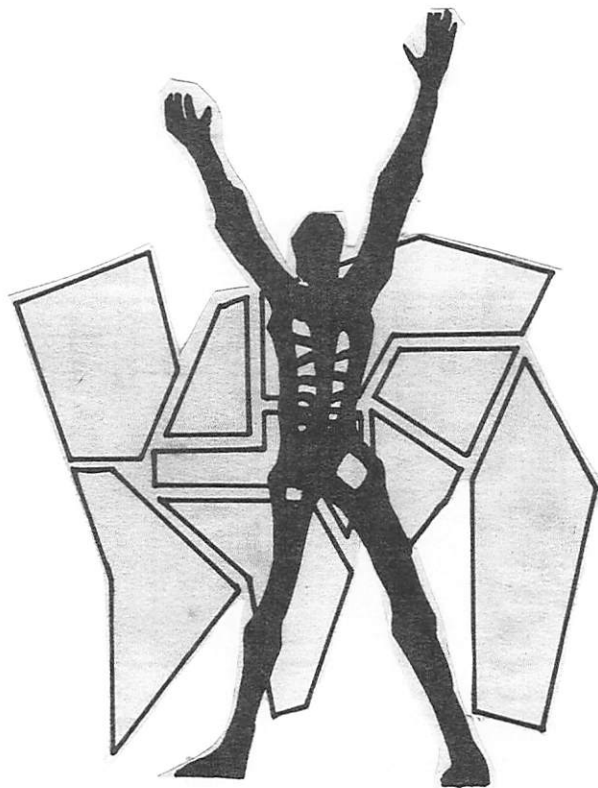


THE HUMAN DEVELOPMENT TRAINING SCHOOL

FIFTH CITY HUMAN DEVELOPMENT PROJECT

January-February 1979

YEARBOOK



HUMAN DEVELOPMENT TRAINING SCHOOL YEARBOOK

January and February 1979

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HUMAN DEVELOPMENT TRAINING SCHOOL  
STORY

THE  
DECISION

"I was crawling out of bed, hungover, from the night before when a voice shouted, PACK YOUR BAGS." And then voice after voice and vision after vision kept entering my dream giving reason after reason for attending the Fifth City Human Development Training School held in Chicago, Illinois January 7th through March 4, 1979. "I was unemployed for a year and a half, doing nothing." "I was asked to go as a representative from the community", "I thought I would get a lot more education from this school than the one I was attending", "The nuns were driving me crazy and the challenge of teaching was gone with no vision for the future. I decided to come because I needed a big change." "So I would be ready to move on Ireland", "Curious, available, wanted to explore the edge of training for the movement", "To meet people from across the globe", "When I heard of the possibility of my family going I thought it would be good training for me and my wife", "I had just finished college and it looked like a possibility for real service to community", "I was sent as a representative from our pre-school", "I was making a decision about my role and the future", "I had experience in project work and I wanted to share it", "My dream showed me there were many reasons to go to the Human Development Training School but probably no one good reason, just a decision.

THE  
EMBARK-  
ING

Students attending the school came from all over the United States and from six other countries, so there were various reactions to arrival in Chicago. "I had forgotten that it was not 80 degrees in every country" said one student. Another student says, "at 1:15 p.m., as I stood in the airport lounge waiting for the announcement of my departure flight memories of living in Fifth City six years earlier came to me-walking through the community only in groups. My arrival in Fifth City, after dark, on the El train, loaded down with suitcases brought it all back. The situation of personal safety on the streets was not yet perfect and we learned that local people share this same kind of isolation as they live in their homes.

WORK  
DAYS

Then came the Blizzard of '79, an external situation which imposed another sense of isolation upon us and yet the record breaking eighty-five and one half inches of snow brought a lot of work to the students of the HDTS. In an amazing episode a careening car jumped the curb, plowed across the sidewalk and, horror of horrors, knocked down the Iron Man in the shopping center plaza. That fiasco presented five of the HDTS students with what would truly be a workday miracle.

