the Country club and had a picnic. It was during that party that I sort of felt a new kind of excitement during those times when Marianna and I walked together and while eating our picnic lunch.

Sometime after the birthday party Marianna’s mother and my Grandma Monday decided to drive to Winston Salem (in those days 42 miles away, today 33) to do some shopping. They took Marianna and me with them. Since we had to sit in the back seat together and as is the case with little boys and girls we got to know each other better in the back seat both coming and going.

Sometime later on a Saturday morning I was on my way up Main Street to go and play with Joan Crawford a friend who had invited me come and visit. On the way I passed the house where Marianna lived. Marianna yelled out of a 2nd story window. (I call this a Lucy-Charlie Brown Story)

Bill, where are you going?

Answer, to play with Joan Crawford

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Bill, come here a minute, Bill, why?

Marianna, I need some help so I crossed the street and Marianna let me in the front door. She said:

I need you to come up to my bedroom. There is something on the roof I want you to get for me.

Answer, What?

I will show you when we get there.

Answer, OK

Standing at the window in her bedroom, Marianna said:

You will have to go out on the roof and look around to find what I need.

Answer, what is it? What does it look like?

When you find it you will know what it is.

Answer, OK

I went out on the tile roof and began looking around. Marianna closed and locked the window and began laughing at me. In some ways it was humiliating to be tricked like that, but I was enjoying every minute of it. I just sat there hoping someone would come along and help me down. Finally Marianna unlocked the window and let me in.

The next memorable event happened when Marianna and I were 10 or 11 yrs old. Both Marianna's Mother and My Grandma decided that we needed to learn how to dance.

This was catalyzed by an announcement that Shirley Sydnor, a high school cheer leader was starting a Ball Room Dance class at her home on North Main Street. We joined the class along with 8 of our peers. This was a case of Boys and Girls dancing together. I remember always trying to get Marianna as my partner. As time went on we added other activities to our morning classes, one of which was playing spin the bottle. You know how that goes. The boys and girls sit in a circle and one or the other spin the bottle and when it lands on someone of the opposite sex the two of them go out into the hall, shut the door, and kiss.

As the game progressed I figured out how to spin the bottle so it would land on Marianna. It worked so the two of us went out into the hall, shut the door and Marianna put her hands over her face and counted to 10 and said "let's go back in." I said no, we have to kiss that's what the game is about. So I pulled her hands away from her face, planted my lips on hers and we kissed. (That may go under the way of harassment today, but to me it was a "chill ran up and down my spine" experience). Several weeks after this, the dance class was over and we had an evening of dancing and fun (Recital) with our new skills before our parents and their friends.

After this everything sort of changed. World War Two was underway and the boys of North Main formed a club so we could go out on the weekends and gather scrap metal, aluminum foil from empty cigarette packages, and do chores to earn money for War Bond Saving stamps at 10 cents each. When you had \$18.75 worth of stamps you could turn it in for a \$25.00 war bond. I was the first boy in elementary school to turn his stamps in for a bond, for that I got my picture in the Mount Airy News weekly newspaper. (Most of the bonds that I bought were given to me by the

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family were used to pay for the doctor and hospital cost for the birth of Tom, our first child, a total of \$300.00). When not working for the war effort we played war with homemade wooden guns, machine guns and mortars.

Sometime in the early 1930's we began to have airplanes come on the weekends that would give an air trip around Mt. Airy for twenty five cents. The planes had two cockpits, the pilot in the back and three or four of us in the front cockpit and up we would go. On one occasion a Ford Tri Motor enclosed passenger aircraft came to our cow pasture we call an airport that advertised an air trip to Meadows of Dan, Virginia. I assume by sheer luck my Grandpa Monday took me and Marianna's Dad took her so both of us were on the aircraft. We sat across from each other and took our first air trip together before we were six years old. (We were just meant to be together).

A personal story

(Note: Robert Fulghum: "Everything I need to know I learned in Kindergarten" Inspired me to ask myself, what are some of the learning's that life has taught me? By learning I mean those "Gems of Wisdom" that become a part of you because it repeats itself over and over again in your life and the life of others).

One of my first learnings happened in August 1942. That year I found a Gem of wisdom that I could keep for the rest of my life. In 1942 I was 11 years old. So let me remind you - in August of 1942 in Mt. Airy, we did not have TV or any kind of instant news and we were losing the war both in Africa and the South Pacific.

All we had was a daily newspaper, the radio and a picture show. The only other events and activities that came to Mt. Airy from the outside was the County fair, the Circus, and a Carnival.

1942 was my time to be in the twilight zone - that is living between the no longer and the not yet, No longer a little boy, not yet in my teens. I won't go there because I think you know what I mean. (I think it's called a change of life)

One day, in the late afternoon I came home and noticed right away that my Grandmother Bailey was visibly upset. I ask her why. She replied, "Billy, go to your room, wash up and get ready for supper." (The way she said it convinced me, she was really upset.) At supper that night I found out why.

In a few days the "Carnival" was coming to town. It did every year. It was one of our annual events. But, (it was a big but) early that morning, My Grandpa Bailey had received a telephone call from little Jimmy Hirschberg, his nephew, who was the advance agent for the carnival. Little Jimmy had asked Grandpa to let him park his little live-in-trailer in our backyard. (OPPS, there goes the neighborhood, an outsider from the carnival living in a trailer in our back yard would be a no-no in our neighborhood).

Understand, In Mt. Airy (1942) it was the custom that carnival and circus people (Freaks, Gypsies, and other strange people) had to park their trailers and live at the County Fair Grounds. They were

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not allowed to come into town except to pick up supplies. (Welcome to the old South). Of course, Grandpa had to say yes because little Jimmy Hirschberg was family, but it would not go well with our neighbors and friends. And, in Mt Airy, 1942, that was enough to get both of my Grandparents upset.

But that's not all. Little Jimmy Hirschberg, along with his little live-in-trailer also had a little live-in-woman that was not his wife. And that really had my Grandma's nose out of joint

But not me! I was kind of excited. This looked to me like a new opportunity. Because I knew that the "Carnival" always had a "hoochy-coochy" show filled with "hoochy-coochy women." Now I ask you! what more could a boy between the no longer and not yet hope for than to have a real live "hoochy-coochy Woman" living in the back yard, YES!!!! Wait until tell my friends hear about this!!!

A few days later the trailer arrived and parked out back. Grandpa and Grandma told Jimmy that he and his "other" could not come into the house ever, except to use the toilet, and then, only in the morning. Likewise, they told me I was not to go out to the trailer, under any circumstances whatsoever. (I guess my Grandparents had forgotten what it was like to be between the no longer and the not yet)

The very next day, when Grandpa was busy and Grandma had gone to the Grocery store, and little Jimmy had gone down town, I went out back to meet my hoochy-coochy woman.

But! After talking with her a bit, I learn that Little Jimmy's live-in-woman was not a hoochy-coochy dancer at all. She was just a very nice and attractive lady who was in charge of the cotton candy booth. (O well! Such are the vicissitudes of life). Later Grandma found out I had disobeyed her, so I was in the dog house for the next few days. However, when the time came, I was allowed to go, with four of my neighborhood boy-friends to the carnival.

When we got there, all of us young boys went over to meet the woman at the cotton candy booth. She gave each of us a big cotton candy stick (free of charge – that's why we went and then (to our surprise) she got Jimmy to take all five of us back stage (so to speak) so we could meet and talk with all the people who ran the carnival and did the shows (All except the hoochy-coochy show – it only came out at night)).

Our visit was really great. It was one of those "why don't we run away and join the Carnival days." (We didn't). But the real treat came when Jimmy brought us back to the cotton candy booth. That "Cotton Candy Queen" had managed to secure and give to all five of us free passes for all the rides, games and shows for the rest of the day. Need I tell you what a great time we had!

When my friends got home later that afternoon, they told their parents about the nice carnival couple they met, the one living in the Bailey's back yard, and how he showed them around the Carnival, and she gave them free tickets for everything, and a free cotton candy cone.

And in turn, all the parents (that very night) called to thank Grandpa and Grandma Bailey for hosting such a nice family like the Hirschbergs who had been so good to the children.

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As a result of all these communications from our neighbors Grandpa and Grandma had a change of heart. The next morning, they went out to the trailer, thanked Jimmy and his “wife” for being so nice to the children, and then, they invited the two of them to come in the house to use the toilet whenever they wanted and to eat their meals with us.

Since I had learned to like Jimmy and Elizabeth (that was her name) it was nice to have them at our dining room table. It was at that dining room table I realized that what had once been such an awkward and negative situation for my Grandparents, for Jimmy and Elizabeth, for our neighbors and for me had been transformed into a rich and wonderful experience for all of us. My Grandpa even invited them to come back next year.

The little pearl of wisdom I received from this episode will be with me for the rest of my life. I have seen it happen over and over again both in my life, and the life of other people too. I have seen this happen on the movie screen. I have seen it on the stage, and whenever I see it, I remind myself:

“Acts of kindness can take a negative situation and give it a positive outcome. (I do hope you know what I mean.)

Now let us continue our journey from elementary school to high school

Toward the end of the war years Marianna and I went from elementary school into High School. In those days grade school was 7 years and high school was 5 years. Marianna was one year behind me. When we started the first grade it was 7 years in grade school but high school was only four years. (The new grade was added the year I went to high school. This new system became what we now call 6 years of grade school, 3 years of junior high, and 3 years of senior high school).

In the 9th grade I failed my Freshman English Class which meant I would have to go an extra year to graduate (in the 8th grade it was obvious to me and coach Shelton that I preferred to get behind in my class work so I would have a full 4-year eligibility to play on the varsity football, baseball, and basketball teams. Since Coach Shelton was the teacher for my English class it all turned out just like I wanted. This failure meant that I would be in the class of 1950 rather than 1949 which was also Marianna’s class.

At this point there came an interlude in any relationships I might have with Marianna. In 1946, 47, 48, and 49 I was on high school varsity football, basketball and basketball teams. I was a jock! In football during 1946 and 47 I played the inside tackle position on a single wing formation team. In 48 and 49 I was moved to the right end position and in 1949 I was voted most valuable player of the year.

During the first two years (46 & 47) Marianna had a steady boy friend (D.C.) Dorsey Beamer who played full back on our team. Most of these two years was a disaster for me when it came to going steady with a girl friend. I dated some, but did not have a serious relationship with anyone.

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Sometime between the late fall of 1947 things changed. Dorsey (a cousin of mine who was two years my elder) worked at the Wolf Drugstore as a “soda jerk”. One Friday night there was a dance at the veteran’s park club house. Sometime during the afternoon I went into the drug store and Dorsey asked me if I was going to the dance and did I have use of a car. I said “I am and I do, so he said he had to work till 9:00 PM and asked me to pick up Marianna so he could meet her at the dance. I jumped at the opportunity, so Dorsey called Marianna and told her what had been arranged.

At the appointed time (7:30 PM) I drove up in front of Marianna’s house (as in most cases, I did not have a date that night). She came out, opened the front door, and sat as far away from me as the car seat would allow. She was beautiful! Her hair was long and blond. She was wearing a white blouse and dark skirt. She had on a coat that was black and lined with sheep wool. She was a picture of beauty and perfection (If she said anything to me I don’t remember, I just savored the moment for all it was worth). Then it was off to the dance where she would meet Dorsey.

To my surprise, the next morning Marianna called me on the phone and asked me if I would like to go to the movies with her that afternoon. The answer was YES! And we did, and after the show Marianna invited me to be her partner in a poker game with another couple that night. I said YES! That night we won fifty cents, so Marianna said we could go to the movies together the following week. I said OK and we did. After that we went steady until we married a year and half later.

Here I must pause for an explanation. Before this episode of the dance and that special Saturday morning, I was well connected with a group of boys my age. We would often meet on Saturday and Sunday afternoon, sit around and talk about girls, listen to music, and call people on the telephone and get them to listen to a recording of Spike Jones and his City Slickers. We also organized ourselves into a (comic) group of singers called Footsy Bailey and the Moon Maids (Footsy because my feet were so big). During this time Mount Airy set up its first and only (still operating) radio station WPAQ. Since we knew the people who owned and operated the station we called them and said we would like to come out and sing a song on the radio. They said come some afternoon at 2:00 PM for our variety show and we will spot you in for one song. At 2:00, we showed up and let go with our rendition of ‘*Cigarettes and whiskey, and wild-wild women will drive you crazy, will drive you insane*’. Unfortunately for us, the variety show was on a Sunday afternoon and the listening audience disapproved of us singing such a song on the Lord’s Day. This marked the end of Footsy Bailey and the Moon Maids on radio.

The popular songs of that day were Swing to dance by and Love Songs to sing. Most of the boys I knew used love songs to express their primary experience in relationships with girls.

For my high school years before the moment Marianna and I began to go steady, my inner story as well as some of my friends was:

*I’m always chasing rainbows
Watching clouds passing by.
My dreams are just like all my schemes
Ending in the sky
Some fellows make a winning sometimes
I never seem to make a gain.*

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*Some fellows find a little sunshine,
I always find the rain,
Believe me,
I'm always chasing rainbows
Hoping to find a little blue bird some day*

After Marianna and I began going steady I changed my tune and my story to:

*Long ago and far away
I dreamed a dream one day
and now that dream is here beside me*

*Once the skies were overcast
but now that has passed
you're here at last!*

*Chills run up and down my spine
Aladdin's Lamp is mine
the dream I dreamed was not denied me*

*Just one look and then I knew
That all I longed for
Long ago was you.*

In our high school years of 1948 and 1949 (we were married on April 30, 1949) Marianna and I were inseparable. For her 16th birthday, Mr. Hines gave her a car (a Studebaker Land Cruiser). So beginning Nov.5, 1948 the two of us had wheels.

Marianna became a cheerleader for the 1948 – 49 and the 49 – 50 high school years. During the year before I moved to Marianna's house (sometime in mid summer 1949) she and I were always together all the time and even spent 2 hours together studying (sort of) every school night at Marianna's house.

On one occasion Mount Airy High School decided to sponsor a jitter-bug contest for the student body. Since Marianna and I had been jitter bugging since we started dating we signed up to participate. All told there were about twelve couples who participated. On the day of the contest I borrowed a pair of bibbed overalls for a friend who was at least fifty pounds heavier than me. Marianna wore a flowing skirt and brown and white saddle shoes.

The contest was set up so that all participants first danced at the same time and then each couple had three minutes to do a solo number (Marianna and I were the last couple to dance). It worked, with the movements we had perfected (over the back, through the legs, Marianna bouncing off both my hips, the way we could jump back and forth plus me with bibbed overalls that were too big for me and Marianna with her skirt flying). We won 1st prize.

After it was announced that the two of us were married, we still had a year left to go in high school. Both of us were in the graduating class of June, 1950. My Grandpa Monday had been and

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was still on the city school board and since no one had ever been married before their senior year at Mount Airy High School, it was just business as usual.

On the first day of class the school's principal (Mr. Finch) always had all the students meet in the study hall. We could all have a seat because each seat would hold two people sitting close together. Because of the number of boys and girls going steady Mr. Finch stood before us that day and said:

“Before we start we need to rearrange our seating. Boys need to be sitting with boys and girls with girls, but since Bill and Marianna are married they may continue sitting together as they are.” Everyone laughed, and Mr. Finch turned to us and smiled. “

How did the marriage happen?

It all began in early February 1949. Marianna and I decided to do it, but in N.C. you had to be 20 years old in order to marry. In the fall of 1948 I was 17 and Marianna was 16. We would have to wait another four years. Over the next month or so we learned that in S.C. a couple could marry at ages 18. But, we would still have to wait two years, and then would have to find a way to get to York, S.C.

This is where providence took over. Tee Merritt, a close friend of ours, was a freshman at Converse College in Spartanburg S.C. Her boy friend, Jack Childress, was still in high school with us. One day Jack told us that he wanted to go to Spartanburg for the big May Day dance and since Marianna had a car maybe Marianna and I with some of Tee's friends could get together and go.

Still two and two equal four, if Marianna and I are two, then now we had a three – a week-end trip to Spartanburg S.C. which is very close to York. Only one hang-up, we had to be 18. How do you change a 17 and 16 year old into a couple who are 18? Answer: you change their birth certificates from 1931 and 1932 to read 1930. So we drove over to the county seat and obtained our birth certificates.

Needless to say, they are designed not to be changed. So over the next few weeks Marianna and I plus Sleepy Burris, a friend, worked on changing the date on birth certificates. We went back to Dobson several times and picked up additional birth certificates to work with. Finally we came up with “the best we could do.” After that we set up the trip, got permission to miss school on Friday and five of us (Marianna, Bill, Jack, a friend named Newsom, & Sadie Foy) left for Spartanburg, S.C. Forty eight hours before leaving we wired the court house in York that we were coming to be married.

When we arrived in Spartanburg us boys rented a motel room, the girls were scheduled to sleep in the dorms. On the trip down Marianna and I told the other three that we were going to Kings Mountain to visit a close friend of Grandma Mondays. So we left and arrived in York around 3:30 or so. We stopped in a service station, went to the bath room. Marianna freshened up and I changed into a nails head gray suit. Then we drove down town and bought a ring for \$15.00. Next

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we went to the York Court House, filled out the necessary papers, turned over our birth certificates, paid the \$20.00 fee, stepped into a side room and we were married, no questions asked.

After this, we went back to the service station changed our clothing and went to the Little Pig Bar B.Q. for our wedding feast. We returned to Spartanburg, I went to the Motel, Marianna went to the dorms. That night, instead of going out with the other two couples, Marianna and I drove over to the airport and had our own private party. Later I went back to the motel, Marianna to the dorm. I have no idea what we did all day Saturday, but I do know that Marianna and I did not go to the May Day Dance. We went back to the airport.

The next day we left and returned to Mount Airy. No one knew we were married. No one raised a question about where we were Saturday night. I have no idea whether or not the other two couples went to the dance or maybe even to the other side of the airport. In Mount Airy only Sleepy knew we were married and he did not tell anyone.

On Sunday afternoon, May 2, 1949 we were sitting on the porch at Marianna's house when we received a telephone call from a friend of ours who lived at the Moody Funeral Home where his father worked. He informed us that a telegram had come from York S.C. from the registrar of deed for Wade Moody who had notarized the signatures on our birth certificates. The telegram wanted confirmation of the dates on our marriage License. As we talked we finally decided just to reply to the telegram and inform the Registrar of deeds in York that the birth certificates were accurate. Our friend did all of this for us and never told anyone we were married.(So far, so good) From April 30th to late July no one knew we were married.

How did the word about our marriage get out?

As you might suspect after we were married we were always together except both of us slept at our own homes as always. Then one night while we were babysitting for Marianna's sister, Alma, Mr. Hines showed up. We were sitting in the living room. He came in and said that he and Marianna's mother thought we were spending far too much time together and that we should consider not seeing each other so often. At this point Marianna excused herself to check on the two children sleeping in the other room. Presently she called and asked me to come and help her do something. I responded and when we were in the room she told me that I had to tell Mr. Hines we were married. Wow, at that moment "I was all shook up."

Eventually she convinced me to do it, so I did. Mr. Hines just sat there and finally asked when and how. We told him the whole story except the part about changing our birth dates. He suggested that he go before us to tell Mrs. Hines the news and that we should come up just as soon as Alma's husband, John returned home.

Within 15 or 20 minutes John showed up so Marianna and I headed for her house that was only one block away. As we approached the front porch we could hear her crying. We slipped in and waited in the hall. Mr. Hines came out and said she was very upset and maybe I should go on home. Marianna asked him if I could spend the night, he said no, Bill needs to go home and we will talk about him moving in with you next week. I went home.

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Later I learned that Mr. Hines had told Mrs. Hines “They did it – They can live with it.” By Monday of the next week Mrs. Hines was willing to accept the situation. I told the Monday’s on Sunday, Grandpa just smiled and later he gave me a \$100.00 check as a gift. Grandma Monday just took it in stride by saying we could move in with them if we wanted.

The Baileys were different. Early Monday Morning Louise found out we were married from some unknown source. Louise, who was not married, worked at the Surry County Health Department. She called home to tell Grandpa and Grandma the news. Grandpa answered the phone and Louise said:

Papa, guess who got married.

Grandpa answered:

Louise, you didn’t.

Louise had to explain to him what had happened. Of course Grandpa told Grandma. Grandpa Bailey never mentioned it however the first time I saw Grandma after “all was known” she just laughed and wished me “good luck.”

On Tuesday of that week I moved into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hines who had already made arrangements to make the announcement in the weekly addition of the Mount Airy News. Of course in a small close knit town like Mount Airy most everybody knew about the marriage before I moved in.

Both of us would be in the senior class of the Mount Airy High School from Sept, 1949 till graduation in June of 1950. After that we both needed to go to college. The critical question is “how we could be supported as a family?”

Let me say this, the city of Mount Airy, the high school and staff, all of our friends, but most importantly the Hines family, the Monday family, the Bailey family, and my Mother who lived in New Jersey all said yes to our marriage and they supported us with love and money for the next five years until we could support ourselves. Without that kind of comprehensive support we would not have had the opportunities of a wonder-filled future. It needs to also be said our Marriage was not “a shotgun affair”, we chose to be married and in doing so on April 30, 2009 we will celebrate our 60th wedding anniversary. We have three wonderful children (Tom, Lynn, and Nan) and four grandchildren (Billy, Jules, Keara and Brenna).

One event occurred in my life that I must report on is the one my family says is impossible but I know that it is.” This is the way it happened:

After I moved in with the Hines Family and before football practice started Alma (Marianna’s sister who was 12 years older than Marianna) and John (her husband) had to make a car trip to NYC. They invited Marianna and me to go with the intent of dropping us off at Mt. Holly, NJ where we could stay with my Mother for a few days.

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When we arrived in NJ John and Alma stopped and parked the car for a 5:00 pm cocktail leaving the two of us in the car. Yes we were married but we were not old enough to drink!

Later John dropped us off at Mother's house. He intended to come back by in 3 days time and pick us up and return to Mount Airy. But my Mother and Norm (my step dad) were also planning a car trip to Mount Airy in a week or so. It was decided that Marianna and I would stay with mom longer and return with them.

Our trip to NJ just happened at the same time three of my closest friends from Mount Airy had also taken a trip to NYC. After some discussion I decided to make a one day train trip to NYC and spend the day with my three friends (Corker Fallow, and the twins Garnet & George Fawcett). I knew they were staying at the YMCA so the next day Norm took me to Trenton NJ to catch the 6:00 AM commute train from Trenton to the Grand Central Station in NYC.

I arrived at my destination within the hour. I walked several blocks to the YMCA where my friends were staying (I had called them the night before and left a message I was coming). When I arrived at the YMCA I found them asleep in their room. I woke them up and said "let's get going." By quarter of eight we were on the streets of NYC. We must have eaten something for breakfast but I don't remember where or when, but I do remember our day on the town it went like this:

- First stop was the Radio City Music Hall where we picked up complimentary tickets to the Major Bowes Amateur Hour which was on the radio from 8:00 till 9:00 PM. that night.
- Next we boarded a subway train and then took a boat to the Statue of Liberty. All four of us walked to the (stopping a few time to rest) lookout platform located in the statues crown. Coming down was a breeze.
- Next we went over to Staten Island and visited the building and museum that played such an important part in American History.
- After that we returned to Manhattan and took the train to Corker's sister house. I don't know where she lived but I do remember going by the LaGuardia field and the area where the World's Fair was located in (1938). We had lunch with Mildred (Corker's sister) and left in the early afternoon. From there we took a train back to NYC where we changed trains and went to the Yankee Stadium to see a Baseball game.
- When the game was over we went back downtown and walked over to the famous (to us) time square where we got a bite to eat.
- From there we went back to the YMCA. I called NJ and told dad that I was catching the 10:00 train back to Trenton.
- Our next and final stop before I boarded the train was the Radio City Music Hall to watch the Major Bowes armature Hours Broadcast.

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- Norm picked me up in Trenton – Our day was now over.

Now to the nitty-gritty of how we survived as a newly married couple

In early September (1949) Mr. Hines announced that he and Mrs. Hines were taking a three month train trip to California and the west coast. After the trip the two of them were heading for the winter in Florida and while there they would be looking for property so they could move to Florida.

They left their house for us. There were two teachers who lived in an apartment upstairs, and the cleaning and maintenance of the house were taken care of by the rental care staff that worked at the Hines Lumber Company also in Mount Airy.

We had a car, gas and maintenance was furnished. We had a grocery store where we could charge anything we needed to Mr. Hines's account. Marianna had the ability to charge to the Hines family account in several other stores around town (these were the days before people had credit and/or debit cards).

My Mother gifted us with \$50.00 per month income, and on school days we ate the noon meal with the Mondays. Any money I needed beyond the \$50.00 was available from the Mondays (in those days \$50.00 went a long way). Even when we moved to Durham (August, 1950) for college at Duke University we were supported by the families.

(Note: In the early 1990's we were married in Sycamore, Illinois and our new marriage license is recorded in the Sycamore Court House not the State of Illinois. When we went to get married again we had to fill out an application which had these two questions on it.

1. Have you ever been married before?
2. Is your divorce finalized?

Since we had no way to answer these two questions we told her the whole story of the York, S.C. episode. The lady said she would have to verify the story and check on the S.C. and Illinois state laws that would apply to our situation. Usually older couples who remarry don't require a license. So we waited a few days and then returned.

They had received our paper work from York which verified that we were already married according to S.C. law that states you are legally married both by our original wedding and by the law of cohabitation. Then she went on to say that usually the License is recorded at the court house of the state capital, but in our case they could issue a Marriage License and record it at the Sycamore Court House. I think both marriage licenses are in our safety deposit box at Wachovia Bank in Asheville, NC.)

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Now! Let's go back to our senior year in high school

During my five years in high school I played Football in the fall, Basketball in the winter, base ball in the spring and I also coached the track team in the spring of 1950. In my senior year I was only taking two academic classes (College Math and History). The rest of the time I work with the physical education department.

In football I earned every honor and award that could be given in North Carolina. I was voted the most valuable player on the MAHS football team, I was named on the All State Football Eleven by the Charlotte Observer, the All State Twenty-Two by the Greensboro Daily News, I was invited and played in the annual NC – SC Shrine Bowl game in Charlotte, and the East-West Football Game in Greensboro. Also, Duke University gave me a full four year all expenses paid Scholarship to come and play for the Duke Blue Devils. That Scholarship proved to be a most wonderful gift.

Marianna was taking four college prep academic classes, she was a cheer leader, and she was always waiting for me in the deep black Studebaker when ever football, basketball, and track were over.

During that year, I had to write Marianna's excuses just like she had to write them for me whenever we were sick and missed a day of classes. Most Monday nights we went to the movies and over the weekends we hung out with friends and sometimes the movies again.

Sneak Day - 1950

Marianna did make an indelible impact on MAHS. Sometime in late spring the senior class hatched the idea to do a "Sneak Day." To the best of my recollection Marianna was part of the inner circle in promoting and planning this exercise. A "Sneak Day" is one full day when the whole senior class (about 100 students in the spring of 1950) takes the day off, plays hooky, and leaves town for an outing together.

Before the appointed day arrived the MAHS administration heard about what might happen and they sent out notices for the class not to do it. The Administration was afraid that if the class of 1950 did a sneak day it might become an annual affair. At the appointed time the sneak day took place. I remember Marianna with a car load of girls left that morning for a trip to one of the city parks on the Old Low Gap road. I did not go. I was coaching the track team at the time and stayed behind.

That day, when I went to class I was the only senior that showed up in my home room. About 90 students had taken off for the sneak day episode. The Principal (Mr. Finch) insisted that a parent had to accompany any student who participated in the sneak day in order to get back in school and graduate. Guess who went with Marianna, I did and I remember Mr. Finch saying to Marianna (sort of in jest) "Marianna you should be dependable like your husband". After that, she returned to class.

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During our senior year Marianna and I won a jitterbug contest, we attended the Junior Senior Prom and, to say it bluntly, we had a wonderful year together.

Graduation Day - 1950

Graduation day came on a Friday night and the two of us received our high school diploma. That same night John Ashby, Dillard George, and I left together in Dillard's car for a week at Myrtle Beach SC. Marianna and a few of her girl friends were going to join us the following Tuesday. John was heading to Dental School, Dillard was appointed to Annapolis and I was off to Duke.

We rented a beach side room for three at one of 12 beach houses along the breezeway. The three of us had a few days of being on the beach, in the water, and eating at the restaurant in the Pavilion. Tuesday Marianna came with her car load and for the rest of the week all of us celebrated and had a great time. After Marianna arrived the two of us took a separate room together.

I drove the Studebaker back to Mount Airy. When we were about 12 miles from Mount Airy and driving through a heavy rain the car overturned but no one was hurt. That is the only accident I have had in a car since I started driving.

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Jumping now to August, 1950

Marianna and I moved to Durham, NC. Marianna set up housekeeping in an apartment furnished by Mr. Hines and I reported for the Freshman Class Football Team.

A Personal Story:

My experience of going to Duke began when I was a little boy, and what it was – involved around playing football.

This experience begins in the backyards and parks of my home town Mt Airy, NC. Now, Mt. Airy is a small southern town made famous by its native son – Andy Griffith, who called it Mayberry.

In the backyards and parks of Mt. Airy all of us boys played ball.

- In the Spring & Summer - baseball
- In the fall and winter it was football.

Of the two, my favorite was football, and as you might guess, that was the sport I played best. I can remember the Christmas of 1940 because that year Santa Clause brought me a football helmet and shoulder pads. For the next week or so the only time I took them off was when I went to bed. (After all, you can't sleep with a football helmet and shoulder pads on, if I could-of, I would-of.)

My Grandparents (who raised me) kept telling me that my school lessons were much more important than football. I didn't believe them, my passion was, my life was football, for me, school was a necessary evil, something you had to put up with to stay eligible to play football.

As you might guess, during my High School years I was not a good student. I did manage to keep a "C-" average. The only course I made an "F" in was Freshman English, a course which was taught by my Football coach. All the rest were "C's" with an occasional "D", except for math and arithmetic which was mostly "B's" for me.

But I always was a straight "A" on the football field. I played the tight end on a single-wing offensive, and defensive half back when the other team had the ball. (I was 6', 2" - 205lbs. – 100 yards in 10 seconds)

My senior year was my fifth year in a four year High school. Maybe that's why the Coach gave me an "F" in English – it was that "F" which gave me an extra year to play football, as well as being in the same graduating class with my wife Marianna who is a year younger than me. As far as I was concerned, both benefits were well worth the "F".

Anyway, that year (1949) the Mount Airy High School Football team was a class AA state championship team.

For myself:

- I was voted the most valuable player on the team.
- I made the NC All-State football team Eleven as picked by the Charlotte Observer,
- I played in the Annual Shrine game in Charlotte,

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- the East-West all star game in Greensboro,
- I was given a full scholarship (with extra benefits) from Duke University. . . Wow, what a year.

By this time, my quest, my life goal, was to excel in football at Duke, so I could play pro-ball for the Washington Redskins or the Chicago Bears. My first year at Duke was a very eventful year. During that year Marianna gave birth to our first child, in my studies I was placed on academic probation, and I played football. Then, in the spring of 1951 right before Tom's birth I injured my right hip and leg during spring practice. Three days later, the doctors at Duke Hospital told me:

“Bill, no more football for you. Your playing days have come to an end.”

For me, that experience was like having your whole life on the computer screen in front of you (past, present of future) and some fool hit the delete button.

So, what happens when your identity and life purpose is deleted? For me, I went into a deep depression, and walked out on that desert of:

1. disappointment,
2. resentment,
3. anger,
4. despair, and
5. An overwhelming emptiness that unsettled me to the bottom of my soul.
6. I pitched my tent, not by the waters of the Oasis, but by the pool of Bethesda, and
7. I stayed there for several weeks or more. (I don't think I have to describe that kind of experience to you, you've been there, you know what it's like.)

But, finally, Marianna had put up with “my condition” long enough. So one night, over supper, she said: Bill (guess what!), your football days are over (I knew that). And then she said: “Don't you want to get a new life?”

Like what? I replied.

She said: I don't care what, but you've got move on from where you are and find something new to do.

I DID NOT REPLY I JUST SAT THERE WITH A DEEP RESENTMENT IN MY HEART both because of what she said and what had happened to me. But she wasn't through yet: Sometimes she can be relentless. She went on—“Bill, why don't you just do something you've never done before.”

Like what! I replied - sarcastically.

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To which she responded, “You’ve still got your scholarship, so be a student.” With that, - in a mood of both anger and humiliation I left the table and left the apartment. I don’t remember where I went and how long I was gone. I only remember that when I came back later that night I looked at Marianna and said “OK – I’ll be a Student?”

At this point I still had my four year scholarship at Duke but I did lose the income that members of the Duke alumni had been sending me on a monthly basis. From here on Grandpa Monday sent us \$150.00 per month for our operational fund and Marianna’s family paid \$67.50 per month for our apartment and they would help us out in case of a shortfall (we were supported like this until we returned to life in Mount Airy in 1954.)

Well to make a long story short, in the following weeks Marianna gave birth to our first child (Tom Bailey) and by the end of the spring semester I had managed a straight C+ average and was removed from Academic probation. I was proud of myself. And one year later I made the Dean’s list and stayed on it for the rest of my time at Duke.

For me, that episode (painful as it was at the time) turned out to be a very positive transition:

- From the death of my dreams, destiny, fulfillment, life goals and family expectations to the possibility of a new direction for my future life.
- It was Marianna, my wife, who confronted me “with my real situation.”
- And by so doing, I became a student, and when I did, the door to a brand-new future opened, and that future brought me to where I am today.

Now let me return to the family story of our years (1950-1966)

In the fall of 1950 Marianna and I lived close to downtown Durham. During the week I went to class and practiced football. The freshman team played four games that semester (Wake Forest, UNC, William and Mary, and NC State). Marianna bought a dog, Teddy a black Cocker Spaniel, to be with her. She did not go to college at that time but did her undergraduate and graduate school in the 1980’s and early 90’s in Texas and Illinois. We had two restaurants we liked: one was the House of Blue Lights, the other was a Bar B.Q./Brunswick Stew shop.

On Sunday, the only day we were together all day, we slept late, ate breakfasts, and spent the afternoon in bed (I suspect this was when Tom was conceived since he was born on April 26, 1951). Often in the evening we joined Red Smith and his wife and went out for some Bar B.Q. and/or Brunswick stew and then to a movie. The only movie I remember seeing in Durham was High Noon with Gary Cooper.

In early 1951 we moved to a ranch style duplex on corner of Knox and Washington Street. It was during the spring of 1951 that my anticipated football participation ended and I became a student. This is also where we lived when Tom was born.

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On April 20 Marianna woke me up in the early morning and said it was time to go to the Watts Street Hospital, she was ready to deliver. We did, and the hospital took Marianna off to a room, called her doctor, and asked me for \$150.00. I did not have that kind of money with me. I told them I would have to go to the bank and cash in some war bonds we had from W.W. 2. They said ok, but hurry back. I did. In those days the expectant fathers were put in a room to wait. From time to time a nurse would come and give me a report. In the late afternoon Tom was born. I still had to wait until the two of them returned to Marianna's hospital room.

One big episode that I remember happened the next day when Marianna and I tried to change Tom's diaper and put on a little shirt. It took us twenty minutes and both of us were sweating as if we had been out working all day in a 100 degree heat. Marianna and Tom stayed in the hospital for five or six days then all of us returned to our home as a three member family.

The Lyceum

In the summer of 1951 I took a Job with the Durham Park District. I was the director of the Lyceum playground which was opened from 9:00 till 4:00 week days. My job ended early because I sponsored a baseball game between a black team and a white team. About fifteen minutes after the game started the police showed up, sent the black team home and wanted to charge me with staging a riot. I told them it was not a riot, it was a baseball game. Anyway, a week later the Park District decided not to press charges but to terminate my employment.

Obviously I did not understand the entrenched prejudice that the white establishment had toward black people. I could not grasp why they would call a baseball game being played on a public playground could constitute a riot. The unintended consequences of this episode were both a deeper reflection on my part about my own prejudices and preparing me for the civil rights movement which was just beginning.

In the spring semester of that year I had taken a course in Biblical studies. The teacher was Edmund Perry who would later prove to be a major player in the lives of the Bailey family. For starters he moved to Alastair Court at the same time we did, and a few years later he baptized both Tom and Lynn (our second child born on August 17, 1953) in the Duke Chapel.

Edmund Perry and I sealed our relationship forever: It happened this way:

During the class taught by Edmund Perry on Biblical Studies we had what is called an open book exam. I had not bought that book for myself but when needed I checked it out from the East Campus (the old Wesley College) library. So when the open book exam was scheduled I checked that same book out again. During the test my book disappeared which meant I could not finish the exam. I was mad. Maybe another student without a book had taken it, so I reported it to Dr. Perry. The next day I received a call from Edmund asking me to meet him at his office at noon. I figured it had to be about the book and my failure to finish the test (now that I am a student rather than a football player). I went to his office at noon and Edmund, he handed me a book and asked:

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“Bill, is this the book you lost?” I looked at it and said “yes”

“Bill, you do know that this belongs to the library.” I said “Yes”

“Bill, did you know that if you steal a book from the Duke Library you are suspended from school?” I said “I did not steal that book from the Duke Library.”

“Bill, the library has only one copy of the book and it was stolen. I consider you a friend of mine, so do not deny this because there is nothing I can do but turn you over to the Dean of Students.”

I said, “Dr. Perry, if you will look inside of that book you will see I checked it out from the East College Campus Library”.

For the first time Edmund looked inside the book and it had been checked out by me as I had said and due to be returned the following week.”

Edmund said, “Bill, I was the one who picked up your book because the Duke Library had informed me that the book had been stolen and they asked me to check for its copy during the exam. I saw you with a library copy, I picked it up. Last night Lena (his wife) and I were very upset that I would have to confront you with this and turn you in to the dean. It just didn’t occur to me to look and see which library it came from. Please forgive me”

With that, he said “let’s go to lunch and I am going to give you an A on the exam.” So we went to lunch together and put this episode in both our lives to rest. No doubt in my mind this episode sealed our friendship for the rest of our lives.)

Sometime late in 1952 Marianna became pregnant again. Nine months later, on August 17, 1953 Lynn was born in the same hospital as Tom. By that time we had moved to the Alastair Court Apartments. While still in the hospital I took Tom over to see his sister. Tom could not go in, so we stood out in the yard and Marianna brought Lynn to the window so he could see her.

When Marianna and Lynn came home (we lived in a two bedroom apartment) we had purchased a small baby bed that would fit in our bedroom. That’s where Lynn slept until we moved back to Mount Airy in June of 1954.

Alastair Court consisted of four courtyards. The one we lived in had quite a number of Duke Students and one professor (Ed. Perry). On weekends our biggest activities were croquet games, eating together, watching TV (this was where we had our first TV set) and telling jokes. Marianna and I worked every day to put together enough bottles of milk for our two kids. In those days you had to sterilize the bottles, add together Karo Syrup and milk and sterilize everything again.

Most all of Marianna’s time was looking after two children while I studied Greek and Roman history, learned classical Greek, and majored in biblical studies. I had the honor of spending one semester in a post graduate course in Roman History – In those days that was a real honor for someone without first having a graduate degree.

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Back to Mount Airy

In June of 1954 we returned to Mount Airy. I had finished my four years at Duke but I had not graduated. I petitioned the university to let me graduate with only one year of foreign language credits, but they insisted I had to have two. I tried to make it up by commuting three days a week from Mt. Airy to Duke (150 miles each way) but it didn't work for me.

Mr. Hines gave me a job at the Pallet Company, and he started building a duplex house behind his house for us to live in and have an apartment to rent. He also transferred some rental property over to Marianna to serve as additional income. With my work and the rental income our family was well cared for. We lived and worked in Mount Airy from June of 1954 till August of 1957.

In early 1955 Marianna became pregnant again, and on December 20, 1955 Nan was born at the Mitchell Clinic in Mt. Airy. Marianna went to the clinic on December 19th and stayed all day. That night, when I was home looking after Tom and Lynn, Marianna called and said everything has stopped but she would still be staying in the clinic that night.

We had scheduled one of our friends to come over and care for Tom and Lynn so I could go to the clinic and bring the baby cloths when Marianna called. Well, early in the morning of Dec. 20th I got the call that Nan had arrived, Marianna was all right, and Nan needed her cloths. I told the nurse to tell Marianna I would be there just as soon as our friend came to look after the other two. About an hour later I saw Nan for the first time.

I asked Dr. Mitchell to let Marianna and Nan come home on Dec. 24th. He said OK, so the three of us joined the other two and settled down to have a wonderful Christmas.

Christmas - 1955

The night of December 24 (Christmas Eve) proved to be a real challenge. Tom and Lynn were excited and anxious thinking about what gifts they would get for Christmas, Nan was just 4 days old and needed a lot of care and maintenance to "make it through the night." Marianna was advised to stay in bed, and even though she was nursing Nan, I had to bring Nan to her and burp her when she was through. Most all of the gifts were in a box and had to be put together.

So, all in all, I got the kids and Marianna fed, I put kids put to bed, cleaned up the kitchen, burped Nan and went to our family room in the basement and started to assemble the gifts. It was quite late when I started and given the number of times I had to go up stairs to quiet down Tom and Lynn, tend to Marianna and Nan, it was actually the beginning of daylight on Christmas day when I got to the last gift which was a little red wagon.

While I was struggling to get the wheels on the wagon I heard Tom and Lynn talking together and Nan crying. Knowing I needed to get up stairs, I took the red wagon out the back door and like a

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Greek disk thrower I sent that red wagon flying. After that, I went upstairs (dead tired) to start the festivities of Christmas Day.

During the three years (June 1954 – August 1957) our family became participants in the culture of Mount Airy. On Sunday it was church, on week days it was “go to work” and in most cases the wife of young couples stayed home and looked after the kids, the housework, and sometimes the neighborhood. At night it was TV, movies, bridge and service clubs. On the week end it could be boating in a nearby lake, target practice, go fishing or hunting, some family event, or visiting with friends and extended families. This is also the time we picked up a sick beagle hound, nursed her back to health and named her Cinda.

Over the last two years of living in Mt. Airy Marianna and I, with four other couples, enjoyed studying Biblical, Greek and Roman history. We called ourselves “The Society of Ancient Studies”. It was a great experience.

Mount Airy was a small town of 6,000 people but in those days the men met other men at the post office, drug store, bank, barber shop and so on. The women met for lunch, tea, over the back fence and so on. In the culture of Mount Airy (which was separated into family and economic classes) everything was scripted by traditions and expectations. The men were separated by being merchants, industrialist, hired hands, rich and poor. Some women had children, others did not, some had jobs and others looked after the neighborhood. Seems like everyone in Mount Airy, “knew who we were and what was expected of us.” (From the song Tradition from Fiddler on the Roof”)

During this time I had a federal gun license which gave me the authority to buy, sell, transport, send and receive firearms though the U.S. mail. In those three years I accumulated five antique but usable Winchester rifles, four Single Action Army Cold Revolvers, and Marianna gave me a Browning Automatic 12 gage shotgun for Christmas. This, too, was all a part of the Mount Airy Culture.

Marianna looked after the house and our three children. She had a domestic servant that came in to help with the housekeeping and a high school girl that helped with kids in the afternoon. Marianna did the meals. We both had a car, Marianna a new Studebaker and for a while I had an old A Model Ford and later a two door Chevrolet Coupe.

During the first two years I gained a lot of weight (from 205 lbs. to 245 lbs.) In early 1956 Marianna put me on a diet. Since I ate all three meals at home, she gave me her own selected foods on a plate three times a day and I could not have seconds, nor could I have milkshakes at the drug store or cokes and cheese nabs at the office. I went from 245 lbs. to 195 lbs. by the time we moved to Evanston Illinois in 1957.

One event during these years was very meaningful to me

In 1955 my biological father (George Raymond (Bill) Bailey) came back to Mount Airy to live with Grandpa and Grandma Bailey. He also had a job at the Mt. Airy Granite Company located three or

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four miles east of Mt. Airy. (My father had one special skill that set him apart from other draftsmen – he could draw functional plans so stone cutters could cut and fix stones in an arch so the lynch stone at the top of the arch could hold all the rest in place.) During this time, when he was sober, he and I used to go to Lexington, NC once a week for a Bar BQ Supper after which we went to the weekly wrestling matches with such notable stars as Bad Boy Brown, Gorgeous George, and the Mountain Wild Man. This was my only sustained relationship with my Father and it lasted about 12 weeks or so.

There are three major episodes I would like to share with you. One happened to me. The other two played a major role in our family's move to Evanston.

1. My New York Trip

Sometime in 1956 a man from a Material Handling Company from Charlotte came to see me. The owner (Ralph Jones - about ten years my elder) wanted to know if I would be interested in accompanying him to New York City to meet with the administration of the Long Shore-Man's Union on the docks at Brooklyn, N.Y. Ralph said his company would pay the bills, I said I would go. The next week Ralph and I boarded an Eastern Airline flight to the LaGuardia airport in NYC. We took a cab to the Essex Hotel on Central Park. We checked into a double room (Ralph's weight was 275 lbs and I was 220 when we signed our names – Ralph Jones and Bill Bailey the hotel clerk looked at our names, then at the two of us, and handed us the keys and said you two could do better than that). The next day we went to the Long Shore Man's office in Brooklyn and spent the morning with several men working on possible solutions to their needs for material handling equipment. We left midday after we scheduled another meeting for the next day.

We returned to the hotel and then went for a walk. When we reach the Broadway area we passed a Broadway playhouse where "No time for Sergeants" was playing with Andy Griffith starring. We stopped, went to the ticket window and ask if we could get a ticket. She said "no, we are sold out."

Ralph said, look this is Bill Bailey, he is from Andy's home town, Mount Airy NC, he knows Andy. Can you send someone to ask Andy if there is a way to get us in? She thought about that, picked up her phone and called someone who came out and met with us. We told him the same story, so he said he would go and check with Andy. I told him to be sure and tell Andy that I was W.I. Monday's grandson (Andy's father and W.I. were real close friends and it had been at the barber shop on Thursdays that I had met Andy.)

