

From: **James Wiegel** <jfwiegel@yahoo.com>

Date: Oct 4, 2007 4:12 PM

Subject: Do good as you gather

To: Colleague Dialogue <dialogue@wedgeblade.net>, Norm and Judy Lindblad <nj.lindblad@gmail.com>, Ellen Howie <rhowie@aol.com>, Mirja Hansen <MirjaH@aol.com>, Duncan Holmes <dholmes@ica-associates.ca>, Carolyn Antenen <cantenen@mac.com>, Suganya Sockalingam <suganya@mindspring.com>

Cc: ustoptrainers@ica-topnet.org, Global ToPTrainers <globaltoptrainers@ica-topnet.org>

To all those gathering in Techny to consider the future of the Institute of Cultural Affairs, its legacy and mission

I found this quote in a book I bought for a quarter at a Baptist Youth rummage sale in Nova Scotia.

"Now the trumpet summons us again -- not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need -- not as a call to battle, though embattled we are -- but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation" -- a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself." John F. Kennedy inaugural address 1/20/1961.

I, for one, am standing on tiptoe to see what you all come

up with this weekend as ICA USA's next response, next right answer, and to see what new generations will step forward to provide leadership in the coming decades of work. Hundreds, if not thousands, of others are also watching.

Do good. Keep in touch. Tell some stories and read some poems. Tears are good -- both of grief and joy. And keep in mind this is serious stuff.

Jim Wiegel

"Unhappy country, what wings you have! . . .
Weep (it is frequent in human affairs), weep for the terrible
magnificence of the means,
The ridiculous incompetence of the reasons, the bloody and
shabby
Pathos of the result."
Robinson Jeffers

But in the midst of this trend toward a less primitive conception of ourselves and our world, we have somehow, without anyone really intending it, stumbled into a military confrontation where we have come to feel that our honor is at stake. We have in a moment of uncertainty been tempted to rely on our overwhelming physical power rather than our intelligence, and we have, in part, succumbed to this temptation. Bewildered and unnerved when our terrible power fails to bring immediate success, we are at the edge of a chasm the depth of which no man knows." Robert

Bellah

"When a nation is very powerful but lacking in self-confidence, it is likely to behave in a manner that is dangerous both to itself and to others.

Gradually but unmistakably, America is succumbing to that arrogance of power which has afflicted, weakened and in some cases destroyed great nations in the past.

If the war goes on and expands, if that fatal process continues to accelerate until America becomes what it is not now and never has been, a seeker after unlimited power and empire, then Vietnam will have had a mighty and tragic fallout indeed.

I do not believe that will happen. I am very apprehensive but I will remain hopeful, and even confident, that America, with its humane and democratic traditions, will find the wisdom to match its power."

J. William Fulbright.

401 North Beverly Way
Tolleson, Arizona 85353-2401
+1 623-936-8671
+1 623-363-3277
jfwiegel@yahoo.com

Now and then it's good to pause in the pursuit of happiness and just be happy. Guillaume Apollinaire

Shape Yahoo! in your own image. [Join our Network Research Panel today!](#)

The Silence Foundation

2505 Kathy Court
Oklahoma City, OK 73120
405 286 0091

silencefoundation@cox.net
www.silencefoundation.org

September 24, 2007

Greetings to ICA-USA,

Thank you for your kind invitation to the 2007 Legacy Event on October 5-7. It was an honor and a privilege to be one of the founding members of this organization.

I began my journey with ICA in an unlikely way. I was a grad student at the University of Texas in Austin and I was looking for an air-conditioned room for the Summer of 1958 when I passed by the Christian Faith & Life Community. It said "air-conditioned". The door was open so I went in. No one was there. I called on the phone available and got Joe Mathews. An hour later I was enrolled. And I stayed with that group for 38 years. Awesome.

My life was changed when I realized I was on the ground floor of an organization that was forging a vision for a movement of the Spirit in our times. The transformation from being a skinny Southern Baptist kid from southwest Texas to a leader in the Spirit Movement, was gradual. It took years and years. But I learned to be a global person and to trust how the Spirit of God moves in my life day by day.

Following the Spirit of God led us as a group to do three historically important tasks: awakenment, engagement and fulfillment. In short these tasks are simply: to wake up and help others to wake up; to serve out of the most inclusive context possible, and to live life as a fulfilled human being. These tasks have claimed my total life and the lives of those with whom I've journeyed.

We awakened many people in local churches and communities. We engaged them in urban neighborhoods and rural villages to do their own inclusive human development. Those teaching and social methods continue to thrive and serve many human needs. They have borne the test of time over sixty years.

And now we are equipping ourselves and others to care for Those Who Care so all can live authentically today and in the days ahead. This requires finding, creating, and sharing spirit practices to raise our consciousness and deepen it – in mind, body, spirit and soul.

The legacy we have to pass on to the next generation is held in these three tasks as a sacred trust. In this way the Spirit Movement is strengthened to continue on the path toward worldwide peace on Planet Earth. It is my prayer that we will unify and harmonize the current energies among ourselves for the wellbeing of ALL. May your celebration be spirit filled.

Blessings, David McCleskey



James K. Mathews
Bishop, The United Methodist Church

To: The Living Legacy of EI/ICA -- (through Janice Ulangca)
October 1, 2007

Dear Friends

With these words I send you my greetings.

Eunice and I do send our best wishes to all of you who
are assembled for the ICA meeting of October 5-7.

I find it impossible to travel to Chicago for the
meeting, as I have tried to make
clear to some of you. I enclose a small check, \$150.00 for
the Chicago office, and wish it could be more. We send
this check with our best wishes – it is in addition to the
book I have written about Joe. I hope the work can
continue and prosper.

With my blessings,

James K. Mathews
James K. Mathews

Encl: check, \$150.00

Dear Judy,

Thank you for the lovely invitation to attend the Legacy Luncheon. I will be there in spirit but physically it is a bit far from Adelaide, Australia.

I am thinking about how to respond to your request for autographed copies of Brian Stanfield's books. I don't have any autographed copies. ICA Canada may have some in their archives. I could send ICA-USA copies of Brian's signature but am not sure that is really what you want. Let me know what you would like me to do in this regard.

My greeting to all those present at the Living Legacy Event is this...a Signal Presence quote from Brian's *Courage to Lead Journal*. It speaks to me at this time and I hope it speaks to all of you as you begin to forge the next chapter of ICA-USA. For me this quote speaks to the appropriate amount of detachment in the midst of working on serious issues.

"Since everything in life is but an experience,
perfect in being what it is; having nothing to do with good or bad,
acceptance or rejection; one may well burst out in laughter." Long Chen Pa, a 14th
Century Tibetan Master

Jeanette Stanfield

Waves That Built the Order

*Greetings from
Joe Micker*

1. Beginning Parts. The Stream that fed the building of the Order.

Introduction: This is presented by using my journey as a context to illumine the foundation of the Order. Many streams fed this work. Bishop Mathew's book, "Brother Joe" has detailed responses of many who came in contact with Joe Mathews. Some were from early days of Joes's work especially his time at Perkins School of Theology (SMU). That book also is about times in Austin and Evanston, citing people's responses. Many of these were people who came to the Order in Austin or attended courses there. **Their insights and work are also a part of this stream.** My personal account helps show the pain-taken and detailed commitment of Joe Mathews and others on a personal level.

Joe Mathews was the original Spring that fed the building of the Order. Joe, when I first became aware of him, was Professor of Ethics at Perkins School of Theology at SMU in Dallas. He had arrived in early 1950.

I graduated in February of 1953 from the Austin Presbyterian School of Theology at Austin, Texas and my first Parish was the Saint Mark Presbyterian Church in Dallas. It was across the street from the Casa View Methodist Church. Both of our Parishes were formed in Spring of 1953. The new Pastor there was Wilfred Bailey. We both had WW II experience in the Pacific: his in the Navy and mine in the Army. We both had delayed our entering the ministry until this time. We became close friends and spiritual seekers with the same problems and questions. After a year's experience in the Parish our churches were growing and prosperous in the expanding suburb, but something was wrong. We weren't communicating with our parishes' new ways of understanding the Gospel in the 20th Century. We saw, however, that we and our ways were the problem.

Bailey began to get help from a group of three professors at Perkins. They were Joe Mathews (Ethics), Edward Hobbs (New Testament), and Bob Elliott (Practical life). Bailey asked Hobbs to hold a seminar in his Church on an article written by Rudolf Bultman, a contemporary German Theologian, entitled "The Crises of Faith". It really caused a stir in his church. The seminar was taped and Bailey called me to listen to it with him. It really caused a stir in our lives also. We went over and over the tape to make sure we understood it. God had come down out of the sky into our daily lives. I brought a copy of the tape home to talk with Anne about it. I excitedly kept going over description by description saying, 'Look! Look! This is what is God is'. I think at first she thought I had gone mad.

Bailey got permission from the three professors to attend their courses. Our first was a course led by all three of them on art forms. We sat at a large conference table with the three professors placed strategically around the table with the rest of us. Each week we would have a different art form such as pictures, music, poetry, essays of writers, etc. In each one we would see and participate in the dialogue of that art form with contemporary life that we individually saw and felt ourselves living in. It was exhilarating. Several years later we also audited courses by Schubert Ogden.

