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Boston University
FRONTIER INTERNSHIP IN MISSION, 1961-1974:
YOUNG CHRISTIANS ABROAD IN A POST-COLONIAL
AND COLD WAR WORLD

by

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DEDICATION

In deep appreciation for the life and ministry of

Margaret Flory

(1914 – 2009)
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

What I have most appreciated about my work at Boston University is that I have been able to follow my questions where they led, using the best tools I could find, with the advice and support of terrific faculty in several departments and schools, all without bumping up against any of the artificial boundaries that are common in so many academic programs and institutions. That has made it possible for me to do good, innovative work in this setting. The people most responsible for this happy outcome are Dr. Nancy Ammerman and Dr. Dana Robert. In the context of this dissertation, they were enthusiastic about the idea and supported the execution, and kept me and the project alive when it went into overtime. Dana taught the seminar where I first discovered the Frontier Intern program. She also gave me a home base at the Center for Global Christianity and Mission for the duration. Nancy read more drafts than any dissertation advisor should, and came back with the precise questions or edits that piece-by-piece brought successive drafts into focus. Without these two fine scholars and teachers, this dissertation would not exist. I have also drawn deeply from the well of the fine ministry of Rev. Dr. Robert Allan Hill, the Dean of Marsh Chapel at BU. I am deeply grateful to all of them for their faith that this project would reach a finish line and that in the end, it would all be worth it.

My goal at the beginning of the dissertation was to use the dissertation research framework to pursue a big, worthwhile project and follow where it led. At the time I proposed this dissertation topic in 2009, I hoped to find and
interview forty participants in the 1960s era Frontier Internship in Mission program. In fact, I found and interviewed over three times that many and the project more than tripled in size. There were no economies of scale. It more than tripled in complexity, too, given how deeply embedded Frontier Interns turned out to be in the geo-political realities in dozens of nations around the world about which I had previously known very little. There were administrative challenges making this continue to “fit” into the dissertation framework. There were also financial challenges to keeping the project going. Nancy Ammerman, Dana Robert, and a lot of other people helped me cope with these challenges.

In 2009 and 2010, I traveled throughout the U.S. and Europe to do the interviews that are the basis for this dissertation. The night before I left Boston, my adult son, Ian Marlier, showed up with a Garmin GPS unit, and told me that he wanted to make sure I could find my way home! I cannot now imagine that I thought I was going to find all these people without one. With one, I did! To extend my resources and fuel my spirit, when at all possible I stayed with relatives or friends or friends of friends or relatives, or acquaintances or, in a push, people that someone I knew once had some sort of contact with before. I was shameless and dozens of people were hospitable beyond belief. Frontier Interns, too, offered me hospitality. Adrianne Bradley, in addition, emailed me a scenic route to their Northern CA home from the Bay Area, and sent me on to Portland via another scenic route, both of which refreshed my flagging spirit. I am deeply grateful to all of these kind, generous people. I am particularly grateful to
the people who put up with me for extended stays, including Nancy Stowe Inui
and Tom Inui in Indianapolis, Cathy Jones Keating and Ben Keating in Oakland,
CA, and Torey Ligon and Travis Smith in Tucson. Cousin Jake McGuire in
Washington, D.C. loaned me his studio, and cousins Margaret and David Ayres
loaned me their vacation home on Vashon Island, WA and their nearby daughter,
Jennifer Ayres Krikawa, helped me plot my way around the Northwest. Boston
University School of Theology gave me a travel grant that got me to Europe in the
spring of 2010 to interview FIs there. In Geneva, Frontier Intern (FI) John Moyer
(Romania, 1966-1969) and his wonderful wife, Kristin, put up with me coming
and going for almost two weeks while I traveled in Europe, regularly circling
back to them. Unflappable FI Keith Chamberlain (Germany, 1965-1967) in
Frankfurt got me to an emergency room for stitches after a fall; Charles Savage
(Czechoslovakia, 1965-1966) gamely took me to breakfast the next morning at a
fancy Munich hotel, stitches, fat lip, a black eye, and all. Judy Elliott (Italy,
1967-1969) hosted me for a very memorable recuperation in the Waldensian
Valley in northern Italy. But really, every one of the dozens of people who
welcomed me into their homes, fed me meals, and peppered me with questions
about the project, not only helped me stretch my resources but also gave me the
inspiration and energy to continue.

Transcribing all of the interviews was much less fun than doing them.
Grueling, actually, but in this kind of qualitative research, there are no acceptable
shortcuts. There is no way that I could have afforded to pay a commercial service
to do them, nor was it likely I would live long enough to transcribe them all myself. So I am extremely grateful to my adult daughter, Grace Marlier, who transcribed half of them for an impossibly low price but one I could afford. This also made her the only other person who had listened to so many of the interviews, so she also became my conversation partner as I began to think about what the larger FI story might be. As the quantity of digitized material—the audio interview files, the transcripts, the photograph files, the coding files—got larger and larger, Ian created security and back-up systems so I neither had to print out everything nor worry about losing everything in one big crash. I cannot help but reflect that most dissertation writers are either grateful for the distraction their toddlers provided, or apologetic for ignoring them. Clearly, an advantage of doing a dissertation at my age is having adult children able to offer concrete support.

One of the serious disadvantages of this dissertation topic was that there has been so little interest in the scholarly community in ecumenical Protestantism. That has made the support of the Frontier Interns themselves, who actually know, first-hand, what the Student Christian Movement and global ecumenical traditions were all about, invaluable. The very first FI I spoke with was Peter Johnson (Geneva, 1967-1969), who turned out to be the same Peter Johnson who is married to my daughter’s wonderful first grade teacher, Carol Hamilton, and who I worked with at Harvard Extension School some years ago. One extraordinary dinner and long evening conversation at their home convinced me that any sacrifice to tell this story was worth it. Out of the entire group of FIs, no one
could have done that better than Peter did. Alice Hageman (Paris/UNESCO, 1962-1965) who also lives in Boston, was the second FI I spoke with. It was Alice who told me, point blank, that behind the FI story was a Cold War story. It took me three years of research to fully understand why and how that was precisely true, but Alice set me on that course. More recently, Bob Snow (Hong Kong, 1969-1971), another neighbor, has come by regularly to share dinner at our local pub. He is a wonderful conversation partner and I so much appreciated being able to try out ideas with someone as sharp as he is. Then there were visits from out-of-town FIs passing through Boston for one reason or another. Gail Hovey (South Africa, 1965-1967), Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971), Deborah and Phil McKean (Indonesia, 1962-1964), and Mary and Jerry Dusenbury (Japan, 1964-1968) all took the time when they were in Boston to stop by and share their thoughts and reactions.

I particularly want to thank all the Frontier Interns who helped plan and who attended the two FI mini-conferences in the summer and fall of 2010, one at Stony Point in New York and the other in Portland, Oregon. Stephanie Oliver and Alan Oliver (Peru, 1964-1966), in Portland, did a boat load of preparatory work with the help of Ann Smith and her husband George Ivan Smith, neither FIs themselves but both associated with the Presbyterian mission network and friends of Alan and Stephanie. I had no idea in advance of these conferences how valuable it would be for me to not only get feedback from these groups on my initial interpretive ideas, but also to observe the FIs interact with each other. One
of the unfortunate things about the era the Frontier Intern program operated in was that without an Internet and social media, most participants lost touch with the program and each other. This was a chance for them to connect and compare notes. It was also, for some, a time of real healing. In sum, it added immeasurably to my understanding of the FIs and the program and I am grateful to all the people who made these events happen and who attended.

When it came time to actually write about these internships, I also ended up relying on a handful of FIs with expertise in different regions to read over drafts and catch places where I had misunderstood the dynamics of what was taking place. Gail Hovey (South Africa, 1965-1967) is a fine, experienced editor with deep expertise on Africa. She saved me from a number of errors. John Moyer (Romania, 1966-1969) later directed the FI program so was a very valuable help giving me a broader context for where it fit in the ecumenical world. His review of the chapter on Europe was also extremely helpful. Dwain Epps (Argentina, 1967-1969) went way above and beyond the call of duty by re-translating a horribly translated, but extremely important document I had found in the ecumenical archives. Because Dwain spent his career in the global ecumenical movement he was also more able than most to read and comment on all of the internship chapters. I’m grateful that heavy snows trapped him in his mountain top Swiss chalet last winter while he did that! One aspect of the chapter on the Latin American internships—the inclusion of the story of one of the first international FI’s, Bertha Vargas (Peru, 1972-1974)—was made possible by the
generosity of Alan Oliver (Peru, 1964-1966) who volunteered to do a Skype interview with Bertha in Spanish, and Stephanie Oliver (Peru, 1964-1966) who volunteered to translate it for my use. I am deeply grateful to Alan and Stephanie for this important contribution.

If it were not for wonderful friends and family, I might have gone over the edge by now. My deepest gratitude to Kathy Bachman, Joan Gerrity, Chuck Hertrick, Liz Murray, Dick Larson, and Nancy Stowe Inui, and my extended family, both Focers and Marliers. I am not normally a recluse but I am afraid I came close to becoming one while I worked through the many, complicated layers of information that have gone into this final product. These dear people undoubtedly kept me from disappearing entirely into my own mind. I will be counting on them to usher me back into society now that it is done!

Most of all, I am grateful to the Frontier Interns themselves for trusting me with their stories. It is a humbling thing to be so trusted. It is frightening, too, because I know there will be occasions when the way I have used a story will not reflect how that FI understands it. Now, as this phase of the project concludes, it is my turn to trust in their forgiveness for whatever shortcomings this dissertation contains as they, at the outset of the project, trusted me. It is my hope that together we have created something that will make a difference, perhaps in ways none of us can now imagine.
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AND COLD WAR WORLD

ADA J. FOCER

Boston University Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, 2016

Major Professor: Nancy T. Ammerman, Professor of Sociology of Religion

ABSTRACT

Frontier Internship in Mission (FIM) was an experimental mission project conceived of and run by Presbyterian Student World Relations director Margaret Flory between 1961 and 1974. It was broadly ecumenical in concept and execution and closely tied to the World Student Christian Federation community. Recent college or seminary graduates were assigned to live and work with local people who were connected in some way to the global ecumenical network and who had invited them. They worked on projects mutually agreed upon, usually for two years. One hundred fourteen of the 140 Americans who originally participated and eight of the original 20 international participants were interviewed for this study.

Their narratives about their life histories and experience during and after these international partnerships offer an intimate look at one group of largely mainline Protestant Americans born in the 1930s and 1940s, and the social and religious institutions that were their avenues to engagement with the wider world at a time of cataclysmic change. Over the thirteen years of FIM program operation
considered here, conditions in the forty-eight different countries where Frontier Interns (FIs) served were transformed by movements for independence and by escalating covert and overt American intrusions. The core of this dissertation presents regionally-organized internship case studies highlighting the impact of those encounters on the FI’s Christian and American identities. It also analyzes the rejection of their witness when they returned home.

Moving forward with their lives, Frontier Interns reaffirmed their commitment to “right relations” of mutual respect across difference and most often gravitated to social roles as bridge-builders and interpreters, domestically and internationally. The strong internal opposition to global ecumenism that had developed in some mainline Protestant churches changed the relationship of many FIs to those churches.

It is argued here that the Frontier Interns’ experience highlights a societal shift from a moral order based on covenant or social contract to one that privileged the unrestrained exercise of power and interests. A covenantal commitment to mutual global partnerships is central to who the FIs are, their internships, and what they did with their lives subsequently.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

DEDICATION ..................................................................................................................... iv

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS ...................................................................................................... v

ABSTRACT ...................................................................................................................... xii

TABLE OF CONTENTS .................................................................................................. xiv

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS ............................................................................................ xviii

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS .............................................................................................. xix

1. The Study .................................................................................................................. 1

2. Margaret Flory ........................................................................................................ 13
   - Here I Am, Lord, Send Me. .................................................................................. 14
   - The Network: “Living Links” ............................................................................. 20
   - One World............................................................................................................. 23

3. The Programs ........................................................................................................... 33
   - Junior Year Abroad ............................................................................................ 34
   - The 17\textsuperscript{th} and 18\textsuperscript{th} SVM Quadrennials ............................. 40
   - The Frontier Internship in Mission Program .................................................... 52

4. Who Were the FIs? ................................................................................................. 75
   - The Demographic Profile ................................................................................... 78

5. “And the Scales Fell from My Eyes…” ................................................................. 122
Moral Awakenings ........................................................................................................ 122
Difference ................................................................................................................. 130
The Larger World ....................................................................................................... 152
“No, you’re not from Chattanooga…” ........................................................................ 164

6. The Internships: Asia .............................................................................................. 167
Introduction .................................................................................................................. 167
East Asia ....................................................................................................................... 168
The South Asia, Southeast Asia, and Australia Internships .......................................... 218
India and Sri Lanka (Ceylon) ...................................................................................... 219
Indonesia, Thailand, and Australia .............................................................................. 234
Philippines .................................................................................................................... 249
Conclusion .................................................................................................................... 281

7. The Europe, Middle East, and North Africa Internships .......................................... 283
Introduction .................................................................................................................. 283
Ecumenism Front and Center ..................................................................................... 283
The Revolution and After .......................................................................................... 309
Conclusion .................................................................................................................... 364

8. The Africa Internships ............................................................................................. 365
Introduction .................................................................................................................. 365
The Kenya Internships ................................................................................................. 373
The “Liberation” Internships ...................................................................................... 402
The West African and Friere-inspired Internships ..................................................... 444
Conclusion .................................................................................................................. 485

9. The Latin American Internships .............................................................................. 486
   Introduction ............................................................................................................ 486
   Guyana Internship ................................................................................................. 492
   The Colombia Internships ..................................................................................... 499
   The Peru and Bolivia Internships .......................................................................... 514
   The Southern Cone and the ISAL Internships ...................................................... 534
   The Caribbean Internships ................................................................................... 551
   Radicalism and Its Discontents .............................................................................. 562
   Conclusion .............................................................................................................. 576

10. The Returnees ..................................................................................................... 581
    The Committee of Returned Volunteers ............................................................... 581
    Rival Moral Orders .............................................................................................. 588
    Unbound ............................................................................................................... 616
    Line of Fire .......................................................................................................... 619

11. Bridge People in a Divided World ...................................................................... 625
    Fitting In .............................................................................................................. 625
    Radical: Transcending Polarization ...................................................................... 630
    Commitments ........................................................................................................ 642
    Faith and Ministry ............................................................................................... 662
    Conclusion ............................................................................................................ 681
APPENDIX A – REGIONAL MAPS ................................................................. 684

Appendix A-1: Map of Asia Today ............................................................... 684
Appendix A-2: Map of Europe 1960 ............................................................ 685
Appendix A-3: Map of Africa 1960 .............................................................. 686
Appendix A-4: Latin America 1960 ............................................................. 687

BIBLIOGRAPHY ............................................................................................. 688

CURRICULUM VITAE .................................................................................. 705
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Map: Dates African Countries Became Independent................................................. 366
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Abbreviation</th>
<th>Full Form</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AFSC</td>
<td>American Friends Service Committee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANTS</td>
<td>Andover Newton Theological Seminary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BNS</td>
<td>Bi-National Service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CCHRA</td>
<td>Church Committee for Human Rights in Asia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CCIA</td>
<td>Commission of the Churches on International Affairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CCLAMG</td>
<td>Chicago Committee for the Liberation of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CISPSES</td>
<td>Committee of People in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CO</td>
<td>Conscientious objector (draft status)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CRV</td>
<td>Committee of Returned Volunteers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FI</td>
<td>Frontier Intern</td>
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<tr>
<td>FIM</td>
<td>Frontier Internship in Mission</td>
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<tr>
<td>FSM</td>
<td>Free Speech Movement</td>
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<tr>
<td>IVF</td>
<td>Inter-Varsity Fellowship</td>
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<tr>
<td>JYA</td>
<td>Junior Year Abroad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KSCF</td>
<td>Korean Student Christian Federation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUST</td>
<td>Metropolitan Urban Service Training Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NACLA</td>
<td>North American Congress on Latin America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NCC</td>
<td>National Council of Churches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PCEA</td>
<td>Presbyterian Church of East Africa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCM</td>
<td>Student Christian Movement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SFTS</td>
<td>San Francisco Theological Seminary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SMU</td>
<td>Southern Methodist University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SVM</td>
<td>Student Volunteer Movement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UMC</td>
<td>United Methodist Church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UN</td>
<td>United Nations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UNESCO</td>
<td>United Nations Economic and Social Council</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union</td>
<td>Union Theological Seminary in New York City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USAID</td>
<td>U.S. Agency for International Development</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WCC</td>
<td>World Council of Churches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WSCF</td>
<td>World Student Christian Federation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YMCA</td>
<td>Young Men's Christian Association</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YWCA</td>
<td>Young Women's Christian Association</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1. The Study

The genesis of this study rests in a 2003 book edited by historian Sara Evans, *Journeys that Opened up the World: Women, Student Christian Movements, and Social Justice, 1955-1975.* Four of the book’s sixteen chapters were written by women who participated in a mainline Protestant program called the Frontier Internship in Mission (FIM) that placed them overseas for two years at some point between 1961 and 1974. I had never heard of it. Each woman’s story was enormously compelling. I found the program archives at Yale Divinity School. When I visited, I discovered the files included numerous letters written by interns during their service that captured the unusual nature of the program. These young people, either alone or with a spouse, were assigned to places many, perhaps most, Americans would not have been able to find on a map. Unlike the Peace Corps which began at the same time, it was almost completely unstructured. Indigenous leaders hosted them and helped them frame and carry out their projects. Many of the interns faced situations of staggering complexity. The world was then full-on in the throes of the Cold War between the United States and Soviet Union. Third World nations were struggling to move beyond their colonial past and become strong and independent during this period. What was so striking about these letters was how much their authors brought to the task of figuring out what was going on where they were and how they might best engage with it. This was obviously an extraordinary group of young people who had been chosen to participate in this highly experimental program.

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1 Sara M. Evans, *Journeys That Opened Up the World: Women, Student Christian*
To further explore the history of the program and begin to explore what a dissertation project structured to investigate it might look like, in late 2008 I visited and interviewed Margaret Flory, the director of student life for the Presbyterians in the 1950s and 1960s and the woman who thought up and ran the program in its early years. She was, by then, in her 90s, but her mind was very sharp and her elucidation of her thinking about the design and operation of the Frontier Internship in Mission program clarified my own thinking about the centrality of the individual experience in the emerging study. This was a time of dramatic change in the mission of the church and it was Flory’s explicit intention to unleash very bright, faithful, well-educated, creative young people as a way of identifying new approaches to being in relation in the post-colonial world. After I left Flory’s residence in Brevard, North Carolina, to drive to Chicago for a conference, I stopped and interviewed seven Frontier Interns (FIs) who lived in Tennessee, Ohio, Michigan, or the Chicago vicinity. Geographic proximity was the sole reason for their selection, but as it happened, people from earlier and later classes who served in Asia, Europe, and Africa were among them. They were all amazing people. They had widely diverse internship experiences but each person felt challenged to figure out and respond to the complex situations in places where they were assigned. Each had incorporated what they learned as interns into their lives after they returned home. None fit the ‘Sixties stereotypes common on TV specials about the era.

It was clear that this study needed to be an oral history project done for the dual purpose of capturing these stories and, through them, exploring possibilities for new avenues of research about the post-WWII era. Approximately 160 people participated in
the program during the 1961-1974 period (program records are inconsistent making a precise total impossible), most but not all of them Americans. At the very end of the period under consideration, international participants were also included. This was too small a group to make sampling a reliable approach. Rather, the aim was to find as many of the people who participated in the program as I could and interview them, in person, if possible, in order to create the fullest picture possible of the range of experiences and interpretations of those experiences. The Yale Archives included enough information about the participants and their assignments that I was eventually able to complete 122 interviews, including 114 Americans and eight internationals. In 2009 and 2010, I traveled throughout the United States and Europe conducting the interviews. Subsequently, a few Skype interviews were done with FIs in Africa, Asia, and Latin America where I was unable to travel personally. Most interviews were held in homes. Material from all the interviews is used in the internship chapters, six through nine. With only a few exceptions, the pre-internship chapters four and five focus on the Americans, and the post-internship chapters ten and eleven focus on the Americans who returned to the United States after their internships. I hope that one day someone will do a similar study of the fully internationalized Frontier Intern program that continued operating out of an office in Geneva until 2008 and use more of the material from these first international FIs than I have here.

A life history format was used where a series of questions prompted interviewees to tell a story that included, at a minimum, three parts—their background prior to becoming Frontier Interns, their internship experience, including their reentry if they
returned to the U.S., and how that experience was or was not incorporated into their lives afterwards. Information about their Christian and American identities was specifically sought in each segment of their narratives. I tried to elicit both a reasonably factual account from each interviewee and their interpretation of the meaning of what had happened in their lives. There was, however, no fixed script that could not be adapted or scrapped if the interview went in an unexpected direction, nor was there an externally-imposed time limit for the interviews.

Consistent with Best Principles and Practices established by the Oral History Association, every interviewee gave written permission to have his/her interview recorded and used for this study. \(^2\) None of the participants requested anonymity. In a few cases, people requested the use of pseudonyms for people who were part of their story but not themselves participating in the study. If not otherwise noted, names used are of actual people. Every interview was fully transcribed. Participants had an opportunity to review and edit the transcript of their interview. Historical sources external to the interviews themselves were used to identify places where “remembered history” was inconsistent with “recorded history,” in which case further email correspondence took place with the interviewed FIs to clarify a timeline or some other aspect of an interview. While no major conflicts or historical inaccuracies remain in the text that I know of, these oral histories remain principally the personal experiences of historical moments and reflect only one person’s perspective. They should not be taken as a complete picture of what was going

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on in a particular place at a particular time. It is the subjective experience that is the focus here, not an objective representation of a historical event.

The depth of the commitment to this study by the participants themselves has been truly extraordinary. In 2010, almost fifty FIs attended one of two conferences to hear and discuss my initial findings. Listening in to the discussion that took place and being able to put additional questions to each group added enormously to my understanding of the FIM program and many of the people who participated. The oldest FIs are entering their 80s and the youngest are in their late 60s. I am just a little younger. I believe we all share my conviction that their stories are important and timely ones. Every participant has agreed to have his/her interview and transcript eventually added to the Frontier Intern program archive at Yale. This will constitute a vast treasure trove of material for future researchers on a range of subjects far beyond what this study has been able to use. The analysis and conclusions in this study are, however, mine alone.

These interviews generated a staggering amount of information about a large number of people with a wide range of histories and about internships in one of forty-eight countries in every region of the world over a fifteen year period. After that, the FIs went on to do many different things in many different places. Hundreds of hours of interviews translated into thousands of pages of transcripts. The central challenge of this project was how to organize and use that information in a way that did justice to the stories of each Frontier Intern, but discovered, where possible, a larger story. I used qualitative software to code the interviews in order to help organize them and begin to find and understand the patterns that might be present.
The most obvious and immediate result of coding the interviews was the importance of Margaret Flory, not just as the FIM program administrator but as a person, in the vast majority of the interviews. In spite of the fact that she was a middle-aged woman by the time they met her, she is always referred to as “Margaret.” Each FI’s relationship with Margaret, whatever it was, was central to the FI experience. This was true even for FIs in the last classes after she had ostensibly been reassigned to other duties. The interviews made clear that until the FIM program was actually moved out of New York to Geneva in 1974, the FIs saw Margaret as running it. Many also saw her as a personal exemplar of a kind of global Christian that they hoped to become themselves. When word came at the end of September 2010 from those caring for her in Brevard, N.C. that she was in the last hours of her life, I circulated an email to the FIs letting them know. The email traffic that followed took on the character of what I can only call a community at prayer. Margaret had at many moments driven many of them crazy—that “seat of the pants thing” one man called it—but at the end of the day most of them recognized that she had profoundly changed their lives and they loved her. As a result of this finding, it was clear that this dissertation about the experience of a group of persons itself had to begin with Margaret, the person, and those of her programs, including the FIM program, most relevant to the lives of the people interviewed. Since I was able to interview Margaret three times, and had access to her autobiographical writings as well as to a doctoral dissertation done about her ministry in 1980, that was easy to do.  

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3 Barbara Anne Roche, “Initiating & Sustaining Ecumenical Ministries: A Study of the
Two is about Margaret. Chapter Three is about those of her programs most important to the FIs.

Much more challenging, and ultimately unsatisfying, was discovering via the coding process the pervasive influence of the Student Christian Movement (SCM) and World Student Christian Federation (WSCF) on Margaret, the FIM program, and many of the FIs themselves. Founded in 1895 as a federation of national SCMs, by the 1930s one-sixth of the world’s college students were members of WSCF affiliate chapters and were connected through a vast network of camps, conference centers, and events where they got to be friends. While there are, in the matter of Ven diagrams, some overlaps with the churches, the missionary movement and the ecumenical movement, the WSCF also had an independent identity. In a centenary book Margaret Flory wrote in 1995, she made clear as she did in my interviews with her that the WSCF was where her own global Christian identity was rooted and where she met people from around the world who were among her closest friends. Many of them were the people who sponsored Frontier Interns; but beyond direct sponsorship, the influence of the WSCF and its culture permeates these stories. Unfortunately, the WSCF has, to date, gotten much less scholarly attention than it deserves, particularly the important role it played in furthering international friendships and activism against racism and colonialism, almost from the

Ministry of Margaret Flory, 1951-1980” (San Francisco Theological Seminary, 1980).

time it was founded. In the end, I did enough research myself in available sources to make the WSCF component of these stories visible. The larger story of the WSCF role in twentieth century world and Christian history remains for others to do. Suffice it to say here that neither Margaret Flory nor any of the Frontier Interns emerged full-blown like Athena from the head of Zeus. They all stand firmly in the stream of an international student Christian tradition that predates them by two or three generations with a presence on every continent, leaders of every race and nationality, and a unique history that intersects with other histories but does nor mirror them. These Frontier Intern stories will add data points to a larger story that ultimately other people will write.

The coding process produced an ultimately more satisfying picture of the lives of the FIs prior to their internships. In spite of the fact that on paper the FIs appear to be a wildly diverse group of people hailing from every region in the country, many different denominations, eighty-six different undergraduate schools and twelve different seminaries, with some born in the mid-1930s and others after World War II, in many ways the majority of them shared cultural roots that explain, in part, why they ended up as Frontier Interns in the first place. That made it possible to identify and understand the lives of the FIs before their internships in terms of the strong patterns that emerged. Chapter Four addresses the question of who the Frontier Interns were and what they brought to the internship experience. Chapter Five, entitled “And The Scales Fell From My Eyes,” delves specifically into the experience of difference and how the FIs as children began to understand human difference, injustice, and moral action to correct injustice.
Coding revealed the opposite situation with regard to the portions of the interviews that address the internships and reentry of each Frontier Intern. Those experiences could not be reduced to main themes without doing violence to the narratives and what they revealed. There are three reasons for that.

First, in spite of the appearance of some systematization in the designation of what the “frontiers” were – such as race relations, student world, or new nationalisms -- grouping and presenting the internship experiences this way would have obscured the fact that FIs understood Margaret’s real intentions to be to “let a thousand flowers bloom.” Repeatedly in interviews, FIs reported her non-negotiable instructions were to be quiet, listen, and learn from their hosts and then to figure something out for themselves to do from there. If that synchronized well with a frontier assignment, that was fine, but if it diverged, as it mostly did, that was fine, too. What it always did was result in an individualized response to the situation.

Second, the internship experiences reported by spouses who theoretically had the same assignment, which was often the case until 1970, were often completely different. Minimally, that suggested that gender mattered, but analysis of these cases suggested other variables, like personality, talents, and passions mattered, too. In fact, there are a staggering number of things that in combination could influence the shape of an internship.

Third, within the FI group there are multiple examples where one aspect of an internship that some FIs found to be strongly positive, other FIs found to be negative or were glad it was not something they had to contend with. One example of this is the
presence or absence of a deeply engaged host. Some FIs reported a strong mentor relationship being the best part of an internship while others reported the running room a less involved host gave them being very important. Some FIs wished their hosts had been more involved and others wished for less involvement. The only explanation for these differences was that people are different.

Attempts to generalize and organize based on kinds of assignments or characteristics of those assignments, then, proved illusive. Imposing that sort of order as a way of managing the volume of data would clearly be reductionist and wrong. That is not to say, however, that the interviews do not suggest areas for future research. Ironically, while I had too much data to blindly make some kinds of possibly erroneous conclusions, I had too little to make others that might have some validity. For example, the FI interviews suggest that the spread of thousands of CIA agents throughout the world in the 1950s and 1960s coupled with a surge in so-called “covert actions” on every continent made indigenous people less trusting of Americans, even fellow Christians. Since none of those indigenous Christians were also interviewed, the FI interviews do not alone contain sufficient details about this to draw conclusions about how it worked and what any wider impact on the world Christian community might have been. Some of these questions that might be productively explored further are noted in the text. Undoubtedly, readers with other backgrounds and areas of expertise will find others.

These were all strong arguments in favor of reporting the internship experiences as individual case narratives. Arguing against doing so was the sheer number of them, overwhelming for me to write and for any reader to read, but there were no acceptable
grounds for eliminating any of them. Every FI experience conveyed something important. The approach to organizing the internship stories that did seem to help was to maintain the case format but divide them into four regions—Asia, Europe/Middle East, Africa, and Latin America—then within those regions to group them with similar internships, sorted chronologically. So, for example, within the chapter on the African internships, the Kenyan internships are grouped together with the 1961-1963 internships chronicled first and those from the early 1970s last. This method of organization also allowed me to introduce historical context from sources external to the interviews themselves to help the reader understand the most important forces at work impacting all the internships in each area. All of the internships, then, are reported in Chapters Six on Asia, Seven on Europe/Middle East, Eight on Africa, or Nine on Latin America. In these four internship chapters, the interview from which each internship narrative is drawn is footnoted at the beginning of each one beside the FI’s name. All information in each narrative is drawn from the interview unless separately footnoted. The narrative structure of each case heightens the focus on the agency of each Frontier Intern and the people they met and worked with during and after their FI assignments. The historical context and juxtaposition with other internships add depth to each. Alas, there are still a lot of them!

A chance discovery led to a multilayered approach to the post-internship portion of the interviews that also yielded new insights into the internships. During their interviews, a number of FIs mentioned the Committee of Returned Volunteers (CRV), a group begun in 1966 by FIs and people who participated in the Peace Corps and other international service programs. Alice Hageman (France, 1962-1965) was a founder of the
group. In her interview she discussed helping author a position paper published in *Ramparts* in September 1967. I obtained a copy. Eighteen of the FIs already back from their assignments and Margaret Flory, who had served in Japan as a missionary in 1948, signed before publication. The paper described going abroad with one set of ideas about their purpose, grounded in values that they learned in their churches, their schools, and their communities, but during their service they had discovered a whole range of contrary behaviors on the part of the American government that encoded a completely different set of values. It was, seemingly, a clash of incompatible moral orders that became visible to them when they were overseas. The final research task of the study was to understand this conflict and what it meant for the FIs in subsequent classes and for all the FIs who returned to the United States in their post-internship lives. To do that, I triangulated among the interviews, the text of the CRV position paper, and scholarly work on moral orders in general, and these rival moral orders in particular. Results of this process are reported in Chapter Ten.

The title of Chapter Eleven is “Bridge People in a Divided World.” It details how Frontier Interns found their way forward in a world divided by wars, both actual and cultural, by acting against polarization and finding ways to continue to build bridges across chasms of difference in a variety of professional fields. It concludes with a discussion of how their relationships with the church changed as a result of these experiences.
2. Margaret Flory

Margaret Flory directed the Office of Student World Relations for the Presbyterian Church for most of the 1950s and 1960s. As a woman working with students, she rated only three mentions in her boss, Donald Black’s memoir, and none at all in his boss, John Coventry Smith’s. Both men would undoubtedly have protested that on numerous occasions that they said publicly how much they valued her contributions to the life and mission of the church. In a 1982 interview, Black recalled with pleasure that “the crowd roared” when he referred to her as “a butterfly in the structures” at her 1980 retirement celebration, and went on to compliment the “solid work…done in her student world relationships,” before concluding that she was “a much respected gadfly, and a very warm spirit.” But in spite of his obvious affection, his choice of words and images communicates just as clearly that he did not consider her one of the Important People. Barbara Roche’s 1984 dissertation about Margaret Flory’s ministry addressed the gender issues obvious in this statement and in the obstacles Margaret faced, and generally overcame, in her career. This dissertation examines that “solid work”—what she attempted and what actually happened—based on interviews with 114 Americans and eight international participants in one of her most important programs, Frontier Internship

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in Mission between 1961 and 1974 before it moved to Geneva and was fully internationalized.

Here I Am, Lord, Send Me.⁷

Nothing in Margaret Flory’s background suggested a career in the global church. She was born in 1914 and raised in Wauseon, a small town in Ohio. Her mother died of pneumonia in 1918, a deep loss from which she never fully recovered although her father remarried an aunt and gave her three, much-loved step-siblings. Church was part of her family’s life but she was not a “churchy” kid, always hanging around the church to help or lead this or that group. It was in public school and her studies and extracurricular activities there, like debate, where she tested her wings and was rewarded with prizes and leadership. High school yearbooks and articles from the local paper make clear that Margaret Flory was a proverbial “ball of fire.” Years later she told Frontier Intern (FI) Leon Howell that she was thankful she had grown up reading the Toledo Blade, a good local paper.⁸ From an early age, Margaret Flory was interested in what was happening in the world.

At Ohio University in Athens, she majored in English, again bypassing deep involvement in church because she was simply too busy, graduating magna cum laude and proceeded directly to graduate school in speech and dramatic arts. When Margaret

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⁷ This entire section is based on Margaret Flory’s autobiography, Margaret Flory, Moments in Time: One Woman’s Ecumenical Journey (New York: Friendship Press, 1995). and supplemented with information from Roche, as noted.
Shannon, a former short-term missionary (and future top-ranked Presbyterian woman executive), arrived in Athens to direct the Westminster Foundation and asked around for someone to help start a religious drama program, she was told that Margaret Flory would be perfect but that she had no interest in the church. Shannon insisted on meeting her anyway and successfully recruited her with her own boundless energy and creativity. A bond was formed between the two women that was important to both of them for many years. It was in touring with this small theater company—taking it to the small mining towns then dotting that part of Ohio—that Flory says she found a faith she did not know she had and decided that informal work with students would be her life work.  

Flory finished her M.A., *magna cum laude*, in 1938, taught briefly at Alabama College for Women, then returned to Athens to take over the directorship of the Westminster Foundation from Shannon from 1940-44. She attended Union Theological in New York every summer during this period to get some of the theological training she felt she lacked but needed for her work with students. 

"Margaret Flory’s academic record makes abundantly clear how intelligent and intellectual she was, but what her campus ministry during this period also makes clear is that her faith was an enacted faith, something made visible in community with others. That applied to acting out Bible stories, to creative worship like a Maundy Thursday foot
washing orchestrated by Margaret Shannon that Flory remembered vividly even at the end of her life, and to theological reflection and action for social justice. In 1942, she was asked to put together an original play for the Student Volunteer Movement (SVM) Quadrennial to be held in Wooster, Ohio about the ways in which people were working to alleviate the suffering caused by the war. While there, she met Dr. John R. Mott, the principal founder of the World Student Christian Federation in 1895, an organization that became the context for her life and work. In a WSCF Centennial history she wrote in 1997, she gave Mott credit for bringing the Student Christian Movements and their life in the World Student Christian Federation “into my ken of understanding.”

Margaret and her students were also confronted with open discussion of racism among the mixed-race group of 500 or so delegates. On returning home, now aware that the great African-American singer Paul Robeson had been denied lodging in Athens while there for a concert not long before, the students planned and successfully executed a campaign to end racial discrimination at the hotels, restaurants, barbers and other places of business. The great SVM Quadrennials of 1955 and 1959 that Margaret chaired were held in Athens because everyone was welcome there. Margaret Flory was interested in ideas and was extremely well-read, but it was action in community—changed people changing the life of communities all grounded in and flowing from a shared faith—that most interested her.

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It is unsurprisingly, then, that Flory would have been captured by the idea of mission as she was in 1943 when Elizabeth Turner, a missionary working in China, visited the Westminster Foundation at Athens. Turner’s talk was about the refugee colleges Chinese students and professors had established in the western provinces after being forced from their homes by the Japanese. Flory felt strongly called to go and support them. She volunteered, was commissioned as a missionary in 1944, and began language studies in Berkeley intending to fly over the hump from Burma into China. That never happened. Although she was able to visit China briefly after the war, the coming of Mao Tse-tung and the Communists meant the closing of China to the Christians. Unable to work with Chinese students, Flory thereafter interpreted her call as a call to the world’s students. She wrote in her autobiography, Moments in Time, quoting Isaiah 6:8, “…I was commissioned a missionary, and that sense of vocation has never left me: ‘Here I am, Lord, send me.’” [italics original]¹²

In 1944, unable to get to China, Flory accepted yet another position Margaret Shannon was vacating, this time as Secretary for Women’s Work, Eastern Area, for the Presbyterian Board of Missions, intending to stay there only until China opened up again. What the assignment meant for Flory, however, was that although she missed student ministry, she was at the home office of the Presbyterian mission board in New York. The staff was fairly small—about 75 people—so they could really get to know each other. They were responsible for over 1,000 missionaries in the field, and they were also people

¹² Flory, Moments in Time: One Woman’s Ecumenical Journey, 13.
who themselves had international experience. With this move, Flory went from the periphery of this international network to an important hub. There were a lot of chances to meet people as they came and went from New York. The interest in student ministry continued to lurk in the background. Even though she was not directly working with students, she took the time to attend the 50th anniversary celebration of the WSCF at Union Theological in 1945.

Margaret Flory held this Women’s Work position until 1951. It was a critical platform for her later work with students. First, she got to know the leadership of this tightly networked group and they got to know her. Prodigious fundraisers, they regularly set aside a portion of their funds they called “Opportunity Giving” for the development of new ministries. Later, once Flory was again working with students in the 50s and 60s, some of her innovative new programs received backing from them. Another one of the women’s programs provided hospitality for foreign students. This had a long history, but it was an important one since many of the young people attracted to Flory’s programs had first encountered international people at the dining room table in their home when a mother involved in Women’s Work participated in this program.13 And in 1946 she led a group of business and professional women on a trip to Guatemala. This was her first opportunity to be out of the United States, but years later she recalled that as exciting as that was, it was watching how the presence of a Filipina doctor in the group changed its dynamics that made the strongest impression on her. This taught her that when culturally

different people share common experiences and struggle together to understand them, they change each other. This insight would underpin her program designs in the future.

In 1948, the Women’s Work office released Flory from March to December to make a special mission trip to colleges in Japan, China, Korea, and the Philippines. It was her first extended trip out of the country and her first that was primarily spent with students. An emergency in transit set the course for the rest of her ministry. She got appendicitis the night before the ship arrived in Hawaii and ended up having to have surgery and recuperate there. Although initially she thought she knew no one in Hawaii, miraculously, an entire support team drawn from the missionary network emerged to care for her. Her roommates in the hospital were women from the countries where she was headed and they and their families filled her in on what to expect. Once she recuperated, she flew the remainder of the way to Japan and ended up beating the ship and her belongings there. She told Barbara Roche some years later: “…Somehow it established something in me. It made me feel that my life was in the hands of God. All these people turned up and I was taken care of in such an amazing way. It set the tone for my life.”14

From this point on, Flory’s life and work exuded trust that she and the students she was sending around the world would be cared for, even when bad things happened. Establishing and working within a far-flung network of relationships became central to how Flory and the movement she led worked in the world.

14 Ibid., 40.
At the end of her months teaching at a Japanese girls college, her students (about fifty of whom had been baptized during her time with them) asked her to take a book of their letters expressing their deep sorrow and repentance for the suffering that their country had inflicted during the war to the Christian students she would be meeting with in the Philippines, Korea, and China on her way back to the United States. Students in each of those countries were moved to surrender their anger and hatred and respond with openness and love and care in an ever-deepening reconciliation. The experience of being the agent for this process was a powerful one that would shape the movement. When she returned home she wrote a letter to Charles Leber, the head of the Presbyterian Board of Missions proposing a new Office for Student Work (later the Office of Student World Relations). It opened in April 1951. Margaret Flory was named director.\(^\text{15}\)

**The Network: “Living Links”**

What Margaret Flory discovered in Asia in 1948 was the dense and highly functional global ecumenical network. The mission movement was more than a hundred years old by then; the WSCF was more than fifty. What is most important about this network is that no one organization, or even cluster of organizations, controlled it. It was, rather, almost entirely organic, created by the links between the people in it, who functioned as “nodes.” That is not to say that many of the people in the network were not primarily identified by an institutional affiliation and a role, like the YMCA secretaries, for instance, who would have been linked to other YMCA secretaries, or a

\(^\text{15}\) Ibid., 42–55.
denominational missionary linked to other people from the same denomination in the same place doing related work. Many, perhaps most people in the global ecumenical network had a primary affiliation like that. A substantial Christian institutional infrastructure was in place by mid-century. Protestant denominations ran schools, colleges and universities, and hospitals. The YMCA and YWCA had community centers and dormitories in the rapidly growing cities. The WSCF had long-established foyers and hostels, camps and conference centers throughout the world, too. These institutions employed and served many, many people. Those people, however, connected with each other in entirely unique and unpredictable ways that made it impossible to pin down and say: “This is global ecumenism. (And this is not.)” Consequently, it is equally difficult to estimate the size and scope of the network with any precision. The relationships between people in the network were what really mattered and those were not mapped. It grew as people traveled from place to place and formed relationships based on their shared faith.

Margaret would have known much of this in the abstract from her desk in New York; in Asia she experienced it in all its dynamism. Indeed, there was no other way to figure it out. In her writing and speaking she called these relationships the “living links” that created and held the global ecumenical network together. In the context of these relationships, people taught each other to see things in new ways. It is not an oversimplification to say that her life’s work was creating opportunities for students everywhere to become “living links” themselves. Frontier Intern John Moyer (Romania, 1966-1968) underscored just that point: “For me, looking back, it was all about the relationships. Margaret always said: ‘Relationships. You’re going to know these people
your whole life.’ She didn’t say the second part. This is going to be your community. And it was! And still is!’\textsuperscript{16}

Fortunately, working ecumenically and internationally with the World Student Christian Federation was part of Margaret’s new job. Early in 1953, she attended her first WSCF General Committee meeting in Nasrapur, India as part of the U.S. delegation and met many of the people who would become her closest friends. (These meetings are held every four years. Eventually, she would attend ten of them missing only the one in Sri Lanka in 1978.) Then, shortly after returning home, she was appointed chair of the committee planning the 17\textsuperscript{th} SVM (Student Volunteer Movement) Quadrennial to be held over Christmas break in 1955, the first of two that changed thousands of Christian students forever like Margaret Flory herself had been changed when a door opened to the worldwide ecumenical community and she walked through it.

The Student Christian Movement world was created by aggregation: narrative histories read like the biblical begats and organizational charts are limited in how much they clarify. But at every level in the Student Christian Movement world, local to global, conferences were where young Christians met each other, interacted over an intense couple of days or weeks, and opened each other’s minds and changed each other’s hearts. The first Intercollegiate YMCA Conference was held in Louisville, KY in 1877, only eight years after the first transcontinental railroad was completed. After 1951, Margaret was perfectly positioned to create and send students to conferences, and to foster these

experiences. One Frontier Intern, Diana Harmon Jackson, who attended in 1959 Quadrennial over her parents’ objections, put it this way: “I remember vividly getting on the bus [to travel to Athens]. I just knew that it was perfectly perfect for me to do this, so I got on the bus, and it changed everything.” 17 This is a theme to which we will return again and again.

**One World**

At the very beginning of Margaret Flory’s ministry, attitudes held by mainline Protestants about how the United States should relate to the rest of the world aligned well with those of the American public generally. In spite of the war, or perhaps because of it, the country Margaret Flory graduated into in 1938 was one beginning to turn away from the isolationism of the interwar period and to embrace the internationalism the country had rejected after World War I. A book entitled *One World*, written by Wendell Wilkie, the 1940 Republican nominee for President, after a 1942 trip around the world became a best seller. In it he shared his vision of a post-war world free of imperialism and colonialism. Air travel had shrunk the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to “mere ribbons”, he said, so the United States had only three choices: “narrow nationalism, which inevitably means the ultimate loss of our own liberty; international imperialism, which means the sacrifice of some other nation’s liberty; or the creation of a world in which there shall be an equality of opportunity for every race and every nation.” It is also significant that Wilkie’s trip was done at the behest of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and that he  

17 Diana Harmon Jackson, interview by the author, Providence, RI, October 2, 2009.
traveled in an Army bomber. Clearly, this message had FDR’s blessing. It quickly found a receptive audience across the country.  

American mainline Protestants were at the forefront of this change. Large American delegations had attended three important ecumenical conferences held just prior to the war—the Oxford Conference on Life and Work and the Edinburgh Conference on Faith and Order, both of which met in 1937 and agreed to form the World Council of Churches after the war, and the Amsterdam Conference of Christian Youth held in 1939 only weeks before the war began. The road to a more peaceful world, they agreed, was the incremental advance of world community and the development of institutions to support it. The role of the Church was to be a spiritual world community and its nucleus.

Margaret Flory, then finishing up her graduate work in far away Ohio, did not personally attend any of these conferences, but what happened at them, what flowed from them, and her relationship with leaders who rose up because of them shaped her work with students. The short “message to the Churches of Christ throughout the world” that opens the Oxford Conference report was intended to anchor and guide the global ecumenical community through the coming war and the next phase of its life:

Despite our unfaithfulness God has done great things through his church. One of the greatest is this, that…. there exists an actual world-fellowship. Our unity in Christ is not a theme for aspiration; it is an experienced fact. We can speak of it with boldness because our conference is an illustration of it. …The source of

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unity is not the consenting movement of men’s wills; it is Jesus Christ whose one life flows through the body and subdues the many wills to his.¹⁹

After summarizing the “increasing division and disaster” because of “the deification of nation, race or class, or of political or cultural ideals,” it states its understanding of the church in that moment: “…the church is called to be in its own life that fellowship which binds men together in their common dependence on God and overleaps all barriers of social status, race or nationality.” During war, it must remain “united as the body of Christ, though the nations wherein it is planted fight one another” through “the fellowship of prayer.”²⁰

The impact of the 1939 Amsterdam Conference of Christian Youth on Margaret Flory was direct and personal. More than 250 Americans attended, including William Stringfellow, a future leader of the antiwar movement, and Dorothy Height, a future important Civil Rights leader, both of whom she knew and worked with later. Three leaders of the French SCM who were strong influences on Margaret and the FIM program—Philippe Maury, Suzanne de Dietrich, and Madeleine Barot—were leaders at Amsterdam. All three played important roles in the French Resistance during the war. Many years later, Flory included all three on her “top ten most important people” list.²¹

²¹ Margaret Flory, interview by the author, Brevard, N.C., October 13, 2009.
The theme of the conference was “Christus Victor,” which sounds triumphalist until one recalls that war with Nazi Germany was imminent. Reflecting back forty years later, Visser ‘t Hooft, then the WSCF general secretary, believed that the centrality of the small group Bible studies prepared by the French SCM leader Suzanne de Dietrich, and the broadly ecumenical worship, were critical factors in the coming together of the 1500 participants from 70 different countries, including Germany (where the SCM had been outlawed) and Japan, over the course of the ten-day conference. In these practices, the conference statement reports, they became one people at prayer. Each participant received a Bible with the names and addresses of all the other participants, the afterlives of which is a story all unto itself. “Our unity in him was a fact of faith—a fact so powerful that the worst facts of this world could not do away with it,” wrote Visser ‘t Hooft in his autobiography. But the danger of that fact was apparent to those young people, even at the time. The conference statement included the following:

…the task of the Church [is] to proclaim the truth as it is made known in Jesus Christ and experienced in the life of the Christian community, and to test all human institutions in the light of this truth. We realize that if we live up to this calling, we will enter into conflict with the world, just as some who belong to our

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fellowship have already had to pay high prices for their loyalty to Christ. [italics added]²⁴

Another important influence for Margaret was the ministry of CIMADE—Comité inter-mouvements auprès des évacuées—an organization founded by Suzanne de Dietrich and Madeleine Barot a few weeks after the end of the conference to help refugees from Alsace and Lorraine. It later ministered to non-Aryan German refugees, most of them Jewish, being held in camps in southern France. What emerged from CIMADE was a powerful ministry of presence—what Barot called vivre avec, “to live with”—that became the missiological foundation of the Frontier Internship in Mission program. It is important to recognize that the passivity implied by the English word “presence” is contrary to its meaning in French. In French, “présence” means to be fully in the moment and fully engaged; a ministry of presence, then, is a ministry of active service that can require and demonstrate enormous spiritual power and strength, as it did in the French camps during World War II. Margaret Flory did not speak French, but the people of CIMADE were her friends.