The hand of the Blizzard weighed heavily on the Industry Center roof, collapsing about half of it. Again HDTs students came to the rescue. With their hands and appropriate technology (like the back end of a lift truck) they raised the collapsed roof.

STRIKE  
FORCES

Students were divided into three Strike Forces and within the Strike Forces were three guilds. This put hands to work inside various building in Fifth City. And brains were put to work applying the curriculum lessons and learning new insights besides. Some students helped launch a youth page for the VOICE, the community news paper, some designed brochures to advertise Fifth City's many activities. The Pre-schoolers and the Elders shared their gifts with some of the HDTs students while another group of students revitalized the Community Health OutPost and still another group focused their attention on revitalizing the Community Center. The Neighborhood Environment Corp. and the Fifth City Maintenance Corp made some visions become reality and last but certainly not least, the Fifth City Survey guild enabled students and citizens to get a fresh perspective on the community by visiting over 35% of Fifth City residents. That is a lot of doors knocked on when one realizes some 23,000 people live in the forty square block area called Fifth City.

WONDER

Every morning, long before Sophie's flute started the morning wake-up, a transformation took place. This transformation happened to everyone at sometime during the school but look what happened to Wilbur. One day Wilbur Spence's roommate's alarm clock sounded and Willie turned into Willie the HALF DAY WONDER, able to cook meals for 60 people, haul it up three flights of stairs and wash huge pots and pans in record time.

CURRIC-  
ULUM

Dave Elliott always managed to keep us awake with his morning collegiums lectures. Lela Mosley's Dean's spins kept us whirling while Ed Shinn's fiery delivery kept sparks flying.

While the Agricultural Module may have left us a bit dissatisfied, Dr. Gilbert's lectures on Preventive Care created powerful images of health needs and practical schemes of community action. Ms Marjorie Branch, the principal of Leif Erickson school in Fifth City, Ms Ruth Carter, director of the Fifth City Pre-School, the "two Henry's" of the Fifth City Safe Streets Patrol and Mr. Haley of the Fifth City Urban Garden Program were some of the panelists who impressed us with their technical skill, commitment and care.

Workshops helped us to work out our own insights and lunch time pedagogies allowed us to risk looking foolish while learning the social methods of leading conversations, workshops and designing lectures.

EXCUR-  
SIONS

Trips around Chicago saw Bill Grow doing battle with the busses and Kathy Barton struggling to get us all aboard. Visiting the Sears Tower gave us Chicago's panorama and the Field Museum of Natural History gave us a memory trail 2,000 years long.

The Museum of Science and Industry, the Art Institute, the Adler Planetarium, Gino's Pizza and attending a play titled DILLINGER, gave us a full day of the urban experience.

ROUND  
TABLE

Evening roundtable discussions during supper gave us the opportunity to share Castaneda's battles with his guru, Don Juan and to shudder at the terrifying brilliance of Nikos Kazantzakis imagery in the book Saviors of God. We also struggled with our own experiences of life in Spirit Conversations and the twelve touch stones of Profound Humanness. Evenings were also the time for "mini celebrations" and celebrating someone's birthday.

STUDENT

After supper the focus of action shifted to the dorm and often to the fourth floor where Robert, Johnny, Ruben and Cliff might be sitting in Two Bears room practicing renditions of Elliott's "handbone" rounded off with a chorus of beans, tacos and arena tortillas...

Suddenly one evening a voice was shouting, "Bob Hawley! Bob Hawley! Philippe was banging on Bob's door and dragged him into the lounge, otherwise known as Russell's room. Next morning found Bob saying his heart soared like an eagle being with the students. And Austin said he wondered why we hadn't done it earlier because we felt closer to Bob afterwards.