Although we attended more of Hobb's courses in New Testament than other courses of the three, we were drawn to Mathews. He was willing to go over with us personally all sorts of things we had questions on, such as building curriculum for our use in our churches. Joe would also go with us on retreats. These would include Bailey, me and another pastor or two. Usually we would go out of town to a rural area of trees and water and spend the night camping out. Usually we were centered around an art form or book that he or we would have. One time Joe went over the picture, Guernica that way. Also, Joe would do such things as one time he came out to our manse on Saturday evening dinner, spent the night and came to my church the next day not to preach or teach but sit and participate in our worship that day. Then he went cross the street and attended Bailey's second service. Or again, he invited Bailey and me to come by his home on our way to a retreat with him. Lyn had snacks prepared for us as well as sandwiches to take with us on the retreat. At another time he introduced to us members of the search team from the Christian Faith & Life Community when they came to interview him in Dallas.

During my stay at St. Mark, I worked on a Master of Theology Degree at the Austin Seminary. I spent the month of January in Austin over several years to fulfill residential requirements for my thesis. It was on building a curriculum for the local congregation using contemporary theologians and writers. It was a preliminary RS-1.

This will give you a picture of how I and others were streams that fed into the original flow of water that came from the Spring of Joe Mathews.

2. Beginnings of the basic structure.
The Streams' waves built a pool.

Joe Mathew and family moved to Austin, Texas in 1956. Joe went as Dean to the Christian Faith & Life Community at the invitation of W. Jack Lewis, Student Pastor at the University of Texas.

Jack was a very personable man. As Student Minister he said he had 2,500 to 3,000 students come to special occasions for a weekend. They would have activities that included search lights and balloons during the night to call attention to the activities. He said he had many attendants but did not touch their lives deeply. He took a Sabbatical and went to University of St. Andrews in Aberdeen, Scotland for study and contemplation. There he came in contact with the Lay Movement for Church Renewal in Europe. He was struck by the depth of the movement and breadth of its' work in new articulation of the Christian faith, its liturgy, forms of the church and its mission

A year later he came back and started the Christian Faith and Life Community at the University of Texas. He gathered undergraduates who were enrolled at the University, and purchased a cooperative style apartment building which was several blocks from the University. Those who enrolled, lived at the Co-op, ate three meals a day, and committed several hours of their time in the Community's program. Jack was good at the externals but needed a dean to construct a curriculum and oversee the activities. Students were open to such and needed a Dean to carry it out. To find someone to bring it off was difficult. They struggled for several years to get this done. Jack heard Joe speak and was immediately attracted. He contacted his Board of Directors and they began a search that led to inviting Joe to come be the Dean.

One of the first things Jack had Joe do was visit the continent of Europe and see first hand the work that was going on in the Lay Movement. Upon arrival Joe and Lyn spent several months in 1956 going through Europe and Britain visiting and studying the movement. Joe immediately started to work setting up a curriculum including worship, study, life together and mission. (This later was fleshed out to become the so-called 'bug model'). The life together included what was usually called 'waste time' that included morning worship, structured conversations at meals and one night a week for lecture and seminars. In addition, he and the students built a stone chapel behind the living quarters for daily worship. Also included in the student commitment was attending the Friday lecture series after dinner where key professors of the University of Texas were invited to come and share the edge of their work and engage in questions and answers with the students. It became a winner among the students.

Joe also worked outside the Community. He continued speaking engagements throughout the nation, invitations for such were coming more often, and working with local ministers when invited. For example he was asked to prepare a liturgy of worship of local ministers of the United Church of Christ who wanted a rich structure of worship but not the ones cast in traditional manner. Joe put together a book of worship for them and it was gratefully received and used. It also became the basic worship of our work in the future. Joe needed additional staff to fill the growing need.

Meanwhile, I was completing five years at the St. Mark Presbyterian Church. I was ready to move. As I mentioned above, I was spending each January in residence in Austin working on my Masters degree. I spent a lot of time observing first hand work at the Christian Faith and Life Community. Joe and Jack invited me to work on the teaching staff alongside of Joe. Anne and I said we would accept and I asked my Presbytery for permission to labor 'out of bounds' at the Christian Faith and Life Community. They concurred and we; Joe, Anne and our three children, Bill, Joanne and John, moved to Austin at the ended of Summer in 1958 in time for the new student year.

Joe and Joy Pierce joined a few months before we came. Joe Pierce's role was mostly in the use of radio and TV programming, and announcing as well as development. Also a graduating minister from the Baptist Seminary was invited to come on the program staff. (His father was Minister of the University Baptist Church, a very open Baptist and a member of the board of the Board of the Christian Faith and Life Community.) He and his wife came in August.

As we continued in our work, expansion took place. The Community bought from a deceased doctor's family a three story mansion type house with full basement. We dubbed it the Laos (lay people) House. It was perfect for holding courses longer than one day. On the first floor we had a dining, a full size kitchen, and a library room which acted as a huge conference room across the hall from which was a sitting room. In the basement we set up our chapel, and on the second and third floor were living quarters.

We used this in the beginning for our married student's program. However, the majority of our work was with the student community, which we called the College House. Most of them graduated in various disciplines. However, some wanted to go on to seminary after being in the College House. Three of these went to Harvard Divinity School, and upon graduation returned at the invitation of the Community to be on our teaching staff. They were Don Warren, Thurston

Barnet and William Cozart. By the time they returned they brought wives with them. Actually, Don's wife Beverly, who had spent time at Austin Presbyterian Seminary and on her own, had come earlier to the College House.

We began holding seminars at the Laos House for church laity around Austin and environs. As we began to expand our curriculum we held weekend RS-1 for churches from extended distances. This then was expanded to week long Parish Ministers Colloquies. Pastors at first were former students of Joe. Notables were Mollie and Jessie Clements, Gene Marshall and Charles Hahn. We also created a Pastor's Wives Colloquy. A notable attendant was Doris Hahn.

Our teaching staff was increased to meet the new influx of courses and people. They came from people who graduated from our colloquies. Notables were Doc Wagner and Bob Bryant.

Another source of staff came from foundations or people that provided scholarships for seminary students to come spend a year with us before their final year of graduation. One student was Charles Lingo who earlier came to the College House, then went to Bright School of the Bible, (TCU) and returned for an intern year in 1961. Later he attended Drew Seminary and Union Theology Seminary and then came back with us on the West Side. Another was Fred Buss who earlier came to the College House and then went to Yale Divinity School. Prior to his last year he interned with us.

Upon graduating from Perkins Seminary Frank Hilliard came the last year we were in Austin. He left when we moved to Evanston to work as a campus minister. After a year in that role he came back with us at the time we moved to the West Side. Also, David McCleskey who had just graduated from a Baptist Seminary came in 1960 to the College House while working toward a Master's Degree at UT. At the end of the year he asked if he could join the staff. He was received and worked initially in the bookkeeping department. Donna Wagner also came to the Collage house in 1960. She and David were married the following year.

These were heady days. In addition to the College House program and seminars and Parish Minister's Conferences held in the Laos House programs, there were also small retreats with local pastors much like the ones held by Joe previously with Bailey and me. Also more and more we were invited to participate in all types of speaking engagements at churches, and conferences including religious emphasis week programs at various colleges.

Notably during this time the staff and spouses regardless of their type of work spent many evenings a month studying and fleshing out our Religious and Cultural Studies curriculum. This included not only theological but philosophical, scientific, economic, social, cultural and literary material in order to find the edge of each discipline and practically apply it. At the same time we spent hours going over and refining practical methods including conducting seminars, lectures, use of art forms, and guided conversations.

These paid off in many unforeseen ways. For example in one Religious Emphasis week in a southern university I talked and lectured to both religious and church groups. From other disciplines we were asked to speak to subjects of various concerns. In this case the French literature department asked me to speak on the latest novel by Albert Camus. Strangely this

came at a time when we had just finished our staff studies of his latest novel. I was 'loaded for bear' so to speak, and laid out a chart of the book, and how Camus developed his thesis culminating in the existential address for our times. It was a winner.

In the summer of 1961, Joe & Joy Pierce, and Anne and I were sent on an extended tour of Europe, primarily to follow in the footsteps of Jack and Joe & Lyn in discerning the Lay work and expand on their developments and anything new that was taking place. We leased a Volvo, landed at Le Harve, France and spent over two months going over any thing we could find in Great Britain and Europe that could give us insights into the renewal process. We also attended the Christian Peace Conference in Prague, Czechoslovakia. This was a new experience for us in many ways. We had to dialogue with all major denominations and religious groups on both sides of the Iron Curtain. This included monks of the Russian Orthodox Church, Baptists, and church bodies from Red China. There was great cross dialogue except for clergy from Red China who just listened and spoke only occasionally. Our final report was to personally be sent to all Embassies. The American Embassy in Prague would not receive the report until several of us as American citizens made special requests. They finally received the report without comment.

While there we found out that the Russian Orthodox Church and Russian Baptist Church were going to take some of the participants back as guests to Moscow for visits and talks. The four of us went to work trying to find a way to get an invitation. We were beginning from scratch. After days (The conference was a week long) we were finally able to get an invitation from the Russian Orthodox Church for a three week visit in Moscow, at a Seminary about 30 miles from Moscow, and in St Petersburg staying in first class hotels and restaurants with round trip train rides to St. Petersburg. This was an amazing journey: lectures, seminars, visits to theaters (example: Swan Lake.), all shepherded by Monks usually in there religious attire except when going to secular activities where they changed to Western style clothes. Actually they wore 1920 style suits and hats making them look like gangsters. The monks were hungry for information from outside of Russia. They were extremely interested in theological and religious writings and activities.