“Presence” as a way of being Christian in the world also has a larger history, though, that the CIMADE people like Madeleine Barot and Suzanne de Dietrich would have known and drawn on as they adapted it to their situation, and Margaret would have learned through them. It seems to have originated with Charles de Foucauld, a devout French monk who, after his ordination in 1901, lived in the Algerian desert, offered

hospitality to travelers, bought the freedom of seven slaves, and treated those injured in war until his death in 1916. He did not try to convert, or change, those to whom he ministered. It was, Dana Robert noted, a counter-witness to the violence of French colonialism. In the 1930s, two orders, the Little Sisters of Père Foucauld and the Little Brothers of Père Foucauld, were founded based on a rule of life he left in his writings. It inspired the worker-priest movement that began in France in 1943. Approximately one hundred priests left parishes and moved into factories and working class neighborhoods to live with and serve those who lived there. The church withdrew its support in 1954 after many of the priests became active in labor unions, but the movement itself continued, particularly in Latin America where the witness of worker-priests helped spawn liberation theology in the 1960s. Frontier Interns had encounters with some of them in both Europe and Latin America. Thus, “presence” has gotten thoroughly mixed up with radical action to bring about social change in some historical accounts. With CIMADE, however, their radical action during World War II was moving into the camps

in spite of the fact that there was nothing they could do to eliminate them. Just being there, serving, was radical. CIMADE’s central affirmation was that all churches and nations and peoples were bound by a common destiny and responsible for each other, something the Nazis and their collaborators denied. “Supported by CIMADE, culture and worship still flourished as a kind of protest for life against all odds,” Madeleine Barot said. 29 William Stringfellow wrote later that in the anti-Nazi resistance “recourse to the Bible was in itself a primary, practical, and essential tactic of resistance …[that] demonstrated the necessities of acting in transcendence of time within time, of living humanly in the midst of death, of seeing and foreseeing both the apocalyptic and the eschatological in contemporary events.” [italics original] 30 Visser ‘t Hooft, based in Geneva, made certain that the WSCF community around the world knew about the witness of their friends in France. “It was as if one of my legs was in Europe and the other in New England,” one member of the New England Student Christian Movement recalled. 31

In the United States, the sense of a common destiny and the support for the incremental advancement of a world community with institutions to support it, continued to be strong. All during the war, the National Council of Churches’ Commission on a Just and Durable Peace (CJDP), which was established in 1941, worked to find a way to do for nations what the WSCF had done for them: establish international institutions to

29 Jacques, Madeleine Barot, 22.
develop common practices that would shape interactions in ways that would weaken national identities and strengthen a concern for humankind. The ultimate goal was not a world government, but a fully inclusive “international community of civil life” able to orchestrate the extension of responsible freedom and cooperation around the world. They believed this was a realistic goal because they had, in their own life, done it. The role of the Church, as the only international community with worldwide membership at that time, was to be the nucleus of this world community—a spiritual world community—and help lead the way.32

After the war, the Federal Council of Churches in the U.S. successfully advanced four important amendments to the draft charter for the United Nations, including ones to create a Commission on Human Rights and a Trusteeship Council to facilitate decolonization, and generated a flood of letters to senators in support that contributed to its easy ratification in July, 1945.33 Surveys done in 1946-1948 showed three-quarters of American Protestants supported an active international role. Nearly that percentage thought a strong United Nations provided a better chance for world peace than trying to keep ahead of other powers unilaterally.34 The World Council of Churches formally came into existence in 1948. A permanent Commission of the Churches on International

Affairs (CCIA) was established as a UN NGO to keep every local congregation informed about international issues and to keep the international community informed about the opinions of local Christians as they worked on issues of international law, human rights, most particularly religious liberty, arms control, and decolonization. It was, historian John Nurser wrote, “a moment of radical hope.”

“My own commitment to the international was forged at a time when the one-world concept was fresh and challenging,” Margaret wrote in 1968, “when the hope for peace and justice in a post-war era of the 40’s was strong and affirmative, and when the linking of life with life across the world appeared as a series of miracles in human relationships.” Of all the evidence she cites that affirmed that hopeful postwar vision, three are particularly important to this study. First, she had learned important lessons from people of different races or nations. It changed her; she had seen it change others. Thereafter, she never ceased to see differences as gifts to the spiritual life of a community. Second, she personally experienced Christian community “in remote villages in Asia and the cities in Africa when all barriers were down in the oneness of faith in Jesus Christ.” The world church was real and it could transcend differences. Third, the global ecumenical consensus arrived at in Oxford in 1937—that the solution to world

36 Margaret Flory and Alice Hageman, The University, the Church & Internationalization (1968), Preface.
chaos was world community, and that it was the purpose of the Church to be a spiritual world community and its nucleus.\textsuperscript{37}

The idea and reality of a world Christian community anchored Margaret’s own work and that of the student movements more broadly for a number of years after the war.\textsuperscript{38} It was what she exemplified for students and what inspired them. How she concretely structured her programs to help make that vision real is the subject of the next chapter.

\textsuperscript{37} Ibid.
3. The Programs

The innovative programs Margaret Flory developed for students bridged the complacent 50s and the activist 60s, sparking the change by getting students involved, as Margaret had hoped. But it also unintentionally laid the foundation for trouble later on. “Margaret’s kids” got more and more global at the very same time other Americans reacted to the Cold War by exchanging “a multinational, multicultural worldview for a bipolar, nationalistic, anticommunist one.”\(^{39}\) An examination of three of her programs—the Junior Year Abroad, the Student Volunteer Movement (SVM) Quadrennial conferences in 1955 and 1959, and the Frontier Internship in Mission—will illuminate how that clash of worldviews developed over this period of time.

Margaret Flory’s *modus operandi* was, essentially, to set the stage, be it a program or a conference, assemble the actors, then trust the outcome. She began her work with one major goal—to find new ways to get students, who appeared then to be completely disengaged, involved with the world. Looking back many years later, she commented that she could see that “involve” was one of her favorite words.\(^{40}\) The cover of the first brochure she prepared for her office in 1951 proclaimed: “Students Take Hold of Your World!”\(^{41}\) This chapter will examine two of the most important programs she initiated—the Junior Year Abroad program that began in 1953 and the Frontier Internship


\(^{40}\) Flory, *Moments in Time: One Woman’s Ecumenical Journey*, 47.

\(^{41}\) Flory, *From Past to Future: Experiments in Global Bridging*, 5.
in Mission program that began in 1961. Thirteen Frontier Interns interviewed for this project participated in both. It will also discuss two conferences that set the stage for what the Frontier Internship in Mission program became—the Student Volunteer Movement 17th Quadrennial Conference in 1955 and the 18th Quadrennial Conference held in 1959. These programs were the context for the experiences that formed the global people the FIs became.

**Junior Year Abroad**

In 1951, there were only four junior year abroad programs at American colleges; all sent their students to Europe, mostly with their own faculty. Margaret wanted students to have experiences like the ones she had in Asia, where they would be completely out of their own Western context and forced to see the world from a completely different point of view. The junior year abroad program she established was the first to operate outside of Europe. She took its theme—“invisible bridges”—from a May Sarton poem:

> Build an invisible bridge from mind to mind
> Swung out from letters or the briefest meeting:
> (Lives have been changed by a simple greeting.)

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In its twenty years of operation from 1953 to 1973, over 1,000 students spent their junior years at colleges and universities in Asia, Africa, South America, the Middle East, and also Europe. One Frontier Intern—a “mission kid” who had grown up in South America—studied in Geneva. The other FIs who first were JYA’s studied in Lebanon, Japan, the Philippines, India, and Nigeria. “When people here in Rockford would ask: ‘Where in Europe are you going on your junior year abroad?’,,” Linda Jones, a Milliken student, reported, “and I’d say ‘Nigeria,’ they’d say: ‘Where is that?’”

Gail Hovey, a University of Colorado at Boulder student, admitted to heading for an atlas herself when asked if she would like to study in Beirut. Before leaving the U.S., each student met with Margaret and the others going either East or West for orientation in New York or San Francisco. She talked with them about “their freedom as Christian students in a setting of responsibility.” Each session concluded with a circle of prayer and receipt of a WSCF cross, for decades the sign of affiliation with the World Student Christian Federation recognizable around the world.

Dominating the comments made by FIs about their JYA experience in their interviews were those about friendships, particularly with roommates or people they met in the dormitory. Joedd Miller had roommates from Nepal and Kenya while a JYA in India. The Nepalese student, Johnny Rana, then came to the United States to study at

45 Gail Hovey, interview by the author, Haverstraw, NY, October 15, 2009.
46 Flory, From Past to Future: Experiments in Global Bridging, 172.
Parsons College in Iowa with him. Linda Jones’ roommate in Nigeria was “a tall Igbo actress” who was still prominent when Linda was interviewed in 2009. Often, roommates and other locally-based friends invited JYAs to go home with them for holidays. Sue Bennett was invited to a roommate’s home on Basilan Island (best known in recent years as the territory of Islamic militants) for a very different experience than that of Christmas back home in Pittsburgh:

The poinsettias were large bushes blooming beautifully and the sky was filled with stars at night on Basilan—a Christmas setting that amazed me. We watched as the local Badjao people danced around a fire in the dark and received little gifts from my roommate’s father.

But what JYAs learned from their friends often went well beyond superficial cultural differences. Sandra Boston, a Goucher student and a JYA in Beirut, Lebanon in 1960-61, had a Syrian roommate, Iktimal, who taught her what it meant to be caught between two worlds, traditional and modern. The relationship had a profound effect on Sandra and her studies:

I was very interested in studying transitional societies. We studied, what are the traits of traditional societies or the traits of modern societies, and then there are these people caught in the middle. She [Iktimal] was from a very traditional village in Syria, and she was a transitional human being. She had had a western education; she was fluent in English; she had dated a Palestinian for the whole time she had been at AUB [American University at Beirut]; she wore her hair piled on top of her head in a French style, and mini-skirts and tons of eye makeup; and she had been betrothed, when she was like six years old, to some man who was waiting for her to finish her university and come back to the village and marry him. So that overshadowed our whole year, just watching her, both going out in this modern city and acting like a modern woman, and then having this sort of hanging over her. She finished her academic work at the end of the first

48 Sue Bennett, interview by the author, Davis, CA, November 12, 2009.
semester and she simply didn't tell her parents, because they didn't read English, so she stayed for a second semester.  

Friends were also a window into the politics of a particular time and place. The complexity of the regional situation in Lebanon, for instance, revealed itself to Gail Hovey through her friendships. In addition to a Jordanian roommate, 

One of my friends was Druze, and this one was the Shia girl who was the first one in her village to come to school, and my friends were Sunni Muslims and there were Lebanese Christians who refused to say they were Arabs, they were really descendants of the Phoenicians...of course the Muslim girls really loved it when they said that...it was just such an amazingly opening, complicating experience.

For University of Oklahoma student Jerry Dusenbury, who was a JYA at the International Christian University in Tokyo, Japan in 1959-1960, the tense political situation there directly involved the United States trying to get a security agreement signed with Japan that would give them the right to establish and use military bases for other than the defense of Japan. Students he met in the dormitories and people across Japan were strongly opposed to this. Demonstrations some of them participated in at the airport forced the cancellation of a visit by President Eisenhower. “It heightened my sense of the complexity of the world,” he said. “I came back here really confused.”

Bill Minter, a JYA in Nigeria in 1961-1962, was already aware and critical of American foreign policy before he participated. The Bay of Pigs had already happened. He knew about the CIA. The gloss of any Kennedy idealism was gone for him. While he was there, he participated in an anti-US demonstration on the anniversary of the killing of

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49 Sandra Boston, interview by the author, Greenfield, MA, November 13, 2009.
50 Gail Hovey, October 15, 2009.
[Patrice] Lumumba. Bola Ige was his advisor. But it was the experience of a friend there that introduced him to Portuguese colonialism.

[He] was a black South African studying library science who had arrived there quite a few months late although he had a British Council scholarship. He had taken a ship from Cape Town to go up to Lagos and the ship had stopped in Angola and Rwanda shortly after February ’61. The Portuguese dealing with rebellion and suspecting foreign Africans, arrested him [and] shipped him off to Lisbon where he spent a number of months in solitary confinement. He only got out because once he was moved into the general prison population he got a letter smuggled out to the British Embassy in Lisbon saying he was their scholarship student. So he arrived for his scholarship about six months late. 52

There were also opportunities to explore the religious expressions in particular places in enticing and broadening ways. Davidson College student Henry Bucher and Macalester College student Kathy Huenemann were both at AUB (at different times) but both got interested in the religious life they found there. Kathy visited an Orthodox church across the street from the campus several times. “I started becoming aware that there was a whole other world of Christianity,” she said, but she also felt constrained by the tight Protestant circle she was in at the hostel where she lived. Henry tried to visit a different Christian church almost every Sunday and also visited the one synagogue. Sometimes, he and several of his friends would split the cost of taking a taxi to Jerusalem for the weekend. “I learned a lot about Christianity just by being there,” he said. He decided not to return to Davidson and instead to stay and graduate from there. 53

After their junior year abroad, JYA’s themselves saw the global disengagement of Americans that Margaret Flory had seen after her return from Asia and that had prompted her to design the program. They were too young to have experienced the intense engagement of the American mainline Protestant churches with the issue of world order during World War II and the retreat after the onset of the Cold War. What they knew is what they saw: students elsewhere were very serious about their world and very involved in it in a way that American students were not. Gail Hovey described how her classmates in Beirut, “could articulate with a great deal of clarity and passion why it was wrong that the state [of Israel] had ever been established……they were so much more sophisticated politically than I or my classmates at Boulder were. They were serious because their lives had forced them to be serious.”

Back at Muskingum College in 1961 for his senior year after his JYA year in Lebanon, Bruce Boston, like most of the other JYAs, found that nobody knew or cared about the people and places he had come to know and care about so passionately. “I was dreadfully disappointed,” he remembered. “My classmates had their own lives to lead; they were learning how to do the “Twist,” and so forth. My efforts to engage them in my newly acquired concerns about international issues, or to get them thinking about the Palestinian problem and U.S. Middle East policy, all met with deaf ears and a blank stare. They were much more interested in having a good time.”

That, of course, changed as the ‘Sixties progressed.

54 Gail Hovey, October 15, 2009.
55 Bruce O. Boston, interview by the author, Reston, VA, July 28, 2009.
Sandra Boston had to go before a committee at Goucher when she returned in 1961 and argue why they should take her back. What she had experienced as a JYA was so foreign to their experience they did not have a way to understand its educational value. Today Sandra, herself an educator, believes Margaret had transformation at the core of her programming. Sending young people to non-western countries confronted them with what they did not know and got rid of the assumption that "I have something to teach you," encouraging instead an attitude that "I have something to learn from you."

Margaret’s faith, as she understood it, was engagement mattered. If students engaged as they would with the people they met in these places—in the openness, the forgiveness, and the humility of it—the Gospel would be experienced in a whole new way and that that would change them.\(^{56}\) It was an approach that often worked. “Because of that year, I could no longer take for granted anything that I had taken for granted,” said Gail Hovey, expressing a sentiment common to almost all of the JYAs who later became FIs. “It was....truly a life-changing experience.”\(^{57}\)

The 17th and 18th SVM Quadrennials

For most people, this section title probably reads like a code for something. Quadrennial? SVM? 17th? 18th? And, in a sense, it is, written in a shorthand invented by and for people inside the Student Christian world in the United States. SVM stands for Student Volunteer Movement, which began in the late 1880s as the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions and the missionary arm of the YMCA, YWCA, and the

\(^{56}\) Sandra Boston, November 13, 2009.

\(^{57}\) Gail Hovey, October 15, 2009.
Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance. It never itself sent missionaries anywhere; rather, it recruited missionaries for other established mission boards. During its first nationwide meeting in 1891, the SVM adopted the watchword, “Evangelization of the World in This Generation,” a goal that inspired thousands of young people to answer the call and become foreign missionaries. The watchword and the initial over-confidence fell away after World War I as consciousness about the confusion of Christ and culture increased. Hundreds of international students present at the SVM Quadrennial in 1919 in Des Moines, Iowa, protested the abandonment of promises of self-determination made to colonial peoples by President Woodrow Wilson in the Treaty of Versailles. Complicity of Americans in perpetuating patterns of domination and oppression was made clear to American Christian students there as it had been not before. Enthusiasm for the older forms of “foreign missions” fell away, and the SVM as an organization shrank in size, budget, and influence, but the Quadrennials had continued.

The committees that organized the 17th Quadrennial in 1955 and the 18th Quadrennial in 1959 were both chaired by Margaret Flory. Both were held in Athens, Ohio, the place that Margaret and her students had desegregated in the early 1940s. L. Newton Thurber, then the General Secretary of the SVM, told Barbara Roche in a 1982 interview that these two quadrennials would probably not have happened if Margaret had not stepped forward with new ideas and some funding from the Presbyterian Church. The

59 Ibid., 104.
new title was the Ecumenical Student Conference on the Christian World Mission. Its purpose was to get American and international students to engage collectively with their shared responsibility, as Christians, for the mission of the church. Its goal was to get students excited about it.60

None of the FIs attended the 1955 Quadrennial since very few were even old enough, but its structure and program prefigured the one in 1959 that some of them did attend. The most dramatic and important change Margaret introduced was to require groups registering to meet a quota of 50% international students. When those not preregistered were added to the total, more than thirty-five hundred students attended and about 40% were international. The Christian Century reported that “[a]t Athens there was no audience in which internationality could be dissipated. This was a meeting of Christians from more than eighty countries representing about sixty Protestant and Orthodox denominations, which happened to be held in the United States. Ecumenicity, undiluted.”61

The theme of the 1955 conference, suggested by her friend, WSCF General Secretary Philippe Maury, was “Revolution and Reconciliation.” The “revolution” referred to was that by the two-thirds of the world colonized or otherwise dominated by Western empires. The study books, issued a year in advance for student study in their campus groups, were M. Richard Shaull’s Encounter with Revolution, M.M. Thomas and

Paul E. Converse’s *Revolution and Redemption*, and a book Keith R. Bridston edited, *Shock and Renewal*. They all explored this theme, as did the Bible studies and platform speakers. It was reported in *Christian Century* that,

The repeated picture was one that made dreadful yet radiant sense in biblical perspective. Nations for which Christians have been responsible have dominated and exploited, carved up, stripped and subjugated other peoples. Where we have moderated it has been to our gain. Occasional correction was reluctant, niggardly. Now those other nations won’t take it any longer.\(^62\)

Repeatedly, warnings were given that if the dominant Western powers did not work affirmatively for a just new order, people in these countries would turn to Communism. Stressing the universal nature of the church, speakers suggested that the role of all Christians was to move out into the world to break down the barriers of race, ethnicity, and class and to reconcile people to each other and to God. *This is what was presented as every* Christian’s mission to further Christ’s vision of peace and justice for all people.\(^63\)

What remained Margaret Flory’s most precious memory from this quadrennial was that over eight hundred Asian student Christians attended and that on New Year’s eve, the Japanese and Korean students, from nations that had been trapped in generations of war and hatred, held a service of reconciliation together in the chapel and came out arm in arm. It seemed to her to be a sign.\(^64\)

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\(^62\) Ibid., 71.
Not long after the 17th Quadrennial, the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions which housed Margaret’s department became the Commission of Ecumenical Relations and Mission (COEMAR) run collaboratively by the Board staff and the heads of the sixteen overseas churches that began as Presbyterian mission churches but were taken over by native Christian leaders. By the time the gathering of international Presbyterian leaders who shaped this transition, including Margaret Flory, ended, “we were a family,” wrote John Coventry Smith, the Board’s head, many years later. “New York was no longer the center with outposts around the world. We each were centers in our own right and part of the whole body of Christ.” The name was meant to convey that relations with sister churches and joint mission with them belonged together. People who participated were among those who later hosted Frontier Interns. Although almost all of Margaret Flory’s work with the World Student Christian Federation (WSCF) was ecumenical, it is significant that her own perspective on that work was so synchronous with that of her own denomination and employer. Later, after a 1973 restructuring, that changed and COEMAR was eliminated, but just a few years before the Frontier Intern program was created, there was general agreement among Presbyterians that solid, cross-border relationships were the proper foundation for and context of mission.

The 18th Quadrennial took place in Athens four years later over the Christmas break at the end of 1959. Again, quotas of international students had to be filled in order to have a registration accepted. Over 3,600 students attended; approximately one-third

65 Smith, From Colonialism to World Community: The Church’s Pilgrimage, 169.
were international students. This time the theme was “Inquiry and Involvement on Strategic Frontiers.” As Dana L. Robert noted in her history of the idea of mission frontiers, it became a way of re-conceptualizing mission that was not geographical. The frontier was basically everywhere.\textsuperscript{66} In the ecumenical era, as Keith Bridston wrote in one of the 1955 study books, “the real frontiers exist wherever the gospel confronts the world.”\textsuperscript{67} Prior to the 1959 Quadrennial, a team of seminary students from Princeton, Union, and Yale met to define those frontiers for the conference. They were: (1) technological upheaval; (2) racial tensions; (3) new nationalism; (4) militant non-Christian faiths; (5) modern secularism; (6) responsibility for statesmanship; (7) the university world; (8) displaced, rejected and uprooted peoples; and (9) communism. The conference presentations and discussions were organized by these frontiers. Philippe Maury’s \textit{Politics and Evangelism} and Charles West’s \textit{Outside the Camp} were the study books issued for campus discussion in advance of the conference. Both supported the idea of taking the Gospel into the world, even the messy world of politics.

Marian McCaa Thomas was a junior at Oberlin that year and active in the YWCA. As soon as she heard about the Quadrennial, she decided to go. She was unhappy with the church’s historic approach to mission based on the hymns of the church. "I was always involved in music" she said, "and the idea that we were going to enlighten the poor blighted natives….it was so paternalistic. Having met people from

other cultures, and been in other cultures, I knew this was not a good approach. I loved the church, though, and I wanted to be part of it, but I wanted to be proud of the way it was living its life. So I was interested in changing the patterns of mission.” The conference changed her life. It was intense; the sessions went from early in the morning until late at night. She had roommates from Japan and the Philippines and found getting to know them exciting. The mix of students from all over the world at all the sessions was also exciting. The main speakers—Martin Luther King, Jr., and Bola Ige, the Nigerian SCM leader—inspired her. Then, at the end of the day, there were dozens of fireside conversations, and students got to pick something that really interested them. Marian went to one on the Christian art of other cultures, and met an Indian artist, Frank Wesley, whose work she still very much admires. It broadened her whole outlook on how Christians in other cultures express their faith.68

Dwain Epps was a senior and president of the Westminster Fellowship at Oregon State that year where the campus minister and assistant minister were European-trained theologians. He was spending all his extra time there reading, talking, and playing chess with them. They introduced him to classical music that year. They also suggested that he go to the Quadrennial. He was the only Oregon State student to go but there was a train chartered for the region. It was the first time he had ever been out of Oregon. “It was incredibly exciting,” he remembered.

One evening, students from Ghana led us in a celebration of the Ghanaian independence. Other Africans were also celebrating their anticipated

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independence. There were all kinds of talks and events and seminars. A fellow by
the name of Harry Daniel who was the head of the SCM in India at that time and
ultimately played many different ecumenical roles, was invited by Margaret to do
a reflection at the end of every day. He sat up on the stage….a dark stage with a
desk and a little lamp and he brilliantly summarized not only what had happened
during the day but the import of it from a theological perspective.  

Dwain also met some of the people involved in the Student Non-Violent Coordinating
Committee (SNCC) and watched while they dialogued with Harry Daniel about Gandhi
and non-violence. Only a few months later, after graduation, he was assigned to an Air
Force base in Biloxi, Mississippi, where he spent the next three years fulfilling his Air
Force ROTC obligation. Through his church there, he participated in the early civil rights
movement.

elmira Kendricks Nazombe was a freshman at Kent State that year. An African-
American and adored only child of a number of attentive adults in Cincinnati, she had
found a home away from home at the Wesley Foundation where Joe Brown Love, a
Southerner she found “very solid,” was the pastor. He encouraged her to attend the
Quadrennial. She went to Athens by herself on the bus. It was, she said, “a watershed
moment.” She found the idea of “frontiers” exciting and not only heard Martin Luther
King, Jr., and Bola Ige, but met Jim Lawson for the first time. The next year, she
remembered,

Jim Lawson came to our campus, and it's probably one of the most important
things that ever happened to me. For some reason we were able to invite him to
come have breakfast with us, this little group, mostly Wesley Foundation types.
So he came to our dorm, and he sat and had breakfast with us, and he talked about

being an agent of reconciliation. It stamped my life, and I have been doing it ever since.\textsuperscript{70}

Sandra Boston joined the chorus of the conference. On the closing day, a communion service was held. The choir was sitting on bleachers on the stage with a backdrop of a large cross. Groups came up across the stage and took communion, and then left and another group came up. She remembered that,

From where we were [sitting], we were looking at their faces. They were looking at this cross…about half an hour into this thing I started counting--twenty-three people at a time, 4000 people--I think we're gonna be here about four hours, and my first thought was, “Oh no,” and then…I surrendered into it, and I said, “I am seeing the universal church before my eyes.” I was in total celebration for four hours. Just bring them on, let me see the next batch, let me look into these faces from all over the world, all united. That just surprised me….I didn't plan that, I didn't even know I was stepping into it, but once I was in it, it changed me. It opened me, and the world was at my fingertips and my eyeballs, and it was a joyful time.\textsuperscript{71}

That summer, she departed for her JYA year in Beirut. Like conversion experiences, the stories from Athens have a certain narrative framework. It is very possible that there is a story like this for every one of the thousands of students who attended not only this conference but all the other SCM conferences in history.

Margaret Flory was not a theologian. Not unlike WSCF founder John Mott, she was a lay person and organizer who pulled together people and resources and made things happen. But she was constantly on the look out for people with new ideas who could speak meaningfully to a new generation. Richard Shaull, a young missionary in

\textsuperscript{70} elmira Kendricks Nazombe, interview by the author, New York, NY, October 16, 2009.
\textsuperscript{71} Sandra Boston, November 13, 2009.
Brazil when she first heard about him, became her theologian. She selected his book *Encounter with Revolution* for the 1955 Quadrennial and helped arrange its publication by the YMCA’s press. She gave him a prominent placement as a speaker at both the 1955 and 1959 Quadrennials. What impressed her were his ideas about the “world in revolution” based on his experiences in Brazil and with the Catholic worker priests there.

David Wiley, a FI who was close to both of them, saw Margaret’s project as identifying progressive African, Asian, and Latin American young Christians and theologians and pulling them together into communication and community to build a progressive partnership for just and peaceful change—within the church structures. Richard Shaull had a theologically robust vision of what that just and peaceful change needed to look like. “He wanted the churches, pastors, and members to identify with the struggles of the enslaved, the poor, the oppressed— a radical vision of Christianity quite consonant with the New Testament,” Wiley said. “In some ways he was the source of the FI experiment focusing on ‘Christians on the frontiers.’”72 This was a vision that students found really, really exciting. In the 1950s, he was also a strong anticommunist.

Richard Shaull was present at most of the Frontier Intern orientations and evaluation sessions through the 1960s. A number of the FIs studied with him at Princeton Theological where he was appointed a Professor of Ecumenics and Mission in 1962. In 1968 he became the chairman of the WSCF in a hotly contested race on a platform of advancing the revolution. After the American branch of the SCM folded in 1969 and the

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revolution collapsed in 1972, one FI, Bruce Boston, even moved with him and others who were keeping the faith to a commune in Reston, VA. It, too, collapsed. Given this history, it would be easy to argue that Richard Shaull was a Pied Piper who led the students off a cliff and that Margaret erred in promoting him and his ideas, but that would overlook a more substantive analysis of what they had right and what they had wrong.

The *Biographical Dictionary of Christian Missions* credits Richard Shaull with being “the principal Protestant forerunner of Latin American liberation theology.” The Latin American FI internships covered in Chapter Nine discuss how this developed over the course of the 1960s in greater depth. In the 1950s, however, not only Shaull, but all of the adults responsible for the Quadrennial programming were hampered by having only fragments of information about the emerging shape of the American empire. They wrongly assumed that the Age of Empire was over. Generally, they thought that the church and the nation shared an internationalist vision and that they could be allies in working for a more just world. In his introduction to *Encounter with Revolution*, Shaull stated with confidence that in response to a world in revolution, that “God is up to something in our world and that…our church and our nation are called to play a decisive role.”

Perhaps because he was still then based in Brazil, Richard Shaull seemed unaware in the 1950s that the Cold War commitment to the advance of “freedom” had nothing to do with advancing justice for the poor and oppressed, let alone self-determination for the

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Third World. Indeed, the fierce ideological competition between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. was between the self-styled American “empire of freedom” and the self-styled Soviet “empire of justice.”\(^7^4\) Furthermore, he did not seem to realize that the creation of a new national security structure in 1947 made decisions about national security the secret business of elites.\(^7^5\) It is highly unlikely that he and Margaret knew, for example, that the State Department decided in 1950 that: “[T]he security interests of the US at the present time will best be served by a policy of support for the Western Colonial Powers” or that one of the reasons for that support was to put American military bases in those places.\(^7^6\) Only gradually, as students dispersed through the world and networked, would they begin to piece together the shape of the emerging American-dominated world order themselves. Then they would be confronted with the question of what to do about it.

This gap between what, in advance of the Vietnam War, young people like the FIs thought American foreign policy was and why and what they discovered when they went to these places, was huge. How they discovered and responded to the truth about America’s unwanted covert and overt interventions in the affairs of other countries, then how others responded to them, particularly back home in the U.S., is central to the story I am telling here and will be probed in detail in Chapter Ten. But at the time the Frontier

Intern program began that truth was still hidden, a land-mine destined to explode as these young Christians dispersed throughout the world and made friends.

**The Frontier Internship in Mission Program**

Margaret Flory had been mulling over problems with the mission structure since her visit to Asia in 1948 and subsequent travel to other mission locations. This had given her a chance to talk to a number of young missionaries who felt that the traditional framework was out-of-date and was not fostering decision-making by indigenous church leaders. Her idea was to send young people on short-term experimental assignments with the freedom to explore new patterns of mission. Short-term mission assignments were not new. The Methodists had been sending missionaries for three-year terms for some time, although Margaret thought a two year term was long enough to do something interesting but not so long to drive away talented people who intended to pursue graduate studies when returning home. After returning home from the 18th Quadrennial, she came up with the idea of combining internships with service on the frontiers that had been the focus at Athens. The program proposal she developed was approved by COEMAR in March, 1960. The International Missionary Council and the WSCF approved it in July and August 1960. The major elements of the program most important to Margaret were the combination of study and action on a frontier important to their host or committee, that interns lived on the same economic level as others in the community, and that they

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held each other accountable by circulating regular reports. Wherever possible, interns should also learn the local language.\textsuperscript{78}

The name of the program highlights the organizing idea—frontiers of mission. The five-year evaluation focused in great detail on the assignment by frontiers. It summarized what the word “frontier” was intended to mean: “the raw edge of God’s judging, redeeming, renewing activity in the world. To this edge the church is called to witness, and around this edge the church discovers something of the shape of its life and fellowship.” In order to “discover, define, and respond to the many dimensions of these frontiers,” FIs should explore, experiment, and use the freedom in the context of reflection with the FI community. The FIs are reported to have found the frontier concept helpful in orienting their work and encouraging them to take risks and make mistakes, although some found it more useful than others.\textsuperscript{79} The ten-year evaluation report, however, admitted that there were inherent problems with the term. It was difficult to explain to people. Local hosts or committees did not find it helpful. Some interns experienced a lot of tension between an assumed anti-institutional bias in the idea of frontier, and the necessity of working with local institutions. Perhaps most seriously, interns reported that the word “frontier” meant different things outside of North America. It posed a particular problem in French-speaking areas where “frontier” is understood to


\textsuperscript{79} Ibid., 9.
mean “border,” as in the well-known INGO Médecins Sans Frontières, or Doctors Without Borders. But members of local committees surveyed as well as FIs still supported the openness and flexibility the FIM program allowed to define what the FI would do as opposed to a structured job assignment.80

Recent interviews with the Frontier Interns strongly suggests that this last conclusion was what almost all FIs were doing all the way along. Most people did not even remember what their assigned frontier was. What they did remember was working with people locally to figure out what made sense. John Moyer, a FI in Romania (1966-1968), told a funny and revealing story from his time there:

In Romania we stayed away from the Americans at the US Embassy. One night, though, we got invited to New Year’s Eve at the Embassy. What the hell! We’d get an orange. There were no oranges. There were no eggs. The food at the seminary was rotten. We’d go. We ended up about one in the morning … sitting with a military attaché learning to drink French seventy-fives which was champagne and cognac. And he said: “You know, I can’t figure you two out. There are four intelligence agencies that are watching you and they can’t figure you out!” ….

Big question number one: what are these people doing all over Eastern Europe? Number two: Christian Peace Conference is Communism. They must be Communists somehow or other. They couldn’t make that work. Then number three: our friends…the other Americans…we had a group…the anti-Vietnam War group. We met in the library—the USIS library at the Embassy. They hated us. The Ambassador hated us because of that. But he couldn’t do anything. We got a letter from Bobby Kennedy! “Keep up the good work!”

So you have these seven Americans—three of them are spying on the rest of us….

Our focus was not on the Cold War. That was a given. You lived there and you were in it. But we had a task to do…a positive task to do which was to generate some ecumenical initiatives. Inter-church relations, at least. ….

If foreign intelligence services couldn’t figure it out….it was Margaret, you know! Figure it out. Write back once in awhile!\(^8\)

This FI assignment was not on any of the established frontiers. It was created because of the availability of fellowships sponsored by the Romanian Orthodox church for students to spend time in a seminary there, an opportunity that Margaret seized on because of the interest of the ecumenical community outside of Eastern Europe in developing relationships with Christians there. The WSCF had a historic interest in Eastern Orthodoxy dating back at least to the meeting of the General Conference in Constantinople in 1911, but had been frustrated in further developing those relationships by the Cold War. This was an organic link created at the intersection of long-standing networks. This story also gives a sense of the freedom of motion FIs had to work something out. Finally, it gives a glimpse into how suspicious this looked to a lot of people, not just foreign intelligence service officers, in a spy vs. spy world. Trust, in some situations, was hard to come by. All of this was known and predictable in advance, but the bottom line was that even in tense, confusing, or even dangerous situations, Margaret was willing to let FIs give it a try. She also neither defined, not expected, “success.” In FIM terms, that was a meaningless concept. Jack Hawley (Jerusalem, 1966-1968) summarized the operational reality of Margaret and the FI program well.

\(^8\) John Moyer, April 10, 2010.
Margaret was a person of great imagination and the imagination just stood out in her. You could see that for all of her social commitments what really interested her about this program was the formlessness of it and the fact that people had to make it up as they went along! ...[T]here was no feeling of a program coming from her if you didn’t achieve what even you yourself might have imagined to be a certain Frontier Intern norm. The whole point of it really was to try to let that go.  

I visited Margaret, who was then 94 and nearly blind, after I had completed about three-quarters of the interviews to share with her some of what I learned. I told her one man had greeted me with the morose comment: “I was a failed FI.” What he meant was that in John Moyer’s terms that he had never “figured it out,” that nothing he had tried to put together had gotten traction. Not irrelevant to his problem was that his host, while kind and well-meaning, was very busy and had given him very little time. Margaret listened carefully, then closed her eyes and thought about what I had said for a few minutes. “Yes, I visited him,” she recalled. “I knew he was miserable and that nothing was really working, but sometimes that happened. I was leaving the next morning and there was nothing I could do.” In fact, there were quite a few internships, particularly during the revolutionary years of 1968 and after, that never quite got off the ground. But there were also internships that spun off into unpredictable, but very fruitful directions and the openness and flexibility of the program gave FIs the freedom to follow them.

Mark Juergensmeyer, a FI in India from 1965-1967, ended up setting up a Peace Corps of

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82 Hawley, Jack, interview by the author, New York, Boston, February 1 & 12, 2010.
sorts for the Gandhians and pairing them with American Peace Corps workers to run a work-for-food famine relief program. And Margaret thought that was just wonderful.

In later chapters we will look at this and many of the other internships more closely, but here it is important to establish that Margaret’s “native framework”—creating programs that would foster cross-cultural relationships and build “living links” or “invisible bridges” across chasms of difference—was fundamentally what informed the program and unleashed the creativity of the Frontier Interns. She commented, perhaps somewhat defensively, that missionary assignments have always been based on charisms—special talents that can be used in special ways in a particular place. The evidence from the interviews is very strong that Margaret tried as best she could to make “matches” between individual FIs and their host committees, sometimes based on deep knowledge of the persons involved, but just as often based on hunches. “We used to joke with Margaret that she was sending people off to someone who she just met an elevator at the World Council of Churches and she had a passionate seven minute conversation and then people were moving across the earth on very slender threads,” said Teddy Robertson, a FI in Poland from 1971-1973. “But her confidence and young people’s enthusiasm was an unbeatable combination.” Teddy’s own internship assignment to an important Catholic lay intellectual Halina Bortnowska was one of those. Halina shared

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84 Margaret Flory, October 13, 2009.
Margaret’s creative and adventurous spirit and embraced the idea. The match worked.\textsuperscript{85}

At the end of the day, the Frontier Internship program was deeply personal.

The second tenet of the program was variously called economic discipline or subsistence living. It meant the FI should live in the same kind of places and at the same level as the people he or she was working with. There were local missionaries on every continent who were horrified, and often outraged, at this. In just one particularly pointed example, a local Scottish missionary told Larry Miller, a FI in Kenya in 1961-1963, that he should not board with his African host’s family because “a headmaster would never move to a room with one of his students.”\textsuperscript{86} Getting rid of those kinds of attitudes as well as any signs of status differential was believed to be important to making mutuality in relationships possible. But it was left to each FI to figure out how to do that in their situation. The most problematic question was whether or not to have servants.

Most of the FIs interviewed had understood Margaret to say that they should never have servants and back in the US, at orientation, probably all of the FIs would have agreed. Once ensconced in their FI location, many came to see that the issue was not as clear-cut as it seemed. Eileen Hanson-Kelly, a FI at University of Abidjan, a university in the Ivory Coast (Côte d’Ivoire) in 1965-67, recalled that “most of the students there had a “boy” who was an adult, of course, but sometimes someone from their home village. “I was very scornful of this at first but then I began to realize that actually these students had some kind of stipends and they were sharing that and spreading that around and

\textsuperscript{85} Theodosia (Teddy) Robertson, interview by the author, Flint, MI, Nov. 6, 2008.
\textsuperscript{86} Larry Miller, interview by the author, Easthampton, N.J., October 17, 2009.
actually providing employment for people,” she said.\textsuperscript{87} Some FIs were criticized by local people for not doing that.

The FIs themselves who ended up for one reason or another living in a household with servants often found them invaluable, not because of the chores they did but because of the entré into the local culture that they provided. Larry Miller lived with an English farmer’s son for six months until the Scottish missionaries forgot about him, and while he was there that man’s cook taught him Swahili. Similarly, Susan Dinklage Muter, a FI in Hong Kong from 1965-1967, roomed with a New Zealand missionary while studying Cantonese right after her arrival. That woman’s servant helped her practice her Cantonese then once she was competent found a local family she could room with for the rest of her internship.\textsuperscript{88} Mary Kuhns, a FI in the Philippines in 1966-1968, ended up house-sitting for a missionary family on sabbatical which meant inheriting their servants. “That’s when I really began to get to know the culture, because I was living with Filipinos,” she said. They and their families became her friends. “New York had said ‘No,’” we could not have cooks or helpers, and that was a big mistake.”\textsuperscript{89}

Some FIs understood the “no servants” declaration in less absolute terms. The task for the FI, they believed, was to figure out how having or not having a servant and other decisions they made about their lifestyle was going to affect how they fit into the local community. Martha and Gurdon Brewster, FIs assigned to Madras Christian

\textsuperscript{87} Eileen Hanson-Kelly, interview by the author, Salisbury, NC environs, April 15, 2009.
\textsuperscript{88} Susan Dinklage Muter, interview by the author, Horsehead, NY, June 24, 2009.
\textsuperscript{89} Mary Kuhns, interview by the author, Santa Fe, NM, May 6, 2009.
College in India from 1962-1964, watched what happened when three young Fulbright scholars did not attend to that question. Each of them had stipends larger than the salary of Chandrann Devanesen, the Indian Principal of the college. Then they hired a cook and paid him a lot more than the other cooks in the community, and generated so much hostility and disruption that they were forced to leave after three months. Because of their ignorance they were terribly disrespected, Martha remembered. The point was to figure out how to fit in. Gurdon remembered a local missionary being an example of what not to do.

[He] lived on a compound with a wall around the compound. On top of the wall were chips of glass bottles that were broken and all around the compound were these glass chips, so that nobody could climb the wall and get over and invade him. We had a house without a lock on the door and no screens, and I guess we could close our windows, but there weren't any panes of glass, just boards like shutters. We had mosquito nets at night.  

Gurdon and Martha had salaries similar to lecturers, the lowest level of faculty, yet even on that very low salary were able to employ an elderly cook and a young boy to do the shopping and believed they should do that because that is what low-wage Indians like themselves did. Totally immersing oneself in the local community, learning those kinds of things, and being aware that how one responded closed the cultural gaps or made them larger was part of the task of being a FI, they believed.

Over half the FIs, however, were not assigned to colleges or universities. Almost ten percent, for instance, were working in slums or squatter settlements with people on

90 Gurdon and Martha Brewster, interview by the author, Newfield, NY, June 24, 2009.
91 Ibid.
the margins. Fitting in to those communities required adopting lifestyles quite different from what they were used to, but doing so changed people’s hearts and understanding.

Mary Lu Kaiser and her husband Dayl were FIs in the Philippines in 1966-69, the second eighteen months working in the slums in Manila.

I didn't have a maid. I did my laundry the same as the women next door. I'd go out on my balcony and yell to them 'Danoom! Danoom!', and they'd turn off the water downstairs for a minute so I could have some upstairs. When we had a typhoon and there was no water, I went with the maids down to the spring and carried water back on my head. I mean, talk about getting stared at, but I am so grateful for that, you know. Yet, here is this family, this wealthy doctor in this house next door. We lived in an apartment, but they had maids who did everything for the whole house, and yet their apartment in that house was in the basement crawl space. I went down and visited with her. … they had hollowed out areas for the bedroom. I thought "you have this beautiful house up there, with five daughters and a son and wealth all over the place, and yet this is what you're letting your people who are waiting on you do"— and that was a Filipino family.92

Mary Lu was inspired by a missionary friend when she went to visit her in a squatter area and discovered she and her husband were living in a packing crate. After that woman had twins at the Manila Maternity Hospital, Mary Lu visited her and discovered rows and rows of beds that looked like concrete slabs, all occupied by women with new babies. It was quite different than the regular hospital in Manila.

Some FIs ended up in situations initially well below any reasonable definition of “subsistence” and even where they were barely able to survive. Kay and Glen Woike, FIs in Kenya in 1968-1970, were assigned to a remote area of the country with no transportation and no obvious way to get food. Eventually, neighbors took them under their wing and instructed them how to place orders for food that would later be delivered.

92 Mary Lu and Dayl Kaiser, interview by the author, Bethany, OK, May 1, 2009.
Chuck and Teddy Robertson were almost destitute their first six months as FIs in Poland in 1971 because administrative problems prevented their stipend from reaching them. Chuck recalled:

We didn't have enough money to live on. We had to sell our clothing. I mean we'd go to the *tandeta*, which is like a flea market outside of Krakow, and people would think they'd seen western tourists there before as buyers, but they hadn't seen any Westerners putting down a blanket and laying out their stuff. …Halina introduced us to Marek & Zosia, and they had us over one night a week for dinner to keep us fed!\(^{93}\)

And sometimes, the allotted stipend was more than a FI needed. Larry Cox, a FI working with AWOL American soldiers in Paris in 1967-1969 used his stipend to pay for a “crash pad,” as they were then called, to house all the unemployed people who were also doing this work.\(^{94}\) David Cadman, a FI in Tanzania in 1972-1974, lived on a cooperative farm when he was in Moshi and turned his stipend over to them to use for projects.\(^{95}\) The solutions FI’s settled on were as varied as their freedom made possible. Eventually, everyone figured out what made sense in his/her situation.

The third tenet of the Frontier Intern program was language acquisition for those FIs headed to places that spoke a language other than English. Some interns entered the program with foreign language proficiency. Most did not. Margaret Flory’s office attempted to find the right language courses for everyone who needed them, but this, too,

\(^{93}\) Chuck Robertson, interview by the author, Los Angeles, CA, May 11, 2009.
\(^{94}\) Larry Cox, interview by the author, New York, NY, October 16, 2009.
\(^{95}\) David Cadman, interview by the author, Vancouver, B.C. (by telephone), Feb. 22, 2010.
was an area where results varied. Some languages were easier than others and some FIs were better at learning them. More than a few FIs would join the Amen chorus for David Jones’ remark that trying to learn a foreign language, in his case Korean, “was like a scrambler got planted in my head…..I could memorize the vocabulary but I would hear it put in a sentence and it made no sense. It was a humbling experience that was very hard.”

But most languages are not as difficult as Korean and several months of training was generally enough for FIs to learn enough to get around on their own fairly well and to continue to build their skills through social interaction. After four months of intensive language training, George Taylor said he had a “street understanding” of Italian. “Even with the rudimentary Italian I had it was much better than having no Italian and I was respected more by my Italian colleagues, many of whom did not speak much English so they said: ‘Hey, he’s making an effort to learn the language.’ That helps me relate to him.”

There were at the time a number of established programs for teaching foreign languages. Yale had a well-known program in Far Eastern languages that a number of FIs attended in New Haven. Another FI attended the Yale in China language program in Hong Kong. Deborah and Phil McKean, FIs in Indonesia in 1962-1964, had a great time in a program in Indonesian at Cornell where they bonded with their classmates, a diverse bunch that included CIA and State Department people, missionaries, and military personnel. Henry Bucher, a FI in Gabon in 1962-1964, learned French with an African

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96 Linda and David Jones, June 3, 2009.
97 George Taylor, interview by the author, Victoria, B.C., May 28, 2009.
accent at the Cité Universitaire, while living in the African Pavilion and meeting some students from the area that he was going to. Eileen Hanson-Kelly, a FI in 1966-1968, studied at a language school in Cameroon that the United Nations had established so African elites could learn each other’s languages.

Lots of FIs headed to Spanish-speaking countries spent several months in Cuernavaca at what was called CIDOC (Centro Intercultural de Documentacion, the Center for Intercultural Documentation). The time there became an important part of the FI experience. Dick Martin was fluent in Spanish and had just gotten a graduate degree in Spanish Literature, but his new wife Aimee had no Spanish at all, so they went to Cuernavaca, too, before heading to their internship in Colombia. “Ivan Illich was this Austrian monsignor who liked to tweak the Vatican and so he …used these language classes to generate funds for the political work he was doing,” Dick recalled. “[I]t was all these young missionary types who were down there. It was really good language instruction. … It was conversational. Two people in a class. So the language training was first rate, but then Illich and all these radical priests had all this stuff going on—seminars and things—that you could go to if you wanted to.”98 Aimee and Dick and the other FIs who spent time there met amazing people, including Paulo Friere, and had great experiences. Carol Clary (Uruguay, 1970-1973) took a seminar with Paulo Friere that only had six people in it!

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98 Aimee and Dick Martin, interview by the author, Vienna, VA, October 12, 2010.
FIs said their most intense language learning came from being immersed with people speaking it, or with people expecting them to speak it. Ron Thomas, a FI in Yugoslavia in 1969-1971, spent the first six weeks at the Institut za Strane Jezike—the Institute for Foreign Languages—in Belgrade...."but mostly I learned it in the kafanas, the cafes, talking with young Yugoslavs talking, drinking, debating late into the nights."99

Bill Minter and Ruth Brandon had a summer of Portuguese in New York—supposedly the equivalent of a three-semester course—and when they arrived in Tanzania on a Thursday were told they would start teaching—in Portuguese—on Monday.100 Ruth explained their support system:

Fortunately there was there a white Mozambican whose native language was Portuguese who later became rector of the University of Independent Mozambique, but he was our continuing Portuguese teacher. We would prepare in writing what we thought we were going to say to the students, and he would correct it. For probably at least six months he corrected both of our lessons, and we probably went six months not understanding the questions that students were asking, but we got into it. We learned on the job, and the vocabulary that we needed, we learned.101

Bruce Boston recalled that when they arrived in Balaka, a little town in the Central Region of Malawi, they stayed with Rev. Andrew Ross and his wife Joyce, and their two boys, Gavin and Malcolm, both to get some language tutoring and to get acquainted with the churches.102

100 Bill Minter, July 27, 2009.
101 Ruth Brandon, interview by the author, Bellbrook, OH, June 8, 2009.
102 Andrew Ross is the author of an important recent book on political church action in Malawi. See: Andrew C. Ross, Colonialism to Cabinet Crisis : A Political History of Malawi. (Zomba, Malawi: Kachere Series, 2009).
Every Sunday for at least a month, Andy would schlep us around to one or two villages. In rural Africa, church is an all-day affair. … Part of these proceedings was that both Sandy and I were required to stand up and give a speech to all assembled, telling about ourselves, where we had come from, why we were in Malawi, and what we hoped to accomplish there—all in Cinyanja! Andy insisted on it. It took us just about the whole week to put together a little talk of about five minutes. I remember fondly Bambo Pembeleka, a much beloved African minister, who had adopted the practice that, once you greeted him in Cinyanja, he never spoke English to you again—ever.  

There were also cases where FIs learned a language no one actually spoke. In Africa and Southeast Asia, in particular, there were dozens of local languages. Ironically, where a colonial language, like English, had been learned by everyone as a second language, that often had become the lingua franca. That was the case in Kenya when Theresa Miller was there in the early 1960s. “We had classes in Swahili, …[but] Kenya has thirty plus tribes and each has it’s own language. Many did not know Swahili. Then the Asians….they spoke Hindi and Gujarat. And being an English colony before independence, more people spoke English than spoke Swahili.” Mandarin turned out to be nearly useless in Taiwan. For Ruth Anne Olson in Zamboanga in the Philippines in 1962-1964, having learned the wrong language was a major problem and was never really resolved.

The relationships with women were just never any good because they spoke no English. Wherever we went they spoke different dialects. The labor federation was based in Zamboanga City but it has locals all over the island of Mindanao so we did a lot of travel and we would sometimes stay in workers homes…. but the language in each of those locations was different one from the other. Among the

103 Bruce O. Boston, July 28, 2009.
105 David Barnes, interview by the author, Cypress, TX, April 28, 2009.
106 Ruth Anne Olson, interview by the author, Minneapolis, MN, June 2, 2009.
men there was a kind of mixture that the men could use to communicate with each other, sometimes with English thrown in, but there was no way for me to communicate with the women.\(^{107}\)

But when the language training really worked, it made a remarkable difference. As David Jones discovered, Korean is a very difficult language to learn, but Marian McCaa Thomas thinks her extensive musical training helped her. Between the training she got at the Yale program before she left the U.S. and the Yonsei program after she arrived, she finished the equivalent of two years of Korean language study.