Fifteen or so minutes later the man came back and said "Follow Me." We did, and he took us to two seats in the third row and said "Andy would like you to come back stage after the show." We certainly enjoyed the show and afterwards we went back stage, met with Andy and some of the other folks that were in the play. This was quite an experience. I thanked Andy and he said "I was just glad to do it."

When we got back to the hotel it was quite late. The clerk said I had had a telephone call from the Pallet Company Research Office in Washington DC. Early the next morning I called the director

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of the Research Office and he suggested I return to Mount Airy immediately. Why, I asked. This is what he said:

There is an economic war going on between the shippers and the Long Shore-Man's Union that is going to be nasty. At the present time the shippers buy and furnish the material handling equipment to the union. In turn, the Union with its ties to the Mafia is planning to take over the material handling equipment purchasing. One of the men at your meeting yesterday was the gang leader Anastasia's brother. My advice is to cut out and go home before you get involved in this battle.

Ralph and I talked it over at breakfast and we both decided to return to North Carolina on the first available flight. We did – Wow, Andy Griffin and Anastasia's brother almost on the same day. Believe me; it was good to be home.

2. The fire at the Pallet Company, February 1957

It was just after midnight that our telephone rang (nobody calls you at 1 A.M. to tell you some good news) I answered and the voice asked "Are you the owner of the Pallet Company on North/South Street?" I said "Yes." He answered "Your Company is on fire." By that time Marianna was awake, I told her about the fire. We went out in the back yard and you could see the gold color of the sky in the direction of the pallet company (nothing burns better and more completely than a lumber company).

I dressed and drove down to the fire. By that time the only building the fire department was putting water on was the company's small office building hoping to keep it from burning. The building where our sizing equipment was located was gone as well as the building where Pallets were nailed together. Several stacks of lumber had burned.

I went home and told Marianna that the pallet company was gone and that she should call her father (Mr. Hines) who was in Florida for the winter and ask him what to do next. Then I went back to the Pallet Company and stayed till dawn. They did manage to save the office building, but that was all.

At day break I walked to a neighborhood store that was open about a block from the company. I purchased a package of marshmallows went back to the pallet company, found a long stick and roasted and ate some of those marshmallows on some of the embers that were still hot. After that I went down town for breakfast.

Everybody I knew asked me about the fire – how did it happen? – is it all gone? – What are you going to do? Such questions were answered by "I don't know!" After I picked up the morning mail I returned home where I spent the rest of the day sort of moping over my fate. This went on for three or four days until I asked Marianna what her father had to say about the fire.

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She said “I have not called him and I am not going to call him.” “Why not,” I asked “I need to know what he wants to do.” She replied, “Bill, you are the one who is responsible for this family, you are the one that needs to decide what to do.”

I was not expecting that response. She had told me I was responsible for the next step in our family, not her father. It was a call “to be a man.”

For the next day or so I pondered her suggestion until the answer came to me. I had a lot of customers and I knew of another pallet company in Westfield NC that had a plant but few customers. Later that same day I contacted and made a deal with the Westfield Pallet Company. I would do the selling for a commission and he could do the making. It worked, I became a broker. During the next six months

I made more money as a broker than I did as a manufacturer. After Marianna and I left in August, 1957, Mr. Hines did rebuild the company which operated for another few years. (Today in 2008 the property where the pallet company was located is a used car lot)

3. Edmond Perry's visit

Dr. Edmund Perry (now a professor in charge of the Dept. of Religion at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois) came to Mt. Airy in late February or early March (1957) to deliver a series of studies and sermons on Biblical History and Interpretations at the invitation of Central Methodist Church (our family's church). He stayed with us at our home on Barley Street. During the week he was there Marianna and I shared with him some changes we were thinking about.

Marianna and I were restless. We had become disillusioned with Mount Airy. We did not seem to “fit-in” or get excited by the local culture nor did we see much of a challenge in where we were and the future it offered. For myself, I would rather be a college professor in Biblical Studies and Ancient History. Marianna did not see much of a future that would be stimulating to her personally or the rest of our family. Life was all sort of ho-hum and scripted by tradition. But what alternative did we have?

One day we shared all of this with Edmond and he made the following suggestions:

Why don't you and Marianna along with Tom, Lynn, and Nan move to Evanston? Bill could enroll in the Garrett theological Institute at Northwestern and get his Theological Degree, and then come to work with me for his Masters and PHD. I could get him into the Garrett theological school and since Bill does not have his college degree from Duke yet, and since I was his adviser while he was there, I could arrange for him to take his second year Greek language requirement at Northwestern, transfer it to Duke, and get his degree. I even know a house the two of you could live in for the first year at least for \$100.00 a month. This would give all of you a new start. Wow, but how could we do something like that? It just did not seem possible.

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In planning for his family Mr. Hines had bought two pieces of property less than 200 yards from his house. On one lot he had already build a 1950 style ranch house for Alma and John. Just across the street from their house was Marianna's lot and Mr. Hines already had drawn the plans for the house he was going build for Marianna and Bill. He wanted all of us living close together and he had already deeded that property over to Marianna. One night a man (I don't remember his name) came to our house and said he wanted to buy her property in the Burk's development. Marianna said no. He returned several times after that and each time he offered more money for the lot.

In a short while after Edmund went back to Evanston, he called us one evening and said he had it all arranged so, if I chose to do it, we could move to Evanston. After a month or so of hard deliberations Marianna and I decided to do it. This was not what our families anticipated nor expected.

This meant selling Marianna's property so we would have enough money for at least the first year. Edmund had informed us that Garrett had several ways after the first year to help students with families to continue and graduate. It meant moving away thus breaking away from our families, friends, and the basic culture of Mount Airy life which would most likely have sustained us for the rest of our life. What we were doing would be (like the Fiddler said) "Un-heard of, impossible, ridiculous, a risky thing to do." But, we did! It hurt, it hurt us, it hurt our families – It sort of upset the future vision of everyone around us who expected us to be a permanent part of the greater Mount Airy family.

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Off to Chicago, Evanston, and Minooka, Illinois:

In late July of 1957 we traded the Studebaker for a Plymouth Station Wagon, sold the Chevrolet Coupe, and began our packing to move. Edmund rented the house for us beginning in August, so in early August Tom and I packed the station wagon with all we would need for two or three weeks and we left for Evanston. Marianna would stay behind and join us after the moving van picked up our stuff and then she, Lynn, and Nan would fly to Midway in Chicago. Tom and I would be there to meet them.

Our car trip to Evanston took two days. In our first day we drove to Kokomo, Indiana and spent the night in a little motel with only five motel rooms. The family who owned it invited Tom and me to eat Supper with them, and we did.

The next day we headed to Evanston. To get there we had to go through Chicago. I had been to NYC but never to Chicago. I didn't know how big it was nor did I have any ideas about Evanston. Edmund had told me that I would be coming into Chicago's outer drive and when I arrived in Evanston just to keep going straight until I ran into the main gate to Northwestern University. At that point I should park and call him.

I did what he said, I stayed on hwy 41 but I mistook Hammond Indiana for Chicago. Next stop would be Evanston. When I drove around Soldier Field and the Field's museum I got the funny feeling that something wasn't right, this was too much to be Evanston. At Lawrence Avenue I turned in, went to drug store, called Edmund and received new directions and met him about one hour later at the entrance to Northwestern. From there he took us to our new home on Hartzell Street in North Evanston.

The house was old, the yard was overgrown, the outside paint was peeling, and the inside was no better. The house had been owned by a Northwestern U. Greek Professor who had lived there alone and who had not taken good care of the house. The house was located in a high middle class neighborhood and I later learned the whole neighborhood was very displeased with the looks of the house.

The house was in the probate court and the deal was that we would pay the estate \$100.00 a month for at least one year as well as repaint the outside and clean up the yard.

Tom and I just looked at it then we turned and said to each other we have a lot of work to do on the inside to get ready for Marianna and the girls. For the next two weeks Tom and I patched up some of the inside walls, painted the downstairs, and cleaned the kitchen. We figured we could worry about the outside later. By the time Marianna and the girls arrived we had the inside looking pretty good.

On the day they were to arrive at Midway, Tom and I left at 8:00 AM to meet them. It took us about an hour to find and arrive at Midway. Marianna's plane trip from Greensboro to Chicago started about 8:30 AM and she was scheduled to arrive around 4:00. Why so long? In those days Eastern Air lines had many stops to make between initial take off and final landing. Tom and I did

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everything two people could do to entertain ourselves for that much time, but it was worth it simply because a new life for all five of us was ready to start.

I don't remember what day of the week Marianna, Lynn, and Nan arrived but I do remember that all five of us came down with flu type symptoms on the first full weekend after their arrival. Nan was not yet two, Lynn had just turned four, and Tom was six. We did not have a doctor and we did not know any of our neighbors. It was the weekend before school started so the (Edmund) Perry family was on vacation.

What did we do? We all gathered in one bedroom and Marianna and I took turns being the care giver for all of us. By Tuesday we were better and Wednesday was business as usual. The next week Tom and I started school, I went to Garrett, Tom to the first grade of the local elementary school, and Marianna set up housekeeping for the family.

During the first quarter of school we managed to get the yard in order and the house painted. I took my Greek class, finished with an A and had a wonderful Christmas present from Duke University – my BA diploma. The rest of the year was business as usual. Our families and friends in Mt. Airy accepted our decision to move and we only received one letter from a friend who wrote “if you come home now and stay here we are prepared to forgive you.”

That first year in Evanston all of us went ice skating at a nearby park. And it was so cold on July 4, 1958 that none of us went to the parade. We made many new friends. I did well in my studies and Marianna was kept busy by caring for three children and a two story house. But there was something in the wind that was going to change our lives.

During my Spring Quarter at Garrett it became apparent that we would have to find a way to finance our future. We had a small income from some of the rental houses Mr. Hines gave Marianna but it was not enough to support a family of five.

I would venture a guess that about 25% of the students at Garrett had jobs of one sort or another. Some had wives that worked, some had part time jobs in Evanston, but most had taken what we called a student appointment to a rural church or they were associate ministers in larger churches. Some of my student friends had taken a student church in Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois and a few in Iowa. On a student charge the student and their family moved to the church location, lived in the parsonage, was paid around \$300.00 a month plus housing. The student would commute back and forth on a weekly basis, but the family lived at the church location.

My First Church, Minooka

I put my name on the list and one day Marianna and I traveled to Minooka, Illinois which was a student church located about 50 miles from Garrett. The day we visited was a “very gray day with rain coming down.” It did not look inviting to any of us and I remembered Marianna saying “I will never live here.” Along about the same time Garrett announced that a position on campus was available as manager of the Garrett Book Store. Perfect, we could live in Evanston and I could

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manage the book store after all I had a 3 year history of managing a conventional business with 18 employees.

I applied. About a month or six weeks later I received a letter saying that they had hired someone else. Marianna and I were both disappointed mostly because several of the friends who were insiders had told me I was the top choice of the hiring committee. A week later I found out that Edmund was on the hiring committee but he had told the committee that what I needed was some “on the job experience” in being the pastor of a church.

(Thanks again Edmund, I see you are still my primary advisor). Anyway, in late July 1958 the five of us moved to Minooka, Illinois and I became the student pastor of the Minooka and Aux Able Methodist Churches while Marianna along with Tom, Lynn, and Nan became the in resident pastor’s family. We were to live and serve Minooka for the next four years.

Minooka was a small town by the railroad track. It had two small grocery stores, a filling station, a restaurant, a fix it shop, a grain storage business, and a volunteer fire department. It had its own elementary school. There were many cattle farmers and corn growers in nearby farm areas. We had two churches, a Roman Catholic and the Methodist, thus we also had two cemeteries, one for Catholics and one for the rest of us. Minooka was 4 miles south of HWY US 52, the same highway that goes through Mt. Airy. It was here that we picked up Ruff the dog.

Ruff was a stray that Tom enticed to follow him home. All three of the kids wanted to keep him, but Marianna and I said they must first go back where Tom found the dog and see if they could locate its owner. The three of them with the dog set out to do as they were told. Later we learned that they canvassed a neighborhood on the other side of town instead of the one where Tom had found the dog. When they returned they reported that this dog was a stray, he belonged to no one and no one recognized him. So we kept him.

Some of the memorable events during those four years at Minooka are well worth remembering.

The master bedroom episode

The parsonage was old. Downstairs was a kitchen, living room, and a sitting room. Upstairs was made up of four bedrooms and a bath. The bedroom Marianna and I moved into had various layers of wallpaper. All of it was peeling off. After we had been there a month or more Marianna decided the wall paper had to go. We rented a steamer; purchased some cutting utensils and the two of us took up the task.

We would steam the wallpaper, cut the grooves and pull the paper off. We eventually peeled off seven layers of wall paper. When we were set to peel of the final layer I took a knife and cut along the place where the wallpaper meets the ceiling and the whole bedroom ceiling fell into the room, the wood, the plaster, and the insulation. Both the ceiling and me fell on the bed and broke it.

Marianna, standing in the middle of the room with me sitting on the broken bed (looking like a Laurel and Hardy comedy) did not say a word. She helped me up, we both dusted ourselves off,

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walked out of the room, shut the door, and we slept on our downstairs sofa bed for the next few months. Finally, I told the Parsonage Committee what happened, and by Christmas (1958) we had a new decorated bedroom and bed.

Nan became quite a character around town...

Nan took piano lessons with some other children from the village. After a few months the piano class staged a recital. When it came time for Nan to play she walked straight to the piano, turned to the audience and smiled, sat down and started playing. After hitting two or three notes she stopped picket up her book and turned it over, put it back on the piano, turned around, smiled again (like buster Keaton) turned back and started playing the piano again. Everybody there started laughing and clapping at the same time.

In another episode Nan and one of her friends just walked into the Catholic Church one day and started playing Chop-Sticks on the key board of the outside chimes. I think everybody in Minooka showed up to see what was going on.

Tom becomes an Archeologist

One day Tom went out behind our garage and started digging. The rest of us did not pay much attention to what he was doing. He started going out every day and sometimes he would bring in artifacts he found. Things like old coca cola bottles, screwdrivers and other tools, etc. About six months later the Electric Utility truck drove up, went out behind the garage and came back and knocked on our door. Marianna answered, and the man from the Electric Utility asked her if we were excavating for a building project out behind the garage. Marianna said no, but our son has been digging around back there. He said “digging, he has dug a whole big enough to put a basement in.” A while later a bull dozer showed up to fill in the hole since the Electric Utility wanted to run some lines through that property. It was a big hole.

Lynn had an amazing transition in her school work

Lynn encountered a new challenge in her early years at school. Her difficulty affected all her courses. She had difficulty reading. The teachers and the family worked with her but nothing seemed to work. Even Lynn was depressed about her ability to read which seem to make matters worse. Finally Marianna and I went with Lynn to visit a child psychologist (who lived and worked in one of the many Frank Lloyd Wright houses scattered around Chicago). During our visit the psychologist asked Lynn “of all the things she tried to read, what did she like best? Lynn answered “Comic Books!”

When we left the psychologist suggested that we stop by a book store on the way home and buy all the comic books that Lynn picked out. We did, and we kept her in comic books for the next year

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or so. It was Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Superman, Batman, the Phantom, and many more titles that provided for Lynn the experience and ability to be a grade A reader in anything she picked up to read. What a transformation for her, it changed her life and her education. (By the way, the family never talked about it but after she would read a comic book her Dad, yes me, would pick it up, read and enjoy those comic books too. Now that we know so much about DNA, I figure that Lynn and I carry the same “comic book” gene).

During those four years in Minooka my brother Van Brown would come and stay with us during the summer. I am 12 years older than my half brother but during those summers he became a charter member of our family. There was a nice park with a large lake near Minooka. Tom, Lynn, and Nan learned how to swim and Van and I learned how to water ski. One summer we rented an apartment in Evanston for six weeks and while I went to summer school the rest went swimming on the beaches of Lake Michigan. On weekends we would return to Minooka and I would attend to my pastoral duties.

It was Turkey Time in Minooka

In our second year at Minooka, a farmer who also raised turkeys informed us that he would bring our family a turkey for thanksgiving. A few days before thanksgiving Marianna and I drove over to Joliet and picked up all the side dishes to join the turkey on our thanksgiving table. Thanksgiving Day came, but no turkey arrived. By late morning we realized that even if we get the turkey would there be time to cook it before supper. As we talked about alternatives a truck arrived and our farmer friend unloaded a wash tub with a 32 pound turkey inside.

The Turkey was ready to cook, but it was twice the size of our kitchen over. After the farmer left I called the owner of the grocery store (which was closed for thanksgiving) told him our situation, so he came down to the store, sawed the turkey into two pieces, put one piece in his freezer and we took that other half home and cooked it. I don't remember what time it was, but I can say we had our Thanksgiving Dinner before the end of Thanksgiving Day.

All in all the Minooka experience was very positive and helpful in our families' journey. The kids had a good time and Marianna did a wonderful job in being the parsonage mother who was very active in the Minooka Township. I received my B.D. degree from Garrett and my Master's Degree from Northwestern University (both under the leadership of Edmund).

During the year I was working on my master's degree Marianna and I opened up a new conversation about the family's future. We had been in Illinois now for five years and to work for a PHD would be at least another four. After some deep soul searching we decided to return to North Carolina and join the Western North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Church. We had several contacts in the conference's administration structures, so we contacted them and informed them of our intentions.

In June of 1962 Marianna Tom, Lynn, Nan, and Me left Minooka and drove to Lake Junaluska, NC located just west of Asheville, NC. The Conference was in session so I was ordained an Elder

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in the Methodist Church and assigned to the Pfafftown Methodist Church located about 6 miles from Winston-Salem, NC.

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A summary of our life from 1962 to 1966

In early July the Baileys moved into a new parsonage which had just been built. The church was within 50 miles of Mount Airy so we had the opportunity to contact family and friends after our five year absence. Van, my brother, lived in Winston-Salem as a student of Wake Forest University which had moved from Wake Forest, NC to Winston complements of the Reynolds (RJR) family.

It was a rural church. Marianna, me, and the local chief of the volunteer fire dept were about the only people there during the work week. Tom, Lynn, and Nan were transported to the local Elementary School by a school bus five days a week. The patriarch of a farm family who lived down the road showed up one day with a long play record reported to be the voice of the devil that he wanted me to hear. The house across the street was still using an outhouse. One member of the church had 36 years of perfect church attendance pin that he had to tape together to keep them from rattling as he wore all 36 every Sunday. It was a new situation and it would be very challenging to all of us in the Bailey family.

The Methodist Churches of the Rock River Conference in Northern Illinois were mostly progressive but now I was in the traditional Bible belt. Because of being close to Winston Salem we had a number of younger folks moving into the area so we began to see a we/they sort of anxiety among many long term members. Times, they are changing!

(Little did we know then that the Bailey family would be living for the rest of our lives in the context of cultural change and both social and personal transitions.)

The Cuban Crisis & the Assassination

It was in the basement of the Parsonage surrounded by a two week supply of food and water that Marianna, Tom, Lynn, Nan, Van, and I were on that fateful day when a Russian fleet of warships were heading toward Cuba and a U.S. fleet of warships was underway to intercept the Russians, putting the world at risk for a nuclear war. Needless to say, it didn't happen. The Russian fleet turned around and went home.

Marianna and I were having lunch in the restaurant of the Baptist Hospital when we heard that President Kennedy had been shot. On Sunday morning after we came home from services at the church, we turned on TV, and witnessed Jack Ruby shoot Lee Harvey Oswald in the tunnel below the Dallas Police Department's Detention Center as Oswald was being transferred to another location.

During our second year at Pfafftown the church joined a Church softball and basketball league. It was great fun and something for the younger men to do. Van and I were on the team of the Pfafftown Church. By this time all of us (Marianna, Tom, Lynn, Nan, and I) were becoming more aware of how lonely rural life can be. There are no neighborhoods, the two grocery stores as well as church members were scattered in all directions. It was good to have family nearby and the kids enjoyed visiting the Mondays.

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In the mid fifties Grandpa Bailey had a stroke and shortly thereafter died. While we were in Pfafftown Grandma Bailey passed away which left Louise and Bill (my dad). Louise did her best to look after Bill, but he died from alcoholic poisoning in the late sixties. Louise lived to be 92 and passed away in a nursing home in Winston Salem during the early nineties (She was born in 1901).

As our second year at Pfafftown began Marianna and I began to raise questions about what we were doing and where we were doing it. We became sort of disenchanted with rural life and the Bible belt mentality of the South. Also remember, this was the time when Dr. M.L. King was questioning the segregation laws and traditions of the old South. We both began to understand that our world (view) was different from most of the people with lived with and served.

Then one night at the parsonage in Pfafftown an event took place that put our family on the track for another transition of our journey.

The District Superintendent of our district dropped by to see how we were doing. Earlier in his life he had been the pastor of the Central Methodist Church in Mt. Airy so we had known him for a long time. During the evening he said to us

“Bill, in this conference there are two tracks for pastors to run on. One is where you always move from one side of the mountain to the other and a few years later you move back again. The other side is a fast track to the top, from a small church to the bigger and more important ones. The cabinet (i.e. the Bishop and the District Superintends from each district – this is the administrative body of an annual conference) has put you and your family on the fast track, sooner than you think you will be a pastor in a big church with a big paycheck. For the time being you have to pay your dues, but as soon as this appointment is complete (in those days an appointment was usually four years) so don’t let anything happen and don’t cause any controversy in a couple of years your family will be moving up.”

That night Marianna and I had a long talk about what the DS said. I think both of us were very sad. I knew that during the 1950’s there had been a lot of talk about Methodist Pastors becoming a “clergy Union,” in order to become a professional organization with a career path from the small to the large both in pastoral assignments and pay.

Marianna and I were not supportive of this move. We had not taken on the ministerial mantle for a business like career path, but for the service of empowering people and ourselves to live a full and purposeful life. Before the week passed, we decided to move on somewhere else, but where?

This decision let us to the First Methodist Church in Cortland, New York a church of 1,000 -1200 membership in downtown Cortland. I was signed on as Associated Pastor to an older gentlemen who had been the pastor there for 20 years.

So, in July of (1964?) we moved. What the church wanted us to do was work with the younger couples and their children that were moving into Cortland. Also, Cortland was a college town, so they needed someone on the church staff to interact with the colleges’ staff and students. We were comfortable with this mission so we looked forward to the challenge. I am sure Tom, Lynn, and Nan will remember Cortland.

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We had the church teenagers over to our parsonage on Sunday nights and our family was related to many other younger (our own age) families. That year the kids went to a special school related to the college and they made a lot of new friends. The churches of Cortland were deeply involved in the race issues of the South. At least once or twice a quarter a bus load of volunteers from Cortland went to help Dr. King and his freedom movement.

I had the pulpit once a month so I still had the challenge to grow and understand the role and purpose of the Sunday Sermon. I evidently was learning something because I was given several invitations to preach at special events. There was also a Second Methodist Church in Cortland and the Pastor owned a boat. Several times during the year we went over to Cornell and boated in one of the Finger Lakes.

We lived in Cortland for one year. Toward the end of that year the senior minister's wife became ill so he decided to take retirement in June of 1965 so this put the Bailey Family on the path to another transition. Every Methodist Church has a Pastoral Committee and part of the task is to work with the Bishop and his Cabinet for the selection of a new pastor (this can get very political in the larger churches).

One day the chairman of the Pastoral Committee came and said the Committee had decided to recommend to the Bishop that I be appointed to the position of Senior Pastor. I was stunned by that statement but I let my ego get the best of me. Instead of remembering what had happened in Pfafftown, I told the Committee, if appointed, I would gladly serve.

Several weeks later I received a call from the Bishops office in Syracuse, NY, inviting me to come next Tuesday for a meeting with the Bishop. I agreed to be there. I knew this would be a life changing situation for me, but what would the change be?

Tuesday came and I drove up the Syracuse, went to the Bishops office and his secretary said "the bishop is expecting you so go right in." I did. I had never met this bishop, but he invited me to sit down and have a cup of coffee with him. We chatted for a few minutes and then he told me this:

Bill, I have no intention of appointing you to Cortland First. The pastor has been there for twenty years and it is time for the conference to take control of the appointments for that church. Understand? I said yes.

Bill, you have three choices: 1. you can ask me to give you an appointment somewhere else in this conference. 2. If there is another conference you had rather be in let me know and I will arrange a meeting for you with their bishop and cabinet (he added "this is the way we bishops work together) or 3. You can turn in your Elder's papers and go do something else.

I know you will need some time to talk this over with the rest of the family. So go back to Courland and let me know your decision within the next twenty four hours.

I left, with weak knees and sweat under my arm pits. It was so blunt! It was such a short time to decide? How and what to tell Marianna? It's a wonder that I made it home in one piece. But on the other side I realized this was the same sort of situation, the central NY Conference was not for me. How foolish of me to even think about being a senior pastor of a large church. It wouldn't work

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for either the church or the Bailey family. (I trust that whoever reads this can relate to this kind of experience, it happens in every life).

Well to make a long story short, Marianna and I did some soul searching that night and we decided to return to the Rock River Conference which later changed its name to the Northern Illinois Conference of the United Methodist Church. I was to be a member of that conference for the next thirty five years.

The next morning at nine I called the Bishop, told him our decision, and he said “be up here tomorrow by nine o’clock, go to the airport, there will be a round trip ticket on American Airlines to Chicago. You leave at ten and will return at six, you will be picked up when you arrive, at one you will meet with the Bishop and the Cabinet, after which you will return and should be at home by eight. And it all happened that way.

Since I had already served four years in the Rock River conference, the Cabinet assigned me a District Superintendent to work with and then they said for the Bailey family to prepare to move. Our move would be paid for by funds from both the Central NY and the R.R. conferences.

The people of Cortland Central were sorry to see us leave and for a going away present they gave me an electronic portable typewriter. From that time on we prepared to move. In just a few days my DS from the Northern Illinois District of the Methodist Church called and said we would be moving to Fox River Grove, Illinois. We also received the following information:

The Methodist Church there was the only church in town which was originally founded by a Bohemian community before the great depression in the late 1920’s. Fox River Grove is the location of the notorious “Crystal Ballroom” a night club that played a big part in the Gang years of Chicago during prohibition. The building is still there and the Ballroom’s basement was used to service and repair trucks and cars used to transport whiskey from Canada to the U.S. Also, Fox River Grove is the home of several families that were associated with the Gangs of Chicago during prohibition.

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On to Fox River Grove

Sometime in June a truck came, picked up our furniture and the five of us plus Ruff the dog loaded up our car and started our journey to Fox River Grove. We decided to drive through Canada, so we headed toward Buffalo, NY. We passed the US border and drove across the river and stopped at the Canadian check point.

They would not let us enter Canada because of Ruff the dog. In order to take a dog in we would need to have proof that he had been inoculated for Rabies. He had, but we did not have any proof. So we turned around and went back. The Canadian guard told us to tell the US guard that we had turned around but we had not yet entered Canada. I asked him why, and he replied, the US has the same rules about dogs as we do, so you need to tell him that you have not yet been in Canada, if not you might have to stay on the bridge forever. I was glad to get that information. From there we proceeded to FRG.

When we arrived and made contact with the secretary of the church, we went to the parsonage and two days later the truck arrive and we moved in. My Browning Automatic Twelve Gage Shotgun did not arrive. This marked the end of owning any guns for the Bailey family.

FRG was a small township located on the East side of the Fox River with the township of Cary on the West side and the Northwest Illinois' Railway Line running through the middle of both. The high school for both townships was located in Cary and there was a large Methodist Church in Cary. The FRG Church had about 300 to 400 members with about an active congregation of 100 to 150 persons, about the same size a Minooka. Tom went to the high school and Lynn and Nan enrolled in the elementary school in FRG.

The parsonage had enough room in it for the five of us, so for the first year we settled in and it was business as usual. The DS ask me to be on the RR Conference Adult Education Committee which was working with the curriculum department of the National Education Office in Nashville, TN which was working on a new adult curriculum. (This appointment will prove to be the first step in another change and transition for the Bailey family).

Over the first few months all five of us became familiar with the people of FRG. In the old "Crystal Palace" building was a retail store and the FRG Library. We had a dentist who had served many years in the US Marine Corp. Once he entered your mouth with drills, cotton and needles it was somewhat like a Marine Corp assault on any one of a dozen Islands in the South Pacific. He reminded me of John Wayne's classic saying as he and a side kick were at the point of taking on the bad guys in the Salon, Wayne said "Come on pilgrim let's go in and get 'em."

The parsonage was on one of the landing approaches for jets coming into the Chicago O'Hair airport. I used to enjoy the hours from 5 to 7 PM as jet after jet came by. On a cloudy day they would come in low, what a sight to see. Ruff the dog liked to go out and play in the back yard too, but it was not always pleasant for any of us including Ruff. On more than one occasion that dog got sprayed by a skunk. If you have never had this happen to you or a pet you can be sure you life has been blessed. There is no other smell quiet like a skunk's. Whenever that happened Ruff would

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come running in the house and jump on the first human lap he could find. It took all five of us to get him to the basement which was a nicely furnished wash room which also became a bedroom for Tom.

Once you have managed to stabilize the dog and able to withstand the smell the dog has to be washed thoroughly with tomato juice (which presents something else to clean up). All I can say is we managed these ritual several times during our stay in FRG.

One of our memorable moments happened on the day before Christmas, it was:

A Very Special Christmas for all of us and it will be remembered by all of us as long as we live. It happened several days before Christmas Day. The family (all five of us) had worked together to map out and create a plan for our Christmas celebration. We had posted our plan on the refrigerator door. On the morning of the day before Christmas, the plan was for Marianna to do the grocery shopping for our Christmas Day feast (a big job to do). While mother was gone the rest of us (Tom, Lynn, Nan, & Bill) were to pick up all the clothing and accumulated junk in the house, put them where they were supposed to be and clean the house spick and span.

Somehow, the four of us get interested in a special Christmas TV show (most likely a Laurel and Hardy movie). When Marianna came in, with a big grocery bag under each arm, she saw that we had not done our part of the plan. She just dropped both bags on the kitchen floor, walked over to the refrigerator door, took our plan and ripped it up and scattered the pieces all over the kitchen floor. She was mad, hurt, and furious with all of us.

For the next few minutes (feeling like three hours or so) we just looked at each other – none of us knew what to do next. Finally Tom got up went into the kitchen and began picking all the pieces of our mutilated Christmas plan. We all watched while Tom put the scraps of paper on the kitchen table, took some scotch brand tape and began fitting all the pieces together. When he was through he put the plan back on the refrigerator door and said to the rest of us “It’s Christmas, come let’s be a family”.

After we all shed a few tears, went into the kitchen and began working together to pick up the groceries of the floor, bring in the bag still in the car and then together, all of us put up the stuff and cleaned the house, we were now ready for Christmas.

Early in the winter of the New Year the District Youth Commission staged a weekend trip to Chicago for any of the youth who wanted to go. The trip was to check in and visit several Methodist landmarks located in and around the City. Tom decided to go. Sometime in late January he boarded the bus and off he went to Chicago. When he returned he shared with us some of the places he visited and then in an offhand way he said:

“One of the places we visited was the Ecumenical Institute on the West side of Chicago,” then he turned to Marianna and I and commented “I think it is the kind of place you two would like.”

This was meaningless for us at the time, but it really marked the beginning of another transformation of the Bailey Family. (See later)

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Other experiences while living in Fox River Grove

Because of my position as education chair of the Northwest District, the Crystal Lake Methodist Church invited me to come over one Sunday night and speak to a group of church school teachers. The pastor of the Church invited all five of us to come early and have something to eat before the meeting.

Around 4:30 PM the five of us piled into the Buick Special and headed toward Crystal Lake which was only 15 miles northwest of FRG. It wasn't supposed to, but it did. It started to snow just as we left. It was not a heavy snow so we drove on toward Crystal Lake. The further we drove the faster the snow fell. Just about the time we arrived at the city limits our snow became a storm and our storm became a blizzard. By this time it was 5:15 PM and getting dark.

We made a quick decision, stopped in a filling station, called the pastor who informed us that everything had be canceled and he suggested we might need to stay in Crystal Lake for the night. Marianna, the kids and I talked it over, and we decided to head back to FRG.

I waited a few minutes until a large truck came by, pulled in behind it at 5:32 PM. My plan was to follow the truck to FRG. By this time it was dark and the snow was falling so fast that all vision was blocked out. All we could see was two yellow tail lights on the back of the truck that (hopefully) was still in front of us. Whenever the truck stopped we did too. I cannot describe how we felt or how we made it FRG, All I can say is we did not get to the parsonage until 8:30 PM, it took us three hours to drive less than fifteen miles.

Marianna had surgery at the hospital in Evanston, Illinois. Her doctor located a cyst in one of her ovaries, it was successfully removed. She was in the hospital for several days after the surgery and it took several weeks at home before she was her own self again.

I mentioned before that FRG was the home of several families who were said to be related to the gang activities in Chicago during prohibition. One day, one of the families called me and asked if I was could perform a wedding for their daughter. I said I would (in those days, just like today, pastors get a little extra cash for performing weddings). After the wedding, instead of giving me the usual \$20.00, the family gave me \$50.00 and needless to say, I was very pleased.

Sometime later the wife of another family (who was on the same list as above) called me and asked if I made Hospital calls. I informed him I visited the Hospital twice a week. He asked me to go by and see his wife if I had the time. I did, and found out she was dying very slowly with cancer. So from that day on I stopped by and visited her on every trip I made to the hospital. The two of us together shared her journey to a completed life.

Seven weeks later, she died. Her husband called and asked me if I would conduct her funeral which was to be in a funeral home. I said yes. Two or three day later I did the ceremony both at the funeral home and the grave. Again, in those days the funeral director usually collected \$20.00 from the family and gave it to the officiating pastor. At this funeral I received no money from the funeral director, but the family gave me a \$100.00 and said "Thank you."

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After both of these events had taken place, I began to ask “why was this so different from the usual standard practices for wedding and funerals?” Were these two families more appreciative than other families or was it because they get what they want by paying for it? At one time I wondered out loud to myself “maybe they were aware of their reputation as gang connected, but they wanted to say to themselves and others “we are human beings like all of you, and this was the pastor who said yes to our request, while others seemed to always say no?”

I still don't know the real answer, and never will. But these two experiences taught me something about myself and others who live the human journey.

To the best of my recollections Marianna, Nan, and I were in Chicago while Tom and Lynn were at home in FRG. Around dark the weather station issued a tornado watch for the Barrington – FRG area. We headed for FRG as soon as we could. Driving home we encountered a big storm which increased our anxiety about Tom and Lynn. After we passed Barrington and before we arrived at FRG we saw a pathway through the woods caused by a Tornado that had turned the trees into toothpicks. FRG was not hit and we found Tom and Lynn well and happy.

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Another Transition Story

Now we move to another transition story which began (step one) when Tom told us that “we would like the Ecumenical Institute (EI).”

Step two was a weeklong conference bringing together The Cokesbury Bookstore and Publishing House of the Methodist Church in Nashville TN, and the District Education Committees of the Rock River Conference in IL. We met together at the Reynolds Wood Retreat Center. Our task was to begin the development of a new Adult Methodist Curriculum for the church. At the end of the week (Saturday) Cokesbury went back to Nashville and the rest of us went home. It had not been a successful week and we would not meet again until next month.

Step three happened what I returned home and started to prepare for Sunday’s Worship Service. While having dinner that night Marianna handed me a flyer that was addressed to the pastor who served the FRG Community Church before me. The flyer was from the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago (EI), and with it was a newspaper article which indicated that the EI on the west side of Chicago was breaking some new ground in church commitment and life.

Marianna point out that beginning on the following Monday night the EI was having a five day training session for clergy (like me) called a Parish Ministers Colloquium (PMC). After I read the article and flyer she suggested I go. My response was “I can’t be away for another week I need to be here,” to which she responded, “no one in the church missed you last week and no one will miss you if you go for another week.” Being confronted with that kind of truth, I called EI and I went.

The fourth step happened during that week at EI. After the opening address titled the “A New World has dawned” I was hooked. Everything that was said in the lectures hit me as being dead center to my experiences which up till then I had been filled with frustrations.

At noon on Tuesday after a lecture and Seminar on a new way to understand the Jesus of History and the Christ of Faith and an afternoon session on the “Church as Mission” I called Marianna and told her “a lot of the questions and ambiguities we have shared together about church life and the future is beginning to make sense to me.” When it was over Friday afternoon I was fired up and ready to go. In theological words, “I had a new world view,” that is the theoretical underpinning of a new spirituality and mission.

A quick interlude

I have been to a lot of training programs jammed together with the same old – same old. The PMC experience was brand new and energizing. Whenever I was at a seminar I seldom if ever went to opening worship service in the morning. I exhibited the same pattern on Tuesday Morning at EI. It was something like this:

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The Monday night session was not over until 11 o'clock. It took an hour or so to calm down and get into bed. I was in a small room furnished with three bunk beds and six people. It was very crowded, and (to be absurd) the EI staff had announced that the Daily Office would begin at 6:00 AM. No way was I going to be at that Daily Office. If I woke up at 6:00 it would not only be a miracle, it would be to have a cup of coffee.

About 5:30 AM somebody came walking down the hall banging on the top of a metal trash can lid yelling "Praise the Lord, Christ is risen." I heard the others get up and eventually leave for Daily Office. I turned over and went back to sleep. At 6:30 I felt someone shaking me, it was an EI Staff member. He said to me "Bill, wake up, let's go, there are 48 pastors and 8 staff members who can't start Daily Office without you." I said they could! He responded, "no we can't, you have a covenant with all of us to participate in a week long PMC and we never start a session until all are present."

With that he turned and walked out. I arrived for Daily Office fifteen minutes later. I had never experienced that kind of care and intentionality in all my life. Needless to say, I was first in line for every event for the rest of the week. It was a different life style for me and it was refreshing.

The fifth step happened in the summer of 1966. The EI had established the month of July as time for their "Research Assembly." After the PMC I had visited the Institute several times and had even recruited two or three people to attend a week end seminar called Religious Studies One (RS1). The people who attended were positive about their experiences and suggested that we get other church member to go. Marianna planned to go for a weekend but in the late spring of 1966 she had her surgery, so we put her weekend off till next fall.

However, as summer approached we began discussing the possibility of attending the Research Assembly in July. Since it was for all ages we could make it a family affair. Finally, instead of going to Mt. Airy for our vacation we decided to sign up and go to Chicago and attend the Research Assembly.

The summer turned out to be four weeks of hard work in a hot environment. The main objective for the summer was to train teachers (pedagogues) to teach the RS1 weekend. Marianna had never been exposed to an RS1 weekend, so she was a "fish out of water". Marianna is a very good teacher but that is not her first choice in a long list of activities. (Later she would become a first teacher for RS1 but in summer '66 she not prepared for the challenge).

Also, the heat and the intense schedule of activities were too much for her especially so since she was still recovering from major surgery. At the end of the first week she and I decided to leave and go to Mt. Airy for the next two weeks. The kids seemed to be enjoying the programs they were in, but they left with us.

Whenever Marianna talks about summer '66 she always remembers feeling like a spoiler to the family of something that was important. One of the first decisions she made after we returned from vacation was to sign up and go to RS1.

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After our vacation we returned to FRG and I began to consider ways to make our worship experience at the Community church more meaningful as well as educational. First I began taking a few minutes before we began the worship service to explain what is worship and what does it mean. I shared with the congregation such items as “rehearsing the story of life and remembering who we are and what is expected of us.”

It was not long until I realized that a congregation of people who have worshiped together for many years do not like changes in their established symbolic life. So I backed away from that and tried to start a midweek study group only to find out that Sunday morning was enough “church” for most people. After these two attempts failed I tried to recruit some of our church members to attend a RS1 at the Institute, this did not work either.

While I was trying out new ways to enhance our Christian Worship in the FRG Community Church, Marianna attended a weekend RS1 at the Institute. Her experience mirrored my own. She was excited and wanted to learn more. Over the next few months the two of us, whenever possible, attended training and planning programs at the Institute and, as time passed, we became very serious about becoming a part of their church renewal program.

Transition time was coming

On one occasion Marianna and I signed up for a 5 session weeknight program called “The Individual and the Family”. There were about 40 people who attended each night, and each night we had a lecture, discussion and workshop. At the conclusion of the workshop some family would present their family plan, their family time line, their family mission, and their family story and symbol.

On the first night they ask Marianna and me to share our work. On the second night they asked another family to present their work. On the third and fifth nights they again turned to the Bailey family and asked us to display our work.

This time I asked “why is everybody picking on us?” At that moment the whole room broke into laughter. After the laughter was finished the teacher shared with us that everybody but the Baileys and one other family were members of the Institute getting trained to teach this course. At that revelation, the Baileys laugh too.

Finally in early spring we asked the Institute if we could come in July of 1967 for an intern year. The Institute replied “yes”, so I went to my DS and requested to be assigned for a year of study at the Chicago Ecumenical Institute. My DS was interested in what the Institute was doing so he arranged the appointment. Some of our friends in FRG found places to store our belonging and our furniture until we might need it when the summer program was over. On the second week in June, Marianna and I along with Tom, Lynn, and Nan moved into the Ecumenical Institute for our intern year.

Here I need to set a context of where we were and what we would be doing. The Ecumenical Institute (EI) was headquartered in Evanston, Illinois. It was a large old house that was used for

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visiting theologians and seminars by the Garrett Theological Seminary, the Episcopal Seminary, and Northwestern University. In the early 1960's The Church Federation of Greater Chicago (CFGC) moved the EI to the Bethany EUB Seminary in Chicago. The Bethany seminary was located at 3444 W. Congress Parkway but the seminary itself had moved to one of the Chicago suburbs leaving the building vacant. One of the reasons Bethany had moved was the condition of neighborhood where they were located. The neighborhood was primarily an inner city African-American Ghetto complete with abandoned buildings, rat infested structures, home of a gang known as the Vice Lords, very few men, and a large number of welfare moms.

The Church Federation of Greater Chicago (CFGC) had asked the faith and life community of Texas to come, live in the Bethany building with two missions to accomplish:

- First, the EI would be a teaching and learning institute dedicated to the Church Renewal Ministries that was in full swing in the mid part of the 20th century.
- Second, the EI was asked to experiment on how an inner city faith community could relate and even transform the existing neighborhood into a more desirable place to live.

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Living at the Ecumenical Institute

When the five of us moved in Tom, Lynn and Nan went into the structured program the EI had for youth. Marianna went to the preschool the EI had set up to serve the neighborhood (now called 5th City) and I went to work with Al Williams and the two of us made potty chairs for the 5th City kids in the early childhood preschool. After a few day and a lot of potty chairs, Al and I became a part of the security team which had 24/7 responsibilities for the welfare of EI.

Early in the summer of 1967 an old steel workers Union building had been turned over to the Institute. At the same time a Naval Station north of Chicago had given the Institute about 100 over and under beds that were three quarter wide (very narrow). In the large meeting room of the union building, Al, myself and a few others began putting those beds together for the participants of summer 67 who would be arriving the following week.

Three days before Summer 67 started our summer assignments were made for the next four weeks. Marianna and I were assigned a room in the medical part of the union building equipped with one of the narrow double beds. The room was small with no windows. All EI Staff members were given blue shirts to wear so our summer participants would know who we were. I stayed on the security team and Marianna stayed in the preschool.

After the summer was over we began to plan for the fall. The economics of EI was based on self support. At this time the EI had a staff of over 100 members, so some were assigned to work 'out' and others were assigned to 'in house' and 5th City program activities. Each family was given a negotiated stipend and we all had the benefits of room and meals based on a poverty model. The EI was a nonprofit organization so we did have a development team but this money went for in house and 5th City programs. Marianna, Nan and I had a small three room apartment in the main building while Tom and Lynn lived in the student house.

Our week was well structured. We gather for daily office at 6:00 AM, breakfast at 7:00, and a meeting till 8:00 or 8:30. After that we would go to our task assignment. That first year I worked in 5th City and Marianna in the preschool. Tom, Lynn and Nan went to public school and participated in the activities of the student house.

- Monday night was family night when all five of us would have the evening together.
- Tuesday night the teams (Development, Penetration, Formulation, and Administration) met.
- Wednesday night we held courses for both staff and participants.
- Thursday night we met in assigned study groups.
- Friday night till Sunday Noon we taught courses all over the USA and at the EI itself. On Sunday night at 6 o'clock we had our house church with both reports and celebration (bread and wine, reports from traveling teaching teams, birthdays and anniversaries).

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It was at the beginning of 1968 that my life shifted to a new assignment. I was still in the 5th City redevelopment program, but my assignment was to work with the Vice Lords. It seems that the President (Bernard) and the war lord (Gene) of the gang had asked EI to let me be their “Hoodlum Priest” because EI had been given a government grant designed to pay each member of the gang for 4 hours of work and four hours of education per week day.

My first step was to put on the collar and my next step was to visit the gang’s headquarters at the Jet Hanger (an old inner city abandon warehouse). In the old union building the gang had located a board room with large purple chairs and a well crafted table around which to meet. They took possession of these treasured symbols of authority and put them in the office room of their headquarters. The leadership of the gang was made up of 12 persons between the ages of 18 and 28.

I went in the office, was greeted as their Hoodlum Priest, and I opened a dialogue on how we could best use our work time and our class time. We talked about cleaning the streets, guarding the grocery store, and opening a moving company called “the mother truckers.”

Finally, they decided that their best skills were in the destruction business since they knew how to tear up any and everything in sight. It just happened that several building in 5th City were tagged for rehab so we decided we would purchases sledge hammers and other types of destruction equipment and work four hours every morning ripping out the insides of buildings earmarked for rehab.

To symbolize our new vocation we all bought and wore a bright yellow hard hat. For their class session they wanted to learn how to plan trips. They had developed a long list of places they wanted to visit. First on their list was Dick Clark’s Band Stand TV show which originates in California.

For this trip they made a list of places to visit including the Joliet State Prison in Illinois, Leavenworth Federal prison in Kansas, and Alcatraz in California. Why, because they wanted to visit some friends. They also wanted to visit St Louise, Denver, Las Vegas and Los Angeles. Why, because they wanted to visit some of the local gangs and set up an independent communication system.

I was glad that this was not something we could actually do, but we did have a good time plotting and planning the trip and gathering picture and factual information about each institution and city.

To symbolize our class work each one of us got a light tan briefcase to carry our trip planning equipment.