During this period we begin to get requests to hold courses in non-church groups. Although this was just beginning and not used until the later 60's, we began to do such work under the name "Institute of Cultural Affairs". The last year we were in Austin, we begin to do TV programs taking special themes and scenes out of movies and discussing them on TV. We used the same style later in our courses by showing the movies and discussing them. What was different here was that this was done live on TV.

As mentioned earlier we were growing and expanding in great shape. Of course groups with success like ours, which were attacking the status quo, were attracting many antagonists. Outside pressure was mounting against us. Jack Lewis, as the head of our organization had to bear the brunt of receiving the bad news although it was usually directed against all of us and of course, Joe was the lightning rod. Then at the Spring of 1962 Board meeting, attended by the Board Members and Staff without any previous talks or discussions, the Board asked Joe to resign. Joe stood up and said he would. Immediately Joe Pierce and I stood up and said we would also resign. Amidst silence, the three of us left the meeting.

3. Renewing the basic structure.

The pool drained and regenerated into making larger waves.

We were all stunned and didn't know what to do. Joe Pierce and I wanted to go somewhere else as a group. Joe said no, but after sleeping on it for a while he said O.K.. We began to query similar type work around the country. Also with the help of Bishop Mathews, Joe's brother, we found we had broad respect if not actual support in many places. We began traveling to spots from coast to coast to see if they could use such type services. In the meantime the three Harvard Divinity School graduates all now married decided to resign. In addition, Fred Buss who was in his final year at Yale seminary lent his weight to us saying he supported us and was willing to join after he graduated.

We were attracted by and finally accepted going to the Ecumenical Institute which was founded several years earlier in Evanston, IL. It was born after the World Council of Churches met in Evanston, and patterned after the Ecumenical Institute in Europe. It was originally funded by churches in Illinois and surrounding States. It was then turned over to and governed by The Church Federation of Greater Chicago. The Institute had purchased a house in Evanston for its Executive Director, and leased space in another building for its work and outreach. The original Executive Director was Walter Liebrech, a German Lutheran pastor. This was also the time of Vatican II and Walter now wanted to resign and go as a Lutheran representative to the Vatican Council. We sought to come and replace Walter. They wanted us but said they could only pay the one salary for Executive Director.

After a while we worked out a scheme whereby they would employ all seven of us and pay Joe Mathews the Executive Director Salary and pay each of the other six of us \$1.00 a year. This allowed the ministerial staff to keep their membership in their denominations retirement fund. Our dialogue was mostly with the First Vice President of the First National Bank of Chicago who was also the President of the Board of the Church Federation of Greater Chicago, and Edgar Chandler the Chairman of the Church Federation.

Prior to this we developed a life-together model for all on the staff. Since we were each paid a salary by the Faith and Life Community we had not yet included the economic dimension in the model. Now, it was either/or. Either we disband, or stay together so that all would get an equal stipend depending on the income available. We chose to stay together. (This was a milestone in our developing the rule of the Order.) We had what the Church Federation was paying us. All our wives went to work and thus we were able to meet the economics to do our work.

At the end of the semester of the College House, the seven families moved to Evanston. Actually the Barnets and Cozarts spent time working with us in the summer months, but then the Barnets moved on to Pittsburgh for Parish work. Bill Cozart and Greta left so that Bill could teach at Loyola, and go on to a Professorship at Cal-Tech. We rented a huge van to hold all the large items of our families. Frank Hilliard offered to drive it to Evanston. Also, each of us rented a trailer to attach to each family's car.

The house at Evanston was a large structure built at the turn of the century. It had three stories with full basement and an old style carriage house which had garages on the first floor and apartments on the second. It was the old elite section of Evanston. The original owners had

died many years ago, and their children had mostly moved elsewhere. Evanston rules allowed only two families to live in each house. However, this was hard to maintain, so they turned their heads to let other groups move in. For example, a house next door was occupied by a group of Nuns. This allowed the City Fathers to hold the line on what they thought was 'best for the city.' They were trying to stave off the blockbusting Blacks were attempting on the southern part of the city.

You can imagine the stir we made when a group of cars with Texas license plates came, most of which had to park in the street. Seven families, 11 children, and five pets; it was not a stealth move. As the summer rolled on, the Gene and Ruth Marshall family moved in with three more children. This was followed at the end of the summer by Fred and Sarah Buss. Fred had just recently graduated and married. You can imagine what a chore it was to squeeze all these people in the House. The third floor was occupied by a single man who held it by a lease. The second floor was for bedrooms, as was part of the first floor, which also held the kitchen, dining room, sitting room, library, breakfast room, etc. Also the basement was filled. The Mathews family to their credit claimed the basement as their first choice. All the older male children slept in the Carriage House.

We continued the same type work we were doing in Austin except for the College House, but expanded our area of influence to include metropolitan Chicago and its many churches with willing pastors, Canada, and more deeply in the US with seminars and colloquies. Also we spoke at many seminaries. Basically we began holding seminars for interested people in the metropolitan area as well as lectures given to colleges, churches and seminaries. Notables were Bob Fishel and David Scott who as seminary students heard us speaking at their Methodist Seminary on the North Shore. Also, we began holding courses in Canada.

We had no place that we owned to hold courses. We were unable to keep the rented space previously held by the Ecumenical Institute, and our living quarters allowed no extra room for seminars, etc. We began holding Lake Geneva Assemblies. They were held at Lake Geneva which was north of the Chicago metropolitan area. Also, it was there that we developed the Geneva Office.

Almost immediately upon arrival in Evanston we continued working on our TV program. We also purchased a second hand printing press and began our first newsletter. In the first issues we included pictures of our TV dialogue with all of us commenting in screen excerpts.

In addition we began to do work with Black and Hispanic gangs. These were not held in Evanston but in Chicago's ghettos. Participants were provided by local pastors of churches in Chicago in whose parish the gangs lived. This was a gateway into our work in Fifth City.

Our work with training ourselves intensified. We reflected on the practicalities of being a disciplined Order. We intensified work on the Religious and Cultural curriculums, both in building an intellectual base and sharpening tactical application. Most critically we centered on being an urban society, discerning exactly what that meant and how to respond to it. Our wives more and more had become teachers in our curriculum. This was just the beginning.

We saw that our days in Evanston were numbered. They didn't know what to do with us and we were longing to get settled in an urban area especially in regards to carrying out the

mission dimension of the church's role. Being The Ecumenical Institute we saw our role of ministering to church renewal that expanded beyond sectarian boundaries and more and more expand its mission to the 'whole inhabited earth' the basic meaning of ecumenical. Both of these things led to our intense search for an urban home in the ghetto. At this time Blacks from the South were moving into Chicago by droves. Driving their impulse were better jobs and freedom of activity. Their first entrance was on the South side which overflowed into the West Side. The West Side was made up of fine urban dwellings of upper middle class Jews. Residents were fleeing their homes and moving elsewhere as the Blacks moved in. Also on the West Side were two Seminary locations; Baptist and Bethany. They had fine structures including apartments for staff and students, dining facilities, rooms for lectures and seminars, and a chapel. Adjacent to the Bethany Seminary was Bethany Hospital. It was a three story hospital with basement and a parking lot.

When the blockbusting got under way both Seminaries left their structures and moved elsewhere. Bethany Hospital to their credit did not flee. It kept its cadre of doctors and nurses. Perhaps the fact that their constituency was local people and a need continued, whoever lived there, resulted in their staying. For us, the Seminary property looked like a 'golden opportunity' for our future location.

That was not long in coming. Toward the end of the first year we got an invitation in April or May of 1963 that the Evanston City Council wanted to talk with us. We had to move. The threat of blockbusting was increasing, and it was getting harder and harder for them to hold the two family rules. Plus, we did not seem to be the best of neighbors. We had a fire in our Carriage House, our dogs scratched the neighbors flower beds, while the Nuns next door brought their neighbors cakes and cookies (sic). So we went to work with the Church Federation and worked out a plan to purchase the Bethany Seminary property. That done we were ready to move in.

4. The basic structure finds a new home.
Our final puddle becomes a huge wave.

We were all excited, but with great trepidation we moved. The Barnett and Cozart families who stood with us in Austin and moved symbolically with us to Evanston now chose not to join move to the West Side. They both had served our work well. We all understood that each family had to choose where it expended its life. There were eight family units including 15 adults and 14 children that went to the West side: Mathews, Joe & Lyn with children, Joe, Jr., Jim and John; Pierce, Joe & Joy with children, Dale, Cathy, Greg and Mark; Slicker, Joe & Anne with children, Bill, Joanne and John; Warren, Don and Beverley with son, Will; McCleskey, David and Donna; Marshall, Gene & Ruth with children, Wayne, David and Kathy; and Buss, Fred and Sarah.

So again, with a large moving van driven by Frank Hilliard, who had now come back to join the Institute, we moved to the West Side. The gates were now open, but that is another story. I remember Hilliard's earliest volunteered task was to shovel coal for the furnace during our first cold-cold Chicago winter at the Seminary.

Epilogue: Fifth City 1963-1973

5. The fleshing out of the basic model. Establishing a wave generating model.

During the remaining months of 1963, and first half of 1964 we got reoriented and settled in our new home as well as continuing our courses and extended trips. A few people moved in with us. It is difficult to find accurate data, but I could include Dale and Carol Wright who came, and after a number of months left. Joanne Thompson came for a year and kept books for us while she worked on a master's thesis. At the end of that first year the Warren family left in order for Don and Beverly to pursue advanced degrees, leading to a professorship at Indiana University for Don. Also, Joy Pierce, for medical reasons moved out, separating from Joe and children. Later they were divorced and Joe married Carol Pierce.