What I could do then was I could move around in the society, I could ride buses, I could go shopping, I could meet new people, and the impact of that ability on the Koreans was just….I can't stress it enough. They were battered by the war. Their peninsula--they always had the feeling that people were trampling over them to get somewhere else. They had this victim mentality, and to have somebody come in and live on the economy, live in a Korean house, go to a Korean school, join a Korean church and choir, and be able to speak some of the language--I mean, I was about the level of a twelve year old. I couldn't attend lectures in Korean language, I wasn't that advanced, but I could function-- and that meant more than anything else. That opened so many doors.\(^{108}\)

The fourth tenet of the FIM program was study. Study, usually coupled with service, had a long history in the WSCF. From the earliest days at the turn of the 20\(^{th}\) century, leader John Mott took trunk loads of books with him when he sailed around the world organizing and connecting with local SCMs, then he would share his recommendations with the Federation community. Margaret continued the tradition by sending each incoming class of FIs an extensive bibliography. Often, she also sent assigned reading and that became the jumping off point for group discussions during

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\(^{107}\) Ibid.

\(^{108}\) Marian McCaa Thomas, May 2, 2009.
orientation. One of the points Margaret seems to have stressed at all the orientations was that the foundation for all other study and understanding of a local situation was reading the local newspapers.

After the orientation, Margaret also tried to arrange for each FI to learn things relevant to his/her assignment. Sometimes that learning was formal and came from being part of a standard course or seminar. Area studies at Columbia was one arena of study that she selected for some FIs although the value of that differed depending on what scholars actually knew about particular places at the time. John Moyer did area studies—Eastern Europe—at Columbia. “Nobody knew anything,” he recalled. “It was this fantasy world: ‘There is no religion in Eastern Europe.’ And anti-communism, which we later learned is our biggest religion in the US. So we were pretty well-prepared given that there was very little information. We met everybody we could find that we’d heard about that knew anything.”

And in fact, that latter approach—talking to people—was the one that yielded the best results for most FIs. Margaret gave them lists of names of people she knew who had some experience in the place they were going or the frontier they were supposed to be on, then arranged for them to stop and talk to these people, or see related institutions or projects, en route. Bob Hillenbrand and Mary Kuhns were headed to Southern Christian College in Midsayap, Cotabato Province in the Philippines, a place that awarded two-year and four-year degrees in agriculture. Margaret not only sent them to the Asian Studies Program at University of Chicago, but also to a state agricultural

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college, the Georgia Coastal Plains Research Center on the coast of Georgia, as well as a university with an agricultural college in Taiwan on their way.\textsuperscript{110} The sheer number of resource people and projects that Margaret knew about—the “living links” in her global ecumenical system—and referred FIs to is staggering and seemingly just the tip of a very large iceberg that constituted the global ecumenical community which she was able to access on their behalf.

Once on site in their internships, the role played by study varied quite a bit. The majority of FIs who had access to local newspapers read them and agreed with Margaret about the value of what they found there. Access to other study materials, however, differed depending on the internship location, although Margaret’s office arranged magazine subscriptions for interns and sometimes also sent them books. This was particularly valued by those interns in remote locations who did not even have a local newspaper. At the other extreme, a number of FIs working on the frontier “university world” were enrolled in universities as students and study was integral to their service. Marylee Crofts, a FI in Southern Rhodesia in 1961-1963, for instance, was enrolled in the history honors department at the university there and was inspired by a British professor, T.O. Ranger, who taught African history. He opened her eyes to the fact that it was not white people who built the great Zimbabwean civilization of the 13\textsuperscript{th} and 14\textsuperscript{th} centuries, and that the histories written by white people were just wrong.\textsuperscript{111} Other FIs were

\begin{enumerate}
\item \textsuperscript{110}Bob Hillenbrand, interview by the author, Rockford, IL, Nov. 2, 2008.; Mary Kuhns, May 6, 2009.
\item \textsuperscript{111}Marylee Crofts, interview by the author, Raleigh, N.C., April 2, 2009.
\end{enumerate}
considerably less inspired by their coursework and saw it not as a source of ideas of what to study, but as a way to meet people and work their way into the life of the student community.

By the time of the ten-year evaluation in 1970, FIs were apparently clamoring for materials to help understand the way the international, social, political, racial, economic, and sexual justice issues they were encountering were interconnected and how the church was related to them. Donald Black, Margaret’s boss and the chair of the FIM Advisory Committee, in a short appendix to the evaluation, acknowledged a growing awareness of how complex and interrelated economic and other issues were. “What is the use in sending an agricultural missionary to Latin America,” he asked rhetorically, “if sudden shifts in North American marketing can impoverish the Latin American farmer?” The FIM program, he suggested, has recognized that a commitment to people in Latin America (in that example) also involves addressing what needs to be done in the United States for the sake of the people there. What study materials might address those questions, he does not say.112

The fifth tenet of the FIM program was the responsibility to the FIM class as a community in mission, primarily through the filing of regular reports with the office in New York which was then supposed to copy and circulate them to others. In the pre-Internet age, this was an incredibly clunky process fraught with problems: some people

filing far fewer reports than others, or hold-ups in Margaret’s office which was always seriously understaffed and overworked. In the interviews, large numbers of FIs affirmed both how much they valued the reports they did get and frustration at how limited and flawed the communication sometimes was. “We read them carefully,” said Scott Brunger, a FI in Benin/Togo in 1968-1970. “We parsed stuff. We were at the point where we were reading ads in our alumni magazines. We had one African magazine that we got. The local newspapers were toilet paper. And then we would listen to Radio Peking and the local radio just to see what kind of bizarre takes on the world there were out there! It was strange!” But the bottom line for Ann Brunger, was that “we were a part of a community and we were accountable to each other. That report writing was important. We weren’t just thrown out there.”¹¹³ Most, but not all, of the FIs interviewed would agree. Bill Troy, a FI in Japan in 1967-1969, got so little communication he did not feel like he was in contact at all.¹¹⁴ Ron Thomas, in Yugoslavia in 1969-1971, wrote voluminous letters, trying as best he could to outwit censors, but never received any of those from others that were circulated.¹¹⁵

The final tenet was never formalized as such. Frontier Interns were not supposed to have babies during their internships, although Ann Wederspahn, a FI in Bolivia in 1963-1965 recalled signing a paper at orientation saying they would not get pregnant. But many of the married but childless FIs like Ann Brunger discovered that not having

¹¹⁴ Bill Troy, interview by the author, Knoxville, TN, October 27, 2008.
¹¹⁵ Ron Thomas, Nov. 7, 2009.
children created an enormous and sometimes painful cultural barrier between them and the people they were trying to befriend.

In that West African culture you don’t really become an adult person until you have a child. And some people, before they got officially married, would make sure they got pregnant first since they could be sure the marriage was going to be “successful.” So there were some of these students who would very pointedly call me mademoiselle instead of madam. I was married and should have been “madam” but because I didn’t have a child I was mademoiselle. So at first people just waited and waited and waited and then I guess they got the idea that we weren’t going to have a baby and then there was a period of pitying us because we weren’t going to have a child then it got critical, like we were living in sin to be married but not for the sole purpose of having children, so that was a cultural crunch that was unresolvable.  

Among those FIs interviewed, five babies were born during the internship and several more just afterwards. Ruth Anne Olson (Philippines, 1963-1965) assumed when she got pregnant that they would be sent home. Margaret’s responses to these pregnancies varied but she did not send anyone home, nor did she change her mind about the policy. Those who became parents, however, believed it made a hugely important contribution to further closing the gap between them and the local population. Gurdon and Martha Brewster (India, 1962-1964) believe the best thing they ended up doing was having a baby. It broke down barriers. People loved their daughter, Ann. Martha was able to bond with the other women about nursing and diapers. Babies, she concluded, unify humanity.  

All the FI parents agree. The policy, however, never changed.  

One equally controversial policy was changed. In the beginning, married women in the first FI classes had the same assignment as their husbands. Even that was too much.

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117 Gurdon and Martha Brewster, June 24, 2009.
for a few of the most traditional women. Mary Lu Kaiser (Philippines, 1966-1969) initially had not wanted an assignment at all since she had had no mission training. “I wanted to go as Dayl's helper, or help-mate, because I was very old-fashioned in what I saw as being a woman's role at that time,” she explained. This sufficiently worried the committee in New York that they flew Dayl and Mary Lu there to talk with them about it. For other women, sharing an assignment was not enough. Some of them confronted Margaret about this at a regional FI gathering in Colombia in 1969. Margaret subsequently proposed to the FIM Advisory Committee that in the future married women be given their own frontiers. That change was approved.118

In the design of her programs, Margaret Flory focused all of her creative energy on finding ways to inspire students to engage with the post-war and emerging post-colonial world. The context of her programs was the vast global ecumenical network. Her collaborators were her many friends from around the world who themselves were part of this network. Her goal was to enable the rising generation of students to become part of this network themselves. Central to each program was the conviction that deep engagement with difference and learning to see things from other points-of-view were transformational. Each transformed student would become a new “living link” in the growing world spiritual community and be able to contribute to building a more just

world. What was hidden from view until the mid-1960s, was the shape of the emerging American empire. That reality, once it emerged, put enormous pressure on the global ecumenical network and unavoidably changed the existing programs as the young people participating in the programs began to process what they learned.
4. Who Were the FIs?

From the beginning the Frontier Internship in Mission program was an experimental program designed to work outside of the traditional mission structures. Its charge was to come up with new ways of being present in what always was referred to as “frontiers in the life of the world and the church” that were not being adequately addressed. During the period when the FIM program was based in New York and mostly run by Margaret Flory, the program was person-centered, began with “the charisma of person in confidence that the gifts of a mature person released on a crucial frontier would lead to relevant patterns of service and witness.” After ten years, she concluded that the program had indeed “attracted persons of maturity and creativity” who had “critical perspectives about the church and the world” and who had “displayed unusual initiative in translating their ideas into action.” She also emphasized that “a risk and hope kind of attitude toward life and work” is what is most needed, and for that reason, recruitment needs to continue to be “by personal confrontation,” not by mail. [italics added] 119

Given the central importance of the FIs as people, it is important to ask who were the young people entrusted by the sponsoring churches this way? It is also important to establish who they were not. Almost all of them were white Protestants and many, perhaps most of them, were descended from immigrants from Northern Europe. They were college graduates at a time when most Americans were not. But they were not the

rising generation of a ruling elite headed for Wall Street law firms and investment houses either. Rather, they were the last generation formed by a SCM-influenced, globally-oriented ecumenical Protestantism that had had great cultural authority in the United States. To a very great extent, they embraced and embodied its values.

Historian William R. Hutchison included the YMCA/YWCA/Student Christian Movement and the Student Volunteer Movement among the institutions he considered part of the Protestant Establishment before its decline as the country moved from Protestant-domination to pluralism. These are, of course, the organizations that served as the context for Margaret Flory’s work and the American points of connection with the WSCF networks globally. Margaret’s predecessors in student work—John Mott and his leadership team—feature prominently in Hutchison’s account of his version of what constituted the Protestant Establishment. There had, however, been important changes in the organization and funding of student ministries between Mott’s era and Flory’s.

Initially, these organizations had been independent voluntary ones funded by wealthy private individuals. Mott raised the funds himself. In the 1930s, the organizational SCM locus began to move to the Protestant mainline denominational offices with funding from those churches. The YMCA and YWCA gradually withdrew from campus ministries and the denominational student ministries took over. By the time Margaret Flory took the

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reins of the Presbyterian office for Student Work in 1951, any elite gloss was gone. Student ministry was the work of the churches.

These structural changes in mainline Protestantism were taking place nationally while the Frontier Interns were children in very particular families in very local communities that were unaffected by them. Mostly, they kept raising their children as they always had. “Our father came home from work and we had dinner. We came home from school and did our homework and practiced the piano and we were very happy kids even though our mother died. We were a very close family and church…..youth fellowship…..was our social life,” said one describing a mid-century childhood reality that most FIs shared.122

As will became clear in this chapter, the FIs were very different people who came to the Frontier Intern program from many different contexts. What they share is similar values—a commitment to acceptance of and justice for all people, without exception, and a commitment to advancing international cooperation and the full and equal participation of all nations, without exception. This was the World War II era ecumenical vision. The bottom line for this diverse group: no domination, no coercion. Some of the FIs learned these values from their parents at home or in their churches. Others caught a glimpse of them outside their immediate environment, were seized by their seeming “rightness,” and pursued the vision until they found teachers and mentors. Some married people with them. The depth of their formation and strength of their commitment to them in the face

122 Susan Dinklage Multer, June 24, 2009.
of challenge varied. But in our chronicle here, those values—no domination, no coercion—and a broad definition of who is the neighbor God has commanded them to love will constitute true north.

The Demographic Profile

Precise demographic data for all of the people who served as FIs between 1961 and 1974 are not available because the program records for this period are not complete or, in a few cases, consistent. It is most likely that there were 160 FIs during this period of whom 140 were American and 20 were international. One hundred twenty-two FI interviews were completed with 114 American FIs and eight international FIs, including an interview done in Spanish with Bertha Vargas (Peru, 1972-1974) by Allen Oliver (Peru, 1964-1966) and translated into English by Stephanie Oliver (Peru, 1964-1966) for my use. Most of the information used to compile this profile came from the FIs who were found and interviewed. Very little, if any, information is available about FIs who were not interviewed, either because they could not be found or, in six cases, because they declined to be interviewed.

Seven FIs are known to have died before being interviewed. (Linda Jones, a FI in Korea in 1972-1974, and Dayl Kaiser, a FI in the Philippines in 1966-1968, were interviewed before their deaths.) Other sources have been used to include information about six of those internships here. Barbara Howell, widow of Leon Howell, a FI in Ceylon in 1962-1964, and Haney Howell, his younger brother and a FI in India in 1971-1972, provided information about him and his internship, and loaned me the letters and newspaper articles he wrote during his internship. Theresa Miller, a FI in Kenya from
1961-1964, provided information about her former spouse and co-FI, Joedd Miller, as did Larry Miller, a FI in Kenya at the same time and a seminary classmate and friend of Joedd. Gail Hovey, a FI in South Africa from 1965-1967, provided information about her former spouse and co-FI, Don Morlan. Published sources and information furnished by other FIs were used to include the internships of three other deceased FIs—Linda Laird (Argentina, 1962-1964), John Skelton (Greece, 1969-1971) and Koos Koster (Chile, 1970-1972). All but Koster are American. In total, then, I was able to gather information about 119 of 140 American FIs, or 85 percent of those who served, and 8 of 20 international FIs, or 40 percent of those who served, a sample deemed too small for generalization. Consequently, only data about the American FIs will be included in this demographic profile.

**Age.** The American FIs were all born in the 1930s and 1940s. Most birth dates fall between 1935 and 1945. It is not the case, however, that the oldest FIs were exclusively in the first FIM classes and the younger ones in the later classes because some people served straight out of college and others attended seminary or graduate school or fulfilled their military service first.

**Gender and Marital Status.** Fifty-five of the American FI group were women. Of those, 22 were single at the time they served and 33 were married. Sixty-four of the American FI group were men. Of those, 32 were single at the time they served and 32 were married. Until 1969, married couples shared an assignment. After 1969, spouses received separate assignments in the same place.

**Race.** All but four of the American FIs were white.
Home Region and Community. American FIs came from thirty-one different states. Each region was well represented and the distribution was generally reflective of the population distribution in the country at the time. Sun Belt growth had begun but still had not overtaken the Northeast and Upper Midwest. Movement to the West Coast, however, was well underway and is reflected in this group, with a number recorded here as being “western” having moved there from further east. Some FI parents were Dust Bowl refugees. In addition, eight FIs grew up overseas as children of American missionaries. This mix does not change appreciably between the earliest FI classes and the latest ones.

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The geographic factor that does change from the oldest FIs to the youngest ones is the density of the community where they were raised. Over the entire group, approximately one-third were raised in rural communities or small towns, one-third were raised in small or large cities, either in the urban core or in a streetcar suburb, and one-third were raised in suburbs outside the limits of a city. Those raised on farms or in small towns are more likely to be older and those raised in suburbs are more likely to be
young. This is, of course, what we would expect given established urbanizing trends and the growth of post-war suburbs.

Americans still wax nostalgic about the family farm, but two people in the FI Class of 1963, Ruth Anne Olson and Jerry Bedford, both born in the latter 1930s, grew up on dairy farms two thousand miles apart, Ruth Anne in Oregon and Jerry in Michigan, and their parents’ goal for them was identical: not farming. “Years later in conversation with my father, he just said: ‘You kids never had a clue about how hard the work was. You were not going to do that,’”123 Ruth Anne remembered. After high school, Jerry first went to business school, then college and seminary.

What this chart does not reflect is the high level of mobility in FI family histories. Americans move, first from someplace else to the U.S. and then within the U.S. itself. Although most FIs grew up in one place, many had parents or grandparents who had made significant moves and continued to have extended family elsewhere when they were children. Car travel to visit that family was often the occasion for a FI’s first experience of difference since regional differences in the United States were still great at midcentury.

Religion. Although the Frontier Intern program was conceived of as an ecumenical program from the beginning, during the period 1961 through 1965 it was supported mostly by the Presbyterians. The Methodists and UCC officially came on board in 1966. The denominational affiliation of the FIs reflects that breakdown since

123 Ruth Anne Olson, June 2, 2009.; Anna and Jerry Bedford, interview by the author, Little Rock, AR, April 2, 2009.
Margaret Flory and her counterparts could most easily work through their own denominational networks so the 1961 through 1965 classes were heavily, although not exclusively, Presbyterian. Over all twelve classes under consideration here, approximately fifty percent of the American FIs were Presbyterians at the time of participation, twenty percent were Methodists, 12 percent were UCC, and the remainder were Baptist, Episcopal, Lutheran, and Roman Catholic. FI interviews, however, suggest extreme caution in attributing too much importance to these denominational labels. It was far from the norm for FIs to have both parents and all four grandparents affiliated with the same denomination they were raised in. Other interview material makes clear that denominational affiliation in many families was very fluid for social, not theological, reasons, as H. Richard Niebuhr asserted in his 1929 book, Social Sources of Denominationalism.\textsuperscript{124} Fragments of the sources Niebuhr cites—economic interests (churches of the disinherited versus churches of the middle class), ethnic churches, and frontier churches—show up, but do not dominate, the FI family religious histories. Other social factors, though, like migration within the U.S., or intermarriage, or even just practicality or convenience played important roles, too, in shaping family religious histories.

David Barnes (Taiwan, 1961-1964) began his story with his maternal grandfather, a Christian educator in the Lutheran church in Norway before immigrating to Minnesota, where his daughter married the son of people who immigrated there from England and

established a home in the Scottish neighborhood in Duluth where David was raised Presbyterian.125 Joyce Manson’s (Great Britain, 1968-1970) parents lived in a community of Swedish Pietists in Chicago then, when they moved to Kansas City, first joined a Swedish Covenant church before switching to a Lutheran one, then settling on a Presbyterian one.126 Theresa Miller (Kenya, 1961-1964) grew up in a heavily German Lutheran community in the small town of Clarinda, Iowa, a rural community where she rode horseback, along with the rest of the children, to a Lutheran parochial school. ”The teaching was strict. You were not to smoke, dance with anyone other than a married partner… [or] pray with anybody in high school that was not a Lutheran. When we were confirmed we had to promise to stay faithful to the Missouri Lutheran Church until we died,” she said. Her parents, though, had been away from the community while they were at college and were more broad-minded. When she married Joedd Miller (Kenya, 1961-1965) who also grew up in Clarinda and became a Presbyterian minister, her parents invited him to speak in the Lutheran church. “This was a major breakthrough, however the promise I had made to the church when I was confirmed continued to haunt me,” she recalled.127

A number of FIs have frontier histories. Mary Lu Kaiser’s (Philippines, 1966-1968) grandfather was a Methodist circuit rider who her mother encouraged her to

125 David Barnes, April 28, 2009.
126 Joyce Manson, interview by the author, Seattle, WA, May 24, 2009.
emulate when she was growing up Presbyterian in Colorado. Philip McKean’s (Indonesia, 1962-1964) father grew up in a sod house and a Methodist circuit riding church on the prairie and had gone to Rice, then a little college on the Texas frontier. But when his parents married and moved to Pittsfield, MA where his father got a job with General Electric, they joined the Congregational church because it had a great preacher. Families of many of the California FIs moved there from places like Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Kansas, and South Dakota and those moves sometimes were occasions when they switched denominations.

Marriage also provided an opportunity to make a change, particularly when the denominational backgrounds of the parents differed. Dayl Kaiser’s (Philippines, 1966-1968) mother had been raised Mennonite and his father baptized Roman Catholic, and they broke with both and joined a Presbyterian church in their little Kansas town. Martha Brewster’s (India, 1962-1964) father first went to a Lutheran then a Presbyterian church when he was growing up. Her mother was raised fairly fundamentalist Baptist in West Virginia. When Martha’s family moved to Ohio, they attended the only church in town which was Methodist, then she went to College of Wooster, a Presbyterian college. She married Gurdon Brewster (India, 1962-1964), the son of a non-practicing Roman Catholic and a Christmas and Easter Episcopalian, who went to Haverford, a Quaker

128 Mary Lu and Dayl Kaiser, May 1, 2009.
129 Deborah and Philip McKean, interview by the author, Cushing, ME, October 1, 2009.
college and was then a student at Union Theological Seminary in New York on his way to becoming an Episcopal priest.\textsuperscript{130}

There are also examples in the group where pre-college FIs switched denominations themselves, sometimes for substantive reasons and other times for social ones. Marylee Crofts (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) was raised in a high Anglican church but switched herself to the Presbyterian church because they had a better youth group.\textsuperscript{131} Keith Chamberlain (Germany, 1965-1967) had been going to Christian Science Sunday school with his father but it did not appeal to him at all so in high school he became very active in the Methodist Church, then ended up his denominational journey a Presbyterian minister.\textsuperscript{132} Glen Woike’s (Kenya, 1969-1971) family was Jehovah’s Witnesses, but he joined the Methodist Church in high school to be on their basketball team. His parents then became strong members there, too.\textsuperscript{133} John Moyer’s (Romania, 1966-1968) parents, on the other hand, had no interest in church but dropped him off at a church every Sunday until eighth grade so he would know something about it, then for two years, until he got interested in girls and girls were at the church, that was that. But on his return, “I got interested.” He consumed the entire series of Robert MacAfee Brown books written for the Presbyterian young adult curriculum, decided he was called to be a pastor and went under the care of his presbytery.

\textsuperscript{130} Gurdon and Martha Brewster, June 24, 2009. Every subsequent reference to “Union” will be to Union Theological Seminary in New York.
\textsuperscript{131} Marylee Crofts, April 2, 2009.
\textsuperscript{132} Keith Chamberlain, interview by the author, Frankfurt, Germany, April 11, 2010.
\textsuperscript{133} Kay and Glen Woike, interview by the author, Buffalo, NY, June 27, 2009.
One more observation on denominations is important. The FI histories suggest that the barriers between conservative evangelicals and liberal ecumenicals were more permeable than they are now. Bruce Boston (Malawi, 1964-1966) grew up in New Castle, PA, a small city so densely populated with Scotch-Irish that there were five Presbyterian churches. The one he was raised in, the United Presbyterian Church of North America, ("a small denomination of resolute Scots Calvinists," as he described it) was extremely conservative. But it was the minister of that church, Dr. Robert Mayo, who took an interest in him, encouraged him to go to Muskingum, and connected him to Margaret Flory and the Junior Year Abroad program. Jerry Bedford (Kenya, 1962-1964) grew up in a small Missionary Church in rural Michigan, but after business school decided he needed more education so enrolled at Wheaton, one of the country’s best-known evangelical colleges. It was for a class there that he read, and was impressed by, Reinhold Niebuhr. His professor said, "Well, why don't you go there [Union in New York], and learn directly from Niebuhr since you like him so much in books." So he did. He graduated from Union and was ordained in the Presbyterian Church right before becoming a Frontier Intern. The distinction that mattered for the FI generation was not between one denomination or the other, or even a conservative evangelical or liberal ecumenical religiosity. What mattered was openness to the world and a conviction that the neighbor that God called them to love might be quite different. They wanted to get to know and understand and be friends with those people. Bruce Boston recalled,

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134 Bruce O. Boston, July 28, 2009.
135 Anna and Jerry Bedford, April 2, 2009.
I knew early on that New Castle was a dead end for me. Both my parents had been born, grew up, and raised their own families all within a five-mile radius. Both my grandfathers earned their entire living in New Castle. I just didn’t want that. I wanted to have a life-experience that was shaped by different kinds of people and values, different ethnicities, languages, cultures, histories.  

While most of the FIs were not as anchored in one place as Bruce Boston, all were excited by, not afraid of, people who were different than themselves. Bruce’s tight little Scots-Irish community shared New Castle with other tight little ethnic enclaves—Italians, Poles, Czechs, Hungarians—but everyone went to the same high school, played on the same sports teams, and, sometimes, dated each other. Bruce’s parents were not thrilled when he dated two Italian, Catholic girls, but they did not throw him out of the house either.

What many of the FI stories make clear is that many families and local Protestant churches in mid-century America were doing at least four things simultaneously. First, they were raising kids who were firmly anchored and very secure. Ruth Anne Olson (Philippines, 1963-1965) was a child in Oregon during World War II where the threat of attack was very real.

One time my mother and I were in town which was seven miles away with an unreliable car… and there were air raid sirens and my mother was trying to drive home and it was after dark and she couldn’t have the lights on in the car and I was clearly aware of her fear but I was with her and we were going home so I just thought: This will be all right. She’ll take care of it.

So there was that combination of the world as a whole is a good place that has frightening and dangerous elements to it but the close community was a safe

136 Bruce O. Boston, July 28, 2009.
place. I have grown to understand in my adult life that that is a very powerful
foundation to grow up with.¹³⁷

The second attribute of many of these communities is that they were filled with
access points to the larger world outside those closed communities. One of those access
points was the church. Many of the FIs had missionaries in the family; the vast majority
of them encountered them at church. Some encountered them as guests in their own
homes. Local churches often hosted international students, particularly those from local
denominational colleges, for holidays. Because the denominational colleges that often
enrolled international students were located all across the country, a FI in a Midwestern
farming community was as likely to have an international visitor as one in an urban
community on the East or West Coast.

Deborah Trettin (Ghana, 1968-1970) grew up in Delaware and was intensely
interested in the international visitors her family hosted, most of them from Lincoln
University in Pennsylvania, a college founded before the Civil War for runaway slaves.
(Another Frontier Intern, Peter Johnson’s grandfather was the president of Lincoln in the
1920s and 1930s.) They had visitors from Germany, Japan, and a number of countries in
Africa. Some came for weekends; others stayed longer. One man’s wife came and stayed
with them while she had a baby. It was a major family commitment. Deborah recalled
one particular couple: “Toshio was a Japanese man from Lincoln University and then his
wife came over and one of the things I was very aware of was that she followed behind
him. ‘What are you doing?’ ‘This is how we do things.’” A few FIs, including David

¹³⁷ Ruth Anne Olson, June 2, 2009.
Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963), are extremely critical of how superficial this kind of cultural exchange was, but what is equally of note here is that Deborah did not feel compelled to change or “enlighten” this woman, but had learned to give guests space to be themselves and respect. When she was a senior in high school, she volunteered to host a Japanese exchange student herself.\textsuperscript{138} As a child, Mark Juergensmeyer (India, 1965-1967) was very impressed by the four Iranian friends his older sister often brought home with her from college. “[I]t was such a privilege to get to know them, and to learn about other parts of the world…..for me religion was always an access to the wider world. It not a narrow thing. For a small town boy in southern Illinois like me, religion was an enlightening thing.”\textsuperscript{139}

The third aspect of what was going on in many of the FI home churches was that they were places where FIs could begin to think through what this all meant—to think about the emerging post-war world—and to put their questions in conversation with their Christian faith. In some communities, they were the only places where critical thinking was taking place. David Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) came from Harrisburg in “Little Egypt”, that part of Illinois that he described as “Appalachian, coal mining, rural and poor, deep southern Illinois with much redneck culture.” A very small portion of the graduating class in high school went to college. It just wasn't on the agenda for most students and their families. “There was a lot of good old boy culture that did not have much of the wider world in its purview,” he said. Even the missionaries rarely came to

\textsuperscript{138} Deborah and Larry Trettin, interview by the author, Santa Rosa, CA, May 19, 2010.
\textsuperscript{139} Mark Juergensmeyer, May 14, 2009.
town. In that setting, the church was the intellectual center. Ministers—even seminarians or lay youth ministers—were frequently the most educated people around. Larry Trettin (Ghana, 1968-1970) had a hard scrabble childhood going back and forth between Missouri and Southern California where his father first did what Larry calls “Grapes of Wrath” work in the citrus groves, then got steady work in the oil fields. At school and their fundamentalist Baptist church, Larry cultivated his talent for music. In his late teens he joined a different Baptist church.

That church had assistants who would be interns from the local Baptist seminary who would come over and help out. They would most often work with us—with the youth groups—and that was a series of good people. That was the first time that I had met anybody who introduced me to any ideas or challenged me to think about my ideas.

Whether in study groups at their local church before heading to college or in college chaplaincies, many Frontier Interns, like Larry, had their first and most intensive experiences of learning to think critically mentored by people affiliated with the church. The case of civil rights and American imperialism will be considered separately in the next chapter, but more general theological reflection groups that read, analyzed and argued about Tillich and Bonhoeffer and other contemporary theologians played a huge formative role for many. The list of inspirational college chaplains who pulled people into Westminster or Wesley Fellowships, challenged them to read things they never expected to read, and form and defend opinions about these ideas is long indeed.

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140 David Wiley, Nov. 6, 2008.
141 Deborah and Larry Trettin, May 19, 2010.
But not every adult who inspired a FI to seriously engage with religious thought for the first time had that for his official job. Teachers and professors played important roles for a number of FIs. Tim Christoffersen (Brazil/Geneva, 1967-1968) grew up in a “culture religion” kind of Methodist Church but a course at Stanford with Robert MacAfee Brown and a job reading theology for Rev. Spencer Rice, an influential Episcopal preacher, excited him and gave him a foundation for thinking theologically.\textsuperscript{142} Ken Jones (Japan, 1966-1968) credits two of his religious studies professors at Lafayette—Paul Younger, then doing his doctorate at Princeton related to Indian Studies, and Ernest Best, a Canadian pacifist who had been incarcerated during the Second World War then founded a Methodist church in Nagasaki afterwards for his move towards religion from chemistry. Younger got him reading world religions; Best got him reading Troeltsch and H. Richard Niebuhr.\textsuperscript{143}

Sometimes those influences were less formal but equally formative, such as the impact of a much admired person who modeled, simultaneously, being very smart, very thoughtful, and very deeply committed to their Christian faith. Some FIs had people like this for parents. Others, like Sue Meinke (Philippines, 1969-1971) had had very little religious background or experience before becoming a FI at the behest of her seminarian spouse. For her this person was Margaret Flory. “Margaret … showed me that the

\textsuperscript{142} Susan and Tim Christoffersen, interview by the author, Walnut Creek, CA, May 15, 2009.
\textsuperscript{143} Kenneth Jones, interview by the author, Cleveland, OH, November 7, 2008.
opening of a person's mind was the religious experience, not the closing of a person's mind,” she said.144

The fourth aspect of what was going on in many FI families and churches was they trusted their children. The issue of trust came up in the last chapter about the crucial role trust played in Margaret Flory’s launching of her programs and the role her faith probably played in that. It came up also in FI’s personal stories. The late Linda Jones (Korea, 1972-1974) and her husband David Jones (Korea, 1972-1974) talked about trust. Neither of Linda’s parents had attended college (although all five of their children did), but they supported her and her growth and trusted her decisions, including superficially risky ones like going to study in Nigeria, something absolutely unheard of, in 1964. “They were a remarkable couple,” Dave said. What made them special parents, he concluded, was that from early on, they showed a willingness to trust their children. The Council of Churches in Hillsborough, Oregon, outside of Portland, trusted Ann Wederspahn, a college student, to live in a migrant worker camp and be a liaison to the churches. Until then, she had been keeping house and raising her younger siblings after her mother’s death and teaching swimming at the YMCA.

Ann: My goal was to get the women--the sweet community church women--to actually interact with the farm-workers, rather than simply bringing goodies over. I worked out all kinds of programs to get them actively involved, hands-on and communicating with and interacting with the people.

Ada: Where did you get the idea for doing that?

144 Sue Meinke, interview by the author, Oakland, CA, May 19, 2009.
Ann: I don't really know. I just knew that these good-hearted women would learn a whole lot more about themselves and other people if they interacted rather than gave charity from a distance. And that has really been a theme in my whole life.145

On the face of it, this is fairly audacious. Imagine you are one of those good-hearted women who had been planning to give charity from a distance as you had always done, and this “kid” you hired keeps coming up with ways for you to get up close and personal with these farm-workers. Do you or don’t you? Trust. The FI story is full of occasions of “risk and hope” in Margaret’s terms, and trust, as in Linda’s story and Ann’s, and they are all centrally issues of faith, even when on the surface they appear to be about something else, like international travel or social service.

In the interchanges between FIs, their parents and communities, their churches, and the changing times, it is possible to see the complex inner workings of people trying to reinterpret their religious tradition—Protestant Christianity—for a new time and new challenges. The Christian formation of the Frontier Interns prior to their participation in the program shaped people with a strong sense of security, an openness to the larger world and eagerness to engage with it, habits of critical thought at the intersection of faith and action, and the practice of trust both received and given. It is not being argued here that this experience was generally available to all young people growing up in mainline Protestant churches after World War II. It is being argued here that there were people throughout mainline Protestantism during this period who had been touched by one of the “living links” to this global ecumenical tradition, as Margaret Flory had been, either

directly or from a missionary or seminary professor or someone else, and that contact with those people gave FIs access to that network, too.

When Sandra Boston (Malawi, 1964-1966) was a sophomore in high school, her parents let her take the train to Grinnell, Iowa, alone for a national Christian high school student conference. While she was there she heard an American doctor talk about his mission in Nepal.

I do not remember his name, I remember the twinkle in his eye, and I remember coming away from that saying, "I want to do what he did." I was 15..... even now I am thinking of writing a book called 'Teacher', and the subtitle would be "when fire was passed to you." He passed fire. … I remember coming home with a clarity that none of my other peers had. This began to really set me apart.\(^{146}\)

Most FIs would not be able to name a single moment when the fire was passed to them, but they would recognize a process—a conversion of sorts—to a particular way of being Christian that they learned from people who inspired and mentored them, like those that have been mentioned in this section. A few had direct experiences of the Divine that they volunteered; there maybe would have been others but I did not specifically ask about this in the interviews. Here are two:

Camp was an important activity for Linda Jones (Korea, 1972-1974) for many years when she was growing up, and she remembered a lot about it that contributed to her spiritual development. One experience, when she was in eighth grade, was special.

Well, they’d send you out to meditate or whatever it was called—morning devotions—on your own in the woods with a little something to read and your Bible and so on and I remember one day just sitting there and it was cloudy but here comes a stream of light through all that that just fell right on me and on my

\(^{146}\) Sandra Boston, November 13, 2009.
face and my skin like it was looking for me through all those trees and leaves and so on and like there was a message there saying “You are being called.”

Otto Zingg (Guyana, 1962-1964) was a senior at Rutgers when he experienced a spiritual awakening.

One of the problems with mystical experience is that it's hard to talk about. I had a science interest up to this point— I was a psychology major, but I had read The Universe and Dr. Einstein some years before, so in my head I had all this sense of how small a particle we are in this universe, you know, and what a brief span of time we have in this universe, but as I was stewing over the question of the meaning of life, something opened up inside me and I could feel in my gut this sense of the whole universe, and so it was at one and the same time of being connected to it all and having a sense of power, and at the same time knowing that I was nothing, so it was all and nothing at the same time. It was just really hard to put that into words, but as a result, as I looked back on my parents' influence and what I had learned in the church, it all took on new meaning. A deeper meaning. And in fact it was hard for me to use the word "god" for a while, because the way I had been using it was in reference to a much smaller reality than I experienced.

From Rutgers he headed to seminary at Princeton to try to figure out what this meant for his life and ministry.

Class and Values. A very few FI families were wealthy, influential, and more or less fit the stereotype of Protestant Establishment. For instance, Jim Trowbridge’s (Hong Kong, 1961-1963) father’s family were founders of Lake Forest College, a Presbyterian college, and Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago. His mother was on the women’s board of Presbyterian/St. Luke’s Hospital. Jim came to the FI program after serving as a

147 Linda and David Jones, June 3, 2009.
student intern for Kenneth Scott Latourette, the legendary missions professor at Yale Divinity School.  

A very few FI families were poor, including several headed by single mothers.

Dwain Epps (Argentina, 1967-1969) grew up in Klamath Falls, Oregon. His parents, who had migrated there separately during the Dust Bowl years, went through a bitter divorce when he was seven and his sister three.

I was raised in a single parent household with my mother in the immediate post-World War II period who had really to struggle to keep us fed and clothed. So I grew up looking after my sister who was four years younger than I was and doing laundry, washing dishes and keeping house. I too was sent with my sister to Sunday School in a local church where my mother didn’t go but was a member. 

Dwain was blessed, though, to have Alvin C. Olson in his life, who was the principal of his junior high school, a sports coach, and an elder in the church. He organized the Sunday School and looked after the training of Sunday School teachers and on Sundays there was an assembly of all of the children in the church before the various classes began and he gave them little lectures and little teaching sessions. He was also Dwain’s Scoutmaster.

Larry Cox (Paris, 1967-1969) grew up in Avon Lake, OH.

I was in a very troubled family, single mother, three kids, poor, not tremendously poor, not extremely poor, but poor enough that there was a lot of grief and a lot of insecurity every day. My mother would have to worry that she wouldn't have enough money to pay the bills and would often cry herself to sleep. … at a very young age I decided that there was something wrong with the world, and that it had to change, because my mother worked very, very hard, harder than I could imagine anybody else working, and yet she was very, very poor. It just didn't

seem right, so I became a socialist when I was in high school and believe me in Avon Lake, Ohio there were very few other socialists.\footnote{Larry Cox, October 16, 2009.}

He did not go to church until high school, but in the New Testament he found a Jesus who was pro-poor and it really spoke to his situation.

…if you want to change the world and you're sitting in Avon Lake, Ohio, where the hell are you going to get the power to think that you can change the world? Well, to me, reading the New Testament and thinking, “well, if God is on my side” made me think, “yeah, that's it, I can do this…”\footnote{Ibid.}

In some other families, life was just very hard. Carolyn Lorch-Taber (Philippines, 1969-1971) was one of six children living with her parents in a very small house in Glendale, CA.

…it was a pretty constricted household life…there wasn't very much money, but I think more than that… my father would say "well, just remember who you are." That was not to expand yourself, that was to constrict yourself. … Don't spend money, don't aspire,...work hard but don't aspire.

And so, from junior high on, Carolyn worked:

I was mowing lawns in my neighborhood, and then babysitting, and then part time jobs at five and dime stores...department stores and things like that, and then all through college, working, full time in the summer, and we would drive in a carpool with somebody to go to school, come back, get to your job, work and then come home....

She and her sisters took themselves to the closest Presbyterian church and it was a lifeline. It was a youth director there who encouraged her to go to seminary in San Francisco, and that turned out to be what she calls “my halfway house to the world.”\footnote{Carolyn Lorch-Taber, interview by the author, Palo Alto, CA, May 18, 2009.}
Two other mother-headed households had the security of steady work, but the daughters saw up close how hard it was. Ruth Brandon’s (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968) widowed mother worked as a nurse in a residential boys home in southern Vermont where Ruth lived from the age of six until she went to college. They lived in the infirmary. Her mother got only eight hours a week off and got help only if there were more than eight sick boys. It was a vantage point where she learned a lot about the underbelly of Vermont society, too.

This was a home for under-privileged kids, so little boys who came to that school had watched a drunken father beat their mother to death, or they had had to forage for food going from farm to farm and stealing a pie that was cooling out where they could reach it, and been picked up by police because of that.\footnote{Ruth Brandon, June 8, 2009.}

After Ruth left for college, her mother became a medical missionary in Turkey. Vicki Boulton (Thailand, 1967-1969) was raised by her divorced mother who worked a lot in the restaurant business from waitress to hostess to bookkeeper. “I spent a lot of time sitting in a back booth waiting until she got off work,” she recalled.\footnote{Vicki and Wayne Boulton, interview by the author, Wellesley, MA, September 30, 2009.}

The rest of the FIs were part of the vast middle class that characterized post-war America, more or less shadowed by the experience of the Depression, but financially stable. The importance of corporations to the economy is noticeable in FI fathers employed by companies such as Firestone and Goodyear, DuPont, Sears, Lockheed, Standard Oil, and General Electric. Some fathers were lawyers or architects. Others were small businessmen, running pharmacies or service stations or butcher shops. Some
worked for government in the post office or as a city auditor or school principal or prison guard. And some were missionaries or ministers. To get past stereotypes of just who mid-century mainline Protestants were and understand how they lived and what they valued, it is necessary to look more closely at some actual families.

Jim Thacker’s (Kenya, 1969-1971) parents, managed to graduate from college in the middle of the Depression but ended up moving back to Monon, the small Indiana town where his dad was raised and taking over the family’s service station. Jim made clear in his interview that this was a very rich family and community context for him as a child growing up.

My dad ran the gasoline station and there was always a newspaper there. We always read newspapers and I think we all used the library My family didn’t have a lot of books. We didn’t have a lot of money. We probably had less money than I realized at the time but we had enough.

One of the things I really liked about growing up in a small town where there were no Catholic schools and no private schools is that we all went to school together so it functioned as a kind of classless society even though I look back years later and realize that we all knew who had more money in the town and who had less money but we all went to school together. I think for me that has had an impact on my whole life.156

Like a lot of other FIs, Jim not only participated in activities like sports, band, and Boy Scouts when he was in high school, but he also worked.

I worked at the gas station…on weekends and I would relieve my dad for lunch every day….and that was fun to see people coming through town and I’d see people that I knew and I’d see strangers and so I enjoyed that a lot. Then my dad [got sick and] had to sell the station and so between my junior and senior year in college … I got a job working for Northern Indiana Public Service Company and we laid gas lines all summer. And that was actually fun because I got to work

156 Jim Thacker, interview by the author, Elkins Park, PA, July 18, 2009.
with people that I played basketball against in high school but I never knew them.¹⁵⁷

But there were also opportunities to get out of Monon, too. Jim was an Eagle Scout and attended the national Scout jamboree in Santa Ana, CA one year and Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico the next. When he was a high school senior in 1957, his class took a trip to New York City where he ended up singing in the choir at the famous Billy Graham Crusade in Madison Square Garden! “Now you couldn’t get me to walk across the street to pay attention to anything Billy Graham said, but at the time I was eighteen years old the crusade atmosphere was pretty exciting.” Very few of his high school classmates headed to college, but Jim and his siblings attended Purdue, a state school. A private college was unthinkable.¹⁵⁸

A number of FIs were raised in urban or suburban homes supported by businessmen fathers. The stories told by their children, however, differed markedly from H. Richard Niebuhr’s description of middle class mainline Protestants as people highly focused on their own salvation in churches that reflected the interests of their race, class, and nation—preservative ethics—rather than the ethics of the gospel.¹⁵⁹ Susan Dinklage Multer (Hong Kong, 1966-1968) grew up in a suburb of Kansas City, Missouri. Her mother died of cancer when she was quite young. Both her father and stepmother were college graduates.

¹⁵⁸ Ibid.
My father was a businessman and he was a Republican….a conservative businessman probably…..but I was totally unaware of it. He was my dad and he was wonderful and he did good things…..church, Scouts, YMCA….all that. My [step]mother… had been a settlement house worker—Methodist—a single lady—all her life and married my father with three children which was a huge challenge. My sister has told me since that she was in Fellowship of Reconciliation and that type of thing was too much for my father. But I didn’t know or feel that. That just wasn’t his line of social activity or church activity.¹⁶⁰

Susan’s stepmother was also active in the American Association of University Women (AAUW) and through them invited high performing students, including those from the black high school, to tea each year to encourage their college aspirations. Her parents also invited international exchange students to visit. “I did have a very different exposure than my neighbors even on the same street probably did,” she said. Each summer while she was in high school in the late 1950s, she participated in a “caravan” program that took kids to different parts of the country for two weeks to see the work of the church. Parents paid half of the cost and the presbytery paid the other half. Susan went to the southwest the first summer, the southeast the second summer (probably 1958) where they met with Martin Luther King, Jr., and then to Washington and New York the third summer. When she was in college at Wooster, Westport Presbyterian, her home church, paid for her to participate in a Southeast Asia Study Seminar run by Margaret Flory’s office one summer to see the work of the church there. It included a stop in Hong Kong where she met Jim Trowbridge, then serving as a FI at a refugee center, and decided she wanted to do that, too.¹⁶¹

¹⁶⁰ Susan Dinklage Multer, June 24, 2009.
¹⁶¹ Ibid.
While no other FI story is precisely the same as Susan’s, there is much in its openness to the world that others would recognize and that are clues that not all middle class mainline Protestants conformed to Niebuhr’s ideal type of “culture Christian,” out to use the church to amplify the feathering of his own nest. The difference is not “liberal” versus “conservative.” Susan’s stepmother was probably more “liberal” in classic terms than her father given her involvement in the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a pacifist organization, and her father was definitely a conservative Republican businessman. Yet both supported black students’ college aspirations, welcomed international students, willingly paid for Susan to experience the work of the church in different places among different people. These are all characteristic of an important stream of mainline Protestantism that found its way into the lives of many Frontier Intern families.

What distinguishes these families is not their socio-economic differences but their common values. In answer to a question about what their family’s aspirations were for them, an overwhelming majority of FIs responded: that I would graduate from college. That was the case whether the parents themselves had graduated from college or not. I turn once again to a story of Ruth Anne Olson’s because it got such a strong response from other FIs when I shared it at two FI conferences I held in 2010.

My mother had …a Life Teaching Certificate … in the state of Washington. Then they moved to Oregon and she had no credentials in Oregon. When I was in seventh grade, she decided she wanted to go back to teaching. …But she had no credentials so she went to college. She was absolutely terrified and yet she was driven to do that. … The college she went to was forty miles away. It was all very complicated. I was still too young to be home alone. But she was committed to it and my father was a role model in terms of what to expect from your male partner. And so she got her bachelor’s degree and got her teaching certificate. I was actually with her…..she and I were driving to town and she stopped to get the
mail….it was a rural mail box a half mile away from our house….and she
stopped to get the mail and opened the mailbox and she looked at the
envelope….I get tears to this day….and she just started to sob uncontrollably. She
was just sobbing and of course I had no idea what this was and when she finally
got control, she said, “It’s OK, it’s OK” and it was her teaching certificate.¹⁶²

Ruth Anne’s story had connected so powerfully with other FIs because it was familiar to
them, either because of their own parents’ return to school or the determination and hard
work of others they knew in their communities to secure an education. Carl Takamura’s
(Japan, 1969-1971) father had only a fifth grade education but went back to school while
he was working to get his GED, something Carl deeply admired.¹⁶³ Both of John
Bradley’s (Bolivia, 1967-1969) parents went to college as adults. These stories of
sacrifice extended to seminary educations, too. Some go back in family histories. Kathy
Huenemann Habib’s (Lebanon, 1972-1976) grandfather was a farmer with five children
in Wisconsin when he went to seminary and became a minister in the Reformed Church.
Several of his sons, including Kathy’s father, also became ministers in the
Congregational or Presbyterian churches.¹⁶⁴ Aimee Martin’s (Colombia, 1968-1970)
grandfather was a farmer with a family in the South who got a call to the Episcopal
priesthood while he was serving in World War I. The family moved in with an aunt so he
could go to seminary. They valued education even though there was never very much

¹⁶² Ruth Anne Olson, June 2, 2009.
money.\textsuperscript{165} Education was not something to be taken-for-granted. It was something to work and sacrifice for.

Hard work and sacrifice are generally regarded as conservative values, but many of the FI parents and grandparents who exemplified these values for them were independent thinkers who occupied complex moral universes and did not fit neatly into categories, often rejecting other conservative values like materialism or the belief that anyone could pull themselves up by their own bootstraps if they tried hard enough. A number clearly understood themselves as moral actors; they struggled with issues and took stands on them.

Joel McClellan’s (Tunisia/Marseilles, 1961-1963) father was one of the Dust Bowl migrants from Texas to Southern California where his family struggled to get established. He excelled in public school and was able to attend UCLA because it was a state school and because he also worked, but he had to drop out of seminary for awhile. He got a job working at East LA Gardens in a migrant community to make enough money to go back and finish. “His whole focus was on social action,” Joel said. “His favorite book was, of course, Steinbeck’s \textit{Grapes of Wrath}. That was, sort of, his story.” He was a leader in the synod on these issues. He was also a conscientious objector during World War II, but went to Europe as a chaplain because he believed he should be with the men of the church. He was one of the very first people into the concentration camp at Dachau and met the inmates there. That affected him the rest of his life. He taught about

\textsuperscript{165} Aimee and Dick Martin, October 12, 2010.
Christian anti-Semitism and felt very strongly about the need to oppose evil. But “it took him a long time to realize that the Vietnam War was not about opposing evil,” Joel said. “It was about evil, perhaps, but on the wrong side.” The point of including this extended example is to demonstrate what it meant then not to be guided not by ideology—whether something was deemed sufficiently liberal or conservative--but by what was deemed right. That was not always obvious because, in Niebuhrian terms, of sin, which is why it was important to struggle about issues with others, particularly people with different views than oneself. In the days before mass media, it often made religious leaders like Rev. McClellan, and the churches they led, wild cards politically, but intellectual and moral leadership was considered an integral part of spiritual leadership in many congregations and an important part of what they hired someone to do.