We did get to take a trip. Sometime in mid winter of 68 Iowa Wesleyan College invited the gang to come and participate in a weekend seminar on “crime in the city.” The gang was excited and eager to go. We were all given round trip tickets on the train from Chicago to Mount Pleasant, Iowa for the next week end.

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Here an unexpected and strange thing happened. On occasion when gangs got together and on the nights I went with the gang to see Chicago professional basketball I depended on the gang as both my invitation and security for being the only white dude in a sea of Afro-Americans. When we arrived in Mount Pleasant, Iowa the gang depended on me as both their invitation and security for being a group of black men in a sea of white faces.

They all insisted on sleeping in the same dorm as I did. When we went to the commons to eat they crowded around me like we were glued to each other, and during the week end seminar they made sure all us of sat at the same table. We took a walk down town and they made sure I wore my collar and behaved like I was leader of this gang.

All of this changed when we got back home, but for a time it was an interesting shift in relationships and understandings.

On one occasion while we were in a class session a runner appeared and whispered in Bernard's ear who in turn whispered into Gene's ear and suddenly all the gang stood and huddled. Shortly I learned that another gang had come into their territory who had not been invited. This meant trouble.

Several members of the Vice Lords left but returned in just a few minutes after which the gang went out into the street and began walking toward the hospital. I walked out with them, but quickly returned to get my briefcase. It was unusually heavy. By the time I caught up the two gangs were face to face. I was standing on the sidewalk with others who had gathered. The gangs began to shout and challenge each to come out and fight. I walked out in the street and spoke to Bernard, he advised me to return to the sidewalk, I did. Finally one member of each gang stepped forwards and walked slowly toward each other.

When they were about ten feet apart both men displayed knives. They walked around each other and finally engaged. It did not take long, Benny (a Vice Lord) and Jason (a renegade) both scored with their knives. Benny had his arm sliced open from shoulder to elbow and Jason was sliced along his torso from right to left. At that time the police arrived and the gangs scattered. Some of us helped both Benny and Jason into the hospital and took them to the emergency room.

After the two injured gang members were under a doctor's care, the police asked all of us to go sit in the hall and wait for an interrogation officer to come. There were about 15 of us, mostly black, no gang member were present except Benny and Jason who were being sent to the County Hospital. I sat down with my briefcase on my lap. The interrogation officer started at the other end and I decided to look into my briefcase. I did not keep it open long, inside was 3 revolvers and two switchblade knives. I hoped the police would not ask to see inside my briefcase. Here, as in many times, my collar saved the day. When it was my turn to tell what happened the policeman paid no attention to my briefcase though he had searched several of the young black men.

Benny came home several days later but his left arm was tightly bandaged and in a sling. It took nearly five weeks for his arm to heal. I never heard anything about Jason.

On another occasion, during a gang sponsored party at the Jet hanger one of the former gang members who had been expelled from the gang showed up. The tension in the room was as thick

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as twelve men smoking cigars in a small hall closet. I watched and waited, finally Bernard spoke to him and he left. I did not notice anything, but the next day I found out that several members of the gang had taken the intruder into an ally where a firecracker was placed in one side of the intruder's nose and exploded. A few days later I saw the intruder again and his face was in a bandage. Life in the ghetto is both hard and dangerous.

A trip to Sears

One morning I met the gang and told them to go ahead and work but I had to go to the Sears store. (In 1968 Sears was located at their tower store on the west side. It was the largest Sears store in the world and several years later it was moved to the present Sears Tower in downtown Chicago. That tower store on the west side was said to have the largest police force in Chicago only slightly smaller the Chicago Police Department itself.) The gang said they would like to go with me. Since we were only four blocks east of Sears I said OK come on, let's walk. "No." they insisted. "We will get a car and drive". They did, and when I asked them where they got the car, they looked at me and replied, "We stole it."

When we arrived I went my way and they went theirs planning to meet in 30 minutes back in the parking lot. I purchased what I needed and promptly returned to the car. They were there waiting for me, so we hopped in drove back to our work site. They dropped me off and said they were going to return the car and would be right back.

An hour went by and no gang showed up. I left the work site and went to the gang's club house. They were all there sitting in those big purple chairs laughing, joking and having a good time. I asked them "what happened". They replied "nothing, we just want to come over here so we could give you some gifts." With that they pulled out a box, opened it up and spilled its content on that fine ornate desk. There were candy bars, shaving cream, toothbrushes, men's shirts, several pairs of undershorts, a bathing suit, an electric shaver, and on and on and on.

Right there in the midst of the second largest police force in Chicago with airtight security systems in place and in less than thirty minutes they had "shop lifted" all these items and no telling how much more. The gangs of Chicago were skilled in their own profession. I told them Priests not even Hoodlum priest accept stolen goods. They shrugged and said they would take care of the stuff.

A Trip to the Zoo

One day the gang suggested we take a trip to the Zoo. I said OK, but no stealing cars, let me arrange the transportation. The next day (Friday) I had two cars available so off to the Zoo we went. It took about four hours to walk the walk and then we returned home. They all seemed to enjoy it, but other customers were very leery of our presence. Over the week end I was engaged in some classes at EI so I did not see the gang until Monday.

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On Monday I made my way up the club house, walked into the board room and there on the table was a snake. I asked, "Where did you get the snake?" they looked at each other and smiled and then Bernard said, "At the Zoo."

A trip to Museum of Science and Industry located in South Chicago

On another occasion we took an educational trip to the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. We had a mini bus and nine of us went. We had been give free tickets complement of the Chicago Federation of Greater Chicago (CFGF). We went in. I gave each one of them a map of the exhibits, set a context of where to go and what to do and sent them on their way.

During that period everyone at EI was reading a book on Sociology and each of answered the same list of questions so we could compare and contrast what each author said. We started with Plato's republic and picked out every book on the subject since them. That particular day I was reading "The Politics of Liberation" by Stokely Carmichael and others.

While the gang enjoyed the Museum, I planned to sit and read my book. Fifteen minutes after the gang left they came back and said "We have finished, what's next?" I told them it would take at least four hours just to walk around the museum and it takes a whole day to visit the exhibits. OK they said and off again they went. Fifteen minutes they were back. So we left and returned to 5th .City.

A trip to Revinia

Revinia is an outdoor theater north of Chicago. It has a pavilion with a stage and reserved seats for about 80 people. Because of the way it is placed at the bottom of a hill it can accommodate up to 200 additional people sitting on blankets and folding chairs etc.

Early one week the Chicago Federation of Greater Chicago (CFGF) sent the Institute 40 extra tickets for a performance at the Revinia outdoors playhouse on Saturday night featuring the Benny Goodman Trio. (Yes. Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and Lionel Hampton). It only took us a few hours to have a bus load of 39 people to go, 14 of which were the core team of the Vice Lords.

On Saturday we boarded the bus and off to Revinia we went. It was still light when we arrived so we took that time to visit the concession stand and have a bite to eat. The gang stayed with me because once again they were an Afro American group of men between 18 and 30 years old in a sea of white faces. Wherever we walked everyone stepped aside and let us pass. When they opened the pavilion the gang went right in and occupied the first row. One of the ushers had seen me with them so he came over and said that I would have to have them leave because the front row was already booked. I replied "if you want them to leave you will have to ask them yourself."

He looked a little anxious, but he left and called together the other ushers and the four of them had a conference. I have no idea how they did it but that gang sat in the front row of a high class theater for two hours listening to the music of the Benny Goodman Trio.

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The mortar that holds all the episodes together is not always pretty. Every week I visited the hospital several times, it could come from a fight, a knife, or a revolver. Bernard and Gene were both shot, Bernard in the chest and Gene in the foot. Other members of the gang would be picked up and charged with fighting, stealing, or drug trafficking (our major drug was “the Weed” but we did have some trouble from cocaine). Thus I spent a great deal of time in the court system. One Judge got to know me so well he would say to me “Preacher Bill what would you recommend I do?”

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Easter Weekend - 1968

And then it happened. On Easter week end in Memphis, Tennessee Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated. On Thursday night I was participating in one of the Institute's study groups when Gene burst through the door and shouted:

"They have killed the man – they have killed the man"

All of us knew "the Man". He had been in Chicago shortly before he was killed and all of us in the room knew that "we were not in Kansas anymore." That night people were on the streets yelling and crying. The boom boxes began to play MLK's speech "I have a Dream" and it was not turned off until late Friday night, but began again on Sunday morning and stayed on for another week.

One of my duties in relationship to the Federal and State government was to bring a daily payroll sheet to their offices by 8:00 every workday morning. On that fateful Friday (the day after MLK was killed) I boarded the L-train and went downtown. After I delivered the payroll sheet I board a bus to return to the west side. On that trip the bus was stopped, banged on, and pushed as if the crowds wanted to turn it over. It took me two hours instead of usual 35 minutes to get back to the Institute and 5th City.

The streets were full of people, the "I have a dream" speech was playing, none of the gang was in sight, so I just walked the two blocks to the Institute and pitched in to help the staff set up for the weekend courses.

Another kind of new and interesting way the Institute functioned was on the presupposition that "any task could be done by anyone." So when the assignments for the week end came out I was assigned to wash the breakfast, lunch and dinner dishes all weekend for 200 people. Yes, we had one of those disposals with a sanitizing rinse apparatus that one man could operate but I had never done that. I reported to the kitchen at 5:00 pm, read the directions and after a few mistakes to learn by I was up for the task by the time the evening dishes began to show up. Along about 8:00 I heard some commotion out back, I responded only to find one late arriving participant had been attacked. Other staff showed up about the same time so I went back to washing dishes.

Before another hour passed it was clear to me that we would not make it through this evening as we planned. People began running in and out the kitchen, the cooks, who were locals, left, participants began to leave, but I kept on washing dishes. Shortly thereafter, the Dean of the Institute came in with two Afro-American men and they were talking about the riots that had engulfed Chicago and other cities across the country.

I turned off the water and went to my fourth floor apartment. Marianna and Nan were there so the three of us went up to the roof and looked at Chicago. It looked as if the city of Chicago was on fire and to our right the fire was progressing up Roosevelt Road, and to our left the fires were moving west down Madison Street. All in all, 5th City and the Institute were in the middle of both streets and the fires were moving fast.

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The west side was alive with people breaking windows, looting stores, and setting fires. A large number of our staff bolted out of the building, crossed over the fence and made their way to the Eisenhower Expressway and headed west on foot. Marianna, Nan and I decided we should leave. As we started to the door, someone knocked. I opened the door. It was Bernard, Gene, and seven other members of the gang. Bernard said to come with them and they would get us out before 5th City and the Institute burned.

On the way down the hall another staff member and her daughter came out of their room and I told them to come with us. As we were going down the north side steps she handed me the keys to her station wagon and said it was parked right outside the north door. I took the keys, the gang escorted us to the car, and they stationed themselves around the car because the streets were full of people and when we were ready to go they walked ahead and parted the crowd so we could get by. When we reached the next block we took the entrance to the Eisenhower Expressway and headed west.

An hour later the five of us arrived at a motel, we stopped and checked in. Nan and the other girl went to bed but the three of us went to an all-night bar next door to the motel and had a drink. Sometime after midnight I called the Institute and the person who answered informed us that the Illinois National Guard had arrived and set up their headquarters at the Institute. I gave him our phone number and the three of us went to bed.

The next morning about 7:00 am, someone from the Institute called and said that they were setting up a system that could take care of staff returning from their teaching assignments in various cities of the U.S. (On a weekend we would send members of our staff to various cities in the U.S. who would leave Chicago on Friday and return on Sunday). Because of riots in other cities some of our staff were returning on Saturday and the rest on Sunday. So all day Saturday and Sunday I picked up staff at O'Hare and took them to various homes of people outside of Chicago who were friends of the Institute (at this point no one was returning to EI headquarters).

On one of my trips to O'Hare Nan our youngest daughter went with me and I put her on a flight to Daytona Beach to stay with Marianna's mother and father until all of this was over.

Monday morning I was called again and this time the Institute wanted Marianna and me to return to 5th City. The four of us (we had another mother and her child still with us) drove to O'Hare and gave the car to the woman's husband and the three of them left to for their home town, Denver CO. (her husband had just returned from a teaching trip). From O Hare Marianna and I took a taxi and when we told the driver our destination he informed us that he was not taking passengers to dangerous places like 3444 West Congress Parkway. It took us a while to convince him to take us but finally he did.

Over the next few weeks about fifty armed troops from the Illinois National Guard stayed at the Institute in order to keep that area of the city secure, but a few of us (like me) had to always be with their patrols. Why? It was because they did not want to be on their own without a guide who would recognize and protect the people who lived in 5th City. Every night I went with a patrol in stay the night in an old abandon warehouse district of the city. Other staff including Marianna along with the 5th City staff opened the preschool program and began classes.

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In a short while things began to settle down and 5th City began to move forwards to rebuilding itself and I was back on the streets with the gang.

A night club at the Jet Hanger

Several weeks after the riots the gang opened their own Night-Club in an old warehouse. BUT: This meant that I would be there every night; I was the only white person the Vice Lords would allow in the building. It was dangerous just to be white on the west side of Chicago but to be white and be out alone at night is a prescription for suicide.

Yet, for my own protection and because I was the only one they trusted with their money, Bernard and Gene promised that the gang would escort me home to the Institute (about two blocks away) every night after the dance hall closed.

On one particular night about 12:00 there was a rumble about trouble with a rival gang. Everyone split, took off in all directions, gone, some to get their fighting equipment, and others to invade the home territory of the rival gang. In the confusion I ended up alone, two blocks from the Institute. I waited a while. No one came back to the club. So I cautiously made my way toward the Institute – Believe me, I was scared.

As I turned the corner and started down a street lined with several three story residential flats, I heard a banging noise over my head. I looked up only to see a brick falling through the trees headed for me. It missed, but along came three more. Someone or maybe more was throwing bricks at me from the roof of one of those flats.

For a moment I was paralyzed with fear, and then I ran. I bolted through door of the Institute and got behind the desk where our security guard and one of my colleagues were sitting. I was visibly upset, speechless, and shaking like a leaf in a wind storm. My whole life had just past through my mind.

My colleague kept asking me: “Bill! What wrong.” As soon as I was able, I told him what had happened and then I added “I’ve had it, this is it. I am not going back to the streets and get killed. The gang will have to find someone else to be with them. To which my Colleague replied: “Bill, for the sake of 5th City to be with the gang is exactly what you need to do.”

I was stunned. No one in his right mind would say that. Anyway, I didn’t reply. I went inside, had something to drink and went to bed just thankful to be alive. But, I couldn’t sleep! I resented the Institute for assigning me to be with the gang, I was angry at the Vice Lords for leaving me helpless in the streets, I blamed those hoodlums for throwing bricks, and I was furious at George for being so rude as to suggest that this is what I needed to do for the future of 5th City. It was sort of “to hell with all this, I quit.”

I will never forget that when morning came, just as the sunshine of a new day flooded my room, I got up, showered and dressed. Maybe it was the sunshine, Maybe it was those words that George spoke, Maybe it was just the mystery of life moving in my soul, but I had decided to be and stay in

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5th City, so I put on my clothes and went out into the streets again to see if any of the gang members were hurt, in jail or dead. (Life is filled with many strange and unusual experiences.)

The Night I Spent in Jail

It was Thursday night and I was in my study group. About 9:30 I retired to our apartment trusting that all was well with the gang but it wasn't. Bernard had been picked up by the Chicago police and taken to the West Side precinct and charged with a shooting that had taken place several blocks from 5th City. I received this information around ten o'clock and the gang's runner went on to say that three other gangs had joined with the Vice Lords to protest Bernard's arrest. The four gangs had encircled the precinct demanding that Bernard not be abused but released. I would later learn, because of the riots, and the fear of sparking more violence, the police of the West Side Precinct had not informed the Chicago Police Department of the arrest.

The runner also told me that Bernard had sent a note to the gangs saying he was not being abused by the police but the gangs did not believe it. Bernard sent another note which read "go get Bill Bailey". I dressed and drove with the runner to the Precinct, went inside and got a big surprise. Bernard was all right but the police were scared half to death. After talking with Bernard the police asked me to help them defuse this standoff with the gangs.

I went outside and talked with Gene and the presidents of the other three gangs. They believed me but they were reluctant to leave for fear of what would happen after they left. The five of us talked, Gene assured them I was trustworthy, and we came up with a compromise. The gangs said they would leave but they intended to leave three members from each gang (12 men) who would stay all night on a security watch. The police would have to leave Bernard's Cell open and I would have to stay with Bernard all night and report to the security watch every hour on the hour.

The Police accepted the compromise and said the night watch would wake me every hour on the hour to report to the gang. They took me to Bernard's cell, and we told Bernard what had been decided. He agreed. I went back to the streets, told the gang it was all ok and they left, all except the 12 on security watch. I went back in, joined Bernard in his cell. It was now about twelve o'clock. The police came and got me five times to make my report to the gangs, on the sixth call they informed me that the real shooter had been apprehended and that Bernard and I could leave.. One patrolman commented "this is the first time something good happened between the gangs and the police.

An interlude for additional information about 1968

From January to June 1968 I was on the streets with the gangs, Marianna was still teaching in the 5th City preschool, and the institute was teaching courses, doing research, and raising money. One of the big changes that occurred several weeks before the Easter riots was a decision that all of the kids of high school age should spend a year with colleagues of the Institute that lived outside of the U.S. The idea was to broaden their image of the world and let them participate in different

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education systems and have a front seat experience of another culture. This decision affected every youth who would be in or beyond the 7th grade.

Soon after the first of the year Tom Bailey (our oldest) and John Mathews (whose father was the dean of the Institute) went to Iquique, in northern Chile for two years. Lynn Bailey (our middle daughter) and Pricilla Woods went to Santiago, Chile for one year. Nan was not yet old enough but in August of 1968 she went to Emmetsburg, Iowa for her 7th grade in school and to live with Jim & Eleanor Coffey who were friends of the Institute.

Religious Houses

In early June, mostly because of our success both in 5th City and number of people involved in the church renewal movement, the Institute decided to decentralize by establishing four “Religious Houses”. One each in Los Angeles, New York, Atlanta, and South Chicago. A “Religious House” would consist of three families from the Institute staff and three local families who wanted to become the part of the Institute staff. We referred to this as a “deployment” of 12 staff to four locations and if it worked we would do further deployment by establishing additional “Religious Houses” in years to come.

Marianna and I were assigned along with Charles & Doris Hahn (two kids) and Harry & Mary Ann Wainwright (two kids) to make up the Institute staff team to establish a “Religious House” in the Los Angeles area. During the summer 1968 we worked on models, materials, task, and relationships with each other and the other three “Religious Houses”.

Finally all four teams were ready to deploy. So the Institute rented four U-Haul trucks and on a brisk September weekend we loaded our truck for Los Angeles and we left. Our trip would take us west on I-55 to I-44 to I-40 and from Oklahoma we would drive on old U.S. Hwy - Route #66 to Arizona (I-40 was not completed beyond Oklahoma City but it was a rare treat to be on the popular U.S. Route #66).

The trip was an adventure for all of us. When we packed our truck in Chicago the last things we put on was course materials and picnic supplies (plates, utensils, non perishable food stuff and so on) so we could stop on the way and have a picnic for lunch. Our materials consisted of handouts, teaching supplies, and Institute planning, and implementation strategies for establishing a “Religious House”. We traveled in a caravan. First the truck, then next was the Bailey’s car, the Wainwright’s car and lastly, a VW Beetle packed with stuff and room for one, the driver. We called the VW our solitary car. Harry, Charles and I took turns driving the truck, and it took us a week to make the trip.

Our trip was not uneventful

The first corporate event happened in Rolla, Missouri. We arrive in Rolla about noon, so we found a public park, parked the truck, and decided to rest awhile and have a picnic. Charles took one of the cars and went looking for a grocery store to get some sandwich meat and cheese.

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Harry and I opened the back of the truck to get some picnic supplies and packaged foodstuff (bread, cookies, canned juices etc). While the truck door was open a strong wind came by and sent our materials on establishing a “Religious House” flying all over the park and down the hill we were parked on. We managed to save a few copies, but most of them were scattered all over that area of Rolla. We often wondered what would have happen if some people found one of those documents and established a ‘Religious House.’”

When we left Oklahoma City we connected with US HWY 66 (get your kicks on route #66). This meant traveling through downtown Amarillo, TX, Albuquerque, NM, Gallup, NM, and Falstaff, AZ. It also meant we would drive through the Painted Desert, the Petrified Forrest, and a visit to the Grand Canyon. We did it all.

In Amarillo, after a talk with a restaurant next to our motel, the owner set up a family meal for all of us gathered around a harvest table. When we came to the Painted Desert national park I drove the truck all the way through and the others went by car. At the exit there was a booth with a guard (there was no guard at the entrance). He stopped me and said trucks were not allowed, I told him I was leaving and he waved me on.

At the Petrified Forest we stopped for a picnic (no wind this time). They let you drive through, but you cannot get out of the car or truck to pick up a sample of petrified wood. However, they had some for sale and Doris bought a piece for each of us. At the Grand Canyon we parked at a motel, took both cars, and drove to the Grand Canyon National Park. We spent the day, drove back to the motel and the next day we left headed for Flagstaff, AZ.

I was driving the truck when we left Flagstaff. Shelly Hahn was with me. As we made our descent down the mountain heading for Phoenix it became very difficult to keep the truck from going too fast. It had to be a balance between brakes, gears, and guts. Several times the truck was out-of-balance. On one such time Shelly turned to me and said “Aren’t we going too fast?” I said “yes” and the look on her face was a mixture of excitement and fear.

We made it and when we were on flat country again we entered a forest of Cactus that was eight to ten feet tall. I was thrilled. It was like watching a Gene Autry movie. From this point on we were in a desert environment, something I had never seen before.

In Phoenix we picked up 1-10 and headed for Los Angeles, a distance of about 360 miles. This meant crossing the desert so Doris Hahn picked up five medium sized insulated buckets and filled them with ice for the trip. I don’t remember what time we left Phoenix, all I remember is we arrived in L.A. around mid afternoon. The trip across the desert was awesome. It was hot and dry and all along the way we would encounter signs that said “Check your gas, the next gas station is your last chance” and “Have you checked your water supply for yourself and your vehicle, the next stop is your last chance”. This sort of “Last Chance” signage was present all the way to Riverside, CA.

We were heading for Santa Monica to meet us with the Oberg family of two, the Newcomer family of two, and the Dalke family of four. There was also a Methodist Pastor in Santa Monica who was the local leadership for our invitation to come to Santa Monica and establish the L. A. Religious House.

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When we arrived we proceeded to the Pastor's house. He was waiting for us, and he called the other three families to come and meet with us. They came, and we celebrated our first get-together with a bottle of Champagne. After meeting everybody we had to have a place to settle for the night. The Newcomers were out of town, the Oberg family took the Wainright family, the pastor took the Hahns, and since the Pastor had his own home, the Baileys could stay at the church's parsonage which was right beside the church. There was just one glitch. We could not be seen going in or out and no lights could be turned on. If spotted, we were to let the pastor know immediately.

This was to be our sleeping quarters for the next four or five days. We could slip into the parsonage after 9:00 PM and be out and gone by 6:30 AM. It only took one night to adjust to the dark, hitting pieces of furniture, finding our way to the toilet, and to have nothing to do but go to bed at 9:00 o'clock. We managed.

The three local families had taken responsibility to purchase an adequate home or apartment house to accommodate six families plus occasional guests with a meeting, kitchen, dining, and bedrooms for six families. It was a formidable challenge. In order to have some space the three families from Chicago decided to rent a house while we searched for a permanent dwelling.

We found a three bedroom house in Culver City that we could afford and moved in. At the time we did not know that the area was zoned single family and our neighbors had an active neighborhood watch program going. For the next few weeks or so, all of us had to be careful not to excite our neighbors. We did the best we could to appear as a single family who had a lot of visitors stay with them. We made it.

One of our main values was self support. The three local families had good jobs with good pay, but we felt obligated to do our part. So, when a sign went up down the street for a switchboard operator Marianna applied. After all she had some training on a switch board at the Institute. In Chicago we had a small switch board that serviced 8 or 10 outside lines. Marianna applied, got the job. She started at 8:30 and was back home by 10:00. The switch board she was to work with was not just 8 or 10 outgoing lines but more like 80 to 100 that kept blinking all the time (Oh well, live and learn).

In a few weeks we located an apartment house in Santa Monica, bought it, and moved in. It worked fine, had plenty of room, and was in a good location. Thus we became a teaching and serving center for the church renewal movement in Southern California.

From 1968 to 1980 the establishments of Religious Houses flourished. In the west area there were houses established in San Francisco, Seattle, Phoenix, Denver, and Amarillo. In the central U.S. they appeared in Houston, Dallas, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Wichita, Minneapolis, and Kansas City. East of the Mississippi River there were houses in Memphis, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Pittsburg, Washington D.C., Philadelphia, and Boston.

Over the next few years House were also established in London, Brussels, Rome, South Korea, Japan, Hong Kong, Majuro (Marshall Islands), Apia (Western Samoa) and Cebu City (Philippians), Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, Havelock North, (NZ) and others I don't remember.

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I wish to digress and give the reader an overview of the journey that Marianna and I took as a Prior family (The Prior is the first among equals, the one who is responsible for the task and the staff) of a house looks like this:

In July 1969 and 1970 (second year) the two of us lived in the Los Angeles Region Religious House located in Santa Monica, Calif.

In July 1970 Marianna and I returned to Chicago – I was Prior of 5th City and Marianna managed the bookstore, for a quarter, taught in the academy for two quarters, and coordinated the 1971 Research Assembly.

In July of 1971 the two of us moved to and became Priors of the Washington DC House.

In the fall of 1972 we were sent to Toronto Canada as Priors of the House.

In July of 1973 we were reassigned to the Oklahoma City House where we stayed for the next four years.

In July of 1977 we were reassigned as Area Priors of the South Pacific and headquartered for two years on the Majuro Atoll (Marshall Islands) and one year in Western Samoa and New Zealand. During those four years we worked and made connection in the Fiji, Western Samoa, Guam, Truk, Tonga, Papua New Guinea, New Zealand, Australia, and Hong Kong.

We returned to the U.S. in 1981, and were assigned as Priors in the Oklahoma City House which now included Dallas.

In 1983 the staff of the Institute as it had been began to close down which was finally symbolized by a meeting of the staff for five days in Octipect, Mexico.

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1968-1983

In this next section I would like to share some memorable stories and activities that took place between 1968 and 1983.

While in the L.A. House (from July 1968 – July 1970) both Lynn and Tom returned from Chile, lived with us at the Religious House and graduated from Santa Monica High School.

The events on the day Tom returned from Chile

At Tom's request we had sent him the money for his return air trip from Chile to L.A. International. Tom wired us of the time he was leaving, his flight number and time of arrival in L.A. which was 6:00 AM. Marianna and I were at the airport and the plane arrived on time. We waited an hour but Tom did not appear (later we learned that Tom had been stopped and searched because he was carrying a knife)

Somewhat upset we returned to the house. About thirty minutes later Tom called from the airport and said he was waiting for us to pick him up. We both hopped in the car and went back to the airport.

We did not recognize Tom when we saw him. He had grown a beard and his clothing looked like he had slept in it for a week. Because it was too late to register for High School I dropped Marianna by the house and Tom and I headed for the Administration office of the Santa Monica High School. As for myself, I had not shaved that day and I was not dressed up. The receptionist look at us like we had just come off of a week end drunk, but she showed us into the principal's office and he informed us it was too late to register for the present quarter of classes.

On our way home I dropped Tom off at the Barber shop and I went home showered, shaved and put on my Pastoral garb including a collar. I went back, picked up Tom, brought him home and he changed into a coat and tie. We went back to the principal's office. The receptionist stood up and welcomed us when we came in and she showed us in the principal's office and Tom was register and admitted into the Senior Class.

My, just think, a shave and a hair cut along with proper and professional clothing can work miracles.

Living in LA

Living in L.A. gave us access to a lot of entertainment opportunities. On one occasion Tom, Lynn, Marianna and I went to see the musical 'Hair' (with full frontal nudity) and later we went to see "I Am Curious, Yellow" a triple X film with explicit sex. Dick Newcomer who lived in the house with us worked for Big Blue. Once every year IPM would buy six hours (6:00 to Midnight) of time at Disney Land as a gift to its employees and their families. Dick invited all of us living in the

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Religious house to be his guest. Imagine it, six hours in Disney World where ever attraction is free. We did not get home till after 1:30 AM.

When Lynn arrived from Chile, Marianna and I were living in a very small three room unite in a house behind the apartment. We had a small living room, an even smaller bedroom, and a small kitchen with one small bath room. Marianna and I slept in the living room, Lynn chose the kitchen. In July of 1969 we moved to a two room apartment on the second floor of the house. Lynn and Eileen Morrill (A daughter of a staff family living in Chicago who was assigned to the house) moved into a large bedroom and bath with its own outside entrance.

During these years with the Institute we did a lot of singing. We would take a popular tune and write our own words to it. This was a ritual like activity that all of us enjoyed. Lynn and Eileen wrote a song to the tune of “Hey Jude” and sang it for the house members.

A new course, The Odyssey

The four houses, working together with the research center in Chicago, put together a “Spirit Journey” weekend we called the Odyssey. In the language of the Institute we called this a part of the “New Religious Mode” that would be a part of the renewal of the Historic Christian Church. It was based on the vows used by “Religious Orders of the Historic Church” consisting of:

Poverty	Chastity	Obedience
Knowing	Being	Doing
Prayer	Contemplation	Meditations

The Odyssey was for people who had taken R.S. 1 and wanted to go deeper in their spiritual life. It would be one of those 6 hours awake and three hours asleep with discussion and activities that related to the above nine steps of going deeper into our personal and your groups spiritual life.

The L.A. Religious House does its first odyssey

It took us about six weeks to invent and get all the parts together that would make up the Odyssey. On the Friday night of Odyssey we began with a meal and context, and then we made a covenant together, and put on a dark brown outer garment made from Burlap. We had 18 participants and the Odyssey itself went well, but the following story is not as much about the course as it is about the meal and the wine.

On the weekend of the Odyssey Marianna was assigned to a course with a colleague from Chicago in San Diego. Because the rest of us had to study the curriculum, set up sleeping spaces for the participants, make burlap over garments, and buy the wine Marianna had to fix our food on Friday morning before she left for San Diego.

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It was decided to have beef stew in a monks bowl for every meal. Marianna went to the grocery store, figured out how much meat etc to buy and to make enough beef stew for the weekend. Her question was “How to store enough beef stew in the refrigerator to feed participants and staff for the weekend.” She answered her question by purchasing several medium plastic trash cans with lids.

When she left that afternoon bound for San Diego she left us with more than enough beef stew in three plastic trash cans with lids to feed us for the weekend.

While Marianna was minding the kitchen, Doris Hahn and I made a trip to the wine store to purchase enough red wine to go with the beef stew. Because all of us on the Institute staff had already taken vows of poverty, chastity and obedience we were always mindful of “how much something cost.” That day the wine store had a sale on “Red Velvet Wine’ which was thick and sweet.

With that all done and when all the participants around the table we served red wine and bowl filled with homemade beef stew and a spoon. The first meal went well after which everyone went to bed for three hours (it was too early for anyone to sleep so I tried a shot of bourbon, it did not work the first three hours, but after that I was asleep before my head hit the pillow).

Now let’s flash forwards to Sunday from Midnight till Noon. Somehow (we later learned why) the beef stew was horrible both in smell and taste. Also, the thick, sweet, red velvet wine combined with the lack of sleep had all of us participants and staff unable to be at our full function. In our last meal together everyone fell asleep while sitting at the table.

This was not exactly what we intended, but it was one of those unintended consequences occasioned by a chemical reaction between plastic and beef stew as well as what thick, sweet, red velvet wine can do over a 44 hour weekend. Late Sunday afternoon when the participants left, we all had a big laugh and I suspect all of remember that spirit journey.

Fire in the House

One night, in the spring of 1970, while were all having our evening meal around a common table a man came through our front door and said “your house is on fire and I have already called the fire Department”. Everyone left and went outside. Before I left, I walked up stairs, picked up my briefcase and joined the others outside. One side of the house was belching smoke but no flames were visible. The fire trucks arrived, hooked their hoses to the water supply and began to search for the location of the fire. The fire chief arrived and he yelled to his men on the roof to cut a hole in the roof. When they did the flames were exposed.

It did not take them long to put out the fire and locate the origin (A space heater in one of the apartments). By 9:30 pm the fire department left. We were fortunate enough to have sufficient space available for all of us to bed down and continue our usual activities.

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Unexpected experiences

On one occasion Charles Hahn and I took a trip in his VW Beetle to Riverside, California to inspect a space that was available in an old monastery where we could hold some of our seminars. We found the space and the two of us decided it would work just fine. On our way out we learned that the space we had just visited was the same space that was used for Dr. Frankenstein's creation of his monster in the original movie that was made in the mid 1930's.

On our way back to Santa Monica on one of the LA Freeways we were stopped by a California State Trooper and Charles was given a moving violation ticket (now get this) for going too slow. Charles argued that he was driving the posted speed limit and the Trooper told him that was irrelevant. On these freeways you drive the speed that ongoing cars are using in whatever lane you are in (imagine that).

Two weeks later I got a ticket from a state trooper for causing a driver behind me to apply his or her brakes. It took all of us new comers a while to learn the way you drive on LA Freeways.

One day I drove to downtown Santa Monica to do some shopping. I parked in a city parking lot but I had to cross the street to get to the store. When I stepped into the street and started across a police car stopped me and gave me a ticket for "J" walking (California is a very unique state).

When Nan finished her year in Iowa she was assigned to the Religious House in Oklahoma City (July 1969 – 1970) where she would be in the 8th grade. It was my good luck to also be in the Oklahoma City House in the spring of 1970 for a weekend R.S.I course in Ada, Oklahoma. Ada is a one to two hour drive from Oklahoma City and Nan and several others from the house went with me to the course. It was a very good weekend and the participants were animated and energized. The city of Ada was destined to play a very significant role in the future of the "spirit movement" and the Oklahoma City house. The participants in the course soon found out that I was Nan's father and they thought it cool for the two of us to be there.

When we returned to the house Sunday afternoon I had to stay till Tuesday morning and catch a flight to Denver to lead a five day seminar. This meant two nights at the O.K. House. On Monday Nan took me to school with her and introduced me to her teachers, and that afternoon I took Nan shopping and we ate supper together in the restaurant of her choosing. It was so good to see her and I think she was glad to see me too.

In June of 1969, Marianna, the Hahns, and Wainrights were assigned to return to Chicago for the summer program. The Hahns and Wainrights were to be reassigned (Wainrights to San Francisco and the Hahns to England) so they packed us and drove to Chicago. Marianna went by train (the Santa Fe) with several other members of the house. I stayed at the Religious House. After the July program was over, Marianna called me and said she and I had been assigned to be the Priors of the Santa Monica Religious House for 1969-1970. In August I was assigned to return to Chicago for a priors meeting.

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In June of 1970, Marianna and I were both assigned to come back to Chicago to help prep for the summer program and reassignment. That summer Marianna participated in the Summer Research Assembly and I was assigned to 5th City to help facilitate the 5th City staff in forming a local men's group (about five or six men) to work together on economic development to provide local ownership in a grocery store, a money exchange, and a Laundromat. The local barber shop was already locally owned, so this new program was the first step in building a town center.

5th City already had a centrally located Town Hall consisting of a health clinic and a senior's center. A block away was a renovated corner building that served as headquarters for the 5th City Board of Managers. There was a diagonal road (5th Avenue) that crossed Jackson Street at this point. The long term Vision of 5th City was to build a small shopping Mall at the junction of 5th Avenue and Jackson consisting of 4 or 5 locally owned stores. The men of 5th City could be very helpful in making this vision become real.

In the last city election the people in and around 5th City had voted 98% for Mayor Daley who won (we did this to see if we could make the Chicago political structures aware of 5th City). It worked, two days after the vote, the City of Chicago Street and Maintenance Department called the Board of Managers and asked if they needed anything done in 5th City. This was the way 5th City got the attention of the City. This ended up helping 5th City actualize their vision.

Eventually, over the next fifteen years, the mall was built, 5th Avenue was closed, and the city of Chicago picked 5th City as a location for their new bus barn and the state helped 5th City to rehab over two hundred apartments.

From July 1970 till July of 1971 Marianna worked in the Religious House Office of the Institute as its communication facilitator as well as manager of the Institute's small book store. Later that year she was assigned to teach in the Academy (an eight week live in program that covered the Institute's primary curriculum) after that she served as the coordinator for the Summer 71 program.

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Reassigned to Washington DC Religious House

At the end of the summer program (1970) Marianna and I were assigned to be the Prior Family for the Washington DC Religious House (1970-71). Lynn went to live in the New Orleans Religious House, Nan was off to the Hong Kong Religious House and Tom landed in Chicago at the Institute to continue his education at the University of Illinois, Chicago campus.

We left Chicago in a small U-Hall truck, spent two nights on the road, and arrived in DC around noon. The house was located on the East side of Washington and near the Catholic University. The house itself was the old Carmelite Monastery located near an old Catholic Cemetery. On the other side of the Cemetery was the new Carmelite Monastery. Both Monasteries were on a hill called (you guessed it) Monastery Hill.

Over the last two years the Institute along with colleagues from all over the U.S. had build a strategic plan, complete with strategies, implementation tactics, and time lines for the renewal of the local church. (To us renewal meant moving from the image that the church has a mission to the understanding that the church is mission. or you might say from a self-serving institution to a self giving community service force).

The strategic plan called for a cluster (three or four) of churches working together each in their own church and neighborhood to build a sustainable human community that was balanced by diversity and not separated by race, class, sexual orientation, or gender.

In the Washington DC area three churches signed on to do what we called “The Local church experiment” as the Washington DC Galaxy. We had about ten people including us in the house, most of whom worked, and six children all of school age who had to be taken and picked up for school.

Marianna and I connected with the three churches and set up the times and places to meet and work together on modifying the tactical system of the plan to fit each church situation. This took most of our time and all of our energy. As you might expect, some things worked real good and others became new leanings.

By the end of the year when time for evaluation came it was clear to us that the local church experiment needed a new focus as well as needing the respect and encouragement from the District and Conference level of their denominational structures. All of this would be evaluated and modified when all the Galaxy churches met in Chicago.

Our life on Monastery Hill

It was old but nice. The cemetery behind the house was filled with rats but we had very little trouble from them. We did call the exterminator once but he informed us that nothing would help with an old cemetery out back.

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Marianna and I became good friends with the Carmelita Head Master and some of the Monks, most of whom were teachers in the Catholic high school and university. One night they invited us to come to a special Mass so we did. When we arrived, the Head Master invited me to come with the monks and take the Holy Communion, in both kinds, bread and wine. I said "You can't invite me to do that, it is against your rules." He winked at me and said "in the holy Orders of the Church we do what we please." And then he went on to say "after you take the Holy Communion, in both kinds, bread and wine, I want you to come up with me and help me distribute the communion to the rest of our small flock." I did as I was told. (What a unique and unusual experience).

Because of our own Daily Office at the house I knew that the Carmelites had a daily office at the same time. On one occasion while walking through the grounds with the Holy Master I asked "what do you do at your early daily office, what rituals do you use? His answer was amazing. He said "we do only one ritual. We simply repeat together over and over again that God loves the World, God loves the World, God loves the World, and we do that as a reminder of our faith because there is no evidence to prove that God Loves the World."

A visit with Lynn

Lyn Mathews, the wife of Joe Mathews, Dean of the Institute, called us one day and informed us that she had it on good authority that Lynn Bailey had a boy friend down in New Orleans. She went on to say I think there is some talk about marriage. Why don't the two of you go to New Orleans and meet with Lynn and her friend.

We both agreed we would like to go, so Lyn arranged the teaching schedule for the weekend so that we would head south, teach for the weekend, and then continue on to New Orleans for a day or so before returning to Washington. It worked. We arrived in New Orleans on Sunday afternoon, met Lynn and her boy friend, went out on Bourbon Street for supper, and had a good time. (For us, it was always precious to see and visit with any or all of our kids. in the long run we missed them as much as they missed us). I don't remember how long we stayed but when the time came we returned to DC. Whatever was going on in Lynn's life at the time ended soon after we left. She did not get married.

As summer drew near Marianna and I received word that we were being reassigned for next year, and we should plan to come to Chicago for the Summer Research Program.

Before we left we spent a day or two visiting the buildings and memorials in the capital area of DC. The infrastructures and buildings of this great nation were in need of refurbishing and repairs. It was very difficult to see the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial in such poor condition. Maybe it was just a mirror of the way our country was going, still at war, economic troubles, unrest in civil rights, Kent State killings, Richard Nixon, so many broken things that needed to be fixed.

We arrived in Chicago in early June and went to the Kemper Building on North Sheridan Road which was the location for the Research Assembly scheduled for the summer of 1971. The eight-

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story Kemper Insurance Building had been given to the Institute when the Insurance Company moved its headquarters to a Chicago suburb.

Marianna and I were slated to go to Ethiopia in late summer or early fall. Since that fell into the category of an international assignment, we did not participate in the final plans for the summer program but took our turn with other families on international assignments on children structures (the structures set up to care for and look after the children of other staff members).

After the summer program began, all of us under international assignment did participate in the program but also managed to take our turn in the enabling the summer to happen (children structures, kitchen duty, security, clean up, and running the elevators.)

When the summer program was over, we joined all the other Religious House Prior families to plan and share insights. When it came time for the Prior Families to leave, Fred Bus, the coordinator for house priors informed us that we were on hold. So we waited.

While waiting I was assigned to be on the Development Team (raising money) and Marianna went to the Communication Team to work on data processing. In September the Development Team planned the fall development program which was called “the Metro Mobilization Maneuver.” I was assigned to the San Francisco region to organize, train, and implement the program. I did, and in fact I was there about three or four weeks and we raised our quota 100%.

Who knows what the future will bring? Not me, maybe only the Shadow knows.

After returning to Chicago and evaluating our development efforts, several areas needed more help, so I was off to Oklahoma City. I worked with the house and other colleagues for about a week or ten days and made a few trips to nearby cities like Ada and Enid.

While in Ada, as I was walking down main in the afternoon, I heard someone who was driving up and down Main Street yelling “Bill Bailey won’t you please come home.” Somehow Fred Bus had called the house and said it was urgent that he talk with me. The house had told him where I was but did not know how to contact me (no cell phones in 1971). Fred called the Chamber of Commerce in Ada, told them he needed to talk with me, and the chamber sent one of its employees out to find me.

I responded to the man calling me, he picked me up, told me I needed to contact Fred Bus right away so he drove me to the Chamber. I called Fred and he told me that I had to return to Chicago immediately. Why, because the Toronto House was having an Odyssey with no one to lead it.

Fred went on to say there was a ticket to Chicago waiting for me at the OKC International airport and that he would call the house and have them meet me at the airport with my luggage. I was about two hours from Oklahoma City with no time to spare if I could make my flight. Wow, time waits for no man!

I told Fred that I had a drawer filled with dirty clothes that needed to be put in my luggage. Fred said he would tell the house to put my dirty clothes in my bag. That ended our conversation. I went to the car and headed for the airport wondering what was going on.

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I arrived in time for my flight. The house brought my luggage and a driver to take the car I had back to the house. My flight to Chicago took me first to Dallas (the Dallas - Fort Worth airport had not yet been built) so I flew into the Love Field, the downtown city airport. I had only a few minutes to catch my flight to Chicago. I made it, but my luggage did not.

When I arrived at O'Hare I learned that I did not have my luggage, so I talked with American airlines Luggage Department, told them I was on a flight to Toronto the next day. They looked up my flight number and time of departure and informed me that they would have my luggage waiting for me when I arrived in Toronto. I casually told them my luggage was filled with dirty clothes and asked them if they would go ahead and wash them before sending the bag to Canada. They laughed and said, "No, we will let you have that privilege tomorrow."

I was met and taken to the Kemper building. It was late, but Marianna who was packed and ready to go. Fred was there as he wanted to brief me on what was happening.

It seems that some trouble had happen between the house and the present Prior Family who was already on their way to Chicago. They needed Marianna and me immediately in Toronto to facilitate a weekend Odyssey and to stay in Toronto as the Prior Family of the Religious House. Fred did not tell us the nature of what happened to occasion this change, he did however, tell us the we had been picked by the assignment team for the task of being "Trouble Shooters" for the Institute and that this was also the reason for our one year assignments to 5th City, Washington DC and now Toronto.

All I can say is we made it to the Toronto International airport in time for the Odyssey and since I wore my clerical collar on the trip I was able to get into Canada with a Motion Picture film we used in some of our courses simply called "The Requiem." And, oh yes, my luggage with all my dirty clothes was waiting for me. (Will miracles ever end, probably not?)

A very strange situation developed after the Odyssey

On Tuesday, after the Odyssey, John Burbage arrived from Chicago. John had also been assigned to the Toronto Religious House for that year. All the religious houses were self supporting but the Toronto house was having a very hard time in earning the money we needed to exist. John, being an Australian, could work in Toronto. Those of us from the U.S. could not. I do not remember what Marianna had in the way of coats and outer garments for the colder weather in Canada but I had come with only a light windbreaker and a cotton sweater, hardly sufficient for a winter in Canada.

Since money was in short supply, everybody (there were eleven of us) had to participate in either working out and/or cutting expenses. (The house we lived in belonged to the YMCA which was located next door and members of the house took turns being the night clerk on duty seven days a week as we needed the money.)

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Our new house member, John Burbage, was not my size, but he had a winter coat. On him it looked too big, on me it looked too small but we both made it through the winter with that one coat. Sometimes it depended on who woke up first, at other times I it would be “who had to leave the house first” depending on the days assignments and transportation needs to and from work.

Every staff member of the Institute remembers this year as a hard year. It was hard to do self-support, it was hard to recruit people for our courses, and it was hard to find ways and means to enable the church to become something other than self serving with an institutional paralysis. It began to dawn on many of us that compared to the last few years something was changing. (Here comes another transition!)

In the midst of this situation we had a great time in the house. We would invite colleagues from in and around Toronto to visit the house and have a dialogue with us about the future. We also enjoyed the city of Toronto and on one occasion we visited the Montréal Religious House for a four or five day conference on Canada and the future of the Traditional Church. (In Canada the two largest church denominations are the Church of England and the United Church of Canada with a small Presbyterian and Catholic presence).