As country-western folk singing star, Willie, twanged on into the night, duets by Mary and Ruth echoed up the stairwell, giggles sounded from the men's bathroom as Susan and Keylee discovered they were sitting side by side. Then the commanding voice of James Harris rose above the group, "I want to tell you a story about the Safe Streets Patrol. Did you know that they chased all or most all of the prostitutes out of Fifth City by getting arrested along with the crowd and then later getting released?" Lots of singing, creative use of limited facilities and the telling of many stories relaxed students like a happy hour before preparation for the next day and retiring for the night.

CELEBRA-  
TIONS

Out of the days of struggle, chaos, humor, vision and frustration came great evenings with celebrations. A candlelit, garden supper club with David Hutchens as M.C. first introduced student talents. An ethnic feast completed our Heritage Excursion also included some memorable skits. We clapped our hands to the Douglass Gospel Singers and danced to the Obyss band with Fifth City and the Chicago House guests. We celebrated Valentine's Day with a dance sponsored by the Fifth City PreSchool Parent Teachers Organization and empathized with Paul Newman as we watch the movie "Cool Hand Luke". The next weekend brought us the Sock-Hop-Shoppe where everyone, well almost everyone, took out their bobby soxs, grease and rocked out 50's style, chewing on burgers and bubble gum.

## FUTURE

Where then have all these have all these many and varied experiences brought us at the end of our eight weeks? Out of the schools fifty-four participants we'll have members travelling all over this world: North America, Afrika, India and Latin America just to prove how much we care. Some will be returning to their own communities, not because they do not care, but because they do. After they have lifted up thier community they hope to help all other communities, not just one but all!

We will be the ones enabled to tell the story of the journey of the Human Development Training School. We will apply new methods in our involvement with the world in true service and caring action. We expect to continue learning in the midst of the wisdom of local people. We plan to represent a new style as the presence of global citizenship. Eventually, the work of this school will lead to changes and growth in all other training programs across the globe.

We carry with us the comprehensive visioning of how to care effectively. The huge curriculum and programmatic charts will be with us wherever we go. We will be using the methods, the singing, the symbols and new skills. We will carry the uniqueness of each person, the qualities of profound humanness that re-created us into new human beings.

#### INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

A corporate body is made rich by the particular gifts which individuals bring to it. Following are personal impressions on the impact of the experience.

## I. THE FIFTH CITY EXPERIENCE

We were deeply addressed by the Fifth City Human Development Project. The struggles of its citizens gave us new vision and hope for our own communities. The symbol of the Iron Man standing forever tall is one that will remain with us, reminding us of our own greatness and capacity to change the world.

### ODE TO FIFTH CITY

Mother of a new earth emerging,  
honor to thee our own Fifth City.  
Promise of life for all the future,  
bearing the sorrow of the past.

We, in whose minds thy vision nurtured,  
We, in whose hands thy seed gave birth,  
High in our hearts enshrined, enthroned thee:  
Mother of all the earth.

Mother of a new man rising,  
glory to thee our memories cherish.  
Heir of a thousand Iron Men perished,  
matron of countless hosts to come.

We, in whose lives thy hope entrusted,  
We, in whose deeds thy dreams entwined,  
Victory thy sons have sworn to give thee:  
Mother of all mankind.

Mother of a new day dawning,  
homage to thee our City Five.  
Scared with the cries of birthpangs sounding,  
seared by the night of tyranny.  
We, in whose times the light is breaking,  
We, in whose eyes the sunrise falls,  
Brightening thy grave inscribed in splendor:  
Mother of all our age.

### WHAT WE ARE WILLING TO DO

We the willing/led by the unknowing/  
are doing the impossible/for the ungrateful/  
have done so much/with so little/for so long.

Now we are qualified/to do anything/  
with nothing.

For me/to dream of the person/I would like  
to be/is to waste the person/that I am.

--Erlinda Smith

### STAND TALL

We who are crossing on this land  
Must stand up, must take a stand  
We must not always fight each other  
but realize earthly, we are brothers.