The high value that FIs and their families placed on education is central to the FI story. The reason the FIs were even qualified to apply to the program is that they were college graduates. Even in 1960, that marked them as “elites” relative to their age-group peers. Access to higher education was expanding dramatically, but still only the top 20% of 21 year olds that year had completed a college degree. Fischer and Hout demonstrate that “after midcentury education became an increasingly crucial axis of difference among Americans” because of its dramatic impact on income, wealth, and

166 Joel McClellan, April 15, 2010.
167 Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference: How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 2006), 11, Figure 2.1.
family life. Sociologist Robert Wuthnow explored the impact of this trend on American religion and zeroed in on the divisive effect of changing attitudes and values emphasizing egalitarianism and comfort with diversity, tolerance for non-conformity, and liberalized lifestyles that seem to accompany higher educational attainment. He argued that better-educated parishioners allied with better-educated clergy opened up a chasm with the less-educated, more conservative parishioners before the more highly educated began to decamp altogether in the late 1960s.

All this may well be so, but the FI stories suggest elements that have been left out, namely the critical role Protestants have historically placed on education in empowering the freedom of Christians, particularly non-elites, to engage in moral struggle and to make moral choices, and the presence in their lives of adult mentors who were actively doing this, day in and day out. The Frontier Interns understood themselves to be wrestling with an enormous problem—how should Christian mission be redefined in the post-colonial world—that had not only a strategic dimension, but a moral one as well. Was it possible for Americans to play a non-dominating, non-coercive or oppressive role in Third World countries at all? They understood themselves to have been empowered by their educations and trusted by their elders in the churches to engage in this struggle. As a result of this struggle, many of them were able to make moral judgments and moral

168 Ibid., 10.
claims on their return, exactly as Rev. McClellan did after his return home from Dachau.\textsuperscript{170}

This was fast becoming a countercultural understanding of the purpose of education in post-war America. Hout & Fisher quote a 1947 film, \textit{Education is Good Business} produced by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce that promoted public investment in schools because “Education is the basis of the genuine production of wealth…”\textsuperscript{171} This tension between the two ways of understanding the purpose of education was present in some of the FI homes, including George Taylor’s. (Italy, 1968-1970):

Ada: What were their hopes for you? What did they communicate to you about what they wanted for you?

George: They communicated that they wanted me to get a good job, a good education, make good money…..these were the values in my home. However, my mother I think gave me a little different perspective. She, I think, gave me the idea that there were values in life other than making a lot of money. For my father that was a very important idea and a measure of your success—how much money you made, where you lived, the status of your car…..he wanted to get an Oldsmobile to show that he was up there….so appearances were very important to my father and materialism….to my mother, not so much. My mother was really the conscience of the family. She kind of looked out from beyond the lily white suburbs and was aware that there was a different world out there. I think at her knee I began to see that. …After I left home at age seventeen [I] never really went back to that world.\textsuperscript{172}

A second value that was mentioned repeatedly in FI interviews was service. Most FIs understood from early childhood that it was expected that they would make a contribution to the life of their community. This message was underscored in church, in

\textsuperscript{170} This is the subject of Chapter Ten.
\textsuperscript{171} Fischer and Hout, \textit{Century of Difference: How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years}, 9.
\textsuperscript{172} George Taylor, May 28, 2009.
school, and in community organizations like Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. Life is not about you; it is about us. Do your part. Parents modeled this for their children through their engagement in the life of their communities and churches. Volunteer commitments, both public and private, were a way of life. Certainly, Dwain Epps’ mentor, Alvin Olson, exemplified almost sacrificial devotion to the youth in his community through sports, the church, and the Boy Scouts. Another example of the service of so many church women was offered by Chuck Robertson (Poland, 1971-1973), the second oldest of eleven children. He had just reported for basic training in the Army in 1957 when his mother was seriously injured in a car crash.

So who does the cooking and baby sitting and all the rest that’s necessary with those ten kids at home, from twenty years to one year old? The women of the church! From the night they saw it on the television news, they mobilized to assist the family. So you see how my understanding of the church as “extended family” was reinforced in spades by the compassion and ministry of the congregation where we were members.  

This kind of service, too, was reflective of this core Christian value and widely embraced regardless of theological conservatism or liberalism or political party affiliation.

Higher Education. American FIs attended eighty-six different colleges or universities covering the full range of types of institutions and geographical locations. In only a handful of cases—either very large universities like University of California at Berkeley or colleges with very deep, historic roots in the Student Christian Movement like College of Wooster or Oberlin--did more than one or two FIs come from the same

school. About half of the FIs also attended one of twelve seminaries. How was the program able to recruit from such a wide range of schools?

What emerged from the interviews with Margaret, her Methodist counterpart, Ruth Harris, and the FIs themselves, was a picture of something like the network of scouts used by pro football coaches to identify, follow, then recruit highly talented players. Margaret and Ruth were involved in many programs, not just the ones like FIM or the Methodist Church’s short-term mission programs. They also ran conferences for college students like the SVM Quadrennials, but there were also denominational student movement conferences, too. They ran programs for chaplains and pastors. And they cultivated those relationships and sought input from those people about up-and-coming talented young people full of “risk and hope.” Sue Bennett, an Oberlin dynamo, described herself, after her participation in the JYA program in the Philippines as “caught up in Margaret’s whirlwind.” elmira Nazombe said she “started going to the Sunday night dinners at the Wesley Foundation and the rest is history.” At each level, local to international, she was given opportunities, seized them, then more doors opened. The Frontier Internship was one of those doors.

Ruth Anne Olson and Brian Aldrich, who were then married and became FIs in the Philippines in 1962-1964, and Judy Elliott, who became a FI in Italy in 1967-69, each told astonishing stories of being recruited as Frontier Interns that graphically illustrate how much more like a football coach putting together a winning team Margaret was than

174 Sue Bennett, November 12, 2009.
an admissions director and how important her connections with people who worked in these schools was. One wild and stormy night, Ruth Anne and Brian were in the dining hall at McCormick Theological, where Brian was a student, when Brian’s advisor, Marshall Scott, took them aside and said he had just gotten a call from a friend of his who was stuck out at O’Hare and thought maybe they would be interested in meeting her. Ruth Anne recalled that,

…All the flights in and out of O’Hare were grounded. And I think that Margaret just took the opportunity to call Marshall while she was stuck in the airport. And Marshall said: “This might be kind of interesting to you and I told her that if you were interested you would come out to the airport.” So…we said: “Sure, why not?” …[I]t was a terrible drive out there….huge lightening all over the place and we got there and we didn’t know what this woman looked like….I mean there were hundreds of grounded flights, right? And the airport is just jammed with people. We walked in the door of O’Hare Terminal thinking: “Now what?” And this woman bustles up to us and says: “You must be the Aldrichs!” … We couldn’t find any place to sit and we finally found a coffee shop. We could find three chairs but everybody was sharing tables together so she spent maybe forty-five minutes describing this program and I just remember sitting there thinking: “This is really incredible. It does sort of sound like fun.” And then she finally took a deep breath and said: “So, do you want to go? And oh, by the way, if you decide to do this you need to be in upstate New York three weeks from today because that is when the program starts.” And we sort of looked at each other. At that point everybody was sitting cheek-by-jowl in this crowded restaurant, and a man at the table leaned over and said: “If you don’t want to do it, I want to do it.” So we said: “Yeah, let’s do it!” … And I remember the next morning getting up and sort of wandering around our little McCormick student apartment and…Brian saying: “Maybe we should have some cereal or something.” We were in a state of shock.

Judy Elliott’s story of becoming a Frontier Intern began one spring day in 1967. She was a senior at Muskingum and a religious education major who had been very active on campus and in a program in inner city Chicago. She was studying when she got

175 Ruth Anne Olson, June 2, 2009.
a call from the chaplain’s secretary asking for help. The chaplain was sick and had failed to either schedule any students to talk with some lady due in from New York or cancel the visit. Could Judy come over and just sort of sit and chat with her for awhile?

I said: “OK, I can do that.” So I went and met Margaret Flory. She came in. She had a container of some kind. It wasn’t exactly a suitcase but it was a case of some kind, about this big—square—and deep. And on the inside, standing up like this, it was full of papers. So we sat down. I remember perfectly—the room. I can’t remember the room I slept in for the four years that I was in college but I can remember this room that she and I were sitting in…. So I explained to her why I was there and she said: “Didn’t he set up any appointments or anything?” ….So I was trying to cover up and I said: “Well, he’s been sick so you’ll just have to talk to me.” So I started…telling her that I wanted to go to Europe but I didn’t have any money and everybody says you can’t go to Europe if you don’t have any money so forget it. But I still have this idea that I want to go to Europe. She said: “Well, just hold on. I have exactly what you need here.” And in this box there must have been four hundred pieces of paper and each represented some kind of program. And she put her hand in there and she pulled out the FI program and she said, “Why don’t you look at this.”

Six months later Judy was learning Italian in Perugia, preparing for her internship in a community of international volunteers called Servizio Cristiano in Riesi, Sicily.

Eventually, she made the Waldensian Valley in Northern Italy her permanent home.

Although most of the FI stories of connecting with the program and Margaret are not nearly this dramatic, collectively they make clear how hard Margaret worked through her networks to find young people with a strong Christian faith and a spirit of risk and hope that she believed were the necessary prerequisites for a successful Frontier Internship. It also demonstrates how willing she was to trust the moment and the eventual

176 Judy Elliott, interview by the author, Luserna San Giovanni, Italy, April 18 (part I) and April 19 (part 2), 2010.
outcome. Although she failed to secure very many commitments from African-American students she worked hard to reach, the FI group, as a whole, was far from homogeneous.

The Conscientious Objectors. One particular FI sub-group needs to be identified. Once the War in Vietnam and opposition to it began to build up in the mid-1960s, Margaret Flory and Ruth Harris decided that they must open up places in the Frontier Intern program for conscientious objectors (COs) to do alternative service. The experience of one of the CO FIs, Dick Martin (Colombia, 1968-1970), illustrates how unusual that was. After he got his CO designation from his draft board, he started writing to U.N. agencies and NGOs like CARE and Save the Children, and churches, and got turned down by all of them.

Somehow or other, one of my letters to one of the churches—I don’t know if it was the Methodists—my church—or what, found its way through to the Frontier Internship Program which I honestly had never heard of. I didn’t apply to it. It just happened to me.

I was quite surprised at first when I started corresponding, I guess it was with Margaret, that they were actually interested in conscientious objectors. At that point, at the peak of the anti-war feelings, I had the feeling that they were going to bat for COs. If you wanted them, they wanted you if you were a CO.177

Eight of the people interviewed for this study were admitted to the program as COs. Some were part of the SCM/WSCF network, had the same interests and motivations as everyone else, and would very likely have wanted to participate anyway. A few were almost entirely motivated to seek it out by the need to find an alternate service venue.

177 Aimee and Dick Martin, October 12, 2010.
The issues they were all wrestling with were quite complex. They brought something new to the program.

Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971) struggled with the issues as every draft-age male did, and as a student at Union in New York for a year on a Rockefeller Brothers grant, he watched others do the same.

For me it was life forming. I feel sorry in a way for kids nowadays because there's so much emphasis on succeeding and getting the right job and making a lot of money that they are not forced to really confront what their beliefs and values are. I feel that the 60’s were for many a time of life-and-death since if you got sent away to Vietnam, you were very likely to die or become severely damaged. I talked to my parents and I told them that if I got drafted, I was not going; i.e. I was either going to jail or to Canada. I must admit that I was surprised, as well as grateful, that my parents, especially my father, were supportive.¹⁷⁸

In the end, he got a high number in the lottery, but the impact of the struggle remained for him, as it did for others.

If there was such a thing as a conscientious objector legacy, Mark Schomer (Congo, 1968-1970) would be one. He called his pacifist identity an “inherited identity.”

His father, Howard Schomer, provided both an inspiration and a model for his pacifist witness virtually from the day he was born in the village, Le Chambon-Sur-Lignon in France, that had saved the lives of 5,000 Jewish refugees from Hitler. After the war, his parents went there as fraternal workers to be part of the peacemaking in Europe and stayed until Mark was twelve. During the war, his father fought and won a landmark legal battle to be permitted to refuse a ministerial deferment and be recognized as a CO like any other Christian. As a result, he did five years of civilian public service in various

places in the US. “Basically, from Day One when they got married, [my parents] were making statements of conscience,” Mark said. “They were part of the family values.”

As an undergraduate at Oberlin, Mark studied Christian ethics and took a course on War as a Problem of Conscience to sharpen his understanding of what it meant to be a pacifist and prepare his petition. The meeting with the draft board was anti-climatic. They shuffled through the papers long enough to see how tight his case was then approved his CO status without even reading the brief he had prepared or asking him any questions. The Frontier Intern program, the Brethren Service Commission, and a European-based organization called Eirene—the Greek word for peace—that has affinity with Quakers and Mennonites and Brethren agreed to co-sponsor his alternate service. His assignment was to go to the Congo and work in cooperation with the Kimbanguist church—the Church of Jesus Christ on Earth through the prophet Simon Kimbangu. While he was there, it became the first African prophetic church to join the World Council of Churches.

Peter Schoonmaker’s (Australia, 1969-1971) father had been a CO during World War II, too. He actually ended up having to intervene for Peter when, after granting him CO status, his draft board refused to accept the Frontier Intern program as acceptable alternate service. He had already begun the FI program and was out of the country by the time they denied him the needed permission. His dad had to go to Washington and meet

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179 Mark Schomer, interview by the author, Guatemala (by telephone), December 7, 2009.
180 Ibid.
with the head of the draft board to make it possible for him to continue legally.\textsuperscript{181} Scott Brunger (Togo/Benin, 1968-1970) got his permission to use the FI program for alternate service four hours before they were scheduled to leave.\textsuperscript{182}

Both Peter and Scott had family histories with the global ecumenical network. Peter’s father was a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Scott’s father worked for the YMCA first in China and Hong Kong and then in Lebanon. Both involved themselves with the Student Christian Movement so very well might have been interested in the FI program anyway. Bob Snow (Hong Kong, 1969-1971) and Ron Thomas (Yugoslavia, 1969-1971), on the other hand, would probably never have heard of it if they had not been searching out alternative service options. Both men had uninspiring Methodist Church backgrounds and no involvement in the Student Christian Movement. They were classmates at Swarthmore, a Quaker college, and it was the Quakers who played the key role for Bob at this crucial time. He had been attending Quaker meeting at Pendle Hill, a nearby Quaker study center.

The Pendle Hill meeting was people who were there as Fellows for six months or a year, and they were hard-core Quaker activists from all over the world. There were Koreans, there was a guy who was writing a book about Martin Buber, who had known Buber, and these people--you would often go to a meeting and it would be dead silent for a whole--it was only a half an hour meeting on week days, but the power--a settled meeting--a gathered meeting is an incredibly powerful thing, and so that's where I decided I would be a conscientious objector. It was a whole bunch of the life choices that I made came out of that gathered meeting.\textsuperscript{183}

\textsuperscript{182} Ann and Scott Brunger, April 23, 2009.
\textsuperscript{183} Bob Snow, interview by the author, Cambridge, MA, July 13, 2009.
Bob and Ron were both involved with the American Friends Service Committee’s (AFSC) draft counseling center in Philadelphia. Bob got an AFSC scholarship and spent July after his junior year in Japan with peace activists from all over Asia, and August in Korea with an international group building a road. It was transformative. But he was officially a Methodist, so a CO designation was not a “slam-dunk.” His CO clearance only came through the week he was beginning FI orientation at Stony Point. Ron was much less of a Quaker or a Christian than Bob—his spiritual journey began much later and went in different directions—but he had been laying a paper trail to document his pacifism since high school and got his CO designation without any hold-ups. He had reservations about the FI program, but when he met with Margaret, she tuned into his powerful intellect and intense interest in Eastern Europe and Marxist humanism.

[W]hen I interviewed for the intern program I didn’t come in thinking particularly about that and then Margaret, kind of out of the clear blue says, “Well, how about Yugoslavia?” And I said: “Whoa…….” And as fate would have it, my girlfriend at the time at Swarthmore was Yugoslav! She was Serb and had come over. And I said: “Wow, yes, yes!” It was like instant. And that was it! And she said: “Well, we might have a slot there.” And I said: “That’s mine!”

Margaret quickly tuned into Bob’s interest in Asia after his AFSC work camp experience the summer before and offered him a slot in Hong Kong.

Dick Martin (Colombia, 1968-1970) was raised Methodist, too, in Rochester, Minnesota, home of the Mayo Clinic where his father was a doctor. Dick had as little interest in Methodism as Ron Thomas, but it was the minister in his home church who

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185 Ron Thomas, Nov. 7, 2009.
got him through his CO interview. The AFSC draft counseling center in Seattle, where he was in a doctoral program in Spanish Literature, had helped him prepare the application paperwork, but he still had to get through an interview with his draft board back in Minnesota. His parents suggested he talk to their good friend, the minister, Winn Haycock.

[S]uch an impressive guy. Big, wealthy church, so he had to keep them all happy but this thing came along and something had just been building in him and he wanted to do something. He just took my case on and he helped me understand the questions draft boards asked and things like that. The night of the hearing I took him along and he put on his clerical collar—he’d never had a clerical collar on in his life!—it was strictly guerilla theater! We went in not knowing what to expect. This draft board was obviously meeting their quota without any problems and didn’t want any difficulties or protests or anything like that. It was the friendliest meeting. So I got this status: conscientious objector. I got a new draft card with that on it and went back to finish graduate school.

But then I was thinking, wait a minute now. It became pretty clear that the way conscientious objector works is you can still be drafted but you are drafted for alternative service. You can work in a hospital or something like that. But it became clear that my draft board just didn’t feel any need to do that and that I was probably going to sail through undrafted and I got to feeling guilty about that because everyone else was getting drafted. I finally decided I would volunteer for alternative service.¹⁸⁶

Dick was up front with Margaret about his lack of interest in religion. His fiancée, Aimee, had no interest in religion either. Margaret factored that and his fluency in Spanish in and assigned them to a pastor and friend of hers in Colombia who wanted to start a vocational training program in a new housing development there.¹⁸⁷

¹⁸⁶ Aimee and Dick Martin, October 12, 2010.
¹⁸⁷ Ibid.
Local draft boards had almost god-like power over the fate of the draft-eligible young men in their communities, whether wealthy doctors in Rochester, MN or insurance agents in Tallahassee, Florida where Garon Stephens (Spain, 1970-1971) was raised in the First Baptist Church. He got to Duke with straight A’s and a celebrated record as a left-handed pitcher and found a girlfriend active in the Methodist Student Movement there and a great chaplain, John Carey, who remains a good friend. But when draft-time came, Garon had to go back to Tallahassee.

I prepared materials to apply for conscientious objector status and at that time the chairman of the draft board was a guy named W.H. Cates. He was also the mayor who made the decision to close the swimming pools rather than integrate them, and he was also the chairman of the board of deacons of the First Baptist church. I called up to inquire about the status of my CO application, and he said "Aren't you Lonnie’s boy, at the Baptist church?" I said, "Yes sir". He said "Gary, we don't believe in this at the Baptist church." I said, "Well, I beg to differ, I think there are different traditions, and the belief is to rely on the individual making a decision...". "Gary, listen, don't worry about it, we're gonna take care of you, but let's just don't pursue this thing...".

Most young men, of course, did not have anyone at the draft board to “take care” of them. Most had no way to get a student deferment to buy some time or the wherewithal to even put together a CO application, either. The moral quandaries that created were intense. Ron Wilhelm (Dominican Republic, 1969-1971) wrestled with what he clearly understood as his privilege, as a white person able to go to a college like Southern Methodist University (SMU) and be guided by an incredible chaplain at the Wesley Foundation in thinking and talking about the central issues in Christian thought and life sufficient to even assemble a coherent explanation of the grounds of his pacifism.

188 Garon Stephens, interview by the author, Plymouth, MI, June 4, 2009.
We weren't wealthy. My mother was a schoolteacher. She took out a loan to pay for it, and I'm an only child, so they didn't have other kids going to college. But I knew young guys down there in south Dallas that I played football with, who were drafted, who were killed, and I knew that part of the argument about the conscientious objection thing was "if you don't go, somebody's gonna go in your place, and it's gonna be somebody who is poor, probably. And doesn't have the education that you have." On the other hand, if you go, as a non-combatant, you're still supporting this war machine.\textsuperscript{189}

He applied for CO status, but not only did he not have anyone taking care of him on the draft board, the board was in Fredricksburg, Texas, twenty miles from the LBJ ranch when Lyndon Johnson was president. The minute he filed his CO application, they classified him 1-A, meaning immediately available for military service, to punish him. This was illegal, but Ron ended up needing all the education and draft law training his privilege had gotten him to fight through the appeals process to have that decision overturned. And then he had to meet with them another time after he graduated.

That time I said to them, “Okay, I've tried to help you understand my beliefs and why I don't want to kill”--because basically their question was, "Why do you think you're better than anybody else that you don't have to serve?"--and I said, "That's not the issue. The issue is killing people." So at that last meeting I said …if they were not willing to grant me the 1-O status that I was willing to go to jail. After that, they did grant me the 1-O, and then, rather than allow them to choose where I would go, I submitted the Frontier Internship and they accepted it. They could have denied it, but they accepted it.\textsuperscript{190}

Other FIs bypassed the moral morass that the CO process so often entailed and went to seminary to get the deferment automatically granted to people studying for the ministry, even when they had no interest in a pastoral ministry. This was, of course, another kind of moral compromise that nagged at many of them. Larry Cox (France, 190)

\textsuperscript{189} Ron Wilhelm, interview by the author, Dallas, TX, April 30, 2009.
\textsuperscript{190} Ibid.
1967-1969) had a 4-D deferment as an FI for his “work for the church” as a FI. He was in Paris learning French in preparation for an internship in Cameroon when he heard Stokeley Carmichael give a speech that troubled his conscience. “I decided I would send back my draft card and refuse to participate and give up my deferment and announce to the draft board that I wanted nothing to do with the selective service system, that it was unfair and biased and wrong.” He and some other Americans also applied for and got political asylum in France. That ended up in the *New York Times* and on the nightly news.

This is where it gets really interesting, because I kept expecting Margaret to say, "What the hell are you doing?", … but the word came that I should not go to Cameroon because the church there was very conservative and they didn't think I would fit in, and also nobody knew what was going to happen to me. Was I going to be indicted?...they didn't know.

To their great credit--to me it's a tremendous thing--they said, “Okay, you stay in Paris … You're working with American exiles. Let that be your Frontier.” So I in effect got a green light to do what I was already doing, which was working with and organizing U.S deserters and draft-resisters, to speak out against the war.\(^{191}\)

The draft became a burning issue only about 1965 when the massive troop build up in Vietnam began. It probably directly affected no more than fifteen percent of the FIs. The earliest classes were already back in the U.S., in grad school or jobs, starting families. Another eight FIs were military veterans by the time they participated, although all of them had both completed their service prior to 1965 and were themselves opposing the War in Vietnam. But it is not the draft or the Vietnam War itself that reoriented the center of gravity of the Frontier Intern Program away from abstract issues of the mission of the church. It was what happened when morally serious human beings, not unlike

\(^{191}\) Larry Cox, October 16, 2009.
those who constituted the SCM/WSCF and Resistance in Europe during World War II, were confronted by an enormous moral mess that their country was at least in part responsible for, and had to face the very concrete, very personal question of what to do about it.
5. “And the Scales Fell from My Eyes….”

Moral Awakenings

The phrase in the chapter heading, “and the scales fell from my eyes,” comes from Suzette Abbott (NYC, 1971-1973), one of the first international Frontier Interns. The phrase comes from Acts 9:18 when Ananias laid his hands on Saul: “And immediately there fell from his eyes something like scales, and he regained his sight, and he got up and was baptized...” In common usage it refers to seeing the truth in something that has been there all along. This kind of awakening was central to the pre-internship experience of many FIs. From Suzette’s story, it is possible to track a cascade of awakenings over a half century and two continents.

Suzette grew up in apartheid South Africa. Her town, East London, was on the coast and entirely white—public school, the Methodist Church, everything. There was no television until 1975 and the government controlled the radio. When the Sharpeville massacre happened in March, 1960, no news of it reached people like her. But about 1967, two things happened: she saw Athol Fugard’s play The Blood Knot about two black South Africans, one lighter than the other, and she heard Beyers Naudé, a former leader in the Dutch Reformed Church who had resigned to work against apartheid and been defrocked, speak. It was the first time that she had ever heard a Christian question apartheid. Somehow she also got a hold of a copy of Albert Luthuli’s book, Let My

192 Abbott, Suzette, interview by the author, Brookline, MA, October 1, 2009.
People Go, read it, and could not believe he was writing about the country she had grown up in.

[M]ore and more things happened and it was like in the Bible when the scales fall from the eyes. And once I saw…..Oh, my God! And I had nobody to talk to. My family thought I was….they said: “You’re a traitor.” No friends. No family. No one.193

So she went to teach in another town—Durban--and joined the Christian Institute that Beyers Naudé founded after leaving the church. There she found like-minded people, including people in the Methodist Church. They wrote handbooks for Sunday School teachers. “[A]nd so I was set on another path,” she said.

Suzette’s story picks up later on when she met FIs Tami Hultman and Reed Kramer who were then working in South Africa, but what is important here is understanding the dynamic of “norm entrepreneurship”, or the development of a new sense of what is right and wrong, in the context of the global ecumenical community.194

In this example all three elements of Margaret Flory’s early convictions are evident. First, difference teaches. Second, the world church is real and has the capacity to transcend differences. And third, when it does it has the powerful capacity to confront evil and chaos in important ways. South Africa in the 1960s presents an opportunity to see how this process worked. Beyers Naudé is deservedly remembered internationally for his courage and leadership in the anti-apartheid movement. He clearly played a critical role

193 Suzette Abbott, interview by the author, Brookline, MA, October 1, 2009.
in Suzette Abbott’s life. What also needs recognized, however, is that this was something he was able to do because others had played that role for him at a World Council of Churches consultation in Cottesloe in December 1960 after Sharpsville. What follows is a paraphrase of Robert Bilheimer’s first-person account of that meeting.

The WCC sent six people to the consultation; eight South African churches sent ten people each. Beyers Naudé was a delegate for the Dutch Reformed Church. The WCC’s goal was to draw the churches out of isolation into conversation and relationship while at the same time maintaining the ironclad WCC position that segregation is contrary to the Gospel. Everything about the conference was interracial. “The tensions there arose from anger, suspicion, long history, theological division, divergences of culture, language, tradition and loyalty, prejudice outspoken and prejudice rationalized.”195 At the end of the conference, at least 80% of those attending affirmed three fundamental principles that were truly radical under the circumstances. The conference seemed to be a triumph, but two weeks later, on January 1, 1961, Prime Minister Verwoerd, in his usual New Year’s Day address to the nation, denounced the consultation and demanded that the Afrikaner participants retract their agreement. All but Beyers Naudé did. Within three years he had left the church and founded the Christian Institute that Suzette joined and with which Tami and Reed worked.196

So then, if Beyers Naudé was not the original source—the fount of wisdom that discerned the right political posture—was it the white guys the WCC sent from Geneva?

195 Bilheimer, Breakthrough: The Emergence of the Ecumenical Tradition, 200-205.
196 Ibid.
No, actually. Certainly the WCC was able to intervene in this way because they were standing on commitments to racial justice made at the 1954 meeting in Evanston. But Bilheimer was able to get race on the agenda of the WCC’s 1954 meeting in Evanston, IL because on several occasions he had invited W.A. Visser ‘t Hooft, the WCC General Secretary, to preach at the small black church in New York City where Bilheimer had learned to see race through the eyes of close black friends. Others, like African-American leader Benjamin Mays worked with whites like Alan Paton, author of *Cry, The Beloved Country*, on the preparatory committee that did the ground work for the conference.197

But why did churchmen attending the 1954 conference support it, particularly American churchmen who held positions of authority in what was still a very segregated society?

The answer, I believe, is that they had been primed by decades of work by others to do so. The importance of this dissertation rests on the personal contacts it documents—details that are normally lost in the sweep of history—and the way those contacts make some of the dynamics of social change that took place in the 1960s and 1970s visible. Based on that, it makes some modest claims that among the most important drivers of progressive social change are the moral awakenings that happen from relationships, or even just encounters, between people across barriers of difference. As a result, they act in new ways and those actions incrementally change the social system. Fostering these kind of encounters was part of the life of the Student Christian Movement from the beginning. The Frontier Interns, their SCM compatriots, and even their pastors, chaplains, and

teachers, were standing on the shoulders of others in the Movement as they confronted segregation in their own time.

A Brief Historical Detour. The YMCA and YWCA, the original organizational forms of the SCM in the United States, had been working to bridge the racial divide since the Civil War. Initially, there were separate associations, then a special department directed largely by what was then called “Negroes” for young African-American men and students. The departments for whites and Negroes were not officially merged until 1933, but in 1909, Dr. W. D. Weatherford, the Southern student YMCA secretary, began a program to bridge the gap between the races among college students. He wrote a book, *Negro Life in the South*, which was studied in colleges throughout the South. Channing Tobias, an African American Y staff member, estimated that 15,000 students took part in these study groups.\(^{198}\) This was followed by other publications and conferences.\(^{199}\) In 1913, the WSCF general conference was held at a Quaker hotel north of New York City and included, in the American delegation, eighty-eight white Americans, thirteen Negro, and five Indians as well as thirty-eight Orientals and Latin Americans studying in the American universities. Advance planning assured that every delegate would be received on equal terms. Even table assignments at dinner were drawn by lots.\(^{200}\) In 1914, John

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Mott and Booker T. Washington both addressed a Negro Christian Student Conference of sixty whites and 600 blacks at Clark University in Atlanta, the first integrated gathering of its kind held in the South.\textsuperscript{201} Mott organized a second inter-racial conference that year that drew people from north and south and the different races to grapple with the issues at stake. Dr. Robert S. Morton, President of Tuskegee Institute, declared that it “did more than any other single thing to crystallize into real practical action and to draw into co-operative work the many groups of people interested in the development of better inter-racial understanding.”\textsuperscript{202}

Such beginnings seem almost absurdly modest. The Y’s divisions were, after all, still segregated. Parts of the Weatherford book are cringe-worthy. Several years after these study groups and conferences, Morehouse senior Howard Thurman attended an interracial YMCA meeting in Atlanta, and was so offended when a white liberal proudly reported changing the seating arrangements at a local concert to put the whites and the blacks on separate sides divided by an aisle instead of the blacks behind the whites, that he walked out. The Morehouse president, Dr. John Hope, who was also attending the meeting, followed him out and lectured him: “Thurman, I know how you feel about what

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\textsuperscript{202} Rouse, \textit{The World’s Student Christian Federation: A History of the First Thirty Years}, 174-175, fnt 1.
\end{flushright}
is going on in there but you must remember that these are the best and most liberal men in the entire south. We must work with them. There is no one else. Remember.”

But in at least in one case we can trace the transformation and social impact that resulted anyway. Francis Pickens Miller, a Virginian, was raised in a home with an autographed photo of Robert E. Lee on the wall and attended Washington & Lee College where the campus YMCA sponsored study groups. “It was in one of these groups that I first began to take a serious interest in our race problem,” he wrote years later. “I collected a number of students who were willing to discuss together a little book entitled *The Negro in the South* that had just been written by W. D. Weatherford. …What he said set in motion trains of thought and action which profoundly influenced my attitudes.”

Miller served as chairman of the WSCF from 1928-1938 then returned to Virginia where he ran for governor in 1949 and senator in 1952 as an active supporter of civil rights, losing both races but advancing the cause.

In his autobiography, Howard Thurman relates a story of an awakening of his own in the context of the SCM. While attending a YMCA conference in New York, he awoke in the middle of the night startled by the late arrival of his white roommate, a Congregational missionary, assigned to share the one double bed by a drawing of lots. Relates Thurman:

With frank simplicity, he told me that although he had been unaware of harboring any racial prejudice at that moment, he had also never faced the prospect of sharing a bed with a Negro. Social relationships with Negroes were beyond the scope of his experience. We explored our souls together that night and helped each other exhume ghosts of racism each of us had considered forever buried. We talked until early light and then we went to sleep. When we awoke our lives were bound together in friendship and affection.205

“Every private talk was a conference in itself,” wrote Ruth Rouse of the WSCF Constantinople conference in 1911 where the Federation built the first of what would become many bridges to Orthodox Christianity. “[E]very new friendship [was] a revelation and often a revolution.”206 That proved true for Augustine Ralla Ram, an Indian SCM leader hosting the 1928 WSCF general conference in Mysore. After being deeply touched by the African-Americans who had been part of the U.S. delegation, he issued an invitation to the American SCM to send a Pilgrimage of Friendship composed of African-Americans. Howard Thurman spent four months in India heading that delegation in 1935. While there, he was able to spend a deeply-reflective and instructive time with Mahatma Gandhi that contributed to his understanding of non-violent resistance, an understanding he would develop in his book Jesus and the Disinherited and later convey to younger leaders of the embryonic Civil Rights Movement. Martin Luther King, Jr., valued it so highly that he carried it with him wherever he went.207

by encounter, these experiences are just a few of the building blocks of a post-tribal Christian vision and international Christian community that forms the background and context of the Frontier Intern story.

**Difference**

The experience of difference and the attitudes that FIs and the people in their communities held about the relationship of their own group with those different others, were central issues for FIs in the postwar period. The numbers, on the face of it, do not explain why. Unlike South Africa, where a white minority dominated a black majority, Caucasians dominated in the United States. At the time of the 1950 census, ninety-five percent of the people living in the Northeast, Midwest, and West were white and 3-5 percent black; 78 percent of the people in the South were white and just under 22 percent were black. A small number of American Indians and Asians rounded out the numbers in the West. Hispanic Americans were not counted separately.208 A Gallup poll in 1948 showed two-thirds of the total population was Protestant, down significantly from the 80 percent in 1900 but still the majority, 25% was Roman Catholic and 4% Jewish.209 Past studies have focused on the challenge of the country’s growing diversity to the cultural hegemony of white mainline Protestants. The concern here is on the awareness and


experience of that diversity and how the Frontier Interns responded to their growing understanding of it.

Presence. The first question FIs were asked in this portion of the interview was what kids they considered “different” when they were a kid. For one child to consider another child different, that child has to first be present in some way and their category of person has to have some kind of defining social marker. Unsurprisingly then, many of the FIs first and quickest answers were located within the social hierarchy of a school setting. Some thought first in terms of what they were not—the “popular” kids or the “athletes.” Others first identified their own social location within a school hierarchy—“geek” or “band”—and then compared it to others like the “shop kids” or “those who were not academic.” Other FIs were cross-over kids and welcome in all the groups; Reed Kramer (South Africa, 1969-1971) and Tim Christoffersen (Brazil, 1967-1968) who both served in leadership roles worked at doing that. John Bradley (Bolivia, 1967-1969) and Judy Elliott (Italy, 1967-1969) mentioned the “bad kids” or “difficult kids.” (They liked them!)

A second category of answers reflected the way the FIs as children processed racial, ethnic, or socio-economic differences originating outside school that segmented kids inside school. Some of the Western FIs went to school with Mexicans or other Hispanics. “Different” for Carol Clary (Uruguay, 1970-1972) were the scary Latinas—the “chola” girls—at her school in East L.A. who were rumored to have razor blades in their hair. (She ended up teaching them!) Class differences like those discussed in the last chapter are reflected in the instant answer “the rich kids” to the question about difference, particularly from FIs who grew up in small towns where the children of factory owners
went to school with the children of people who worked in them.\textsuperscript{210} In Rochester, MN, home of the Mayo Clinic, it was the status difference between the doctors’ kids and the farmers’ kids who got bused in.\textsuperscript{211} For the farmers’ kids in Judy Elliott’s Ohio community, it was the status difference with the poor white families who moved into the area abandoned by the strip miners.\textsuperscript{212} These differences were all part of everyday life. More mystifying were the children of migrant farm workers who appeared and disappeared in the world of some of the FIs, particularly those in the West. John Moyer (Romania, 1966-1968) recalled the way presence and connection and comfort with different groups played out for him as a child in Southern California.

When I was in grammar school, we lived in a predominantly Mexican-American community. My grammar school…was integrated. I played with the Mexican American kids, but …[w]hen the children of the farm workers came to our school during the picking seasons none of the kids associated with them. So I was at home with the Mexican kids, but I didn’t understand the situation of the children of the farm workers. I had no awareness of African-American life. Zero.\textsuperscript{213}

The third category of people who were present but different were the Roman Catholics, a population that had been growing relative to Protestants since the late 19\textsuperscript{th} century because of heavy immigration from Ireland and Southern and Eastern Europe. It was a relationship burdened not only with religious differences, but also ethnic and class ones. Superficially, they were homogenous because they were white, but, as Deborah McKean (Indonesia, 1962-1964) pointed out about her hometown, Bristol, Rhode Island,

\textsuperscript{210} Sally Timmel, interview by the author, South Africa (Skype), March 27, 2010.
\textsuperscript{211} Aimee and Dick Martin, October 12, 2010.
\textsuperscript{212} Judy Elliott, April 18 (part 1) and April 19 (part 2), 2010.
\textsuperscript{213} John Moyer, April 10, 2010.
the factories in the town meant that “there was far more diversity than met the eye.” It placed people side-by-side in the same town that the religious wars in Europe following the Reformation had separated into different countries.

Sue Bennett (Philippines, 1962-1964) described making her way as a child in one of these complex, highly stratified social situations not then uncommon in the industrial Northeast and Midwest.

I grew up in a steel town, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, a place where my great-uncle Paul moved from New Concord, Ohio. He was a very entrepreneurial young man who worked with Jones & Laughlin Steel Company to find a site for their new steel mill on the banks of the Ohio River. My father and his brother and my grandparents and great-uncle all settled there. We were, I would say, upper-middle-class in that setting. Our family was different from many of my classmates’ families because many of their parents had emigrated from Italy, Greece, and various central European countries to work in the mill. There were real differences in our way of speaking English and other aspects of our lives that were very apparent to me and to my classmates. The differences were really interesting to me as well as somewhat uncomfortable at times.

By comparison, it was easier to find common ground with a Jewish girl.

My best friend from junior high school through high school was neither Protestant or Catholic, but Jewish. There were very few Jewish families in our community, but there were also relatively few professionals and others in our community with college educations. My friend and I had in common that our parents--her father was an attorney and my parents were a teacher and a businessman--had completed college and graduate study and that we fully anticipated that we would also go on for higher education. We never questioned it. So the two of us--, born on the same day and the same year--spent a lot of time with each other and were not really part of any larger clique at our school.

Sue invited her friend to her church and to join Rainbow Girls. Her friend invited her to temple. The religious difference was fairly easily bridged. Many FIs developed

214 Deborah and Philip McKean, October 1, 2009.
215 Sue Bennett, November 12, 2009.
friendships with Jewish classmates under similar circumstances. The distance with Roman Catholics, by comparison, was enormous and a breeding ground for fear. Ruth Anne Olson (Philippines, 1962-1964) recalled she and a friend in their small, largely Protestant farming community, always ran past the Catholic church and elementary school. “I’ve looked back on that and thought: Did we think someone was going to come out and grab us? What was the deal there? That was something to be nervous about.”

But once kids got to school together, maintaining that divide—and the fear—became impossible for many. As Bruce Boston recalled about growing up in New Castle, PA, a mill town very much like Sue Bennett’s Aliquippa,

…once you [went] to high school all the school sports teams, band and choir, and school plays, and other interest groups kicked in to help kids form different kinds of relationships and loyalties – and in the summer there were city-wide baseball leagues. New Castle only had one high school, fed by two junior highs, so you got to know people from all over town. And getting into the dating scene helped, too.

This is where adult fears came into play. If their children got to be friends with Catholic kids, they might end up marrying them. Gail Hagerman McKee (Colombia, 1968-1970) recalled her suburban Long Island church showed the youth group a movie she found very disturbing. “It’s basic message was that you were supposed to not marry a Catholic. They showed all the reasons why. They didn’t exactly say ‘don’t’ but they said these are the problems you could have should you marry a Roman Catholic, like idolatry

216 Ruth Anne Olson, June 2, 2009.
217 Bruce O. Boston, July 28, 2009.
if you were worshipping a statue of a saint.\textsuperscript{218} Someone who did it anyway was often shunned. Mary Kuhns’ (Philippines, 1968-1970) father refused to attend her brother’s wedding to a Catholic girl and made her furious by insisting she not go either.\textsuperscript{219} But the Catholic taboo was one many couldn’t resist breaking. A number of FIs sent their parents over the edge dating Catholics in high school; a few ended up marrying one.

But FIs growing up in some rural areas experienced relatively little difference compared to their peers in urban areas. When Brian Aldrich was in seminary at McCormick in Chicago, he worked as a community organizer.

[A]s a block group organizer I got the outstanding contribution to ethnic relations award……I think it was worth $300…..for my organizing because I worked with the Italians and the Germans and the Puerto Ricans and … I got these people together……I didn’t know they didn’t speak to each other. [In] Northern Minnesota I was an Anglo in a Norwegian community. What did I know? So I get to Chicago and here’s all this diversity. I was really very naïve, but that didn’t stop me. I thought we did a good job!\textsuperscript{220}

There was a public dimension of the fear of Catholics, too. Hugh Allen (Portugal, 1969-1971) recalled that when John Kennedy ran for president, “the theme there was that you can’t support electing a Catholic for president. They are just like commies. They have five-year plans and they’ll be taking over.”\textsuperscript{221} But then Kennedy won, and the Pope did not seem to be taking over the White House. Pope John XXIII and Vatican II a few years later embraced reforms that made Roman Catholics seem more Protestant to Protestants. Soon the whole thing seemed silly.

\textsuperscript{218} Gail Hagerman McKee, interview by the author, Pilot, VA, July 20, 2009.
\textsuperscript{219} Mary Kuhns, May 6, 2009.
\textsuperscript{220} Brian Aldrich, interview by the author, Winona, MN, June 2, 2009.
\textsuperscript{221} Julie and Hugh Allen, interview by the author, Washington, D.C., July 26, 2009.
People like Margaret Flory were quick to pull Catholics into the ecumenical tent. Barbara Cort Gaerlan (Philippines, 1969-1971) was the first Roman Catholic FI. There is some irony in this because three of Barbara’s four grandparents were not Catholic. Her mother had been raised Catholic by a Methodist mother and Catholic father. Her father was raised Episcopalian but converted to Catholicism as a Harvard undergraduate. Like many converts, Barbara said, he was a fanatical Catholic but his commitments were ones entirely compatible with those of the ecumenical movement. He worked in the Catholic Worker with Dorothy Day in New York City, was involved with the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and wrote for *Commonweal*. In 1962, he went to work for the brand new Peace Corps in the Philippines.222 Teddy Robertson (Poland, 1971-1973) is a Roman Catholic who was, during her internship, married to Presbyterian minister Chuck Robertson (Poland, 1972-1974). Their host, Halina Bortnowska, was a leading Catholic lay worker and intellectual who got them networked in those circles. Margaret had met her at the World Council of Churches in Geneva.223 This suggests that not only did the barrier between Protestant and Roman Catholic collapse fairly quickly in private life, but that it happened equally quickly in public and church affairs, too.

**Absence.** African-Americans, by contrast, were not immediately present in the lives of most FIs when they were growing up. For some FIs, like David Barnes (Taiwan, 1961-1963) who grew up and went to school in northern Minnesota where the black population at the time was near nonexistent, they were completely absent. The first time

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222 Barbara Cort Gaerlan, interview by the author, Los Angeles, CA, May 12, 2009.
223 Theodosia (Teddy) Robertson, Nov. 6, 2008.
he even had a black classmate or professor was when he went to McCormick in Chicago for seminary. In Ruth Brandon’s (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968) entire county in Vermont there was one African-American family that ran a used bookstore and she did not know them. “It's not that we grew up without prejudice, but black was not a criteria, …I was sort of a clean slate for that,” she said. Many other FIs grew up in places where African-Americans were completely absent because, they came to understand later, those with power in those communities, particularly the realtors, kept it that way. FI hometowns of Maplewood, N.J., Glendale, CA, Avon Lake, OH, Burlingame, CA, Hinsdale, IL, Lexington, MA, Los Angeles, CA, were all lily white when FIs were growing up. In some places, like Dearborn, MI where Mary Kuhns grew up, intentional segregation was made explicit: “The mayor at that time was Mayor Hubbard. He was very well-known. He would say, ‘its an all-white community and it will stay all white.’”

In the segregated South, of course, African-Americans were both present and not present. Sheila McCurdy (Puerto Rico, 1968-1970) grew up in a little town in Alabama. “I didn’t know any black people as peers. We had different sides of town. I knew some older people who worked as domestic servants in people’s homes but I certainly didn’t know anybody my age.” The FIs then growing up and going to school in Southern cities and towns—Tallahassee, Knoxville, Greensboro, and others—were generally in the

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224 David Barnes, April 28, 2009.  
225 Ruth Brandon, June 8, 2009.  
226 Mary Kuhns, May 6, 2009.  
227 Sheila McCurdy, July 26, 2009.
same situation. “[School] segregation was eliminated in 1954, but nobody got integration up and running in a year, so I only met the Black community at the Kansas City Conservatory of Music or at the all-city orchestra, or in back or in front of me in a segregated school parade,” Joyce Manson (Great Britain, 1968-1970) recalled.228 Ron Thomas’ (Yugoslavia, 1969-1971) family lived in Burlington, North Carolina, right next to Greensboro for a few years until 1960, about the time the first sit-ins in restaurants took place. Before that he was only vaguely aware of segregation because he never interacted with blacks in any way. The sit-ins made the absent present.229

Gail Hagerman McKee’s (Colombia, 1968-1970) living situation on Long Island actually was as segregated as the southern towns and like the FIs growing up in the South, not something she even noticed or understood as socially structured. Massapequa and Massapequa Park where she lived was an all-white neighborhood. Right next to her, in Amityville, was a black neighborhood. “But growing up I really didn’t see the two races,” she said. “It was just the white.” But then she went to visit her grandparents in Florida. “I remember seeing the ‘colored only’ restaurants and seeing the water fountains in state parks and the colored bathrooms on one side and “whites only” bathrooms on the other. And that was really disturbing as a kid. I remember asking my mother: ‘Why do they do this?’ And she said: ‘Well, they like it that way. That’s just the way it is here.’” In other words, dividing people up this way was a choice. “I guess my father started to get a little bit worried about me in eighth grade and told me he would disown me if I ever

228 Joyce Manson, May 24, 2009.
229 Ron Thomas, Nov. 7, 2009.
married a black man. Of course, he didn’t say “black” then, he said “colored” or “Negro.” And that upset me in terms of some inner hurt because in terms of Christianity and the church it didn’t make sense.”

For some FIs, African-Americans were present but kept separate with a variety of customs and taboos. Glen Woike’s (Kenya, 1968-1970) white community, Blue Island, Illinois, just outside of Chicago was right next to a black community, too, but they all funneled into the same high school. Sports were together, but academic tracking kept the races separate inside the school. Glen did not have any black students in his classes. “It was the north in the Fifties,” Glen said. “No one thought about it.” Alice Hageman’s (France, 1962-1964) experience growing up in Hightstown, New Jersey was similar.

One of my great shames is that while I was in high school, maybe for a year or two, I was president of the local teen canteen. This was where kids went on top of the firehouse for dances every Saturday night. This was, in fact, for white teens only. There was some move to integrate, and I was not forward-looking enough to say, “Well, of course, we should do that.” This was a period when people closed swimming pools when African-Americans wanted to swim there. Now, you think, this is really nutty. I finished high school in 1954 and that’s what life was like.232

**Acting Against Absence**, elmira Nazombe (Kenya, 1969-1971), one of only three African-American FIs during this period, grew up in segregated Cincinnati, the granddaughter of a woman who regularly crossed the color line into white Cincinnati. Often, she took elmira along.

So her way of just being in the world was this very assertive, intelligent poet, writer, person, with an eighth grade education, but it didn't matter, and she

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231 Kay and Glen Woike, June 27, 2009.
232 Alice Hageman, interview by the author, Jamaica Plain, MA, October 1, 2009.
went...Church Women United had its meetings downtown, because we lived in another part of town, and so my grandmother went and integrated these meetings, in the 1950's. My grandmother, a black woman hobnobbing with these middle-class white women, holding her own, reading her poetry to them, learning things from them, bringing it back to our church.  

Ruth Anne Olson (Philippines, 1962-1964) was blessed with an African-American friend and fellow teacher when she was teaching in a community outside of Chicago. They commuted together each day a half an hour each way and during these drives the friend, Portia, undertook to school the Oregon farm girl about how the system worked. At one point she went out of her way to introduce Ruth Anne to her mother-in-law to calm the older woman’s fears that she was being unwise in being so open.

For Marylee Crofts (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963), crossing the color line when she was in junior high school had shocking consequences. She and an African-American boy were co-leaders of the United Christian Youth Movement for the Midwest. After a picture of the two of them appeared in South Bend Tribune, she received an unsigned postcard in the mail that had on the front of it a very grizzly monkey-like profile of a black man, just his head, approaching a very blond young woman, and under that drawing was “The Kiss of Death.” Marylee’s father brushed it off saying no one without the courage to sign their name was worth listening to and that was the end of it, but Marylee dates her awareness of race to that experience.

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234 Ruth Anne Olson, June 2, 2009.
235 Marylee Crofts, April 2, 2009.
Awakenings. Almost every FI, like Suzette Abbott, has a story of the time the “scales fell from their eyes” and they began to actually see American segregation as socially structured, oppressive, and wrong. They were often still children or young adolescents. The situations that first caught their attention seem superficially small, but for them constituted major disjunctions in their moral universe that they found deeply disturbing.