On one occasion during the winter months Marianna was assigned to attend a special meeting of Colleagues in Sudbury, Ontario which is 200 miles north of Toronto. She went for the weekend but when she returned to the airport for her return trip to Toronto it was so cold that de-icing did not last long enough for takeoff nor could the pilots get the engines running. It took several hours and multiple attempts to get the motors started and the wings de-iced for a takeoff. Well, she got back, but she said it was something like 40 to 50 below zero at the airport. She was glad to be home in Toronto where the temperature was 8 degrees above zero. (Such are the challenges of travel.)

A very strange wedding

Two members of the house decided to marry. They asked me if I would do the honors, I said I would. We checked with the wedding laws, and discovered that the pastor of a church in a main line denomination located in the U.S. could perform a wedding in Canada. So the date and time were set and a Presbyterian Church gave us permission to use their sanctuary for the ceremony.

In the days of Plato, the Greeks understood the reality of undisclosed knowledge that can slip up behind you and do you in. Think of the Greek drama “Oedipus” who, as king, did not know it was his father he killed and his mother he married. If he had only known who they were he would not have done what he did. (And he would not have his name attached to the Psychological condition known as the Oedipus complex).

When we arrived at the church for the wedding I encountered some undisclosed information that the couple had chosen not to tell me. His family was on the left side of the statuary and her family was on the right. His family objected to him being a part of the Institute staff and they did not want him to marry “this woman.” Her family had the same attitude, they did not want her in the

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house and they did not want her to marry “that man.” Since both families had a sizable group of kin folks and friends with them, both sides had decided to stop the wedding.

The wrangling went on for 30 minutes or more. The Bride tried to reason with her family and the Groom with his, but to no avail. Finally they turned to me and said, “We intend to marry and our families have no right to stop us. We are both of age to be legally married and we are not obligated to obey our parents. Do something.”

I mused over that request and talked it over with Marianna. Finally I stepped in and announce a “time out.” I began a dialogue with both families, not about the wedding, but about their own church affiliation and the love they have for each other.

Then I asked them if they knew the Hymn of St. Frances, “All creatures of our God and King.” They did. Since we had hymnals in the sanctuary, I asked them to find that hymn, they did. Then I asked them to sing it, not in the usual way, but as a dialogue between each family (antiphonal).

His: All creatures of our God and King,

Hers: lift up your voices let us sing

His: Alleluia,

Hers: Alleluia!

His: Alleluia!

Thou burning sun with golden beams,
thou silver moon that gently gleams,

Refrain:

O praise him, O praise him,

Alleluia,

Alleluia,

Alleluia!

We sang all seven verses, and then reversed the dialogue with her family first and his family second.

When we had finished singing I asked the Bride and Groom to stand before me and I said “Let us now marry this loving couple” and we did with no more interruptions or comments. The wedding was a great success and while the families were talking and congratulating the couple, Marianna and I left. We knew the couple would be all right.

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One of the big events or maybe the biggest of the year was when both Lynn and Tom came to be with us for Christmas in Toronto.

That year we did manage to recruit and stage a week long clergy seminar but it was not fruitful from our perspective. We did, however, find out that the United Church of Canada was not pleased with the Institutes presence in Toronto. And the Church of England, while they did not really care, they were not interested in working with us in any significant capacity. The house and staff were in good shape and filled with confidence for the coming year. So it was with some enthusiasm that Marianna and I were assigned to come into Chicago for the summer program after which we were up for re-assignment.

The summer '73 was a time for evaluation of our focus on the historical church as an agent of change, or did we need a new focus? Also, what about our ability to recruit and stage for lay and clergy courses? We were still offering a full quarter of beginning and advance courses but somehow the numbers of participants were not what they used to be. It seemed as if something had changed and we had not yet put our finger on the reasons. We figured we might have to try something different for the year 1973-74.

Before we left Chicago that summer our Dean, Joe Mathews, and a team went to the Majuro in the Marshall Island to consider what a Human Development Project might look like. We also had some staff working with the native people (Aboriginal) of Australia using the methods learned in 5th City.

During the 1973 Summer Program we did some deep reflections and evaluations on where we were and which way to go. The Local Church Experiment was two years old and our question was "How effective is it working to renew the church and develop a global servant hood force to serve the needs of the world?"

In our reflections together we were all mindful of the fact that the chaotic events of the 60's, including war and social change, seemed destined to continue in the 70's. Major trends included a growing disillusionment with government, advances in civil rights, increased influence of the women's movement, a heightened concern for the environment, increased space exploration and seeing the Universe in a new light.

Many of the more "radical" ideas of the 60's gained wider acceptance in the new decade, and were mainstreamed into American life and culture. Amid war, social realignment and presidential impeachment proceedings, American culture flourished. Indeed, the events of the times were reflected in and became the inspiration for much of the music, literature, entertainment, and even fashion of the decade.

Some of my own reflections on our way to a new beginning

If I had learned anything as a pastor of the local church and a staff member of the Institute it is this:

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Whenever you fool with the traditional symbolic life of communities and individuals (their worldviews, stories, myths, symbols and rituals that infuse their lives with meaning) you invariably call into question their life style. This is what makes the Cultural dimension of life (education, symbolic life, and value system) so important. Think for instance when the Catholic Church which had for centuries used the same Latin Mass all of the sudden began to use the vernacular. This change in Symbolic life released several years of struggle and some churches, even here in the U.S. refused to make the change.

Also remember that it took four hundred years for the Vatican to acknowledge that Copernicus and Galileo were correct in saying the Earth revolves around the Sun not the other way around. Also, today multiple congregations across the world deny the reality of evolution.

The Institute had two primary strategies for the future

1. Our work in 5th city was often called a “Community Reformulation Project.” Instead of rehashing all the needs, downsides and issues of a community, we asked ourselves and the community what are the assets, the gifts and opportunities we have to address our life situation in a positive manner and think outside the box? It often occurs to me the most used response that we traditional make to our life’s situation is to blame, rationalize, and justify which does not change the situation, but allows it to remain.

Just think what it would be like to seek out and work towards a solution that addresses and resolves the issue or problem in some meaningful way. This, I think, is the social meaning of “transformation” which means change, which means shifting priorities, stories, and life style. In our fast changing world we cannot solve tomorrow’s reality with yesterday’s solutions.

For example, 5th City had an elder’s home where older people (mostly women) lived. The “Community Reformulation Project” challenged these older citizens to share their stories and from that information to design a course for children on “Black History.” They did, and that “Black History” curriculum was taught by these elders in five elementary schools in West Chicago. (What an asset to have for enriching community life).

2. Our “Renewal of the Church strategy” up to now was designed to transform the traditional Myths (stories), Symbols, and Rituals that had sustained the worshiping congregation and the institutional life of its denomination since their beginnings. The Scholarship of our day in the fields of anthropology and archeology, historians and the new sciences of biology, evolution, quantum physics, and the new astronomy that has given us empirical information about the birth of the universe has raised a serious challenge to the traditional belief system of the historic church. .

Perhaps, just perhaps the local church congregation is not where the transformation of a new worldview is to be birthed, but will happen on the main streets of local communities.

By this time 5th City had created a positive, livable, and dynamic inner-city neighborhood. You could call it a showplace for a human community. It was no longer a forgotten and overlooked Ghetto and it was the local people who did it and reaped the benefits of a new life. It was an

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epiphany to all of us. We had thought that the church would be the first to change the world by becoming an effective “Global Servant hood Force” for the future.

It began to become clear to us that the institutional and self serving focus of the traditional church would not be the first (but maybe the last) to embrace the new world that is dawning, rather it would be the grassroots peoples living in villages, small towns, and big city neighborhoods that would lead the structures of the world toward a new sense of justice, fairness, respect, and the oneness of all life. Over the next four years the Institute’s strategies began to move in the direction of “systems for Human Development” birthed by the amazing results of 5th City. We called it “our turn to the world.” We decided to think and dialogue about this kind of change during the coming year.

At the end of the summer program Marianna and I were reassigned to the Oklahoma City House. We had also decided to eliminate the use of “Religious House” and just call it “The House”. This came about for two reasons:

- (1) As we had more and more contacts with the world communities the word “religious” was no longer an adequate way to express our activities since we were beginning to work with secular institutions and local people. We could not do this with the name of “The Ecumenical Institute (EI)” because of its traditional association with religious institutions so we began to refer to ourselves as “the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA).
- (2) The second reason was because many nations outside of the USA had prohibited outside “religious institutions that send missionaries to work in their nations.” Our intent as both an Ecumenical Institute and Institute of Cultural Affairs was not to evangelize for the Christian Community but to “awaken people to their potential, and give them the methods and tools to equip them with self reliance and corporate unity in the places where they lived.”

One of the many songs we made up became for us a ritual of our global task:

*The time has surely come,
This world is going to live as one,
And everybody on earth
Has something to say.*

*We’re carrying the same load
We’re walking down the same road,
One world together,
Create the new day.*

During the summer program, the house priors met to talk about the coming year and we decided that every house would start a community reformulation project based on the methods of 5th city. The symbol “5” would be used to signify the commonality of these projects. The symbol “5” was the way we talked about the presuppositions of community reformulations (CR), which are:

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1. It is a delimited geographical area
2. It includes all the people
3. It includes all the problems
4. It concentrate on the cultural dynamic of the community (Education, Life Style & Symbols)
5. Symbolic is Key (to deal with the depths human problem in the neighborhood))

Little did we know it then, but in Oklahoma City the name of the project would be “Central City 5” which was formed during the winter and spring of 1973. (In 1982 we visited Oklahoma City and found that “Central City 5” had become a very active Neighborhood Association.

The other thing we did not know or anticipate was that Marianna and I would remain as the house priors in Oklahoma City for the next four years.

So, in late Augusts of 1973 the two of us left Chicago and made our way to the Oklahoma City House in Oklahoma City, OK. The house itself was a beautiful three story mansion located on the edge of downtown in an exclusive neighborhood designated as ‘Heritage Hills’. There were fourteen of us living there at that time.

There is a story about how the Institute became owners of that house.

In 1968 an insurance company bought this piece of property intending to tear down the house and its garage that was large enough for four cars and turn it into a parking lot for visitors and employees. The Heritage Hills community was wealthy and well organized so they took the case to court. The court ruled that the Insurance Company could not tear down the house and garage. Since the Insurance Company could not use the property they donated it to the Institute (a 5013C nonprofit) both for the tax write off and to spite the Heritage Hill Community. The Community didn’t like it, but there was nothing they could do.

One of the first things we did after our arrival was to change the décor of the house in order to symbolize that was to be a time of “new beginnings”. The second activity was to clean out the third floor so it could be useable space.

Cleaning the Third Floor

Before the weekend that we decided to clean out the third floor we decided to make it a fun weekend and to have a big celebration on Sunday afternoon. First we decided we would all dress and act like our favorite comedy or cartoon character. I don’t remember who some chose, but I do remember one person choose to be a pirate, one couple played Laurel and Hardy, and I choose to mimic and dress like a clown. We began with a big meal on Friday night and worked all day Saturday. The third floor was accessed by a front set of stairs and a back set of stairs.

We decided to always begin with that back set of stairs and return from the front set. We had music playing and at 8:00 AM we began cleaning up the third floor. The third floor was cluttered

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with left over stuff, some from our colleagues who had lived there over the last three years, some that was just there. It also had a heavy standard ping pong table located in the middle of the main room.

Around 11:00 AM I noticed that one person would bring down something and another person would take it back up. This happened over and over again. We finally got everything out but we all had a good laugh at ourselves when we reflected on our struggle to let go and throw away so much old unusable stuff.

When it came time to remove the ping pong table we gathered around it and considered ways we could get it downstairs. It was too heavy and bulky to carry and, anyway, we were all tired. So I said “I know how we can get it moved, wait for me, I will be right back”. I knew we had an ax in the basement, so I retrieved it and took it with me to the third floor.” When I arrived everybody said we can’t chop it up. I asked them “we have to move it, if not the ax what can we do?”

For the next ten minutes all was quiet, finally one person acknowledge that we could dismantle the table peace by peace, and take it out to garage. We did it, even though it took two hours to break down, carry it to the garage, and put it together again. After that we washed up, changed clothes, and met for one grand celebration by having a cook out in their back yard.

One of the big surprises that Marianna and I encountered was that we had three pastors who were willing to work with us in setting up a Community Project in the area of their respective churches. The three churches consisted of a Methodist, Catholic, and Missouri Synod Lutheran. It was a very strange, but wonderful coalition to partner with the OK House.

In order to move in the direction of doing a community project we had to have way to “awaken” the neighborhood where the three churches were located which was four blocks east of the OK House and on both sides of the Veterans Hospital.

We were in contact with all the other Houses in the US as well as our base in Chicago. Together we began to work on a Community Meeting model that would produce an action plan to be accomplished by the people and resources of the neighborhood. We called this a Participatory Community Meeting which called for transparent facilitation – bottom up – rather than top down.

The design of the Participatory Community Meeting we used was:

1. A conversation with the participants concerning what they liked and what they disliked about the neighborhood. Next we ask each participant to write down three to five ideas about their future vision of the neighborhood. Then we broke into small groups to discuss their ideas.
2. In the second step we did a vision workshop and organized all the ideas into a “Vision Chart”.

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3. Next, we asked the question “what prohibits or blocks us from realizing our vision?” After that we followed the same pattern of individual work, group work, and did a workshop, concluding with a “Contradiction Chart.”
4. Our next step was to build an action plan (using the same method as above) to address the Contradictions not by asking what others groups or institutions could do for us, but what can we do ourselves.

It worked, and it energized the participants in such a way that they were willing to work together to accomplish their vision based on their own resources.

For example: One contradiction was ‘little or no communication and networking within the neighborhood’. Action taken: A bi-weekly newsletter created and delivered door to door by neighborhood volunteers.

Two, the second contradiction was ‘no structured way to have the younger children of the neighborhood together in learning and playing situation’. Action: the creation of a neighborhood pre-school supported by volunteers and the three churches.

Three, the neighborhood was in transition and they wanted to have a name, a symbol, monthly meetings, and community activities that would bring the neighborhood together. Action: the creation of a community symbol by creating an historical park, creating a monthly meeting schedule, and naming the neighborhood “The Central City Neighborhood” which eventually would become “Central City Five (CC5).”

The Creation of a Historical Park

The CC5 neighborhood had a rather large traffic circle about three blocks below the Hospital. The houses that used to surround the traffic circle had all been removed and had not, as yet, been replaced. What the House and the Neighborhood discovered was that on this “piece of ground” now a circle was the location that Captain Styles of the U.S. Army chose to set up his official headquarters for the Oklahoma Land Rush of 1889 .

“The first land run into the unassigned lands and included all or part of the modern day Canadian, Cleveland, Kingfisher, Logan, Oklahoma, and Payne counties of the U.S. State of Oklahoma. The land run started at high noon on April 22, 1889, with an estimated 50,000 people lined up for their piece of the available two million acres (8,000 km²)”. Wikipedia Encyclopedia.”

The OK House and the neighborhood leadership did a design of the park which included a sign with the historic information on it. (It was a wooden sign with the information burned into it), a flower garden with evergreens around it, and a border of low growing evergreens on the inside of the perimeter of the circle. At the point where Captain Styles had his official tent, we planned to plant a small circle of decorative shrubs and trees.

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We took our plan and proposal to the Park and Recreations Department of the city and had it approved on the condition that we would not need or use any city money. We also notified the Oklahoma newspaper which printed a series of articles about the project and its history, as well as coverage for the day itself (the plan was to build the park in one day).

You could call it consequences, magic, a miracle or all three, but CC5 must have proposed the right project at the right time with great publicity because it seemed like the whole city got involved with the creation of a historic park called Style's Circle.

The only cost to CC5 was for the renting of a main tiller for the small park around the sign, the wood and stake for the sign, and the presence of a large group of neighborhood residence. Everything else, including the shrubs, flowers and trees, were furnished and finished by various landscape nurseries around Oklahoma City. The Oklahoma City Fire Department sent a truck to do the watering for everything that was planted. The Oklahoma City Police were present to direct traffic (we had a steady line of cars circling the circle all day and the trustees (trusted prisoners at the City County Jail) came and brought the equipment to clean up and reseed the grasses inside the circle.

The Park was completed on the same day we started at a little after 5 PM on a wonderful Saturday in Oklahoma City. For a celebration that evening we had a large cook out of Bar-B-Q with all the trimmings provided by the families and friends of the Neighborhood.

The House staff was all involved in the work we did to get Central City 5 underway. One of two of us would always be present at the monthly meetings and we were willing to help as needed. Meanwhile we had to set up our self support structures. Two of our staff found a job with a bad debt collection agency until they could find something more permanent. One young man took a job delivering "Charlie Chips" on a specific route, and we had a young man who had just finished high school (Larry Philbrook) who was having a hard time finding employment because he had a transportation problem. At that time there was a gasoline crisis because gas had reached fifty cents a gallon and it was in short supply. One weekend Larry found an article in the newspaper about a car dealer who had an advance model of an electric car for sale.

Larry, using his creativity, visited that car dealer and struck a bargain with the owner. It seems that Larry could get a job as a "meter reader" for one of the local utilities so he told the car dealer he could drive the electric car and be a "moving advertisement" for it. He also promised he would drive the electric car in all the parades and car shows that may occur in Oklahoma City. He got the car and the job. With the addition of these four new jobs and the jobs of other staff member, we had our self support for the year.

Every Monday morning mornings at the House we had an open meeting that was attended by six local pastors that were serious about church renewal. Since Marianna and I were both 1st teachers (as a designation of our experience we had 1st, 2nd and 3rd teachers who were subject to assignment), we helped the local pastors as well as being called upon from time to time to pick up a teaching assignment in some other location.

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A teaching assignment I did not expect

On one occasion I was assigned to teach a week end course at Lincoln, Nebraska. Our weekend courses began on Friday night and ended at noon on Sunday. For the Lincoln RS1 a 2nd teacher from Chicago was present (we always did team teaching). On Saturday afternoon the assignment team in Chicago called me and said I would have leave Lincoln on Saturday night and fly to Seattle, Washington. The assignment team (headquartered in Chicago) had my replacement already on his/her way. My flight to Seattle would leave from Omaha, fly to Denver Colorado, after a two hour layover, I would take a Continual flight to Portland, Oregon. I would be picked up and driven to the Seattle House where I would meet the rest of the teaching team. Wow, I ask, what kind of assignment is this? They said I would be filled in with all the details when I arrived in Seattle.

It was a long night but I arrived in Seattle a little before daylight. I made it in time to have breakfast with the teaching team. It was made up of me, Fred Buss, Lyn Matthews (our dean's wife,) the Prior of the Seattle House, Jack Barringer and Nan Grow from Chicago. (This was a very special team of august teachers)

At breakfast I learned we were going drive to a retreat center in British Columbia, Canada to do a five day course of RS1 for the United Church of Canada's, annual conference. (There are five sections of RS1 and we were going to do one section at a time from 9:00 AM to 1:00 PM each day)

It would work this way: One of us would do the Lecture, after which we would break up into four sections and the other four of us would do the seminar. (Nan Grow had come along because she needed to visit with her mother for a few days.)

RS1 was designed to cover a new approach to the primary symbols of the Christian Church.

- Session one is on the word symbol "G-O-D"
- Session two is on the word symbol "Jesus, Christ is Lord"
- Session three is on the word symbols "Freedom and Responsibility"
- Session four is a movie (Requiem for a Heavy Weight) and a conversation on "what is the Christ event in everyday life?"
- Session five is on the word symbolism of "The church is Mission"

- Day one: Lyn Matthews did the lecture and the four of us the seminar.
- Day two: I did the lecture.
- Day three: Jack did the Lecture.
- Day four: Fred Buss did the movie followed by a conversation
- Day five: the Prior of the Seattle House did the lecture

We stayed an extra day for debriefing and discussion with ourselves and with the leadership of the conference. At the closing meal before we left, some of the Pastors, in appreciation for our being there, stood up and sang "Won't you go home Bill Bailey, won't you go home" and that's what we did early the next day.

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On our way back we drove through the mountains. At one small village we encounter something we had never seen before. As a celebration of spring, the town folks had taken off their underwear (mostly long Johns) and hung them on every possible place they could find on their main street. This is where we stopped for lunch. Later we continued on to Seattle and the next morning I took a flight to Oklahoma City.

A research project in Ada, OK

The OK House was continually involved with Ada, OK (a small city of almost 8,000 residences). Ada had sponsored some of our Religious programs and now the Ada Chamber of Commerce was interested in researching the economic impact on Ada of a supermarket grocery store that had been built about four blocks from town center. The grocery store had been welcomed by the citizens' of Ada because it had expanded the variety and lowered the prices of most food goods.

Before the new store opened Ada had three locally owned grocery stores in town center and there were quite a few small family owned "corner grocery stores" scattered around in quite a few neighborhoods.

The three "downtown" stores always stocked fresh food stuff grown in and around Ada as well as food stuff shipped in from the major food suppliers. One of the stores was on the North side of down town and one was on the Southside, the third was sort of in the middle. Each of the three were owned and operated by two local families living in Ada (six local families in all). All three stores generally hired two additional clerks also living in Ada. During the summers and on weekends all three stores provided for two or three jobs for students of the local high school. The owners of the smaller neighborhood stores usually managed their own store, occasionally hired an extra clerk and often a high school student with a bike for home delivery after three PM on school days and all day Saturday.

Four years after the new Store was opened all three stores downtown were gone and most of the neighborhood stores had closed. The manager and four other store officials did not live in Ada, and two of them (the Manager and assistant manager lived as far away as Oklahoma City). The clerks and baggers were paid the minimum wage. All the money taken in by the store (except the minimum wage salaries) left Ada and went to the home office in Oklahoma City.

The new store did not buy local food stuff, but shipped in all the food they sold. The producers of locally grown food had shifted their marketing to some of the nearby communities or opened a "road side" stand.

It was the Chamber's evaluations that the Safeway Store had a negative impact on the economic situation of their community. Money was now flowing out of Ada instead of turning over and over within Ada itself and residents were dependent on the new store for their food Supply.

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Based on this conclusion, the Chamber of Commerce decided to continue their research project by hiring an expert in Community Economics to put a dollar value to their situation. I do not know how the final results turned out, but we all learned that to strengthen a communities' economic stability the community needs to bring money in and turn it over and over several times before that money leave and goes somewhere else. This insight became one of the pillars in our Human Development Projects (HDP).

By this time (1974) several new Institute Houses had been set up close to ours. There was one in Tulsa, Amarillo, Dallas, and Wichita. Also, there was some discussion going on between the Houses across the USA about setting up regional training centers for the purpose of training staff and neighborhood people in the methods developed in 5th City. I traveled by bus to both Amarillo and Dallas for the purpose of planning how and where to begin a neighborhood project. On another occasion, Marianna and I both drove to Tulsa for the same reason.

People in the OK City Houses became aware of a small two story local hospital (adjacent to the Missouri Synod Lutheran Church that was working with us) that was within two miles of the OK City House. The Hospital was bankrupt and the building was in the bankruptcy court. Del Stagner, a colleague and lawyer, suggested I represent the OK City House in a preliminary hearing of the court. The court had to decide the best way for the disposal of the building and property.

There were three of us who presented proposals to the court that day. One was a straight sell off of building and property and the other wanted to put in on the open market in the hope that a new business would lease the building and property for a new enterprise.

Since the building and property was in a neighborhood and not in a business district, our proposal was to fix it up and make it a regional training center for the ICA neighborhood development project. A few weeks later, for reasons I do not know, the judge ruled in our favor and we began to plan for a training center. The Lutheran Church people were delighted, and our colleagues across the USA were supportive.

In the midst of all this it was announced that a team was going to the Philippines for the purpose of setting up and starting a village project using the "Consult Method" (see later). Dr. Tom Whitsitt (a Doctor at the Veterans Hospital) decided to go and he took a special assignment with one of the pharmaceutical companies to raise the money for both of us to go.

So one day Tom and I boarded an aircraft in OKC, changed in Dallas and went to San Francisco where we boarded a JAL flight (14 hours) to Tokyo, spent the night in Tokyo, flew to Manila and from there to Lapu-Lapu City which was the location of a village by the name of Sudtonggan that was our final destination.

The flight itself

The JAL flight was quite an experience. It left in the late afternoon and after we boarded and took off they served us a very good meal with ample drinks on the side. Then they brought us slippers

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and a pillow after which they showed a movie. In a very short while most if not all of us were asleep.

At some point they woke us up and section by section we were taken for a walk around the isles of the 747. After everybody had walked, and used the bath room they served us breakfast and showed us another movie. This routine was duplicated again before we reach Tokyo.

In Tokyo Tom and I finally realized our size was not the Japanese size. In our hotel room the beds were too small and the ceilings were too low. The next day when we boarded a flight to Manila Tom and I had no leg room to spare.

We arrived during a typhoon and stayed the night at the terminal. The terminal was an open building, so there was a large crew of locals who spent the night sweeping the water out of the terminal. The next day we boarded the aircraft to Lapu-Lapu City and I experienced what it was like to be searched by a teenager with an assault rifle over his shoulder.

We were there to do a Consult in the village of Sudtonggan.

What is a “Consult”?

In general it is a five or six day meeting that takes place in a village or a neighborhood that is made up of our staff and volunteers that we called “The Guardians.” There would be about 12 of our staff and 8 to 12 Guardians at the consult. The “Guardians” paid their own way in order to share their expertise with the villagers and the staff would provide the facilitation for the participation in the process.

It usually took several weeks for the local House staff to set up the consult and after it was over some of our staff would stay and help in the implementation of their plan.

We started the consult with a big meal and celebration with the staff, villagers, and guardians.

The first day was the creation of a “Village Vision.” In the morning we divided into five separate teams: a political, economic, education, life style, and symbol team (worldview, story, individual and community images) that would meet together and build the pieces that would be put together to form “The Village Vision for its future” In the afternoon we gathered as a group and put all the pieces together into one shared document. During the evening any villager who missed the meeting during the day could come together to understand and add their thoughts and creativity to the document. After bedtime certain members of our staff would put all the wisdom into one document.

On day two the Vision document was reviewed and we again used small group work to brainstorm and refine Wisdom and information to answer the question “If this is our vision, then what is blocking us from doing it? (I will give you some examples later). Then we would go through the same method as day one.

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On day three, we started with the document naming the blocks (also called ‘contradictions’) that would have to be resolved in order to achieve our vision. After that we broke up into small groups and worked on “proposals” to resolve the contradictions.

On day four and five we worked, using the same methods, to build strategies, tactics, actions and timeline for unblocking our contradictions and actualizing our vision.

On day six we had a big celebration and proceeded to put the plan into one document and have enough copies printed so the village could implement it.

As you already know we called this a “Social Demonstration Project” but we also referred to it as a “Human Development Project” because the method of planning was to release local people into their own situation to develop their selfhood and use their own creativity and potential within the human community. This is why we put one beat on the political, one on the economic, and three on the cultural dynamic of life.

Earlier I said I would share with you two examples of how the planning worked.

1. **Health:** One of the contradictions had to do with health care which did not exist in the village and the villagers had no “money crop” to provide money. Before we left the village Tom and several villagers went to the Lapu-Lapu City to visit the hospital and inquire about available health care. Unbeknown to the villagers the government had a health care program that covers a family program for fifty cents per month. But, where to get the money.
2. **Rocks and Corn:** the second contradiction was inadequate food supply. The villagers came up with a way to produce more food and make more money. Their planting fields were filled with rocks that lowered the production of their major food crop, corn. The village team implemented a plan to resolve this contradiction. They learned that due to increased development in both Lapu-Lapu City and Cebu City there was a demand for rocks. The villagers organized a work force that removed rocks, transported them out to the main road and sold them to the buyers. In the end they doubled their food production and purchased health care for the village. For the first time in years the village connected with the city and formed a mutually beneficial relationship.

When Tom and I returned we found everything as we left it. Central City 5 was doing well and the training center was still on track. But not for long, the winds of change began to blow.

1. First In 1974 and 75 preparations were being made to celebrate America’s Bicentennial. In 1976 the USA would be 200 years old. A National Bicentennial Program was formed to celebrate our past, present, and future. The Institute in all of its USA locations began to dream about how we could become a meaningful part of this National Celebration.
2. Second: our leadership team, headquartered in Chicago, announced a global trek would take place in the spring of 1975.

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The institute had developed a Participatory Community Meeting that was used to wake up local residences in neighborhoods and cities and to help them explore their own possibility and potential to be responsible for developing community unity. This exploration was for the purpose of building a stronger more responsive relationship to local issues as well as increasing interest in the political and economic life of their city, state, and nation. By late 1974 we had begun working on a way to adapt our Community Meeting into a bicentennial program called "Town Meeting 76".

In early 1975 Joe Mathews (dean of the Institute) called the OK House and asked to speak to Marianna. After the call was completed, Marianna, with a shocked look on her face, said "Joe wants me to be the first woman to join the leadership team on their global trip this spring."

A few hours later, Lyn Mathews called and shared with Marianna the details and time line of the trip. She would have to come to Chicago to participate in the planning. The trip would begin in Mid April and end around June 15th. Later, Lyn called me and welcomed me as the first man to be on the "Have a good trip and welcome home team" of the spouses who send the leadership team out and join them for the debriefing when they return. Wow! What an honor and responsibility for both of us.

On April 15, 1975, Joe sent the following letter to the staff. It is filled with our "in house jargon", so I have posted a glossary on the page following the letter

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Dear Colleagues,

The composition of the Global Panchayat Trek, 1974-75 is wonderfully exciting. There is a Religious House member, Marianna Bailey representing the Houston Area, A Centrum member, Vinod Parekh representing the Global Development Centrum, and two members of the Panchayat, one from the Centrum Nexus, Joseph Slicker, and one from the Religious House net, Kang Byoung Hoon. Most wonderful of all is the presence of the Order Women for the first time, and the sign of the internationality of the Movement.

The intent of the Trek is also decidedly different. Actually, the Trek began with the March meeting of the Global Priors in North America. The Trek team will now proceed to meet with the Global Priors in the Tokyo and Hong Kong Areas on May 6 and 7 in Hong Kong; and then with the Global Priors of Singapore and Sydney on May 15 and 17 in Singapore; and finally with the Global Priors of Europe and Africa on June 2 and 3 in Brussels.

In the gaps between meetings the concern will be with the initiating steps toward the twenty-four social demonstrates around the earth. This will include Pacifica, the Orient, Australia, Sub Asia, Africa, and Europe. By 1976, maybe one third of these "on the hour" demonstrations can be underway. Special emphasis is being placed on Australia relative to Oombulgurri and its replication; the work of rebuilding Darwin, and a Town Meeting Project in Australia. James Bishop and George Holcombe will arrive in Darwin one week before the team to set up the consult. On the way they will represent the trek (us) at the Religious House in Samoa. Similar types of social demonstration probings can be done in Korea, Philippines, India, Kenya, Ethiopia and England. This does not rule out such work elsewhere. The team can divide and check our other demonstrations that seem feasible.

At the Global Priors meeting with the Panchayat, anyone who can attend ought to be present. Our time together will be informal. The crucial matters I believe pertain to the 24 demonstrations, the worldwide Town Meeting project, secular thinking and our spiritual life on the turn to the world, the Global Guardian network, and then, of course, our internal life as it has to do with the actuation of the possibilities before us. We anticipate seeing all of you, so take good care of yourselves.

Grace and peace

Joe (Mathews)

*For the Corporate Office, and
Marianna and Vinod and Joe and Byoung Hoon*

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By this time of this trek we had staff and colleagues all over the world excluding China and Russia.

Glossary

The Global Panchayat Trek:

This is the leadership team of both the US and India.

The Global Priors in North America:

The Institute had mapped the world into 52 Areas and the Global Priors represent those Areas where we have staff, this meeting was held in March.

Centrum:

The location of the Institute's staff assigned to back-up, support, research, and assignment teams. We had established an Institute Centrum in Chicago, Sydney, Brussels, Hong Kong, and Bombay.

Order:

Along with everything else we were doing, we were experimenting on ourselves as what it might mean to pattern our corporate life together on the model of the Historic Religious Orders so we called ourselves "The Order Ecumenical". The historic church had set up religious orders both male and female to symbolize their dedication to mission and service. We had decided to symbolize our life as a family order dedicated to being a global servant hood force. We lived a life of poverty, chastity and obedience with an internal commitment to prayer, meditation and contemplation.

Twenty Four social demonstrations

To symbolize our "turn to the world", projects would be selected in concert with an Institute House by the Leadership team one to represent each time zone, as a global symbol of what is possible in community reformulation. Over the next few years after this trek we had started 24 HDP and we called them "the band of 24".

We took the tune of the song "The Last Farewell" and memorialized the 24 Human Development Projects that were initiated over the next two or three years after the Global Trek, and named it "Our Social Demonstration Love Song." The words are listed below.

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OUR SOCIAL DEMONSTRATION LOVE SONG

Tune: The Last Farewell

The Land lies dark and shrouded in the Mystery,

Of brokenness and pain of all Mankind

The consciousness flows forth from every human

A River of Hope begins to wind.

And in the midst of innocent human suffering,

A Mountain of Care begins to swell.

The Sea lies tranquil,

For I have been loved dearly

More dearly than the spoken word can tell

Fifth City, Majuro and Oombulgurri,

Held up a sign of hope for Local Man

Kawangware, Isle of Dogs and Maliwada,

Changed the story from we can't into we can.

Sudtonggan, Kwangyung IL, became a symbol,

Of possibility for all to tell, That Life is beautiful,

For they have been loved dearly,

More dearly than the spoken word can tell

El Bayad, Termine and Cano Negro,

Stand now to claim their future destiny.

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As I Remember It

Kreuzberg Ost, Sungai Lui and Ivy City,

Found life where none had been for all to see.

Kapini and Hai Ou were added symbols

Of possibility for all to tell,

That Life is beautiful,

For they have been loved dearly,

More dearly than the spoken word can tell

Lorne de l'Acadie, Nam Wai, Kelapa Dua,

Declared themselves as new communities

Ijede, Delta Pace, Inyan Wakagapi,

Foretold a world of fresh vitality

Vogar and Oyubari fill the circle,

Of demonstration signs for all to tell,

That Life is beautiful,

For ALL have been loved dearly,

More dearly than the spoken word can tell

That Life is beautiful,

For all have been loved dearly,

More dearly than the spoken world can tell

These Human Development Projects are in the U.S., The Marshall Islands, Australia, India, Japan, Korea, Africa, Italy, Great Brittan, the Philippians, Hong Kong, and other part of Europe.

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Marianna - around the world she goes

The yearly Global trek had been a part of the Institute for several years but it had always been a male institution. Marianna was the first woman to be assigned as a part of The Global Panchayat Trek. Joe Matthews and Joe Slicker had been on every trek which meant their wives had always been left behind. It was the custom for the wives to attend the departing celebration and to join their husbands for a few days debriefing when they returned. So while Marianna was the first woman to be on the trip, I became the first man to be with on the team with Lyn Mathews and Ann Slicker to send them off and welcome them back.

The trip began in mid April 1974. Lyn, Ann, and I were in Chicago for the departure celebration. The team would be visiting staff and colleague around the world, doing research and looking for strategic locations to establish “Social Demonstration Projects.” So, on Monday, April 21, 1974 the team left Chicago and flew to:

- First stop: the Majuro Atoll of the Marshall Islands. Joe Mathews had already visited Majuro, first during WW 2 as a military Chaplin, and last year as the dean if the Institute. While there they scheduled a time for beginning a “Social Demonstration Project.”
- From there they went to East Asia and visited our staff and colleagues in Japan and Korea.
- The next was South East Asia with destination in the Philippines and Australia.
- The fourth visit was Sub Asia that took the team to Delhi, Calcutta and Bombay
- The next destination was Africa that included Egypt, Kenya, Nairobi, and Ethiopia.
- The sixth destination was Europe which included Rome, Brussels, France, Germany, and Great Brittan.

(Note) While Marianna was gone I was assigned for a week to the New York House to teach a “Parish Leadership Colloquia (PLC)”. The highlight of that visit was that Both Lynn and Nan lived in the NY House, so we got to go out together for a meal and had time together off and on all week.

When they left London they traveled to Reykjavik, Iceland to spend a few days reflecting on every aspect of their trip. While in Iceland Joe and Marianna began to plan the frame and implementation of town Meeting 76 that would require certain changes in our House structures and task. For example, in the OK House we were focused on the possibility of setting up a regional training center, working with Central City 5, and self support.

Following is the Global Panchayat Trek Report that Marianna gave upon her return.

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Global Centrum: Chicago

T-354, MB
June 10, 1975

GLOBAL PANCHAYAT TREK REPORT

It was only a year ago, June 10, 1974, that the first Local Community Convocation was held. Now we are talking about Global Community Forum around the world. That is awesome. But as I look back, it seems that Global Community Forum has been going on for quite a while.

Our last stop on the Global Panchayat Trek was Iceland. That is the bleakest country I have ever seen. I was astounded by the gray clouds that continually roll across the vast bleakness of the land. You can imagine how cold it is in the winter snows. And you ask the question, "How could a people forge out a civilization in that climate?" Well, we asked the girl who was selling tickets for the bus-ride into town, "What is the one thing that you suggest we see in Iceland?" She paused for a minute, thinking of the right word, and then she said, "It is parliament." You know, that made sense. Of course it would be the parliament. That is where the community came together and made decisions. That is how they forged out that civilization. We found out that for 100 years the parliament met without a building. Think about that climate. Imagine, for 100 years they came together without a building! That is the sort of great history that Global Community Forum has been in the journey of mankind.

You remember the story about how, at the beginning of civilization, man and woman roamed around with their little ones. One day they discovered that little sister couldn't walk any more. They picked her up and carried her for a while, but she still couldn't walk. So they stopped and put her down and piled some rocks around her body. And they stayed by that pile of rocks and others began to gather. Soon the question gets raised, "How do we care for one another?" And a community is born, a city is born. People come together, they begin to make decisions and only then does the journey of mankind begin.

Think about the history of the Church. The Greeks used the word, "ecclesia," which meant "coming together to make decisions." In the Hebrew tradition, the root word "synagogue" meant a gathering for making decisions. In the history of the Christian Church, the "congregation" meant "congregating to make decisions." All of these are forms of the dynamic of decision-making, the dynamic of Global Community Forum. In a real sense, we, as the Order, have been a Global Community Forum for the Church in a global society. During our first 20 years, we went, as the church, to the church, calling it to serve the world. At that time, during the 50's and the '60's, the existential journey was held in the question, "Who am I?" We raised that question and called forth a decision, but it was an individual decision. It was an "I decide" sort of decision. Here, in the midst of the next 20 years, we, as the church, go to the world to serve it for the church. And the question being raised today is "How can we?" That question is calling for a decision,

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but that decision is a consensus of the whole globe. The basic problem here is the absence of the local community dynamic for consensus-building. What we have found is that we have to create the form of community ourselves. As the pioneering dynamic, we move out to the world with Global Community Forum.

What are we trying to do with Global Community Forum? It is very simple. We are out to establish the consensus to form community. We are beckoning that consensus forth, for without primal community there is no way to release selfhood.

If you remember the "I-thou" dynamics, the self is only the self in relation to the family or to the community. But the 19th century concept of family made the family the idol, so that today the family has turned in on itself and there is no community there. There is only the family living off itself. The problem in the globe is that of creating primal communities, the bridges between the family and the globe, between the local and the universal.

Global Community Forum is the new evangelism. It is the way to the masses. In the first instance, Global Community Forum is the awakening of local man to respond to what is happening in the world. It is allowing every human being to stand before the comprehensive and to forge vocational decisions. Global Community Forum is awakening of local man.

But Global Community Forum is also a tool of awakening for local community. It allows a community to grasp itself as part of a whole. It releases authentic engagement and therefore becomes a real part of the ordering dynamic in society. I was thinking recently about Italy. I read a news article which indicates that there were powerful small groups in that country who were actually determining the direction of the future. But, in the midst of the struggling among these groups, the local communities were not themselves participating in the destiny of that country. I suppose something like that is happening in every country today. Global Community Forum intends to awaken those local communities to take their appropriate places in the ordering dynamic of the future.

In the third place, Global Community Forum is building polity structures. This has to do with tactical thinking. Anywhere in the world there are groups who have great plans for the future. Global Community Forum is not great plans; it is tactics. It is implementation. It is allowing something to happen which will actualize those plans. And Global Community Forum is the release of corporate action. It is building a consensus. It is allowing the corporate to move.

Global Community Forum is also, motivated being. Global Community Forum is a happening, not unlike what we have talked about with RS-1. People's lives are changed; they are changed human beings. Global Community Forum is a spirit spark which releases freedom and depth

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spirituality. It is a happening in which I discover that I am a believer. I discover that I am a caring one. And in the midst of those discoveries, I realize that I am possessed by belief, possessed by care. And when I discover that, I become aware that I just go on hoping in the midst of no hope.

What is the global indicative before us? Mao said that to significantly impact one percent of the people is to do the revolution. Global Community Forum is a revolutionary strategy. There are 3,500,000,000 souls on this earth. One percent of them is 35 million people. That is what is necessary. All that means is that 1,525,000 Global Community Forums must be held. I am here to announce that Global Community Forum can indeed be global. That is a practical possibility. It is not that someday it might happen, or that it could happen, or that perhaps, it will happen. Global Community Forum is for now. Everywhere we went, we heard just two things: The doors are open and the time is right.

We have built the transnational structure that will allow one percent of the globe to be impacted by Global Community Forum. There are three phases. We already are in the actuation phase with the 6 areas of North America. Sydney, Brussels and London are in the experimentation phase. Sydney, with a 75th anniversary, is ripe for Global Community Forum. In Brussels we are doing our first experimentation in Global Community Forum this coming weekend. We went to the American community and there was not much of a response. So we asked our Belgian colleagues to come and they are coming. This is great. Although we are going to do Town Meeting '76, there is already happening that Brussels is getting interested, getting involved in a happening which will prepare Brussels for a Belgian form of Global Community Forum. In London experimentation has also begun. Liverpool, as Joe mentioned had a Global Community Forum last weekend. The reports of that event were astounding. It was sponsored by local people, the church and community organizations; more than 150 people came. One man said, before the day was over, "We are going to have more of these, aren't we?" He was already looking toward the future. Some of the men who planned to set up the facility and help with the practices went across the street to the Pub after things got started. But they did not stay long. They came back. Even the Pub could not hold them during the Global Community Forum.

The third phase of Global Community Forum is the preparation phase. Area Seoul, with a Social Demonstration in Jeju Do, is in this phase. Manila is also in the preparation phase. I was overwhelmed at the openness of the Philippeans, the possibility that is there. President Marcos understands that unless the local man participates his vision of the New Society will never happen. Frankfurt, Nairobi, Hong Kong and Taipei will all move from preparation to actuation during the next two years. All of them are ready.

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We need to put a star beside Delhi. By 1977 Delhi will be ready for actuation. But that star is important because Delhi will be the fire which will release the rest of the globe.

We need to list all the remaining countries of the globe---those in Latin America, Southeast Asia, West Africa, Europe, Northeast Asia, Central Africa, South Pacifica, Southern Africa, NAME, USSR and China. It is possible to be in preparation in all of them now. In fact, by 1980 we may well be in USSR and China. This gives us a practical picture of Global Community Forum through 1978. After that, the breakloose in society will tell us where we need to go next.

What is Global Community Forum going to mean to the world? In the first instance you don't worry about the consequences one bit at this point. That is not what we are after. We are not out peddling some ideology. We are out to let loose a dynamic in the midst of history. Global Community Forum is that which will beckon forth, that which will move toward the New Social Vehicle. At the same time, Global Community Forum and Global Social Demonstration go hand in hand. Global Community Forum awakens the deeps of life and Global Social Demonstration generates vision and points to practical engagement for every man. When you let loose that sort of dynamic in the midst of history and you know that it is moving toward the New Social Vehicle, you know that you do not know what finally will happen. If you did, you would not have to do it. But you do do it. And you trust what will happen. And you let it move toward the new.

--Marianna Bailey

July 30, 1975

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With Town Meeting 76 as our strategy to awaken local people to their potential, responsibility, and creativity, we would have to begin doing “circuits” as a way to set up and train facilitators to organize and do the town meeting. Up to this point, Marianna and I had been based at the House, now, in the future we would have to on a circuit across Oklahoma in setting up town meetings for the Bicentennial Celebration. It would also redirect some the energy of the House staff to focus on communities close to Oklahoma City.

While Marianna was gone the Appeals Court had changed the ruling about the hospital and the hospital had been sold to an anonymous buyer, so the House lost its chance for a training center that was no longer needed.

During the second week of June, 1975 the team arrived in Chicago and Lyn, Ann, and I met them and all of us went to a motel for two days in order to debrief each other about what had happened over that past eight weeks.

Did I miss Marianna while she was gone? Yes, I missed her but we did have some communication while she was gone.

One night when it was late, while sitting in the Oklahoma City House Office, I thought Marianna might be in Nairobi. So I figured out the telephone number of the Nairobi House and dialed. She answered. What a surprise! We talked a while and we shared what was going on at that particular time. The second thing I remember so well came in a letter from Bombay where she wrote “I am sitting here in my hotel room waiting to be sick. I brushed my teeth in local water, a no - no for foreign visitors. (She did not get sick). There were many letters from her while she was gone that are now in our safety deposit box at the bank here in Asheville, NC.

The big outcome for Marianna was her enthusiasm for Town Meeting 76. At the Summer Program of 1975 Marianna introduced the strategy, task, and structure of implementing “Town Meeting 76”. She introduced us to the structure of “The Circuit”, how it worked, and what would be required. She went on to say “our task was to wake up 1% of the American people to their human potential and creativity to meet the challenges of the next one hundred years. This was the beginning of another transition for everybody in the Institute.

When the summer program was over Marianna and I returned to the OK House. One week later the two of us packed our bags and stored our Town Meeting 76 promotion supplies in our little green ford Pinto two door car without air conditioning to begin our first TM 76 circuit and at the same time the two of us opened a new chapter in our life together.

You may ask, “What is a Town Meeting 76?”