Stand tall, never fall  
For we know we can do it all  
If we can see our destiny  
The Iron Man will win the victory

If we struggle with ourselves  
There's no room for nothing else.  
It is time to come together  
Join the quest and make it better

The gift of sun  
Makes the earth for us to reclaim  
Plant our crops and sow our seeds  
Shape new villages, new industries.

If we look to the earth and sun  
The Iron Man will never be undone  
There is only one way out  
To struggle hard and have no doubt

Today the job has just begun  
To always chase the rising sun  
For if we are to live at all  
We must live it standing tall

Fifth City was the first to be  
The new village of reality  
India, Jamaica, El Bayad  
Showed the world its not too hard

The Institute of Cultural Affairs  
Showed the world it really cares  
Its only dream is for local man  
To stand up to take its stand.

--Philippe King



## II. REFLECTIONS ON THE JOURNEY

From the beginning, we had a preoccupation with the future and the projects which we were being trained to serve. Times were not always easy, and we were often accompanied by feelings of loneliness, doubt and frustrations--the companions of those who care. The victory of the school is characterized by the courage which has emerged from us and the decision to become the builders of communities and elicitors of human potential.

TO: WHOEVER

It is beauty that makes a person great. It takes knowledge, power, willingness and the ability to create a future for those who need it. That is what it takes to make a person beautiful, not the looks. You must be able to conquer the faults you do repeatedly and improve your inspiration for people; have the ability to accept those who think you are no good; and the courage to go into the dark and mystery, coming out with your goals and wisdom to achieve them from. From then on, people will say, "Your beauty and greatness stands out." You know then you've conquered what is said to be hardship, and received the ability and power to keep going on.

--Lois Little Bird

Living in the valley of established routine provides a feeling of security, but in a changing world that feeling proves to be an illusion. Hence, the need for innovative changes and to attempt arduous, often perilous hill climbs to a higher perspective!



Let us go forth to forge the links for the chain that will hold local communities of the world together. Let us not continue to be beggars at life's feast, but light the light that will remove the darkness and reveal the powers of local people.

-- Ron Shepherd

"IF" AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH

AGONY

If you can speak from your heart,  
when all others speak from their suspicions  
Or see the world as it really is and not  
how your dreams wish it to be  
If you can withdraw from temptation when  
your pride yells "No" and your temptors yell "yes"  
If you can stand solid ground when all else  
is turning to sand  
Or be drowned in humiliation only to return  
and face your victor in triumph  
If you can rejoice in living in the midst  
of dying  
Or find yourself feeling free in a world full  
of limits  
If you can hold your head high in times of defeat  
and not let the anger get the best of you  
Or watch the ones you walk with stumble,  
and regain the pace alone  
If you can do all this, and more, then my friends,  
do not stop, for you are just beginning to live.

Good were those days that are gone  
Yet shattered by agony and misery.  
Clothes, food and shelter, good  
are those but not forlorn.  
Hope: is to better tomorrow by  
improving on what we have today,  
For the coming generation.  
So the agony of the past is  
forgotten--gone,--gone,--gone,

Today is beautiful  
Tomorrow, may be even better  
Let's do what we can today  
For tomorrow, is tomorrow...  
is tomorrow

--Marjorie Shepherd

--Sharon Rafos

Dedicated in gratitude to the  
HDTs 1979, especially Task Force I, Team C

TO MY COLLEAGUES OF THE HDTs:

Care is everywhere, I see it  
You are all that you can be,  
Come on and be it.  
Life is given, you receive it  
Come and be engaged with me.

History is challenging us to go forth and act our our care, building local communities around the world.

As we go back to our communities, I challenge to decide that we have all we need to be and change history.

--Deborah Owens, '79 HDTs

WE AS A WHOLE

We started out as many. Some of us were friends. We started out in darkness, not sure of local man. We started out in fear of what the world held. We started out as children walking alone.

Now we are one, walking in the light of the world's local men. We are now not afraid of the abyss of the world. We may still be children but we feel no longer alone.