Hearsay was one way FIs as children began to become aware that something wrong—even evil—was going on. Algona, Iowa where Alice (Cris) Kresensky Cunningham (India, 1961-1963) grew up was completely white but she heard that black men in a traveling quartet had been refused haircuts at the local barber shop. That really bothered her so she wrote a paper about it at school in an attempt to work out for herself what this meant.236 Kathy Huenemann Habib (Lebanon, 1972-1974) was deeply troubled when she heard from her father, a professor at Hanover College in Indiana, that a janitor there confided to him that he could only get a haircut from the local barber after hours with the blinds down.237 Dwain Epps’ (Argentina, 1967-1969) mother told him that an African-American mother whose baby was born the same day he was in the late 1930s in Klamath Falls, Oregon, cried bitterly at having brought a black baby into the world because of what she knew he was going to have to suffer. “That was imprinted on my brain I think with mother’s milk,” Dwain said.238

236 Alice Kresensky Cunningham, interview by the author, Austin, TX, April 29, 2009.
Then, as young people, FIs began to have their own first encounters with African-Americans then were caught up short when they learned that others in their family or communities understood them as threatening. Deborah McKeans’s (Indonesia, 1962-1964) church in Bristol, Rhode Island sent her to a Pilgrim Fellowship conference at Yale Divinity School where her roommate was an African-American girl from Washington, D.C. She had never met a person of color before, but had a great time hanging out with that girl and her friends, an experience she talked about in reporting back to her congregation from the pulpit. She had not noticed a man walking out of the church at that point but after church one of her close friends came up to her and was so embarrassed and upset she was crying. The man who stormed out was her grandfather who was visiting from Charleston, South Carolina. At first, Deborah had no idea what her friend was talking about. “And then she said: ‘He couldn’t stand listening to you talk about eating with black people and having a roommate who was a black person….he couldn’t stand it’ and she felt so awful. And I said: ‘OK, so that’s the way it is…..’”

David Jones (Korea, 1972-1974) grew up in St. Louis. The summer after his sophomore year in college he worked at a Boy Scout camp.

I was the chaplain. Just being the chaplain we would work through the week and then get a Saturday night and Sunday night off. One of the other staff members—the only black staff member—and I got to know each other pretty well. We had more in common than I did with any of the others. At that point I had a car and so I offered to take him home to St. Louis but we stopped for some reason at our home which was in the suburbs of St. Louis. At this point my dad had remarried and this was the home my dad and stepmother had bought. It was a bit higher-scale neighborhood. So I stopped and no one was home but my half-brother, so I

239 Deborah and Philip McKean, October 1, 2009.
picked up whatever it was I needed to pick up or drop off and then drove my friend home and came back. Later on when Dad got home he said: “I understand you had a colored”—I don't know that he used the n---- word but he might have….he grew up in southern Arkansas…..he wasn't an overt racist but he said, “Under no circumstances are you to bring one of them here.” I said: “Dad, he's fine. He's like us” and so forth. But Dad said that he could go tell his friends where we lived and then they would come. It was just absurd.

Some FIs had their first experience of recognizing they were caught in a morally-repellant web in the context of a fraternity or sorority. Adrianne Bradley (Bolivia, 1967-1969) got into Berkeley but did not get dorm housing so went through sorority rush to have a place to live. It was one of the more academic houses and she liked the other girls, but was shocked to discover during her first rush as a member that it was a southern sorority, controlled by its alumnae, and a very racist one. Even though this was during the Free Speech Movement, there were ground rules that were eye-opening, shocking, sickening, but there was also the moral problem of what to do about it. “You've pledged your loyalty, you're in that house, and it’s a real pull [between] what your belief systems are and what your loyalty is, and what your friendships are,” she recalled.241

For others, that conflict between beliefs and loyalties was centered on family members. For some FIs like Larry Trettin (Ghana, 1969-1971), this conflict goes to the heart of their memory of that period and is acutely painful.

I don’t remember us associating with anybody who wasn’t white, especially after [my dad] got out of the military—Second World War—it was just “damned Japs”—any ethnicity had a “damned” in front of it—“damned Japs,” “damned Mexicans”, “damned niggers” or something like that. It was always like that. And it was always very frustrating to me because …I didn’t have any [negative]

240 Linda and David Jones, June 3, 2009.
feelings about people who were different but he sure did. What that did was drive a wedge between him and me.\textsuperscript{242}

The adults in the worlds of most FIs were less explicit than Larry’s dad and probably less harmed by the experience of war, too, so were “nice” to people of color in the manner of mid-century liberalism, but did nothing to challenge the social structure if they even understood it. A few FIs, though, did begin to understand race in America, in part, through the witness of a parent publicly resisting segregation. About 1945, Theresa Miller’s father, a conservative Republican, made their family leave an Oklahoma restaurant when an African-American family was refused service. She believes he thought it consistent with action of his grandfather who fought for the North during the Civil War.\textsuperscript{243} Monon, Indiana, where Jim Thacker was raised was all white, but he thinks his parents’ believed “in almost a naïve way” that everybody is alike and should be treated alike and acted accordingly.

There were some racial incidents in our town. Some black people came into my dad’s service station and, of course, he waited on them and they used the rest rooms and occasionally he got a complaint but he certainly didn’t do anything. A couple of times in the town some African-American people were turned away at a restaurant and my dad and some other people went down to the restaurant which had a sign “We reserve the right…” and said “If you don’t take that sign down, …we’re never coming into this restaurant again.” This was a restaurant where my parents went occasionally. They took a real strong stand.\textsuperscript{244}

Bill Minter (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968) spent a decade of his childhood living on an interracial cooperative farm in Mississippi that had been founded by Sherwood

\textsuperscript{242} Deborah and Larry Trettin, May 19, 2010.
\textsuperscript{243} Theresa Miller, May 8, 2009.
\textsuperscript{244} Jim Thacker, July 18, 2009.
Eddy and Reinhold Niebuhr, among others, in the 1930s for tenant farmers who had been evicted. Bill’s father had gone there to work after medical school and met his mother who was there on an American Friends Service Committee work camp. After his service as a doctor in the South Pacific during World War II, the family returned to Mississippi and he established a clinic. Tami Hultman’s (South Africa, 1969-1971) dad gave a sermon supporting the Brown v. Board of Education desegregation decision in 1954 and ended up losing his Seagrove, North Carolina church.

What the coming of the Civil Rights Movement did was make African-Americans visible in every living room that had a television in America, regardless how tightly controlled segregation was and how absent they were outside the front door. Ron Wilhelm (Dominican Republic, 1969-1971) was a teenager going to a segregated school in the very segregated town of Bateyville, Texas in the early 1960s when the Civil Rights Movement began to make its way into his house via the television.

I remember watching…the marches in Birmingham and in Selma,...I was telling this to some of my students recently and they were kind of dumbfounded that I saw this live on TV…people being attacked by these police dogs and kids being knocked down the street by water hoses…. I would say that period, and also the assassination of JFK, were two things that really kind of caused me to lose my innocence about the world and people, and who I thought we were, as opposed to who we really were, as a nation, so it began to open my mind.

Moral Community, Moral Action. There is no way of knowing the extent to which the isolated experiences of individual FIs were echoed in the isolated individual experiences of other young people growing up in America before and after World War II and before the Civil Rights Movement made racial segregation a public issue. The extent to which many FIs recall that even as young children they perceived something was amiss and that it “hurt their heart” because of what they understood Christian life was supposed to be suggests that they were ready for the Civil Rights Movement, not that they were manipulated by it as their parents and others sometimes suggested. What many of the FI stories show is a young person who somehow decides that something of momentous moral consequence is going on, then maneuvers to get themselves together with others who are similarly concerned. The churches had an increasing number of those opportunities for connection.

Alice Hageman (France, 1962-1964) came away from spending the summer of 1956 working with African-American children at a Princeton, N.J. playground with a much more complex view of race and class than she had had before. She went to Union in New York for seminary, in part because she wanted to do her field education at the East Harlem Protestant Parish to further explore these issues with others who were already doing so.²⁴⁸

Sheila McCurdy was on the high school Youth Council of the Alabama-Western Florida Conference of the Methodist Church. They met regularly at the conference camp.

²⁴⁸ Alice Hageman, October 1, 2009.
She remembers long nights on the porch struggling with others about what was going on in their world in the late 50s and figuring out what they believed they were being called to do. “We would … have these long discussions about what would happen if Jesus came back to Alabama and he was black,” she recalled.249

After doing Air Force ROTC in college, Dwain Epps was sent to Biloxi, Mississippi, in 1960 to fulfill his service, joined a local church, and became a lay preacher traveling church to church, forging relationships and an understanding that propelled him to San Francisco Theological in 1963. He drew on these relationships when he returned the next year as a supply pastor at a Delta church not far from where Schwerner, Cheney, and Goodman were murdered.250

Increasingly, people sought to create new opportunities to build connection and understanding. Gurdon Brewster (India, 1962-1964) was a seminarian at Union in New York in 1961 when he collaborated with some other students to create a program called "Students' Inter-racial Ministry" to send white students into black churches. He was chosen to be the seminary intern at Ebenezer Baptist Church, and spent the summer living with Martin Luther King, Sr. and spending time with the whole family, including Martin Luther King, Jr., and with the Ebenezer church community. The black church worship experience was “filled with the spirit and very alive and … overflowing with

ideas and energy.” They did not just think and talk about issues, like people at Union did; they put their faith into action. Returning to Union’s “cold atmosphere of intellectualism” at the end of the summer was really hard.251

David Jones (Korea, 1972-1974), the St. Louis Boy Scout, had gone on to seminary at McCormick. He participated in the Inter-racial Ministry exchange the summer of 1963 and was assigned to a black church in Wilmington, North Carolina, at the height of the sit-ins. While there, he got involved with the youth chapter of the NAACP, and wound up spending a month in jail because, as the only white person arrested during an action, they assumed he was the leader. (He wasn’t.) At the end of the summer, he attended the March on Washington then continued on home to St. Louis to spend a couple of weeks before school resumed.

Dad and I got into a conversation one night and he said, “Why did you do that? What were you thinking? That you would spend a month in jail after demonstrating with those people.” And finally he said: “Where did your mother and I go wrong?” And I said: “Guess it was when you sent me to Sunday School.”

The curious thing was that old U.P. church—it wasn't some bastion of liberalism—but they would sing “Jesus loves the little children, red, yellow, black, and white” and I took that seriously and there was nothing at home that overtly said don't take it seriously so then to the surprise of my dad who had been born and raised to think otherwise... it came as a surprise that I would be that way and it came as a surprise to me that he had such strong racial prejudices.252

This is an example of what historian Sara Evans called the “unintentional radicalism” of Southern churches as a key source of the commitment of the children they raised to an

252 Linda and David Jones, June 3, 2009.
“egalitarian idealism” and the Civil Rights Movement. By the mid-1950s, she claimed, the Methodist Student Movement was an “institutionalized insurgency of youth within the Church.” Sheila McCurdy summed up her high school experience in Alabama just this way: “…the youth of the conference were at this little place by themselves with visionary leadership struggling with the issues of the day and that wasn’t happening in the rest of the church as a whole.”

The FI interviews generally support the idea that young people, in the context of the SCM/WSCF diverse structures present on their campuses, were doing things the rest of the church was not doing, but with two modifications. First, the FIs’ nationwide origins suggests this was not just a characteristic of the Methodist Student Movement in the South. Second, their many descriptions of personal and private distress at things they heard and saw prior to joining up with others in an organized group, suggests the roots of this insurgency lie in their shared biblically-based, Christian moral order and that their later political action came out of that same order. The un-churched, teenaged Larry Cox (France, 1967-1969) was not the only FI to assume, after reading the New Testament, that the Bible meant what it said about things like loving your neighbor and that if you do that, that means standing up for your neighbors when they are the victims of an unjust social order. While it is true, as Haney Howell (India, 1971-1972), the younger brother of Leon Howell (Ceylon, 1962-1964) pointed out, that the older FIs like Leon were more

often seminary graduates than his group, in practice most of them seemed to have learned their Bible stories as kids and seemed equally committed to what a few of them, like Sheila McCurdy, called “discerning the path of discipleship.” Sandra Boston’s (Malawi, 1963-1965) experience volunteering in a community center serving low-income African-American kids in the lower east side of Baltimore in the late 50s, and Ron Wilhelm’s (Dominican Republic, 1969-1971) experience doing similar volunteering in south Dallas in the late 60s, had the same effect on both of them: it propelled them to become more engaged, to figure out what they were seeing meant about race and poverty, and to do something about it.

Some FIs led those kinds of actions and examinations. One of the reasons Otto Zingg (Guyana, 1962-1964) was interested in the ministry was that he “wanted to be part of a church as community and self-consciously as a mission, and a community that understands that it's primary purpose for being together is to be about the work of God.” In 1961, as a seminary intern at Bowling Green State University, his colleagues in campus ministry asked him to set up a ministry to migrant workers who came to pick tomatoes. Elaine Zingg (Guyana, 1962-1964), then an undergraduate, signed up. They got to know each other that summer.

Otto: For seven weeks we lived together, worked together, prayed together, studied together, and went out and tried different kinds of ministry, so it was if anything being the church, working in community, in mission, addressing these frontiers of ministry.

Elaine: And for me it was more moving out into dealing with poor people who I had always been taught to stay away from, so it was a real broadening experience for me, coming out of the very narrow background I had.
The only negative experience Otto reported from that summer opens a small window into the social tensions inherent in this way of “being the church.” A nursing student on the project had gotten medical attention for a baby bitten by a rat then filed a report with the county health department because there were laws against rats in the camp. It so happened the head of the department was a Presbyterian elder who complained to the pastor at the Presbyterian church that they were interfering with his relationship with the farmers. The pastor called Otto. Nevertheless, within a few years, the clergy had made the project permanent.255

Judy Elliott (Italy, 1967-1969) did a summer project in the Chicago ghetto through the chaplaincy at Muskingum together with others, including a black Muskingum student. They participated in the Martin Luther King march there with Aretha Franklin. But the disconnect with the rest of her community back home in Ohio was not that much different than what Sheila McCurdy reports in Alabama.

That’s when my mom had to start defending my choices. All the relatives were so upset. They were calling her all the time. “What are you doing? Why are you letting her go? She should be home. That’s just trouble.”256

And, of course, these kinds of programs were trouble, if “trouble” is defined as leading to critical judgments that propelled calls for justice and change in the United States and elsewhere.

256 Judy Elliott, April 18 (part 1) and April 19 (part 2), 2010.
The Larger World

The worlds of some FIs seemed, on the surface, to be quite small. David Barnes’ (Taiwan, 1961-1963) world before becoming a Frontier Intern was basically Minnesota and Chicago. But for him as for many other FIs, the world came to him. A couple in his church growing up were from a missionary family in the Middle East. Every year someone from Macalester College would come and speak. His campus minister and his wife had been missionaries in Thailand. “A lot of my early geographical understanding of the world came through these discussions about missionaries in various parts of the world and the first hand accounts such as these,” he said.257 Ruth Brandon’s (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968) mother in Vermont had best friends who were missionaries in Angola. “I always read their letters,” remembered Ruth, “and the Portuguese colonies in Africa were known to me. Africa … was not a scary place.”258 Judy Elliott (Italy, 1967-1969) went to a missionary camp for two or three years while still in high school. Missionaries from all over the world would come and share their experiences. Some FIs had missionary relatives. The minister-uncle, Charles Johannaber, who baptized Mark Juergensmeyer (India, 1965-1967), was a missionary to China, and his cousin Libby was a missionary to the Philippines who always visited when she was home on furlough. Some of Mark’s earliest ideas about faraway places came from

257 Barnes, David, interview by the author, Cypress, TX, April 28, 2009.
258 Ruth Brandon, June 8, 2009.
Bill Troy’s (Japan, 1967-1969) grandparents had been missionaries in China. By the time he was growing up, his grandmother lived with his family in east Tennessee. His mother eventually served as the vice-president of the World Board of Missions of The Methodist Church and was a “card carrying member” of the Women's Society of Christian Service. They frequently had visitors from China and India. “[There was] a lot of international influence, so my home had a different perspective than people around me about all that,” he recalled.260

Some FIs had other important people in their lives who brought them information about the world and inspired them. Three FI women had aunts with international lives who were important influences. Gail Hovey’s (South Africa, 1965-1967) aunt had been in the WACS during World War II then served with the army of occupation in Japan from 1946-1951, traveling around the world by ship on her way back to the U.S. She lived with Gail’s family for awhile, then in nearby Chicago as a University of Chicago student. Gail saw her often. Her uncle married a Spanish woman, had children her age born when living in Venezuela, then lived with her family for a year when they came to the U.S. Kathy Huenemann Habib (Lebanon, 1972-1974) considers her aunt a “Margaret Flory.” She worked for the World Health Organization and traveled all over the world for her work before becoming the dean of public health at Berkeley.” She credits this aunt with opening up her world.261 Susan Christoffersen (Brazil/Geneva, 1967-1968) recalled her

260 Bill Troy, October 27, 2008.
aunt would “embarrass my mother no end” when she would come and visit from Mexico. “She had carpet bags and her hair in braids. She was a real character….a real adventurous person. She had a hotel for American tourists and she traveled all around the world getting items for her gift shop supposedly. I thought she was fabulous.” Of course, international students were an enormous influence, whether as family visitors as discussed in chapter three or as friends or roommates at school. Still other FIs, like Richard Passoth (Kenya, 1969-1971), June Rostan (Italy, 1972-1974), and Hilda (Bambi) Eddy Arellano (Bolivia, 1971-1973) grew up with strong family connections to a distant country of origin. A number of FIs had pen pals in other countries. Finally, there were books. Diana Harmon Jackson (France, 1961-1963) was completely captivated by geography books in the fourth grade. Jack Hawley (Jerusalem, 1966-1968) used to shut himself in the bathroom and read the World Book encyclopedia when he was a kid. Linda Lancione (Romania, 1966-1968) devoured library books. All of this suggests that for an alert and curious American child growing up mid-century, there really was no such thing as a small world.

At the other end of the spectrum, however, were the missionary kids. Eight Frontier Interns had missionary parents and spent all or part of their youth outside of the United States and got to know another country as well, or better, than they knew the United States. Tressa Mangum’s (Cameroon, 1964-1966) parents were assigned to the

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Philippines in 1949, when she was in the fourth grade, when the Communists took over China, where they had lived before. She came to Oberlin for college but returned to the Philippines through Margaret Flory’s Junior Year Abroad program because she was homesick. “I was American, but since all my friends were Filipino I was basically a Filipina,” she said.\(^{264}\) Scott Brunger’s (Benin/Togo, 1968-1970) father worked for the YMCA, first in China and Hong Kong, where all their friends were Chinese, then in Lebanon where Scott met Ann Brunger (Benin/Togo, 1968-1970) who also arrived there as a young teenager, although from Oklahoma. Ann’s parents were fraternal workers—new style, non-imperialistic missionaries—who could speak Arabic and were assigned to local institutions. They lived on the same street. Kaye Gates (Philippines, 1969-1971) arrived with her recently widowed mother who was doing a one-year stint as a fraternal worker and hung out with them.\(^{265}\) Beginning in 1950 when Peter Johnson’s father was assigned to the task of turning over missionary assets to indigenous churches in the Middle East, his family moved around between countries there, the U.S. for furloughs and boarding school, and Europe where his parents sent him and his younger brother to learn French and German in the summers. Beirut was in many ways home base. Mark Schomer (Congo, 1968-1970) moved to Chicago when he was twelve, having lived his entire life in Le Chambon-Sur-Lignon in France or Geneva. “When I arrived the students were in the middle of the academic year and they were about halfway through reading the book *David Copperfield* by Charles Dickens. I had never read anything in English that

\(^{264}\) Tressa Mangum, interview by the author, Greeley, CO, May 4, 2009.

\(^{265}\) Ann and Scott Brunger, April 23, 2009.
was more difficult than the *New York Herald Tribune* comics in Europe,” he said. He focused on it so intensely English became his best subject!

A movie could be made of Henry Bucher’s (Gabon, 1962-1964) childhood and youth. Born to missionary parents in Hainan, China in 1936, they were evacuated to the Philippines just before Pearl Harbor. They were first interned by the Japanese at home, then in a concentration camp, until they and more than two thousand others were rescued on February 23, 1945 by paratroopers of the 11th Airborne and Filipino guerrillas who had crossed into Japanese territory for that explicit purpose. Word had gotten to Gen. MacArthur that internees were dying of starvation. They were taken in amphibian tanks to U.S. held territory then back to the U.S. by the Navy. After recuperating in Connecticut, the Bucher family returned to Hainan in 1947 only to be evacuated again when Mao Tse-tung came to power and, once more, returned to the U.S. Henry spent the entire four years of high school at the same school in New Jersey. “That's when I really became a U.S. American in the sense of songs that you learn in the choir and history and the whole U.S. high school scene,” he said. From there he went to Davidson College in North Carolina for two years before heading to Beirut with Margaret Flory’s Junior Year Abroad Program, as was discussed in chapter two. He was the JYA who stayed when the year was over.

At that time my folks went back to Thailand as missionaries, so having no home in the United States, I decided to just stay in Beirut. I was much closer to Thailand than I was in the United States, and it was costing less, and I was enjoying the Middle East and all the travel that allowed, and the excitement of all that was going on, especially in the ’56-’58 period when I was there. So I graduated in ’58.
Nobody was there from my family, but they wouldn't have been there had I been at Davidson, either.  

The summer of 1957 between his junior and senior years, after a WCC work camp in Cameroon, Henry hitchhiked to Lambaréné, where Albert Schweitzer’s hospital is, and back to Libreville, the capital, and returned to Beirut by way of Ghana and Algeria, which was then a war zone. On Christmas break that year, he took a bus from Beirut through Damascus and Baghdad and across the mountains to Tehran, to visit his aunt and uncle who were missionaries there. He was the only westerner crammed in between people with ducks on their laps! As if all that travel was not enough, after two years at Princeton Seminary, he did a Seminary Year Abroad in Ghana where he and the few other Americans he was with confused the administration by insisting on studying African history, African religion, kinship marriage and family, from all the disciplines, instead of British law. Then, when that year was over, he went up the coast back to Senegal, and then flew to Brazil, took a train across it, and returned to the U.S. via the Pan-American Highway. And all this was before heading the Gabon as a Frontier Intern in 1962! Obviously, not all missionary kids lived like this as the stories of the others just related makes clear, but it is important to recognize that it was possible and that some did.

What was common, at least for the 124 people—almost all Americans—in the first nine FIM classes, was to have had some travel abroad before becoming a Frontier

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266 Henry Bucher, April 30, 2009.
267 Ibid.
Intern. The survey done of the people in those classes for the Ten-Year Evaluation showed that sixty percent had done more than brief, casual travel abroad before becoming a FI. Beginning with the tenth class, the program internationalized so statistics for them would be less relevant, but the FI interviews done for this study clearly shows that the number of opportunities grew significantly after Margaret Flory began her Junior Year Abroad program in 1953. As might be predicted, by the 1960s other colleges and universities were beginning to adopt the junior year abroad concept themselves although Margaret’s program remained unique because it sent students to Third World countries.

Margaret’s office also began to run summer study trips—“exposure trips” one FI called them—that took groups to multiple countries in Asia, Latin America, and Africa. Eileen Hanson-Kelly (Ivory Coast, 1966-1968) participated in one focused on Southern Africa. Afterwards, she went to Cameroon for French school before beginning her internship. The time in South Africa, in particular, was life-changing.

We stayed in people's homes and it was all very secretive. We had these meetings with people. I can remember them saying that we had to sit in the middle of the room not up against the walls because there might be tape recorders or microphones or something. …We did have one meeting that was like a seminar out in the countryside where black South Africans came and white South Africans that was very clandestine. We couldn't take notes. It was sort of scary. I heard maybe a year or two later that the guy that we stayed with and perhaps his family had been expelled because of their activities. So that was very underground stuff.

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269 Eileen Hanson-Kelly, April 15, 2009.
Tami Hultman (South Africa, 1969-1971) was on that study trip, too. It was her first time out of the country. They visited thirteen countries in Africa plus stops in London and Amsterdam to meet with the SCM groups there.

We were the Ugly Americans everywhere and I hadn’t really experienced that until being in Amsterdam where the same people who were talking to us about Africa were saying, “You gotta go home and get your own act together. You’re supporting apartheid. You’re waging war against the Vietnamese.” And it was presented as all a part of a puzzle of Imperialistic America.270

For most FIs, their prior overseas experience was more cultural than political. The new programs for high school students quickly made inroads in American schools many future FIs attended. Many made friends with visiting exchange students; some of them participated themselves. The American Field Service program was particularly popular. It placed foreign students in American high schools and families and placed American students in foreign high schools and families. Vicki Boulton (Thailand, 1967-1969) went to Turkey the summer after her junior year, spending the first half in a small remote town and the second half in Istanbul. “That was a huge, huge determining factor in my life…..eyes wide open to other cultures and how life was lived….and it was like: “My gosh, you mean the American way to live isn’t the only way?”271 Linda Lancione (Romania, 1966-1968) went to Normandy in France for six months her senior year in high school. “ I went to a French high school—a lycée—and I lived with this wonderful family of five….totally different from my family…..five kids, both parents were professionals, very busy bustling family…..and I didn’t speak a word of English that

270 Tami Hultman, July 30, 2009.
whole time,” she said. Glen Woike (Kenya, 1969-1971) spent the summer between his junior and senior year in Germany. “It wasn’t that long since the war and the family I stayed with were very thankful for the Americans and that’s why they invited an American. There were four sons and I stayed with them and I went to the gymnasium with the youngest son. He and I became good friends. And I just got on my bicycle and rode all over the place on my own,” Glen recalled. When he got home he gave talks all around his town about the experience. Later, when he was in college, he went back and traveled with a friend with a backpack and motorcycle. Other high school programs included Crossroads Africa and Experiment in International Living. FIs participated in both.

Many FIs were serious, committed Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts. Many Scouts did their first serious travel away from home and, like David Jones, made their first cross-cultural friends at regional, national, or international Scouting events. Charles Savage (Czechoslovakia, 1965-1967) took his first trip out of Hawaii at thirteen to a Boy Scout event in California, spending five and half days at sea to get there. Deborah Trettin (Ghana, 1969-1971) traveled with a group by bus to attend an international Girl Scout event in Mexico. Gail Hagerman McKee (Colombia, 1968-1970) was a finalist in a contest for a trip to the Chalet—Girl Scout headquarters—in Switzerland.

References:
273 Kay and Glen Woike, June 27, 2009.
274 Charles Savage, interview by the author, Munich, Germany, April 12, 2010.
275 Deborah and Larry Trettin, May 19, 2010.
276 Gail Hagerman McKee, July 20, 2009.
Heyl Bauer (Colombia, 1966-1968) was the daughter of a Girl Scout executive and claimed she was a Girl Scout in the womb. She had been taking Spanish—and loving it—since junior high school. The summer after graduating from high school, she was selected for a Girl Scout service trip to Puerto Rico. They spent one week working in a slum area, one week with Puerto Rican Girl Scouts, then two weeks of traveling around the island staying with families. It was the first time Mary Liz was totally immersed and had to use her Spanish.277 “There was this sense that through the church or through the Girl Scouts, you were connected to the whole world,” explained Gail Hovey (South Africa, 1965-1967).278

But probably the single most important introduction to international engagement for the Frontier Interns as a group was work camps. By midcentury a number of organizations sponsored them, including the ecumenical church groups and the American Friends Service Committee. Marylee Crofts went to Germany as an American Field Service exchange student in 1953 then returned in 1957 when she was in college for a World Council of Churches work camp in Wiebelskirchen in the Saarland. They made a playground for an orphanage. Two of the people who were in that work camp are still her best friends. Later, she helped run WCC work camps in Puerto Rico and Zambia with David Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) who was then her husband. Students came from all over the world. The structure of each WCC camp was essentially the same, she said.

277 Mary Liz Heyl Bauer, interview by the author, Bethlehem, PA, July 17, 2009.
278 Gail Hovey, October 15, 2009.
You got up early. Everyone ate together, everyone cooked together, everyone cleaned up together. You essentially lived together. Boys and girls were usually separate. Then you worked together physically, then you had lunch together, then you had Bible study together, then you worked some more together, then you ate together, then you were exhausted and you went to bed. And that was the cycle.\textsuperscript{279}

The work camp idea began to take shape in the earliest days of the SCM. Henry Drummond, a Scottish professor and good friend of SCM progenitor, American revivalist Dwight Moody in the late 19\textsuperscript{th} century, began “student deputations” where students from Scottish universities travelled to English ones for the purpose of sharing their faith. He also started “Holiday Missions” where students went out in groups to rural churches for evangelistic work. Eventually, some of these evolved into what would become “work camps” where students from many different places would come together in one place for a period of time to do some Christian work together.\textsuperscript{280} The idea spread around the world.

David Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) has led numerous work camps sponsored by a number of different ecumenical organizations both overseas and in the United States and really believes in them.

Having worked as a student in concrete construction and as an auto body repairman, I have a kind of empirical bent, believing that nothing replaces life experience in the lives of people. There is a tendency in many church circles to just to talk about life and multiracialism or justice issues, so work camps were a way of “living the experience” and dealing with the ambiguities--to get in the trenches and peel potatoes together and do Bible study about the world’s pressing issues.\textsuperscript{281}

\textsuperscript{279} Marylee Crofts, April 2, 2009.
\textsuperscript{280} Rouse, \textit{The World’s Student Christian Federation: A History of the First Thirty Years}, 33.
\textsuperscript{281} David Wiley, Nov. 6, 2008.
The number of FIs who remain friends with people they met at work camps testifies to the power of “living the experience.”

Ann Wederspahn (Colombia, 1963-1965) participated in an American Friends Service Committee work camp the summer of 1961 after her freshman year. It set her life course—and Gary’s (Gary Wederspahn, Colombia, 1963-1965). It was a two day ride on a Greyhound bus with a night at the YMCA in San Antonio to get there from Oregon. “It was a great adventure for an eighteen year old who had never been much of anywhere before, and it was a wonderful work camp with people from around the world, including Mexicans. Nineteen of us lived together in a village and did all kinds of social action projects, planting trees, building a school,” she recalled. Returning home, she knew that her future would be in Latin America, and that it would be working with the people, not giving to the people.282 Gary, then her boyfriend, was challenged. She came home speaking very good Spanish, which he thought was very cool. The next summer he and two buddies “hitchhiked down and crossed the border and got on the third class train and went across the desert and ended up in southern Mexico and just hitchhiked and exchanged folk songs for lodging. It was just one of those real great adventures,” he said forty-six years after he and Ann married and fifty since they met. “Ann always kind of, how would I say--pushes the envelope--and then I feel like "wow, I gotta get in there, too", you know?”283 But the bottom line was that when they entered the FI program in

283 Ibid.
1963, they were already culturally competent and fluent in Spanish. Other FIs got to this point in different ways, but many did and work camps often played an important role.

“No, you’re not from Chattanooga…”

By the time Bill Troy (Japan, 1968-1969) graduated from Emory and Henry College in western Virginia in 1963, he decided to go to Union in New York for seminary instead of Candler Seminary in Atlanta where his father had gone. “I had more than one person warn me about what was about to happen to me, [but]…I just really wanted to get out of here,” he said. “I just felt smothered by the provincial nature of church life here at that time.”284 He had lived in the Holston Conference in southwest Virginia and eastern Tennessee his whole life at that point. When he got to wahe got involved with the Theological Students Vigil for Civil Rights at the Washington Monument and spent two years fundraising to send seminarians south for the Student Interracial Ministry discussed earlier. By the time it was his turn to go, seminarians were able to work directly with civil rights organizations as well as with individual church congregations. Bill spent three months during the summer of 1966 working with the National Council of Churches’ Delta Ministry in Mississippi.

In that context, it was very stark. You were on one side or the other. In my case it was really....I remember walking down the street in some little Delta town on the Meredith March for Freedom and looking at all these white people looking at us over the fence and they were angry and hateful and confused and upset and all that stuff and I thought: “Boy, those people look just like my family.”

They threw us in jail one time in Jackson for just boycotting this store and you had to sign in to give them your valuables to go in and sign this card or tell them

284 Bill Troy, October 27, 2008.
your information, so they wanted to know where I was from and I said “Chattanooga.” And the guy stopped and said, “No, you’re not from Chattanooga.” And I said, “Yeah, yeah, I am from Chattanooga” and he said, “No, you're not.” And they wouldn't let me in until I told them I was from New York. Isn't that wild? If someone was white and from the South it had a particular kind of......so in this kind of situation, it gets to you. You don't forget that stuff.  

Brian Aldrich (Philippines, 1962-1964) was raised in northern Minnesota but went to high school in Bozeman, Montana when he father had a job there. Like most of the country in the 1950s, he identified as a Christian and an anti-communist. Those two things went together. “[W]e’d fantasize about when the Communists came we would go to the woods with our guns and protect the country……very classic conservative sort of stuff.” But then he went to New York for the Frontier Intern orientation. “At some point Margaret said, ‘We are going to have this Christian from East Germany’ and he comes and says he is a Christian Communist and I said: ‘This is impossible!’” But, of course, it was very possible. Later, a friend’s father in Bozeman threw him out of his store when he was passing through and stopped in to say hello. “You aren’t from here…..”  

When they and the other FIs got to know people different than themselves in the flesh and began to understand and appreciate their context and situation, they responded in the context of Christian and American values they had learned in their homes and communities and churches. They cared, and they stood up. This, Bill Troy said, was the most important thing, not all the abstract intellectualizing. But caring had a price. The

285 Bill Troy, October 27, 2008.  
286 Brian Aldrich, June 2, 2009.
parameters of what was considered faithfully Christian and patriotically American were changing.
6. The Internships: Asia

Introduction

The most important factors differentiating one internship from another are time and geography—when and where did someone serve—and what were the external forces in those situations. Although arbitrary to a certain degree, the experience of the FIM classes that began each year from 1961 through 1966, and thus finished up in 1968, at the latest, was different than those classes that began in 1967 through 1972, finishing up in 1974 or, in a few cases, extended to 1975 or 1976. The places where FIs served—both country and continent or region—also had a powerful influence on the FIM experience, based on many different factors from age and vigor of the local Student Christian Movement and its leadership to what the history of the American government and/or Protestant missionaries had been and how that was perceived by the time the FIs arrived. For all these reasons, internships are grouped and discussed by region.

Asia was very close to Margaret Flory’s heart. Rev. Tamaki Uemura, who she escorted while in the United States for a meeting of Presbyterian women in 1946, became her “second mother.” She called Japan “the country of my second love.” It was where she first served as a missionary in 1948. During that mission, the impact of serving as an agent of reconciliation between students in Japan and students in China, Korea, and the Philippines never left her.  

Beginning in the mid-1950s, she channeled money from her budget to student movements in various parts of the world but had a particular interest in

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fostering further reconciliation in Asia.\footnote{Barbara Anne Roche, \textit{Initiating & Sustaining Ecumenical Ministries: A Study of the Ministry of Margaret Flory, 1951-1980}.} FIs who served in Asia frequently mentioned regional SCM/WSCF conferences without realizing that it was Margaret’s office that was helping to fund them. During the period covered by this study, however, there were complex geo-political forces at work that were affecting different countries differently. Decolonization was important throughout the region, but nothing close to a regional identity was in place. For that reasons, the Asia-based internships are further divided into two sub-regions—East Asia, or South/Southeast Asia—and the South/Southeast Asia section is further divided into two groups: India/Ceylon and Philippines/Indonesia/Australia. (See map in Appendix A-1.) The main external factors affecting groups of interns or individual interns will be outlined briefly at the beginning of those geographic groupings. Only enough information is included to orient the reader to the forces impacting the individual internships. Judgments were made about what the most important forces at work were based on what the FIs themselves talked about most in their interviews. Within each sub-group, internships will be discussed in roughly chronological order to make it easier for the reader to track the impact of world events in the various parts of the world and on the various internships.

**East Asia**

Although Christianity was a minority religion in East Asia, a region that includes Korea, Japan, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, all countries where FIs during this period were

assigned, the Student Christian Movement there was many decades old. Two hundred fifty students, almost all Americans, attended the first Summer Student Bible Conference held at Dwight Moody’s home in Northfield, MA in 1886. Only three years later, in 1889, the Northfield conference was energized when they received a cable “Make Jesus King” sent by the 500 students attending a similar conference at Doshisha University in Japan, the first summer conference held outside of the United States.\textsuperscript{289} The General Committee meeting of the World Student Christian Federation, founded in 1895, was held in Japan in 1907; it was held in Peking in 1922. And, of course, the vigor of the SCM growth in the region rested on the existence of Christian schools and colleges throughout the region that had originally been established by Protestant missionaries even earlier. The FIs assigned to East Asian countries between 1961 and 1974 were attached to that network in one way or the other. Fourteen were interviewed for this project.

The geopolitical situation in this region beginning in 1961 was challenging. Relationships between Japan and its neighbors that it had so recently invaded and occupied, were still poor. The wresting of control of Taiwan by the Chinese Nationalists when Mao Tse-tung and the Communists pushed them off the mainland in 1949 was deeply resented. The division of Korea into communist and capitalist countries after World War II, followed by the death of 2.5 million of its people during the Korean War, left festering wounds. The ongoing British colonial control of Hong Kong was resented by many. And the “fall of China” terrified the United States that other “falls” in some of

\textsuperscript{289} Shedd, \textit{Two Centuries of Student Christian Movements, Their Origin and Intercollegiate Life}, 330.
these and other countries might be imminent. As a result, the area was thick with U.S. military bases to use as they wished. All a dictator had to do to win American support was be more “anti-communist” than the next guy. Increasingly, that actually meant “anti-democratic.” And, of course, another divided country—Vietnam—was just a little to the south and at war. What a Frontier Intern might have learned about all this at home, and what they discovered during their internships, were likely to differ enormously.

In early December, 1961, David Barnes\textsuperscript{290} (Taiwan, 1961-1964) left Duluth, Minnesota for Tainan, Taiwan for his Frontier Internship. He had completed the FIM orientation with the rest of his class at Stony Point in New York in late summer, had taken Chinese at Yale that fall, and had been ordained in his home Presbytery before he left. The plan was to take a freighter from San Francisco to Yokohama, visit a friend from seminary, Teruo Shigeizumi, in Sendai in northeastern Japan, before flying from Tokyo to Taiwan.

\textit{[It] was the 23\textsuperscript{rd} of December [when I arrived in Japan]…I got hold of him [Teruo] and he said “Come on up. I’ve been looking forward to seeing you.” So I got on a train. I remember waking up that night on the train and seeing this little village with a spire of a church and a cross on top of it. It still brings tears to my eyes. … Then because there was no room at his house, he took me to a Japanese hotel nearby… it had tatami mats to sleep on and sliding openings that opened out into a garden with small Japanese bonsai trees. When we got there it was dark and he and I took one of these hot, hot Japanese baths that just about parboils you in the process but you really get clean. The next morning … he opened up these sliding bamboo doors and there, out in the garden, was this beautiful bonsai garden and snow falling. This was Christmas morning.}

\textsuperscript{290} David Barnes, April 28, 2009.
Only in recent years has it become common for Americans to speak about a “world church.” FIs, like Dave, encountered the reality of it over fifty years ago. A few days later, he continued his journey to Taiwan, beginning what would be an extended three-year internship. His frontier was “university world,” and he lived in a hostel and did ESL and Bible study at two universities. What the internship really turned out to be about, though, was seizing the opportunity to work closely with Shoki Hwang, his local advisor, who was president of Tainan Theological College and the foremost spokesman for the Chinese church at the World Council of Churches. Dave was his secretary, helping prepare his voluminous correspondence, speeches, and lectures in English, for almost three years.

He had a vocabulary that was three times greater than mine but he couldn’t get nouns and verbs to agree in number! And so he would write in these bound notebooks….he would stay up until three or four in the morning writing his speeches or letters….then he would hand them to me and I would type them up and give them back to him then he would make changes to them. ….. in the process I was able to watch the creative mind of one of the most creative persons I’ve ever known at work. It was my privilege to be in a minor way an editor of some of that stuff……not in terms of the ideas being expressed but in how they were being expressed.

Working with Shoki enhanced Dave’s theological education. Shoki was a theologian in conversation with other theologians around the world and who wrote very creative papers on ideas and concepts that were circulating at the time—the Church as a house and extended family, for instance—that modeled for Dave how to do that.

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Dave also got a life-changing education about politics, both American and Taiwanese.

I’d grown up in a family that….I can’t say they were born-again patriots but they didn’t stand for any nonsense when it came to talking about the United States. Before going overseas, I thought that American foreign policy--for example, all the money we sent to other people--was out of our graciousness. I wasn’t there for very long before I came to the conclusion that the United States doesn’t spend a dime anywhere else that it doesn’t expect to get back twenty-five cents worth of something.

At one point he was cornered by a probable CIA agent from the American Embassy who wanted information about his students.

The local political situation, too, was far more complicated than he and other Americans had been led to believe. He learned, for example, that when Chiang Kai-shek, America’s great Chinese Christian friend, came to Taiwan in 1949 after losing mainland China to Mao Tse-tung, one of the first things he did was to murder about ten thousand men who had any potential at all of becoming a leader. There was a deep hatred by the Taiwanese of the Mainlanders, which is what they called the people who came with Chiang Kai-shek. Yet it was the Mainlanders who had all the clout. “Any Taiwanese who showed any initiative about giving leadership for possible change of government was in deep trouble….probably his life wasn’t worth very much,” Dave said. He had always considered himself very conservative and not very talkative about his own politics, but even he found the repressive atmosphere and the fear difficult. When he left in 1964, he headed first to Union to do additional study in theology. The time with Shoki motivated him to do more academic work. Union was attractive because it was in New York, yet
one more step out into the world from his Midwestern roots. From there, he went on to
the Delta Ministries in Mississippi.

People in Taiwan don’t know the difference between Minnesota and Mississippi.
…And so they were holding me responsible for what was going on down there in
the south. And I said to myself: “If I’m going to be held responsible for that, I’m
going to see what I can do about it.”

Like many of the FIs, Dave Barnes confounds political and theological categories then
and now. In one brief sentence, he summarized his way of being a “Christian radical”:
“As Christians we ground ourselves in our tradition, in our Bible, and understand the
theological development that got us to where we are and from that I think you can act
very radically in the world.”

Marian McCaa Thomas’ internship in Korea was done collaboratively with the WSCF Study and Service Internship that had been created at the same time as the Frontier Intern program and was administered cooperatively with Margaret Flory. In some ways, it can be thought of as a different pot of money put to the same purpose, but it is notable that the WSCF program was explicit about “study and service,” two of the four practices that came to characterize the WSCF culture after World War I, with “devotion” and “deliberation” being the other two. In actuality, Marian’s internship exemplified all four. It is also the one internship where there was an extant proposal created, in Korea, by Oh Jae Shik of the Korean Student Christian Council (a WSCF affiliate), with input from Dale Robb (Presbyterian campus ministry

292 Marian McCaa Thomas, May 2, 2009.
worker) and James Laney (Methodist missionary), in the Spring of 1961. The YMCA and YWCA also offered support. It is interesting how closely the internship was able to follow the proposal.

It was, of course, only eight years after the Korean War, yet the specific problem of concern to the Korean team that put together the proposal was more recent. Student protests against the government in April, 1960 had led to its downfall but the government that replaced it was weak and unstable. Students, they felt, were disillusioned and cynical as a result. Only a few months after the proposal was written and a few months before the internship began, in May 1961, a military coup led by Major General Park Chung Hee took place and the ground work for his emergence as a dictator and oppressor of his own people was laid. Christian students were in the forefront of the resistance.

When Marian was in Korea in the early 1960s, higher education was expanding rapidly with most students commuting rather than living in dormitories. For the first time since Japan annexed Korea before World War I, Christian witness was legal anywhere. The FI proposal envisioned an international team of interns who would live, worship, and study together in a Korean house, attend three different universities and participate in the student Christian associations there, then find opportunities to create small study groups

\[293\] We will return to that story at the end of this chapter with the discussion of the internship of David and Linda Jones (Korea, 1972-1974).
and information conversations on an intercollegiate basis to present Christian values to the wider community. And that, pretty much, is what happened.

Marian was the North American on the team. The fact that she had been the president of the YWCA at Oberlin helped win the support for the project from the YWCA in Seoul. She was enrolled as a student at Seoul National, “the Harvard of Korea.” It was a secular university with an general atmosphere of skepticism about all religions. The other two team members were a Japanese man enrolled at Yonsei University and a Korean woman who was already a student at Ewha Women's University where she continued. They had daily worship and Bible study together before they headed off to their respective universities each day. “We knew that part of the whole point of it was to live together as former enemies, right? Japan had conquered Korea, Japan had fought America, we were now getting along as Christian brothers and sisters,” Marian said.

Marian’s Korean was good enough to get around but not for most classes, so instead she chose to take studio art and Korean culture classes. She eventually spread out from Seoul National and had Bible study groups going in four or five different colleges, including the Confucian University. They got permission from the military dictatorship to hold seminars in their home, assuring them they would be exclusively religious. Thankfully, no one ever checked up on them. Marian also spent a lot of time listening to

295 Marian McCaa Thomas, May 2, 2009.
students in tea houses. She found out as FIs who went to other hierarchical cultures found out, that when ministers and elders were venerated too much, it inhibited communication with their own young people, a dynamic they themselves often understood and worried about. A number of FIs were asked to be intermediaries, bridging the gap between pastors and the young people in their communities as Marian was here. Finally, and not insignificantly, Marian joined the only ecumenical-type Protestant church she could find and joined the choir. In her later life as a seminary and church musician and choir director, she was able to use some of the Korean Christian music she had learned there.

Three weeks after returning to the U.S. in the summer of 1963, Marian married her college sweetheart. The following summer, before heading to Boston where she was to begin at Boston University as an organ performance graduate student, they participated in a program through the American Friends Service Committee to go to rural Virginia and tutor black kids who were going to go into integrated schools for the first time. After graduate school, they made a long-term commitment to inner-city Kansas City, MO and its public schools. “That pattern of Frontier Study and Service, I adopted for my life,” she said. “You are in the situation, you study the situation, you listen, you learn, you ask questions, and then you find out what you can do, in cooperation with the others who are concerned about the same things, to address the problems and relate the Christian faith to those issues.”
After Orientation and language school at Yale, Jim Trowbridge (Hong Kong, 1961-1963) headed off to Hong Kong and his host, Doris Caldwell, to serve on the frontier of “uprooted peoples.” “Doris Caldwell is one of the great women who came out of the Shanghai mission,” Jim said. She was a social worker who started the Presbyterian (Refugee) Family Casework Center, or family welfare center. At the time he was there, refugees were coming over the border by the thousands. They would assess an individual or family’s situation and their history, verify that and then find ways to be of assistance, mostly with ecumenically derived funds. Sometimes they were able to get people places in the new concrete housing developments the government was building, but often their assistance went beyond food, clothing, medical referrals, into what Doris pioneered—what are now called “microenterprise grants” which she simply called “self-help funds.” Twenty-five dollars would give you, as a mother with three children, a chance to qualify for a bed space—chong wey—in one of these blocks and for twenty-five dollars in “self-help” you could purchase rattan straps which you could make into baskets plastic flower materials, and so the whole plastic rattan industry started up in this way.

Doris trained educated refugees to be caseworkers. Jim worked with two of them under Doris’ supervision for ten months until she had a relapse of tuberculosis and had to return to the U.S. for treatment. Jim was put in charge. He was keenly aware that he had no real qualifications to be doing what he was doing. Mostly he relied on the refugee case workers.

For me, [experiencing] the extremes of having people come through connected with the missions who were from the States and came on luxury liners and stayed in the main hotels and would take me out to five-star restaurants while I had just spent the whole day with people who might have had a better educational background in Mainland China than my American visitors yet who were living in bed spaces in cellars in old run-down buildings or paper shacks….was extremely valuable….

The next Christmas, he had to give the Christmas sermon at the mission church, which he did by writing out a short sermon in English and having it translated into Mandarin so he could read it phonetically. When Jim returned to the U.S., he affiliated with the Ford Foundation and began a career in international development.

Susan Dinklage Multer\(^\text{297}\) (Hong Kong, 1966-1968) visited the family center in Hong Kong with the Southeast Asian Study Seminar in 1962 when Jim was there and decided, right there and then, that this is what she wanted to do. Four years later, after graduating from Wooster and getting her M.S.W. from University of Illinois, she returned as a Frontier Intern herself. “I am the kind of person who likes to help people but am also not….wasn’t then certainly…..outside the establishment or mainstream. I was comfortable working from within an organization or institution or agency as I always had,” she explained. Her specialty in graduate school had been group work and her FI project was to transfer those skills to the Chinese caseworkers, particularly one new social work graduate who was going to be responsible for doing this. The clientele of the agency remained Mandarin-speaking Chinese refugees who had fled to Cantonese-speaking Hong Kong when Mao Tse-tung took over China in 1949. The father in the

\(^{297}\) Susan Dinklage Multer, June 24, 2009.
Chinese family she lived with had been one of them. The purpose of the group work was to re-bind people who had lived very fractured lives together into social groups where they could help each other.

We got the elderly organized into small groups based on their age, their dialect, their experience in terms of whether they were in the military or not, their background. …Some of these groups would play chess. Some of them would paint…..paint really isn’t the right word for the characters, and they would make banners that could be used at Chinese New Year’s and stuff. Some of them just talked….that was one type of group. Socialization purposes but to relieve isolation and make friends. Some of these people didn’t know how to make friends and hadn’t for years. So that was with the elderly.

There were also groups of widows and young factory girls. The second year they started an after-school program for neighborhood children that offered a clean, quiet, well-lit place for them to do their homework and get academic help if they needed it. Her role was that of a consultant. She helped shape programs and counseled the Chinese agency employees who ran them. When Susan left, the group work programs continued.

For Susan, there was no dissonance between her Christian and American identity and her life in Hong Kong. Her co-workers were all Asian Christians who “were just like you and me. They worshipped, they shared, they cared, they witnessed.” Her second year she was in a “house church” that met weekly for worship and action, a form of Christian community she gravitated to again in Denver and New Jersey later.

As soon as she got back to the U.S. in the summer of 1968, she was recruited into a program the Presbyterian church was running called “Crisis in the Cities” that sent FIs and missionaries with wide experience to suburban churches to introduce the idea of institutional racism, something Susan herself had never heard of before the training.
Compared with her time in Hong Kong, “that was equally big if not bigger in some respects in influencing my thoughts of what I did with the rest of my life,” she said.

It was a little shocking to learn in my training …that the local grocery store….raised its prices on the day the welfare checks came out …. When we told this to church people they were as shocked as I had been to learn that fact. But would they go to their local store and just carry a sign and inform the people—the customers—that this was happening? No, of course not, you didn’t do that. …One of the black leaders who spoke with us in training said: “I have more respect for George Wallace than a lot of do-good Christians” and you’re stunned: “What on earth was he saying?” It was because George Wallace was open and honest about what he really believed, which was racist, and he talked and thought and acted according to his beliefs and here we suburban church people were saying that we believe in love and justice and brotherhood and equality and everything yet they wouldn’t do anything…..they wouldn’t put their money where their mouth was. I’m sure that influenced me a lot.