One of the first things we did, other than getting settled and establishing our courses, was formally establishing ourselves as an Order; the Order:Ecumenical. That culminated in a ceremony stating who we were as an Order sealing it symbolically with the nailing of the Congolese Cross to the wall of our meeting room in the fall of 1964. The influx of staff had begun to soar. People from everywhere wanted to join with us. This was spearheaded by Charles and Doris Hahn and children, Marsha and Shelley who arrived in August 1964. They were followed by Bill and Sue Burdick; Bob and Judy Fishel; Kurtz Hersh; Frank and Barbara Puller; David and Pat Scott; and Aimee Williams who later married Frank Hilliard.

What we were working toward all these years was now formally established.

.....

I was asked to send names of the founding families of the Order. I find that extremely difficult to do. I have listed and referred to people as best as I could discern, but there may be many that I have overlooked. Who to select? All of those named are great souls living and expending their lives as best they can. Which ones contributed the most or were most effective? Sometimes, that has to be discerned, but ultimately it is beyond our capacity to know. Nevertheless, what I have listed is probably a fair picture of the Order's development. Using the date I mentioned above, was where the foundation was formally established as an ongoing entity. That year also triggered an influx of staff. Beyond what I have listed, it is impossible for me to recall all that happened. It would take group research of many minds to recall and order all the varied and huge amount of information of the remaining years of 5th City and beyond.

.....

Joe Slicker
September 2007



RESURGENCE PUBLISHING CORP.
4240 Sandy Shores Dr.
Lutz, FL 33558
Tel: 813-948-7267

September, 30, 2007

Greeting to those gathered for the
ICA-USA 2007
Living Legacy Event
Chicago, IL
October 5-7, 2007

We at Resurgence Publishing Corp. convey our warmest greetings to you as you gather to ponder the past of future legacy of the ICA-USA. As a publishing company we were founded to focus on putting into society original thinking and works from Dr. Joseph Wesley Mathews whose personal archives are rich with the thinking that led to the birth and formation of the Order:Ecumenical. As many of you know, under Joe's leadership, the Order provided staff and shaped the direction of the Ecumenical Institute and the founding of the Institute of Cultural Affairs. Our two publications, "Bending History" edited by Dr. John Epps, and "Brother Joe", written by Bishop James K. Mathews, have fulfilled our first focus.

Our secondary focus has been to support the effort to find an established academic institution to provide a permanent home and care for those archives and make them available to the world for continuing research by those seeking to care for the church and the world as Joe admonished all who would listen to do. Since Joe's death in 1977, as many of you know, Evelyn Mathews Edwards, Joe's wife who passed away in 2002, Betty Pesek, the continuing guardian of the archives, and many others have organized, catalogued and cared for the archives for the past 30 years, making copies of materials available upon request. Many approaches to various institutions have been made during that time without success.

The economy of God's time, Joe's profound roots in Methodism and the great respect many in United Methodist Church circles continue to hold for him have led to an opportunity for his archives to be located at Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, DC as part of its charter for a greater urban and globally focused mission of service to the world. A meeting June 6, 2007 with principals at the seminary including Dean Bruce C. Birch and D. William Fauple the Director of the Library with Joseph Wesley Mathews Jr., to discuss this opportunity has led to a "decision in principle" to proceed pending a visit to Chicago by the Director of the Library scheduled November 15th, 2007. Joseph Wesley Mathews Jr. and James J. Mathews, Joe and Lyn's two surviving sons, and Betty Pesek, will join with Dr. Fauple and be hosted by the ICA-USA for that visit.

Further, the Ecumenical Institute and Institute of Cultural Affairs Board of Directors have issued a resolution to jointly support the effort to care for the archives and their relocation.



RESURGENCE PUBLISHING CORP.
4240 Sandy Shores Dr.
Lutz, FL 33558
Tel: 813-948-7267

We might surmise that if Joe were here today, he would be pleased that his life's work has led to a continuing effort in the world represented not only by the ICAs located in many countries, communities like 5th City, but also those who labor for a profound spiritual understanding of our *raison d'etre* and engage in transforming or creating new institutional forms to fulfill that understanding.

We wish you well in your gathering to explore understand and make useful the legacy that is given us from the foundations of creation and that emanate through the oral traditions and the paper and ink we wisely preserve.

As Secretary with the authority vested in me by the Officers and Board I symbolically seal with my signature this greeting on behalf of the officers, editors, sponsors, and advisers of Resurgence Publishing Corporation

Grace and Peace be to you all

M. George Walters

(Secretary)

The Resurgence Publishing Team

The Officers:

Betty Pesek, President
George Walters, Secretary
John Cock, Treasurer

The Editorial Team:

Betty Pesek
John Epps and Anne Epps
John Cock and Lynda Cock
George Holcombe and Wanda Holcombe
George Walters and Carol Walters

The Advisory Board:

Joseph Wesley Mathews Jr.
James J. Mathews
Bishop James K. and Eunice Mathews
E. Maynard Moore
Frank and Aimee Hilliard
Charles and Doris Hahn
Joseph and Anne Slicker

transcribe books

P.O. Box 38432, Greensboro, NC 27438

Telephone: (336) 790-5020

E-mail: tranScribebooks@triad.rr.com

October 3, 2007

To those gathered at the Living Legacy event of ICA:USA, greetings and an authentic time of remembering and visioning to you from Transcribe Books.

Transcribe Books focuses on the understanding that communion with the heart of creation and intercommunion among creation are key to the human venture within the earth venture. We are guided by our many years of covenanted participation with the Order:Ecumenical, Ecumenical Institute, and Institute of Cultural Affairs, wherein catalyzing and sustaining a global spirit movement is what we have been about.

I. The titles of our ten books reveal this theme:

1. *Called To Be: A Spirit Odyssey*
2. *The Transparent Event: Post-modern Christ Images*
3. *Motivation for the Great Work: Forty Meaty Meditations for the Secular-Religious*
4. *Our Universal Spirit Journey: Reflections and Verse for Creation's Sake*
5. *At One with the Heart of Creation: Reflections and Verse on the Spirit Journey*
6. *Journer . . .* novelette of a contemporary spirit journey
7. *Daily Spirit Journal (vol. I): Quotes and Reflections for 365 Days*
8. *Daily Spirit Journal (vol. II): Quotes and Reflections for 365 Days*
9. *By Cosmic Design: Spirit Poems*
10. *Daily Spirit Journal (vol. III): Quotes and Reflections for 365 Days*

And along the way, we helped in the editing and publishing of *Bending History* (key writings of the spirit movement) and *Brother Joe* (story of our mentor and the evolution of OE/EI/ICA).

II. Our seminars and retreats reveal this theme:

1. Spirit journey retreats
2. Transparent event seminars for clergy and lay
3. Care of the earth seminars and retreats
4. Revised RS-I seminars for ecumenical religious
5. Revised RS-I *Profound Journey Dialog* for non-religious


III. And *Journey Reflections* blog site, three years of daily quotes and reflections online with visual images, reveal this theme of spirit movement nurture for hundreds globally.

These themes are the reasons we joined this particular manifestation of the spirit movement called OE/EI/ICA, and these themes are still our emphasis through the mission of Transcribe Books.

We have sent Lynda to participate with you during this event and to accent such themes.

Journey profoundly during the Living Legacy event and into the future,

John Cock
for Transcribe Books



To All: When anyone or group begins to think, imagine, and plan for the future they also need to rehearse and remember the wisdom gained from the past. As JWM would say "What has God Wrought". The reward in doing this is to recall the context and continuity that has brought us to this point. Having reflected on the wisdom gained now becomes "seeds for the future" even if it is time for change and discontinuity.

As for Marianna and I we are still a part of the vision and methods of the OE/ICA/EI only now we are self-assigned. Marianna has been self-assigned for the past six years working within the context of "information access" which was one of the "pressure points" of the Social Process Triangle. She has done this in order to create and implement a public access TV station which began telecasting in 2006.

Together we have worked

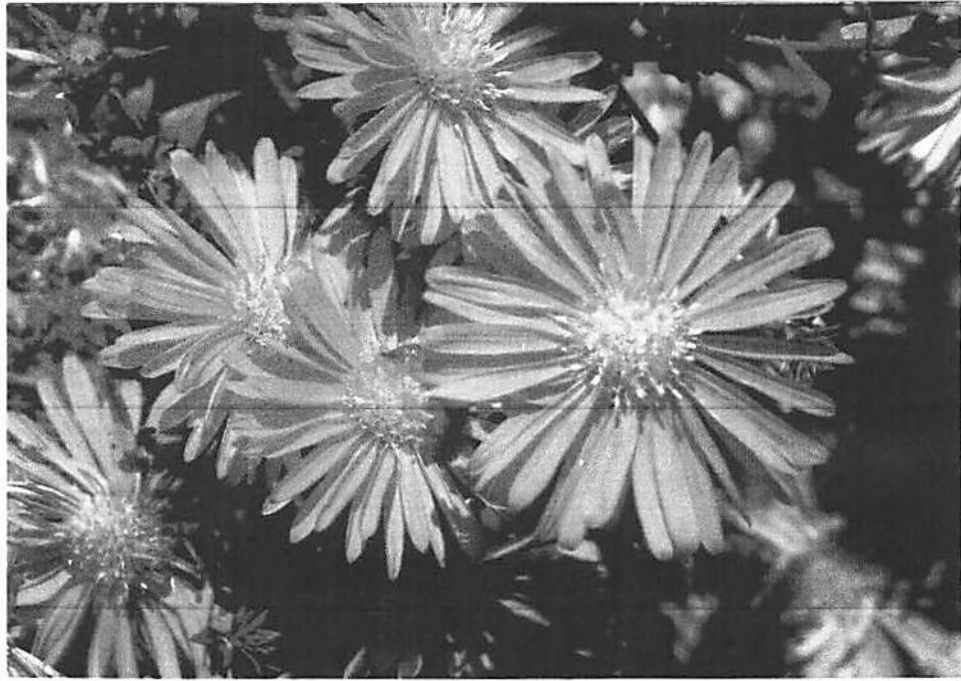
- With both the City of Asheville and the Asheville Coalition of Neighborhoods (CAN) to re-empower neighborhood participation in the future of Western North Carolina.
- We have worked with the City and CAN for the past two years on a day long "Neighborhood Congress" using our workshop methods and imaginal education.
- We have facilitated the TOP program 6 times.
- We helped ICA of Greensboro, NC to facilitate the Eastern Division of the AIA in a conference on sustainable development. (1997)
- We have designed and implimented several adult nurture courses at Jubilee. (the place we go on Sunday Morning to "Celebrate Life.") At present we are involved with 15 families of the Jubilee Community in designing and creating an intentional community where we are using our spirit, social, and community methods as a guide. (see www.jubileecommunity.org).