--Hazel Louise Williams

## MISSISSIPPI

What is wrong with me  
What have I done to you?  
I am no smaller than Alabama  
No larger than Louisiana  
No dirtier than Chicago  
No sorrier than Boston!!!

But what do you people do?  
You sneer at me.  
You laugh at me.  
And I am one of the richest cotton  
growing lands--number 1.

You profess to be Those Who Care.  
And I need care  
I have had famous people stand on my soil  
I have had famous people die on my soil  
But do you understand  
do you see  
Furthermore, do you want to?

If I wait for rain to fall before  
a flower can grow  
What good would I be?  
And if you see a man dying and don't help.

What good are you!!!

--D.D.

## THE OTHER MAN

Some men run scared in tight circles  
Sheltering their eyes and thoughts from the  
outside world's conditions,  
destined to die in the rut they themselves  
have dug

Some men plod along stupidly on treadmills  
that carry them from day one to eternity  
with little or no effort on their part.

Others run headlong and blind into oblivion  
giving off weak sparks that glow and die  
long before being felt or seen

And then there is that special calibre of man  
Who molds his own life.  
Who shapes his own destiny.  
Who stands when others, nursing their apathy  
and fears are seated.  
Who runs forward while others hide.  
Who is heard even when silent.  
Who is felt even when absent.

Philippe King, I am, I hope to always be.

--Dedicated to the future  
classes of the HDTs

What greater thing is there for the  
World's human souls to feel--that they  
are joined together for life;  
To strengthen each other in all labor;  
To rest on each other's pain; to be with  
one another in silent, unspeakable memories  
At the moment of the last parting.

--Erlinda Smith

## SQUEEZING

We get milk by squeezing  
Orange juice comes from squeezing  
Squeeze a human gently and  
You get, "love and care"

--James H. Harris

THIS DOES NOT REALLY HAVE TO BE

The ages passed since came my birth,  
The closeness once I shared with Earth  
The coolness of a country stream,  
The pureness of my childhood dreams  
The kinship felt for all things wild,  
The sorrow for their homes defiled  
Has caused me question, for I see  
This does not really have to be

The hatred Mankind mirrors for itself,  
The treasures dusty on its shelf  
The customs precious in its past  
The covenants it once held fast  
The faith in all it once beheld  
Until distrust this faith dispelled  
Has caused me question, for I see  
This does not really have to be.

The differences in gods we know,  
The separateness we have to show  
To prove that we are not the same,  
Yet who of us will take the blame  
Accept it as our lifelong work  
To correct this wrong, this human quirk,  
Help all men see ~~as~~ one again  
And cease this hostility and pain.

Take but one thought what love can do;  
Take a broken heart and make it new;  
A twisted mind and make it whole,  
an ill struck spirit to a healthy soul.  
A distrustful mind to one that feels,  
A violent hand to one that heals.  
All the ills that plague mankind  
Within pure love, a cure can find.

Our places here have been ordained,  
Although the plan was not explained  
Of what we do once wer'e here  
But the tides of fate we need not fear.  
The path we choose, if chosen right,  
The end of which escapes our sight,  
Will explain the purpose of our life,  
Though often it be filled with strife.

Our world need not be abused  
Our hearts by other men misused  
Our separate pasts be put aside,  
Our faith in God we need not hide  
For love was made for all to share  
And distrust again became true care  
If we wipe all difference from our eyes  
And bear on us no more disguise.

Red blood runs from any wound  
All ears respond to any sound  
Sight is known by every eye  
We, each one, see a common sky.  
The urge is felt, to be, by all,  
And two can stand where one may fall  
This truth we do not dare deny  
For when we do our spirits die.

I fear that I may never see  
A world that ~~works~~ works in harmony,  
A world that smells of pure clean earth  
A world like my world at birth;  
The kinship felt for all things wild  
The world where my god-child smiled  
With all men known as one again  
With the banishing of needless pain.

Life will prevail, this truth will hold  
The secret of God's plan unfold,  
Our sojourn will one day be clear,  
We all will learn of why wer'e here.  
Our covenant with Earth restored  
Our efforts will one day reward.  
The ones who learn from what we wrought  
Will someday find the peace we sought.