When that three-month program was over, she moved to Denver and went to work for the welfare department dealing with unwed teenage mothers and foster care during the day, then at night was a staff member at a house for kids with the same kinds of problems. She described her career as “helping other people’s children.”

I met up with Mary and Jerry Dusenbury (Japan, 1964-1968) at an all-night diner in Wellington, Kansas just off I-35 south of Wichita. Recent hard rains had flooded some of the roads near their cattle ranch fifty miles west in Attica. This is where Jerry grew up and where they settled in 1980 after Jerry’s dad died. At that point, they had spent the entire sixteen years of their married life either living in Japan, or in Cambridge, MA where Jerry was a doctoral student in East Asian studies at Harvard. His body, he
said, remembered how to farm. Mary, on the other hand, had grown up in New York City. Kansas might as well have been a foreign country. Most FIs came right home at the end of their two years, although some stayed forever. Mary and Jerry fall in the middle.

They seem, superficially, to be an odd couple—the Kansan son of a cattle rancher and the girl from Manhattan—but Mary and Jerry met in a small Congregational/Presbyterian Fellowship one of the Harvard pastors hosted at his home each week. They share a faith. When they met she was an undergraduate and a leader in the New England Student Christian Movement. Jerry had just begun graduate school. It seemed a logical path to take following his Junior Year Abroad year in Japan in 1959-1960 and his graduation from University of Oklahoma, but he had some doubts, too, about the scholars’ life. He was also doing work at Harvard Divinity School and considering the ministry.

Their Frontier Internship began in 1964, right after their marriage. It gave Jerry an opportunity to return to Japan and test his vocational calling as a scholar or minister. Mary did not have a clear career direction either, but had done a work camp in Mexico and was up for another cross-cultural experience. As was common in the first years of the FIM program, Jerry had an assignment—the SCM of Japan—and Mary had to find her own way once she got there.

Jerry felt that his internship gave him the opportunity to work with some really serious and dedicated people who were committed to building a new society and a new Student Christian Movement, both of which had been shattered by the war. While he was there, the SCM was running student conferences to give students an opportunity to think
through these issues in a Christian context even though many of them were more seekers looking at a variety of sources of possible meaning for remaking their worlds. It was one of the few places in Japanese society where that was possible. He also helped the Asian Department of the WSCF organize and run regional conferences for students and professors which gave him a chance to build relationships with SCM leaders outside Japan, too. One trip they took to Indonesia which, in 1965, had suffered a military coup, was a “New Testament experience” with letters of introduction provided by professors they had met at conferences being used to gain the trust of local SCM leaders who then provided accommodations and invitations to meet privately with groups of students and learn about the current state of play in Indonesian politics. But Jerry also did straightforward translations, including a book on the history of higher education in Japan written by Michio Nagai, a man who later became the minister of education.

Mary got a good job at Tsuda College, one of the oldest women’s colleges in Japan, teaching English and American literature and helping juniors prepare to write their senior theses. She also got to be very good friends with Asa Uoki, the woman who was head of the student YWCA, who invited her to meetings and events. Lurking in the background from the beginning was her interest in ceramics, textiles, and weaving. Asa Uoki provided the contacts to locate a good weaving teacher, the first step on what would become her life as an Asian art and textiles scholar.

Jerry and Mary did not leave Japan until May 1968, not quite four years after the beginning of the internship. After Martin Luther King, Jr. was killed, Jerry wanted to go straight home. Mary insisted that they take the long journey home that they had planned,
heading first to the Philippines then Singapore, Indonesia, Cambodia, Thailand, India, Beirut, Istanbul, then through East Europe to Prague, departing on the last flight out to Germany before the Soviet invasion. Eventually, they made their way to London, and then Boston. “Well, you know, it [still] wasn't over,” Jerry recalled, “because … we landed in Boston and we went to our apartment, and we watched the Democratic convention…so it was one thing after another, like ‘what is going on here?’” The plan had been for Jerry to continue his graduate studies at Stanford, but by the time they arrived back in the U.S., the Japanese scholar he had planned to study with had become so disgusted with what he saw as spoiled American rich kids acting out that he had returned to Japan. Jerry continued his studies at Harvard.

Ken Jones’ experience as a Frontier Intern in Japan was entirely different than the Dusenbury’s. Urbanization in Japan was his frontier and a committee at the School of Theology at Doshisha University in Kyoto received him and provided a small office as his home base. He lived with a seminarian’s family—a mother and two sons. Only the student was Christian; none of them spoke English. For Ken’s entire two years, he was almost always the only Caucasian around and, given Christianity’s minority status in Japan, usually the only Christian, too.

One of the key things is that the Christian community in Japan is a tiny, tiny, tiny minority. At that point it was less than 1% of the population. To share the faith with that kind of community continues to have tremendous impact on me. I believe that small is beautiful in terms of ecclesiastical operations and I’ve always

299 Kenneth Jones, November 7, 2008.
been in small congregations or contexts….that just makes a whole lot of sense to me…..and I see that coming to me in Japan.

The context for the internship was the vast and rapid migration of Japan’s population from rural villages to cities. Huge concrete housing projects had been built to house them. Ken worshipped in a congregation in the middle of one of these for the entire two years he was there, entirely in Japanese. ”By the time I was done I was much more aware of the claims of Christ…and how those were different and far superior to the claims of my country. That continues to be a part of my self-understanding,” he said.

Ken found that the FIM’s emphasis on the ministry of presence freed him up to respond to the urbanization of Japan but in very local, particular, personal and small group ways. He talked about three different small groups. Labor evangelism was an emphasis of the local church at the time, and Ken regularly traveled to Osaka to spend a few hours with labor union workers practicing their English in advance of the 1970 World Expo. “Where that led was to all kinds of invitations to other things, to share their lives and what was happening. It was really very meaningful,” he said. Another group of local folks got together informally, not through the labor union, to do the same thing. Superficially, these seemed like English conversation classes, but that is not why they were important. “There were plenty of English teachers around. This was about something else.” The third group Ken worked with were students at Doshisha, which had been founded by Christians but was overwhelmingly non-Christian by then. Ken discovered them to be curious about Christianity, though. He recalled, in this context, an
experience from the FI orientation. Milan Opočenský had given a presentation about Christian-Marxist dialogue in Eastern Europe.

I was introduced to the bizarre notion from my background that Christians and Communists could have a conversation and figure out how to live together in the same world. From my Republican roots this was radical stuff. I remember [thinking]….again, not just the economic philosophies but culture…..”Can I be in a place that doesn’t support my religious or other expectations and survive?” And [in Japan] I discovered “Yeah” and then some!

One particular experience—a visit to Hiroshima--had a profound impact on his American identity and, all these years later, still packed a powerful emotional punch when he described it.

I went with some friends of these guys whose home I was living in. …. There were three of us…..two Japanese and myself. We were on a boat ride to the island and I said, “I want to go to the Museum…the Peace Museum.” And there I am, an American in a sea of Japanese school children. [Ken choked up at this point and stopped for a few moments to collect himself.] It is what I imagined I represented to all of these children. So that had a profound impact on my….it connected me to American history and policy and in a much more intimate way than I, at that point, could have in relation to Vietnam. Certainly coming back to California in 1968 and to the seminary, good Lord,……I had one year left at seminary….I’d gone out after two years…..and it was a different world. The seminary was a different world.

Ken, too, had an amazing journey returning to the U.S. at the end of his internship in 1968, traveling across the Soviet Union on the Trans-Siberian railroad spending a few days each in Moscow and Leningrad before taking a train to Prague, then at the height of Prague Spring, where he met some other Americans.

This is a few weeks before the Russian Army invades. We were on the train and it stops at the Czech border and they take all our passports and do all sorts of weird things and then in the morning we wake up in Prague and the contrast, literally…….I am not an artistic soul but I was wandering around Moscow for a few days and now I’m in Prague and the difference is just indescribable. There
was light. There was color. So we decided: “Hey, we need to stay here a little bit and check this out!” So we did.

After a conference at Coventry Cathedral and another at the Agape Center in Northern Italy where he met up with some other FIs, he returned to the States. Only then was he confronted with the War in Vietnam.

When Bill Troy\textsuperscript{300} (Japan, 1967-1968) was coming up to graduation from Union in 1967, he felt like he needed to go overseas to complete his education. Given his family’s long history and ongoing involvement with mission, it only seemed natural. The summer he spent with the Delta Ministry in Mississippi in 1966 had changed his life, so when he applied to be a Frontier Intern he thought he was most interested in going to Africa. Margaret Flory, though, had a different idea. She proposed he go to Asia and travel with and assist a political science professor who was the head of the political affairs committee of the East Asian Christian Conference. Bill was excited about the opportunity this would offer to get exposed to a lot of different countries and their politics in which he was also very interested.

He loved the FI orientation with its passionate arguments with and between incredibly smart, interesting people. He was sorry they had to split up and go their different directions, but really looked forward to his own internship. Things went sour right after he arrived.

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\textsuperscript{300} Bill Troy, October 27, 2008.
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So I got over there and I got off the plane and he met me at the plane and on the way from the airport he informed me that he no longer had that position. And so I wouldn't be doing that. So this sort of seat-of-the-pants business sort of rose up and bit me right there.

The people in New York—he assumes it was Margaret Flory and Ruth Harris—came up with a substitute assignment. The WSCF had organized an eighteen month project for the secretaries of SCM organizations throughout Asia. It was going to begin with a month-long meeting at a YMCA conference center at Gotemba, at the foot of Mt. Fuji in Japan. The second phase was for projects each SCM would design and complete. The final phase was a wrap-up meeting in Bangalore, India where everyone would share what they had done. Bill was attached to the Japanese SCM and tasked with heading their project, working with Japanese Christian students concerned about the US/Japanese Security Treaty that Jerry Dusenbury (Japan, 1964-1968) saw demonstrations against when it was being negotiated during his JYA in Japan in 1959. Opposition, if anything, had escalated since then. Bill recalled that,

[This] was the underlying document that governed all these relationships and which the student political movement was in the streets about in Japan.....seriously tearing up things, you know. It was right then when the student movement was so active all over the world....in France and so forth. And they were in Tokyo as well. I wasn't working with them. I was working with the Student Christian Movement.

The problem was that although the Japanese students were very polite about this assignment and let him do it, they were very unsure about whether they actually wanted an American playing that role. As a result, although he made some good friends on the SCM staff, Bill ended up trying to make this project up by himself and nothing ever got off the ground. It was incredibly frustrating.
Then, in April of 1968, only months after he arrived the prior fall, he was at the Embassy dealing with his income taxes when he heard that Martin Luther King, Jr. had been shot. “I had been on marches with Dr. King in Mississippi and I was really torn up. I can remember walking around Tokyo in the sea of uncomprehending faces going about their business and [having] nobody to talk to about this,” he said. Then things got worse.

In June I was in a meeting of people—Americans—who were organizing to vote for Eugene McCarthy I believe when somebody came into the room and said that Robert Kennedy had been shot. I was like, “What am I doing here? My country is falling apart.” So I resigned. I wrote a letter and I got a letter right back from Margaret saying, “Please don't do that.” …

It was really hard being somewhere else while all this stuff was going on at home, particularly at Chicago at the Convention….all that stuff was going on in 1968. ….If I had had something that I was really committed to and felt really involved in, that would have been different. At the same time I felt terrible about leaving there without having produced anything. So I kind of negotiated with Margaret and said that I would stay through this conference in India. … I actually came home in February instead of September. But it was really wrenching to be away.

Ultimately, Bill did get some of the travel and deep engagement with people in different countries that he had been hoping for from the assignment with the East Asian Christian Conference that had fallen through. SCM people in Indonesia hosted him and explained how their government was structured to take account of the religious diversity and took him to meet the Minister of Energy. SCM people in India took him to meet a man working in the communist government in Kerala who taught him a lot. His host in the Philippines was the son of a long-time labor leader who introduced him to a professor who went into the mountains and started a movement. “There it was: violence,” Bill recalled. He felt very far away from “internal church stuff.” The anti-Americanism in the Philippines was very strong. He had been reading a lot about Third World development,
but what these people did was to make him “emotionally as well as intellectually really…committed to the Third World.” He also felt “a really strong impulse that what these people needed was for me to go back [to the United States] and try to change this country and get this country off their back.”

When Bill finally left Japan in February 1969 and ended his internship, he returned to New York and reconnected with friends from Union. He found it really, really difficult to “catch up.”

A bunch of us one night went to The Fillmore East to hear the Jefferson Airplane and Joe Cocker. And I just.....I just thought “this is unbelievable”....this music.....it's wild. I'd never seen anything like that. It was just unreal and totally loud. Just incredible. People that I hooked up with were way down the road from me about change in this country. And everything that had gone down in that year contributed to that and I wasn't part of that. I was going through my own change which I think was important. But I thought they were out of their minds. They thought they were going to change the government of the United States. … I thought these people were crazy then I got crazy.

But practically, what Bill actually did was continue to do research and education on Asian political issues with the Boston Cambridge Ministry in Higher Education, a campus ministry that included other former Fls. And in 1972, he and two other people involved in that collective ministry, Jim Sessions and his wife, Fran Ansley, decided to return to the South to establish the Southern Appalachian Ministry in Higher Education, an ultimately successful effort to get church people and people in community colleges in the four state region to work together on community projects.

It had been on my mind. Actually I can remember a moment in Tokyo where I sort of felt this pull back toward home like I had gone about as far away from home as I could get. And in fact what I did was to come back in stages. I had been coming home to see my parents in Chattanooga and stopping at the Jubilee Center here which was part of the Appalachian ministry and spent a lot of time with the
music component of that. There was an anti-war movement in Knoxville, so I started meeting people who were involved in all these issues here and it was really compelling. I felt like I was completing the circle on my own terms.

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Dave Clapp\textsuperscript{301} (Hong Kong, 1967-1968), like Bill Troy, is a preacher’s kid, although in a different denomination, UCC as opposed to Methodist, a different state, Connecticut as opposed to Tennessee, a different seminary, Andover-Newton as opposed to Union, and a different passion, penetrating the Cold War divide as opposed to Civil Rights. As a Harvard undergraduate, Dave was an International Relations major with a particular interest in Soviet history and Christianity in Eastern Europe. At Andover-Newton, he studied with Harvey Cox who was involved with the Marxist-Christian dialogue in Europe. While studying in London his second year in seminary, Dave got very interested in China, and a classmate studying in Prague got him an invitation to the Christian Peace Conference there in the Spring of 1966. There he actually met people from North Vietnam, people self-identified as Vietcong, Russian Orthodox priests, Eastern European theologians, and theologians from Brazil where liberation theology was beginning to emerge. Out of this rich mix of experiences, one compelling question emerged that he wanted to answer: How did Chinese Marxism differ from Soviet/Stalinist Marxism? In particular, did it have a moral component? It seemed to him that fear of Chinese and Asian Marxism was behind the Vietnam War. As he was completing his last year at ANTS, Charles Savage, a classmate who had recently completed a Frontier

\textsuperscript{301} Dave Clapp, interview by the author, Lincoln, MA, December 11, 2009.
Internship in Czechoslovakia, suggested he apply and make that the focus of his internship. He did and was accepted.

The first phase of Dave’s internship was working as an assistant to Ross Terrill, a native Australian, WSCF leader, and Harvard professor, who was in charge of the planning for a WSCF conference about China to be held in Montreal in February. People came from all over the world for it, including people from China. It could not be held in the United States because the U.S. government would not let the Chinese enter the country. The WSCF’s first principle had always been to engage and talk; since the beginning of the Cold War, the U.S. government’s non-negotiable position had been isolation and silence. Ross traveled back and forth between Cambridge and New York during the fall and winter while plans were being made; Dave was based in New York and doing all the foot work. The purpose of the conference was to break down the monolithic “Red Menace” image that prevented serious study and learning about the region—“it was like a blank out of knowledge on China through the Fifties and Sixties,” Dave recalled—and begin to look at China in a new way. Not long before the conference, he met a nurse, Diane, who was about to go to West Africa for a six month program run by Columbia University. It was a brand new relationship but it had promise.

Once the conference was over, Dave took off for Hong Kong by flying East and stopping over to visit Diane in Liberia for two weeks, then continuing on with other stops at missionary outposts in India and Thailand. Hong Kong was the closest he could get to China but, as the discussions of the internships of Jim Trowbridge (Hong Kong, 1961-1963) and Susan Dinklage Multer (1966-1968) made clear, the city was full of refugees
from China. His FI project was called “Frontier Ideologies and University Students” and was basically studying the Chinese Revolution in whatever way he chose to do that. He took Chinese in the mornings and tutored a few students who came to the YMCA in English. He also taught a course in social ethics for the YMCA’s Asian managers who came for several months at a time for a training program. That was the “firm base” from which he then reached out to look for people to tell him about what was going on in mainland China. The difficulty he encountered was that while there was no shortage of people who knew something about mainland China around, very few were willing to talk.

“It was like a train station kind of culture in many ways because everybody had his own agenda and train to hop on,” Dave recalled. A lot of people were looking to emigrate to the West and were trying to keep their personal records as clean as possible of anything political.

Two teachers—his own Chinese teacher and another one who wanted to learn English—are the exceptions. Both had gone through the Cultural Revolution in its early stages, had left but had families still there, and were very open. Neither were bitter or negative, and both shared a lot of funny details about ordinary everyday life. A teacher at a Lutheran school was a rich source of understanding about what would drive people, like one of his students, to swim through a hurricane to make it to Hong Kong. Dave had gone to Hong Kong thinking that perhaps the Revolution was going to give the younger generation an opportunity to break out of the mold and do their own thing in a new way, but his sources had told him a lot of brutality, too. Sometimes the information conflicted so that it was hard to know what to make of it, but the bottom line was that
cumulatively, what he learned first-hand about Communist China undermined his idealistic notions and replaced them with something more concrete and problematic.

All that was to the good, but Dave’s hardest problem was the lack of any defined role, other than studying or teaching and getting out into the streets to talk to people, was driving him crazy.

The one incident that made me realize...I don't know who I am....that was sort of the crisis of identity....I was taking a hydrofoil that runs between Hong Kong and Macau, which was the Portuguese territory, and you had to fill out a customs form and it says “occupation.” And I thought, “What do I put down? What is my occupation?” Missionary? [laughter]

He had gone to seminary with the vague notion of going into campus ministry. He knew parish ministry from the inside and knew he did not want to do that. He also knew he did not want to be a scholar or academic. So what was the purpose of being in Hong Kong? Meantime, when Diane finished her assignment in Liberia, she flew east and stopped in Hong Kong for a month before continuing on to a job in New York. Dave confessed to being “over the barrel a little bit emotionally at that point.” It began to occur to him that what would be most useful was to help American high school kids begin to understand something about Asian history and Chinese history. He came back to the United States in late April, 1968. “I remember writing Margaret and telling her I was going to pull out and feeling....ooooo.....and she wasn't too happy with it....,” he recalled. After that, he had no more contact with her or the program. But he came back to the U.S. with a purpose—to teach—and by September he had a job as a history teacher as Lincoln-Sudbury High School, a very good public school in Massachusetts.
I felt like I finally had my feet on the ground in a firm place because between the year abroad in London and then this whole two years, year and a half, of traveling around and experiencing all this stuff and then, finally, now, I felt like I had a fixed identity. I could call myself a teacher! And I had a job and it paid!

Within a year he was able to start teaching a course on Contemporary Chinese History. Other courses in international relations and comparative religion followed. And in 1970 he married Diane!

Seven Frontier Interns from the Class of 1969 bonded at their orientation, lived together in a reentry “commune” in San Francisco after returning to the U.S. in 1971, and have been close friends ever since. Two of them, Bob Snow (Hong Kong, 1969-1971) and Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971), were assigned to East Asian internships so will be discussed in this section. The remainder of the group were assigned to the Philippines or Australia and will be discussed in the next section on Southeast Asia and Australia.

Bob Snow302 (Hong Kong, 1969-1971) was a new Swarthmore graduate and one of the FI conscientious objectors, but also had prior Asian experience at an American Friends Service Committee work camp that had solidified his connection with the region. He had also taken courses in Asian history in college and said that when he first arrived in Asia, he felt like he was probably Chinese in a prior life. Everything seemed just “right.” And as someone thoroughly immersed in the anti-war movement and the process of thinking through and applying for CO status, he was drenched in the politics of the era. That factored into every element of why he wanted to go to Asia.

The world was moving to the left; China had already moved to the left; Vietnam seemed to be kind of struggling with this; meeting these Japanese students who were in the Japanese far left [at the AFSC work camp], and were just a total trip, and then I don't know, I just felt like, “Wow, this is where I want to be.”

What Bob most remembered from the Orientation was Margaret Flory’s favorite phrase, “risk and hope,” but it was also central to one of the worship services the group did. “It seemed to me that the essence of progressive religiosity, or Christianity, whichever it was, was the notion that you risked and hoped and you were sustained by a higher power,” he said.

Bob’s frontier was labor and economic justice. His host was Rev. Yip Sai-San [Francis Yip], a middle-aged Anglican priest who ran a school and worker’s hostel and expected that Bob would be the warden of the hostel. Bob’s understanding was that he was to work on the cutting edge of economic justice issues with the workers. For the first two months, Bob did what Rev. Yip wanted, living in a simple room with a semi-private bath at some remove physically and status-wise from the workers who had one of thirty bunks in a large room. At that point he decided he wasn’t “risking and hoping enough” and moved into the bunk room himself. Paulo Friere, the Brazilian pioneer of popular education, attended the 1969 Orientation at Stony Point at Margaret’s invitation. Coming at his internship from a Friere mentality, Bob struggled with his Cantonese to try to talk to workers about their situation, what they thought the problems were, and what they thought might be done to improve things. This is not what Reverend Yip had in mind. He wanted Bob to teach ESL. Soon the two were at loggerheads.
Meanwhile, Bob had begun attending meetings of the Hong Kong Christian Industrial Committee. Those people were part of the worker-priest movement and were analyzing worker’s rights and problems from the worker’s vantage point. They were about to start a weekly newspaper, in Chinese, called the Worker’s Weekly, and wanted one Westerner to work with them. Bob lobbied hard to be seconded to them. He wrote to Margaret Flory but heard nothing back. Finally, right after Christmas, George Todd, Margaret’s close associate and head of the Presbyterian’s Urban Industrial Mission, came to Hong Kong. He was the connection to Rev. Yip and the person who originally arranged the internship.

I had met George when we were being trained. I liked George, and so I met with George and basically said "George, this ain't gonna work," and he said, "But Bob, you gotta try to make it work, you're an adult now." I said, “I'm an adult? Help!” George finally understood that it had become a real personality conflict between Francis and me, and that I just couldn't go back, so he worked it out that I was seconded, and it looked to the outside world like Francis had graciously given me to them.

The reassignment also meant that Bob needed to move out of the hostel. His friends from there went with him, knocking on doors and vouching for him—“this white guy really isn’t as bad as he looks!”—and he got an 8 by 10 foot cubicle in a tenement with four other families, sharing a bathroom and a kitchen. The walls were only halfway to the ceiling to allow air to pass through. This was more what he had in mind. He also got six full months of language training, double what most interns got, and that, he said, made all

the difference. Although his Cantonese was far from flawless at that point, he was functional enough to make it work in his new assignment as a reporter for the *Worker’s Weekly*.

Because I was white and this was colonial Hong Kong, I could get in the doors of the colonial offices fairly high up, and did, and got the colonial party line, and then I could go to the meetings of the workers who were on strike, or interview the factory owners, so I learned more in that two years in Hong Kong of high, low, and medium society, and being with middle class Christian Chinese on one hand, workers on the other hand, some of whom were Christian, many of whom were not.

In addition to this very challenging and fulfilling internship assignment, Bob also established mentoring relationships with two other people he “indentured”—his word—himself to for one day a week each. Bob’s first mentor, Denum Crary was an Anglican priest and long-time communist George Todd introduced him to. Crary remained a priest in spite of his politics but had been assigned to a tiny village in the New Territories. One day a week Bob made the trip out there to sit on his verandah and type Crary’s correspondence. In exchange, Denum Crary would feed him lunch and “cross-examine” him about Christian ethics and Mao before driving him back to town. Bob’s second mentor was Elsie Eliot, who was a city counselor and super critical of the British colonial establishment. He typed for her too when she had hearings about people’s complaints about Hong Kong which was enormously instructive about how things really worked. In exchange for his work, Elsie would take him out to dinner and would provide him with material for a weekly column in the paper.

Then, every two or three weeks, he met with a Mao study group made up largely of Maryknoll nuns—he had met some of them in language school—several priests, and
another Protestant. These were people who were really on his “wavelength,” particularly when compared with the Protestant missionaries who were very nice people, but limited in the way they engaged with the culture. This study group read the complete works of Mao Tse-tung and discussed them in terms of Christian ethics.

The funny anecdote coming out of that is that there would be periodic investigators who would come out from 475—the inquisition coming out because, of course, Margaret was always sort of under fire for having this expensive wild ass group of people out there….I was most indiscreet about talking about the power of Mao Tse-tung in my life. I did mention that it was the dialogue with Mao and Christian Ethics that we were talking about, but poor Margaret really got it: "You're sending these nice Christian American Boys off to become Maoists." I'm sure…I have no idea what I said, but I’m sure I said something...which was honest, but you know, probably a bit more colorful than it needed to be, given who I was speaking with, so poor Margaret, when I saw her later, she said, "Why did you....?" Why did you have to....?

A final element in Bob’s internship was the tension between his anti-war work and the “colonial police state.” He participated in a worldwide protest of Pan American Airlines’ contract to transport coffins home from Vietnam for the U.S. military. The local version of that was a demonstration in front of the Pan Am building in downtown Hong Kong. Bob thought he had blended into the crowd, but when his visa came up for renewal after a year, and he was about to vacation with his parents in Hawaii, the renewal request was denied. When he met with an immigration official who had a folder of information on him, it was clear that he had not blended in at all but was being watched. A massive lobbying effort by all the people he had befriended by this time won the renewal for six months, then a second effort won a renewal for the final six months.

In all, Bob served the entire two years of the internship which is particularly amazing considering that after the first renewal, he threw all caution to the wind and
joined up with five other people to run a branch of the San Francisco-based Pacific Counseling Service to reach out to American G.I.’s on R and R to let them know about other options. They formed a commune, got a mimeograph machine, and ran the operation out of there. They all had pseudonyms—his was Bob Hobbitt—but after a bombing they had nothing to do with, the British secret police showed up. A British lawyer who was one of their group limited the damage to confiscating the mimeograph machine, which was illegal in Hong Kong, and their literature, and no one was arrested but they knew that they were under such close scrutiny that they needed to close operations.

What an education! I learned so much about colonial police state governments, all done with super sweet British accents, but it was totally tightly controlled. I also joined the Quaker meeting, and that was another kind of trip, because it was British Quakers, mostly. They were good liberals but many of them in the colonial administration, and all business, and they were another whole window into life. … That is really what made it such a totally extraordinary two years in my life, because if I was learning something over here, I could go talk to someone over there about how they viewed the same thing.

Bob corroborated what Dave Clapp said about the caution of the university students.

Initially, he was disappointed that he didn’t have a “university world” assignment. Later, he was grateful because the workers were so much more engaged and open.

Bob knew he was headed to Harvard for a doctoral program in Sociology and East Asian studies, but first he and fellow Frontier Intern Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971)
had plans to complete the trip around the world they had begun when they went west 
from New York to Asia. 304

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Carl Takamura305 (Japan, 1969-1971) is a third generation, Sansei, or Japanese-
America, who was born and raised in Honolulu, Hawaii. The whole family is in coffee:
his grandfathers grew it, the uncle that his family lived with owned a coffee factory, and
his father was a coffee salesman. Both Carl’s parents were Buddhist; his uncle and his
family were Roman Catholic. As an undergraduate at the University of Hawaii, Carl
became very active in the YMCA. As a graduate student at Cornell expecting to have a
career in student affairs, he met Father Daniel Berrigan, the anti-war activist priest, who
had an enormous impact on his life. He applied for, and got, a Rockefeller Brothers
fellowship to explore the ministry at Union. Still unsure about the ministry, a professor
there suggested he apply to be a Frontier Intern. He did and was accepted for the Class of
1969.

I told the FI folks that I was on sort of a self-exploration, discovery thing, so I
said if I could go to Asia and in particular if I could go to Japan, that would be
perfect, because it would give me the opportunity to explore roots, and at the
same time … improve my Japanese language skills. Also, and probably more
importantly, I [told them I] was interested in student activism and the church.

304 I will pick up this thread of Bob’s story at the end of the discussion about Carl’s
internship in Japan.
Student activism is something Japan had plenty of as the discussions of the SCM-based internships of Jerry Dusenbury (Japan, 1964-1968) and Bill Troy (Japan, 1967-1969) have shown, so that is where Carl was headed after the FI Orientation.

I think our group was pretty amazing. It’s interesting because it wasn’t like we all loved each other, I mean, there were a lot of clashes, very strong personalities, very large clashes, and this was also the start of the women’s movement, so there were a lot of really strong women, and a lot of men trying to figure out what the hell is going on with these women, why are they acting like that, so there was a lot of that going on.

He flew from New York to Hawaii to Kobe, Japan where he was welcomed by a Presbyterian missionary family who had been living in Japan for many years and spoke better Japanese than he did. They were a wonderful family and he was very grateful for their hospitality, but they lived in a very western house with a maid, and ate American meals and seemed, as much as possible, to live an American life. Mostly, he focused on Japanese language study and teaching English at the Kobe YMCA. When he moved to Kyoto, he lived in a _geshku_, or boarding home, like Ken Jones (Japan, 1966-1968) did.

Japan had a lot of anti-war activists. Carl connected with the Beheiren, which was very active but also non-violent, with a philosophical base more from Martin Luther King, Jr. and Gandhi. Carl worked with them to start discussion groups with students at Doshisha University so they could exchange views about cultures and countries and the war and how it might be stopped. He also was part of an underground support network assisting American GIs who wanted to leave the military, something he never told Margaret Flory, assuming what he was doing was probably illegal. In fact, all he was actually doing was talking.
Different people would pick me up and they would take me to various places, and...I would meet with these young kids who were really scared, and we would just talk. It was just an opportunity for them to talk to somebody who was American, because the Japanese people were great, but most of them didn't have any English skills, and there is cultural difference, and the Japanese tended to like, over-worship these guys, but they were just young, scared kids. They weren't these great...antiwar heroes...they just wanted to get out of it. It was survival, and I understood that.

Sometimes he traveled to Okinawa and did the same thing, and also wrote articles in English for an anti-war newsletter. He learned a lot about what was unique about Christianity in Japan, too, while he was doing this work.

That was really interesting for me, because what that taught me was okay, you can't say, "this is what Christianity is, there's this church and services and you pray and this and that." Actually it takes many different forms, and the whole point of it is, “okay, what is the core stuff, and how does that effect what you do and what you believe in?”

Questions of national identity were more complicated. Carl had become a FI, in part, to explore his Japanese roots. “I went there thinking, Okay, I’m Japanese-American. I’m Japanese.” But when he got to Japan he discovered something quite different.

Japan, like Hawaii, is an island country. It’s very insulated; it has it's own history. But as my Japanese friends would always say to me, "Oh, but Carl, you really don't understand because you're not Japanese," and I used to take offense at that. Then I began to realize that what they meant was in Japan...you are either an insider or outsider and the only people who are insiders are people who were born and raised in Japan.

But claiming an American identity had its own problems.

I was quite defensive about being American, because Americans were the bad people, which was true. We were the bad people; we had invaded this country; all these people were getting killed and all this stuff, right, so we were the bad people. It was sort of like you didn't really want to be an American... but after a while you begin to realize that you can't run around it just because you don't like it, or you don't like your country. You can't try to pretend you're not, because you are.
Although Carl liked Japan a lot and thought about staying there, in the end he decided to return to Hawaii. He did not want to live in a place where he would always be an outsider. First, though, would be the three month trip home he planned with Bob Snow (Hong Kong, 1969-1971) followed by the San Francisco reentry commune project with the other Asian FIs from the class of 1969.

The idea of the trip was to complete their circumnavigation of the globe by continuing west from their FI assignment locations. After they met up at the end of their internships, they went through Southeast Asia, India, Afghanistan, Iran, the Middle East, and then Europe. “Because of this incredible FI and other radical Christian network, we had people to see in almost all these places,” Bob said. By the end of their internships, Bob and Carl understood this network, in part because once they became FIs other SCM people coming through Japan and Hong Kong considered them a part of it, too, and contacted them or stayed with them. So their return trip, relying on this network, became part of their Frontier Intern education. Bob Snow recalled one example,

In India, we started out first in Calcutta, and Carl wound up linking up with a group doing relief work for refugees coming in from Bangladesh because there was a war going on at that moment, and I had an introduction to a British anthropologist…and he invited me down to his field site in Orissa, so I spent a week with him in Orissa, in his village, talking with him every day about what he had been learning, and it was fabulous.

At the end of those months, Carl felt like he could, quite literally, go anywhere.

306 It will be recalled in this context the importance of this network to Margaret Flory (discussed in Chapter Two) and her desire, through the programs she ran (discussed in Chapter Three), to connect other people to it.
The reentry, living in a FI commune in San Francisco, had been dreamed up at a meeting of Asian FIs that Margaret Flory convened in October 1970. It was part of a series of meetings held in each of the regions to get input for the ten-year FIM evaluation.

In summarizing those months in the reentry commune, Carl said,

In many ways, it was the forerunner to one of the reality shows on television today, like *Big Brother*. I said they should have had a camera because there were eight of us--four men and four women—living in this apartment. There was this…the sexual tensions and fights and male-female stuff, and cliques. It was amazing that we all still remained friends at the end of it. [Looking back] I always say, "That wasn't a re-entry, that was a whole other Frontier Internship." …. I needed a re-entry from the re-entry.

An enormous amount had changed in the United States by the time they returned. They missed the killing of the students at Kent State and Jackson State in 1970. They all were playing catch-up on the Women’s Movement. “There was a lot of struggle. [It was] probably good that we struggled, but it was not fun,” Bob said. Sometimes those complicated, painful sessions could go on until three in the morning, which was possible because they did not have to get up in the morning and go to work. For Bob and Carl, plans for reentry work never really came together. Even in Chinatown, where Bob had contacts, being a white American “was not cutting much ice.” Finding other meaningful work turned out to be equally difficult. For Bob, who had had two years of intensely wonderfully engaging work as a FI in Hong Kong, the complete absence of structure or purpose plunged him into a deep depression. “It was the only time in my life when I could not get out of bed until noon, and just felt useless, and lost, and a stranger in my own country for sure, and really serious reverse culture shock, really serious,” he said.
When he got to Harvard the following summer, in 1972, he was enormously relieved.

Carl left the group early.

I needed to ground myself again, so I went back home. ...In a way I think I kind of retreated, and sometimes I'm not sure if that was the right thing to do, because I went, ...I mean really back home. I went back to my family, got a job teaching at the community college, and met Jeanette and got married and my whole life then took kind of a different path.

Within a few years, Carl was elected to the Hawaii State Legislature and redeployed his commitment to social change to the grassroots and Bob was using his new Ph.D. in Maryknoll’s newly formed Office of Mission Research and Planning, teaching social analysis in the seminary, and traveling frequently to Asia and Africa to consult with missioners in the field.

When Mary Ann Crookston Nusbaum (Taiwan, 1971-1972) was a senior at Pembroke, then the women’s college affiliated with all-male Brown University, she was a neighbor of Phil and Deborah McKean (Indonesia, 1962-1964) who moved to Providence, Rhode Island after completing their Frontier Internships. Mary Ann was a Chinese major and in crisis about what that meant and what she was going to do after graduation.

What is this about? Is there any purpose for it? If there is, let’s really learn it. If there isn't, let's do something else and drop it. I didn't want to put in anymore time and effort into something that won’t matter... - ...I was probably kind of depressed about the whole thing.

Mary Ann Crookston Nusbaum, interview by the author, Logansport, IN, June 6, 2009.
Phil and Deborah suggested she apply to the Frontier Intern program and actually go somewhere where Chinese was spoken. Mary Ann grew up Episcopalian in Utah and had been active in the church at college, but it was her doubts about her Chinese that propelled her to apply. She thought she would learn to speak Chinese really well then see what opportunities opened up for her from there. She was accepted as a FI and sent to Taiwan. She made a number of stops on her way there, including one in Japan where Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971) was her host.

The concept for Mary Ann’s internship was the women’s counterpart to Bob Snow’s (Hong Kong, 1969-1971) first assignment in Hong Kong—to be a warden for a girl’s dormitory built by the government of Taiwan and managed by the YWCA for the village girls who had moved to the Kaohsiung Export Processing Zone to work in the factories. There were twelve girls, mostly aged fourteen to eighteen, to a room; each had her own bed and locker. Mary Ann lived in her own room at the end of one of the halls. The American YMCA administrator in Taiwan was Margaret’s liaison and there was a local YMCA director; but beyond wanting her to teach English, they just let her do whatever she wanted. She did not think she came to Taiwan to teach English, so she compromised with them and volunteered to teach swimming instead and everyone seemed happy. Mary Ann did not take any formal Chinese instruction—“I was full of book-learning,” she said—but instead hung out with the girls from the dorm. “We’d ride the busses and we'd go widow shopping and they'd hold my hand and call me "elder sister" and I went to a wedding... We ate together at meals and they taught me to play
ping pong.” She had studied Chinese so much in high school and college that her speaking ability improved very quickly just by being with the girls.

Mary Ann took the FI principles of subsistence living and economic discipline very seriously, but it was also clear to me that she is a person who goes out of her way to close the gap between herself and others and to make them comfortable and to fit in herself.

Margaret Flory’s stipend to me was a fortune, but I just squirreled most of it away because nobody around me had any money to spend and I wasn't going to spend any either, I was going to be the same. …I had a couple of dresses made when I got there because the clothes I had brought were too rich, were made of too much cloth of too good a quality. They only had slender things that didn't take too much cloth because they had no money, so I pared right down and tried to look like everybody else.

For all her efforts, though, the difference Mary Ann felt between herself and the people around her was too big to close, and she had a desperately hard time adjusting to being so different and so isolated. She had one Taiwanese friend, Amy, who spoke very good English, but that was not much comfort either.

I just felt so different. And it wasn't just the physical difference. I was a head taller than everybody else, and white, …I got stared at a lot, so I felt very alone, extraordinarily alone. Because Amy spoke English I spoke English every day, but she didn't know who I was or where I was from, and there was no way to tell her. Confucius said, "you can't speak of winter to a mayfly and you can't speak of the ocean to a well-frog." There is no common ground to connect.

Mary Ann, perhaps more than any other Frontier Intern, was so sensitive to the cultural context that she felt not only disoriented but almost physically ill from feeling a “deep level of strangeness…. [and] the pressure to be fundamentally different from who I was.”
At the same time she felt completely cut off from home and her own cultural context and people.

I felt like I was out in outer space with the letters that came from home being the only lifeline that tethered me to the mother ship, that if anything happened to that I would be lost forever. I would never get back.

That made Mary Ann particularly appreciative of her two international friends, Jeannie Dougan, an old and very frail Canadian missionary, and Barbara North, a young missionary from England. She met them early in her internship and Jeannie, in particular, reached out to comfort her.

I would go to their house and just "be"; she would just "be" with me. She told me when she was a young girl she first went to China with the China Inland Mission, to the north of China, and it was seven years before she was able to go home for a visit. I couldn't imagine. I just couldn't imagine. But she really knew me. I felt like she really knew me. I get teary-eyed thinking about how much she loved me. She truly loved me when I needed it.

When she asked Jeannie and Barbara how they kept going year after year, they told her they loved Jesus. Mary Ann did not really understand, although she could see that they had “a gentle peace” about them. It drew her to them. The mystery of Jeannie and Barbara is that years later Mary Ann stumbled on a used paperback book Barbara had written about their vibrant ministry to the girls in Mary Ann’s dormitory that Mary Ann knew nothing about. I got a copy of the book, too, and found nothing in it that would explain why they had not invited Mary Ann to join in. They did include her in a group of Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries who met monthly for shared communion, a meal, and discussion. She found it wonderful “cultural relief.”
Mary Ann was not interested in politics—her Chinese study had largely been literature—but early in her internship she discovered, as Dave Barnes (Taiwan, 1961-1963) had, that when the Nationalists arrived after having been pushed off the mainland by the communists, that they massacred thousands of Taiwanese including every possible leader. As a result, they were despised. “I would be in the market and when one of them [Mainlanders] would come into the market, the ice would fall and the people would stop chattering and they would just wait until the guy got what he needed and left,” she said. In return, the mainlanders and the government were very intolerant of the Taiwanese freedom movement. Margaret Flory introduced her to some Presbyterians active in the movement who taught at the local seminary.

The Taiwanese liberation movement and the Presbyterian Church were damn near synonymous. Because what would you do? You couldn't have political rallies, but you could meet as a church. Because the Communists were atheists, the Nationalist government … had to allow the churches because they weren't communists, so … the Presbyterian church gathered and would talk whatever it wanted.

She was friendly with some of these missionaries and visited a few of them from time to time, but she did not feel like she knew enough about politics to be involved in the movement. When she got into trouble and had to leave, it was because she spoke Chinese too well, was too unlike a “normal” missionary, and probably because she had a Japanese boyfriend, a friend of Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971) she met on a stopover in Japan on her way to Taiwan, who came to visit. Shortly after he arrived, she got an invitation to go to Taipei for lunch with the director of the YMCA.

We went out to lunch at a nice restaurant. He said, "How's it going?", and I said, "Well, it's okay." He goes, "Not really." And I said, "what?" He said, "Whenever
I have asked people how you are doing and they turn their eyes, and I inquire further, and they are very worried about who you are and why you're here, and they don't understand. What they understand is two-week summer interns, or two-month summer interns, and you are none of those, and your Chinese is too good. They’re wondering why you are here, and they are getting ready to arrest you. How about if you leave the country?” I said, "I will go home and pack and buy a ticket and I will get out of here." He said, "That's a really good idea. They said they wouldn't arrest you if you promised to leave right now."

Mary Ann knew that a week earlier one of the Presbyterian missionary couples were put under house arrest then escorted to the airport, but she was terrified anyway by the threat of arrest. A Chinese girl she knew was police came by her room while she was packing, ostensibly to say “good-bye” but clearly to make sure—and report back—that she was really leaving for Okinawa the next day. Once there, she headed for the home of an American Friends Service Committee worker, another friend of Carl Takamura, who had visited her once in Taiwan. Once settled, she sent Margaret Flory a proposal for another internship based in Okinawa.

So I wrote her and I said, "here's my new proposal, I’ll do this and this in Okinawa", because I had a whole year left. Imagine my surprise when she wrote back and said, "No, we're not going to sponsor you any more. You'll be done, and we'll send you enough money for an airline ticket so you can get home." … For the first time in my life I knew that God and the Church were not the same thing, because the church dropped me and God didn't, and I could feel it.

Mary Ann stayed in Okinawa on her own for six more months. It is a culturally diverse and cosmopolitan place. She connected with others, learned to play the Chinese gu chin, a seven-stringed zither, from an old mainlander, and began to heal. At that point she felt like she was being called home to Utah by the Holy Spirit. Once there, she experienced a powerful conversion and complete spiritual rebirth in the context of a Jesus Movement street ministry. Small charismatic interdenominational prayer groups there, in
Utah, followed by life in a Pentecostal church in Palo Alto, California, and what became a deep and sustained commitment to Women Aglow, an interdenominational charismatic organization followed in the first few years after returning to the United States. “Taiwan was really tough,” she concluded at the end of the interview, “and getting basically removed by the skin of my teeth was so horrific and embarrassing and shameful for me. … It’s been really tough to carry that.” Eventually she got her Ph.D. in psychology at Fuller in California and worked as a psychologist for the Utah prison system. She was clearly relieved to have found out, even decades later, that many other American Christians in Asia, and some FIs, too, were expelled or asked to leave.

Linda and David Jones (Korea, 1972-1974) met in 1962 when Linda was about to enter college and Dave was about to enter seminary. They married in 1969 after Dave had become deeply involved in the Civil Rights Movement, spent a month in jail in North Carolina after a sit-in, participated in Martin Luther King’s March on Washington in 1963, and become the pastor of a church in a “changing neighborhood” in Chicago. Linda, during these years, spent her junior year in Nigeria as part of Margaret Flory’s JYA program followed by a ten-week trip from South Africa up the East coast to

308 The in-person interview with Linda and David Jones was held in Linda’s hospital room towards the end of her struggle with leukemia. She was quite ill. She had already written a chapter about their internship for an edited book, which I have been able to draw on. Before her death in 2010, she also photocopied some of her notes for my use. Linda and David Jones, June 3, 2009.; Linda Jones, “From Service to Solidarity,” in More Than Witnesses: How a Small Group of Missionaries Aided Korea’s Democratic Revolution, ed. Jim Stentzel, (Seoul: Korea Democracy Foundation, 2006); Linda Jones, “Notes for 'More Than Witnesses',” (July 2009).
Ethiopia before returning home, taught in a Washington, D.C. high school for three years
before, during, and after the “riot” when King was assassinated in 1968, and participated
in a Southeast Asia Travel Study Seminar in the summer of 1967, hosted by the SCM in
each of the ten countries they visited. Linda recalled how spending time with these
Christian student leaders impressed her with their commitment to changing their country
to make it better for all the people, even knowing that it was likely going to be a long
struggle. “It was pretty eye-opening in that sense seeing the kinds of risks they were
taking and how deeply involved they were as young people like us who weren’t that
involved in politics at all,” she said. Korea, however, was not one of the countries that the
group visited that summer, so when Linda and Dave boarded a flight headed there after
their FI Orientation in Geneva the summer of 1972, neither one of them could speak
Korean or knew any Korean history or had any Korean friends. Their only “hook” into
Korean society was a Korean Frontier Intern—by then the program had
internationalized—who had not yet left for his assignment in Japan, and the long-term
Protestant missionaries already at work there. They were assigned to the Institute of
Urban Studies and Development at Yansei University.

Then the unexpected: Less than a week into their Korean language studies at
Yansei, martial law was declared. Park Chung Hee, who had ruled since 1961, grabbed
complete power and instituted a new constitution and new security laws that used arrest,
torture, and death to suppress dissent and the desire of the Korean people for a return to
democracy and a respect for human rights. In the Cold War world, all it took for a
dictator to win the backing of the United States for the horrors they imposed on their own
people was to claim that the defenders of democracy and human rights were communists. Linda and Dave’s experience in Korea provides a window into what happened. When they went to the university for their daily language class, they discovered it was occupied by tanks and troops and shut down. Some of the tanks and military equipment had U.S.A. identifiers on them. Pak Seil, their Korean FI friend, introduced them to leaders of the Korean Student Christian Federation (KSCF) who were deeply involved with the resistance movement before he left for his assignment in Japan. They were lonely, initially, because the students did not yet trust them. In time, though, trust with the student activists grew as did connections with the mission community. That led Linda to the Monday Night Group, a small group of missionaries whose purpose was to support their Korean friends centrally involved in the struggle. Linda was directly involved; Dave provided cover.

The non-Koreans, particularly the women like Linda, offered critically important support to the movement to reinstate democracy and a respect for human rights in Korea. Foreign women were less likely to be watched; if they were caught doing something, they might be deported but were unlikely to be arrested, tortured, or executed. Foreign missionaries—men and women—had access to information outside Korea and could get information about what was happening in Korea to the media elsewhere. In addition, they and the communities supporting them were always coming and going so provided a conduit into and out of Korea.  

Linda Jones, “From Service to Solidarity.” In *More Than Witnesses: How a Small*

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[309] Linda Jones, “From Service to Solidarity.” In *More Than Witnesses: How a Small*
Linda’s first project for the KSCF was to write a series of essays that was later published as a book on the ways the church was involved in the struggle for human rights in other countries around the world. These were used for a series of KSCF study forums. As the repression got more severe, they moved to a private apartment from a house shared with Koreans in order to hide students who were on the run from authorities. Finally, Linda played a critical role transporting materials from international sources to Koreans, and making sure the mainstream press around the world found out what was happening in Korea and hearing voices of Korean defenders of democracy and human rights, not just those of the government and the American embassy trying to curtail or eliminate them.

Jim Stentzel, editor of the book about the Monday Night Group, More Than Witnesses, to which Linda contributed a chapter, made the general point that even the Korean Christians active in this movement were a small minority of the already-small Christian minority of the population. They were a voice of conscience only, and had absolutely no power base. The missionaries who participated in the Monday Night Group—no more than twenty at most, but more usually ten or so—were themselves a minority in their own community and often opposed by them, sometimes vigorously. Even Linda and David, whose two-year assignment was a short-term one, were invited to

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the home of Stanton Wilson, the head of the Presbyterian Church (USA)’s mission in Korea, to tell them the Korean government was threatening to evict all the Presbyterian missionaries in Korea if the Joneses kept supporting the movement for democracy. He urged them to curtail their activities for the sake of the entire mission. They were polite but ignored those warnings, as did the long-term missionaries with whom they were working. One of the important lessons from their experience is that even the long-term missionaries were not a monolith. Those Linda and Dave got to know through the Monday Night Group did not live in mission compounds, isolated from Koreans, eating Western food, employing household servants and gardeners. They shared the same ideals and values as the Frontier Interns. Linda and Dave found it disturbing that at the monthly mission meetings the other missionaries—people who had been in Korea for years—were looking to them to tell them what was going on. The support and solidarity of the people in the Monday Night Group relieved the isolation and anger that they sometimes felt.311

In talking about the FI experience in Korea, Linda said, “What strikes me as I look back was that any talent I had I was using in the two years I was over there.” That was not true of Dave. In spite of his deep commitment to Civil Rights and his participation in the movement in the U.S., he is at heart a pastor, not a community organizer. When he spoke of life in his racially-changing congregation in Pullman, Illinois, the five years before participation in the FI program, he radiated love for all the people there—elderly white racists and energetic African-American newcomers alike—

311 Jones, “From Service to Solidarity,” 470-471.
and how they gradually came to accept each other. Before his marriage to Linda, he had never been out of the country; his agreeing to participate in an overseas mission program, like FIM, was part of their prenuptial agreement. Linda clearly hoped that when he tried it, he would love it and this would become their joint calling, but that is not what happened. In Korea, what Dave found was that the people at the Institute wanted a dynamic community organizer to replace one who had left, so although he was able to help around the office doing things like editing, he was a disappointment. And although he was able to teach at the English church, his very limited Korean prevented him from pastoring as he would have liked. “I brought no special skills to the experience,” he said, “and so it was two years for me of just knowing that I didn’t belong while she was having the time of her life.”