The TM 76 was a Bicentennial Celebration with its focus on the future. It began at 9:00 AM and ended at 4:00 PM which included an hour for lunch and entertainment. The activities of the day looked like this:

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The participants began to gather at 8:30 for coffee, donuts and conversation. We began at 9:00 with a short celebrative talk about our past 200 years and introduced our responsibilities for the next 100 years.

Next we worked as individuals and in small groups to answer the focus question: “What are the challenges we face as we begin the next 100 years?”

After this was completed we broke for Lunch. The meal was usually furnished by several local restaurants with local entertainment (all set up by the local Bicentennial board).

We began the afternoon session with a short talk that focused on the need for a new commitment and responsibility “by the people” for the new 100 years ahead.

Next we followed the same pattern as the morning only this time the small groups divided up the arenas of challenges and worked on solutions.

Also, in the afternoon we selected a small group of people to create a “Story, Song, and Symbol” to honor the community’s celebration of the Bicentennial which were presented to participants in the form of a final celebration.

At the end we did an evaluation with a discussion on “What have we done today? And what does it mean for our future? After this, we thanked everybody for coming and dismissed.

Our first circuit took us two weeks to complete. We started north and visited every community we came to including Enid, Blackwell, and Ponca City. Then we headed west toward Buffalo and continued south to Elk City. In all the cities we visited we made contact with the local bicentennial chair person and if he or she was interested, we set up a date to return and meet with the bicentennial Committee. We spent Saturday and Sunday night in Elk City, and on Monday we drove south to Altus, East to Lawton, Duncan and Ardmore. After Ardmore we worked our way back to Oklahoma City for the weekend.

(Note) We would “in kind”, that is ask for complimentary meals and sleeping quarters in strategic locations along the way. It worked well. We had a motel in a number of cities that gave us a room whenever we showed up and several chain restaurants (McDonalds, Pizza Hut, etc) and restaurants in many of the motels where we stayed in provided food.

Over the next few weeks we developed other circuits mostly in the western part of the state, while the Tulsa House covered the East. As a result of all these circuits there were twenty six Town meeting ‘76 celebrations in Oklahoma between the fall of 1975 and the 29th of October of 1976.

At the Chicago Summer Program (about 500 people all of which were working with the TM ‘76 program across the US) in 1976 Marianna gave the following report on the Town Meeting Program in Oklahoma.

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I want to share with you the journey of actualizing Town Meeting in Oklahoma over this past year. I want to tell you my experience of Town Meeting, some of the things I have learned, and some keys I have found.

We launched Town Meeting from a very firm launching pad: the Town Meeting that was held in Ada, Oklahoma. We call it the first Town Meeting although we had a couple of Local Community Meetings in Oklahoma City. But the Town Meeting in Ada was the first one that had the sort of publicity that you could have reprinted, distributed and shown. The Town Meeting in Ada had 280 people present. The Chairman of the State Bicentennial Commission had been so excited about Town Meeting that she had endorsed it and we had that sort of authorization. We learned something from Ada. That Town Meeting had taken us eight months to set up. We went there once a week. We had three or four strong Movement colleagues on the steering committee. We learned that if you are going to do 72 Town Meetings in each area of the state, you cannot do them the way we had done in Ada. Something radically new was called for. It was with that sort of wisdom that we took off in August on our trek around one area at a time.

With our grid (map) in hand, we visited close to 70 communities in 100+° heat. It was a fantastic way of getting to know the territory, of getting familiar with the turf. We had our grid literally branded on our eyelids by the close of that quarter. During that time and since, we have learned and become more aware of many things. I became aware for the first time of leaves turning from yellow to gold, and then finally to brown. I became aware again of ice storms, of steers on the side of the road in the cold rain, huddled up together shivering. I became aware of spring, of the leaves beginning to turn green. I became aware of spring wild flowers beginning to bloom on the roadside. I became aware of the wheat beginning to grow and finally being harvested with the combines in the fields. But most of all, what I became aware of was the fact that every community was a new possibility, a new relationship and every community was a unique community. It raised the question, "How do you begin to actualize 72 Town Meetings?"

One of the keys for me at that point was the phasing chart. By having your plan you can begin to focus. You begin to cover your geography because what you know initially is that you are going to have a Town Meeting in every polis in order to literally cover the state with Town Meetings. With the phasing chart you had your particular focus for each quarter. You knew, of course, that it was going to shift. But most important is to know how we might get from one to seventy two was the fact that every community was on the journey to a Town Meeting. The seeds of the Town Meeting had already been planted in those 72 communities just by putting the names on the chart. It was just a matter of time to when the Town Meeting would happen. For some it would be earlier and for some later. But already the seeds were there. It was dependent on the plans that we made, but it was also dependent on that community and their awakening or readiness to have a Town Meeting. We needed to be watchful and to know when the rich moment was to move on any particular community. How do you go out on circuits and day after day look for the signs and yet be able to shift your plan when you need to shift? I will tell you the signs I look for.

First of all, I just believe that in every community there are "Those Who Care". There are people with a vision, people who are awakened and every community has them. It is a matter of finding those in order to get the nod for Town Meeting to happen. So you take every possible tool you can find in order to get to that person in a community. You have your network. You get all the names of the presidents of the clubs, the bicentennial chairman and the friends of friends of friends. You

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go into a community with all of your names and move until you find the one who will say "Yes." It is that one who cares that you are looking for. Sometimes it happens very quickly, sometimes it doesn't, but what I know is that it will happen at some point. But you can't stay in a community too long. If after two or three visits you have not found that one, you need to move onto another community. You bracket that one for a while and move on. Also, when you are in the community, you have to move quickly. You have to listen, you have to move with great finesse, and most important of all, you never want a "no" said to you. You always want to leave the door open to go back.

But, in spite of everything, sometimes no's are said. A graphic example was in Ponca City, which was a key city for us. We had found the two who would be the coordinators, we had a steering committee set, and it was going well. They had two meetings and in the midst of the second meeting they raised the question of getting the bicentennial committee of that community to endorse the Town fleeing. That seemed like the right way to go so they sent representatives to the bicentennial committee to ask for the endorsement. To their surprise, not only did the committee say, "No, we will not endorse Town Meeting," but they also said that they would not allow a Town Meeting to be held in Ponca City. The steering committee was angry. They didn't know what to do. Having done some framing in that community before we began setting up the Town Meeting, we knew that the person who had said "no" to Town Meeting was in fact a very powerful person in the community and to fight him at that time would have been a mistake. So, we suggested to that community that they postpone the town meeting for a year and by that time the Bicentennial would have gone out of being and by that time that town will have been surrounded by Town Meetings. Next August 26, there will be a Town Meeting ten miles from Ponca City. We are going to go in the back door. So, although a "no" was said, at the same time the door was left open to go back later. It was just not wise to attack the bicentennial committee at that time.

And there are others. We went into Duncan. That was another key polis community for us and we had our list of persons to see and everything. We called, we made appointments and it being the second time we went into Duncan we realized that every time we showed up there to see someone we were always going to the same bank. The mayor was in the bank, the president of the Kiwanis was in the bank, the bicentennial chairman was in the bank. There didn't seem to be any way to get outside that bank. The bank just sat there as a bulwark of "We're not going to do anything." So we said, "Duncan, you are bracketed for a while."

We moved in another direction and had a Town fleeing in Lawton. Lawton is 30 miles from Duncan and there was a man in the Lawton Town Meeting who happened to be the Director of Mental Health in Oklahoma. After the Town Meeting he was so excited he came over to me and said, "Have you had a Town Meeting in Duncan?" I said, "As a matter of fact, we have not had a Town Meeting in Duncan but I sure would like to." And he said, "Well, I know that there are people over there that would like to have a Town Meeting." And I said, "Well, if you do, I would really wish you would get me in contact with them." In a week I had a call from an office in Duncan: "We have set up some meetings for you to come down and talk about Town Meeting." So we went back to Duncan with fear and trembling. We told the story and Duncan had a Town Meeting, a fantastic Town Meeting on June 19. The thing that was so amazing was that all the people who we could not move were there for the Town Meeting. In the evaluation after Town fleeing, one of them said, "I knew the first time you came to this Town that we needed to have a Town Meeting in Duncan." I am still scratching my head over that one.

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What is the key? What is the key that unlocks a community? One key to having a great Town Meeting is, of course, the steering committee. I learned very quickly that there are two kinds of steering committees. One is a committee that is in despair. Their story is that you could not possibly get anybody to come out in this community for a Town Meeting. It is just impossible. No one comes out for anything. No one comes for meetings. We have only two leaders in town and that is it. Then, there is the steering committee that says, "A thousand people are going to be here. We have to have a huge place to hold this Town Meeting." Before you know it they have gotten the coliseum. They are so busy doing the practices of feeding and getting ready for a thousand people they don't have time to care for attendance.

Another thing I learned very quickly was that they were not impressed with our manuals. They looked at them, and they said, "It's nice," but immediately they said, "Here, this is the way we do it." But what I did notice was that they were impressed with the stories of how other communities did it. Another thing I learned was how hard it is to care for a steering committee. It seems that things either go well or they don't go well, but you can never get a handle on it. It doesn't seem to depend on how clever we are, how clever our tools are, or how great our gimmicks are. They just either go well or they don't. But you know that they appreciate the fact that you are sitting in the room.

Walters, Oklahoma, had a great steering committee. They met once a week at the Chamber Office over their coffee break time and Garland Petty said, "This meeting will not last but fifteen minutes." And every Wednesday morning we would go in, sit on a table at the front of the room, and ask, "Did you do this, did you do that, next week you have got to do this, and in fifteen minutes they all went back to work." And that was a steering committee meeting. Well, Walters had a Town Meeting of 290+ people.

I keep asking myself, "Why is it so hard?" I finally began to realize that if it were easy we probably wouldn't need to be doing Town Meeting. Our contradiction is un-awakened communities and we must realize that the steering committee is a reflection of that community. When you have seen the community as it is, when you have seen the community naked, it is painful and hard and it wears you. But you trust life, and you build a new man, and they trust you. They trust what we have told them. It is their Town Meeting. You do everything you possibly can to make that a great day, a great Town Meeting without taking the Town Meeting away from them.

In spite of all my anxieties, every Town Meeting has been a great happening. I think of Anadarko. I do not know of a community that was a more broken and pain-filled community. The friction between the Indian and the white there is one that is known all over the state. Some have called Anadarko's Town Meeting a failure only 35 people showed up. But it was the greatest day Anadarko had ever experienced. Those 35 knew at the end of that day that Anadarko would never be the same. You now had an awakened core of people in Anadarko.

I think of Guthrie. Guthrie, Oklahoma is a community of around 10,000 people that used to be 30,000 people. It was the territorial capital of Oklahoma, but one night, in the middle of the night, the state seal was stolen and taken to Oklahoma City. Guthrie woke up the next morning and it was no longer the territorial capitol. All of their leaders left, the population dropped from 30,000 to 10,300. This happened in 1906. But when you ask about Guthrie they say, "You can't have a

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Town Meeting in Guthrie because you understand all of our leaders left.” They would tell you the story as if it was last night that it had happened. But there was one man in that town that cared and he said, "Guthrie is going to have a Town Meeting.” Fortunately he happened to be a banker and Guthrie had a Town Meeting. It was a fine Town Meeting and the greatest day that Guthrie has since 1906. At the end of the day they were awakened to the fact that, "Of course, we are a community. We are the leaders and we do not have to wait.” I went back in the spring when they were celebrating their 75th anniversary. That community was alive. All sorts of things were going on. The Oklahoma magazine did a feature article on Guthrie and the slogan was in the article, "A Glorious Past and a Beckoning Future." Guthrie is a new community.

You know, Anadarko and Guthrie are not alone. It is happening around the world and in Oklahoma we are beginning to see new communities appear. You might ask, "Well, what do you see?" I'll tell you what I see. I go back to a community and I see a sparkle in their eyes. I go back and see that they walk differently there is sort of a dance. But I guess most important of all, when we go back, we begin to tell stories about Maliwada, about Oombulgurri, City Five and you know they hear what you are saying.

All of our Houses made reports, and all of them had done well. But we had not reached our expectations of doing many more than the ones we had done. At this point 1976 was half over and that meant our window of opportunity for celebrating the Bicentennial would close within the next two or three years. "What to do?" That was the question we all had, and that's the question all of us began to ponder as we returned to our assigned location.

Marianna and I went back to Oklahoma City, and once again began our circuits. Then one day, in early September, Marianna said to me,

Bill, I think we need to do two things to get Town Meetings happening all across Oklahoma and every other state. First, we need to stop requiring each community to pay \$300.00 dollars to help them do for what they could do for themselves if they wanted too. And secondly we need to come up with a Symbolic framework that gives every community in the state both the chance and motivation to do Town Meeting 76.

Within the next few hours Marianna said:

I have the answer. We have to get the state's Bicentennial Committee to persuade the Governor to proclaim a Town Meeting 76 day for the State of Oklahoma. We can Call it Oklahoma 100 and have one hundred communities across the state do a TM '76 on the same day.

After a bit of discussion between the two of us we stopped at the next motel (no cell phones then) and called John Slicker, Prior of the Tulsa House, asking him to meet us the next day at the Holliday Inn, Shawnee, OK. He did, and we decided to move ahead with Marianna's suggestion.

We had no authority to drop the \$300.00 dollars but we could talk with the states Bicentennial Committee and see if they would be willing to ask the Governor to sign a Town Meeting '76 declaration. We informed our leadership team in Chicago of our plan including dropping the \$300.00 fee. We did not get an immediate reply.

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So, we took a risk. We went to the Bicentennial Committee and told them what we wanted to do. The Chair of the committee was very excited at the possibility of doing 100 TM '76's across Oklahoma.

We talked a few moments about the date we would want to do them, we picked March 26, 1977. She said she would talk to the governor the following week and seek a proclamation designating "Town Meeting '76" day for the State of Oklahoma.

To our delight and surprise the chair of the Bicentennial Committee Called the following week and said she had the Governor's Proclamation in hand. I have a copy of it with me as I write these words. In summary it says:

"Whereas, during this 1976 Bicentennial year there has been twenty-six town meeting in the state of Oklahoma...Now, Therefore, I, David L. Boren, Governor of the state of Oklahoma do here by proclaim Saturday, March 26, 1977 as "Town Meeting: Oklahoma 100 Day. Done at the Capital in the City of Oklahoma City, this 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventy-six, and of the State of Oklahoma the sixty eighth year.

To add to our delight a week or so later the dean of the Institute (Joe Mathews, chair of the leadership team) called early one morning and said he was sending about twelve additional staff from Chicago to help us and he endorsed Marianna's Symbolic Framework for TM Oklahoma 100, including dropping the \$300.00 dollar fee.

We were off and running. As soon as the word reached all the other US Houses they began to send staff to help us. In fact, we had a lot of strange things happen. We had people we did not know call and volunteer to help, and we even had some staff that had dropped out of the Institute come back and help.

Our advantage was the new strategy we developed. We were no longer trying to sell a Bicentennial program. Now we visited a community, found the local Bicentennial chair and /or other local leaders, gave them the governor's proclamation and told them "We are here to help you have your Town Meeting '76 on the Oklahoma Town Meeting 100 day – March 26, 1977. It worked.

We had staff and resources to have a circuit going in every part of the state. Our staff would go into a town and the ones who signed up became an OK TM 100 city and if a town refused, we just left and stopped at the next town and offered to help them do their OK TM 100. If a town said they could not do it on the date set for OK 100 we signed them up for a TM on a date that would suit them.

As this process developed we had some staff that wanted to focus the TM program modified so they could do it in the local school system of OKC and towns nearby. They went to work on it.

During all of this I stayed on the telephone because each of our circuit teams reported in after each visit to let us know if the community said yes, maybe or no. this way we had an up to date chart of those communities who said yes so we could set up times to visit them again and offer our assistance in preparing for their TM.

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Marianna took charge of the materials. In the TM '76 each participant received a workbook that was also a souvenir of the program. As a city signed up to participate we tried to estimate how many participants they would have (our data said it could be as few as 18 and as many as 300). Using our best judgment, we would gather the materials they needed and had them delivered by the circuit teams so they would be on hand for TM '76 100.

Everything worked well, and all of us were excited about the possibility of actually having 100 TMs on March 26, 1977. By April 15 we had 100 communities sign up for March 26th. And by the middle of March we had 109 OK TM '76 cities, 54 of which had a population of fewer than 5,000, 42 cities under 10,000, and 13 cities over 10,000. It was indeed a grass root movement.

On the weekend of March 26 over 100 of our staff converged on Oklahoma City. We had a dorm set up in one of the churches, the OK House was full and running over, some local friends hosted some of our staff, and the others left on Friday afternoon to be on hand in distant places early Saturday morning (they stayed in motels that gave them free rooms for the night).

It was hectic, but it was wonderful. Nobody believed it was really happening, but it was. I was scheduled to do a TM 100 on the Kakapo reservation but they called Friday night and canceled. So on March 26 1977 I stayed in OK City with the ones that were assigned to children structures. Marianna had left on Friday afternoon to be a facilitator for the Woodward TM in Northwest Oklahoma.

During the week before and the week after March 26, 1977 the team working on the Public School Town Meeting 76 did every school class in OK city, Norman, and Midwest City. It was a big success.

On the night of March 26, 1977 all the facilitators came back to the OK House. It started about 6:00 PM and staff was arriving unto 3:00 AM Sunday morning. It was a big and long lasting celebration. Different restaurants had donated finger foods and several wine stores had donated wine.

On Sunday most of the facilitators left but those who stayed came to the House for a celebrative meal. Because of the many people celebrating most of Saturday night and into Sunday morning the wood on the main floor lost all of it finish. Two days later a stranger showed up and asked us if he could help us do something. Well, we said, if you know how, you could re-seal the floor. And to our surprise he did. A week later he left and said to us "thank you for letting me help, goodbye".

Four weeks after March 26, 1977, we held a town meeting assembly in a hotel in downtown Oklahoma City. We invited all Town Meeting 76 cities to attend and 52 did. Over that day we shared stories and talked about future possibilities for their respective cities. It was a huge success.

The Oklahoma 100 framework and strategies were adopted by all the other Institute Houses and by the end of 1978 we had covered all the US with Town meetings.

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As I Remember It

It was now time for another transition:

After all this, Marianna and I thought we might be reassigned to OKC for a fifth year to the OK House, but it was not to be. We were reassigned after the summer program to be the area prior family for Pacifica (South Pacific) that was headquartered on the atoll of Majuro, in the Marshall Islands.

It was August 1977, after a short visit with Nan and Lynn in New York; we boarded a United 747 and headed for Hawaii. We stayed there a week and visited the Island for the first time. After that we boarded a Continental Air Micronesia 727 flight to Majuro. In those days you could buy an air ticket that allowed you to stay at each stop and take the next leg of the journey at whatever time you decided. Air Mick had two flights a week with stops at the Islands of Johnson, Majuro, Ponape, Truk, Guam, Saipan, and Tokyo, Japan and then backtracks to Hawaii.

No one but government personal and military cad get off the plane at Johnson Island because this is where the USA houses those items that make up chemical warfare. The next stop is Majuro, which is one of 28 Atolls that make up the Marshall Island.

When I was in grade school, back in Mt. Airy, I remember being told that an Atoll is shaped like a horse shoe. The Ocean is on the outside with a Lagoon in the middle. Well, that is a good image, but a real atoll is not that simple to explain. Majuro is 22 miles long and less than 100 yards wide at the largest point which is always on the east and west part of the Island. The south part is often only 30 feet of coral with the Ocean on one side and the Lagoon on the other. At many different legations the high tide will cover the coral. The only dirt on the atoll is what the wind and sea has deposited on the coral over several million years.

Marianna and I were there, along with four other families to assist the Marshallese people in certain specific economic and educational actives such as:

- First Aid and Health care
- How to function effectively in a money economy
- How to run a pre-school
- How to do Volume buying of imported food stuff
- How to plant and care for Banana trees and where to get them
- How to connect the Hospital to the people

The Majuro House had personnel employed in book keeping and financial expertise that helped several of the stores in the town center. We were also experimenting with split grain rice by worked with a store call TASC (Trans Atoll Service Company) which had introduced split-grain-rice which is about half the cost of long-grain-rice in the hopes of making rice less costly to the Marshallese (both in Majuro and the outer Atolls that make up the Marshalls.)

The outer 27 Atolls are serviced by three copra boats that distribute goods and picks up copra (the money crop of the Marshalls. Copra is the natural resource out of which Coconut Oil etc. is made).

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These 60 to 70 feet ships make their trips according to the weather and seasons which switch between the dry and wet season.

Majuro is the location for the Marshallese Government that was working on a constitution in order to emerge from the trust territory of the U.S. to being as an independent state in relationship to the U.S. The U.S. dollar is the currency and English is the language thank to the US Navy that occupied Majuro and set up all their infrastructures during and after WW-2.

The US had built a paved airport with a water catchment underneath to catch and save the water runoff when it rains. Rain water is the only fresh water the atoll gets. Many of the dwellings on the atoll had individual catchments for their family and Marianna and I had one on the 14' x 12' cement structure we lived which was located one foot above high tide.

We had one shower available for all of our staff, and very often they would only turn on the public water supply for two hours per day (usually between 5 and 7 AM). We had a large beer supplier that often made up for the scarce water supply.

Every program of the house was doing well and since the Marshallese Government wanted to receive input from as many outer islands as possible Marianna and I decided to go out with the copra boats and do some Village Meetings.

Our First Trip

The Copra Boats always left at night so they could dock the next morning in the island of their destination. Our first stop was Kwajalein. Kuad (as it is called) in a US Military Base which distills sea water into fresh water. Our boat had to fill up with fresh water, but we had to wait a week to get filled because the US Navy had a fleet being resupplied. All we could do was entertain ourselves on the boat because you cannot enter Kuad without the US Government's permission.

Kuad has a much updated modern City for all the US military and civilian personnel present on the Island. They have what they call their Macys Department Store west and all the other kinds of retail stores you would find in New York. About a mile away is a village of 6,000 locals who provide the domestic and infrastructure work for the Kuad section of the Atoll. The Lagoon has a number of military ships rusting away that were used in the H Bomb test that were exploded on the Atoll of Bikini in the late 1940's and 50's.

When we finally received clearance to fill our copra boat with water I decided to take my chances and visit Kuad to buy some reading materials. I left the boat and walked about a mile across an open field and entered the downtown civilian section of the Kuad Village. No one paid any attention to me as I picked out some books for Marianna and me to read. But, when I go to the checkout counter the agent asked for my Kuad ID (all I had was my passport so I showed it to him. It did not work. I was arrested and taken to police headquarters.

The copra boat was scheduled to leave later that afternoon so time is precious. The police interrogated me. When they asked what I was doing there I told them I was a part of the ICA

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House in Majuro and one of the officers asked is that why you are wearing a blue shirt (The Blue Shirts is what they called us in Majuro and it stands for those who serve. see also the people who are referred to as blue collar, blue uniforms, etc.) I answered yes.

They talked among themselves and finally said, if we take you to the dock will you board the ship, report to the captain, and leave when the ship leave? I said yes, and that's the way I returned to the copra boat before it left. Also, they let me keep my books.

We went to the next three atolls and Marianna and I, usually with a translator, did a Village Meeting. The forth island was not an atoll but an island that was the size of two football fields and shaped like a football. It did not have a lagoon or a dock, so we boarded a small outboard motorboat after we left the boat we had to wade in the water for the last thirty yards.

When we made the island several people motioned for us to follow them. Not knowing why, we did. They took us to small facility, opened the door and there sat an American with his eyes glassed over and staring at nothing.

When someone came who could translate for us we learned that this you gentlemen had been on the last ship that had come to the island some 8 months ago. He was with the Peace Core and became cationic in three or four days and was still in that condition. The Islanders had been feeding him but now they wanted us to take him back with us. We did, but we did our fourth Village Meeting before we left.

Our next stop was Majuro. The young man from the Peace Core was hospitalized and we contacted the Peace Corp representative who took over from there.

Our second trip: The Jaluit opportunity

A former member of the peace core who had married a Marshallese woman and moved to the Jaluit Atoll came to Majuro from time to time in order to buy supplies for the his store. On one such visit he suggested that Marianna and I visit Jaluit. (Jaluit Atoll was the administrative headquarters of the Marshall Islands when they were under Japanese control). A few weeks later we learned that Moses, a copra ship's captain, planed a weekend trip to Jaluit to deliver some goods and pick up some copra. Given this opportunity Marianna and I signed on as passages. As a percussion we made arrangement for the "Majuro Goose" (a two motored amphibious aircraft from a long time ago) to come after us if we did not return by Monday of the next week. As it was we left with Captain Moses at dark on Friday night and arrived Saturday morning. It was during our arrival through the channel from the ocean into the lagoon that we saw two four color rainbows that were less than ten feet from our boat. It was a beautiful delight.

Saturday, the boat unloaded and put on a cargo of copra. Marianna and I set up our bedroom in a bombed-out-reinforced-concrete-building that once served as the Japanese headquarters. We made contact with our friend and spent the day picnicking and wading on the old fortified part of the island where both World War 1 German and World War 2 Japanese artillery had been place. The

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Japanese gun was still in place. Later that evening we received a note from Captain Moses that he had left to help pull a boat that had been grounded on the coral shelf of another island. He indicated he would come back for us by Monday.

The village we were in is one of three on the atoll. This was the main village because it housed a school that served student from most of the Marshall Islands. It was not in session while we were there.

On Saturday night the island's administrator came to our bedroom and invited us to come and stay in his house, the only western style house on the atoll. In the islands, it is best to sleep under a canopy without walls. The administrator's home was equipped with air condition and a freezer. Jaluit had a generator that provided electricity to the village from dawn till nightfall. Thus the freezer really serves as the family refrigerator and after six there is no air condition. Nothing left to do but sweat it through the night, we did.

We also learned the operator of the generator was the local alcoholic who may or may not show up the next morning (but such is life on a remote pacific atoll). To our surprise, every person in the village showed up in the morning to enjoy a breakfast of hot donuts and coffee at the store our friend owned. With all the people there and nothing much to do the rest of the morning, Marianna and I did a community meeting to get information for the constitutional committee that was collecting data from all the islands located in Majuro.

Monday came, no Captain Moses. Tuesday came, no Moses and no blue goose. On Wednesday the operator of the generator showed up and we had electricity. We managed to get in a telephone call to our Majuro colleagues and learned that Moses would be tied up for several weeks on another atoll and the blue goose was out of commission. So what to do, that was our question.

Two days later we learned that the island administrator had to make a trip by boat to the other two villages on the atoll. At dawn (6:00 am) on the next day a group of us left by motor boat to visit the other two villages where Marianna and I could do community meetings. We arrived at the first one in the early afternoon (this will give you an idea about how large a lagoon can be). Since the village had advanced information that we were coming, the people had gathered in an old concrete-reinforced-torpedo-store-room that had been bombed out. (At this village the Japanese had built a seaplane base used during WW-2).

We had our community meeting and then went into the village for the evening meal. They took Marianna and me to the building that had once been a school long ago when Jaluit was under German control (WW-1). The villagers had found an old steel framed bed for us that the German Missionaries had used but there was no mattress, just the medal. We put down some palm leaves and "Made it through the Night".

The next day it was off to Village #3. After another 5 or 6 hour trip we arrived. They too knew we were coming so they had gathered at the water's edge to have their community meeting and later to do their business with the Island administrator. After all was done we had a meal and retired for the evening. In their community meeting the one overarching concern this village had for the constitution was to set up a force that could eradicate all villages infected by rats.

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Then on the third day we stated back to the village of Jaluit-Jaluit (the double name means the main village on the Jaluit Atoll).

Several days after we arrived at the main village Captain Moses came by, picked us up and brought us back to Majuro. However, on the day before we left the lagoon filled up with rainbow fish. It was a treat for the two of us to participate in the caching and drying of those fish. Six people go out in a boat, four get out of the boat and scoop the fish into the boat. When the boat was filled, we docked, unloaded the fish and those left ashore begin the cutting and drying. This went on for several hours and it was really something to see. The whole village was working together to catch and dry fish for some future day.

One of the most delightful things we had was a communication system with our Tom, Lynn, and Nan. We had a cassette player and they did too, so we exchanged messages by mail for the time we were actually in Majuro. As we moved around we kept in contact with them and received their messages whenever we returned to Majuro. We also came back to the USA every summer for the summer program in Chicago. This gave us the opportunity to visit our kids either before the program started or after it finished.

The downside of our first year in Majuro was the death of our Dean, Joe Mathews. All of us on the staff knew that his death would have a tremendous and lasting effect on the life of the Institute.

Shortly after we returned to Majuro for the second year the house members thought it was time for us to take a trip to the House in Western Samoa which was planning to find a village on the Island for a Human Development Project. So we purchased two tickets for Fiji, Tonga, Western Samoa, and a return to Majuro. We left on Air Nauru (Nauru was a very rich island because of its natural resource of the stuff fertilizer is made from). They have three Boeing Aircraft that fly all over the South Pacific on a (more or less) regular schedule.

We arrived in Suva, Fiji and stayed for a week or so. We stayed in Grand Pacific Hotel (GPH) and made contacts with the South Pacific Seminary, the Methodist Church, and several government personnel. Fiji was part of the British Empire and after it became independent it had a population of 48% native people (Melanesians) and 52% imported population from India. The native people owned all the land and controlled the Government and the non-natives became the merchant class. This situation had a lot of stressful situations between the two nationalities.

From Fiji we went to Tonga (Polynesians). It was the first time any of our group had been to Tonga, so we were there just to see and get a feel of what might be the possibilities for a future relationship with the Institute. We were there for four days.

After Tonga we boarded a prop plane for a six hour trip to Western Samoa. When we arrived the bus took us to the Aggie Grey Motel in Apia. The woman named Aggie Gray was a beautiful older woman who comes out for the Fea-Fea Feast which happens once a week. The people of Western Samoa honor her for it is their understanding that she was the inspiration for the character "Bloody Mary" of South Pacific fame. It was her relationship to the US Military that gave her the funds to eventually build and operate the Aggie Gray Motel.

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On the other end of Town Center (Apia) is the Tootsie Taller Motel (the Story Teller) in honor of the author and poet Robert Louis Stevenson who lived for a long while on his Coco plantation named Vailima. Stevenson's grave is in Western Samoa and in his honor they named their motel (the story teller) and their beer Vailima which was the

Western Samoa is made up of two large mountainous islands with Apia on the East Side and the location of their only Town Center. You may remember, maybe not, but years ago the Movie "Return to Paradise" with Gerry Cooper was filmed here and this is the Island made famous by the book "Coming of Age in Samoa" by Margret Mead.

Also, Western Samoa has a "you do something for me and I will do something for you" Culture which gave New Zealand (their protectorate nation after WW 2) a fit because NZ interpreted their cultural as a form of bribery especially in political circles. Over the years after WW 2 there were numerous trials on charges of Bribery. However, now that Western Samoa is an independent Nation they carry on with their cultural heritage with great pride.

We called the Western Samoa House from the Motel and they sent someone to pick us up. It was Sunday and everything was quiet so after having a bite to eat all of us took a nap. The Next day we explored the Town Center and met a few friends of the staff. In the culture of the South Pacific Islands you might run into the governor, the bank president, or a chief from one of the villages and just stop and talk awhile.

The next day several members of the House along with Marianna and I drove over to the other side of the mountain to visit several villages that might be interested in participating in a Village Project. After several day's we settled on the Village of Salina. Our next step was to meet with the Village Chief and whoever he wanted to be with him. It was easy to find out who was Village Chief, so we send him a message about meeting with us, and receive a message which said yes.

Three days later we met. Our time together lasted several hours as we discussed Salina's economic interest, family size, political structure, issues they faced, and their dreams for the future. We also explained the makeup, procedures, pros and cons, the how too, and time required to do Village Project. The meeting went well and was followed up many times before they said yes to our proposal.

After that, Marianna and I returned to Majuro by way of Nauru with the good news that sometime next year a Village Project would begin in Western Samoa.

A trip to Rong-Rong

When the first couple from our group went to Majuro they were there to work with a church high school on the island of Rong-Rong that was about one mile west of the west-end of the Majuro Atoll. They had long since returned to Chicago before we arrived.

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As I Remember It

When we arrived on the Atoll no one ever talked about the school on Rong-Rong. After a year or so, Marianna and I decided to take some independent action and go to RR and see for ourselves what was going on. So we rented a car for the day and drove from the middle part of the Atoll to the west-end that was 18 miles away. When we got there, we went looking for someone with a boat to take us across the lagoon to RR. Finally we found two young Marshallese boys who said they would take us over and come to get us in two hours. We said OK. With that we began to walk toward the lagoon dock.

One of the boys stopped us and said we were heading the wrong way. We would have to get on their boat which was on the ocean side of the Atoll. This meant we would have to wade out about 40 yards to the end of the coral shelf, fight our way through the waves that pound against the coral, and get into their small row boat which had an outboard motor. Foolishly we made our way to the end of the coral shelf.

When we got there, the two boys jumped into the ocean and beckoned us to follow. We did! After much difficulty the two boys managed to get us through the waves and into the boat. After all of us was in the boat one of the boys tried to start the motor. For ten minutes, that seemed like 10 years, he struggled to get the motor going and finally he began taking it apart. All the while we were drifting with the current away from the shore and out to sea.

Soon both boys began to laugh and pat their knees. We had been on the island long enough to know that laughing and knee patting is the way the Marshallese express fear and anxiety. Then after another 8 or 10 minutes (years) the motor was reassembled and this time it started.

We made it back to the Atoll, found a water way into the lagoon and arrived at the Rong-Rong school. When we departed from the boat, Marianna told the boys to come back for us but stay in the lagoon not the ocean side. They said they would, so we let them go in the hopes they understood what we expected them to do.

We found the Rong-Rong school deserted. There was a care taker who told us the school had been closed for a long time and she did not know when it might reopen. This help to explain why we were never invited by the church to visit Rong-Rong.

So we spent some time looking at the building and walking around the island and right on time the two boys showed up, took us back across the lagoon, and we returned home.

Finally, the experience and/or adventure of being adrift in the Pacific Ocean Is something you can never forget. One time was enough. It's like being a grasshopper on the freeway during rush hour with both hoppers broken!!!!!!

On our second trip back to Chicago for the summer program Tom was married and living with his wife somewhere in Wisconsin. Before we went to Chicago we stopped by and spent several days with Tom and his wife Colleen. After the summer program we went to New York to visit Nan and Lynn. At that time Nan was working for the city of New York at the GHI Vision Services and Lynn was working in the hair salon at Macys. We arrived at LaGuardia and took a cab to Lynn's apartment. It was close to 11:00 PM. when we arrived.

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When we got inside Marianna realized she had left her purse in the cab. What to do? Lynn said we probably would not see that pocket book again. We went outside in the hopes that maybe she had lost it in the street or the sidewalk or the entrance hall. When we opened the door the taxi driver pull up and returned the pocketbook, we had found an honest man in NYC.

Lynn's apartment was one room with a kitchen in the corner and a closed along the back wall, and small half bathroom on the other side. I asked Lynn where we could sleep, she opened the closet and pointed to the shelf over the clothing and said "Up there." It worked. We had a mattress and room for the both of us. Later that night Lynn introduced me to HBO. I had never seen or experienced uncensored and unrated shows before on TV. When we got ready for bed I noticed that there was no place to take a bath. Lynn pointed to the small table at the entrance to the kitchen area, she went over and lifted the top, and there it was a small but usable (one at a time alone) bath tub. Such are the ways of NY.

Nan had a nice apartment on the Upper East Side with a kitchen, living and bedroom with a "full bathroom for support." Nan took us to the NYC Vision Services laboratory and walked us through the many steps it takes to manufacture eye glasses.

For the second time we left from NYC and returned to Majuro:

The flight to Hawaii

On the appointed day, the two of them went with us to Kennedy Airport and sent us on our way to Chicago continuing on to Hawaii on a United 747. It was a pleasant but long trip. After we left Chicago the toilets began to shut down, one at a time. With close to 500 passages on board it becomes a crisis when all but one bathroom shut down before we reach Hawaii. After we landed there was the quickest deplaning of passengers from a 747 in history of aviation.

We stayed in Hawaii until the next available Air Mick flight to Majuro. On the day we left we had lunch at the air point in the 2nd floor restaurant. When it became close to boarding time I stayed to pay the bill and Marianna went to the rest room and I told her I was going too and I would met her outside.

Unknowingly to me, Marianna went to a rest room on the first floor and I went to the one on the second floor. We waited for each other outside different rest rooms as our boarding time was drawing near. I finally asked a lady going in if she would inquire about my wife. In a few minutes she came out and said "your wife is not in there." I figured she had gone on to the boarding area so I took off the get there. She was not there, but in a few minutes she arrived and asked me "Where have you been, I have been looking for you everywhere?" We finally figured out what happened. Every since then (many years ago) we never go to the restroom without picking out together the actual place we are going to meet.

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As I Remember It

When we arrived in Majuro we got our staff together and spent a few days making out plans for the coming year. After we finished the 10 of us decided to take the next Saturday as a vacation day and go on a picnic. About 30 miles or so to the East of Majuro is the atoll of "Arno."

Our Trip to Arno

We made all the arrangement. We hired a "High-Powered-Speed-Boat," cooked up a mess of chicken wings, and headed to "Arno" for the day. We left Majuro at 6:00 AM which was high tide.

There we were the ten of us, with a bucket of chicken wings and a big pot filled with potato salad. There was also the owner and operator of a 30 foot "High-Speed-Outboard-Motor-Boat," who had with him 12 of those big red-cans filled with High-Octane-Marine-Gasoline.

NOW! Marianna and I knew something that the other 8 did not. We had been informed by the Boat Owner that the two outboard Motors powering our boat would conk out about 2/3 of the way over to Arno, and the gas tanks would have to be changed.

Well! It happened: Suddenly, without warning, both motors coughed and died. There we were, drifting alone out in the Pacific Ocean, ten or more miles from the nearest Land. Everyone on the boat but Marianna, me, and our Australian driver face turned White as a Sheet, and I was afraid someone was going to be sick.

But, our Australian driver took over. Explained that he would have to change Gas-Tanks and we would soon be on our way. He did, and we weren't.

O! He changed the gas tanks, but it took him fifteen minutes, which seemed like fifteen years, to get those two engines up and running.

That day, there were ten of us, who learned a very valuable lesson about living, and about life. That is, at the very core of our existence it is required from all of us that we trust one another and more importantly, that we trust the spirit of life itself, that spirit we call God. (And that kind if trust is blind)

When we arrived at Arno the main village was in process of cleaning up. The kids were sweeping the pathways, the elders were taking leaves to their compost pits, the women were cleaning the follies, and the men were working on their fishing nets. It was a treat to see a whole community working together as if everyone knew who they were and what was expected from them.

Later we cruised around the lagoon and visited other villages. At lunch time we found a little Island, parked the boat, and prepared to eat and go swimming. While the food was being put out on the small table two of our group went swimming. Suddenly one of the swimmers yelled ran back to the beach to the beach. She had seen a shark. This ended our plan to swim. But we did have a big fest on potato salad and fried chicken wings.

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Pal, a Polynesian man from Tarawa, went out to get some coconuts to get milk for us to drink. While cutting one open he sliced his hand and all but surveyed his left thumb. While we held his thumb and hand together Vioeta, his wife, went out into the underbrush and came back chewing something I don't know what. She also had some banana leaves. She took whatever she had in her mouth and used the banana leaves to bind his hands and thumb together.

We headed back for Majuro to take Pal to the hospital. We had to wait long enough for the high tide to come in. When we docked in Majuro I took Pal to the hospital while the other returned to the house to clean up and rest. To my amazement when they took off the banana leaves and cleaned the black looking stuff from his thumb, the healing process had already reach the pink stage indicating that the thumb was binding and healing with the hand. Three day later the hand and thumb were completely well. Vioeta never told any of us what the stuff was that cured Pal.

Soon after this episode on Arno and because the tickets we had included a trip to Saipan and back. We left on Air Mike and stayed in few days in Ponape, Truk, Guam, and Saipan. At Saipan we checked in at the US office of the Trust Territory to find out the future plans for the breakup of the US oversight for Micronesia. We found at the Marshalls planed to be independent with special and negotiated relationship with the US. Guam and Saipan make up the Marianas chain of Islands with Guam being a US Territory the same as American Samoa. The other islands planned to be an independent federation with the title The Federation of Micronesian Islands.

When we returned to Majuro we stayed for a week or so and then left for Western Samoa to prepare for the Salina Village Project which would last for a week. Within a fortnight two additional Institute staff arrived who would be the primary ones to guide and direct the Program. Over the next few days ten volunteer resource people arrive. We had a doctor, a dentist, a psychologist, an educator, an artist, an architect and a south pacific historian.

On Sunday night we began with a big celebration and then went through the week creating a vision, the blocks, the proposals, the strategies, the tactics and the time line for the village program. We closed the program with another celebration. Over the next week everything was put in writing (both English and Samoan) and made into a document for the village's use.

In the proposals was secure some funding for the village from resources in New Zealand and to research the possibility of securing a generator so the village could have some electrical power. Two or three days after the program, Marianna and I headed for NZ.

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Off to New Zealand

On this, our first trip to NZ Marianna and I left Western Samoa and flew to Auckland, NZ. We made one big mistake. It was hot when we left Western Samoa but it was cold when we arrived in New Zealand. The Samoans on our aircraft boarded the plane dressed for the hot weather, but when we landed in Auckland the Samoans pulled out of their baggage nice warm parkers and other winter clothing. All the clothing Marianna and I had was clothing suited for the nice warm weather of a south Pacific Island.

In Auckland we stayed at a motel (the Casanova) near the town center. We visited some of the corporation in NZ that had supported the ICA in the U.S. DuPont was the only one interested in helping so they requested us to make give them a proposal on how they could support Salina. We also did some research for a diesel generator that could bring electricity to the Human Development Project in the village of Salina in Western Samoa with no success.

Next we took an all day bus trip to Wellington where we stayed in the basement room of lawyer who was related to one of the ICA staff persons from Australia. The lawyer friend not only loaned us winter coats but also directed us to visit the NZ Commission for the Future that was dealing with NZ's future since they were now independent for England.

After several visits the director of the futures commission suggested we visit the Hawke's Bay community College. He called the director, Dr. Harrie, of the college and set up a time for us to come by and visit. For the next few days, we visited several NZ agencies and told them about the Salina's program so they would become familiar with the village program. After that we took the train north to Hawke's Bay.

The Hawke's Bay Community College is a technical school, but NZ has a requirement that all technical colleges must also have one department in the humanities. To comply with the law the college was setting up a community development department which could be both a course in the humanities as well as teaching the techniques and skills necessary of community development.

After several visits over the next few days Dr. Harrie asked us to come back to NZ and help the college set up their Community Development Program and even help train some of the college staff in Community Development methods. After that we left NZ and returned to Western Samoa. The ICA House had moved to Salina and everything seemed to be on track so we returned to Majuro

The following quarter Marianna and I returned to Hawke's Bay Community College for a few weeks of field work in training the new staff how to facilitate a participatory community meeting. Our schedule included Ginsburg, a Maria Mariah, and the small town of Havelock North.

After finishing 5 Community Meetings and having training session with staff we were set to head for Western Samoa. A few days before we left we had a call from the Mayor (Jeff Richardson) of Havelock-North asking us to help the city make a decision about its future.

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It seems that HN was just across the river from the city of Hastings that wanted to amalgamate (annex) HN into their city. As the Mayor put it, “most of the residences of HN consider this action as inevitable” so Jeff wanted to know what the citizens of HN really wanted to do. We agreed to help.

Seven days in Havelock North

The Hawke’s Bay Community College gave us the loan of their visitor’s house for our stay in working with HN. This house was in the middle of a sheep heard and it was home to six peacocks, eight ginnery hens, and 12 chickens. This is where we learned that if you go for a walk in NZ you have to pay attention to where you step.

The following week we did five community meetings (one each night in five elementary schools located in five sections of the city). They were all well attended. The focus question was “what are your hopes and dreams for the future of HN.” This was followed up with “a conversation about the benefits and liabilities of becoming a part of city of Hastings.” Finally we broke into several small discussion groups asking each grope to takes their future hopes and dreams plus the benefits and liabilities of becoming a part of Hastings and make an informed decision on what Havelock North should do, Every small group in every community meeting said they preferred to remain their own city and say no to Hastings.

On Saturday morning of the same week the Mayor called the HN city council together and met in the local high school auditorium. Over 150 citizens came to the meeting and one elected spokes person for each community gave their report.

The citizens of Havelock-North had said no to Hastings. After hearing all the reports the Mayor call the City Council into session, called for a motion to inform the city of Hastings that Havelock-North had rejected their invitation to become a part of their city. The vote to support the motion was unanimous.

Marianna and I had by this time shared a lot of information about our mission, our houses, our hopes and our dreams. Before we left for Western Samoa and on to Chicago, Jeff called and asked “how do we get one of those houses in Havelock- North? We told him to bring his wife and attend the ICA research assembly in Chicago the following year. Jeff said he would think about it.

By this time it was getting close to Christmas. We left the Hawke’s Bay area and returned to Auckland. Checked into the Casanova to wait for day we were scheduled to fly to Western Samoa. We were going to Salina and stay over Christmas Day so the rest of the staff could take a Holliday in Apia.

The next day we were out walking and noticed a sign on the Hungarian Club House which read:

Are you away from home and family? Would you like to have some Christmas fun with others who are like you, away from home and family? Come to our Christmas party on December 18th.

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We did, we paid our \$20.00 and came to the celebration. It was wonderful. We had people from Europe, Australia, Japan, and Korea. We had children and presents and a magician and singing and dancing. It was an oasis of fun in the midst of a busy agenda with a lot of work to do.

On the appointed day, we took a flight to Western Samoa, caught the daily truck and went to the Village of Salina and settled in to stay until New Year's Day when we planned to return to Majuro.

The chief was glad to see us and delighted that we would be there for the Village Christmas Celebration. Months before this we had witnessed a village trial that was a real lesson in Justice and fair play, so we were delighted to be there for Christmas. Let me share with you both of these experiences.

The Trial

The village owned and operated a large Coco plantation. It was their only money crop. During planting time each family had planted new trees on their land allotment. On this occasion one of the untitled (each family elects a chief and bestows on him a Title, all the rest of the family men are called "untitled") young man in a fit of anger cut down several newly planted trees in another families allotment of land. This amounted to almost a capital offence in the eye of the village.