The hatred mankind mirrors for itself  
Its treasures dusty on the shelf  
The customs precious in its past  
The covenants it once held fast  
The faith in all it once beheld  
Until distrust this faith dispelled  
Has caused me wonder, for I see  
This does not really have to be.

--Paul Harry Hyler

NOW BE FREE

One morning I was walking  
down by the pond  
A lovely lady came to me  
What is the secret of your beauty  
I asked her  
She just laughed  
Come with me, she said,  
Let us be free

So I went with her  
into her world  
More beauty was there than I could see  
"Close your eyes and open your mind  
to life"  
And as I did, love all around  
All was there.

Too soon I came out  
I was lost, I said,  
"How can I live again in this place?"  
She sang, "Live your life all  
and come back here  
for its all always here  
In all time, everywhere"

Move right along now  
Don't get caught in the web that you  
weave  
things that you see all around you  
You know we see all, what is here  
Yet it continues to be  
only a part of the  
illusion  
free us now . . .

. . .dedicated to the freeing  
spirit of those caring  
ones in all time  
Austin Brooks

The only thing I could say is that every man, woman and child is the smartest  
one that I've ever met. If you treat them as if they are not, you are a fool.

--Dorothy Dean Drakes

SOMETIME BEFORE OUR SUN DIES

Sometime before our sun dies  
Could we perhaps recall  
The grace,  
The dignity,  
The beauty,  
Of our ancestors.

Sometime before our sun dies  
Could we perhaps allow the  
Positive things of antiquity  
To bind in new ways  
From cultures so diverse and  
Infinite,  
Maybe for once we might unlearn  
Our ignorance and even profit  
By our mistakes,  
Maybe heal this gentle velvet green  
We live upon,  
Maybe dance at the shores of peace,  
Perhaps we could do some of these things  
Sometime before our sun dies.

--Anthony Allen

I claim I'll be standing to the day  
I die my death caring for the globe.

--David Lewis Hutcheons

Human dignity at all levels for everyone.  
My vision is for everyone to be a master  
of his or her own human rights because  
presently so many have their rights  
denied.

--Melana Pettite

### III. POETRY THAT MARKED OUR JOURNEY

The following works became touchstones on the way. We found they articulated part of the newness we were experiencing.

A growing understanding of food freed man to:

Paint his caves  
Invent the wheel  
Construct the calander  
Build puramids  
Hold olympic games  
Sculpt the Venus de Milo  
Build Notre Dame  
Write the Canterbury Tales  
Study the planets  
Paint the Sistine chapel  
Print music  
Explore the world  
Establish universities  
Build the White House  
Enjoy a play  
Develop the sewing machine  
Write the Romeo and Juliet Overture  
Direct Birth of a Nation  
Develop the theroy of relativity  
Split the atom  
Establish the United Nations  
Develop the computer  
Construct the laser  
Perform heart transplants  
Walk on the moon

from Foods Display  
Museum of Science & Industry  
Chicago, Illinois

As I thought about an appropriate entry for this record of our school, I couldn't think of a better example of a helpful bit of poetry for expressing what I've found to be a truth about life than this poem. It is the poem I've had up in the kitchen during these eight weeks, and used it one morning for a witness. It says better than I can, at this time, some of the learnings I've had about what it means to be engaged in a community and what happens when you give your mind, heart and spirit to a task and yet not allow the temptations to overcome you and swallow you up, leaving nothing more to give. --Ruth M. Landmann

#### We Are Transmitters

As we live, we are transmitters of life.  
And when we fail to transmit life, life fails to flow through us.

That is part of the mystery of sex, it is a flow onwards.  
Sexless people transmit nothing.

And if, as we work, we can transmit life into our work,  
life, still more life, rushes into us to compensate, to be ready  
and we ripple with life through the days.