What neither of them fully realized at the time was that Dave was giving Linda cover for her work in the movement. Twice the Korean Central Intelligence Agency sent agents to their home to follow up on tips about someone named “Jones” who was helping the movement. Both times, Linda slipped into the bedroom and let them question Dave. His contacts and activity on a day-to-day basis—all of which he disclosed to them openly—had absolutely nothing to do with the pro-democracy movement. The agents thanked him and probably went away scratching their heads, but it never occurred to them that it was a woman—Linda—who was active in the movement and they should question. But Dave did not then see himself as contributing something important.

That was probably the time of the greatest potential disruption of our marriage. I remember much better than she does long, long discussions about where we were as individuals and at one point I said I know I’ve got to return and you were
hoping that we would stay and at one point I said “I don’t want to pull you back with me….that’s not fair!” By that time, it was fully into the women’s movement and so forth and I said, “This is up to you but I know I have to return and you have to decide where you are in this.” I wound up returning about four months early in order to start looking for a call …She ultimately did return and I ultimately received a call that came about that same time in late fall.

When Linda left Korea, though, her Korean friends charged her with a different mission: “Tell what you have seen and heard. Make your democracy work. If yours is working, ours has a much better chance of coming into being here.” She realized that the time in Korea was actually preparatory time for the work she did for the next twenty years, until democracy was reestablished in Korea. After arriving back in Chicago, she helped form the Church Committee for Human Rights in Asia (CCHRA) and became the director. The group worked on the democratic struggles not only in Korea, but also in Taiwan and the Philippines because the churches had long histories in all three places and all were suffering at the hands not only of the U.S.-backed military dictatorships, but also U.S. military bases and U.S. corporations. They worked closely with the Christian communities in those countries who were resisting domination and oppression, whether the source was internal or external, by using every available channel to inform Americans about what was going on in these countries. They also published an international monthly newsletter, the *Asian Rights Advocate*.

For Americans, like Linda and David Jones, it was a hard thing to find out that the institutions, like their government and their church, who they believed were advancing freedom and human rights around the world were too often actually doing (or remaining

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312 Jones, “From Service to Solidarity,” 482-483.
silent about) the reverse. “For me the value of it was seeing my nation as others see us,” Dave said. “I felt like the ‘ugly American’……remember that old book?” At the Orientation in Geneva in 1972, he found the anti-Americanism of the Brazilians, in particular, really annoying. When he tried to point out that they seemed to see America as both the enemy and the hope for change and to probe what that was all about, he got shot down. After the time in Korea, he understood; people around the world, but particularly in the Third World, loved the United States for its ideals—what it was supposed to be—but were enormously angry at it for betraying those ideals. What they wanted was for Americans like the FIs to change that, to remind Americans who they really were.

The South Asia, Southeast Asia, and Australia Internships

The countries in this region where Frontier Interns were posted almost all had strong Student Christian Movements and Christian institutions, even though Protestant Christianity was often a minority in religiously complex societies. It was also a part of the world where the United States had been involved in complicated ways at least since the turn of the 20th century and sometimes earlier. Ruth Anne Olson (Philippines, 1962-1964) spoke for many when she said:

The main thing I remember at the orientation was feeling how ignorant I was and how in over my head I might be…..this was very hard for me but I finally worked up the nerve to say in one of the discussions: “You know I understand all this stuff about colonialism and people’s anger and all that but why the United States? We never had any colonies? Why are people angry with us?”. And that is sort of the level I came to all of this…..trying to sort this out. And certainly there had been little if anything in my background to make it clear to me that the United
States’ place in the world had lots of upsides and downsides. I had just never thought of that before.\textsuperscript{313}

What this meant for the Frontier Interns was that they needed help, at least initially, to interpret what was going on, but that if they had strong local contacts who understood the FIM program, that help was available.

\textit{India and Sri Lanka (Ceylon)}

Not all the misunderstandings were political. Alice (Cris) Kresensky Cunningham\textsuperscript{314} (India, 1961-1963) found out the hard way how easy it was to be misunderstood as a person, particularly, in a very rural and traditional place. She had been assigned to work with the SCM at a student center in Sangli. The work went well, but she began seeing an Americanized Indian man, relating in ways that would have been unnoticeable in the U.S., like walking around town together, but that were scandalous in a society where girls were chaperoned. On one occasion, she traveled with a missionary to another city for work. As a dancer, she also began taking Indian dance, but that was something Indian Christians in that location would never do. Soon, rumors began circulating and the missionaries in the area asked her to leave because she was compromising their position.

I was very hurt, and very embarrassed, and very chagrined and in the end, yes, possibly angry, but I wouldn't allow myself to have that emotion…..I had grown up such a sort of straight person, but naive about things, and I never even thought about the problems surrounding a young American woman in India, … so that was a pretty hard pill to swallow.

\textsuperscript{313} Ruth Anne Olson, June 2, 2009.
\textsuperscript{314} Alice Kresensky Cunningham, April 29, 2009.
Ultimately, that ended up to be good for her because she relocated to Allahabad where Darius Lee Swan, a writer, and his wife, Vera Swan, a dancer, ran a religious drama workshop. That whole setting was more open than the one she came from. She studied Indian dance again with Vera Swan, and danced in productions, too. “The whole idea was to put the Christian gospel to Indian symbols,” she explained. She could ride her bike around and wear a sari without offending anyone. She also attended a philosophy course at the University of Allahabad. The family she lived with were Indian Christians but Anglican and were themselves very open.

Cris was in the first FI class but two of the problems she bumped into were problems for others, too. Very rural and provincial cultures on every continent were extremely difficult for American FIs to adapt to, regardless of gender. And the rules governing the behavior of women in traditional societies almost made it impossible for the women assigned in those places to do anything, regardless of their marital status. Ruth Anne Olson (Philippines, 1962-1964) was assigned with her then-husband Brian Aldrich (Philippines, 1962-1964) to a labor education and organizing project in the Philippines. It should have been a perfect match given Ruth Anne’s experience as an educator and Brian’s experience as an organizer, but the reality was that although Ruth Anne could do instructional planning behind the scenes, only Brian was able to publicly engage with the workers. Marylee Crofts (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) and David Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) were originally assigned to Senegal because Marylee spoke French fluently, but the local hosts refused to accept a woman at all.
Having a baby was one of the few ways a FI woman could fit into traditional societies, an option they were barred by program rules from seizing.

Mark Juergensmeyer\textsuperscript{315} (India, 1965-1967) ran into trouble, too, but trouble of a different kind: when he showed up on the doorstep of the professor in the Punjab Margaret had assigned him to, the man declared that he had told Margaret that this was a terrible time to send a Frontier Intern and thereafter would have nothing to do with him!

He thought people would think I was a CIA agent and that this would reflect badly on him. … It was bad enough that the Christian community was mostly untouchables in the Punjab and he was a Bengali Brahman. So he was already uncomfortable with the Christian community in the Punjab without some CIA-spy American stirred into the mix. The Bengalis who converted to Christianity were often Brahmans who were persuaded by logic unlike these “rice Christians” in the Punjab who were poor people who obviously knew nothing about logic nor Christianity, from his point of view. Later, I did my dissertation on the social and religious protests of untouchables in the Punjab.

Some hosts or host committees were strong and consistent presences in the lives of the FIs who reported to them. Others were less strong and more inconsistent. Few actually told a Frontier Intern to get lost.

Martha and Gurdon Brewster\textsuperscript{316} (India, 1962-1964) were assigned to Chandrann Devanesen, the Principal of Madras Christian College, and Savithri, his wife. “She is my sister, my mother, my soul mate,” said Martha. “She took us under her wing and she said, ‘You’re staying at our house for a little while because it is a huge shock coming into this country.’ She knew. Her husband had studied at Harvard and she had been in the United States, so she had some experience about what it is like to adjust.” This does not mean

\textsuperscript{315} Mark Juergensmeyer, May 14, 2009.
\textsuperscript{316} Gurdon and Martha Brewster, June 24, 2009.
that their internship was planned out for them because it was not. Gurdon thought it was probable that a couple of days before they arrived that the faculty had brainstormed a few ideas. But what the college and their hosts—Savithri and Chandrann—gave them was a stable center from which they worked out what they would do. “There was not much structure, but there was the Principal, who believed in the FI vision, and Savithri, who kind of protected us,” he said.

Gurdon ended up teaching American history at the college but what is most striking, given Margaret’s attempts to match people and projects, is that Chandrann Devanesen was a noted poet, Gurdon Brewster is a trained sculptor in addition to Episcopal priest, and Martha Brewster was vitally interested in religious drama. They shared an artistic orientation. Gurdon started an art department and taught studio art, including sculpture, at the college; Martha did a lot of religious drama. They both spent what they agreed was a terrific summer at Darius Lee and Vera Swan’s drama workshop in the Himalayas. They worked with scripture and drama to put together some productions they still consider very special. The Swans’ whole project of bringing Indian culture into the indigenizing churches interested them.

Soon after returning to the U.S., Gurdon was hired as the assistant Episcopal chaplain at Cornell. It is striking how much like Savithri and Chandrann they seem when they talk about their decades working with students there. Martha continued to do religious drama; Gurdon continued to do sculpture. He did an entire series, inspired by the time in India, entitled “Hunger.” Much of his sculpture uses religious imagery and says something theological, also informed by his time there.
The second night I was there, I walked out into the village and there was a big tent meeting out there, of some evangelical missionary converting the masses, and a little girl came running up to me and she spoke English, and she said "I’m a Hindu, and that man says I'm going to be damned if I don't become a Christian. What do you think?" I had to look into this sweet girl's eyes and say, "God loves you, and your job in life is to be the best Hindu you possibly can be. That was a very big moment in my life. I had never said that before. …This idea continues to be true for me. I just spoke to the Presbyterian church downtown in Ithaca, New York about two months ago and shocked them because I created a sculpture of Jesus dancing with Buddha which I showed to them.

The genius of the FIM program and the payoff of Margaret’s “risk and hope” approach becomes clear by returning to Mark Juergensmeyer’s aborted internship and looking at what he did in the absence of just the kind of support that made Martha and Gurdon’s internship so special. Without a “home base,” he was able to seize opportunities as they presented themselves, all of which turned out to be highly generative.

Mark’s initial hope for his internship had been “to look at issues of morality and politics and the social character of public life in a non-Western context” was more than fulfilled, although differently than he might have guessed in New York before embarking. The first opportunity came while he was still at Punjab University, a new university in the new city of Chandigarh. The chairman of the economics department seized on the opportunity to have an American teach an undergraduate honors course in political theory, which Mark had studied with Reinhold Niebuhr at Union. It so happened that he had also taken a course there on Indian thought with Russell Chandran, so was

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able to integrate Indian political theory into the course, something that was not done in India at the time. It was noticed and he was invited to speak about how to do that at the Indian Political Science Association. Now, of course, it is routine. He also connected with Hew McLeod, a Sikh scholar at the Christian-Sikh Dialogue Center at Baring College in Batala near the Pakistan border, who became a good friend. At the time I interviewed Mark in 2009, he had recently hired someone he met there during his internship to hold the first endowed chair in Sikh Studies at UC Santa Barbara where he directs the Global Studies program.

Meantime, Margaret had put him in touch with a Presbyterian missionary in Delhi, Ernie Campbell, who a number of FIs stayed with when they were passing through. Ernie had a whole flotilla of boats and operated frequent flood relief programs because flooding on the upper Ganges was so common. Mark helped out on one of them. That gave him some skills to respond when, during a Christmas break visit to Sri Lanka, he ran into people from CARE who were headed to Bihar to do famine relief.

Eight million people were in peril. Food shipments were coming from the US and they needed people who knew how to work with both the American and Indian bureaucracies, and they urged me to join them. It seemed to me that that's what the Frontier Internship was supposed to be, to be able to respond to crisis situations. So I got approval from Margaret, of course, and quickly packed up and went to Bihar…. It was a good thing to do and I was proud to be a part of it.

But then, while working in Bihar, he noticed another relief group that had the same American supplies but were operating food-for-work programs so people were doing things to helped the whole village and were being paid in food. I said: “That’s
really smart. Who are these people?” Gandhians. They were members of the Sarvodaya Movement….the Gandhian Movement. And I said: “That’s what I want to do.”

So I left the CARE Agency and I joined the Sarvodaya Movement. I was the only non-Indian to be a part of the inner circle of Jayaprakash Narayan, the old Gandhian leader who was a successor to Gandhi and the one who set up many of the social service aspects of the Gandhian movement. So I worked with Gandhians for the rest of the time I was there. My job was to create a kind of Peace Corps for Indian students. …then I paired them with American Peace Corps so the white American and the Indian would work as teams out in the village and try to do these projects where they would supervise these food-for-work projects that the Gandhians had organized.

And that is what he did for the remainder of his internship. Later, after further study on Gandhi in graduate school, he wrote a book about him.318

A pair of red-headed brothers from Copperhill, Tennessee, Leon Howell (Ceylon and Thailand, 1962-1964) and Haney Howell319 (India, 1971-1973) were the only siblings to participate in the FI program. Leon died shortly before this project began so was not interviewed personally, but I am using other sources—interviews with his widow, Barbara Howell, and with Haney—to try to capture some of his story.320 In addition, Barbara loaned me the lively letters Leon wrote to friends and family during his internship as well as copies of articles he wrote for the newspaper back home.321 Haney discussed their two internships in terms of contrasts—Leon and the early FIs were mostly seminary graduates whereas almost none of the FIs nine years later had that level of

training—and he spoke of Leon with awe as someone who “opened so many doors” for him. What is striking, though, is how each internship perfectly captured the gestalt of each time so are good measures of how times had changed between the early 60s and the early 70s. It is also notable that both Frontier Internships, as different as they were, launched journalism careers.

It was Leon, the older brother, who discovered the Frontier Intern program first. A graduate of Davison College and a Southern Baptist, he got a Rockefeller Brothers grant to try out a year of seminary. He went to Southern Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky for one semester then transferred to Union in New York which was a much better fit. At that point, he had to fulfill his ROTC obligation. When he got to Korea he was assigned to be an infantry leader—something totally alien to the photo intelligence he had been trained for—so through the intervention of a friend was reassigned to a division of Stars and Stripes as an editor. Then, through the intervention of Tennessee Senator Estes Kefauver, he got permission to be discharged from the Army in Japan. From there he spent a year largely hitchhiking west from country to country through Asia and the Middle East to Europe before returning to the United States and Union to finish his degree.

People at Union told him about the brand new FI program. He applied and was accepted for the Class of 1962, supposedly to study Buddhism in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka. His host was Dr. Bryan de Kretser, the pastor of a Presbyterian church made up of Dutch Burghers, and a well-respected scholar on comparative Buddhism and Christianity. Leon felt incredibly fortunate to be able to explore the field with his guidance. Early on he
helped de Kretser prepare a paper on the concept of religious liberty in Buddhism for a WCC meeting, but far from a life of quiet scholarship, Leon found himself working flat out on all kinds of things from the moment he arrived. “Basically I’m an adjunct of Bryan’s imagination,” Leon wrote home in June, 1963 before listing several dozen things he was routinely responsible for. The “biggest and most exciting project” was a home for mentally and physically handicapped children being established on the sea not far from the church in Colombo. He organized work camps and outings to help construct the place. But in a letter home in the spring of 1963, Leon emphasized his Buddhism frontier. Other than that, my major effort is directed toward study of Theravada Buddhism and observation of the fast-moving depressing local political situation. I plan to write a couple more of these letters during the year, and will comment specifically on these points then. Right now I’m still getting to know Buddhists who will be helpful and reading to catch up enough to “begin.” ….I plan to live some in Buddhist temples and meditation centers. Also in July, after a trip to India, I will live in a small village in southern Ceylon where I hope to …..study the contrasts between Buddhist theory and practice.

But as happened so often in the FIM program, there were unexpected developments. When July arrived and Leon returned from India, he discovered that de Kretser had resigned the ministry of the church to become a Roman Catholic and planned to move to the site of the boys’ home.322 All that eventually worked out to the good—the home continues to operate today--but de Kretser had been the pastor of this church for ten years at that point, and the Burgher community that constituted its congregation was under enormous pressure by the ongoing post-colonial transfer of leadership and power to

the Ceylonese, particularly since an election in 1956 propelled the official adoption of the Sinhalese language in place of English, and a Buddhist religious renaissance. Many church members had already emigrated to Australia; many more were preparing to leave soon. People’s lives were being torn apart. Their church was their anchor in this rapidly changing situation and now they had been abandoned by their pastor. What Leon found when he stepped off the plane that day was a community in crisis looking to him for pastoral guidance and care. Buddhism, goodbye; congregational ministry, hello. A nine-page, single-spaced letter home about all this concluded,

And now I have a manse with six rooms, a maid, a cook, two dogs, and a Ford Anglia, c. 1937 vintage. I am responsible for six congregations in four cities (not officially but de facto...). I’ll keep the manse open, be responsible for the school, publish a magazine, and generally try to plug the dike on the myriad things that arise every day, unpredictable because Bryan operated from his head….and heart.

For the next nine months until a replacement minister was found, it was all-church all-the-time, except, that is, for the articles Leon continued to write for the Chattanooga Times, the newspaper back home. It also happened that the Ceylonese government about then decided to revoke his visa, probably suspecting, as happened to other FIs, that he was a CIA agent. He finished his internship in Thailand raising funds and building support for the SCM there.

After returning to New York, Leon married Barbara who had four years campus ministry under her belt by then, and worked for the University Christian Movement as their communications director. Then, several years later, in a bold and entrepreneurial move, they proposed to five mission boards to fund them as Asian-based freelance journalists. “Our focus would be indigenous churches, mission efforts, and economic and
cultural issues and relations with the United States,” Barbara said. Leon was anxious to get back to Asia. Barbara had no strong feelings about Asia but she had very strong negative feelings about being a stay-at-home mother of their two young children in a tiny apartment in New York City. In Singapore, where they were based, they could both work and afford child care. Barbara covered Indonesia and the Philippines. Leon covered South Asia, India and Pakistan. When they got paid for stories they put the money back into the pot and that way were able to keep the arrangement going. Barbara recalled,

We did a lot of writing for a mission publication, New World Outlook and other denominational magazines. We did a number of articles for Asia Magazine and Far Eastern Economic Review. I had one article in the Washington Post on Indonesian Christians. At the time a news service called Dispatch News Service was active. We did a lot for Dispatch News Service. We also did some articles for The Straits Times, a Singapore newspaper.

Haney Howell323 (India, 1971-1973), Leon’s younger brother by eight years, went to Tennessee Wesleyan College then enlisted in the Air Force where he was trained as an air traffic controller and sent to Vietnam. After being discharged four and a half years later, he, too, applied to be a FI. Much about the program had changed, though, in the intervening years since Leon’s internship. The orientation for the Class of 1971 was in Geneva at the Foyer John Knox and was led by the international educator Paulo Friere. Haney had not heard of him before but found his analysis riveting and accurate based on his own experience with the Vietnamese. His class was also the first that was majority international, something he liked. He and Australian FI Helen Hill (Great Britain, 1971-1973) became, and stayed, great friends. But the religious content—even worship or

323 Haney Howell, April 15, 2009.
theological reflection--he remembered as being close to zilch. And having so recently been in the Air Force, he was quite different than the others. “I was the only military veteran, and there were several people in the class that didn't like that at all,” he remembered. “A couple of them called me ‘the bomber.’”

Haney’s FI assignment was to find ways to minister to “rural travelers,” Margaret’s term for the people traveling on the old “hippie highway,” as Haney called it, in India. In the context of the earlier Asian internships, Haney’s assignment sounds totally random and a little crazy, but in the context of the rapidly changing times, it made perfect sense. The enthusiasm of young Americans for Eastern religion in general and India in particular soared after the rock group The Beatles traveled there in February 1968 to attend a Transcendental Meditation training with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi at his ashram in northern India. Thirty new songs they wrote there were included on two best selling albums and a number of singles that saturated the airwaves in the late 1960s and inspired young people to go to India and experience it themselves.\(^\text{324}\) It was not a stretch to imagine that some of them were unprepared for what they would encounter and might need help.

A second departure from earlier FI practice was that Margaret bought Haney a Volkswagen van. Her idea was that he would drive up and down the highway and help people so the thing to do was buy it in Germany and drive there.

I left from Geneva, and I drove [towards] New Delhi. In Margaret's van. By myself. … I went down to one of the map companies in Geneva… and I just took a magic marker and said, “Okay, this is how I'm gonna do this.”

He had church contacts—mostly Presbyterian missionaries—who really knew the lay of the land to connect with for most of the route. A missionary in Tehran sent him to talk to students in Mashad where he spent two full weeks. “The question wasn't WAS there going to be a revolution in Iran, it was when was it going to start,” he recalled. Later, when he was working for CBS, he did some stories pointing to the coming revolution and warning the United States to wake up to what was going on there. He spent a month with a Church of God missionary couple in Kabul. But the Indo-Pakistani War closed the border and prevented him from driving the last stretch. He put the van in storage and flew to New Delhi. Later, the Kabul missionaries drove it the rest of the way, and eventually, after the internship, Haney drove it to southern Nepal and gave it to some Presbyterian missionaries there. Reports from there at the time of the interview suggested it was still in use!

Haney’s contact in New Delhi was Ernie Campbell, the Presbyterian missionary who helped Mark Juergensmeyer (India, 1965-1967) reorient after his first FI assignment in the Punjab fell through. Another FI couple, Susan and Tim Christoffersen (Brazil/Geneva, 1967-1969) lived on Ernie’s roof for two months while they were attending a WCC development conference. Ernie was the multigenerational descendent

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of other Presbyterian missionaries, was thoroughly acculturated, and a huge help to each of these FIs. Haney recalled,

This man immersed me in India. Within a week I was in his village out in Punjab, and hanging out with his friends. My best friends in Delhi the whole time I was there were the Punjabi taxi drivers down the road who were all from Ernie's village, so you know, they treated me like a brother, and I tell you when you are living in the Third World, if you have friends who are taxi drivers, you are in great shape. They know everything.

The only trouble was that this idea of ministering to the rural travellers on the hippie highway was not working out. In the first place, it was a very dispersed group composed of independent people who did not seem to need or want any help. In the second place, the evangelical missionaries were already on the case. But the more serious problem seemed to be that Haney himself did not feel called to do that work. “Quite honestly, somebody else might have been able to pull that off, but I wasn't the one who could do that,” he said. “I am not a social worker. I’m not somebody who could set up a soup kitchen or a health center. It's just not what I do.” Just then, his brother Leon came to visit.

Leon introduced me to the guy who was the stringer for CBS in New Delhi. It turned out this guy wanted to go …back to Germany [to visit] with his wife for six months, and he said, "Why don't you fill in for me?" So I write a letter to Margaret...well, you know, she was kind of up in the air about this.

Just then Fred Wilson, director of communications for the Presbyterians, showed up, Leon arranged for the three of them to have dinner, and Haney and Leon enlisted his help in convincing Margaret to allow this based on his own high opinion of CBS’ World of Religion, the half-hour weekly radio program where Haney had begun filing stories. The campaign was successful. Haney shifted his FI over to that and told Margaret not to send
him a stipend any longer since he was getting paid for his stories. He still considered himself a FI, though, the whole time he was in India.

The year in India was the best year I ever had as a journalist. I had seven strings...I mean, Chicago Daily News, ABC Australia, BBC, CBS. Just a little bit of everything. And this wonderful show called World of Religion, which isn't around anymore but went for thirty or forty years. They had freelancers all over the world. I would take my tape recorder and walk out in the street in New Delhi and say, “Okay, now am I going to turn left or am I going to turn right?” and walk two hundred yards, and find another story. I mean, there's religion every hundred yards in India.

But then, after a year, he got thrown out of India when the Indian crew he worked with filmed a segment about the self-immolation of a religious and political protestor. Under British rule, a law to fight the practice of suttee, the self-immolation by widows after their husband’s death, had been established that advance knowledge of a suicide was the same as being an accomplice. Haney was actually out of the country at the time this happened, but that law was used to expel him when he returned.

After I got kicked out of India, I went to Bangkok, called the foreign editor at CBS who was a dear friend, who said, "You'll get killed [but] go on to Cambodia. I can use you over there." I went to Phnom Penh. There was another guy who was with CBS who had started out as a freelancer in Paris, and they gave him a one-year contract and sent him to Saigon, and he did a good job so they promoted him, and they gave me his one year contract, and then about six months later he got promoted to correspondent and I got promoted to reporter, and then about a year later he got sent to Washington and I got his correspondent’s spot. The guy's name was Ed Bradley.

Haney was there until the last day of the war. “By ’73 I was done with the FI program, but I always considered Margaret to be the catalyst for all this,” he said.

We were a post-60's group, I think that we all realized that the dance was about to come to an end, … and losing some of the church connection was part of that. Not necessarily for the good. We were not the idealistic group that had gone out in '64 and '65. I don't think I ever had any expectation that I was going to change the
world. I think my draw was the possibility of service. I don't think I’ve changed anything, really.

Maybe, maybe not.  

Indonesia, Thailand, and Australia

Deborah and Phillip McKean’s internship presented different challenges in the beginning. Although the Dutch had been Indonesia’s colonial masters, not Americans, in the decade before Deborah and Phil arrived, Achmed Sukarno, the nationalist leader who became president after independence in 1950 had been a forceful spokesperson for a Third World policy of “neutralism” or “nonalignment” with either of the warring Cold War powers—the U.S. and U.S.S.R. For this he earned the enmity and determination of the U.S. government to use the C.I.A. to eliminate him. This was well-known in Indonesia, but not in the United States. In 1958, when a pilot carrying thirty compromising documents crashed providing concrete evidence to the world that the CIA was helping the rebels, a New York Times editorial stated unequivocally that, “Our Secretary of State was emphatic in his declaration that this country would not deviate from a correct neutrality….or step in to help overthrow a constituted government. Those are the hard facts.” Americans still generally believed

326 The semester I interviewed Haney, he had a student at Winthrop College where he was a professor of mass communications who was born in Phnom Penh. It would be interesting to hear what she had to say on that subject.

327 Deborah and Philip McKean, October 1, 2009.

this kind of official pronouncement. Prior to their arrival in Indonesia, so did Deborah and Phil.

They had had a terrific time in their three months of foreign language training program at Cornell along with the other students from the CIA and State Department along with a few anthropologists, missionaries and USAID personnel. They were the youngest but everyone hung out together and got to be great friends. Once they all arrived in Indonesia, others contacted them, invited them to their homes for social occasions, and sometimes saw them at church. And they pumped Deborah and Phil for information about the students they were working with in the Indonesian SCM. The Central Executive Committee of the Indonesian Student Christian Movement was their host. Suddenly, they realized that they were becoming informants. The students, for their part, were initially quite sure they were CIA, too, but Phil was ordained and thinks that probably helped establish trust.

They knew we were OK because we were connected to this international church world and to some respected leaders in their community who had studied … in the Netherlands or Germany or America and so pretty quickly we were developing this sense of a community of people who were caring about us.

The Indonesian economy was really struggling when they were there, in part because of having been stripped of social and monetary capital when the Dutch left, but also because that is not what Sukarno was interested in. “He was a great speaker but the country was beginning to collapse around him,” Phil explained. The American-backed overthrow of Sukarno began on October 1, 1965, shortly after Deborah and Phil returned home. A half million people were murdered by the Indonesian Army and its civilian death squads and
another 750,000 were tortured and imprisoned, sometimes for decades. Suharto came to power, and democratic hopes were put on hold until 1986. Phil recalled that during their internship just prior to Sukarno’s overthrow,

We saw the Christians in the middle of all this because the Christian students were respected by the Muslims because we prayed to Allah. That was the name of the God to whom we prayed. And leftist students respected the Christian attempt of these students to have social justice and some new hope for the country with health care, education, and all those things. So the Christian students ended up front and center in the student movement. [They kept us] away from that at the beginning because of the sense that we were not quite to be trusted yet. But by the last year we were.

Deborah and Phil worked with the SCM leadership to craft and run conferences all across Indonesia on the role of Christian students in nation-building. They did a lot of intensive work to create liturgies and Bible studies to support this process. “I don’t think since then [that] I’ve done Bible study the way we did there. … very deep, intentional Bible studies,” said Deborah. “That was a great learning experience and to do it in a different language was pretty unbelievable actually.” After the Cornell training, the language had come easily for both of them. Within a couple of months, Phil was preaching sermons in Indonesian, “with much laughter, of course”, but nonetheless trying to do it.

Deborah: The classic [mistake] was there are two words in the Indonesian language—dosa and doa—doa means to pray and dosa means to sin. You can take it from there! [laughter]

Phil: “Marilah kita berdosa” = “Let us sin” instead of “Let us pray!”

Deborah: And they just thought that was fabulous. They all had their handkerchiefs out—they always cover up their mouths when they laugh.…..

A number of well-known people, like Eleanor Roosevelt, show up in FI stories. Some, like Daniel Berrigan, show up multiple times. Pete Seeger does, too. Deborah and Phil McKean hosted Seeger at their little cottage one night when he was blacklisted back in the United States and singing his way around the world. Phil’s telling of this wonderful story deserves inclusion here:

The Ambonese have a tradition of music….great singing….and so most of our Christian friends had learned a lot of these Ambonese songs and they would sing them. We still know these songs. In 1963, Pete Seeger and his wife, Toshi, came to Indonesia for a concert which we attended. We went up afterward and introduced ourselves and he said: “You know any Indonesian students who like to sing?” And we said: “Yeah, actually, we do.” He said: “I’d like to meet them.” So we ended up at our house which is about as big as this room and Pete Seeger singing songs and learning songs from these students and he’s teaching them songs.

The situation of Christians in Jakarta was, they discovered, quite different from what was going on in rural areas. In Jakarta, the Christian students seemed quite powerful, related as they were to Christian leaders in government who themselves often held power because of their past relationships to Christians in the Dutch colonial government. But they also were often impressive leaders who had negotiated difficult waters towards independence for both the state and their churches. One of them, General Simatupang, particularly impressed Phil.

He was on one of the commissions of the Indonesian Council of Churches. …He turned out to have been a hero, a young general in the revolution, a young George Washington. And he had then broken with Sukarno and he laughed about it. He just said: “Sukarno went one way and I went the other and of course I’m right but who knows if I’m right but Sukarno didn’t think I was right.” He said: “I’ve been reading a lot of Arnold Toynbee these days” and he’d go on about Toynbee’s sense of history and then he said: “What do you think about Toynbee?” And here I am in Jakarta. Yes, I’d read Toynbee in college but I’d mostly forgotten. But it’s
about Simatupang trying to interpret his life as a player. Later he headed up the Indonesian Council of Churches and later he was elected to be a delegate to the World Council of Churches and later he was the Chairman of the World Council of Churches. So here’s this guy giving his life to his nation. His nation rejects him. A friend, named Hatta, was also a very powerful leader. “When Hatta was pushed out,” Simatupang said, “it was very sad because as a Muslim he had very little sense of what it is to have been crucified. He had very little sense of suffering and the pain that goes with it and to have God present with you in the loss and in being the loser.” He said, “I was a loser but God was with me. Look at Jesus.” Simatupang could understand himself in relation to Christianity like no one I had ever met.

“That was true of so many Indonesian Christians,” Deborah added. They were deep and engaged and they inspired.

They visited places that were so different than any culture they had previously experienced that they were almost impossible to figure out. Those included a rural Islamic community on a remote island where a WSCF work camp was held and an area of Bali with almost no Christians. After the internship, Phil did a doctorate in anthropology, in part to try to understand what was going on in them. Deborah continues today to mull over the puzzle of being Christian in non-Christian places.

Deborah and Phil were in Indonesia when President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. When someone came to tell them the president had been shot, they thought he meant Sukarno. There was a huge outpouring of grief and sympathy from Indonesians. They joined with thousands of them in a long queue to sign a registry at the Embassy.

The next year, they finished their internship on schedule, and returned to the U.S. in 1964. This is how Phil described their reentry in 1964:

The country had changed by the time we came back. And I guess we thought that perhaps there had been some progress underway with race relations. Martin Luther King’s marches were underway. We missed the…..I think one of the
things I regret was that I didn’t go to the March on Washington and hear King speak. I heard him later because immediately upon getting back we went to Providence, Rhode Island where I became assistant minister at Central Congregational Church and Deborah and I moved into the parsonage and Deborah moved into some very good things with community race relations.

In the first few months I realized I had to get into creating community for peace in Vietnam, and that my mission was to tell the story of Southeast Asian history and that this was no time for Americans to repeat the colonial experience because my Indonesian friends had educated me about colonialism.

I never would have done that if I had not gone to Indonesia. Deborah and I would never have been able to be resisting the sense that patriotic Americans should support the government and we were out-of-step. People walked out on sermons on me. I was picketed by Cuban-Americans who thought I was a Communist sympathizer. But a professor at Brown and I and a Marxist student at Rhode Island School of Design started Rhode Island Committee for Peace in Vietnam within three months of coming back from Indonesia that fall of ’64. And then we were into it for the duration.

Deborah and Phil made a particular point of saying how humbled they were by the challenge the Indonesian students and churches were taking on in a cultural and political world ready to blow apart. “They were going about their business as though they were called to do this work and they understood that the Jesus tradition was going to be an important one for them and for the future of Indonesia and they had a role to play,” Phil said. “And they did it with seriousness and thoughtfulness and lots of giggling and jokes and…..” “singing,” Deborah added. That is the core of what Deborah and Phil brought home to their own cultural and political world that was about to blow apart.330

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330 Deborah and Philip McKean, October 1, 2009.
Vicki and Wayne Boulton\textsuperscript{331} (Thailand 1967-1969) were newlyweds living in Chicago when a professor of Wayne’s at McCormick, Bruce Rigdon, a former JYA and close friend of Margaret Flory, recruited them into the FIM program. Vicki thoroughly enjoyed her time in Turkey with the American Field Service Program when she was in high school and was enthusiastic about more international experience. Wayne recalled that Bruce, who was not that much older than he was, had an “international aura” that was very appealing. He recalled,

I was very parochial in my thinking about the church but McCormick helped, certainly. And when you have gifted professors who present wider, broader perspective, it’s just very intriguing. Then the opportunity came to not just think new thoughts but to actually to “Join the Church and See the World.” That’s what they said about the Navy, for God’s sake, but we could actually do this! And…..there was a lot of money floating around for mission projects, even as crazy as this. ... “So we really can do this?” “Yes, just fill out the application. You’re a couple and want to give us two years?” “Sure, it sounds terrific!” It still sounds terrific! So there was a lot of romance there. A LOT of romance. Idealism? Wow! But that is the decade we are talking about here.

The first idea was that they would go to Mexico, but that did not work out; the second idea was to send them to Czechoslovakia, but that fell through, too. The final idea was to go to the frontier of “emerging international community” in Thailand.

Vicki and Wayne were part of the class of 1967. It was a pivotal moment. “The opposition to the Vietnam War was growing,” Wayne recalled. “America was the enemy. America is the Big Power out there. The enemy is us. There was a lot of self-criticism.” There were, they recalled, people in their class who talked about blowing up the Forestal, an aircraft carrier. On the other hand, Vicki said that because of her time in Turkey, “I

\textsuperscript{331} Vicki and Wayne Boulton, September 30, 2009.
felt like I had a healthy view that America could stand some correction and we don’t need to be as imperialistic as we were in the world. So I was already down that road.” Plus the Frontier Intern program was different; it would not be imposing things on people in other countries.

Their host was the Thai-led and Thai-administered Church of Christ in Thailand. Although it had roots in mission, by the time they arrived it was completely independent. The project, as they conceived it, was that Vicki and Wayne were going to build bridges between the church and the people who worked in the U.N. agencies there, in its Asian hub. There were two purposes for making these connections. First, there was a recognition that people located far from home can get isolated and so may have unmet pastoral needs. Second, the people who put the project proposal together saw an overlap between the church’s work and the U.N.’s work and thought there might be synergy. The big, and almost insurmountable challenge, turned out to be that Vicki and Wayne were 21 and 24 years old, living at a subsistence level, trying to connect with a much older, much more sophisticated international community. That gap turned out to be unbridgeable. They did make some connections, but no program developed that might have continued after they left. They were philosophical about what did not work and instead looked for what might work. Vicki explained,

This was an experiment, you know, and they are not all going to work out. So then we found other ways to be present in Thailand. I taught English in the Chinese Bible School. I also taught English at one of the universities. Wayne taught international relations at a girl’s high school. Wayne [also] taught some at the seminary in Chang-Mai. So we found different ways to be involved.
Because of visa restrictions, every three months they had to take a trip outside of Thailand then return in order to stay in the country legally. That gave them multiple opportunities to visit other projects and other mission sites in other, nearby countries. They learned an enormous amount and remain grateful for that aspect of the program.

For Vicki, though, the experience of being an outsider was her main takeaway from the internship.

I get so irritated by Americans who have this attitude: “Step up. Learn the language. Come on. Why are you doing this? Why are you doing that?” I just think: “You have not been there.” And so when I see the missionaries still maintaining so much of the American lifestyle in Thailand I understand more.

Being a cultural outsider far from home is just really hard. They petitioned Margaret to return to the U.S. three months early in 1969. “We were seeing all of this stuff falling apart in our own country and we were feeling, “What are we doing here?” Vicki said. Not long after their return, Wayne began graduate school in religious ethics at Duke, which he believes was probably a direct consequence of the time in Thailand.

Mac Jernigan⁴³² (Indonesia, 1969-1971) had already spent the formative years from eight to thirteen living in Morocco where his father was a civil engineer helping to build air bases and two more years in the Peace Corps in Ethiopia by the time he met Margaret Flory at Perkins School of Theology where he was a first-year student. The Peace Corps experience had been terrific.

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The Peace Corps was a huge change in the direction of my life and in my own sense of self. I’m half Texan and I like Texas and I have to say I’ve learned and appreciated my experience as a southerner but that is not really where I belonged or felt comfortable….in the SMU world, I mean. I didn’t know it at that time but when I got to UCLA [where Peace Corps training was held] I really felt like these are my kind of people. Wow!

After his tour of duty in Ethiopia, he hoped to go to work for the Peace Corps in Washington but a job freeze prevented that. The move to seminary—in Texas, no less—was following in the footsteps of a grandfather and two uncles who were Methodist ministers. Through friends, he heard about an organizing project in a black community in southwest Georgia, worked there through the summer of 1968 and extended through the fall before returning to Perkins. The upheavals of that period—the assassinations, the riots, the ever-increasing scope of the violence—had a powerful impact on him. He had gone to seminary and to southwest Georgia to try to get the tools to figure out what was going on and what his allegiance should be but by the Spring of 1969, it was a struggle.

I was increasingly wanting to do something….to get out of the country as a matter of fact….get back to that sort of more idyllic state of sleeping on the dirt floor in Ethiopia and in some sense away from the kind of challenge and confusion and disruption and conflict in my own society. So when Margaret showed up at Perkins and I heard her speak I said: “Boy, this is for me!” That will give me another break from this seminary experience and get me out of the country.

He told Margaret Flory he would be happy to be assigned anywhere. His assignment was urbanization in Indonesia, Java, specifically. His clearest memory of the FI Orientation at Stony Point was being confronted by the women’s movement. After it was over, Margaret sent the FIs on the “urbanization” frontier to Washington, D.C. to talk with people with relevant expertise. On the way back to New York, they detoured to Atlantic City to join the feminist protest of the Miss America Pageant.
But actually getting into Indonesia turned out to be an enormous problem. Mac spent several months hanging out in Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, and Singapore, usually with other FIs, and still no visa had been forthcoming. A radical Dutch missionary he was staying with in Singapore was going to a SCM conference in East Timor and suggested Mac just enter Indonesia on a tourist visa, attend the conference, then seek help from people there in getting permission to stay. He did exactly that and it worked. His sponsoring group was the Surabaja Regional Church in Java; his host, Rev. Abadnego, was a minister and leader in the church. There was no preconceived project, or even idea for a project. He had to figure it out and had a hard time with that. Complicating that process was the formality and reserve of his host combined with his own reticence and unwillingness to push himself on others.

Part of the purpose of the Frontier Intern program...was to challenge...the stereotypical role of white Westerners coming into a country like that—these Third World countries—and telling them how to do...not necessarily in a condescending, dictatorial sort of way but in a helpful way but nonetheless be the decision makers. So we were trying not to do that. Well, I’m not a tell-people-what-to-do kind of person. In fact, I have a hard time telling myself what to do.

Mac lived in a student university center with six resident students who could not afford to live elsewhere and some rooms rented out to a stream of traveling young people passing through. One of the resident students cooked for all of them over an open fire out back. Mac focused on learning the language so he could really interact with people, but it was slow going. Eventually, Rev. Abadnego, Mac’s host, arranged for him to help out at an organization run by Catholics and possibly funded by Church World Service, to help
people coming from the provinces with food and medicines and things like that. Mac talked about this work without denigrating it, but without enthusiasm either.

By contrast, he brightened when he talked about the friends he made there, mostly other Americans who spoke English. Another FI, Jim Schiller (Indonesia, 1968-1970) was also in Java and assigned to the Student Christian Movement. Mac went to Jogjakarta a number of times and hung out with Jim. He also got to be very good friends with a Southern Baptist missionary from East Texas and a Ford Foundation executive from the northeast. “We made quite a threesome,” Mac said! Together they saw and did a lot.

But at the end of the year when he started the process of getting the several dozen signatures for his visa re-approval, officials started to push back: “They were saying to me to some extent, ‘Mac, what are you doing here? We’re not just going to rubber stamp your permission to stay here another year. We like you well enough….but what is this all about?’”

And I realized that I didn’t have a whole lot of connection with them other than individual people which has always been one of my strengths. So my brother was getting married back in the States that July and I had met a couple who owned a sailboat….a 50’ sailboat that was in the harbor there in Jakarta having some work done and they were going to leave to sail to Singapore about the time I wanted to leave. So I coordinated everything to make it so I was able to sail to Singapore then took a flight to India to visit a former Peace Corps administrator who was there on the way back. I went to London and stayed there a week then went back to the States.

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333 Jim Schiller is a retired professor at Flinders University in Australia and a respected scholar on Indonesia, particularly Java. A Skype interview with him was a frustrating exercise for both of us that yielded little information about his internship. According to other FIs, Jim participated in one of Margaret Flory’s Asia Summer Study Trips and visited Indonesia for the first time then. After his internship, he married an Australian SCM activist and remained there.
It was that last piece of Mac’s internship that prefigured his eventual career, running a charter sailboat company in the Virgin Islands!

Peter Schoonmaker (Australia, 1969-1971) did the only Frontier Internship in Australia, although some Australian SCM members were later among the first international FIs. Bruce Yolton, his chaplain when he was a student at the University of Pennsylvania, preceded him there with a WSCF Study and Service Frontier Internship. Margaret Flory had Peter travel through Asia stopping in Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines, and Indonesia on his way to Australia, at each stop visiting with her contacts or with other FIs. When he arrived in Australia, he attended the University of New South Wales as a student and was hosted by the SCM in Australia. He lived in a communal house that was politically very active; he basically just went with the flow of what was going on in the movement and on the campus, helping out wherever he could. A recent history of the Australian SCM makes clear that these were tumultuous times there as they were for the SCM in North America, but for Peter, it was a wonderful placement.

That was an idyllic time in my life. Because I was living on a subsistence amount of money, but I had total freedom, I had great connections, … I didn't have to learn a foreign language, I didn't have a job, per-se, I found things to do, but it was extremely liberating. I kept thinking, "I want to have a life like this."

Personally, he felt totally transformed by the experience. “I was a really shy kid from New England and really reserved in a lot of ways,” he recalled. “Australia freed me up in tremendous ways. The change was really dramatic.”

The projects he undertook were varied. A Southern California church sent an interracial team of young people who were raising issues about discrimination and integration. This was a time of increasing activism around the genocide of aboriginals and aboriginal rights. Peter organized their visit and served as their traveling host. He also helped lead a work camp of university students in Bali where they built a medical clinic the first year he was there. The second year he helped organize a group that went to Jakarta in Indonesia to teach English. He also helped with some conferences the SCM was hosting for the SCM’s in the region. Peter really appreciated how the Australians were trying to break out of their own isolation, learn more about the rest of the world, and find ways to have an impact. He compared that with his sense that Americans do not really try to see the world as others see and experience it. Although the Australian economy benefitted from the Vietnam War, anti-war activism was growing and he was involved in a lot of it, particularly working with American GIs. Although many people still assumed he was a CIA agent, he did not experience any anti-Americanism directed at him personally.

What Peter lost in Australia was his connection with the church. Growing up in Burlington, Vermont he had been very involved with the church. His mother was the director of Christian education at their UCC church; his father was a deacon. Peter participated in youth caravans in North Dakota, Indiana and Kentucky every summer
from 1964 to 1967. He attended the SVM Quadrennial, “Process ’67.” He was very active in the SCM at Penn and actually lived in, and was a caretaker for, a church. His most influential mentors were people in the church. He, himself, was planning to attend seminary after his Frontier Internship. All that fell away when he was in Australia which he found to be an entirely secular place. “I didn’t go to church; I didn’t know anyone who really went to church,” he recalled. In Australia, the commitment to social justice activism was completely separate from participation in the church. Participating in the FI reentry commune in San Francisco solidified that separation. They visited churches and talked to people about what was going on in Asia, but were most deeply engaged in the antiwar movement through the Pacific Counseling Service which was supported by churches but not integrated into the life of the church.

Peter’s work with the Pacific Counseling Center set the trajectory for his life. He worked with a small group that got together every few weeks and put together music and news tapes to send to the GI project sites in Asia. This led to work as a printer which allowed him to remain in San Francisco and pay the bills after the reentry project ended. At that point, his relationship with his future wife, Kaye Gates (Philippines, 1969-1971), who was, by then, living in the GI house, began. Soon after, graduate education in vocational rehabilitation counseling launched a professional counseling career, involvement in a peer-to-peer counseling organization launched a lasting personal passion, and becoming a father launched a commitment to modeling for his children and later his students “some of the basic values of humanness” in contradiction to some of the traditional attributes of the white, male identity. “All of this has been part of a bigger
package—social awareness, social consciousness, liberation—trying to give people a
hand to figure things out and become more of who they want to be in all different ways,”
he said. One might call it the secular world’s version of pastoral care.

Philippines

The Philippines was an American colony from the turn of the century until 1946
when the U.S. recognized it as an independent country. For the four hundred years before
that, however, it was a Spanish colony. While there was a large Protestant missionary
community there by the mid-twentieth century, the vast majority of the population was
Roman Catholic, a legacy of those hundreds of years of Spanish rule. Even today, the
official demographic breakdown is 80 percent Roman Catholic, 5.7 percent Muslim, and
just under 4 percent some form of Protestant. It is also a country rich in natural resources,
thus attractive to multinational corporations. Its young democracy was fragile. Ferdinand
Marcos was elected president in 1965, the middle of the period under consideration here;
he declared martial law in 1972. Democratic government did not return until 1986. 335 The
Philippines was the site of fourteen Frontier Internships, more than any other country,
possibly because Margaret Flory herself traveled there early in her career with the church
and often had reason to stop and spend time there after that.

335 “Philippines,” *Wikipedia*, last modified November 6, 2015, accessed on November 8,
Pittsburgh Presbyterians Sue and Al Bennett\(^{336}\) (Philippines, 1962-1964) were high school sweethearts who met at church functions then married after their graduations from Oberlin and Northwestern, respectively. They were assigned to the frontier of the university world in Manila. For Sue, it was returning to the country where she had been a JYA at Silliman University a couple of years before. The university situation they grappled with during their internship, though, was large and complicated. Sue explained,

> There really isn't any “project” that we could do other than “be a presence” in the very complex university world in Manila. There were at least twenty or thirty universities of various sizes and quality at that time--some for-profit enterprises and some not. Manila was teeming with university students who came from all over the Philippines with very high aspirations. Most were eager to have a degree as a way to move into a profession or expecting that having a degree would be helpful no matter what employment they were able to find in the future. Families in the provinces sacrificed heavily to make that possible for them. The available living situations, aside from those at some private schools which had dormitories (mainly Catholic schools either for boys or girls), left much to be desired. There were rooming houses everywhere, including many that rented “bed space” to students who actually shared a single bed, sleeping in shifts at different hours of the day and night.

Sue and Al made friends by signing up for courses like Philippine literature that provided a good basis for conversation and eating in dining halls run for students. Cultural anthropology courses they took at the Jesuit university were particularly helpful.

Among their good friends were people involved in anti-American protest activities, as well as the American ambassador who was the former president of Oberlin, Sue’s alma mater. At the time of the Cuban Missile Crisis, they were the only Americans to participate in a protest march at the Embassy because they believed American foreign

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\(^{336}\) Bennett, Sue, interview by the author, Davis, CA, November 12, 2009; Bennett, Al, interview by the author, Pittsburgh, PA, June 9, 2009.
policy was endangering the world. The ambassador called Al Bennett into his office afterwards and told him to be careful about what he got involved with. Al realized because of this that he was being watched. And about the same time, one of these Filipino friends told him that if the revolution succeeded, that he would be among the first shot, presumably because people believed he was a CIA agent. He felt caught in the middle and confused and backed away from direct involvement in Filipino politics in spite of the fact that he was opposed to much of what the United States was doing in the world. It was not something he was able to resolve during the internship. He refocused his energies on their work with students. Towards the end of their internship, Sue had a baby—on purpose!—and they both got a job offer from their anthropology professor at the Jesuit university to work on a grant he had gotten from the University of Hawaii to study the Peace Corps. They accepted the offers and did not return to the United States, other than for visits, until 1972.