As for myself, I have worked as volunteer for the past five years as the minister of pastoral care at Jubilee. This position has given me a vast experience an opportunity to work with individuals as their "spiritual guide". It has also given me the opportunity to work with future families in designing their wedding vows and ritual.

I could go on with this, but I hope this will be a beginning dialogue for all of us to participate in.

One more thought. In our OE/ICA/EI experiences we created and articulated a spirituality and active community that was based on a cultural centered world-view. The decision to end the historical structures of OE/ICA/EI seems to me was based on a economic world view (that without which we cannot exist). Today, as I read it, OE/ICA/EI may not have an economic structure, but does exisit in spirit.

Bill & Marianna Bailey



Asters at Buddford, IA

Greetings to ICA-USA 2007 Living Legacy Event

What a wonderful flow of ever changing programs and faces the ICA has been: from LENS, to Town Meetings, to Human Development Projects, to TOPs, and many other events in between, around, and underneath that enabled and supported these major emphases. We would not dare risk attempting to name the almost infinite montage of faces that emerge in our consciousness as we reflect on the ICA-USA. Some embodied roles in crafting major programs; others did the nitty-gritty task of seeing that town meetings happened in most counties of the country and put their strong hands into midwifing HDPs into the world. Others trained a great core (corps, too) in the Technologies of Participation. What a history to celebrate, and what a future to anticipate!

We are sorry that we shall not be present with you, but know that we are branded with a big ICA (and EI and OE). Our best wishes for a great celebration, and a caring and serving future.

Charles and Doris Hahn

Charles and Doris

Good Earth Notes

by

Doris S. Hahn
2395 E. Winding Brook Circle.
Bloomington, IN 47401
cdhahn@flash.net



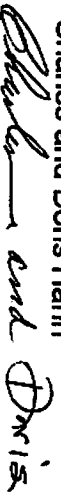
Printed on recycled, acid-free paper

Greetings to ICA-USA 2007 Living Legacy Event

What a wonderful flow of ever changing programs and faces the ICA has been: from LENS, to Town Meetings, to Human Development Projects, to TOPs, and many other events in between, around, and underneath that enabled and supported these major emphases. We would not dare risk attempting to name the almost infinite montage of faces that emerge in our consciousness as we reflect on the ICA-USA. Some embodied roles in crafting major programs; others did the nitty-gritty task of seeing that town meetings happened in most countries of the country and put their strong hands into midwifing HDPs into the world. Others trained a great core (corps, too) in the Technologies of Participation. What a history to celebrate, and what a future to anticipate!

We are sorry that we shall not be present with you, but know that we are branded with a big ICA (and EI and OE). Our best wishes for a great celebration, and a caring and serving future.

Charles and Doris Hahn

Handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Charles and Doris".

Greetings!

I just want to be sure that you know...**It was the women who started the Guardians!** After a group of us had taken a few courses, "the staff", wanted us to help out with some fundraising. But we were not going to be just about money support, we wanted to help in other ways.

There were about 12 of us and we called ourselves "The Few". We began meeting on Monday mornings at 5:00 or 6:00 after Daily Office. Twelve women gathered every Monday morning and we birthed the New Women's Forum and took it around the world.

Best wishes and Love to all of you at the Living Legacy!

Mary Warren Moffett



*"The Few"
a few years ago.*

Greetings to those gathered for the Legacy Luncheon,

In the summer of 1962, the Mathews, Slicker and McCleskey families caravanned from the Christian Faith and Life Community in Austin, Texas to The Ecumenical Institute in Evanston, Illinois. Within a year, the Institute's Asbury Avenue mansion was transformed into a visionary community that included the Pierces, Cozarts, Warrens, Busses, and Marshalls. Including children and Frank Hilliard who drove the truck containing our worldly goods, the community comprised 30 souls, which is the number of countries currently served by ICA International.

ICA International is the living legacy of the vision that inspired our community – a vision that we ordinary people can shake off our ancient prejudices and shape our multi-cultural destiny. May that same vision reinvigorate ICA USA to create avenues for local citizens to address the environmental crisis of Planet Earth.

Peace to all,

LiDoña Wagner

(formerly Donna Lee Wagner McCleskey)

Dear colleagues:

It was 36 years ago this week that I acquired a visa at the US consulate in Perth, Australia, and a couple of days later began the long journey to Chicago that would change my life in ways I could never have imagined. With the help of hindsight and the mellowing of time, I wrote about this in an article entitled “Welcome to the USA,” which I attach here as a gift to you all on this special occasion. I hope you enjoy it.

Over the years, thousands of men and women, young and not-so-young, made similar journeys, not all so far but each driven by a desire to make a positive difference in the world and infuse our lives with meaning. The familiar lines from D. H. Lawrence—“Give, and it shall be given unto you, is still the truth about life”—rang in our ears and were repeated on our lips. Often against the wishes of friends and families, we cast aside cares for financial security and social respectability and threw our lot into being of service to the globe.

The diverse pathways we traversed, the wild social experiments we concocted, the outrageous risks we took—“on behalf of all”—are now part of history and it is for history to judge their merits. But the legacy of this incredible creative force that we unleashed on the world lives on, often manifesting itself in surprising ways. Whether it be treating “the guest as a god,” as India taught me, or seeking to articulate a consensus over contentious issues in my small island community, the residue of my ICA years are firmly embedded my psyche and permeate my thinking, mostly without my realizing it.

I am sorry I can’t attend the 2007 Living Legacy Event but I appreciate the invitation. The chance to celebrate our common history, help map out future directions, and revel in the company of such a committed group of people is hard to pass up. I wish you well for the weekend and look forward to hearing its outcome.

In gratitude,

John Burbidge

Hi Judy:

I've wanted to get back to you on the gap in our communication. I was to call you a while back to finish our conversation but have had some family and other events take a lot of my time. Please let Ellen know that I'm not ignoring her call either...

As far as the event, I will not be able to make it. I wish you, the board, the new director, the staff and all those who have suffered from the events of the past year a time to heal. This requires not only reflecting on all the GOOD ICA has manifested over the years but also looking deeply into the Source of the wound so it can be transformed. Until the source of the deep wound is named and embraced by all there can be no transformation. No real healing. With transformation new insights and breakthroughs are possible. Until individuals heal there can be no healing in the organization. I would hope the facilitation team can immediately build an envelope of TRUST for honest and truthful dialogue during this gathering.

We have all invested so much of our lives to the building of this organization for it to be left adrift. So I am pleased that the board is shaping this event to find new ways to move ahead.

There is not HARMONY in the community. Without harmony the seeds of despair are sown. Hostility, distrust, anger and fear are fed. So I will light a candle each day of the gathering as a way to participate in the healing that can bring harmony back to ICA/ USA.

Please send my heartfelt energy to all who are laboring to bring about a great transformation in our thinking, hearts and community. There simply is too much pain and suffering in the world for us to be so completely absorbed in our own stuff.

Thich Nhat Hahn recently said, at a retreat I attended, that civilizations end. That we are on a course that can, if not stopped and reversed will, result in this civilization ending- a human and multiple species catastrophe. However he added that many of us could die of despair before then. Sobering. Yes we're talking about OUR grandchildren and their children... The good news is to be AWARE of this. Then find ways to strategically ACT.

So it's a time for GRAND TRANSFORMATION. If I could remember the the LENS quote we used it would be good here. It went something like this:" ...It's time to shake off our ancient prejudices and build the earth".

If you would like to share this with others that would be fine with me.

Remember a healing candle is burning in Escondido, CA.

Be well,

Raymond Salvatore Caruso

*from Dick Wilkinson
October 3, 2007*

Dear Living Legacy Participants,

Ellen Howie called, left a message, said, "Dick, if you can't make it, send us your thoughts." As I will be landing in New Delhi when you are sitting down together in Chicago, I send you my thoughts.

Last night I read this in the book Unbowed by the Nobel Peace Prize winner from Kenya, Wangari Maathai,

"When we go through profound experiences, they change us. We risk our relationships with friends and family. They may not like the direction we have taken or may feel threatened or judged by our decisions. They may wonder what happened to the person they thought they once knew. There may not be enough space in a relationship for aspirations and beliefs or mutual interests and aims to unfold."