Even if it is a woman making an apple dumpling, or a man a  
stool,  
if life goes into the pudding, good is the pudding,  
good is the stool,  
content is the woman with fresh life rippling in to her,  
content is the man.

Give, and it shall be given unto you  
is still the truth about life.  
But giving life is not so easy.  
It doesn't mean handing it out to some mean fool, or letting  
the living dead eat you up.  
It means kindling the life-quality where it was not  
even if it's only in the whiteness of a washed pocket-  
handkerchief.

D.H. Lawrence

## FARMER AND THE YAM

Afrikan folklore holds the understanding that humans are related to all of nature, that all that is is a part of life and can be learned from. To hold that understanding, there are many stories that give human characteristics to inanimate objects. Such is this story about a farmer and his yam.

Once not far from the city of Accra, a farmer went out to weed his garden. But as he was digging his yam jumped up and spoke to him. "Well, at last you're here. You never weeded me and now you come around with your digging stick. Go away and leave me alone." The farmer looked around in amazement. He looked at his cow. The cow looked at him and continued chewing her cud. But the man's dig turned around and said, "It wasn't the cow that spoke to you, it was the yam. The yam said 'leave me alone.'" Well, the farmer started to get angry because the dog had never spoken to him before and he didn't like his tone besides. So, he went over to a palm tree to cut a branch to beat the dog with. But the tree said, "Put that branch down!" The man backed up in amazement and started to throw the branch down on a stone but the branch said, "Man so it softly." So he put the branch down softly on the stone and the stone shouted, "Hey, take that thing off me." This was enough and the frightened farmer took off at a run to the village.

On the way the farmer met a fisherman with a trap on his head. The fisherman said, "What's the matter with you?" The farmer said, "I went out in my garden to dig some yams and the yam said, 'Leave me alone', then my dog said, 'listen to your yam' and I went to cut a branch to beat the dog and the tree said, 'put that branch down' and the branch said, 'do it softly and then the stone said, 'take that thing off me.'" The fisherman looked at him and started to laugh. Just then the fishtrap said, "Well, did he do it?" The frightened fisherman threw the trap on the ground and started to run with the farmer.

Then they came to a weaver with a bundel of cloth on his head. The weaver said, "hey, what's the rush?" The farmer said, "yam, dog, tree, branch.. Fisher-said and my trap said, 'well did he do it?'" The weaver said, that's nothing at all. "oh, yes it is." the cloth said. The Weaver threw the cloth on the ground and began to run with the others.

As they reached the river, a man taking a bath called out to them, "Hey, are you all chasing a gazell? Well," the farmer said, "yam, dog, tree, branch, stone, trap, cloth . . ." The man in the river shook his head and said, "Wouldn't you run if you were in their position?" The man jumped up out of the river and began to run with the others to the village.

They reached the village and fell panting before the house of the head man. He came out, sat down on a stool to listen to the man's story. The farmer said, "yam, dog, tree, branch, stone, trap, cloth, river. . ." The head man looked at the man sternly and then said, "This is a ridiculous story. You had all better go back to work before I punish you." The men ran off.

The head man got up from the stool and muttered, "Nonsense like this upsets the community," and the stool said, "fantastic isn't it? Imagine a talking yam!"



#### IV. FAREWELLS AND SENDOUTS

As we left, many were moved to remember the beginnings and the memories we shared along the journey in this community. Far from being most of our homes, we adopted this place and formed our home here. Although the passage of time here was short, the implications and memories will live on in history.