The Village chief called for what he called a "One Day Trial." On the appointed day all the titled men meet in the Folly sitting as families unites. The rest of the Villagers gather outside. Everyone comes prepared to be there all day. Marianna and I were invited to sit with the titled chiefs.

We took our place at 8:00 AM. First the Village Chief read the charges not to the young boy who cut down the trees, but to the family to which he belonged. In point of procedure the young boy was never mentioned, it was the family on trial.

After that each chief of the other families stood and made their complaint to the accused family. When each family had spoken, the chief of the accused family stood and made his case. The accused family chief did not deny the charges nor talk about the young boy's behavior, instead he began to cry, shout, and dance around explaining how poor the family is and how loyal they are to the Village and he begged the other chiefs not to be harsh and vindictive toward the family.

This dialogue went on all day. Lunch was served in the midst of and during all the proceedings. Each family chief would share what his family thought the penalty for the crime should be and the chief of the accused family would again point out the poverty of his family and their loyalty to the Village.

Around 3:00 PM I noticed that several young men from the accused family left. After that the trial heated up. The accusers began demanding extreme punishments for the accused family such as take their plantation allotment from them and kick them out of the village. The chief of the accused family cried and cried and begged them not to punish them so harshly because they are loyal to the village.

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At 5:00 PM the village chief stood up, walked to the middle of the room and called for silence. The he said: "I have reached my verdict. The accused family must pay for and replace the trees, they must pay 100.00 Tala (Samoa Currency) in cash to the Plantation improvement fund, and they must kill the pig and serve the people of this village tonight." Case dismissed.

In talking with the Village Chief I learned that the proceedings of the trial had a fixed agenda (a village ritual) one day in length, let it all out, fine the family, and all is forgiven and forgotten.

Now I understood why the young men of the accused family left in mid-afternoon, they went to cook the pig. It is the family responsibility to discipline the young man who cut down the trees. Later I learned that the family sent him to relatives that lived in NZ where he was to work until he could repay the family 100.00 Tala.

The evening meal was great. Marianna and I ate nice and tasty piece of pork tenderloin for our evening meal.

The Christmas Celebration

We arrive in Salina several days before Christmas and the first thing we had to do was wash our cloths. This is the way we did it in the Village. The women, including Marianna, took all the dirty clothing and went up the mountain by the river which runs from the mountain into the ocean at the south of the village. Using detergents, they wash the cloth and throw them into the river for rinsing. The cloths go with the flow till it reaches near the ocean. The men, including me, are waiting for the clothing in the river. We catch everything and hang them on the bushes that grow along the river edge. In an hour or so the sun dries them out and in our case we collect what belongs to us the village clothing belongs to whoever claims and selects it (in the Samoan village all the clothing belongs to all the people.)

On Christmas day when Marianna and I woke up we found a small Christmas tree beside our bed. Attached to it was a balloon shaped liked a 747 aircraft. This was our Christmas gift from the village.

At 9:00 AM we gathered in the same Folly that was used for the trial. All the chiefs were there plus all the village members who live in New Zealand and had come home for Christmas. We had about 60 or 65 men (plus Marianna) setting in a circle. The women and children were all outside looking in and the young men were responsible for the noon meal and whatever else the chiefs and visitors required.

The village chief sat at the head of the circle and in front of him was a big table filled with "Spirits". We had Bourbon, Gin, Vodka, Scotch, Rum, Jakaroo (Local Brew), and I don't know what all. When we started a large group of young men with drums, and other musical instruments, took their place at one end of the circle. The Village Chief gave the introductions and welcoming, after which he called on two or three of the guest to give us a dance. The band played and the men danced. After that he called out a series of family chefs and visitors to come to the table for some

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Gin. Next the Village Chief called on one visitor from NZ to give all the local people a NZ dollar. And this was the ritual pattern that went through the whole morning. That day I netted 21 NZ dollars had several short drinks of Bourbon, danced with Marianna, and had a wonderful lunch with their version of fish and chips.

By 2:00 PM several of the local chiefs had to be help home hopelessly drunk. Everyone enjoyed watching them leave by laughing and singing them a song. By 3:00 PM the party was over and those who were still able were joined by Marianna and me to sing one or two Christmas Carols out of hymn books furnished by "The British Missionary Society". That evening we dined with one of the Village families. We stayed in the village for a few more days, but we left when our staff returned from a few days in Apia. We went to Apia to wait for our flight to Majuro on Air Nauru scheduled for New Years Eve.

Our flight to Nauru left at 7:00 PM and would arrive around 10:00 PM on December the 31st. At 5:00 PM we left our bags at the motel desk and we went to the dining room for supper. At the table across from us the Australian Pilots and Micronesians attendants for our flight were also eating. As we talked, one of the pilots asked where we were going, we answered, Majuro.

The pilot informed us that Air Nauru would not be flying to Majuro because of a Cholera epidemic in the Marshall Islands. He went on to say we could fly from Nauru to Tarawa and wait there for a flight to Majuro when the Cholera quarantine is lifted. (The Island of Nauru requires a visa to stay there, but you can stay while waiting for a connecting flight within three days. Tarawa is the same way.) Marianna and I would not be able to stay as a visitor at either location.

The pilot suggested that we could take the 11:00 PM flight to Guam. I told him we did not have the money to buy a ticket to Guam. He responded "give the airport attendant your ticket to Majuro and tell him that's all you got."

We left on time and arrived on time. They unloaded our luggage and I went to the counter and presented my ticket to Majuro. He said the flight would be leaving via Tarawa at eight the next morning. I ask him "what time do we get to Majuro?" He answered, "We are not flying to Majuro because of the quarantine. We can only take you to Tarawa."

The attendant and I had this conversation:

Bill: We can't go to Tarama, we don't have a visa to stay and wait.

Attendant: You can't stay here either, you don't have a visa.

B. I notice you have a flight leaving in 30 minutes for Guam, we can go there.

A. Yes, but it will cost you \$400.00 dollars.

B. Can we exchange our tickets to Majuro for the trip to Guam?

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A. Yes, but you will still owe \$250.00 dollars.

B. All we have is \$18.00 dollars.

A. Not enough.

B. We can't stay in Nauru and we can't stay in Tarawa, the only place we have to go to is Guam, other than that we will have to stay here in the airport.

A. We close at 12:00 o'clock.

B. Well, living here in the airport is the only alternative we have.

A. (silence)

I returned to my seat and waited. About 10 minutes before the Guam flight left the attendant came over to us, picked up Marianna bags and said come on you can take the flight to Guam.

(In truth I did have an American Express Card, but I knew that Nauru required currency not plastic. I also had a \$300.00 check as a Christmas present from my Mother. I don't remember when and where I received it, but I had it in my bill fold.)

The flight to Guam was quite a treat. There were only 12 of us on board and the aircraft was decorated for a New Year's Celebration. We had food, drink, and fun all the way To Guam.

We arrived about 2:30 AM. I called the nearest hotel on the list at the airport and asked if they had a room. The attendant said they had one room left that we could use until 11:00 AM. We took it, rented a car, and went to the hotel. The hotel was in the tourist district which served mostly Japanese visitors, but they accepted American Express Cards. "My feet were too big and my legs too long for the bed," but other than that we did fine.

We left before 11:00 AM and drove to an apartment building where we had stayed on a previous visit to Guam that had three one room apartments fully furnished and checked in. Our plan was to wire our colleagues in Majuro, tell them where we are and that need money while we wait the Quarantine to end.

Our next visit was to the Bank of Guam. I went in and ask the clerk to speak with one of the supervisors of the Bank. I was escorted to the office of a woman about my age. I showed her the check from my mother and told her my story. Again, I had on my blue shirt. She asked me if I was one of the "Blue Shirts" from Majuro. I said yes. She went on to say that one of our staff (in a Blue Shirt from Majuro) presented a program about the Institutes work in Human Development. When she finished, she signed my check and went with me to cash it.

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(She is the one that used the term “privately funded peace corp.” to describe what she knew about the “Blue Shirts”. This is a good way to understand who we were and what we did. By having people who were employed and raising money through our development, we were able to move about and get things done. All of the airplane tickets were written in Chicago, and our task as Area Prior was to visit, open up communications, and do programs over a vast area of the globe.)

So we waited to hear from Majuro, but as you know Marianna does not let any grass grow on her feet. In a day or so she turned on her creativity and said “since we are here why don’t we do some Village Meetings. OK, why not. We went to the governor’s office, and made an appointment for the next day (you can do that on an Island).

The next day we met with the governor, a young man full of dreams and visions for the future of this Island. After we told him our story he called in several other political figures and we kept talking. There are 16 primary Villages in Guam. In each Village you have a Catholic Priest, a Mayor and a military representative for each village from the US Air Force stationed on the East end of the Island, make up the primary leadership team for each village.

They recommended that we contact the Catholic Bishop, and judge Matabusium, his daughter, the mayors of each village, and the Military Representative for each village. The governor was pleased to endorse the Guam Village Meeting Program and recommend it for each village.

Our first visit was with the Bishop who was very supportive. He even asked us to do one of the meetings for the Senior Class at the Catholic High School, we did. So with that recommendation, we visited all the villages and gained support to do those 16 Village Meetings. The Military Representative helped us with their support and supplies (paper, pencils, printing, and all the little things we needed to do the Village meeting.

We met and talked with the Judge and his daughter Ms Matabusium and her male companion (years later Ms Matabusium was elected to the US Senate (without vote) to represent the territory of Guam. Her male companion and Marianna did some of the Meetings while Ms Matabusium and I did some others. Everybody on the Island knew her, so she was a very important person to be helping.

At one of the Village meeting that Marianna and I did we had a big surprise. Before we started the meeting I notice a car drive up and park but no one got out. When we were ready to start the meeting I went out to the car to invite the occupant to come in. What a surprise, the only occupant was one of our staff from Chicago who had been visiting members of his family working in India. It was our friend and colleague L.E. Philbrook. He had seen a poster at the airport and decided to stay over and attend the Village Meeting.

Once we had the Village Meetings Marianna and I rented and moved into a two bedroom apartment and stayed in Guam for over three months. While there our daughter Nan took the one way trip around the world flight with Pan American Airlines for \$1,000.00 dollars. She stayed about a week with us in Guam. We were so glad to see her and the three of us had a wonderful visit. Her next stop was Japan.

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We concluded the Village meeting program with a Village Assembly representing all 16 Villages in the Pavilion located adjacent to the commentary of the US Soldiers who gave their lives in the WW 2 battle for Guam. That assembly was a real celebration of the future for Guam, and the white crosses were a witness for the price of freedom for the 16 villages of the Island. After this we returned to Majuro.

So far I have mentioned our Christmas experiences in Salani, Western Samoa and there is another Christmas experience that deserves mentioning.

Our colleagues in India, Hong Kong, Korea and Australia, invited Marianna and me to a Christmas Conference in Hong Kong. Our cheapest way to get from NZ was to fly to Nauru and from Nauru to Hong Kong. We left NZ two days before Christmas and took a flight to Nauru. Our connection did not leave till the day after Christmas, so we had to stay over in the Nauru hotel fir Christmas waiting for our flight.

On Christmas day Marianna and I traded gifts and went to breakfast. On our way back to our room we came across four Nauru women who were sitting in the hall folding towels and sheets. They had a Christmas tree on one side of the hall, some Christmas snacks on the other and they were singing Christmas Carols. Marianna and I joined them and for the next hour we sang ate Christmas snacks and folded towels. This episode made our Christmas Day one of the best we ever had.

The next day we took our flight to Hong Kong. We were met by some of our colleagues and taken to a Chinese village for our meeting. For the first time we met that one hole in the middle of the concrete floor that is the substitute of the American bathroom commode. We were assigned to stay with a Chinese Family who went to bed at 9:00 PM at which time they locked up the house and it was not opened again until 6:00 AM the next morning, but the latrine was an out-house. This was a real challenge to my personal plumbing. I made it.

From Hong Kong we took Air Nauru to Western Samoa with colleagues from Korea and Japan. When we arrived we went to the Samoan College because the five of us were staging and teaching a ten day training session called the International Training Institute (ITI) course on village, regional and world development methods for participants from Fiji, Western and American Samoa, and Tonga. It was a very successful and a Methodist Pastor asked Marianna and me to return with him to Fiji for some visitation in the hopes of have an ITI in Fiji. We went with him and stayed for a week. We made quite a few contacts in Suva, and then took a bus trip to Nandi on the East side. We made several contact and attended and participated in several Kava-Kava rituals (Kava is a local plant that is used both as a welcoming ritual and as a sort of drug designed to make the meeting more calming and enjoyable.)

In the end we were unable to generate any lasting results from our meetings, but we did learn a lot about the Melanesian people (the Native people of the South Pacific make up three different nations called the Polynesians, Micronesians, and Melanesians.)

After this we returned to Chicago for the summer program and a visit to Tom, Lynn, Nan, Marianna's family, and Louise my aunt.

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When we returned to the South Pacific we stopped over in Honolulu in order to take a flight to Papua New Guinea (PNG). While in Fiji the Methodist Pastor we were with had wired the Methodist Bishop in Port Moresby that we would be coming to visit the Fijian outpost in Mount Hagen. The Bishop had invited us to come and discuss the ITI with the Methodist leadership.

It was a 12 to 14 hour flight from Hawaii to PNG. When we arrived in Port Moresby we checked into a hotel and made an appointment with the Methodist Church Leadership. We were there about four days and we had a visit the first night from a rather large (compared to 5th City rats) aggressive rat. We complained, so the hotel plugged up the rat hole.

PNG had been a colony of the British Empire. It was interesting to eat in the hotel dining room. The waiters were all natives, dressed from top to bottom in bright white clothing, and the table had far more knives, forks, and spoons that we needed. But the humorous thing to me was that with all that British culture and finery, the waiters were all barefoot (most of the natives were barefoot).

After several visits the Methodist Leadership said they would consider doing an ITI, but it never happened. Our trip to Mount Hagen was a new kind of experience. Mount Hagen is in the back country. When our plane arrived there was nothing there except the runway. Along with several other passenger one of which was a salesman from Indonesia we picked up our bags and began to walk toward the town center. We were told by the salesman that he dreaded this trip more than any other place he visited, we did not ask why.

About a mile down the road a Truck came by and gave us a ride to the Motel Compound. The motel was totally encircled by a security fence with barbwire on top. That tells you something about life for visitors to Mount Hagen. The Compound is secure, and visitors can leave after 8:00 AM but must return by 4:00 PM since the compound is secured between 4:00 PM and 8:00 AM. The Salesman advised us to get whatever we needed and be back to the Compound by noon.

On our first day there I was very sick with stomach cramps and diarrhea, but on the second day we left the compound at 9:00 AM. We had contacted the Fiji Pastor at the Methodist Outpost and he said he would come and pick us up the next day.

We ventured out of the Compound and headed downtown which was mostly an open market. There was a lot of native people headed downtown too. They were dressed (if you can call it that) in an unusual way. A family would come by and the women would be carrying the things they were taking to market, behind them were the men with a sack over their prick and a pig walking behind them tethered by a long rope secure around the neck.

I made a mistake by taking a picture of one such family and I was immediately surrounded by the family members with their hands open for money. I did what I had to do to satisfy the situation, I shelled out 12 one dollar bills and they let me go. Marianna put our camera away and didn't use it again until we visited the park in Port Moresby on the day before we left PNG.

From PNG we returned to Majuro. While we were gone the main section of the Atoll had been covered with water on three consecutive days. This part of the Atoll was contaminated and Military personnel from Guam came and helped with the decontamination.

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The Leadership Team trip to Pacifica

Two weeks after we arrived in Majuro the leadership team from Chicago announced their visit to our area. Every four years members of the leadership team visited each project for an evaluation. They were coming to Salina in Western Samoa and Majuro. I took a flight with Air Nauru and went to meet them in Apia while Marianna stayed in Majuro. I arrived a day before the team and waited for them at Aggie Gray's Hotel. When they arrived we stayed in Apia for several days updating each other of things going on in Chicago and other places as well as what was being talked about at the Institute in Chicago. The team from Chicago was made up of Neal Vance (an old friend, we worked together in 5th City), Lyn Mathews and a dentist friend of the Institute who wanted to travel.

Later, when we arrived in Salani, we spent three days updating the staff and talking about the future. The prior family of the House in Salani had left the project and returned to Apia. He also notified Chicago he would not be up for reassignment the following year. This meant a new Priorship family would have to be assigned next year.

The only humorous thing that happened in the Village occurred one day when I was sitting on the back row next to Lyn. Neal was up front giving a presentation. Outside the Folly was a shower (the water came down from a pond in the mountains and the shower had no privacy. While Neal was talking a 200 pound Samoan woman took off her clothing and took a shower in the nude. Both Lyn and I could see her but others were not in the right place to see this local event. Lyn leaned over and said to me "Bill do not let on we see this show, it may interrupt Neal's presentation."

After a few days in the village the four of us took a flight back to Hawaii. We checked in at a hotel on the beach and stayed for five days at the expense of the dentist who had never been to Honolulu. Our next stop was Majuro and the information shared with Majuro staff was the same information they shared with Salani. After that they did their evaluations and left for Chicago.

At the end of our meeting with the Leadership Team, Marianna and I returned to Hawaii and made some contacts in their state government and did some training courses in teaching and curriculum building in the public school system. We also visited with the Department of future planning for the South Pacific at the University of Hawaii. These meetings were very helpful in understanding the development past and future of Pacifica done jointly by Hawaii, New Zealand and Australia. At the end of this period we returned to Chicago for the summer program and a visit with the family.

Guess who showed up for the Summer Program, It was Jeff Richardson and his wife from Havelock-North in New Zealand. For several years both Chicago and Australia had wanted to have a House in NZ, and Jeff was there to make it happen.

I thought the leadership team and the staff would be very positive about a house in NZ. Jeff said there was a house in a park where the ICA House staff could live-in. all we needed was to assign

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the staff. I told the leadership team that Marianna and I would spend the following year making sure the House got a good start. They did not give me any response at that time.

I finally learned the hesitation. We did not have any staff left to assign to NZ.

(When we were working with church renewal a large group of both lay and clergy joined the Institute as staff. At that time we were teaching a weekend curriculum, had two six week schools called the Academy, and we were on the street working with 5th City. Once we turned to the world as the ICA we became Facilitators with skills in authentic participation in the planning process that trained leadership to work in their own locations instead of being a global staff under assignment. Also 5th City had matured into a robust, dynamic and self sustaining neighborhood.)

This shortage of staff was due to the cost of maintaining a global servant hood staff that could no longer be self supporting (mostly because they could not work and earn income on foreign soil). Two other developments had also reduced our assignable staff. Several areas like Australia, Britain, the Netherlands, Africa, Egypt, India and South East Asia had raised an indigenous staff but they were not up for global assignment. (Awakening and engaging local people in their own local location was our goal in the beginning. our success was now our challenge.)

Because of this situation Rick and Linda Jones who had been with us in Majuro for the past three years agreed to join us in establishing a NZ House. (Rick had worked with TASC which now had a total indigenous staff. When the Summer Program was over Rick and Linda went back to Majuro to tie up loose ends and Marianna and I took two weeks off and visited Tom, Lynn and Nan. When we returned to the South Pacific we went first to Western Samoa and learned that the House had moved to Apia and that Pal and Vioeta were the only staff living in Salani. Rick and Linda joined us and the four of us took a flight to NZ and Havelock-North.

The House in the Park was big and beautiful. It was a two story facility in the middle of a four acre park complete with a Gardner. It had been a doll museum but was now vacant. The Mayor and city Board wanted the facility to be a local and regional retreat-training center. The city had a 10,000 NZ dollars grant to make the transition from museum to retreat center.

The ten thousand was for materials. The four of us lived on the second floor as the main floor was being refurbished. NZ is a welfare state, it puts people first. This following is one way a welfare state works.

Refurbishing the House in the Park and storm clouds for our future

In NZ if a person who has lost his/her job or out of work can join a team that is being trained in a new skill with pay and be trained for a new Job that is guaranteed by the state. We partnered with a team being trained in redecorating and refurbishing unused, needy, and abandon facilities. All the teams work in one way or another on the infrastructures of a community.

The team personnel have to have four hours of education and four hours of hands on work. The team assigned to us was supervised by the Salvation Army. The workers had to have four hours a

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day of education, so we set up our ITI curriculum for the morning and the Salvation Army supervised the four of hands on work by transforming the main floor of the House into a retreat center.

The political activity in ever nation has three main activities. One is “deliberative systems” (making the laws and making policy decision). The second is “National and local security i.e. (military power and preparedness and law enforcement). The third is “The wellbeing of its citizens (food on the table and a roof overhead, medical care and a way to distribute money) which is the way the population participates in the economic life of the nation. In the USA we favor “security, in NZ they favor “the people.”

While this was going on, Rick and Linda did some of the training along with Marianna and me. On one occasion Jeff took Marianna and I to Wellington to meet a few influential politicians. We met the Chancellor of the Senate who gave us a recommendation to meet the Department Head of the unit that deals with grants and funding for the non-profit organizations. We were put on the list for receiving some funding for our neighborhood meeting program.

This was a gift but also raised the warning signs for the non-profit sector of the NZ economy. The pie is only so big, and this foreign organization (the ICA) wants a piece of our pie. We arrived in NZ in September and by late October we were under attack from the non-profit sector over the use of the states funding for non-profits.

One night there was late night talk show on the radio headed by a Catholic Priest. He criticized the ICA and even accused us of being the CIA. He accused us wanting to take over NZ. One of the calls he made was to Dr. Harrie, president of the Hawke’s Bay Community College who gave us a very positive OK for NZ. He said we did not want to take over anything, but we did challenge local people to take responsibility for their family and the neighborhood.

The next day I went in to shop that was owned and operated by someone who understood the ICA because of the work he used to do for some of the native population. Every week he gave a 25.00 NZ dollar gift as a lottery to anybody or institution that made headlines in the newspaper or on the radio. When I went in he handed me the 25.00 dollars. I asked how come? He said “the Image of you and Marianna taking over NZ was the most absurd story I have ever heard.”

Jeff came over to House one day and said that there was an issue he needed help in resolving. The city traffic pattern was being called into question by both the city merchants and the city manufacturing community. At present when you drive across the river and enter the town center the driver faces a large traffic circle that give you access to every part of Town Center. The Merchants want to keep it that way. On the other side of the issue is the Manufacturing community that would like to have a by-pass around Town Center for easier access both for customers and their transportation needs.

After some consideration Jeff and the town council invited both sides to come to the House for a weekend retreat. At the end of the retreat it was decided to form visitation teams made up of one merchant and one manufacturer. The teams divided up the territory and visited all the merchants and all the manufactures. We met again to evaluate, discuss and decide a course of action. Once all the data was out, the decision was to keep the traffic patter as is. Why? Because they reasoned that

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a vibrant Town Center was more important to the community life of Havelock North than giving special privileges for merchandise transportation and deliveries.

The ICA was well respected in Havelock-North except for the Leadership of the Anglican Church. We had a Human Development in the Isle of Dogs in old London Town and the Church of England did not appreciate their presence. We had an Anglican Priest in Havelock-North who was familiar with the Isle of Dogs project and he was very positive about what we were doing. He dropped by the House one day to tell me that he was very supportive of our work, but the Anglican Church could not reconcile their theology with ours. When he left he commented “our theology is dogma, yours represents a progressive and serving faith community”.

One afternoon Marianna and I went for a walk up on Tomato Peak. At that time NZ had a population of thirty million people and forty million sheep. Also sheep, as they graze, make pathways on the mountain that look like small terraces, so when you walk in on path you have to make real sure where you step. We made it to the top of the peak and just marveled at the ocean on our right, the river on our left, the City of Hastings in the distance and Havelock-North down below. We just sat there in Awe with a deep appreciation for NZ, and toasted Havelock-North with a glass of wine.

While all of this was going on Marianna received a message from Chicago that she was assigned to participate in an ITI in Western Samoa the following week, and they requested that Rick and Linda Jones return to Majuro to help in the closing of the Trans Atoll Service Center (TASC). So I was the only one left in the House. The Jones were gone for good and Marianna for two, maybe three weeks.

A staff Colleague came over from Australia to stay a week and I went with him to Wellington to talk with Department of Immigration. It seems that Marianna and I had spent a whole year in NZ, thus our Visitors Visa would soon expire. Originally, had the Government Department that funded non-profits kept us on their list; we would have been given a “Green Card” for our organization, but not now.

A week after Marianna returned from Western Samoa it was about time for us to leave NZ, the leadership team asked us to go to Australia for a Symposium that the Melbourne House had scheduled. They also wanted us to visit Brisbane to have a dialogue with the Brisbane House that had declared its independence from Chicago.

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Side trips on the way back to Chicago

A side trip to Papua New Guiana

We packed up left Havelock-North and went to Auckland. The Methodist Church in PNG had contacted us and wanted to have a conference about supporting an ITI in Port Mosby. In Auckland we check into the Casanova Motel. Marianna stayed in Auckland and I took a flight to Australia stayed one night at the airport hotel and continued on to Port Mosby the next day. I was met by a pastor and taken to a Methods' Hostel, checked in and was told I would be contacted later. (I was scheduled to return to Auckland in seven days from the day I arrived.)

The following day the same pastor who picked me up came and took me to one of the local churches for the meeting. We met all day, and their final decision was “not” to support an ITI. I was driven back to the Hostel and told to call for transportation to the airport when I was ready to return. I had five days to wait.

The next day I went hunting for a place to see if I could leave and return to Auckland ASAP. I found a travel agency and we spent two hours trying to find a way for me to return to Auckland. We finally scored. I could fly to Cairns, change to a flight to Brisbane, change to a flight to Sydney, stay the night, and fly to Auckland the next day. I did it.

Two days later, in the early afternoon, I arrived in Auckland, and took the bus to the Casanova Motel (my return was earlier than expected). Marianna was not there, so I waited on the porch till I saw her walking up the hill on the other side of the street. I waved at her, when she saw me she quickened her steps but she stayed on the other side of the street to the end of the block and waited for the light to change before she crossed the street (Marianna does not “J” walk and she always takes the safest way).

A Trivia Moment

In Tonga you stay at the Date Line Hotel, in American Samoa it is the Rainmaker Motel, in Western Samoa it is Aggie Grays, and in Fiji it is the Capricorn. The Date Line is because Tonga had an outer Island that is the first Pacific Island that is west of the International Date Line (this Island was made famous by being the first place to welcome January the first in the year 2000.). The Rainmaker is named for an event that reflects a huge an extended period of rain in the Samoan Islands which was made into a movie in 1939 starring Myrna Loy and Tyron Power. The Capricorn's name comes from its location that is at the top of large hill in downtown Fiji. Aggie Grays is the Bloody Mary of the play “South Pacific”. In Auckland, NZ you can guess where the motel called Casanova gets its name!

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A side trip to Tonga

From NZ we went to Tonga because a World Council of Churches delegation was coming for an evaluation and update of the church's role and mission in the South Pacific. Marianna and I checked in to the last room available at the Dateline Hotel.

The church meeting was scheduled for three days, but the Island Pastors told the staff of the World Council of Churches (WCC) that they were using the first day for their own private meeting and the staff of the WCC was not permitted to attend. This action by the Island Church Leadership upset the schedule for the WCC staff and they objected, but they had no authority to change the schedule set up by the Island Pastors. Next, to add insult to injury, The Island Pastor (Many of which we knew) invited Marianna and I to be a part of their closed meeting. All told, this was a bit of up-man-ship staged by the Island Pastors.

On to Melbourne, Australia

After the meetings were over the two of us took a flight to Western Samoa to have a conference with the Priorship family of the House before they left for Chicago. Next we took a flight to Melbourne, Australia to assist the Melbourne House doing a Socio-Economic Symposium. The week long Symposium was in two sections and our staff was divided into two teams under the leadership of the local university.

Team one worked in the City of Melbourne interviewing both merchants and non profits about their anticipation and plans for the next four to six years. Team Two (the team that Mariana and I worked with) took a more regional approach by interviewing the Manufacturing and Political sectors anticipation for the economy and social life of the city of Melbourne.

One of the ICA local staff and I spent several days at the Levy Strauss Manufacturing Plant and met separately with the Management team and the non-exempt employees. When we put our data together and evaluated its impact on the city of Melbourne it was our conclusion that the Levy plant was very close to closing its whole operation in that part of Australia. Why, Mostly because of the rise of cheaper Denim Manufacturing Plants in South East Asia and Japan.

Marianna and House staff visited the Boat and Ship Building Yards that because of its location in the South-East part of Australia had emerged and grown larger during WW 2. But now it was in the process of closing down with the potential of become barren both in its economic and social life.

When all of this data was processed by the teams and the university it seemed to indicate that the City of Melbourne might be facing a downturn in next few years in its economic expectations and social life.

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A trip to the ICA House in Brisbane, Australia

As I mentioned earlier there was a movement in Australia to back away from the ICA Chicago leadership Team and its Global Staff assignment structures and change it to an ICA Australia Leadership Team for staff development for and within Australia. Several of the USA staff who were in Australia decided to stay and work with the ICA Australia.

The Chicago Leadership Team had asked Marianna and me to stop by the Brisbane House which was the headquarters for the ICA Australia and its separation for Chicago.

When we arrived we did not go immediately to the Brisbane House, rather we stayed in a downtown hotel over night. We wanted and needed some down time for ourselves. We did go to the movies to see Neil Diamond who played in the remake of the Al Jolson classic “The Jazz Singer” and introduced the song “Coming to America.”

In the early afternoon of the next day we went to the Melbourne House and stayed for several days. The main event was an all day meeting on the subject of the ICA becoming autonomous as the ICA Australia thus no longer was assignable from Chicago. It was clear to Marianna and I this was already a “done deal” and we would take that information back to Chicago for the Summer Program

Our last visit to Fiji

From Australia we took a flight to Fiji for a conference with the South Pacific Church Seminary concerning a teaching position for one of our staff in their seminary staff (this was some unfinished business that needed to be resolved before we returned to Chicago.)

Dr. Haveiah, Dean of the Seminary had decided that the Seminar could not support someone from our staff as a teacher, but he did tell us that he was ticketed to Hawaii on the same Pan-Am flight that we were booked on. Two days later Dr. Haveiah and the two of us took a flight from Suva to Nanda for our Pan-Am flight to Honolulu.

After the three of us checked in we learned that this was to be the last Pan-Am flight on the Australian, New Zealand, Honolulu, and Los Angelis route. Before we boarded a gentleman from Pan-Am came over and said to me “we do not have a seat in our coach class section that would fit your friend (Dr. Haveiah, a Polynesian from Tonga, who was big enough to be on either side of 300 pounds in weight) could we bump all three of you into first class.” I said yes. So that was it, the three of us sat in and enjoyed the location and the benefits of a first class ride on the last flight of Pan-AM between Los Angeles and the South Pacific.

From Honolulu we took our last trip to Majuro

Several members of the Leadership team, Rick and Linda Jones, and the Baileys met for a week at the Seminary for the Marshall Islands to facilitate all the steps necessary to turn the program over

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to the people that had been trained to continue the program. After that the Baileys and Jones family returned to Chicago for the Summer Program.

The summer program was filled with House Prior Families who had been called in because there was not enough staff to assign to the Houses. Again I was reminded that one of our stated goals was to work ourselves out of a job and it seemed to me that what was happening (again our success was also our challenge.)

What we had achieved all over the US was pockets of trained staff and local people. During the summer program we decided we would reassign our Priorship Families to specific location where our colleagues were. During the last week of the program those of us who made up the assignable Priorship families met together to share insight and do some planning.

After the meetings were over, Marianna and I traveled to NYC to visit Nan and Lynn. By this time our daughter Nan had taken her name off the Institute list and was employed by the New York City's GHI Vision Services, and Lynn was working in the administration department of New York University (NYU).

Nan was the first one to tell us how much the Institute was coming apart. It all started with Joe Matthews's death in 1977. Joe was a charismatic leader who we all trusted and who had gained our admiration and loyalty. Like any good leader Joe had set up a structure, The Leadership Team, to carry on after his death until our mission was complete.

But there were a number of individuals who wanted to wear the title of Dean. Need I say more? Individual loyalties, quest for power and in-fighting had weakened our cohesiveness as an intentional community. All of this was going on in Chicago during the four years we were in the South Pacific. On the other side of the coin, our success bought into being a wide assortment of local people who cared about their neighborhoods, cities and villages who were willing to carry on without us.

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A new assignment

That summer Marianna and I were reassigned to the Oklahoma & Dallas Regions. The Institute still had a House in Oklahoma City so Marianna and I moved in. We had about twelve long term colleagues and others who had worked with us from time to time. The contradiction was self support. In Dallas we had about twenty long term colleagues and one family who gave us room and board when in Dallas. We usually stayed three days in OKC and three days in Dallas and one day's time to drive back and forth.

Necessity and opportunity began to open up for us to use our 5th City and ICA methods to facilitate planning and working together for small business and non-profits and city structures. One of our first outings was with the Dallas Independent School Districts Maintenance Department. The Department had three sections: the carpenters, plumbers, and those who do the cleaning up.

The three groups had no communications with each other, thus the plumbers were always waiting for the carpenters to finish their work or vice versa. The clean up team usually just sat and waited until they were told to go and find something to do. The total department staff was over 75 people.

The first thing Mariana and I did was to take the administrative and supervising staff and did an in-depth strategic plan. After that we did a contradiction and proposal workshop (a Village Meeting) with each of the three teams. Then we put all the information into one strategic plan. It was sort of like Ezekiel's parable of connecting the dry bones.

The carpenters are connected to the plumbers who are connected to the team that cleans up who are connected to the supervisors who are connected to the administration. Not in a straight line but as a circle of care.

Armed with this plan we had a Saturday retreat with the supervisors and the three teams and let them together build a communication system and job deployment model that gave them permission to realize that they were one team, not three, and there was no pecking order, they all needed each other. It worked, so they created a song and a departmental logo to symbolize their new way of organizing and working.

The Dallas Independent School District also opened up a new middle school and we secured a contract to do some teacher training and curriculum building. We had several small jobs like that which keep us going financially. We met with our colleagues once a week in OKC and once a week in Dallas. Del Stagner, a lawyer in OKC and a chief of the displaced Delaware Native American tribe and a long time colleague of the Institute, sued the US Government for one million dollars that was owed to the tribe. Del argued his case before the US Supreme Court and won.

As a result of being granted one million dollars, Del made a generous donation to our self-support. Dr. Tom Whitsitt, also from OKC, financed an IPM Computer and donated it to the House. It was obvious that our best chance of continuing our work was in Dallas, Texas, so for our second year as a two-person House we decided to move to Dallas while the OKC House was sold on the

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open Market by ICA Chicago. Dr. Tom had a small room over his garage so he furnished it with a sofa bed, sink, and shower for the two of us when we were in OKC.

We moved to Dallas

We rented an apartment in Dallas and moved in. the OKC house was equipped with a bed, kitchen and four tables for meetings. We did not have much furniture when we moved to Dallas. When we first moved into the apartment we had to sleep on the floor. We brought enough kitchen equipment from the OKC house to do us, and we sat the four tables in the living room.

After we had the apartment set up I left and went to OKC to facilitate a program and Marianna stayed behind to meet with our colleagues. A few days later I called Marianna and she informed me the apartment manager had given us one week to move out (we had only been there a week).

Marianna went on to say that there was a leak in one of the faucets so she had called maintenance to come and fix it. The plumber came and afterwards reported to the manager that we were sleeping on the floor and had tables set up in the living room. The apartment complex was for families only and the rules stated that no commerce activity was allowed.

When I returned for OKC Marianna and I talked with the manager arguing that we had just returned from the South Pacific and had not yet had time to buy new furnishing. The answer was still NO. So we moved to an apartment complex that let you pay your money and do what you want. At this point two of our long term colleagues moved into the same apartment complex and another colleague moved into the second bedroom of our apartment.

As the year progressed it was obvious to us that this year would be our last year under assignment from the ICA Chicago. It was time for us to open a new chapter in our life journey.

Let the new chapter begin

When we moved into our new apartment Marianna took a job with a furniture store (Workbench) with the intent of income and being able to buy some furnishings for our apartment. We also realized that for the past sixteen years we had been on a stipend which means that we had not paid into funds into Social Security and we had no savings or investments for our future. I had been appointed by the United Methodist Church to serve on the staff of the Institute for the past sixteen years which meant that I did qualify for a pension.

During the year Marianna worked at Workbench I kept up with all the ICA activity that was still going on. At the same time I began looking for a job. Once this year ended I would no longer be under appointment from the UM Church to the Institute but I could ask for an appointed to be the pastor of a church in the Northern Illinois Conference of the UMC. These were the challenges Marianna and I faced.

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About the time our relationship with EI/ICA ended we landed a contract with Texas Instrument (TI) to design and teach all the non-exempt workers for TI to form their own management teams (Japan was using “Quality Circles” as self management teams of their working force and their quality was the best there is) for a better level of quality output. In this Period TI was under contract to the US Navy for the production of new “weapon systems”. This was a huge undertaking but it would pay very well.

Admiral Willaby from the US Navy was in Dallas with an ultimatum for TI. At this point less than 50% of delivered weapon systems from TI were working. The ultimatum was TI had to get their weapon systems over 95% workable or lose their contract. The Admiral demanded that TI do what Japan had done and get those self managing teams up and running ASAP.

I sat in a meeting with the CEO of TI, his staff and senior management group along with Admiral Willaby. The CEO was mad at his staff and his management group because of the poor performance of the workforce. (At one point the CEO said something like those workers ought to do what we pay them to do, but we can't let them be their own managers. To which the Admiral replied something like you will or else forfeit your Navy contract). The CEO backed down and authorized the program.)

Once the planning department informed us to proceed with the training Marianna went to part-time work at the furniture store and we started the training. The schedule they gave us worked fine for us.

Each class would last three hours, thus the training would be done relative to the department we were in and the hours they worked. So we may do two classes one day, none the next, three the following day and one during the midnight shift. They figured it would take two to three years to complete the training for all the workers.

After we were into the process for four or five months I was hired (by appointment of the UMC) as the Assistant Circulation Manager for the United Methodist Reporter Newspaper headquarter in Dallas. I was started with the salary of \$26,000.00 per year. Two years later the Circulation Manager resigned and I took his place at \$42,000.00 per year.

Also the same year of my promotion Marianna was still working with TI, but her time for teaching the classes had changed to two or three per week, so she took a part time second job with a firm called TDF (Thinking, Doing, & Feeling) that was a firm who tested employees of financial institutions on how to use the human resource in a more productive way. (A Thinking, Doing, Feeling, person in this job, and a Doing, Feeling, Thinking person in that job, and so on)

My years of working as a “trouble shooter” for the Reporter kept me busy and on the go. During these years I traveled back and forth to UM Conference from New York to California. I met with local churches, District Superintendent, and Bishops. I went to special conferences with both Methodist and other denominations. I even went to the General Conference meeting in St. Louis, Missouri. From all of this I learned the ins and outs, the gold and warts of the Christian Denomination called the United Methodist Church.

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For the first time in a long time we began to save for our future. I contributed the maximum of the funds the Reporter put in my retirement account and I also contributed the maximum amount allowed for me to contribute. We both opened up an IRA account and Marianna started buying stock in a mutual fund called the Pacific Fund which grew at an extraordinary percent.

During this time (1983 -1989) my step-father and my mother moved to Winston Salem, NC where my half brother Van lived. My step-father had inherited a large number of shares in AT&T (telephone) and they wanted to keep their net assets under \$600,000.00 for tax purposes. Consequently for several years during that period they gave Van and his wife 10,000.00 each per year and the same for us. All of this we put into US Government Treasury bonds (some 2 years, some five and a few 10). This was when interest rates had risen to 12% – 16% per year.

Of course the US went into a recession in late 1987, but the bonds still carried their interest investment per/cent. Because of this recession the Reporter had to downsize, so in mid 1989 I became unemployed. However, I was given my full salary for the year and our Managing editor made arrangements for me to be appointed as pastor to a church in the United Methodist Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church headquarter in Chicago, Illinois. In Thanksgiving of 1989 I became the Pastor of the Lanark UMC in Lanark, Illinois.

Two years before I returned to being the pastor of a local church Marianna and I had traveled to Ocotipeet, Mexico for a weeklong conference with the staff of the Ecumenical/ICA Institute. It was now time for all of us to say thank you for where we had been and what we had done in the years we worked together. And at the same time to say welcome to the years we had yet to come.

We dissolved our group as a “Job well done”, and each of us said goodbye from all of us to all of us. And to this very day, we have a list serve that is very active and helpful not only to who we are but also what we do.

Around this same time our colleagues from across the country met for a week long retreat at the Community College in Dallas. Our purpose for gathering was to explore possibility of becoming consultants to both the public and private sectors of our country and to some extent our world.

This was the genesis conference of what was to become the International Association of Facilitators (IAF) and the Technology of Participation (TOP) which is the beginning course for learning the style and methods of transparent facilitation. The first TOP course was taught at the Community College in Dallas to the administrative department of Texas Instruments by yours truly Bill Bailey and Dorothea Jewell.

I served as Pastor of the Lanark UMC for three years and the Crete UMC for four years (1989 – 1997: In 1997 I took my retirement and moved to Asheville, NC.

A description of Lanark

Lanark is a beautiful, peaceful rural community located in Northwest Illinois. It is 20 Minutes East of the Mississippi River, 55 minutes Southwest of Rockford, IL, and 2 hours West of Chicago. The

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city is known as one of the most beautiful communities in the region. It has stately trees, an historic, picturesque business district and magnificent old and new homes. The population sign at the edge of town noted a population of 1500 people. The name Lanark refers to the historic place of Lanark which was the location of the first meeting of the Scots Parliament in 978.

The Town Center was made up of grocery store, a local bank, a doctor's office, a lawyer's office, and a post office. Everything is within three blocks of each other. There are sidewalks, a well kept cemetery, five churches, a volunteer fire department and a restaurant on the corner of Main Street and US Hwy 52. During WW 2 there had been a German prisoner of war camp located just outside of town. Next door to the restaurant was a car wash that had a heated section for winter use.

Surrounding Lanark were large and bountiful farms. Even though they were family owned they now consider themselves to be "Agribusinesses."

The Lanark United Methodist Church had 300 registered members and, like all the churches in Lanark was alive and vibrant. Marianna and I enjoyed our three years in residences in such a beautiful tradition rural village.

A context for a change in my life

While living in Dallas, Marianna (in addition to everything else) managed to get her BA degree from the University of Texas, Dallas. During our three years in Lanark she received a MA degree in Communications and Women's studies at the Northern Illinois University in DeKalb. Tom, Nan, Lynn and husband Allen, All came to her graduation. As Marianna walked across the stage to receive her certificate, the kid's shouted "way to go Mom" which excited the crowd (Marianna was the oldest person to receive a degree that day.)

In 1988 before being downsized by the United Methodist Reporter I went for a weeklong conference on the "Original Blessing" of creation at Holy Name College in California. If you read chapter one of Genesis you will be reading an origin myth that emphasizes Creation as a blessing from God. In each step of creating God says, "It is good." If you move to the 2nd chapter of Genesis you find a different story that does not bless the creation but emphasis the fall of man which is blamed on a woman, into a state of "Sin".

So we have two stories of the same event and they require an either/or decision. In the formative years of the Christian Movement, from the time of Paul to the time of St. Augustine the Roman Church adopted "Original Sin" to be the origin myth for Christianity and all of creation. Sin was not only a moral issue it was a state of being that took the intervention of the life, death for our sins, and the resurrection of Jesus for our reconciliation with God, the father who lived somewhere up there in a place called heaven. Christianity used the image of a two story universe to make its case.

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Because of my experiences, including “Original Blessing,” over the last 40 years or so my life as a pastor and a preacher took on a new reality. I knew that the bible was a book of stories that identified the journey of a people over a long period of time. The Hebrew journey was encased in metaphors and images that include origin stories, divine blessings and condemnation. Rituals were developed to as way to remember the stories and pass them on from generation to generation in order to rehearse the journey, ethnic, and national identity.

During the time of Jesus and the rise of the Christian Church, the Jesus movement embraced new rituals, images and stories to express their interpretations of the Jesus event. Also the early Jesus movement adapted the Greek - Roman world view which embraced theism as its image, paradigm, and worldview. This paradigm is best expressed in a pictorial form of an old man (god) with a white beard touching the tip of the out-stretched finger of a young man’s hand in a two story universe (See Michelangelo’s picture of Theism in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican.)

Today the theistic model of “God” has shifted to Pantheism (All reality is connected, all existence is one, and the light and energy of the Divine is reflected and experienced in all things and episodes). This new worldview has brought with it a new spirituality grounded in experiences with new images, stories, and rituals. It is the genesis of new spiritual paradigm.

Out of this emerging context for a community of faith, I decided that the celebration of Life (Worship) had to be grounded with images, stories, and rituals that touched and illuminated the human journey and experiences of life. Whatever topic or scripture used for sermons and/or meditation had to have their genesis in the actual life experiences of myself and others.

No longer did I use the method of sermons that I was taught in seminary (i.e. Tell a joke, present a topic, enforce it with three points, state a conclusion, and announce the closing hymn). Instead, I became a story teller illustrating and grounding the Christian Good news and history as a blessing and my mantra was ‘All is good, my life is received by all of creation, the past is approved, and the future is always open’. I did what Ed Perry (remember him?) told me on the night before my oral examination for my MA at Northwestern University, Ed said “Bill, for awhile tonight stand before a mirror and say - I DON’T KNOW - one hundred times” that’s a hard thing for a pastor to admit but its true when faced with this mystery we call life.

This decision that I made freed me up to use popular songs, poetry and images that express human experience rather than hymns that rehearse the traditional “original sin” story of the traditional Christian journey. I even added the comic section of the daily and Sunday newspaper to my list of profound Theologians. Strips like Charlie Brown, Snoopy, Nancy, Shoe, Cathy, and Calvin & Hobbs.