It seemed to fit where ICA-USA finds itself today.

From Kenya to Colorado and Jim Collins, author of From Good to Great. Collins describes the Hedgehog concept—the winning focus of organizations that went from mediocrity to superior performance—as the intersection of three circles:

- Circle 1: What are you deeply **passionate** about? Understand what your organization stands for (its core values) and why it exists (its mission or core purpose).
- Circle 2: What can you be **best in the world** at? Understand what your organization can uniquely contribute to the people it touches, better than any other organization on the planet.
- Circle 3: What drives your **resource engine**? Understand what best drives your resource engine, broken into three parts: time, money and brand.

"The critical step in the Hedgehog Concept is to determine how best to connect all three circles, so that they reinforce each other. You must be able to answer the questions, 'How does focusing on what we can do best tie directly to our resource engine, and how does our resource engine directly reinforce what we can do best?' And you must be right."

What is the value proposition of ICA today? I look at our past, the times when a thousand people met at 4750 Sheridan Road and didn't want to go to sleep for fear they would miss something. Innovation and service—there's the ticket. What is the unfinished business of ICA?

Think of a think tank devoted to discovering new forms of participation. Think tanks get grants, fund research, and promulgate findings to deepen human understanding.

Looking back at the research that preceded the gatherings in Chicago, the deep dives into what mattered, that is where the genius of ICA was born. Can this genius be reborn? A virtual think tank?

ICA's methods are great, and still work wonders. Yet consider the discoveries of human interaction birthed since the birth of the methods: Appreciative inquiry, positive deviance, open space, the world cafe. The world hungers for more ways to work well together.

Leverage the learning in service to humanity. To me, ICA-USA's future is in discovery.

I wish you well.

Dick Wilkinson

Welcome to the United States of America!



Arriving in a new country for the first time is always intimidating, no matter what your expectations. Different styles, different accents, different smells all converge to give you the unnerving feeling that you are the outsider entering *their* territory on *their* terms. At last count, I had visited thirty-four countries and only in a handful was I relaxed at the point of entry, probably because I'd had one too many glasses of wine. Some entries have been easier than others and some have faded from memory altogether. Others have not — Lagos, Bombay and Chirundu (Zambia) among them. But one stands out above all others.

My first trip abroad was to the United States in October 1971. I had just celebrated my 22nd birthday and decided to take a quantum leap in my life from sleepy, suburban Perth in southwestern Australia to the black ghetto on Chicago's Westside. It is hard to imagine two places more contrasting but I was young, naïve and ready to take on the world, albeit terrified at what I was getting into. Before my departure, a colleague who had made the same journey pulled me aside and uttered a few words of advice. "America can be a bit overwhelming for Australians and some react defensively. Don't make that mistake. Just be yourself, take things in your stride, and you'll be fine." That, along with the \$50 bill

my father gave me as I boarded my plane, were the two most valuable things I took with me.

Flying to Chicago from Perth was no simple affair thirty-five years ago. It involved stops in Sydney, Fiji, Honolulu, San Francisco and New York. I left Perth on a Thursday night, spent a day in Sydney where I reduced my luggage from two cases to one, crossed the International Date Line, and arrived in Chicago on a Saturday afternoon. Being a raw recruit to international travel, I lapped up every perk Qantas offered. Every movie they screened, I watched religiously; every glass of wine they poured, I gulped down; every lavish meal they served, I ate to the last crumb. By the time the champagne-and-lobster breakfast rolled around between Honolulu and San Francisco, I was feeling significantly heavier than when I left Perth. My body rhythms were shot and my digestive tract didn't know what had hit it. But I'd been living an extremely frugal life for the last eight months and felt I needed to make up for lost time.

My first taste of America was Hawaii. After flying for hours through pitch darkness across the equator, I was shocked to look out the window and see a blaze of lights like a brilliant constellation of stars interrupting one long black hole. As the captain announced preparations for landing, my stomach squirmed. This was it. Not quite the real it, but "it" nevertheless. Although I'd lived and worked with Americans in Australia, I now was about to meet them on their home turf. I'd rehearsed my story dozens of times: I was coming to the United States to do a six-month training program, after which I would return to Australia. Along with my precious non-immigrant visa, I had a letter of invitation from the Ecumenical Institute in case I needed to prove the veracity of my claims. *Alles in Ordnung*. Well, so I thought.

As we touched down at Honolulu, I took a deep breath and tried to calm my rising anxiety. Everyone had to disembark and go through immigration, so at least I had the consolation of being one of a crowd submitting to the same fate as we filed down the stairs into the balmy night. This was America, the country so many people yearned to visit or immigrate to, the land of dreams and possibility. But it was 1971. It was also the land of the civil rights movement, of political assassinations, of the Muslim Brotherhood, of the Kent State University massacre, and of the Vietnam War in which Australia had

participated and against which I had openly protested. Little wonder I had mixed feelings as I walked across the tarmac and entered one of the wide, low coaches that ferried us to the immigration building.

Although I was in my early twenties, I looked all of sixteen. This was sometimes a drawback, but on this occasion it may have been an advantage. I'm not sure I could say the same for my orangey-brown woollen suit with flared pants and my turquoise floral shirt with matching tie that made me look like a walking neon sign. A birthday gift from my mother, this outfit was pretty cutting-edge for its time, at least in tame old Perth. Even if I was a quivering mass of jello inside, my state-of-the-art wardrobe could allow me to pretend I was not to be taken lightly. Besides, the suit took up so much room in my case I had little choice but wear it.

As I stood at the yellow line waiting my turn to present my credentials, sweat trickled down my armpits. I looked at the overweight, middle-aged man behind the counter and tried to size him up. What was he like? Did he have a wife, two kids and a dog? Did he ever travel to other countries and have to go through this ordeal? What questions would he ask me? Would my propensity to stutter under certain stressful situations rise to the surface? The questions kept coming. Suddenly, the woman before me at the counter picked up her bag and moved on. The officer uttered a long, almost bored "n-e-x-t." I strode up to the counter and pushed my shining new passport and immigration card under the glass. He fingered the passport and flicked it open to the page with the visa. He stared at it for what seemed an interminable length of time, then glanced at me. His glance quickly solidified into a stern, uncompromising stare.

"What's your purpose in coming to the United States?" he drawled.

"I, I, I'm coming for an international training program," I stammered.

"What kind of training?"

"Cultural studies."

"What organization is this with?"

"The E-e-e-cumencial Institute."

“Where is this institute?”

“Chicago.”

“How long is the course?”

“Six months.”

I suddenly remembered the letter of invitation from the Institute. Damn! I had left it on the plane. How could I have been so bloody stupid?

“This isn’t the right kind of visa for a six-month training program. It’s only valid for three months,” the officer spat out.

I nearly melted on the spot. My armpits were now like the Mississippi in flood. I had to do something. In the game we were playing it was clear I was on the losing side.

“The US Consulate in Perth gave me this visa for the training program. And I have a letter from the Institute but I left it on the plane, sir.”

I decided to add the most unAustralian “sir” in the vain hope it might improve my position, which appeared to be getting weaker with every word I uttered. Instead, it only seemed to make matters worse. The officer’s tone changed from objective inquirer to irritated lecturer.

“I’ll have you know, young man, I decide who enters the United States, not some consular officer.”

I began to visualize myself being led handcuffed to the next plane back to Sydney, having to explain to everyone that I had been denied entry into the US. While I stood petrified contemplating my fate, the officer turned aside, grabbed a piece of paper from a file and slid it through the opening.

“I’ll let you through this time but when you get to Chicago, you’ll need to take this to the INS office and get another three-month entry permit.”

He picked up his rubber stamp, belted it down on the page underneath the visa, and shoved my passport back with the same kind of indifference with which he had greeted me. I uttered a huge sigh of relief.

“Thank you ... sir,” I replied meekly, and beat a hasty retreat to the door marked Transit Lounge.

I had cleared the first hurdle; I had now officially arrived in America. If this was the kind of reception one could expect, I wasn't sure I wanted to stay. But I had told everyone I was going for six months and would return at the end of that time. Much against their better judgment, my parents had generously provided my fare, having promised equality with my sister to whom they had done the same when she departed several years earlier for distant shores, never to return permanently to Australia again. Little did I know I was about to do exactly the same.

During the hour before reboarding my flight to San Francisco, I had one priority. Although I had advised the Institute's office in San Francisco by mail of my arrival, I was not sure they had received the letter, so I decided to send a telegram as well. In order to do this, I first had to change my precious \$50 bill. Fortunately, in those days the exchange rate was in my favor and I received more American dollars for my Australian ones. However, when I found how much a simple telegram to San Francisco cost, I nearly aborted the idea. But since I wanted to make the most of my six-hour layover in this legendary city, I sent the telegram. Besides, knowing someone would be there to meet me helped me recover some of my lost composure from my encounter with immigration. Little did I imagine the reception I would receive.

* * *

On 25th October 1971, the United Nations voted to accept People's Republic of China in place of Taiwan. Its Communist government, under the leadership of Mao Tse Tung, had come to power in October 1949, two weeks after I was born. How odd, I thought. It was as though China and I had grown up together, albeit worlds apart. It was finally making its debut on the world stage, as I was launching mine. It would be several more months before President Nixon would make his historic trip to China, but in the meantime, another prominent American had upstaged him. His name was Huey Newton, the 29 year-old African-American co-founder and leader of the Black Panther Party. The party had an international perspective and believed in worldwide revolution. Imagine

their delight when they received an official invitation from the People's Republic for Huey Newton to visit. His arrival back in the US was eagerly awaited by reporters, so a press conference was arranged at San Francisco airport on his return. Since there were no direct flights between China and the US mainland he had to fly via Hawaii, where apparently he had joined our flight.