The time has come  
And we must go  
And I thought I'd write  
To let you know  
That it's been a pleasure and a thrill  
To have you all as friends  
And I hope someday  
We'll meet again  
Good luck in everything you do  
And don't let nothin' turn you blue                      --Johnny B. Rodriguez

H.D.T.S. has been home away from home. I'm proud that I was involved in this school and its students. "Adelante amigos." --Robert Diaz

The first day that I arrived here, both the students and staff were so friendly. It made me seem like I was at home. I would like to express my gratitude for everything that they have done for me. Thanks again.  
--Naomi Liles

To all my acquaintances: continue to live life to its fullness. --Thelma Sheffer

At this time I'd like to thank the people of 5th City for sharing their lives around and with me, so I could see the light of the Iron Man around the world. May all my good friends from around the world have a safe trip home for I will always remember the day that I became a part of a global bowl of vegetable soup. Till we meet again...                      --Erlinda Smith

I am very glad that history's decision and my decision combined to make it possible for me to be at the first HDTS on the North American continent. I have enjoyed knowing each individual here and will treasure the memories of our celebrations together, our work and good times, and our humour and tears. As our world today continues to change radically and rapidly, we will need to keep our balance and be anchors of humanness on which the world can depend. This will mean using our life-methods, and communicating them to others, knowing that there are no solid answers but only guidelines for creating a peaceful and great future.                      --Anne C. Slicker

From all over the world all these people came  
To learn and try to solve  
The problems that exist in the community  
That needs a lot of changing

Is anybody going to my home town  
Is anybody going near it  
Please tell the people that I'm doing fine  
And that I truly miss 'em

The days are long and cold and the nights are short  
But that's alright with me  
As long as I can learn in the Institute  
This is the place to be

Is anybody going to my home town  
Is anybody going near it  
Please tell the people tha I'm doing fine  
And that I truly miss 'em

Oh! Friends of mine don't lose all that faith on me  
Just hang on and you'll see  
The things and ways I learned in the Institute  
For our community

Bean tacos and arena tortillas, Lone Star Beer

This song is dedicated to all of the HDTS School of '79 who struggled through  
the "Blizzard of '79" in Chicago. "Valla con dios amigos."--Robert Diaz

The snow fell.  
The cab came.  
"You sure you got the right address, honey?"  
Suddenly I wasn't so sure,  
But I came.

The snow fell.  
It was 5 a.m.  
"Run into the future, run."  
Suddenly I wasn't so sure  
but I got up.

Still the snow fell.  
We were all in Russell's room.  
Suddenly I knew I wasn't alone  
But among friends.

The snow falls and melts.  
We all keep dancing.

The snow fell.  
We were waiting for the bus again.  
Suddenly I wasn't so enthusiastic  
But we all waited.

The snow fell and fell.  
The children laughed  
And danced in a circle.  
Suddenly spirit filled the space  
And I kept on dancing.

--Susan Joslin

From all over the world all these people came to learn and try to solve the problems that exist in the community that need a lot of changing.

Is anybody going to my home town  
Is anybody going near it  
Please tell the people that I'm doing fine  
And that I truly miss 'em

The days are long and cold, and the nights are short  
But that's alright with me  
As long as I can learn in the Institute  
This is the place to be

We came on an American plane  
My friend Ruben and me  
Around Chicago town we did roam  
Singing all night  
Almost missed our flight, yeah yeah  
Now we feel so broke up, we want to go home

So pack up the United plane  
Get us back home again  
Get us out of the snow and into the rain  
We want to go home  
We want to go home, yeah yeah  
O this is the worst trip we ever been on

The first day that we got here  
We got into everybody's hair  
And I think I heard them say just the other day  
These two got to go  
Back to Richgrove, yeah yeah  
We feel so broke up cause we have to go home

So pack up the United plane  
Get us back home again  
Get us out of the snow and into the rain  
We want to go home, we want to go home, yeah yeah  
O this is the worst trip we ever been on

We met a lot of people here  
We sat and drank a lot of beer  
And all the good times we had we'll never forget  
So I say as a friend  
I guess it's the end, yeah yeah  
We feel so broke up, we hope we see you again

Let's pack up the United Plane  
Get us all back home again  
Get us out of the snow and into the rain  
If ever one day  
Your'e passing our way, yeah yeah  
Just give us a shout  
We'll pick you up and hang out!

This song is dedicated to the 4th and 2nd floor residents, HDTS Class 1979  
--Johnny Rodriguez

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