We moved to Lanark in November of 1989

The church membership and the community gave us warm welcome, and (as usual) the church was full on the first Sunday I spoke to check out the new pastor. Marianna and I passed inspection, thus our three year life in a Church Parsonage began. Later that week they held a reception for us

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and we were introduced to ministers and citizens of Lanark. In a small rural town like Lanark everybody knows everybody and all the churches work together, the only new member of a church community happens when a Methodist marries a Lutheran and the new family decides which church to attend.

The few churches I had served enjoyed my southern accent, and the South's way of using metaphors to describe experiences (like, I went to the meeting but it made me feel like a grasshopper out on the freeway with both hoppers broken). Also the Churches of the county (Carroll) had exchange day one a year and all the churches had a summer celebration in the city park. A rural church has its own ways of doing things.

On one occasion one of the older women and a member of our church died. She was a sort of a town's utility person. She had worked in every store in town including doing the cleaning for the bank, the lawyers' office, the doctor's office, and the restaurant. She lived alone in a rented but very nice little bungalow on the edge of town.

A few days after the funeral (everybody in Lanark was present) the lawyer called me and said she had left the church everything in her will. I called the chairman of the Trustees and told him. He was glad to know it, but he did not think she had much to leave.

A few days later the lawyer asked me to come by his office, sign few papers after which we could deposit the check in our local bank. The check was for \$108,000.00. I called the chairman of the Trustees and when I told him the amount of money she had left the church the chairman fell out of his chair.

He finally responded, "Good God, she must have saved every dime she made in her lifetime."

Anyway over the next few months the church was redecorated, a new red carpet showed up, the whole church was painted and a new heat and air apparatus was installed including all the necessary duct work. While they were working in the basement installing the new furnace and duct work they discovered a huge amount of asbestos. I assumed this meant the church would have to hire a professionally qualified company to remove and dispose of the asbestos. But the next morning when I went up to the church all the asbestos was gone. I asked the Chairman of the trustees what had happened to the stuff, he answered, "Pastor, you don't want to know." Such are the ways of self reliant rural folks.

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As I Remember It

Time for the Children's sermon

It was at the Lanark UMC that I learned how to do "the children's time during the worship service." The young kids used to run to the alter steps when I would invite them and some would actually scuffle for a seat on the steps next to me. There was often and many as 18 of them on any given Sunday. I remember three events with the children that I will never forget.

The first event I call the "The symbols in the windows". The church had three beautiful stained glass windows in the back of the sanctuary and each one had several traditional Christian symbols displayed. One Sunday I called the children to come and join me on the steps up front. In the position we were, the kids were looking at me and the congregation was looking at me, but I was looking at the children, the congregation, and the three windows.

I told the kids that I wanted to share with them the history and meaning of some traditional church symbols. So I told them to turn and look at the windows in the back of the church. From my vintage point I was startled to see the children and the congregation turn together to view the back windows. I personally think both the congregation and the children were completely attentive to my explanations about each and every symbol. My learning out of this experience was that the congregation was very attentive and involved in what was said and done during the children sermon.

The second was the day I brought in a very small evergreen plant for an explanation of life from seed to sapling to a mature tree. After the story was finished I invited the children to meet at the side of the church and we would plant the sapling which they did. Fourteen years later a member of the church sent me a photo of the full grown evergreen with a note saying that the now grown up kids call that "the tree that we helped Pastor Bill plant.

The third event took place the Sunday before Marianna and one of the members of our church, a nurse, joined a work team from the ICA for a three or four week program in the Philippines. On the Sunday before they left during the children's time I used a world map to show the kids where the Philippines are located. During the conversation, in jest, I said "I will miss Marianna while she is gone, I won't have anyone to make me some chocolate chip cookies while she is gone."

(Yes, you have guessed it) The children's parents, at the persuasion of the kids, set up a supply system that supplied me with a dozen or more chocolate chip cookies every day while Marianna was gone.

I got sick, (but not on chocolate chip cookies)

Marianna and I were on the Long Range Planning Committee of the Northern Illinois Conference of the United Methodist Church. On one occasion we were invited to participate in a symposium

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at some college in Michigan from noon on Friday to noon on Saturday. We found flights from Rockford, Illinois that would get us there and back in time for the worship service at Lanark.

It worked, we returned to Lanark late Saturday afternoon. But the situation was not good. I evidently had a bit of food poisoning and I was sick and in extreme stomach pain and cramps. The only relief I could find was to sit in a chair, bent over with a pillow between my legs and stomach. I stayed in the position all night.

About 11:00 o'clock Saturday night I told Marianna that I would not be able to do the worship service on Sunday. That wonder-filled woman, Marianna Hines Bailey, took the Sunday Bulletin and the sermon I had written and she did that worship service.

When I returned to a state of wellness every member of the church I met, and on Sunday too, informed me that she had done a great job, and they would like to have her do it again.

The news of Marianna's competence in the pulpit reached every church in the county. Another pastor, who was going to be away, asked Marianna to fill her pulpit while she was gone, and Marianna said yes. When she arrived some members of the congregation asked her if they could change the three hymns in their bulletin and replace them with the three old hymns that the congregation enjoyed most but had not sung in a long time. Marianna said yes and she told me later that they really appreciated her flexibility.

When it came time for Marianna and I to be reassigned by the Bishop to the Crete United Methodist Church, Crete, Illinois, a family in the Lanark United Methodist Church wrote a song to the tune of "ghost Riders in the Ski" to express their experiences of my pastorate while in Lanark.

(One of the mysteries of my life is how so many times someone or group addressed me by using a song. Maybe it's because Bill Bailey is my name, and Bill Bailey won't you please come home, a song from the days of Rag Time, is the reason for this mystery.)

Jim, Sherry, Kelly & Mark Calloway wrote these words just before I left:

*About four years ago, this year, a new man came to town,
The conference sent him to our church to minister all around.
He was so tall, with silver hair, and he talked with a southern drawl.
And we all wondered to ourselves "Oh My", he will be our pastor for a while.*

*He said his name was Pastor Bill, and he came from Texas way,
He brought his lovely wife with him, to be with him every day.
He took command of our pulpit and taught us about God's love.
He included stories about his Grandpas and Grandmas, and the southern folks down home.*

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o, Pastor Bill has come to town.

*He wove some tails of Southern life into the talks he gave,
His mission life in the Philippines, and God's love was his theme.
The Children loved his sermons, and he made them feel so good.*

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In fact the rest of us loved them all the same.

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o, Pastor Bill has come to town.

*About four months ago this year, the pastor was reassigned.
He said he's needed someplace else to minister and call.
We all were shocked and so dismayed to hear that he will go.
But in our hearts we all felt good that God had sent him up our way.*

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o, Pastor Bill has come to town.

*All of us will miss hearing that Southern drawl,
His stories, smile, his jovial laugh, his wonderful care for all of us
But most of all we'll miss his love for God and family,
He is the man with a Southern accent, who came to Lanark town.*

Yi-pi-yi-ay, Yi-pi-yi-o, Pastor Bill has come to town

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As I Remember It

Off to Crete Illinois

The transition to Crete was very pleasant. Like all changes a person has to let go of the past and pick up the future, that's the way you discover the moment.

Crete is located south of Chicago on old Illinois Hwy One. As you travel down to Crete it's often hard to know where one city ends and a new one begins. Chicago Heights is located at the intersection of the Lincoln Highway and State Hwy #1, the next settlement is Steger (named for the famous Steger Piano Company) and then Crete.

The Wikipedia reports that "Crete is a village in Will County, Illinois. The population was 7,346 at the 2000 census. Originally named Wood's Corner, it was founded in 1836 by Vermonters Dyantha and Willard Wood. In the Church category Crete has two Lutheran Congregations related to the Wisconsin Synod which is a very conservative Synod, one Catholic Congregation, one Baptist and one United Methodist Church. The UM Church is on the corner as you enter the town center on State Hwy One. The sanctuary of the church was very old, and when Marianna and I arrived the Church had just celebrated its 150th year anniversary. During my four years of ministry in Crete we broke ground for a new sanctuary which was completed two years after Marianna and I left.

To sum up my take of our four years I would say it was very successful. I had a good time and a good pastorate and as the congregation seemed to be "on board" with the direction we took, that is, the church began to serve the community and grow in numbers. (I had originally been appointed to Crete because of some issues between the pastor and the church secretary). The church soon put that behind them and we began to move forwards.

Three new innovations "made my day and opened the door of enhanced participation of the congregation in the worship service."

The first was my discovery of a new comic strip in the newspaper that depicts the activities and drama of Calvin and Hobbs (the little six year old boy and his fantasies with his stuffed tiger.) Since I do not have permission to copy or share with you any of those strips, suffice it to say I have read the complete collection of Calvin and Hobbs in three volumes and marked the ones that are, in my opinion demonstrate "The Wit, Wisdom, and Spiritually of Calvin and Hobbs."

Many time from the pulpit I would say, "Listen to what my favorite theologians, Calvin and Hobbs, have to say about this" and then I would read the Q and A from the weekly comic and the whole drama if it was from the Sunday edition. I remember once when some members of the church thought I was making this all up, so the following Sunday I took the Sunday Comic sheet with me into the pulpit and read it aloud to the whole congregation.

I did not refer to Calvin and Hobbs every Sunday but often enough to keep everybody interested. On my last Sunday in Crete the church gave me a beautiful white sweater with "Calvin and Hobbs" in word and image on the front embroidered in gold.

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The second was to begin an early worship service that was designed to be smaller and more interactive between myself and the congregation. We kept the traditional worship service at eleven o'clock.

In the early service I was not in the pulpit but on the same level as the congregation. Basically we sang old folk and camp songs, read the scriptures for the day, shared our joys and concerns, prayed for those who were ill, and had a meditation that ended in a dialogue.

As a result of the first two innovations we created a string band that would serve the early service and occasionally the service at eleven o'clock. I was pleased with the way things were going and in the flexibility of the congregation to accept change.

Earlier I mentioned using some popular music to underscore the biblical story of a meditation or sermon. Below is one example.

"A LOVE SONG from God to you" from the Prophet of Hosea

IN All four Gospel Jesus begins his ministry at the river Jordan:

It happened that way because John the Baptist was there. John was preaching a message of God's judgment upon Israel. His message is calling for the people to change their ways of living.

So, One day: Jesus comes to John. John Baptizes Jesus. And when the baptism is over, Jesus hears a voice say:

"You are my Beloved with you I am well pleased."

But what did it mean for Jesus to hear that voice? When Abraham heard the voice it meant for him to travel to an unknown land. When Moses heard the voice he went to Egypt. When John the Baptist heard God's voice it meant a ministry of calling Israel to repentance.

But! What does it mean for Jesus? To answer that question: Jesus decides to go out into the desert.

He wanted to be alone,

He wants to pray and think about his life,

He wants to discover what the voice has called him to do.

NOW! In my imagination, just as Jesus turns from his Baptism toward the desert,

John says to him, "Where you going?"

Jesus Answer, "To the Desert, I want to be alone."

With that, John reaches into the sack he carries on his back and takes out an ancient scroll. He gives it to Jesus and says:

"Here, take this scroll with you. It will help you find an answer to your quest."

"No," replies Jesus, "I want to be alone."

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“But” John insists “Here, take it, you need to know what it says.”

“What is it?” Asks Jesus

“It's the writings of the prophet Hosea.”

“How is that going to help me?”

“Just read it and you will understand! In this scroll I found the voice that called me. To preach Judgment on the house of Israel, and to call people to repentance. In this scroll you might find a message just for you.”

So Jesus takes the scroll and walks away!

But John calls after Him again. “Be sure and read the parts I have marked for they are the love songs of God.”

With that, Jesus leaves. He goes to the desert wondering to himself,

“Does God really have a love Song for me to sing?”

You know, as well as I know, A Love Song is a grand and beautiful thing. You can sing them anywhere and anytime. A Love Song can transform and heal the human soul. A love song can change your life.

Love Songs are:

Filled with joy, but also with sorrows.
They are filled with hope, and because of that,
they can also be filled with disappointments.

One of the Radio stations in Chicago is asking everybody to send in their favorite Love Song. Then during the month of March the station will play love songs all day.

When I first heard that announcement I asked myself: “What is my favorite love song? If I could only name one: what would it be? What would yours?”

It didn't take me long to remember: Maybe some of you can remember this love song too:

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FIRST: THE LOVER SPEAKS FROM HIS EXPERIENCE:

I don't know why I love you like I do! I don't know why, I just do! I don't know why you thrill me like you! I don't know why, you just do!

And then you hear the DISAPPOINTMENT:

You never seem to want my romancing,
The only time you hold me is when we're dancing.

After that comes a pause: What is the lover to do? How does a lover respond when the beloved refuses to love?

What shall I sing - next? Do I sing a song of joy? Or one that makes me sad, or maybe mad, but, even though the lover is hurt and disappointed, she continues with her experience:

I don't know why, I love you like I do!
I don't know why, I just do!

Our Bible and our hymn books are filled with Love Songs like that.

John the Baptist had chosen a love Song from Hosea to sing to the people. Maybe He hoped Jesus would choose the same song. Listen, now, to the Song that John choose to sing

Picture this scene from the prophet Hosea:

Before the song begins, the Prophet comes into the courtyard of the Temple. The place is crowded and filled with people then suddenly, God begins to sing!

O Israel, when you were a child I loved you,
It is I, the Lord your God, who called you to freedom, and gave you this land!
It is I who gave you this Temple.
It is I who asked you to bear the fruits of my love.
O Israel my son, I taught you how to walk, and when you fell, I picked you up my arms.

I surrounded you with cords of human kindness, and tied you with the band
Of my love

Like a mother I lifted you to my cheeks, and I came to you and gave you good things to eat.

O Israel, The more I came to you the faster you ran to other Gods, the more I fed you the more you offered incense to Idols.

O Israel, What am I to do with you? Should I take away your freedom and put you in bondage to an Assyrian King

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Should I leave your city and let your Temple fall into ruin?

That was the message John preached.

Life is Judgment! We all know that!

After all, in the real world what you give is what you get:

What you do to others is what you will get in re-turn.

"If you live by the sword, by the sword you shall
Surely die."

Life is Judgment. Or as my Grandmother used to say, "Billy, Be sure your sins will find you out!"
(Numbers 32:23)

Is not Judgment, blame, rationalization, justifying and vengeance one of the major "bread and butter" stories of our Civilization? We tell it to ourselves and others over and over again in a 1,000 different ways!

As a Young boy I saw it in a movie. It was called: "How Green was my Valley."

In it a young boy, a little younger than me, the son of a miner, is sent off to school in another town. The young boy is different from his classmates: his clothing is shabby, his speech is broken, and his education is inferior.

The other kids make fun of him, and the school teacher makes it a daily ritual to ridicule and embarrass this misfit before the whole class. One day, in the class room, the young boy is whipped by the school master, while the other kids just laugh, and urge their teacher on!

We, the audience, are outraged. Our sense of justice is violated, and all of us hope that, someday, the teacher will get his just reward. The next day, the young boy is alone in his bed as his wounds begin to heal. His spirit, like his body, bears the pain of being broken.

But! On that very day, His older brother arrives for a visit. When he sees the beating his younger brothers have received, the older boy goes to the school house, and, in the language of the street, beats that schoolmaster to a bloody pulp.

THAT DAY, EVIL WAS AVENGED, AND THOSE OF US IN THE AUDIENCE EXPRESSED OUR EXCITEMENT BY SHOUTING AND OUR APPROVAL AND BY CLAPPING OUR HANDS. THAT'S JUST THE WAY WE FEEL WHEN AN INJUSTICE HAPPENS

NOW! GO BACK TO THE DESERT WITH JESUS,

Jesus is all alone. He is trying to decide how to end his love-song for the people:

1. SHALL I END WITH JUDGEMENT, AS DID MY COUSIN JOHN?

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2. OR DO I END SOME OTHER WAY?

There is no doubt in my mind that Jesus struggled very deeply with that question asking, "What is God's love song to the people?"

It must have been that question that forced Jesus to read again from the prophet Hosea. And there he found another verse to the prophet's song. In it, Hosea reveals what God intends to do!!!
LISTEN

Hosea 11:8-12

O Israel, I can't give you up. I cannot hand you over to some other god or King.

I can't stop loving you, my heart recoils within me and my compassion grows warm and tender.

I will forget my disappointments, I will forget my hurt, and I will come to you,
Not in anger, but in love.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I LOVE YOU LIKE I DO,
I DON'T KNOW WHY, I JUST DO.

NOW REMEMBER, it was John who introduced Jesus to a song of Judgment, sung by a Disappointed God. But 40 days after his Baptism, when Jesus came out of the desert, he came, singing a new song.

JESUS called it the Good-news of God's love.
Listen to the way Jesus sang God's song.

The Spirit of God is upon me, for God has called me to bring good news to the poor, release to the captives, recovery of sight to the blind, and to let the oppressed go free,. I am here to tell you that this is the year of God's favor.

FOR:

1. *You have heard it said:*

"An Eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth: But I say to you, repay evil with Good."

2. *You have heard it said: "You shall love your neighbor and despise your enemies,*

But I say to you, love your enemies pray for the well being of those who threaten and abuse you."

3. *You have heard it said:*

"What others deserve they will get, but I say to you do for others what you would have them do for you."

4. *This is my new word for you:*

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"Love one another as I have loved you. From now on you are not my servant, you are my friend. And you know this: Greater love has no one than a person lay down their life for a friend."

That's the song, not of a disappointed lover, but rather a determined lover that you and I call God. A God who sings to each of us, all the time:

"You are my beloved, and with you I am pleased."

So! Today, as we come to this table: Remember:

WE ARE LOVED OF GOD, SO THAT WE MIGHT BECOME LOVING.
WE ARE FORGIVEN THAT WE MIGHT FORGIVE.
WE ARE ACCEPTED THAT WE MIGHT BECOME ACCEPTING OF OTHERS.
AND THE FUTURE IS ALWAYS OPEN.

Do this - not to win God's favor, but to show God's love.
Now! Let me conclude this meditation with a love song from today.

These words were spoken by a man on his way to see a doctor in Louisville Kentucky. He had to stop for a stoplight on the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, at the main door of a shopping mall. The year was 1972:

He said, I Quote:

"I WAS SUDDENLY OVERWHELMED WITH THE REALIZATION THAT I LOVED ALL THESE PEOPLE, THAT THEY ARE MINE AND I AM THEIRS, THAT WE COULD NOT BE ALIEN TO EACH OTHER ANYMORE, NO LONGER MUST WE BE DIVIDED BY RACE, GENDER, AND CLASS AND EVEN THOUGH WE ARE TOTAL STRANGERS.WE ARE BOUND TOGETHER IN GOD'S LOVE"

I don't know why I love you like I do. I don't know why I just do.
I don't why you thrill me like you, I don't know why I just do.
You never seem to what my romancing. The only time you hold me is when we are dancing. I don't know why I love you like I do, I don't know why, I just do. (God is Love)

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As I Remember It

Remembering some memorable experiences while serving the Crete UMC

Northern Illinois Annual Conference Activities

First, Marianna and I were still on the Long Term Planning Committee of the conference. Working together with the North Central Region of the United Methodist Church we planned and hosted an all day conference under the title of “Sharing Approaches that Work”. We had a large representation and in our research we had invited a number of local churches who had created programs that had given new life to their worship, congregational participation, and outreach programs. Participants could choose three different presentations over the day’s activities and at the end of the day we had a plenary where we could reflect together on what we had learned. It was a great success.

Second was a special committee set up by the conference to study the issue of Gay and Lesbian members and clergy of the UMC. This has been a long term issue for the whole church, and the Northern Illinois Conference was interested in finding ways to resolve this issue in a fair, equitable, and Christian way. This issue is still a very divisive issue that infects the whole church (when will it ever end?).

Third was the issue of Sexual Harassment. As the Catholic Church became a lightning rod for change in those activities described as sexual harassment, the UMC (as well as many other church denominations) required all clergy and paid church personal to attend two or three days of training in the do’s and don’ts of any kind of harassment. At the end of the study every participants had to sign a declaration that he/she had taken the course and understood that it was their responsibility to be in compliance with the rules and regulations of this program.

Marianna and I were appointed to a committee to deal with any complaints or accusation that may arise related to harassment. The conference set up a 24/7 neutral hot line that anyone with a problem could call and be connected with a non-accusative advocate to hear the story of the complainant. Marianna became one of those advocates and I was appointed to be on a six member committee, one member of which would become a non-accusative advocate to inform the accused and hear his/her story. If both parties were willing, this committee would bring the accuser and accused together and discuss what action or actions could be taken to satisfy, resolve and heal this situation. During the time I was on this committee we had one situation come up and it was resolved in a satisfactory manner. (This was quite a learning experience for me).

Along with all these activities in the church and conference during our seven years in Illinois we used our vacation time to fly several times to New York to celebrate the Christmas season with Lynn and Nan. On two occasions we stayed with Lynn. Both times we missed being there for Christmas Day but we were there for the New Year celebration. Both times we went to the Waldorf Astoria in the early evening of New Years Eve and stayed to celebrate the New Years arrival at midnight. It was exciting and a lot of fun. When I was a youth in Mt. Airy I remembered hearing my grandparents talk about the Waldorf Astoria celebration of the New Year in the Ballroom. Somehow I always remember that at Midnight it was Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians who played Auld Lang Syne.

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As I Remember It

Several times Tom and his family came to see us for Christmas (once in Lanark and once in Crete. On these occasions we got to visit with our two Granddaughters (Keara and Brenna). On another occasion we stayed with Nan and our other two Grandchildren (Billy and Julia) in Larchmont, NY. On that occasion we went to a circus and a big Christmas show at the Radio City Music Hall.

During this period my mother moved to Winston Salem NC to be near my brother, Van Brown. For our vacation in the summer time we would go by Winston for a few days and then move on to visit Asheville, NC. Several things had come about to give us a reason the move to Asheville when we retired.

We had become very interested in the Jubilee Community, a non-denominational community of faith. By this time we had been in touch with the "Celebration Leader" of Jubilee (Howard Hanger) and we had subscribed to the weekly cassettes of Jubilee's Sunday Celebration.

On one occasion we visited Asheville over the Memorial Day weekend in order to attend a Retirement Preparation Program put on by the North Carolina Center of Creative Retirement located on the campus of the North Carolina University at Asheville (NCCCR, located on the NCUA campus). We found ourselves drawn to the NCCCR and its programs as well as the possibility of living in a city the included a full four year Liberal Arts University.

In one of the newsletters we received from Jubilee there was an article about several families in Asheville who planned to build a Co-Housing Community in West Asheville. This was very interesting to Marianna and me because during our time with the Institute we had met with and studied the Co-Housing movement that had started in Europe. We contacted them and in our next visit to Asheville we joined the group.

Asheville also has a United Methodist Church Retirement Home (The Givens Estate) that would give us the option of moving into an assisted living environment should we ever have the need.

Asheville is a city of 70,000 people and its town center is vibrant and alive. I call it a small city with a metropolitan environment. It has a great deal of diversity including several sub-cultures represented that makes the city interesting and alive. I remember someone saying that in Asheville you could visit all the religious bodies of the world on one tank of gas. Asheville has all the traditional denominations of Christendom plus several non denominational churches, Unity Universal houses of worship, Judaism, Greek Orthodox, Wiccans, Pagans and many groups of near East and far East spiritualities.

Marianna and I chose to become a part of the Jubilee Community. The notion of gathering to "celebrate life" through rituals, songs and meditations was a real plus for us. Also, Jubilee represents a post modern approach to the Christian form of worship without having to negate other expressions of spirituality.

It is for all the above reason that Marianna and I choose Asheville for our new home.

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As I Remember It

Connecting with our family

In 1993 Marianna received her Master's degree at Northern Illinois University. For this wonderful occasion Tom, Lynn, and Nan with their families came to celebrate her achievement. This catalyzed for all of us a decision to try and meet together for a week every summer if possible.

The year following Marianna's graduations our family met together at the Starved Rock State Park. For this occasion Van, my brother, Jim and Charlotte McDaniel (Marianna's niece and spouse) also joined us.

The next "get together" took place at Ely, Minnesota. All of us had a cabin beside a big lake where we could have fun and watch the children grow.

The following year we visited Cape Cod for a week and enjoyed the food, fun and fellowship of all the opportunities that the Cape offers its visitors. We regretted that Tom and his family were unable to be with us.

Our next gathering was a trip back to Ely. Not only was our family together for a week but this time the bears and wolves became part of our enjoyment.

Over the next two years we gathered in Asheville and each family rented a cabin in the Hominy Valley located at the foot of the Mt. Pisgah State Park. On the last one we had the privilege of celebrating Lynn's 50th birthday with a big party with many of her friends from Asheville and Allen's family from Summerton S.C.

The following year we returned to Minnesota for a week but this time we went to a lake where Cathy's (Tom's wife) family owned a cabin.

The following year we had the privilege of celebrating Nan's 50th birthday in the suburbs of New York City. I will never forget the dancing our family did together that night and I have the pictures to prove it.

In addition to this, Marianna and I had the pleasure of joining Nan's family for a week at the Disney Land in Orlando Florida. And, to our great enjoyment, we also spent a week at Disney Land with Tom and his family.

Marianna and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary with the whole family at a wonderful party place in Tarrytown, NY. All of these times together not only strengthen our family ties, but also renewed our appreciation and gratitude for each other and for being who we are.

Let me conclude this part of "Bailey's Journey" with an event that happened while we were in Crete just before we retired and moved to Asheville. His name was Peanut. He was a little Shih Tzu (little lion) who was a birthday present from me to Marianna while living in Dallas. This little boy, who had been our companion for a long time had to be put to sleep. I remember that day and I also remember that Marianna and I sat in the car and cried our eyes out after it was over. Later that week Marianna wrote this reflection on the event of Peanut's death.

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As I Remember It

March 6, 1997

Saying Good-by to Peanut

How do you say good-by to a dog that you have loved for almost 14 years? Peanut was a birthday gift to me, from Bill (with encouragement from me). We were living in Dallas, the year 1983, we had just moved to a new apartment in north Dallas. Bill was working at the United Methodist Reporter and I was working at Workbench (furniture store).

Bill picked Peanut out from a litter of 5 or more puppies. He says Peanut came to him and started chewing on his shoe string. Could we say, "Love at first sight for both of them". Anyway, on the way home Bill stopped and bought a huge bag of dog food for Peanut (who didn't have a name at that time) threw-up in the car. Then they came to Workbench...the first time I saw Peanut! He was adorable!

From that day on Peanut has been our constant companion. He has been our joy, our love and our friend. So much so, that he was never socialized to be with other people. Peanut also had a very stubborn streak. If he wanted to go a certain way he would bow his neck and just look at you. Peanut never in his entire life went out-side without being on a leash. Well... that is, except in our fenced in back yard.

When we decided to buy a house in Dallas we looked for one that had a fenced in yard so Peanut could go out alone. So we were delighted to find the house on Monet Street, it was perfect for Peanut. We would take him out to visit the house as it was being built to get him use to his new home. He would also throw-up on the ride out there. Then the day came when we moved into our new home. Peanut "pooped" on the rug in the living room the first day. We put him out in the fenced in side yard and he was so frightened he cried to come back in. Peanut, never - from that day on, would go out there alone, even when he was with us he wanted to sit in our lap.

Which reminds me of the time Tom visited us from Minnesota. We decided to take a trip to an Oklahoma State Park for a few days. Of course, Peanut went with us. It was HOT, so hot that we only spent one night and headed back to Dallas. Peanut stayed in my lap the whole time! When he rides in the car and I am in the car, not driving, he has to sit in my lap.

However, there were times when I was not in the car. Like the time we moved to Illinois. Peanut rode in the car with Bill. I was driving the Honda station wagon. Bill said Peanut would inch his way over till he had his head in his lap.

Lanark was a new experience for Peanut. Until we moved to Lanark Peanut had always slept in the kitchen. He would wake us up in the morning barking to come in and get in bed with us. He loved to root-and-toot in the bed! However, the kitchen was downstairs in Lanark and Peanut was frightened to stay alone. So, he started sleeping on the bed with us. It was a double bed and since Peanut liked to have plenty of space, it became very crowded. Of course, we gave the space to him! We loved Peanut so much!

Peanut was a happy dog! He had his happy dog routine, where he would slide across the floor and then get on his back a wiggle. He had a squeaky toy "pig" he particularly liked. When we would come home he would get "pig" and run around the house. That was his happy dog routine. He was always happy when we came home. He was

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always waiting by the door. When we would leave we would give him a treat. However, he wouldn't eat the treat till we came home. It was his way of saying "it's not a treat when you leave but a treat when you come home".

Peanut and I could communicate. He understood me and I understood him. Just looking into his eyes we could communicate. The last year of his life he lost all of his hearing but we could still look into each other's eyes.

I think Peanut and Honey the cat could communicate. Honey came into his life in 1992. What a shock for Peanut but he always seemed to respect and love her in his own way. They would play their chasing game. It was hard to know who would start it.

Peanut lost most of his bottom front teeth in Lanark. We had a mail slot straight into the house and Peanut would wait for the mail person to push the mail in and then catch the mail and shake it. I think he would hit his teeth against the metal edge of the mail slot. I kept noticing the mail had teeth marks and blood on it.

Peanut had a great sense of time. He seemed to know when the mail person would be coming, so he would sit in front of the mail slot waiting. He also knew Bill's routine. When it was time for Bill to come home he would start looking at the door. In Dallas, if we were outside he would recognize the sound of our car. He loved for Bill to stop and let him ride to the garage with him.

He liked to go out for a ride, particularly, when we lived in Dallas. We would say, "Peanut do you want to go for a ride" and he would go to the door. He stopped throwing-up in the car after we moved to our new house on Monet Street.

Peanut had a police record. Peanut bit Lynn when she visited us in Dallas in 1985. We took her to the emergency room and she had several stitches. The incidence was reported to the police, so they followed up. Peanut was in quarantine for several weeks. At that time, I considered having Peanut put to sleep but decided not to. However, since that time I have never been able to trust him around other people.

As I write this Peanut is barking at the UPS truck. UPS just delivered the table we ordered from LL Bean for our new home in Asheville. Peanut will not be moving to Asheville with us, this is his last day before going to Plum Creek Veterinarian Hospital. So it is fitting that he has one last bark at the UPS truck. Tomorrow they will put Peanut to sleep.

Letting go is hard.....We will miss Peanut but Peanut will always be with me in my heart. I am so grateful that we have shared the last 14 years of our life with Peanut. I am grateful that Peanut will not have to suffer physically and that he will not have to adjust to moving to Asheville. The time has come for us to say good-bye to our friend...Peanut.

GOOD DOG...GOOD DOG ...GO IN PEACE! I LOVE YOU!

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On July 1, 1997 Marianna and I left Crete and headed for Asheville, NC. We had rented a five bedroom apartment for six months. By having four spare bedrooms we were able to store all our clothing and furniture in the apartment until our unit at the Westwood co-housing development would be ready for us to occupy.

We used the next six months to get familiar with Asheville, join an exercise club, establish ourselves with a family doctor, obtain NC license plates for our car, pass our drivers license test, and meet every Sunday with other families moving into Westwood.

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Activities between 1997 and 2000 in ICA Methods and Programs

An unexpected opportunity

While still the pastor of Crete UMC the president of the Board of trustees informed us that her sister lived in Asheville. At one of our meetings with the Westwood group one member happened to mention to us that her former husband's mother had a sister living in Crete, Illinois. A few days later we received a call from Mrs. Gilbert (the sister) and she invited us to a dinner meeting with her and Mr. Gilbert. We accepted and a day or two later the four of us sat down to enjoy a meal together.

After the get acquainted conversation her husband said that his wife's sister had told her that Marianna and I spent time living in the South Pacific. I told him a bit about all the Islands we had visited during our four years assigned to Pacifica. Mr. Gilbert asked "were the two of you in the Peace Corp?" I said no, we were there representing the programs of the Institute of Cultural Affairs. He thought a few moments and turned to his wife and asked "Wasn't that the name of the house in Anchorage that we visited several times?" she replied "YES." From that minute on the Gilberts were great friends of ours.

Before the meal was over Mr. Gilbert asked us if we would be interested in helping form a Neighborhood Association in a neighborhood that is called "Chicken Hill". We said we would come to the next meeting. We worked with that neighborhood for at least one year and over the next few years it became a show piece for Neighborhood development.

The present Mayor of Asheville is related to this neighborhood. All of this happened in 1997-98, a full ten years ago, but it established Marianna and I as trained and experienced leaders in community and neighborhood development.

The name "Chicken Hill" was a neighborhood where workers at the large Cotton Mills of yesteryear lived, thus this name points to the way those workers secured their daily need for protein.

The Neighborhood is called the West End Clingman Avenue Neighborhood (WECAN) and even today it is a show piece of what a neighborhood can do if they work together.

Off to Miami Florida

The ICA in Greensboro, NC contracted with the Eastern Division of the American Institute of Architecture (AIA) to facilitate a focus conversation for each breakout session over the weekend at their annual meeting. A focused conversation provides a way for a group to reflect on the

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presentation through deep reflections and shared learning's. These reflections are then evaluated by our staff and reported out at the final plenary.

The topic of the weekend was "Sustainability in building construction for the twenty first Century." The Greensboro ICA director (Elaine Stover) invited Marianna and I to join the ICA facilitation team. We did.

It was a wonderful week end, a weekend where sustainable in every area of the construction business was presented, disused, and digested by a large group of Architects. I sensed that all the Architects there said yes to this new direction in construction design and implementation. Their time line was the twenty first Century.

What really addressed my life was the County report on Climate Change during the 21st Century and its results for the State of Florida. A fully 1/3rd of the state's, land area would be covered by water from the Atlantic Ocean on the east side and gulf on the west. This does not have to happen. It all depends on the choices we people make.

N. C. Community Planning Department and a trip to Banner Elk, NC

Again, it was quite a surprise to meet and talk with one of the NC state planner for Community Development headquartered in Asheville. She knew about the work of the ICA, so she asked us to accompany her to the township of Banner Elk for a one day consultation with a group of mayors and planners from Banner Elk and surrounding area. We went with her and spent one day refining their regional vision, articulating the issues they face, and designing proposals to address their challenges.

This experience reminded us that facilitation and planning methods of the ICA is a very valuable skill that can be used in many different ways. This led us to volunteer with several groups in Asheville including long range planning with the twenty year plan for the city of Asheville and, after being introduced to a TOP Trainer (the Technology of Participation) who worked for the Mediation Department,) Marianna and I partnered with her to schedule and teach one or two TOP programs each year in Asheville.

Westwood

In January, 1998, Marianna and I moved to Westwood. We purchased a small townhouse and began our life in a Co-housing Community. It was quite an experience. In all the meetings we had attended with the other individual and families who made up the Westwood Co-housing Community we had failed at one crucial point. We had forgotten to build together a practical vision, purpose, and goal that would inform us of the direction for our future.

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The community divided itself into two, maybe three factions. One was the so-called Development Company composed of four people who had actually taken on the role of development. Their image of our future was patterned after the “Summer Camp” experience where everybody participated in everything including self management of the property. Since the parking lot and the interlocking paths between the houses and the common house had not been surfaced and there had, as yet, been no landscaping, it was the development company’s image that everybody would finish that work together.

Our community was intergenerational and made up of senior citizens, working individuals and families, mothers with children, and those who had no expectations of doing neighborhood work. Also, the Development Company turned over several thousand dollars to the elected board for start-up money, but in a few weeks wanted that money returned. As you might expect, before long there became a division between those who worked on the property and those who had commercial jobs that took them out of the community. All of this did not get us off in a positive and sustainable direction.

It was out of this continuing situation that Marianna and I began to question our decision to live at Westwood. However there was a more compelling reason for us to consider moving. We wanted to continue our work as the ICA Asheville which meant we were seldom around to do the necessary work that was required and we also need more space for an office and room to store our files.

While all this was going on, and since I had reached my end of enduring the pain of arthritis in my right hip, I underwent surgery for a total hip replacement. Lynn came down from her home in New Jersey to stay with us for a few days before and after the surgery (thank you Lynn). It took me about six weeks to recover from the surgery and soon after that Marianna and I went with Howard and a group of Jubilates including our daughter Lynn for a trip to Greece, (both the mainland and the Islands of Santorini and Crete.)

I cannot tell you how I felt about Greece. Having studied Greek history, language, and culture continually since I went to Duke University in 1950, I was excited, thrilled, and energized by the thought of actually being there.

The Trip to Greece

Marianna and I boarded an aircraft for New York and then changed to an Olympic air line 747 for our 12 hour trip to Athens. Upon arrival we transferred to a hotel in which Marianna and I had a room overlooking the ruins of a Roman memorial dating from the third century and over my left shoulder you could see the Parthenon and Acropolis.

I will not try to expound on all my delights of being and seeing the Greek Mainland. Suffice it to say I thoroughly enjoyed the day we visited the Acropolis and the Athens’s Museum, but there were several episodes that still mark my visit to Greece.

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The first was our trip to Delphi, the site of the Oracle. We arrived along with several other tourist groups. Since our group wanted some time to visit and digest this historical site, we let all the other groups go ahead of us. While we waited our turn to be last, a few of us men when to the bathroom. There were three urinals on the wall so three of us stepped up to do our thing. While there we began to sing together and Harmonize with a song from the 1950's that was used to conclude the daily TV show of the Mickey Mouse Club.

Now's the time to say goodbye
To all our company
Through the years we'll all be friends
Wherever we may be
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E
Mickey Mouse, Mickey Mouse
Forever let us hold our banner high
M-I-C - See ya real soon!
K-E-Y - Why? Because we like you!
M-O-U-S-E!!

Mickey Mouse! Donald Duck!
Mickey Mouse! Donald Duck!
Forever let us hold our banners high!
High! High! High!

Come along and sing a song and join the jamboree
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E

When we came out a large group of tourist waiting outside gave us a hand clapping ovation. (This I will never forget.)

After everybody else was gone our group from Jubilee went up the hill to the magnificent Temple ruins of the God, Apollo. We visited and talked as a group for an hour or so, and then we broke up into individual and family groups to meditate and relate this historical place to our own history and journey through life.

It was here that Marianna and I decided to ask the Oracle if we should sell our house in Westwood and move into a large house on the east side of Asheville in the Viewpoint development. We did, and in just a few minutes a large bird came and perched right above our head, looked down at us and began to sing. The Oracle had spoken. Yes we should sell and move. Thus we became a family who, like the so many other people beginning thousands of years ago, to interpret a message from a source in Delphi.

After Athens we went to the island of Crete. Two experiences hold my memory for the few days we were there. The first was our visits to the Minoan (2700-1450 BCE) ruins of Phaistos and Knossos, the two main palaces and villages for the Minoan population on the Island. The palaces had running water and a sewage system and Knossos is best known for a large fresco that is now in the Crete Museum. It shows both male and female (dressed the same) acrobats jumping over a

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large Bull. Marianna and I bought a small replica of this fresco and had it shipped to our home in Asheville. It now hangs over our desk in our office.

While visiting the museum I slipped away from the group and went to the Nikos Kazantzakis stature that is in the City Park. I wanted to pay homage to the wonderful Greek philosopher who live in the first part of the 20th Century because he was and still is one of my mentors and has sat on my meditative council since the day I began reading his novels (like *The Last temptation of Christ*) and his poetry (*The Saviors of God*).

I sat there that day remembering how much he had affected my life and thoughts and what it is like to have such a great teacher of wisdom as a companion for my past, present, and the rest of my life.

ViewPointe

In the fall of 2000 Marianna and I left the Westwood Co-housing Community and moved to 56 Pinnacle Point in the ViewPointe development (a planned community for active adults 55 and over.)

In 1999 Marianna joined the team that was appointed by the County of Buncombe and City of Asheville to develop a Public Access TV Station for local and other program to be sent out on the Charter Cable TV network within the city and county. (She would be on the board and later become president for the URTV public access TV station for the next five years)

In May of 2000 Marianna, Lynn, and I went on a trip to England and Ireland with other members of the Jubilee Community. Our trip was to visit some of the historical sites especially those that are related to the spirituality of our ancestors.

Of to Britain & Ireland:

After we arrived in London we boarded a bus and were off to Glastonbury for a three day visit. Glastonbury is often called the Isle of Avalon; it over flows with myths and legends. On the first day here we visited a Magic Mountain and listened to tales about King Arthur, the Round table of the Zodiac and multiple stories of creation.

Next we went to visit the Stonehenge. For me this was the crowning event of the trip. By some special arrangement our group was give one hour to go inside this ancient stone mystery. We did several rituals while inside and then each of us did our own individual meditation about this mysterious place and feel the life of our ancient ancestors.

There were many more places and events before we left this area and proceeded to Wales where we visited a large outdoor historical museum. What addressed me at this museum was a long row

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of family homes and each one demonstrates the progression of size, furnishings and construction of family homes over several centuries.

After a few more visits of historical sites related to the spiritual life of our ancestors, we took the ferry to Ireland. Here, we also visited many ancient sites and heard many myths, legends and leaders like Saint Patrick all of which gave form to the early spirituality of the inhabitants of ancient Ireland.

I was deeply addressed at two places. First was the long sloping hill side that formed the location for the festivals of the Kings of Ireland. The sloping hill was the symbol of an ancient “pecking order”. The kings table was on the peak of the mountain top and descending from the top other dignitaries were given space according to the rank and privilege.

The second was at the Kells Monastery in Dowth. The monastery had a large tower that was used for the monk’s defense in case of an attack. When the Vikings invaded, the Monks would enter the tower and throw rocks and bricks as the Vikings tried to pursue them up the tower. This gave the monks an advantage. They could stone the Vikings through windows on the outside and keep the narrow steps inside clogged up with injured warriors beneath them.

Also, while here, a young lady who was with us wanted to be baptized in this Holy place. Since there was a stream flowing by, Howard baptized her and, to our amazement, most of the people visiting the park that day came to witness and be a part of her baptism. It was an awesome experience for me.

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Storytelling

In the summer of 2000 Marianna and I drove to Denver to participate in an international gathering of the ICA and the ICAI (Institute of Cultural Affairs International). I had been selected to be in a live performance of a play detailing some of the episodes of the ICA and ICAI story.

All told, there must have been at least four hundred participants for all over the world. Those of us who had been the original ICA staff were outnumbered five to one. The conference was divided into several research groups dealing with future strategies, training mechanism, methods, and use of Performing Arts for our main mission which is dealing with the human factor in world development (or equipping local people with the context and tools of relating to this new world and worldview into which we are moving.)

Between 1995 and 2000 the little town of Colquitt, Georgia had pioneered on how to use a Performing Arts to renew the life and vitality of their community. Colquitt was one of many communities that were bypassed by new and better roads that started a decline in the population and economy of this small southern town. The results of this strategy were amazing. By the year 1998 the Swamp Grave Theater was named the Folk Art center for the Performing Arts in the state of Georgia.

The way the Art Council of Colquitt began in the early 1990 was collecting real life stories from the people who live in and around Colquitt. The next step was to hire a playwright to translate the stories into a stage play. Then they hired a producer to do the play using the local people who volunteered to take a part in the play. While this was going on, the Art Council took an old abandon cotton warehouse and transformed it in to "A theater in the round." Since then their town and economy have grown. One question at the conference was how others might benefit by using Art as strategy for renewal of community life.

We were at the conference for a week, after that the original staff of the Institute went to Vail Colorado for a week's reunion. Vail in the summer time is a great place to go. It was not real busy since the town is built on tourism with a winter flavor so for us, in the summer time, it was a perfect place to gather.

Speaking of going to a reunion, Marianna and I went to our 50th high school reunion in Mount Airy later that that summer. As expected, we posed for a class photo, enjoyed a wonderful banquet, and drove back to Asheville the next day. Later, in 2004, we had another reunion of our class and this time we invited the classes of 1946, 47, 48, and 49 to join us for the banquet. Let me tell you, we had over 200 old friends show up.

Also in the summer of 2007 there was a "Hines Family Reunion" at the United Methodist church in Cana, Virginia. It seems that Matt Hines's (Marianna's father) parents were instrumental in organizing and building this church. All of our family was there and a church full of relatives. After a lunch at the church, we took pictures and visited the old home place where the Hines's family lived.

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Marianna and I along with our daughter Lynn stayed in a bed and breakfast just one block north of town center. Since we were there for a week end, Marianna and I went for a walk every morning through the Mount Airy town center and reminisced about those days of long ago.

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September 11, 2001 (9/11) and the attack on the twin towers, NYC

I celebrated my 70th birthday on September 10, 2001. The next morning I received a call from Lynn and was informed that an airplane had crashed into the world trade center. I turned on the TV just as a second plane hit the other tower. I don't know if this scene was original or a repeat of something that happened earlier, but I sat there watching until the both towers came down.

Before I celebrated my birthday, Howard Hanger called me and asked if I would do the meditation at Jubilee on Sunday since he would be out of town. I said yes. In between Howard's request and the Sunday Celebration at Jubilee 9/11 happened.

I called Howard and found out that since all air flights had been canceled, he would not be going to Louisiana. I assumed that since he would be there on Sunday he would do the meditation (Because of 9/11 I felt sure that the congregation would want to hear from him. Not me). To my surprise, Howard said he would do the liturgy but he wanted me to do the meditation, and he went on to say that since 9/11 happened he was sure a larger than usual crowd would be at both service.

Howard concluded with this statement: "Bill, whatever you choose to say, make sure you use a lot of humor, the people who come this Sunday will need to laugh.

Below is my meditation at Jubilee on the first Sunday after 9/11:

Jubilee, Sept. 16, 2001, "A meditation on Forgiving Love (after the 9/11 attack on the World Trade Center)

Carolyn Myss said, "Forgiveness and getting on with your life is the act of accepting that which is unacceptable to you and believing that a Divine reason does exist.

Bonheoffer: "Love, when expressed as forgiveness keeps us from becoming the Accuser: That is from placing blame on ourselves, our neighbor, and even God for some unpleasantness or evil that befalls us."

Joe South: "I beg your pardon, I never promised you a rose garden, along with the sunshine, there's going to be a little rain that falls."

Howard Hanger: Forgive yourself, forgive your mom, forgive the earth, forgive God - For the sake of your soul - Forgive yourself, it's one the holiest and life giving things you can do."

My Wife, Marianna: When you step on someone's toe say "Excuse Me", don't blame them for putting their foot under yours.

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The Bare foot boy from Nazareth: *Forgive not seventy times, but seventy time seven.*

For a few moments today I want to share with you both the power and the energy of forgiving Love as I have experienced it. But!