I knew nothing of all this when I stepped outside the cabin door. I was relieved to have finally made it to the western shores of America, and eagerly anticipated the break after slogging it out for four five-hour stints in the air. The key would be finding the person whom I hoped had come to meet me among the multitudes who had gathered to greet this flight. To enable this person to identify me, I had pinned the Institute's identifying symbol, a thumbnail-size wedge blade, on my broad lapel. Why I expected anyone could see this from several feet away I can't imagine. But even if I had carried a six-foot wedge blade, it probably wouldn't have helped. Before deplaning, the captain announced that all passengers would be taken to a hotel during the layover in San Francisco. When I heard this, my heart sank. It sounded like an order, not an option. How could I explain that I was being met and wished to make other use of my six hours?

Before I could think of the best way to handle this, we were ushered out of the cabin and into the terminal. After the lengthy flights and my unsettling experience in Hawaii, I was not ready for what I encountered. Entering the airport lounge was like disappearing into a tunnel. Lined up with military-like precision for thirty yards on either side of me were black men and women, many extremely large, some with wild afro hairstyles and all dressed in black. I had known black people in Australia, even some of the more politically inclined, but these men and women were nothing like them. They had an intensity and intentionality I'd never encountered. They stood poised, looking straight ahead, unblinking, feet astride and arms by their sides. I had read about the civil rights movement, I had reviewed *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* for a national journal, and I had seen television programs about "black is beautiful." But that was all at a distance. This was real, here and now. This was the country in which I'd come to spend my next six months. For a brief moment, I thought seriously of getting back on the next flight to Sydney.

As fleetingly as the thought came to me, it vanished. At the end of this elaborate guard of honor, I came face to face with a frenzied mob of television cameramen, newspaper reporters and radio broadcasters. I felt like being in a dream in which I was wandering around a film set where I had no right to be. What added to this sense of unreality was the presence of large numbers of police trying to keep the surging crowd of onlookers at bay. But these weren't like police I knew. They carried guns, like in the movies. In Australia in those innocent days, policemen didn't carry firearms. This surely was America. But why all this hoopla? Was this how all overseas flights to the US were met? As much as I liked to think my telegram had had an effect, this was more than I had bargained for.

The telegram had made it to my colleagues in San Francisco, who dispatched Jann McGuire to collect me from the airport during my short sojourn. I had no idea what Jann looked like and she had no idea about me. Given the mayhem at the airport, it was little wonder she didn't throw up her hands in despair and go straight back home. But not Jann. Even now, thirty-five years later, she remembers that Friday night as clearly as I do.

“The entire Black Panther Party was at the airport to meet Huey Newton, marching in formation in their black berets. Airport security was a little panicked and sent John's Qantas plane to an obscure runway and gate, and since I didn't know him, I had a hard time connecting with him. I walked up to many people when I finally found where the passengers had come in from his plane, yelling, ‘Mr. Burbidge?’”

Alas, I never heard Jann's desperate calls in the midst of the hubbub. I tried frantically to scan the crowd for someone who appeared to be looking for me, but nothing registered. Meanwhile, the Qantas crew was determined to get us out of this mayhem and into an awaiting bus. I made one effort to try and convince the flight attendant I needed to leave the group, but she wouldn't hear of it. Once aboard the bus, we were whisked out of the airport and half an hour later found ourselves in a small hotel where we were to remain until our return to the airport. But first, we were herded into the restaurant for yet another meal. Given the gastronomic onslaught I'd been subjected to across the Pacific, the last thing I needed was more food. However, passing up “free” anything was against my most basic principles, so I sat down with another passenger and proceeded to order.

Just as I was getting stuck into my seafood cocktail, a tallish young woman entered the restaurant. She stood for a moment and surveyed the crowd before buttonholing a passing waiter, who then turned and announced to entire room, "Is there a Mr. Burbridge here?" Forgiving the waiter's mispronunciation of my name, I dropped my spoon and raised my right hand, waving at the newcomer like a long-lost cousin. She came straight over to my table and introduced herself. As I recall the moment, I think of the movie title *An Angel At My Table*. Jann had appeared from nowhere and I'd swear she had wings. We exchanged a few pleasantries and she recounted how she had searched in vain for me in the wild mêlée at the airport. When that had failed, she persisted with the Qantas staff until she found out where they had taken us and drove straight to the hotel. I was impressed. This woman didn't give up easily. But time was short. Would I like to go and see the Institute's residence-cum-office? I was delighted to accept her offer and in spite of my weariness, I suddenly felt I'd been given a new lease on life.

I excused myself from my fellow passenger and, not seeing any Qantas staff around, told her I'd meet her back at the airport in a few hours. Little did I realize my absence would cause a major catastrophe. When the airline staff rounded up the New York-bound passengers for the return trip to the airport, they were one short. A quick scan of the passenger manifesto revealed I was culprit. My traveling companion hadn't told them I had left with a friend, so the crew was beside themselves. Who was this scoundrel who had absconded into the wilds of a San Francisco night without our permission? While the Qantas office in San Francisco was about to send out a missing persons alert, I was merrily enjoying my first tour of an American city in the company of my good friend Jann. I don't recall much of those few hours, but I do remember the reception I received as I showed up at the check-in counter at the airport.

"Where the hell do you think you've been young man?" was her opening line, as an irate ticket agent stared me in the face. It was not only the words that fumed out of her mouth that shocked me but the look in her eyes that she was about to devour me on the spot. I couldn't respond before she jumped in.

"We've been looking all over for you. We were going to call the police. You just disappeared from the restaurant without telling our staff!"

I felt like the errant schoolboy who had broken the most hallowed school rule. It was all I could do to make brief eye contact, but somehow I managed to muster an apologetic reply, to little effect.

“You had no right to run off like that without our permission,” she snapped like an irate schoolmistress.

Wracked with guilt, I uttered a mild “sorry” and took the ticket she thrust toward me with a sense of disgust. Between my encounter with the immigration officer in Honolulu, my reception at the hands of the Black Panther Party in San Francisco, and the dressing down by the Qantas ground staff, I was beginning to have second thoughts about my new adventure in the Land of the Free. I felt anything but free right now. But I still had to cross this vast continent and catch another plane back to Chicago. I had no idea then the final leg of this unfolding journey would present challenges of a whole different order.

* * *

Chicago. A mythical place in my imagination if ever there were one, probably due to my watching too many episodes of *The Untouchables*. There was also the urban sociology class I took at university, in which Chicago was heralded as the classic living laboratory of the modern city, with its towering downtown Loop, its ritzy North Shore, and its endless suburbs fanning out from Lake Michigan in almost perfect concentric circles, not too mention its highly distinctive ethnic enclaves. But more than anything, it was the story of Fifth City, the Institute’s landmark “community reformulation” project on the city’s demoralized and destitute Westside, that had implanted itself in my mind as a beacon of hope for communities everywhere. It drew me to it like a giant magnet.

This grassroots effort to change the fortunes of the impoverished black population who lived in a twenty-block area was unlike most other 1960s attempts at urban renewal, which simply replaced horizontal slums with vertical ones. Spearheaded by a core of Institute staff who lived in an abandoned seminary in the midst of the ghetto, the project focused on transforming the imagination of the local residents, to help free themselves from being hapless victims of uncontrollable forces to masters of their own destiny. This

was done in myriad ways—creating a community-run preschool in which local women were trained to teach, beginning small businesses such as a laundromat and grocery store, opening a health clinic, securing funding to remodel derelict housing, and more. The premise was: If you could do it here, you could do it anywhere, including Aboriginal communities in Australia that were crying out for clues about how they might rebuild themselves.

Getting to Chicago was no problem. After I said good-bye to my beloved Qantas crew in New York and found the American Airlines plane to Chicago, it seemed downhill all the way. The only thing I remember of that last leg in my marathon trek was the artificial creamer served with coffee. I had never encountered it before and after I tasted it, I hoped I never would again. America has devised some amazing inventions, but in my book coffee creamer is not one of them. But that was a minor irritation compared to the competing sense of fear and fascination that gripped me as we drew closer to Chicago. When the captain announced we had begun our descent, I tried to prepare myself mentally for my entry into this strange other world that would be my home for at least the next six months. Till now, I could escape into the unreal atmosphere of airplane travel but this fantasy was about to end. There was no turning back. A sharp pang of terror shot through my body.

As our Boeing-707 prepared to land, I peered out the window to look at what I later learned was called Chicagoland. My first image of this massive metropolis was one of gigantic tank stands poking up all over a pancake-flat landscape. As the plane slowly turned in a 180-degree arc I glimpsed in the distance the soaring towers of downtown Chicago, thrusting up proudly to assert their dominance. As we grew closer to the ground, I noticed the trees had no foliage, as if someone had taken a giant vacuum cleaner and sucked up every last leaf. I then realized I was seeing my first real fall landscape. We had a season called autumn on the west coast of Australia, but since most of the native trees were evergreens, only a few imported varieties shed their leaves. The harsh world that appeared through my window did little to calm my rising sense of anxiety as the plane touched down with a sharp thud on the runway.

My first thought on arrival at O'Hare International Airport was for my luggage. The last time I had seen my soft brown leather case was when we went through customs in Honolulu, which now seemed light years ago. Would it make it through San Francisco and New York to Chicago? In all the traveling I have done since, I have never ceased to be amazed that my luggage has made it to its correct destination. Only twice has it failed to accompany me, and each time I have retrieved it within a day or so. But on this bleak October Saturday in Chicago, I was expecting the worst. My failure-syndrome machine was in full operation as I stood by the carousel, watching case after case go by. Finally, as I was about to burst into tears, out it slid through the rubber slats. I was so relieved I nearly clapped for joy.

The second-last leg of my journey was a bus trip from the airport to downtown. I had been instructed to go to the Palmer House hotel, from where I should take a taxi to the Institute's campus. I found the bus easily enough but was aghast how many of my new dollars I had to spend on the ride. I remember nothing of that journey, most of which was on freeways until we approached the Loop. But it wasn't the road system that caused my memory lapse. I was engrossed in a mind game with myself, wondering how I would survive the next hour or so. As the bus pulled up outside the stately Palmer House, I stood in awe at its commanding façade and brassy entryway. When the doorman offered to carry my case inside, I politely declined and indicated I needed a taxi instead.

Several cabs were lined up outside the hotel, so I went to the head of the queue. The young driver jumped out to greet me and asked my destination. I had seen the address on brochures and written letters to it so many times that it was etched in my memory.

"3444 West Congress Parkway," I announced proudly.

The driver screwed up his eyes and gave me a weird look.

"You sure you have that right, buddy?" he asked.

"Oh yes," I replied. "It's the Ecumenical Institute," as though that should have removed any doubt.

"Economical Institute?" he queried. "Never heard of it."

Not to be outdone, I pulled out the invitation letter I had been sent by the Institute. The driver stared at it as though it were written in Chinese.

“Sorry, don’t know it,” he said. “Try the next guy.”

I picked up my case and trudged to the next cab. The driver was African American. This should do the trick, I thought. After all, the part of the Westside I wanted to go to was almost totally black, since its former white population had fled to the outer suburbs. This driver was about twice the size of the first and half as enthusiastic in welcoming my business. He didn’t bother to get out of the cab but lent over to the passenger side, chewing gum like a cow munching its cud.

“Where yu headin?” he asked.

“The Westside. 3444 West Congress Parkway. Between the Kedzie and Homan exits.”

I was sure the extra detail would seal the deal. At least, it would show that I knew what I was talking about. Instead, it had the opposite effect.

“Are you crazy?” he asked as he rolled his eyes skyward. “You’d never get me to go there if you paid three times the fare!”

I couldn’t believe it. I’d come more than half way round the world, I’d finally got within spitting distance of my destination, and I couldn’t get a black taxi driver to take me to the black ghetto! Maybe this Fifth City was not all it had been made out to be. Was I out of my mind to even try going there? Was it really too late to turn back?

Persistence has always been one of my stronger traits and it kicked right in. I picked up my case and headed down the line of taxis, telling myself to believe in the old maxim, third time lucky. As I did, a doorman from the hotel, who had witnessed my lack of success getting a cab, came striding over.

“Can I help you, sir?” he asked politely.

“I hope to god you can,” I replied more curtly than I intended. “I’ve come all the way from Australia and I’m trying to get to this address,” I said as I thrust the invitation letter under his nose. “But these guys say they don’t know it or won’t go there.”

As he looked at the address, a wrinkled frown came over his forehead.

“Well, I can see why you might be having a little problem,” he said. “This ain’t the nicest part of town. But let me see what I can do.”

Waving me to follow, he went to the third cab in line and straight to the driver’s window. This driver was black, but seemingly younger and considerably lighter weight than the first guy. After a brief confab with the doorman, the driver opened his door and made for the rear of the car. I walked towards him and without saying a word, offered him my case, which he dumped unceremoniously in the trunk.

“Hop in,” he yelled.

I barely had time to thank the doorman for his assistance. If I had been more familiar with American customs and had a little more cash, I would have tipped the doorman, but being “fresh off the boat” I was clinging firmly to my Australian manners in which tipping was not done. However, another part of my Australian heritage I quickly relinquished. Instead of jumping in the front seat and chatting with the driver, I slid into the back and held my breath. I had begun to feel distinctly uneasy about this whole enterprise, and sensed that keeping a little distance might be a smart move.

The car sped away from sidewalk and into thick downtown traffic. Within minutes, we were racing down an on-ramp to the Eisenhower Expressway and heading west. In those days, there were no freeways in Australia. A four-lane road was about as serious as it got. Several things immediately struck me—the sheer number of cars on the road, their excessive length and width, and the wild speed at which they tore past. It was like being in a gigantic game of bumper cars that were hurtling out of control and might crash any moment. It was exhilarating but terrifying. I clung on for dear life and tried to take it all in. The freeway was lower than the surrounding neighborhoods, so I had to look up to see the passing view. For the most part, it was endless rows of three-story tenement houses, all the same drab gray wood constructions. The absence of color only added to my deepening depression.

As we zipped past exits whose names I noted on the green overhead signs, I suddenly saw Kedzie and looked at the driver to see if he seemed to be aware of it. Nothing

indicated he was. Kedzie came and went and I began to feel nervous. Did he know where he was going? Was he taking me on a joy ride to extend the fare? Assuming he knew more about where we were than I did, I decided to reserve my judgment. Then I noticed the first warning sign for the Homan exit. After a minute or two, the driver changed lanes and edged over to the right to make a smooth transition to the off-ramp. With a gentle swerve, he pulled off the freeway and decelerated to a less excruciating speed. For five minutes, we cruised around the neighborhood, both of us peering out the window for numbers that might give us a clue how close we were to our destination. Few people were on the streets, which was hardly surprising given the bitter temperature on this cold October day. Boarded-up buildings and empty lots strewn with old washing machines and abandoned cars told me I was probably in the right area.

“What’s the name of this place you’re lookin for?” asked the driver, without turning his head.

“It’s the Ecu-men-ical Institute,” I replied, as if giving elocution lessons.

“Wazzat? Some kind of school or what?” he barked.

“Yeah, like a college,” I replied, having no idea what the Institute campus looked like.

Suddenly, he edged over to the sidewalk and pulled up beside three young black men who eyed our cab suspiciously.

“You know some Institute around here?” the driver snapped.

The older-looking one among them stepped forward.

“Yeah.”

“Yeah, what?” said the driver impatiently.

“Two blocks down and hang a left.”

Without bothering to thank his informants for their information, the driver sped off and within minutes we were alongside an imposing stone building set in the midst of a vast quadrangle, surrounded by a high fence and with a church spire in the background. I

scanned the building for an entrance, but nothing stood out. Then I spotted a doorway with an armed guard outside. Bingo, I thought.

“Stop here,” I instructed the driver.

As the car slid over to the curb, the guard ambled towards us. I looked at the meter and gulped. My American dollars were rapidly disappearing. I counted out the amount on the meter and put it in my pocket. The driver went to the trunk and hauled out my case. I handed him the money. He checked each bill and scowled.

“No tip?” he asked.

“Sorry mate, that’s all I’ve got,” I pretended in my best Australian accent.

The security guard didn’t seem too impressed with my generosity either, but he let it pass.

“You lookin for the Ecoomenical Institoot?” he queried.

“Yes, I am,” I replied, relieved that at last I had found someone who knew what I was talking about. He pointed to the door. As he did, I noticed a highly tarnished brass plaque that from the road was invisible. So this was the grand establishment, as nondescript as you would expect such a nondescript organization to be.

I took a deep breath and rallied myself one last time. When I reached the door, I gave it a sharp rap. No response. I tried again and looked at the guard.

“Sometimes it takes a few minutes if the person on dooty isn’t there,” he remarked.

I waited a little and knocked a third time. The door opened and a tall young man with sharp black eyes a balding head appeared, walkie-talkie in his left hand.

“Hi, I said. I’m John Burbidge. I’ve come from Australia. I’m here for the Global Academy.”

“C-c-c-c-ome inside. I’m H-H-H-H-Henry S-S-S-S-Seale,” he stuttered, as he held out his right hand to greet me.

Henry’s speech impediment seemed much worse than mine, which I managed to conceal from most people most of the time. In a strange way, it was reassuring to find

another person in the Institute who shared my little secret. What were the odds, I wondered, out of the hundreds of staff that the first person I should meet was someone who also stuttered. Henry would probably never have guessed how strangely comforting this was to me. Before I had even crossed the threshold, I began to feel at home, shedding some of the many phobias I had accumulated since I began my journey four days before. I was exhausted and ready to collapse. But I had made it, all the way from Perth. Congratulations were definitely in order.

Welcome to the United States of America, I said silently to myself.

THE END



*Louise R .Singleton
128 Eudora Street
Denver, CO 80220*

October 1, 2007.

Greetings, Legacy Gatherers,

ICA USA has been a significant part of my life for the past 36 years. It is difficult to imagine who I would be and how I would live and work if I had not come within the circle.

Most thrilling for me has been adapting ICA Methods to community HIV/AIDS prevention in Africa over the last six years. We can't take full credit for it, but even the Kenya Ministry of Health recognizes our participatory methods as helpful in working with communities and individuals. I am grateful for the grounding that ICA has provided and the enthusiasm and wisdom of colleagues both here and in Africa.

This recent "between the no longer and the not yet" in the life of ICA USA has been particularly difficult and painful. My hopes and prayers for this gathering is that ICA can flower and create the organization and new forms that will enable us to meet the needs of the world that is the call of the future.

I am sorry not to be with you.

Grace and Peace.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Louise".

*Louise Singleton
Past President, ICA USA Board of Directors*