I want to share a story about my growing up in Mt. Airy. From the age of two on I lived as the only child of two sets of Grandparents.

Now, think about that: I did not have to go to "Grandmother's bouse." I lived there, and not with just one Grandmother to visit . . . I had two. And, now get this. My grandparents lived next door to each other.

This kind of relationship - being an only child living with two sets of Grandparents who live next door to each other is a sure recipe for "Being a Spoiled Child."

For example: I could choose every night where to sleep - At the Baileys or the Mondays, and since the Mondays when to bed at 8 and got up at 5, I chose to sleep with Baileys who stayed up till 10 and got up at 7.

The same was true with meals. I had two places to eat. I always checked the menus at both places before I made a decision.

The Monday's dining room was a bean and potatoes place, but desserts were seldom served.

The Baileys ate such things as pigs-feet, soft boiled eggs and okra. But for dessert my Grandmother Bailey often served up homemade "Butter Pound Cake".

So I had the best of all possible worlds: Beans and Potatoes at the Mondays, and then a quick trip over to the Baileys and some "Butter Pound Cake" with ice cream for dessert.

Because of this advantage I became, as both my Grandparents used to say: a very spoiled and finicky eater.

So in order for me to exposed me to a different experience, every month or so I had to go where no one was allowed to be spoil and I did not have any special advantages. That meant a weekend with my cousin, Arlen Beamer.

At Arlen's house I had to help do the chores such as milk the cow, carry buckets filled with fresh milk from cow to kitchen, help deliver the morning and afternoon newspapers, and carry in wood for the cook stove.

And at meal time, instead of just Grandpa, Grandma and me around the table, there were four adults and six children.

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Believe me, there is a big difference in sitting at a table filled with ten hungry souls rather than only three. At the table of ten, I had to eat what was there or not eat at all. Mostly I remember that plate size buckwheat cakes with chicken gravy seemed to always show up at dinner.

So growing up in Mt. Airy, at a very early age, I learned about two different kinds of experiences.

When your plate is filled with everything you like and you hope it will be that way the rest of your life . . . I call that my "Butter Pound Cake" Experience.

The other is those times when you have to eat whatever shows up on your plate like it or not. These are those experiences that hurt, that make no sense at all. Not only is it hard to understand how you got there, it's even harder to find a way out. But a way out is what you pray for . . . I call those experiences: "Boot Camp"

And what I now know is that these two experiences just seem to repeat themselves -- over and over as long as you live. And, for me, in those two experiences - "The Butter Pound Cake and the Boot Camp" are the seeds of my spiritual life.

But, as I grew up, what I noticed was that whenever a "Butter Pound Cake" experience ended - they always did, and when it ended I became the Accuser - That is: I felt sorry for myself, I resented giving up something I liked or someone I loved. And when that happened I went looking for someone or something to blame for my misfortune.

The same was true about my "boot camp" experiences. Whenever I found myself in a situation that was unwanted or dangerous, a situation or set of circumstances that was not to my liking, I became the Accuser, I became resentful toward whatever or whoever made this happened to me. I always went looking for someone or something to blame.

Now let me share with you what I experience to be the power and energy of Forgiving Love.

In 1980 Marianna and I spent six months in New Zealand. We lived in Havelock North, a small community of 8,000 people on the East shore of the North Island.

Our task was to live in and remodel an old three story house as a retreat center, and when finished, we set up and led retreats in Community revitalization.

It was a "Butter Pound Cake" Experience. It was like living in Mayberry all over again. .

But: One day we received a letter from New Zealand's Minister of Immigration noting that our visitor's visa could not be renewed and that we should leave anytime within the next 30 days. Our Butter Pound Cake experience was about to end. They always do!!!!

A week or so later, sitting together in the Auckland International Airport, Marianna and I both felt sort of sorry for ourselves, and a little resentful towards the New Zealand Government. We didn't want to leave. Why did it have to end this way? We looked for some way to explain why this had to happen to us, someone or something to blame for our misfortune.

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And then, before the plane departed, we both went over to the money exchange and gave up our New Zealand dollars for some Western Samoan Money, and in that moment the two of us looked at each other: We laughed, hugged, and together we accepted the unacceptable, we said yes to the end of our New Zealand experience, and then we boarded the plane ready to get on with our lives. Such is the energy and power of forgiving love

And I would suggest that all of us know what that is like: All of us have been there and done that many times, and we will have many more occasions to say yes to the end of a Butter-Pound Cake Experience before we die.

Now, let me share with a "boot camp experience." In 1967, Marianna and I lived on the West Side of Chicago in an Afro-American Ghetto . . . called 5th City. The Church Federation of Greater Chicago had asked several families to move into an old abandon Seminar and work with the people of that Ghetto and explore what the future could be if a church and a community work together.

During the next year and a half Marianna worked in the Pre School and I worked with an inner city Black Gang known as the VICE-LORDS. They called me their "Hoodlum Priest."

Every day, it was hospitals, jails, courts. It was walking the streets, and experiencing the kind of violence that could turn your life into a nightmare. During Easter of 1968 Dr. Martin Luther King was killed in Memphis. And as you may remember, on that week end most of our cities had major rioting - complete with the looting and burning of buildings.

Several weeks after the riots the Vice-Lords opened their own Night-Club in an old warehouse. BUT: In order for them to use the building it was required by the owners that I be there every night, and I was the only white person the Vice-Lords would allowed in the building.

This was not my choice. After the riots out on the West side of Chicago it was dangerous just to be white. It was suicide to be white and out on the streets at night. This was a "boot Camp" experience for me.

For my own protection and because I was the only one they trusted with their money, the president and the war-lord of the gang would escort me home to the Seminary (about three blocks away) every night after the dance hall closed.

On one particular night about 12:00 there was a rumble about trouble with a rival gang.

Everyone split, took off in all directions, gone, some to get their fighting equipment, and others to invade the home territory of the rival gang. In the confusion I ended up alone, three blocks from home. I waited a while. No one came back to the club. So I cautiously made my way toward home - I was scared and I wished I was in some other place.

But, as I started down a street lined with several four story residential flats, I head a banging noise over my head. I looked up only to see a brick falling through the trees headed for me. It missed, but along came three more. Somebody or bodies were throwing bricks at me from the roof of one of those flats.

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For a moment I was paralyzed with fear, and then I ran. I bolted through door of the Seminary and got behind the desk where our security guard and one of my colleagues were sitting. I was visibly upset, speechless, and shaking like a leaf in a wind storm.

*My colleague kept asking me: "Bill! What's wrong?
As soon as I was able, I told him.*

To which he replied: "Bill, to give your life for these people and that gang may be exactly what you need to do.

I was stunned. No one in his right mind would say that. Anyway, I didn't reply. I went inside, had something to drink and went to bed just thankful to be alive.

But, I couldn't sleep! I resented the church for sending me there, I was angry at the Vice Lords for leaving me helpless in the streets, I blamed those hoodlums for throwing bricks, and I was furious at George for being so rude as to suggest that this might be a good place to die..

When morning came, just as the sunshine of a new day flooded my room, I got up, showered and dressed. Maybe it was the sunshine. Maybe it was those words that George spoke. Maybe it was just the mystery of my own soul, but I knew I had decided to be with that gang and stay in 5th City, so I got dressed and went out into the streets again to see if any of the gang members were hurt, in jail or dead.

No longer was that near death an unwanted experience, it was now a part of my life, and it was my choice to live on the streets of 5th City, working with those young men.

Such is the healing energy and power of Forgiving Love.

I suspect all of you know what it is like for it to be your choice to be who you are, where you are doing what you do. "Forgiving Love" is the ticket to a Spiritual journey into the fullness of human life - It happens to all of us.

But! "Forgiving Love" is not only personal, it also happens in the community, the Nation and the world. This past week has been a "Boot Camp" experiences for all of us, our nation, and our world. In the midst of our sorrow and grief, our resentment and the calls for revenge, let us not forget who we are and what we are called to be.

Perhaps one of the deep secrets of the human soul is contained in these words pinned by one of the Spiritual giants of our time - Dag Hammarskjöld

"Forgiveness (Forgiving Love) is the answer to the child's dream of a miracle by which what is broken is made whole again, what is soiled is made clean again." AMEN!

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The North Carolina Center for Creative Retirement

A short while before 2000 the membership of NCCCR launched a building fund drive to build their own facility on the University Campus. The finished building would be the property of the UNCA but the membership would have the use of it for their own programming. The NCCCR has a membership in excess of 400 families and conducts a robust program of lifelong learning.

As time for the new buildings completion drew near the acting Board of Directors of the NCCCR began to set up the various committees needed to insure continuing success. Marianna and I were asked to chair the Committee for Long Range Planning. We accepted the challenge and for the next two years we served on both the Long Range Planning Committee and the Board of Advisors. Among many aspects of long range planning our biggest success was to engaged 165 people representing the core leadership of the Center in a one day participatory planning method that enable the Center's leadership teams to build the model of how the Center would organize and operate itself.

We enjoyed remaining on the Long Range Planning, not as co-chairs but members at large, committee until 2007. It was a real gift to work with such an active and creative group of Asheville Seniors.

JUBILEE: (our community of faith)

As our life in the Jubilee Community continued I volunteered to be on the staff as the Minister of Pastoral Counseling. This position has worked well for me and also opened the door to working with Howard, sometimes by doing the liturgy of the celebration and sometimes the meditation when Howard was gone. Howard does a lot of weddings and when his calendar is filled, he often suggests to the bride and groom in waiting to contact me. Because of this arrangement I have had the privilege of officiating at quite a few weddings over the past few years.

Weddings in Asheville are different than many other places I have served. Asheville is a "destination" for weddings for couples not only in Asheville, but all over the state of North Carolina. Asheville has many Bed and Breakfast facilities that advertise on the Internet as "great places to get married". We also have many Mountain Destinations where couples choose to get married. Some on the top of a Bald Mountain, in a State Park, on the green of a golf course, and some even in a Hot Air Balloon. I have officiated in wedding at all of these destinations, but the one I remember most is the Hot Air Balloon

Up, up and away in a Hot Air Balloon.

The couple lived in Durham, but wanted to come to Asheville and be married on a Saturday afternoon in Asheville, NC. They had originally talked to Howard, but he was already booked for the evening, so he told the couple to call me. They did, and I said I would meet them at 5:30 PM at the Hot Air Balloon place.

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That Saturday Marianna and I had attended a neighborhood congress from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon. After it was over, we came home where I changed clothes and got ready to meet the couple at the Hot Air Balloon (HAB) station which is located about a thirty minute drive from our home.

Marianna said she would have supper ready when I returned. We did some quick figuring about time and decided that the wedding and the millage would take about three hours thus supper would be at 8:30 PM.

When I arrived at the HAB station I was just in time to meet the couple getting married, the one bridesmaid, and a photographer. So the Balloons Gondola which was divided into six small unites would have seven people including the HAB Pilot and storage space for the gas tanks. It took us about 20 minute to sign papers of liability in case of an accident, and a short course on how to fly in a HAB.

There were five cars ready to take us along with a truck for the equipment that took us to a field several miles away for our initial "take off". When we arrived, the drivers of the cars and truck plus the balloon's Pilot set about to getting the equipment ready for takeoff.

At a given time, they helped all of us into the Gondola. I was in one section and the bride and groom were together in the section next to me. The Pilot was in the middle two sections (he was in one and gas tanks in the other). The other two sections held the best man and the maid of honor. The photographer was strapped to the outside of the Gondola so he could be far enough away to take pictures of the Bride and Groom during the ceremony.

When we all aboard the Pilot turned on the gas takes and started the fire (it was hot) and the balloon began to fill with hot air and soon we lifted off. At this point the Pilot informed us that about every 20 seconds he had to re-heat the balloon. Translated, this meant that the wedding would have to be in 20 second sound bites since no one could hear anything when the flame was burning.

The only difficulty we had at take off time was getting the bride and maid of honor into the Gondola. Both of the ladies were dressed for a conventional wedding not one in a floating Gondola. It took several men on the ground to push the ladies up and into the Gondola at which point all modesty for ladies in long dresses was set aside for the practical nature of this maneuver.

Very soon we were up in the air and floating with the wind. This is where I learned that a HAB does not have a good guidance system. It can stabilize its altitude, but not its direction. To satisfy the need to retrieve both the passages and the HAB the five cars and one truck have to follow as best they can the direction and be at the landing place to help the Balloon to come down.

With all these challenges to fly with, we had a wedding and all went well. As we were in our final descent I noticed it was after 9:00 PM so I called Marianna and told her I would be late for supper.

We finally located a good landing spot up ahead in the direction we were floating and the five cars and one truck were still with us so the Pilot pointed the way and began his descent. We landed in

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the school yard by throwing ropes down to the men on the ground that pulled us down. It took another hour to get everything packed up and return to the HAB Station.

It was quite a learning experience for me, and the newlyweds were excited and pleased for their wonderful wedding (It was one that the newlyweds and the Officiate will never forget) and thanks to Marianna for saving some supper for me.

Some of my other experiences over the years in Asheville

Again, because of my exposure to so many people that come to Jubilee I sometime even get a request to officiate at a memorial service for someone who had died. In officiating at a memorial service I seldom knew the person who had died, and I would like to share with you the most unusual one I remember doing.

His name was Daniel DeLaVergne. He died on Wednesday, March 8, 2006. Daniel was hit by a train as he was walking through a Rail Road Tunnel at 12 noon.

Daniel was well known in his profession. He was a world class athlete, and environmental advocate, the producer of several documentaries, and a world-renowned white water paddler.

His family planed a memorial service in Florida on the following Monday. But his friends in Asheville planed a celebration of his life on Friday night. They asked me to be there simply because they wanted a minister to participate in the celebration.

That night some 300 young adults gathered at the Asheville Pizza and Brew Company for a celebration of Daniel's completed life. The celebration was to begin at eight, we started at nine. By that time, a good deal of liquid refreshments had been served and a Kayak had been placed in the front of the room.

At nine o'clock a young women stood upon a table and shouted "quiet" and when the noise subsided she said "Let me introduce Rev. Bailey who will begin our celebration of Daniel's life." After that she pointed to me and said "it's all yours".

I stood there. I looked at them and they looked at me, both wondering what to do next. I spoke: "How many of you knew Daniel?" Three hundred hands went up. Then I held my hand up and said "All I know about Daniel is his name. I will have to get some help from you.

From that introduction I proceeded with a conversation, asking questions as we went along like (When did you first hear about Daniel, When and where did you first meet him, what do you remember most about him, what kind of life did he live, what do the people who populate this earth need to know about Daniel, and what is his legacy for all of us to celebrate and share?) When the final silence came, I said "Thank you, now I know Daniel."

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Next I said to the group ‘Most of you are artists, some of you will someday write a novel, others of you will create poetry for people to read, some of you will paint a canvas with a brush, and some of you will engage your life by creating sculptures for people to see, and all of you will continue Kayaking in the rivers of this world, so I charge you to remember Daniel in all that you do, and let him inspire you in whatever you create.’ With that, I read the 23 psalm and I left, but it took me thirty minutes to make my way through the crowd.

The next day the person who had called me to asked me to be there for the memorial service, called again, and said the group continued to talk about Daniel’s life and how they could remember and express his genius in whatever they did until well after midnight. Yes, this is an “Amazing World” we live in.

A wonder-filled experience

Sometimes in the midst of total darkness a person can experience the bright light of both interior and exterior recognition of being both present to the moment and aware of the transparency of life itself. It was this kind of experience that happened to me in the summer of 2001 in the Iron country of Minnesota. It happened like this:

During the first week of August Marianna and I joined our children (Tom, Lynn, and Nan) their spouses (Cathy, Allen, and Barbara) and our grandchildren, (Keara, Brenna, Billy, and Julie) for a family get-together in Ely, Minnesota. We had a great time swimming, fishing, boating, hiking, eating, buying stuff, visiting wildlife, and being with each other. I don t have the vocabulary, space or time to tell you what a great family we have and how much we enjoy being with each other..

During the week we had the occasion to visit an old abandoned iron mine that has been transformed into a state park for visitors. At the mine we boarded an elevator and descended to level # 27, a mile or so below the earth’s surface. The mine was opened in the late 1800s and closed in 1962 when new technologies rendered it obsolete. After reaching level #27 we boarded a small mining train that took us to a large cavern where mining had once taken place. Like any museum the cavern was set up to show how mining iron ore was accomplished until the time of closing.

Before we set out to visit each of the mining operations on display, our guide told us the history of this particular mine. In the beginning the miners were contract workers. They had to furnish their own equipment such as candles, meals, mules, and tools. The only light they had to work was candlelight. To illustrate this, our guide turned off the electricity and let us experience total, and I do mean total darkness. Then he lit a candle, put it on his miner’s helmet, and said, “Follow me.” No one moved till the electricity was turned on. To make a long story short, suffice to say after the electricity was on we visited the rest of the cavern, heard the rest of the story, and learned what it was like to mine iron ore from 1888 to 1962. After that we boarded the train and returned to the elevator for our trip back to the Earth’s surface.

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As we waited for our elevator it became obvious that something was going on in a cavern behind the elevator. The Guide told us the University of Minnesota, in conjunction with the University of Chicago, was building a proton catcher. It seems that sometime in the near future the U of C is going to shoot protons and The U of M is going to catch them so they can experiment with protons changing from particles to waves and back again (if my science vocabulary is wrong you know what I mean).

As we began our trip back to the Earth's surface, it occurred to me that for the past hour I had been experiencing a microcosm of my life. How many times have I been in the dark without even a candle to light the way? How many times have I stumbled when the only light was a candle? Like those miners, how many times have I participated in designing and doing creative solution to life's challenges as they occur? How many times have I addressed this or that social or personal injustice sometimes in a helpful way while others seemed a failure? How many times have I marveled at what our scientists are learning and doing as we move into the future and asked myself what is it that I will never live to see? How many lost opportunities have I had to share my love for the family? How many more will I have? Will I take advantage of the next opportunity or will I lose it again? This was the way my trip was back to the top.

It was good to see the sunlight again, to see Marianna, the kids and grandkids. I knew all over again how much I loved my family. As we walked back to our cars, I said to myself, those miners experienced all of life, and, like the miners, we, too, experience all of life, and when anyone of us takes our next breath we move with a remarkable piece of wisdom about living that made the whole journey worthwhile. Yes, life is good, you are accepted, your life is approved, you are accepted, and the future is open. That is the true about life. It was that way before I was born. It will be that way when I turn 70 next month and it will be like that forever.

The second time Howard asked me to do the Sunday morning meditation I knew exactly what I wanted to share with the Jubilee community. Howard uses his knowledge and experiences of music as the framework for his meditation and I use reflections on my own experiences by transforming them into archetypal stories to which every person can relate. Below is one example:

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A reflection on the big picture

For most my adult life one of the most difficult questions people ask me is: Bill, where are you from? Such a simple Question: such a hard answer. It has so many different levels to it. It's a question about origins. A question about what and who has nurtured me on my life's journey, it is a question of relationships. .

I was born into a family, a neighborhood, a town, a State, a nation, and a world, and I am not alone. And you belong to the same world in which I live. We are not alone.

Today I invite you to share with me just a bit of my life journey of trying to understand "Where I am from?" By doing so I hope it will help all of us understand that in this world today, we are not alone (never have been and never will be.)

In 1931, I was born in Mt. Airy, NC. Being born in Mt. Airy and being named Bill Bailey are the only claims to fame I have Bill Bailey because that gives me instant name recognition and Mt. Airy because that's where Andy Griffith was born: That means, in principle I was born in Mayberry, That's where I'm from. Mayberry RFD, Mt. Airy, NC.

I can remember, as a little boy, when anyone walked by in my neighborhood and asked me, "Little boy, where are you from?" I could point to the two story brick house located at 814 North Main Street and say: "I live right there", that's my place of origin, that's where I am nurtured and cared for: that's my home. But! As I grew older, I discovered that answer was only partly true.

One Thursdays night when I was four or maybe five years old, while sitting at the supper table, My Grandfather told me that I was going with him to the barber shop to have my hair cut.

Now this was a real mystery to me. I knew that Grandpa went to the Barber shop every Thursdays night, but what was so strange about that was that my Grandfather didn't have a bit of hair on his head . . . He was bald.

But, that night the two of us went to the barber shop. It was full of men and a few kids like me. The men were sitting around and talking. Little did I know then that I had walked into the weekly meeting of the Mt. Airy Democratic Party!

Every Thursday night, the leaders of the party met at the Barber Shop, and while getting their hair cut, (Or in the case of my Grandpa, getting his head rubbed down with Bay Run) they debated and decided the political agenda for the town of Mt. Airy.

Little did I know that night that this very same Barber shop would become one of the most famous Barber Shops in the world. That night I knew it as the Main Street Barber Shop, owned and operated by Mr. Ben Williams. 60 years later the world knew it as Floyd's Barber Shop which is still there today, as a museum for the Andy Griffith Show.

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That night, when I climbed into the barber's chair for my first store bought hair cut, Mr. Ben (as we kids called him) in a teasing fashion ask me: Well, young man: where are you from? I answered Mr. Ben: "I'm Will Monday's grandson and my home is up on North Main Street." Thus, in downtown Mt. Airy the north main street neighborhood was my home. That was my answer to the question for the next few years.

Then, in 1941, when I was ten, World War 2 began. Most of the young men of military age marched off to war. It was us younger boys who filled in the gaps. In the summer time, Corky (a friend of mine) and I operated a concession stand in the Greyhound bus station which in those years was one of the busiest place in town.

One of our best selling items was cigarettes. But cigarettes were in short supply. The R. J. Reynolds tobacco co, makers of Camels, was located in Winston-Salem, only 40 miles for Mt. Airy. Old RJR himself had promised the people of Winston-Salem that they would always have all the cigarettes they could smoke.

In those days tobacco was King. Corky and I could buy a carton of Camels for 85 cents, and we could sell them for 20 cents a pack - Now that a profit \$1.15 per carton.

So on our day off from the concession stand, Corky and I would hitch a free ride on the bus to Winston-Salem, and spend the day going into stores and chasing RJR delivery trucks and buy Cigarettes: sometimes by the pack, sometimes by the carton. A good day's work like that could net us \$20.00 to 25.00. Believe me, that was a small fortune for two 12 year old boys in 1943.

But it happened again. On one occasion the woman driving the RJR delivery truck ask me: Where are you from? I had to think about that. But I finally answered: I'm from "Mt. Airy." Yes, In Winston-Salem, Mt. Airy was my home.

And then, Years later after I finished my undergraduate degree at Duke University, Marianna (My wife) and I moved to Chicago where I attended Northwestern. Even up there in Chicago, even with my southern accent, people would ask me "Where are you from?" I learned to reply, "I'm from North Carolina." Strange, by the late 1950's N.C. was my home. But there came a time in my life when even that answer would not be enough. In the 1970's my wife and I left the United States to work with some of the Village people of the South pacific.

While living on the Majuro Atoll of the Marshall Islands, I had to appear at the police department to obtain a drivers license. In order to fill out my application the Marshallese Officer asked me my name, local address, where I worked, and where I was from.

I answered: Bill Bailey, my local address is Ocean side next to the Rev. Jude Samson's house, I work with the village of Rong Rong, and I am from the United States of America." That day on that Island I came to the awareness that the United States was the nation of my origin. It had nurtured and protected me through several wars. On the Majuro Atoll, the U.S. was my home.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to understand that on each stage of my life journey, my home, the place of my origin - my care -my connectedness, got bigger and bigger and bigger. But nothing that had happened to me so far gave me the kind of comfort, the kind of connectedness that I was

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longing for. I somehow sensed that my real home (where I was really from) was more than 814 North Main Street, more than Mt. Airy, or North Carolina, or the U.S.A.

Something was missing: Something mysterious and unknown to me, but it was something that could connect me with my true home.

And then, in the early 80's, after we returned from the South Pacific, Marianna and I lived in Dallas, Texas. One of the entertainments I enjoyed during those years was watching old movies on TV. Some were good, and some were not. (Some were grade A, some grade Z.) But I watched them just the same.

But one night I chanced to watch a movie made in the early sixties. It was the story of a lone Astronaut who was sent into orbit in one of those little capsules like the one I associate with John Glenn. Just one human soul, all alone, out in space, whose only connection with the earth was by radio to and from mission control.

The Astronaut was to make 12 Earth orbits and then return. However, on the 12 orbit the retro-rockets would not fire which meant that the capsule would not be able to return. After doing all the calculation they could at mission control, it was determined that on orbit 16 the Capsule would re-enter the Earth's atmosphere and burn up.

Well, during those last few orbits the conversation between mission control and the Astronaut become very reflective. Everybody in the world was tuned into either a TV or radio to watch and listen - to be a part of this tragic drama.

That lone Astronaut, the technicians at Mission Control, and the peoples of the world were asking: What indeed is life's meaning? Why do we do what we do? What's it like to be alone in space waiting for a fiery end. Where did we all come from? If we only knew that we might also know where we are going.

Orbit 16 would take the Capsule over Australia around midnight, and then somewhere between Australia and Central America, the Capsule would enter the Earth Atmosphere and burn up before it reached the Pacific Ocean.

Somehow, for me, this movie was a parable. Yes, yes, (I said to myself) each one of us is alone, cooped up in our little capsule. Sometimes we invite someone in and sometimes we visit another. But we all know how hard it is to connect and even if we do, it can be even more difficult to stay connected.

Mother's wisdom always prevails: "Naked I was born and naked I must die. From the Earth we came, and to the Earth we will return."

In response to Orbit 16 and what I like to call an every-person experience, (I've had it, and so have you) The Australian cities of Perth and Sydney decided that as the Capsule passed over on it last Orbit, Perth would have their city lights off, and then as the Astronaut passed over, they would turn their lights on as a way to say a last "Hello". And then, on the other side of Australia, the city

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of Sydney would have their lights on, turning them off as the Astronaut passed over as a way for the world to say a It's last "goodbye."

And that's the way it happened: That Lone Astronaut watched from his capsule as Perth's lights went on, and 8 minutes later, as Sydney's lights went off then came the dreaded moment when the Capsule leaves Australia headed for its fiery demise. A few minutes before the end, Mission Control sent up its last message:

"You are all alone now . . . Goodbye.' To which the Astronaut replied:
"No! I am not alone. The whole world is my home." That is the truth we all know.

"We are not alone! Open your eyes and see it: Open your ears and hear it
Open you heart and feel it, we are not alone. The whole universe is our home."

The conference at Appalachian State University

In 2006 there was a two day conference at the Appalachian State University in Boone, NC. The focus of the conference was Community and Regional Sustainability. The people invited to attend were made of small town mayors, city councils, and planning department personnel. Day one was dedicated to academic considerations such as water supply, steep slope developments, and climate change. The second day plan was to be small group workshops made up of town mayors, city councils, and planning department personnel.

The facilitators chosen for the workshops were to be certified "Technology of Participation" trainers who knew and used the ICA methods of facilitation. I was invited to be one of the four facilitators and each of us would be responsible for a morning and afternoon workshop with one of the four groups of participants. I was chosen to set the context for the day two workshops at the end of day one.

When the Academic presentations were completed, I came up to the podium to set the context for the day two workshops. This is what I said:

All of us have learned some vital information about the future of our water supply, the problems with steep slope developments, and the present reality of the challenges ahead of us in climate change. I suspect that our workshops for tomorrow will have to focus and deal with the very present situation that all of us face in the towns where we live.

Let me "show and tell" you what I mean. Every community or town we live in is made up of three very recognizable and powerful dynamics. For example, let's suppose that this podium is the political dynamic made up of political institutions and people elected and working for keeping their city safe and making and implementing policy for the well being of its citizens.

Then I walked over to the right of the podium) and said, Here is the second dynamic, call it the economic which is made of economic institutions, and people dedicated to the flow and well being

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of local development and commercial activities that are needed to create and maintain jobs and services for the local and regional populations.

Then I walked back, passed the podium and walked to the left side of the podium and indicated that the third dynamic was the cultural dynamic made up of cultural institutions like the non-profits, the schools, organized communities of Faith, and neighborhoods with its constant concerns about the services they need and the quality of life they enjoy.

Then I went back to the podium and pointed out that it was the political dynamic that is charged with keeping a fair and equal balance between the economic interest of the city and the quality of life that identifies the cultural life of the community.

Today, in all of our towns, cities, state, and nation things are out of balance between the economic dynamic and the cultural dynamic in our towns and cities, and that the political dynamic is having a “Nervous Breakdown.” (With that, I had a standing ovation from all the mayors, council members, and planning department people that were present (about 125 people).

I continued with this example: today the cultural dynamic is asking for increased services from the political. They would like to have sidewalks, alternate forms of transportation, traffic calming, and better schools along with a “no new taxes” demand. The only place the political dynamic can look for additional revenue to maintain services are from the economic dynamic which means more development and more second and third homes for absentee citizens.

Our task in our workshops tomorrow is to recognize and understand the issues we each face in our own town and then work on solutions to those issues. We will focus on the issues in the morning and the solutions in the afternoon, and then in our closing section all four workshops will share both their issues and solutions so we can all be on the same page.

Thank you, see you tomorrow morning! The workshops on Day two were intense and rewarding, and our plenary session was a great success.

The Coalition of Asheville Neighborhoods

Also In 2006 the president of the Coalition of Asheville Neighborhoods (CAN) called and asked Marianna and I to help them begin a yearly one day “Congress” that would be a forum for educating and decimating information to neighborhood people on how city government works, plans, and serves the citizens of Asheville. The “Neighborhood Congress” could also inform local residents of future city plans as well as how the citizens of Asheville could work together with each other and the city to build and improve their quality of life.

After three very successful “Neighborhood Congress meetings” (in 2006, 7, & 8) Marianna and I have been elected as Co-Presidents of CAN. Our task has been to build a positive relationship between Asheville neighborhoods with each other and the Asheville City Government. Beginning

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in February of 2009 Marianna will be part of a voluntary staff with the planning department of the city to begin the process of building “small area plans” for local neighborhoods.

This series of events prompted Marianna and I to reflect on our relationships with our activities in relationships to human development and community planning.” Below is a summary of these reflections.

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Two recent events have gifted us with a new awareness of our “life map” together.

First: Marianna and I have recently been elected as the co presidents of the Coalition of Asheville Neighborhoods (CAN). CAN is a not-for profit service organization serving Asheville for the past 25 years and is now set to enter into the future which will requires a new understanding of how to organize and serve local neighborhoods, work effectively with city and county government, and interface with changes in demographics occasioned by rapid development and population growth.

The second event, since Marianna and I were both born in Mt. Airy, NC, occurred when she ask me a simple question, “who are our bone people (The question “who are our bone people” is a question often asked by the native people of the South Pacific). The question is based on the premise that everyone has a Community of relationship they identify with. It is within that community of relationships that a person creates their own life meanings and purpose, this relationship constitutes your bone people)

For the past several days both CAN’S future and Marianna’s question about the past have been at the top of our knowing, doing, and being list of corporate reflections and continuing dialogue.

Who are our bone people? What and who do we carry with us into the future? This has been the question of our dialogue. Is it our birth place i.e. Mt. Airy, NC? The two of us grew up during the 1930 & 40’s in that wonderful town now known as Mayberry (hometown of Andy Griffith). We have visited Mt. Airy several times over the past few years. It is no longer the small southern town we remember. Today it is saturated with the memory of Andy and the money that tourism brings, but we have discovered two pieces of our past from Mt. Airy that are still with us. (1) The Blue Ridge Mountains of the southern Appalachians and (2) the strong community ties and quality of life found in our North Main street neighborhood where we grew up.

Also, our “bone people” are our family which consists of Marianna and I, three wonderful children, their spouses, and four grandchildren. Yes, in all aspects they are both our past and future.

Since arriving in Ashville, NC, eleven years ago we have become energized by our participation in the Jubilee Community ([www. jubileecommunity.org](http://www.jubileecommunity.org)). We consider Jubilee to be an experiment on behalf of the future as to what a spiritual community looks like and how it operates. Yes, at Jubilee’s “A celebration of life” we are with our bone people as we continue the spirit movement.

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As I Remember It

Our EI-ICA colleagues continue to be our “bone people” in two significant ways. One is the continuing network of our dialogue via the World Wide Web and other occasions when we get together. The second is tied to the first, the neighborhood. Upon reflection Marianna and I have been involved with Neighborhood life and human development beginning in Mt Airy, followed by 5th City in Chicago, Central City 5 in Oklahoma City, the Suntungan Human Development Project (HDP) in the Philippines, the Majuro HDP in the Marshall Islands, Salani HDP in Western Samoa, and Havelock North in New Zealand, the Westwood Co-housing and the Viewpoint cluster in Asheville NC, and now co-presidents of the Coalition of Asheville Neighborhoods.

So put the parts together. The Blue Ridge Mountains of the southern Appalachians, the strong community ties and quality of life found in our Mt. Airy neighborhood, our family, the Jubilee Community, our colleagues of the order, and finally the gift, privilege, and challenges of living, doing, and being in neighborhood and human development. These parts, put together, are our bone people. They define our life’s purpose and meaning.

Lynn and Allen moving to Asheville

Lynn, our daughter, and her husband Allen started building a new house in West Asheville on a lot they bought about eight years ago. The house will be finished this spring (April 2009). In the meantime, the two of them and their two dogs (Lily and Bailey) rented a house in North Asheville and moved into it in October of 2008. This is the first time since the 1970 that we have lived close to one of our family. You can imagine how great it is for Marianna and me now that we have one of our own kids living in Asheville.

This past Christmas Marianna and I were invited to fly up to New York to be with Nan, her partner Maria and Tom with his new girl friend Tricia. But the bonus gift was that we were able to share Christmas (2008) with our four Grand Children: Billy, Julia, Brenna, and Keara. This trip and visitation was the most wonderful Christmas gift the two of us ever experienced.

While in New York we all went to Tarrytown one night to walk through an artistic light display depicting the story of Rip Van Winkle on the property of Washington Irving. It was a magnificent display of creativity and design, a real Christmas show.

We also went to see the Broadway stage production of “White Christmas”. It was a memorable event for all of us.

When we returned to Asheville we celebrated the New Year (2009) with Lynn, Allen, Lily and Bailey. In just a few days Barack Obama will be inaugurated as the 44th president of the United States of America. This in itself is a marvelous experience – our journey from the inauguration of FDR to this momentous event taking place on January 20th, 2009.

Today is Tuesday, April 14, 2009. Lynn, Allen, Lily and Bailey Have moved into their new home located on Grandview Drive, (West) Asheville, NC.

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Working with the City of Asheville's planning Department

The planning department wanted to do a pilot program aimed at a "small area plan" in the South French Broad Neighborhood (SFBN). This neighborhood is just south of the Aston City Park and East of the West End Clingman Avenue Neighborhood (WECAN). Both communities share the Aston City Park which is being upgraded into a class AA city park.

In discussions with the city planning department Marianna and I volunteered to do a visioning program with the Neighborhood Association (SFBN). As the program developed five or six City Staff volunteered to work with us and facilitate the small group work.

So on four consecutive Thursday nights The Neighborhood participants and the volunteer staff worked to create the small area plan. It worked like a charm, on the first night the neighborhood participants created a five year vision. The following Thursday night the participants created the challenges they faced in making their vision happen. The third Thursday night the small groups worked to create a set of proposals that would meet their challenges. The fourth and final Thursday night the participants created the actions they needed to take, broke up into task teams, and built a two year time line of implement their actions.

The following article appeared in the Neighborhood News Letter that is circulated by the Neighborhood Coordinator for the City of Asheville.

A Spotlight on the South French Broad Neighborhood

The following is based on a presentation by Allison and Clark Browne at the April 13th meeting of the Coalition of Asheville Neighborhoods (Can).

As happens in many neighborhoods, the current efforts to establish a strong and diverse neighborhood organization for the South French Broad area is building on past work to bring neighbors together to improve the quality of life for all residents of that neighborhood. This most recent and successful effort grew out of a community meeting focused on neighborhood concerns about crime and public safety in the spring of 2007. A neighborhood barbeque organized as follow-up to the meeting led to the formation of the South French Broad Neighborhood Association. The group meets each month on the second Thursday evening for solution-oriented meetings. This approach has resulted in many accomplishments achieved in the year and a half by working together and building partnerships between neighborhood members, the City of Asheville, neighborhood businesses and other organizations.

The accomplishments of the Association have included:

- Improved Communication in the form of a Yahoo group and a monthly newsletter. Through a partnership with one neighborhood business, United Services Credit Union, a dedicated group of neighbors are able to hand deliver hard copies of the newsletter to the homes of neighborhood residents who do not receive it through the Yahoo group.

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- Increased safety and decreased in crime in Aston Park and neighborhood streets. Working with Asheville Police Department and the neighboring West End Clingman Area Neighborhood (WECAN), the neighborhood has identified priority issues and ways to address them. Neighborhood residents have assisted the police in monitoring crimes like prostitution by reporting suspicious persons and activities to the non-emergency dispatch number.

Other crime prevention related actions that have been accomplished by this partnership have been an increase in lighting on the street and in Aston Park. The neighborhood worked with City Police and Traffic and Engineering address the dangerous intersection with poor sight lines at S French Broad and Bartlett Street by the installation of a 4-way stop.

- Partnerships with neighborhood businesses and other organizations. This neighborhood has successfully partnered with other organizations. In order to address crime issues at the Hot Spot convenience store on the corner of Hilliard and McDowell, it partnered with the West End Clingman Area Neighborhood (WECAN), the owners' of the Hot Spot, nearby business, Families Together, and CRO Jackie Stepp to clean up the area and remove shrubs that provided a place for unacceptable loitering and crime activity. WECAN has been a partner in several other efforts - from working with the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Arts Department to make Aston Park more attractive and safe for children and families to use to holding anti-crime events during National Night Out.

South French Broad and WECAN are currently planning a community garden together. The garden will be sited on the grounds of the United Service Credit Union, located towards the south end of South French Broad. The Neighborhood Association has built a strong relationship with this neighborhood business, which makes copies of their newsletter for distribution and has provided space for neighborhood meetings.

The neighborhood has also partnered with Asheville Green works to conduct neighborhood cleanups as well as some beautification projects - such as planting the traffic island on S French Broad at the corner of Hilliard. They are currently working to provide a community business with opportunities to do service projects in the area with elderly residents.

- Completed a Neighborhood Visioning Projects in partnership with the City. South French Broad was the site of a pilot project for a Neighborhood Visioning project. Over 60 neighborhood residents participated in a series of 4 meetings to develop an action plan for the future. "Know our Past/Grow our Future" was the slogan for the process that identified 5 areas of focus. The process helped create a shared vision and provided information on ways to create a stronger organization and strengthen the identity of the neighborhood. The implementation of the action steps created in the Visioning process will help involve more neighbors and keep everyone focused on the future of this great neighborhood.

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The City Planning Department was very pleased with the plan and they are talking about doing two such plans a year involving strategic neighborhoods. Also since so many of Asheville neighborhood are named and bounded by old school districts that no longer exist there is a possibility that a task force may be set up to review, grid and reconstruct the locations and name of all Asheville neighborhoods.

If this were to come about it would be a great chance for the Coalition of Asheville Neighborhood (CAN) to volunteer to be a part of that Task Force. I know that if it happens, we will be there.

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More to come

At this point I must say there is more to come because every day is but a memory on the next. I feel sure I have left out many experiences from the past and maybe someday other members of our family will write their stories too. For now the future is made up of hopes and dream. For me the future is made up of my hopes and dreams, two of which I will share with you now.

1. Today is April 19, 2009. In just eleven days (April 30th) Marianna and I will celebrate our 60th wedding anniversary. Our plan is to go for lunch at the Deer Park Restaurant which is on the Biltmore Estate Property. After Lunch we plan to take a hike together through the River Walk and Gardens located in and around the Biltmore Estate. We hope the Lynn and Allen will join us for this celebration. On the evening of April 30th the two of us will celebrate our 60 years together small intimate dinner together in our home at 56 Pinnacle Point in Asheville, NC.

2. On August 1, 2009 all the family and some very close friends will gather at the Club House located in the View Point Neighborhood where we live to celebrate our 60th year of married life. Our three children, Tom, Lynn, and Nan are taking responsibility to plan and implement this celebration. During the time before and after August 1, Marianna and I look forwards to being with Tom and Tricia, Lynn and Allen, and Nan and Maria for several wonderful days together.

In the meantime before August 1, 2009, I plan to have “my story” printed so my family and several close friends can have a copy.

I began this story by saying I can only write this story from my perspective relying on my experiences of what happened as Marianna and I surfed the twentieth century and made a successful transition into the twenty first.

I wish now to share with you (in a poetic way) one of my “Life Learning’s” for the past 78 years.

(Below is my adaptation of the song “Let It Be a Dance,” by Rick Maston)

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As I Remember It

*Let it be a dance we do.
May I have this dance with you?
For the good times, and the hard times too,
Let it be a dance.*

*Let a dancing song be heard.
Play the music. Say the words.
Fill the sky with sailing birds.
Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance.*

*Everybody turn and spin,
Let your bodies learn to bend
Like a willow in the wind,
And let it be a dance.*

*A child is born. We all must die.
A time for joy, a time to cry --
So, take it as it passes by,
And let it be a dance. Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance.*

*Let it be a dance we do.
May I have this dance with you?
For the good times, and the hard times too,
Let it be a dance.*

*The morning star comes out at night.
Without the dark, there'd be no light.
Yet, if nothing's wrong, then nothing's right.
So, let it be a dance. Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance.*

*Let the sun shine. Let it rain.
Share the laughter. Bear the pain.
Round and round we go again,
And let it be a dance.*

*Let it be a dance we do.
May I have this dance with you?
For the good times, and the hard times too,
Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance.*

*Let it be a dance we do
Butter pound cake today - Boot camp by noon
Mountain top joy – and Dark canyon despair
Let it be a Dance, Let it be a Dance. Let it be a dance.....*

LET IT BE THE DANCE OF LIFE AND LOVE

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APPENDIX

The Adventures of Bill and Marianna Bailey

As I Remember It

Descendants of William Raymond "Bill" BAILEY

William Raymond "Bill" BAILEY b: 10 Sep 1931
+Marianna HINES b: 5 Nov 1932 m: 30 Apr 1949
2 Thomas William "Tom" BAILEY b: 26 Apr 1951 ...
+Colleen Mae CASE m: 2 Sep 1973
3 William Matt "Billy" Bailey CASE b: 3 Jul 1977
3 Thomas Wesley Bailey CASE b: 5 Feb 1979
*2nd Wife of Thomas William "Tom" BAILEY: ...
+Cathy CONLIN m: 17 Nov 1990
3 Keara Beth BAILEY b: 9 Nov 1991
3 Brenna Kate BAILEY b: 17 Sep 1993
2 Lynn Hines BAILEY b: 17 Aug 1953 ...
+Allen BRAILSFORD b: 25 Mar 1944 m: 12 Jun 1982
2 Nan Parker BAILEY b: 20 Dec 1955
3 William Isaac BERGER-BAILEY b: 18 Dec 1991
3 Julia Maren BERGER-BAILEY(adopted) b: 9 Feb 1997

Bailey family chronology of locations

(Following 4 pages)

Bailey Family Chronology of Locations

Year	Bill	Marianna	Tom	Lynn	Nan
1931	Mt. Airy, NC				
1932		Mt. Airy, NC			
1933	Mt. Holly, NJ	Mt. Airy, NC			
1934		Mt. Airy, NC			
1935					
1936					
1937					
1938					
1939					
1940					
1941					
1942					
1943					
1944					
1945					
1946					
1947					
1948					
1949					
1950		" Durham, NC			
1951		"			
1952					
1953					
1954			" Mt. Airy, NC		
1955				"	
1956					
1957				" Evanston, IL	
1958				"	
1959				Minooka, IL	
1960					

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Bailey Family Chronology of Locations

Year	Bill	Marianna	Tom	Lynn	Nan
1961					
1962			"		
1963			Pfafftown, NC		
1964			"		
			Cortland, NY		
1965			"		
1966			Fox River Grove, IL		
1967			"		
			Chicago's West Side		
1968		"	"	"	"
		Santa Monica, CA	Iquique, Chile	Santiago, Chile	Daytona Beach, FL Emmetsburgh, Iowa
1969		"	"	"	'Warrior Abbey' Ottawa, Canada
			Santa Monica, CA Mt. Pleasant, IO	Santa Monica, CA	Emmetsburg, Iowa Oklahoma City, OK
1970		"	"	"	"
		Chicago's West Side	Camp Canada New York, NY		Camp Canada Seattle, WA Hong Kong
1971		"	"	"	"
		Washington, DC	Chicago's West Side Bay St. Louis, MS Chicago's South Side	Oklahoma City, OK	Manila/Queson City, Phillipines Yardley, PA
1972		"	Chicago's North Side	"	"
		Toronto, Canada		New Orleans, LA	Chicago, IL Paterson, NJ New Haven, CT
1973		"	"	New Orleans, LA	New York, NY
		Oklahoma, OK		Chicago, IL	
1974		"	"	"	
				New York, NY	
1975			"	"	

Bailey Family Chronology of Locations

Year	Bill	Marianna	Tom	Lynn	Nan
				Caracas, Venezuela	
1976			" La Crosse, WI	Brooklyn Heights, NY	
1977		Oklahoma, OK		New York, NY	
1978		PACIFICA (Majuro) "			Chicago, IL New York, NY Brooklyn, NY
1979		(Fiji, Tonga, W. Samoa)			
1980					
1981		(Majuro, W. Samoa)		Queens, NY	
1982		(New Zealand) (Australia, Guam, Majuro) Chicago (North Side) Oklahoma City, OK Dallas, TX "			
1983			Duluth, MN		
1984			"	Jamaica Est., Queens	
1985			Minneapolis, MN		
1986					
1987					
1988					
1989		" Lanark, IL		Teaneck, NJ	
1990		"			
1991					
1992					Larchmont, NY
1993		"			
1994		Crete, IL			
1995					
1996					
1997		"			
1998		Asheville, NC			
1999					
2000					

Bailey Family Chronology of Locations

Year	Bill	Marianna	Tom	Lynn	Nan
2001					
2002					
2003					
2004					
2005			"		
			Tarboro, NC		
2006			"		
2007			Rumson, NJ		
2008				Asheville, NC	
2009					