Brian Aldrich’s assignment as a labor educator working with the Mindanao Federation of Labor in Zamboanga in the Philippines was an extension of what he had been doing at McCormick as a student of Marshall Scott in the Presbyterian Institute of Industrial Relations (PIIR). His then-wife, Ruth Anne Olson (Philippines, 1963-1965) was assigned to help him, as was common for wives in the early internships. Industrial mission was seen as a core mission of the church. The dignity of

337 Brian Aldrich, June 2, 2009.; Ruth Anne Olson, June 2, 2009.
338 Ibid.
all work as a calling has been a concern of Presbyterians going back to John Calvin. One of Marshall Scott’s first students, Rev. Richard Poethig, was an urban industrial missionary based in Manila and the person who met their plane when they arrived. A few years later, Poethig was appointed director of the new World Council of Churches’ urban industrial ministry institute at McCormick and PIIR was merged into it. The Philippines project was considered cutting edge work.

As a student in Marshall Scott’s Chicago program, Brian Aldrich was part of a group of several dozen men who held day shift jobs in industry during the summers—he worked at U.S. Steel—then gathered as a group at night to discuss and analyze their experiences in the context of the ministry of the church. In Zamboanga, in the Philippines, the task was to travel to the various rural settings—for example, rubber plantations or mahogany lumbering sites or mines—where the workers were, to do teaching that would build their capacity to run a strong and capable union, to preach in the local churches, and to write reports about the impact of industrialization on these rural communities for the church. Brian recalled how different it was.

You can’t even imagine going out to do labor education and going into a village of workers on the edge of the Dole pineapple plantation and they meet you at the door—we have a wonderful meal—when it is time for bed they give us a clean sheet of 4 x 8 plywood and a clean sheet to wrap ourselves in. We get up before dawn to take care of defecation in the bushes then we go to a bamboo pipe coming down in the middle of the village in our underwear to wash and begin the days events. I mean you have no idea. And I lived like that for a year and a half on the road giving these seminars.

It was the American companies that were open to having a contract with the union, so it was extremely advantageous for the union to have an American like Brian, working for them.

As an American, just being there and conducting a seminar for the workers regardless of the substantive content was the most important thing. It was like being a rock star to help whatever your local charity is. That’s really how I functioned in that situation. I was the American rock star and they took me around and showed me off and had these seminars. And the same thing worked with the church, too, to a certain extent although there was a stronger current of anti-Americanism in the church than there was in the union.

They called him “Blue Seal” taken from the blue stamp on the seal of smuggled American cigarettes. Anyone who smoked American cigarettes had high status. Not until he got back to the U.S. did he feel like he fully understood the dynamics at work, but then it was clear that, “We’re Rome…. What that does [for Americans] is it is one hell of a bump up.” What he meant by this was that in a world dominated by the power and wealth of the emerging American Empire, working for it conveyed enormous status and power to you, personally. Men felt like they were what novelist Tom Wolfe would later dub “masters of the universe.” It was pretty heady stuff.

That is not to say that Brian does not believe he did good and valuable work as a labor educator there; he does. And he discovered on a return trip in the 1980s that a church he founded had three hundred members and was thriving. Men he worked with welcomed him with open arms. But what he also saw happening while he was a FI was that globalization was outpacing the church’s understanding of the economy and its industrial mission. He also had a good vantage point to see the historic Muslim communities in Mindanao being overrun by migration from the north into the areas
opened up by deforestation and to see the activity of the churches to Christianize areas that had been mostly Muslim. Only a few years after he left, the Muslims took it all back. “I saw this change and I thought: I’m going to go home and study it. It was just as simple as that. That idea never left my head.” When he got back to the U.S., he headed to University of Wisconsin to get a doctorate in sociology, initially intending to return to McCormick and PIIR afterwards, but the global economy caught up with the industrial mission in Chicago, too. By 1980, the mills and factories in Chicago were closing. By 1990, industrial mission training at McCormick had ended.

*Daryl Kaiser (Philippines, 1966-1969) was a student at McCormick when Brian Aldrich returned from the Philippines. He, too, had done some industrial mission work, and with his new wife, Mary Lu, decided to apply to be Frontier Interns themselves.*

They ended up spending three years there. Dayl spent the first eighteen months doing industrial mission in a mining area in Bagiuo while Mary Lu worked with a family planning clinic. The second eighteen months Dayl worked in a squatter settlement in Manila and Mary Lu worked with another woman doing Christian education. Of that “official” work, what seemed most compelling to Dayl was his service during a copper mine cave-in where he was called to go down in the mines, as a pastor, and keep morale up while search and rescue teams looked for survivors. Afterwards, he took mine rescue training and, even back in the U.S. did disaster response for Church World Service for a

340 Mary Lu and Dayl Kaiser, May 1, 2009.
number of years. But for both Mary Lu and Dayl, it was the interfaith relationships they
built that seemed to be the highlight of their years there. During their time in Baguio, they
got involved with an interfaith Protestant and Catholic discussion group that was called
“living room dialogues.” It was inspired by “Good Pope John,” Dayl said.

When they were moving from Baguio to Manila, one of the participants in the
discussion group, Sister Isobel Blanco, told them to call her brother, Father Jovie Blanco,
and get him to start a group there. They did. That group included a professor and his wife
from Atanea University, the Jesuit university in Manila, and some Maryknoll sisters who
were actively supporting a group of students protesting the Catholic church’s land
holdings. When he was not working organizing the squatters in the Tondo Foreshore
Lands, Dayl and Mary Lu and the others were both working with these students. They
taught them and learned from them, shared meals with them, and at the end of each
week’s meeting, Father Jovie would celebrate mass and not exclude them. Eventually,
Dayl participated in the Cursillio, an apostolic movement begun by Spanish Roman
Catholics, and before he left the Philippines he sponsored a Filipino Protestant pastor as
his interfaith legacy. “I think we had the most sense of Christian presence and Christian
family that we will ever have experienced at any time,” Mary Lu said. “It was
phenomenal,” Dayl added. Leaving was desperately hard. Even worse was the silence
when they ended up on the “enemies list” of the military dictatorship after President
Ferdinand Marcos declared marshal law in 1972. All communication with these dear
friends ceased for many years, although recently many tracked them down in Oklahoma
via the Internet and Facebook.
When Carolyn Lorch-Taber™ (Philippines, 1967-1969) finished her master’s degree in Christian Education at San Francisco Theological, she went to New York City to participate in an internship program, the Metropolitan Urban Service Training Program (MUST). Her group was based in East Harlem and met two evenings a week to discuss readings. All of the participants had to also have day jobs. Carolyn got a job in Margaret Flory’s office. “Those two world existed together—the East Harlem group and working in the office,” she said. “It was a nice mixture.” She was inspired by what people like Letty Russell were doing in East Harlem; she found stories told by the people who came through the office who had travelled all over the world exhilarating.™ In seminary Carolyn made friends with a number of international students and has kept up with many of them. She also made friends with the other MUST interns and her co-workers in Margaret’s office, and has kept up with them, too. So right at the beginning of my conversation with her, it became clear to me that forming and nurturing personal relationships is central to who Carolyn is. She is also a very keen observer of human nature. Both of those attributes shaped her thoughts about the Frontier Intern program and her own participation as a FI.

Carolyn Lorch-Taber, May 18, 2009.

Letty Russell was one of the first women ordained in the United Presbyterian Church and was an important feminist Reformed theologian. See: “Letty M. Russell,” Wikipedia, last updated on March 26, 2015, accessed on December 14, 2015, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Letty_M._Russell.
Carolyn probably heard about the FI program first from Ken Jones (Japan, 1966-1968) when both of them were at SFTS. The summer of 1966, Ken was headed to New York for his FI orientation, Carolyn was headed there for the MUST internship, and a Japanese friend of theirs from seminary, Mitzu, was headed to Youngstown, Ohio, for an internship and wanted to visit Chicago, so they all piled into Ken’s old Chevrolet and drove across the country together. Jim Crawford, the Boston minister who ran the MUST program, and participation in the program itself encouraged Carolyn to apply to be a FI herself.

Carolyn’s internship got off to a bad start. Margaret sent her to Mindanao, a very rural area, where her host was, she said, “very ambivalent about his own thinking about the United States and Americans….I mean we colonized them for awhile, but at the same time we set up their education system that allowed this guy to go to Harvard.” Carolyn decided not to put up with this man’s “snide remarks” and “did a Margaret Flory.” She returned to Manila and found herself a job with the Philippine government’s department of social welfare working with people who moved there from rural areas. The small staff of eight or nine people was mostly women and the director was “a real go-getter.” It was an interesting, wonderful group of people—she learned a lot—and she also learned a lot about what it meant to be a minority, one of the few Protestants, and one of the few white people. She was also deeply moved by the culture of hospitality. “You always have more food than you need because somebody is going to walk in the door and, of course, you’re going to ask if they want to eat,” she recalled. “That doesn’t happen here.”

Carolyn felt very different than the Americans she met there.
One time I somehow got on a trip to go to Corregidor, and it was a group of people from Clark Air Force base I think, or the embassy, I don't know. It’s like they really didn't know the Philippines. They couldn't believe that I lived in Manila, that I went around by myself on buses, and here I am, alive to tell you all about it, so I knew their experience was really different from mine, and I was glad I was having mine- well, their purpose there was military, and that's a whole different thing.

When it came time to head home in 1969, Carolyn first spent a few weeks with her Japanese friend, Mitzu and his family, in Japan before taking the Trans-Siberian Railroad west. Three American women who worked for the military in Vietnam were also headed home on the same train. It was so striking to Carolyn how much they were used to because the military takes its whole supply system and infrastructure with it wherever it goes.

When the train would stop and we could go overnight somewhere...I didn't hang out with them, but I heard them on the train afterwards about how there was nothing in the stores to buy, … and my thinking was just so different from that? …I don't mean to put down the military, but this is just sort of how it affects [people]….

After a year or so in New York, Carolyn returned to San Francisco, enrolled in a master’s program in counseling, and connected up with other FIs returning from Asia, like Bob Snow (Hong Kong. 1969-1971) and Carl Takamura (Japn, 1969-1971), and the reentry year commune. She still keeps in touch, and occasionally visits, Josie Marquez, a Filipina, who married an American and now lives in Virginia.

Josie asked me the last time I was with her, "Did you like being in the Philippines?"…Here is my answer to that: I liked being there. The tropics is hard, but you get used to it, and the frustrations of living there. You get used to that kind of stuff, so what it gave me and my life--huge, huge. So I told her, there were things that were difficult, but what I got out of it, far surpassed anything I did there, I mean miles. Because it just changes your view of everything that you encounter.
Mary Kuhns\textsuperscript{343} (Philippines, 1968-1970) and Bob Hillenbrand\textsuperscript{344} (Philippines, 1968-1970) were both from Detroit, recent graduates of Presbyterian colleges headed to careers in the Presbyterian ministry, and newlyweds when they decided to defer seminary and apply to be Frontier Interns. Bob’s chaplain at Alma College, Cornelius “Neil” Berry, an African-American and Presbyterian, was a close friend of Margaret Flory and had introduced them. They were interviewed in New York by Eli Mapanao, the president of the school where they were assigned to be teachers, the Southern Christian College, an agricultural school in Midsayap, a very rural community in the Cotabato Province. Mary taught high school English and college religion; Bob taught ethics and international relations. Their FI orientation at Stony Point took place only months after the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Robert Kennedy and simultaneously with the Democratic National Convention and the clashes between protestors and Chicago police. “We were sitting in front of the TV watching this,” recalled Mary, “and I’m thinking: ‘Oh my God, should we be leaving? What is going on?’” The discussion was intense. Although both Mary and Bob had experienced the riots in Detroit the prior summer—Mary had had to travel through the riot zone to get to her summer job—and both were strong supporters of the Civil Rights Movement, neither knew very much about foreign policy. Bob recalled,

\begin{flushright}
\textsuperscript{343} Mary Kuhns, May 6, 2009.
\textsuperscript{344} Bob Hillenbrand, Nov. 2, 2008.
\end{flushright}
I was still committed at that time to what I thought was the rightness of our presence in Vietnam. Folks just kept looking at me with their heads cocked like, “What? You don’t strike us as completely stupid. How can you hold that opinion?” And they were very patient with me. And what really began to change for me came from some of the early readings I did while we were at Stony Point about American colonialism and imperialism. I had already been drawn to Martin Luther King, Jr. and I that think his comments and his attitude towards violence and domination were able to open me to considering a different story. And then we were at Stony Point the night of the police riot in Chicago for the Democratic National Convention and we were watching it on television and I was in tears. I was watching a cop taking an older woman who appeared to be in her 70s and literally throwing her through a plate glass window. And the beatings of people who weren’t doing anything. And I just started reconsidering.

Mary, in her interview, kept repeating how naïve she had been and how afraid. The turmoil was frightening but so was New York City and all the places Margaret sent them after the orientation—visiting agricultural colleges in the Deep South, being assaulted in Chicago, and most of all, Taiwan where there were glass shards on top of everything and where a Louisville Seminary student they met up with cautioned them about the presence of spies and informers. Bob recalled that during a visit to the Taipei Theological Seminary,

…the president’s wife said: “Let’s go out on the veranda and talk.” It was a little chilly. Someone brought some tea and a snack and she said, “We need to talk here because the whole house and the whole campus is microphoned.” And then she looked across and said: “And by the way, your government pays for this.”

For Mary, being told on arrival in the Philippines that they needed to start teaching immediately was a huge shock by itself. “It was hotter than blazes, and I thought, ‘Oh no, I need more time to adjust.’” They lived in faculty housing; all the other teachers were Filipinos. Making friends seemed almost impossible. “All Filipinos that we ran into were extremely polite, [but] all I could get was chitchat, and it felt awful after
awhile,” Mary said. “They held us in such high esteem—we were on pedestals. … To me it was the opposite of prejudice and it felt awful, but it gave me some sense of what it’s like to be ‘other.’” Only gradually as they lived and worked just like the Filipinos did, did that wall begin to break down. In her work today as a therapist with volunteers in mission for the Presbyterians, Mary continually stresses that one year at a mission site is just not enough because it takes that long just to get settled and adjust.

Bob’s awareness of race began as a child attending an integrated school in Chicago then continued as a teenager in the years of intense racial conflict in Detroit. Martin Luther King, Jr. guided his understanding. But he was stunned to discover among U.S. missionaries in the Philippines, “some very racist crap.”

It angered me that we would actually send folk to the PI’s and elsewhere who believed they were “superior” to Filipinos, and that Asians and Africans and Latin Americans “needed” white folk to help them live in their own countries! Now, we also encountered some missionaries who were egalitarian, and who also resisted the privilege and dominance of the more conservative missionaries. But I began to see that white privilege was part-and-parcel of U.S. mission policy and U.S. foreign policy. You cannot separate white racism from U.S. imperialism: they go together historically.

I wasn’t ready to leave over this, but I also wasn’t sure how to relate to some of the stuff. It took a while for me to get my head wrapped around the history and the policy and the attitudes that shaped the situation. Our Mission Board alone…controlled several thousand hectares of land in the Philippines, to which we had no deed or title, nor should we have had … but we were controlling it because we thought we knew what was best for our little brown brothers and sisters. One Presbyterian mission board officer wrote to me that the FI’s in the Philippines should be more concerned about “God’s will for the Church in the southeast than about US imperialism!” Right. White missionaries have a direct pipeline to God, and would know better than Asian Christians what God wants of Asian Christians!
Like Brian Aldrich (Philippines, 1962-1964), Bob discovered that the missionaries were not the only perpetrators of injustice in the Philippines. For example, he learned that the Dole plantation in Mindanao had one fresh water faucet for several hundred Filipino families working on the plantation and were the object of ongoing demonstrations by the peasant farmers in the area. When Bob went to a conference on Islam in Zamboanga del Norte, he was offered a room in a hacienda occupied by the American manager of the Weierhauser timber plantation.

At one point he said, “We have a lot of niggers working for us here on the plantation and we have to take care of these niggers because we have to run this country.” And … I said, “Who do you think you are talking about?” He got a little testy and said: “I want to remind you, you are staying here.” And the next morning I got my bags and said, “I just can’t stay here. I can’t do that.”

Bob became a regular visitor to the USIA Library because he could get whatever books he wanted there. He loves histories, and found stories that had not appeared in his school textbooks. These and other stories that he heard from Eli Mapanao and his friends, began to “reset” Bob’s sense of what was going on.

As much as Mary and Bob liked Eli and his wife, Portia, they both ran into conflict with him about their teaching. Eli objected to Mary flunking students who did not do their homework and failed their tests, and to Bob flunking students for spouting back American propaganda for the international relations course instead of drawing on the substantive materials he had assigned. Mary began to feel that the college was really a diploma mill. Coupled with the fact that their marriage was coming unglued—both agree that their marriage had not been a good idea to begin with rather than it being the result of the stress of the FIM participation—Mary moved to Davao City and ended up running the
gift shop of a Presbyterian hospital there. Bob agreed to re-teach the international
relations course so students could repeat it and come to terms with the difference between
propaganda and scholarship.

Bob also continued to network with church people. Over and over he heard
Filipinos ask: “When do we get to run our own country?” Although they got formal
sovereignty in 1948, the U.S. military bases continued to dominate the environment and
economy. Repeatedly, pastors and directors of Christian Education said to him, “It is time
for you to leave.” Together with other FIs then assigned to the Philippines, they had a
mini-conference of their own in May 1970 and decided to do a survey. Ultimately they
interviewed between seventy and seventy-five people, including bishops and prominent
leaders in the Philippine churches.

Of the seventy-plus people we interviewed only one did not say that the U.S.
churches should leave immediately. And this one said it should be staged over a
couple of years but that we should leave and leave soon. And they all said that
Filipino church lands should be returned to the churches and not kept in American
hands. Several went on at length to equate the American church presence with
the American military and business presence. So this was just one more arm of
American imperialism. The older ones especially said: “We’re glad for what you
brought, but you are contradicting the best of what you give us.”

Bob’s sense of his own role shifted to being an interpreter of what was really going on
once he returned to the U.S.

Just before they left in 1970, they planned to take the bus back into Mdsayap to
say good-bye to their friends there, but Eli Mapanao sent them a wire saying, “Do not
come. A bus was just attacked and Americans killed. You stay there. We love you; you
love us; have a great trip.” Not long after they got back to the U.S., martial law was
imposed by Ferdinand Marcos and then they, like Mary Lu and Dayl Kaiser (Philippines, 1966-1968) did not hear from any of their friends there for a very long time. They watched from afar when Benigno Aquino, the democracy advocate and senator Mary had met and shared a meal with and who later became a presidential candidate, was assassinated. The separation was painful, but Louisville Seminary turned out to be an excellent place for both Bob and Mary to process what they had learned since there were people there who had had similar experiences. The lasting positive contribution the internship made to Bob’s life—he called it “the occasion of my conversion”—was. “…to understand the Church ….in the sense of a rainbow of skin colors and a symphony of voices and accents and languages just….Wow!” The other thing that changed him was seeing how,

People were really practicing the Beatitudes in some very stressed-out times and places. Neighbor-love was not just about mowing someone’s lawn next door. ….Ethics….is about sweat and blood and activity on a day-to-day basis and that God and Jesus have something to do with that.

Sue Meinke345 (Philippines, 1969-1971) became a Frontier Intern only because she was trapped in a new marriage that was not working. She had very little religious background and no interest in the church or its mission. Her then-husband, Mike [a pseudonym], by Sue’s telling, wanted to get out of San Francisco and out of the seminary both of which, by 1969, seemed out-of-control. Sue was worn down by conflict between

345 Sue Meinke, May 19, 2009. Sue’s former husband did not respond to invitations to participate in this study.
her husband and her parents and thought the internship would separate the warring parties enough to give her some peace. She had just finished her medical internship as a hospital laboratory technician so felt like she could take a break before entering the work force full-time. Margaret Flory assigned Mike to the chaplaincy at the University of the Philippines and the SCM there; she found Sue a position at a nearby clinic. In addition, like some of the other FIs in Asia mentioned earlier, she worked with the Pacific Counseling Service counseling American GIs who were trying to find a way to get back to the U.S. legally without first getting arrested. She remembered the FI Orientation as a watershed moment. She had finished Betty Friedan’s *The Feminine Mystique* not long before and felt like it had been written directly to her.

…the big group event that I do remember was that we used to play volleyball outside before dinner, after dinner, and it was co-ed obviously, and the guys were just trampling the girls for the ball, it was just, you could never get a hand on the ball. And I had actually played some decent volleyball in high school, and I had a really good serve, and it really bugged me, and it started bugging everybody, and it started becoming this amazing forum for the whole issue. …The guys that were there were kind of taken aback I think, and the women--all of a sudden there was this critical mass of people to be on your team, you know? And [you could] make yourself heard, and it became a point that could be used as an allegory for a whole lot of other things. So that was a biggie. And then Mike and I had a huge fight while we were there...I’m sure that the whole place must have overheard it, but...about this, you know?

Sue is not the only FI from the Class of 1969 who remembered the volleyball story and included it in their interview.\(^ {346} \)

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\(^ {346} \) I will not repeat it elsewhere but chose to include it with Sue’s internship because it does capture so well how visceral a pivot point this turn to the “personal is political” was as the women’s movement surfaced in 1969. See: Evans, *Personal Politics: The Roots of the Women’s Liberation in the Civil Rights Movement and the New Left.*
Sue’s assignment at the clinic turned out to be more than that of a pharmacist dispensing drugs than a laboratory technician. It was run by a German-based order of Roman Catholic nuns. It was instructive, though, because they had tons of donated medicines, almost none of which were appropriate for tropical situations. When they needed respiratory medicines or gastro-intestinal ones or antibiotics, what they had on hand was cardiac medicines. While certainly not unusual—spokespeople for agencies working around the world today often plead with donors to give cash, not stuff, because it is likely to be inappropriate—but this was an introduction to the problem for Sue.

They were fortunate in being assigned a clean cinderblock two-bedroom apartment in the University of Philippines faculty housing complex. Although it was not large, they did rent out a room to a succession of other people like Carolyn Lorch-Taber’s (Philippines, 1967-1969) friend Josie Marquez, then another Filipina, before an American showed up asking about renting a room.

There was this weird guy who showed up out of the blue, we don’t even know- I honestly don’t know- his name was Joe Smith [pseudonym]. …he was so weird. He was this rambling dude that lived out of a briefcase and [had] a typewriter. He shows up at our house one day, [and] he says "I hear you’re good people, I need a phone that's not tapped." Okay, we don’t know, but if you want to use the phone, it's okay with us. So he was in constant communication with Senator Fulbright and he was like madly sending information to sympathetic people in the United States about what was going on.

But for all the stress of having an unhappy husband and being in an unhappy marriage,

Sue made lots of friends and surprised herself at how well she acclimated.

Then I remember one day getting on the bus to go into Manila. I was sitting on the bus, and all of a sudden we get to a stop and this other Caucasian woman gets on the bus, and I’m thinking, "Wait, this is my bus. What are you doing here? Who
are you?” And I remember that moment thinking, "Wow, I think things have changed here."

Sue had worried her lack of religious background and orientation would be a problem, but those worries dissolved once she met Margaret and the other FIs. The idea that the value of religion is that it gives you the strength to go beyond the old, to not get stuck in a bureaucratic tangle, and to become more than you might otherwise was something she could embrace. And mission, as mission, simply never came up.

Martial law was declared a few months before the scheduled end of the internship. Sue recalled being worried. She knew they were being watched. Filipinos they were associated with were pretty involved in what was going on. One of their very close Filipino friends was put under house arrest. Mike’s assignment had finished so they decided to leave early and work their way back to the United States slowly, seeing as much in between as they could. Sue’s return to San Francisco was full of interesting adventures and could fill a book of its own, but the arrival was a shock. Much had happened between 1969 and 1971.

Organic food had happened. I was so surprise by this thing about food, because of course we had had nothing but really organic food, right, I mean, really, when you eat as basic as we were...that's the difference, and when nothing gets wasted, everything is recycled--some little kid comes around and buys your old jars and the next thing you know, you're buying pickles out of it--everything....They sell paint thinner out of Coca Cola bottles...nothing gets wasted. It's just the only way it works. So it seemed so shocking that people were talking about something that seemed so obvious. …I was surprised with how personally concerned the people were about their person. All of a sudden it shifted from like war and race and you know, issues, to person. It seemed like it had made this weird implosion on people, like they were shifting all that energy to their internal self while I was gone, and I wasn't prepared for that.
Not long after arriving back at the seminary, Mike decided he did not want to be married any longer and Sue moved into the reentry commune with six other returning FIs. “They were so embracing, and so fabulous,” she recalled. She got a job at a clinic and began to build a new life. The impact of the FI participation on this “accidental FI” was significant as she did this. “I think I have chosen to have a softer imprint on the world than I might have otherwise. I don't need as much. I don't want as much. I feel more responsible for who I am and how I live my life,” she concluded.

Vern McCarty\(^{347}\) (Philippines, 1969-1971) was a small town Southern Mississippi boy headed to be the minister of the First Presbyterian Church of “whatever city” when he landed first at Rhodes College in 1962, right before it voluntarily desegregated. Time there was followed by three years at Princeton Seminary where he made friends with international students and studied with Richard Shaull, who suggested he participate in the Frontier Intern program before beginning his ministry. His internship in the Philippines had a community organizing focus. Before leaving the U.S., he trained with Saul Alinsky in Chicago. As part of that training they were put out on the streets with no money and expected to panhandle and live as the homeless did. It was the kind of thing Vern said he never forgot.

Cebu, the Philippine city where Vern was sent, is located centrally in a provincial capital. His host was Oliver Lee Cannon, a minister in the United Church of Christ in the

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\(^{347}\) Vern McCarty, interview by the author, Atlanta, GA, April 22, 2009.
Philippines, which had been created by a merger of the various mainline Protestant denominations. Cannon headed a small committee spearheading a theological education and community involvement program for seminarians. Eight to ten seminarians came for three months at a time. The committee would find them a part-time job then involve them in community activities. Most of the students had grown up in small towns like Vern’s but were being trained in the urban ministry skills that the Philippines increasingly needed. The group met regularly to study and process what they were learning. A few were women aspiring to be ministers, something new there as elsewhere.

Vern’s role was to raise the money to support the program. Although it got a small contribution from the church, that was not nearly enough by itself. To raise the money he formed an advisory committee of wealthy businessmen who belonged to the churches in the area. Most of them turned out to be Chinese. Some had been in the area for several generations; others were recent immigrants who left China during the Communist Revolution. “It’s amazing what the Protestant Chinese minorities accomplished in the Philippines,” Vern said. “They were incredibly articulate and industrious and educated. And they would give money for these social programs.” Working with this advisory group Vern managed to raise enough money to keep the program going for the entire two years he was there.

Unsurprisingly, given Vern’s location in a solid, well-planned program with strong local leadership and strategic American support from people like George Todd, the head of the Presbyterian’s Urban and Industrial Mission program, and Richard Poethig, an expert in the area and missionary in the Philippines mentioned in the discussion of
Brian Aldrich’s and Dayl Kaiser’s internships, Vern’s impression of the mission in the region was much more positive than that of other FIs in more exploitative situations. Vern even dismissed the housing arrangements of the permanent missionaries as not particularly relevant.

I do remember going to this missionary’s house for lunch one day. I discovered that even though they lived in gated compounds in nice suburban areas, all the ones I met there in the central Philippines (I probably met a half dozen or a dozen of them during the time I was there) were much more sensitive to what was going on and were probably more involved than I would have ever guessed. …. You couldn’t really stereotype them. Many of them made wonderful contributions as physicians, professors, college presidents.

Richard Poethig and his wife and family lived in a very nice gated compound in Manila near the University of the Philippines.

They were wonderful people and they had been there years and had given their whole life to it. I guess if they had children and were going to be there for a long period of time, they needed a nice house. But he was getting all kinds of awards for Philippine-American relations and that sort of thing. So I guess in the end it didn’t really matter what kind of house they lived in …. [what mattered] was really the quality of their involvement with people.

Vern discovered that the American presence was not entirely what he imagined either. He traveled to Baggio in the north of the Philippines and visited a hometown friend of his family who worked for the U.S. Information Agency’s “Voice of America” program there.

So I was there with my long hair and Levis. I called him and spent a night with him and his wife and he took me one day into this fortified gated compound where they had all their master tapes and he showed me the “free world” broadcasting program targeting China and Southeast Asia. I was fascinated to see that most of the program content was music and cultural things, not hard news or opinions.
He had not previously thought of things like rock and roll as being subversive. That was an eye-opener, too.

When Vern returned to the United States he, too, participated in the reentry FI commune in San Francisco for a few months before going to Atlanta to take up an offer of an associate pastor appointment at the First Presbyterian Church there, just like he and his family had long expected he would do. Three days before beginning work, though, he met three young ministers who were doing theological education and community organizing not unlike he had been doing in the Philippines, and had organized a non-profit called the Urban Training Organization of Atlanta. They talked him into going to work for them.

I think the FI program influenced me to do that. I would have probably ended up being pastor of First Presbyterian church somewhere which would have been OK. But with Urban Training I got involved in politics, economics, and with theological education at Candler School of Theology, Columbia Seminary, and the Interdenominational Theological Center. I was really excited to take those kind of paths and I did that work full time for ten years. And this led to a life of political involvement.

Later, Vern served on the Atlanta City Council.

Kaye Gates (Philippines, 1969-1971) and Barbara Cort Gaerlan (Philippines, 1969-1971) were also assigned to the Philippines but as an “ecumenical team” since Kaye was Protestant and Barbara was Roman Catholic. This was Margaret Flory’s idea. They were assigned to Dansalan College, a Christian school serving Muslim students in

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349 Barbara Cort Gaerlan, May 12, 2009.
Marawi City in north-central Mindanao, the most heavily Muslim city in the entire country. As it turned out, though, what type of Christian they were turned out to be of no interest to the people who lived there. Barbara said,

I recall writing back to Margaret and saying, "Dear Margaret, your Catholic-Protestant team approach is all very well and good, but I'm sorry to inform you that here we are “Americanos” as opposed to “Cristianos,” who are Filipino Christians, who are different from Filipino Muslims, who are the majority of people here."

We have already seen how gender influenced the very different internship experiences of Ruth Ann Olson (Philippines 1962-1964) and Brian Aldrich (Philippines, 1962-1964) in the context of the same assignment. One of the things that makes Kaye’s and Barbara’s FI experiences so interesting and instructive is that although they were both teaching at this college, their different backgrounds, personalities, and interests led them to spend their non-teaching time differently. Kaye developed close relationships with the mostly-Christian Filipino teachers who were neighbors in faculty housing; after a semester, Barbara rented a room from a Muslim family in town and commuted back and forth. Then, the last semester, she went to Manila and took graduate courses in Philippine history and politics at the University of the Philippines. Yet the message both women got from their diverse friendship networks, including the local Student Christian Movement, was the same: “You’ve been here, you’ve seen how things are, you can be a good kind of ambassador back to the States to work with your own people and change American policy supporting the repressive government here.”

Kaye grew up in a rural forty-family cooperative in Washington State not far from where she lives now. She described it as a very isolated, sheltered upbringing. Her father
was a professor and her mother the former dean at the Beirut College for Women and a friend of Margaret Flory. Both were preacher’s kids and had deep roots in mainline Protestantism, but Kaye did not even have a church nearby and never really had a church group to hang out with the way so many of the other FIs did. Her two forays away from home—a year in Europe at age twelve when her dad had a Fulbright, and a year in Beirut at 16 after her father was killed in an auto accident and her mother wanted to heal by reconnecting with old friends and co-workers there—were disasters. “I think it’s really amazing that I went as a FI,” she said, “because I have struggled mightily in myself when I have been in foreign cultures. I don’t think I’m a real great fit for that…..I just feel [being out of my own culture] so intensely.”

When Kaye got to Occidental in 1965, she realized she knew nothing about politics. Even the Civil Rights Movement had blown right by her. “I found it very difficult to take a stand on the war. I remember wanting to, desperately, and going to a few of the demonstrations and being involved in a sit in, and I just remember really agonizing over it.” When she came up to graduation in 1969, she felt like she needed to get out into the world. The Peace Corps said she could start the following January; the FIM program said she could start in August. She chose the FI program. The Orientation was a shock.

I felt really like Cameron Diaz or something...or just like one of those clueless women... and I'm sure I probably was, compared to people like Tami Hultman.350

350 Tami Hultman’s (South Africa, 1969-1971) internship is described in Chapter Eight on the African internships. The daughter of a UCC pastor fighting for Civil Rights in the South beginning in the 1950s, Tami’s entire life had been a political education.
I mean, I hadn't gotten into the really hardcore feminism, I mean, I knew kind of what it was about, but I didn't really understand it, and the most radical thing I had done, I think, was have a boyfriend who was really heavy into acid. We snuck into the boy's dorm every weekend, and that was pretty much the radical part of my life. I was doing good things like tutoring in East Los Angeles and you know, things like that, and doing sort of social-worker-y things, but in terms of being political, I was not. … I take that back. I did work on one campaign one summer for a very progressive political candidate and got really turned on by that, so I think I was reaching and searching for a broader way to be in the world.

Kaye’s political education really began at the FI orientation. She found it incredibly exciting—“like water in the desert.” The experience of the group, though, was difficult.

We were a disparate group in a very highly charged moment in history. There were currents. There was tension in the group, oh my goodness. There were the radicals and the nice guys and the scapegoats and the people who shouldn't be going where they're going because they weren't politically correct enough, and there were...I just found it a really difficult group to be with in a lot of ways. … this was 1969. Tempers were a little bit short.

Kaye felt like she was expected to be “radical,” but she was not sure even what that meant. But whatever it was, it was not liberating. Quite the reverse. “I just knew that I’d better watch it because I wasn’t it yet,” she recalled. She was afraid of ending up a scapegoat. When the group was rude to the Swedish wife of one of the FI alums helping out, Kaye took her flowers.

The FI ideal by 1969 was that they were supposed to be working within progressive organizations that had nationals as leaders, but what Barbara and Kaye found when they arrived in the Philippines was that their internship site was a traditional mission school. Kaye got word when she was waiting for her visa in Hawaii that she was going to be teaching ethics. “I just thought, ‘you have got to be kidding me.’ I mean here I was this American woman coming into this school with all Muslims, teaching ethics,
having no idea….” Other than teaching, it was not clear what they should, or could, be doing. It was, she said, “a drastically different milieu than we had been set up for.”

I think the best way for me to frame the experience of FI wasn't in terms of the work that I did, it was in terms of the education that I got from it. It was almost like an internship for me. If I look at it that way, it was just phenomenally rich, phenomenally rich; it's just that I think we were set up to feel like we should do more than that. I felt really like a failure, I mean, I felt like a serious failure.

She built relationships with the other Filipino teachers and she lived really simply, all of which was rich and powerful for her, but not compared with what she thought she should be doing. Worst was the prevailing idea that just by being there they were being complicit with the continuing American domination. Kaye was reluctant to point fingers but mentioned encounters during SCM weekend retreats that were incredibly painful. “What an amazing education in being in a country right in the thick of it, in the belly of the monster, as part of the oppressor group, not wanting to live that out, but being aware of it,” she said. At the time, though, it was deeply distressing.

Barbara Cort Gaerlan351 (Philippines, 1969-1971) lived in the Philippines in high school. Her father, a Roman Catholic convert formed by the Catholic Worker movement, helped run the Peace Corps program there. Her Frontier Internship was a continuation of this earlier experience, one she intentionally sought out. When she and her family first arrived in the Philippines in 1962, she was shocked to discover the American history IN the Philippines about which she never had a clue. Her teachers at the Maryknoll high school she attended there were mostly Filipino lay women so she learned then to accept

351 Barbara Cort Gaerlan, May 12, 2009.
and learn from people who were not white. Most important, though, were the three summers she spent as a junior counselor at a summer camp for children the Peace Corps volunteers ran. The volunteers were older than she was so mostly she hung out with the Filipinos who were closer to her own age. As college graduation back in the U.S. loomed, she decided she wanted to return to the Philippines as an adult but did not want to join the Peace Corps because she did not want to be representing the government. She was thrilled with the FI assignment to Marawi City because in her prior time in the Philippines she had not even heard of Muslims and had not spent any time in Muslim communities.

The main Muslim group in that area were the Maranao people. The school where Barbara and Kaye worked dated back to the missionary Frank Laubach who became known for his literacy, each-one-teach-one work. Although many of the Maranaos were literate using an Arabic script, he taught them to use a Roman one. The president of the school when Barbara and Kaye were there was an American missionary named Lloyd Van Vactor who seemed well respected by the Maranaos and successful getting resources—like them—for the school. Barbara taught European and American history. A Filipino teacher taught Philippine history. Barbara really appreciated having a job that people could understand. No one knew what “FI” was. They were suspicious and assumed they were CIA. Some people continued to believe that anyway, but teaching, at least, was something Americans traditionally did so gave them some cover. Other than Lloyd and his wife Maisie, they were the only Americans and only white people in the
area. Barbara went to the Roman Catholic church almost every Sunday, in part to listen to the Irish Catholic priest.

The priest used to tell atrocity stories from the pulpit, like all these horrible things that I don’t even think were true. All these rumors about Muslims raping Christian girls. That was quite an eye-opener to me: that the stereotypes they told about Muslim Christian conflict, were exactly the same stereotypes that whites told about blacks in the United States except that here it had nothing to do with race. We had thought that these were intrinsically racial stereotypes: “They'll smile to your face but they'll stab you in the back,” or “The guys are all studs in bed and they're dying to rape Christian women.” I mean, this was just amazing, exactly the same stereotypes that for us were racially linked, there were religiously linked.

After awhile, a visiting former Peace Corps volunteer helped Barbara rent a room with a Muslim family down in the city. This was her entry into the Muslim world. It was a two-family house. Barbara rented from Haji Asia, the second wife of a wealthy older man who occupied one side of the house. The term “haji” indicates that her family was well-off enough to have supported her pilgrimage to Mecca. In Maranao society, a man could have up to four wives but he had to treat them all equally, meaning they all got their own houses. Haji Asia raised money for her family by taking in guests like Barbara. Haji Sinab, the widow who lived in the other part of the house, was a professional weaver using a traditional back-strap loom. One garment took an entire week from dying the thread to weaving the fabric then sewing it together. At the time Barbara was there, the market was being flooded with cheap textiles that imitated the traditional Maranao patterns. Lloyd’s wife Maisie set up a program to support traditional weaving. Barbara herself learned to weave. It also gave her a basic vocabulary and opportunity to practice speaking Maranao as visitors came and went. That also landed her the job of tourist-
minder for Lloyd when visitors, often other missionaries, would come and want to go to the market.

Barbara taught summer school both summers and felt she had paid off her debt to FI so left Dansalan one semester early to go to Manila and take Philippine history and politics at the university. She rented a room from one of her old neighbors near to where her family lived when she was there for high school. She got to meet the Student Christian Movement people through Sue Meinke and her husband. This was from June to November of 1971. Manila was a political hotbed. The left was being radicalized and spreading like wildfire. Ferdinand Marcos, the president at the time, suspended the writ of habeas corpus so he could arrest people without a regular warrant. Martial law was imposed right after they left in September 1972.

I would say that I was influenced by the SCM people. The SCM people were firmly integrated into the Marxist-Leninist [movement], the main [leftist] political grouping in Manila at that time. They … were part of the Christian left. Actually eventually, … the communist dominated National Democratic Front ended up having a Christian component. There was this group called ‘Christians for National Liberation’ - CNL. …I'm sure that some SCM people were part of CNL.

The message of her SCM friends was the same as what Kaye heard from her friends: “The Marcos regime is corrupt, the U.S. is supporting him, go back to America, educate Americans, and change American government policy.” After a very long trip back to San Francisco going west, and after they settled into the FI commune in San Francisco, that is exactly what they tried to do.

Each of the people who participated in the San Francisco FI reentry commune experienced it differently, in part because of personality but also because of the contrast
with their internship. Bob Snow (Hong Kong, 1969-1971) found the lack of structure depressing after his very intense and absorbing internship. Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971) was exhausted by what he experienced as the intensity of the commune. Carolyn Lorch-Taber (Philippines, 1968-1970) appreciated the company of friends. Sue Meinke (Philippines, 1969-1971) was grateful for the welcome and support after separating from her husband.

Kaye Gates described herself as “happy as a lark” during this period. “I remember being so happy because I wasn’t so isolated anymore and I was back doing something—we got into the anti-war movement and got into speaking at the churches about the Philippines….—and I was back with my people,” she said. The work with the Pacific Counseling Service was particularly meaningful for her. “The GIs coming back from Vietnam were in a world of hurt. That’s what the GI project was, a house for people who had been … in the anti-war movement in the military.” These FIs coped with the culture shock of American abundance by becoming hippies, but not drop-out hippies or drug-addled hippies but anti-war hippies who lived very simply. Kaye slept in her sleeping bag for six months and that was just fine. After the reentry period ended, she moved into the GI house and continued her work there.

What Barbara most recalled from the reentry time was making a critical connection with a revolutionary group of Filipinos who had been sent over to organize Filipino-Americans.

We did a lot of work with them. That's why when Martial Law was declared in September of '72, which is right after we had left, we were all plugged in to this radical Filipino network in the U.S that was very important in really leading as the
outspoken voice of the anti-martial law movement in the U.S. So we were doing exactly what we told the Filipinos in the Philippines we would do, which was being in the U.S and addressing the issue of American imperialism at home.

After the reentry project wound down, she moved to New York and worked with Nelson Navarro, a new Filipino FI who was working with other Filipinos in the Anti-Martial Law Movement there. Then she got a job with the University Christian Movement of New England in Boston working with students and workers there during the day and volunteering with the Anti-Marshall Law Movement, including putting out the very first anti-martial law newspaper, the Philippines Information Bulletin. A Boston University-trained scholar, Daniel Boone Schirmer, who had done ground-breaking work on the history of the Anti-Imperialist League which opposed the initial American annexation of the Philippines in 1898, became her mentor.

We wanted a group that would really do outreach to Americans, so we founded 'Friends of the Filipino People.' We were the group that had the Congressional lobby office, that really lobbied Congress for cutting military aid to Marcos, cutting economic aid, for fifteen years. It wasn't very successful at first, but eventually, it was.

A comparison of two gatherings of Asian FIs held three years apart is instructive. The first one took place in Hong Kong in August, 1967. FI Mark Juergensmeyer typed up and circulated a summary of the meeting that gives some idea of how ideas about the program were evolving given changing conditions in the region.352 Beyond airing minor frustrations, there was some common feeling that the program needed to be

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352 Mark Juergensmeyer, “Notes From Asian Fi Meeting, Hong Kong, August 1967,” (1967).
internationalized in order to be more about the common mission of the world church as opposed to an American Christian Peace Corps. This was the group’s very first suggestion. Transfer of the program to the WCC or WSCF in order to strengthen its international identity was the second one. Three years later at another gathering of Asian FIs in October 1970, “the Philippines FIs were in crisis,” said Kaye Gates (Philippines, 1969-1971).³⁵³ One recommendation of the group stands out: that no more Americans be sent to the Philippines at all. What this makes clear is the hidden reality that the entire FI program rested on the willingness of local people to host and mentor the Frontier Interns and the willingness of the FIs to work collaboratively with those people. By 1970, in the Philippines, that could no longer be assumed so the program there had to end.

Conclusion

Brian Aldrich (Philippines, 1962-1964) perhaps captured the predicament of the FIs in Asia best: “We’re Rome.” For people who understood the Christian story as most FIs did, that short phrase encompassed a huge problem. In the Bible, the Romans were the occupiers and the oppressors of the Jews like Jesus. The evidence that the United States was playing that role in Asia was everywhere in the multiplying military bases, the shadowy but omnipresent CIA, the tanks and military hardware with U.S.A. stamped on the sides used by brutal dictators against their own people, and in the overt and covert destabilization of legitimate governments and support for corrupt ones. The charge of FI hosts and mentors was to go home, educate Americans about what was happening, and

get the U.S. off their backs. The FIs and their Asian hosts and friends would remain partners in this cause, but for the most part at a distance.
7. The Europe, Middle East, and North Africa Internships

Introduction

The Frontier Intern program began in 1961, only sixteen years after the total devastation of World War II came to an end, and thirteen years after the state of Israel was created out of the old state of Palestine, against the will of the Palestinians and the will of every other Arab country in the region. The global empires of the European countries—Great Britain, France, Holland, Spain, Belgium, and Portugal—were coming apart, sometimes against their will. Exits were often neither graceful nor peaceful. France and Portugal were particularly resistant. A new war—the Cold War—between the United States and the Soviet Union divided Europe into the communist East in the Soviet sphere of influence and the capitalist West in the American sphere of influence. Thousands of nuclear missiles were pointed across both sides of the divide. The political situation in many countries was tense and unstable. And while the American Marshall Plan had helped rebuild the region and revive the economy in Western Europe, large swaths remained physically devastated and extremely poor. This was the backdrop for the Frontier Internships in this region. (See Appendix A-2: Map of Europe 1960)

Ecumenism Front and Center

Diana Harmon Jackson (France, 1961-1963) has the distinction of being the very first Frontier Intern. As a 1960 graduate of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill and a student of Harry Smith, one of Margaret Flory’s chaplain contacts, she was

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354 Diana Harmon Jackson, October 2, 2009.
already out of school and ready to go as soon as Margaret got approvals for the FIM program from the various organizations and boards backing it in March 1961. Margaret then contacted Bill Nottingham, the associate general secretary of CIMADE, and asked him to quickly find a placement for the first intern because she was afraid that if she did not get someone into the field quickly that the entire project might be stillborn. The CIMADE center in Paris, where Diana was assigned, served Algerian refugees. The Algerian war for independence was still raging.

When I caught up with Diana in Providence, Rhode Island in 2009, she had decades as a professional artist behind her and a studio full of ongoing projects and current commissions. Some of her most wonderful work, to my eye, are large, soft sculptures done for children’s museums, but all of her work seems to exude a playfulness and joy. It is not surprising it delights children, but it also delighted me. She loves color. The sweater she wore the day I interviewed her was a rich, jewel-like magenta. This is an important backdrop to understanding her engagement with the SCM and her internship. Diana got all the way to college without any exposure to the arts at all, and classes she took in studio art at college were dispiriting. Her chaplain, Harry Smith, was her avenue to the wider world. The Frontier Internship was her avenue to the world of art. During the summer of 1959, Harry helped her get a scholarship to attend a six-week summer program in New York City with other student leaders from all over the country.

I had a professor from Stanford teaching ethics, and I had a professor from Columbia teaching philosophy of religion, and I hardly understood a word they

355 Bill Nottingham, “Presence,” (September 26, 2011).
were saying, but … it was just really interesting being in a place where there was all this mental energy. I met Paul Tillich. I met Eleanor Roosevelt. I met some really famous people who worked at the U.N, and that, again, was because of Harry Smith. I was very active politically and spiritually on the campus, and I think Harry and the other people in the student movement …saw something special in me, so they nurtured me. I really was so grateful for that because nobody ever had [done that] before, nobody.

That summer she went to a performance of The Three Penny Opera. It was the first live theater she had ever seen. “The only culture I knew about was Milton Berle and Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis and Rock Hudson and Doris Day,” she said. That and a fantastic art history course convinced her she had to find a way to get to Europe. That was when Harry Smith told her about the Frontier Intern program. At that point, she was prepared to do anything. She left for France almost immediately.

When I got there, I was in a state of shock, but someone, somehow, met me at the airport and …put me on a train, and by some miracle I ended up at my destination which was a monastery in Bourgogne…called Taizé. That was where CIMADE, this group of about 100 people from, mostly from France, but they had all kinds of other workers coming in from everywhere, and people from the World Council of Churches [were meeting]. …I couldn't understand anything they said because they all spoke French. ...there was someone who was a translator for me, and I got through the whole thing.

Taizé is now a magnet for young people from around the world and is known internationally for its music and worship, but then it was just one more node in the WSCF network. Its founder, Frère Roger, had been the president of the Swiss SCM before the war. His inspiration for the multi-lingual, multi-faith worship that was developed there was the work Suzanne de Dietrich had been doing for twenty years developing liturgies
for the WSCF. At the time, Diana was too stunned to really take it all in. A week later, she returned to Paris, began French language instruction in the morning, and worked at an after-school club for Algerian children in the afternoons.

The French came quickly and she loved it, but the desperate poverty of the Algerians ate away at her soul. Many of the children and their parents had been thoroughly traumatized by the war. Loving care had been non-existent. She did what she could. Her own living situation was more desperate than she wanted to admit, too. She had to spend two-thirds of her small stipend on rent for a tiny, unheated garret room, and ended up living on bread and pastries and coffee. On Christmas Eve, she was invited to a friend’s house for dinner, ate too much of the rich, festive food, and ended up bolting the table and throwing up in the snow outside. Mostly, she recalled being cold and hungry and sick at heart over the poverty and desperation of the people she was working with almost all the time. The other people she was meeting were theology students or communists and all were intensely political. That is when she realized that she was not. The church she attended was very Calvinist, very dry, and soul-killing. Art saved her.

I used to spend hours in the Louvre… I went to the Rodin Museum, and I was just… my heart was just beating because it was so…and then I would go the gardens, and Paris is so beautiful. …I started painting and drawing, …I went by myself to Venice and to Florence and to Padua and I had never seen anything like that in my whole entire life, … so I came back and said, ”That's it, I'm going into art, no religion for me.” Religion was dry, it was boring, it was abstract, and it was not where I was anymore. ….I'm sure that….Margaret Flory was the hand of God in this.

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At the end of her two years, CIMADE asked her to stay for a third year but by then she knew that would be a bad idea. “It was time for me to go,” she said. When she got back to North Carolina, she got a job at a college in Raleigh and the art began—her words—“bursting out of me.”

The 1960s were, globally, an intensely political time and the life of the global ecumenical network often reflected that, as these FI stories make clear. Many Frontier Interns indicated in their interviews that they believed that they were supposed to be political in order to be authentic Christians. Some FIs genuinely are that political. Tami Hultman (South Africa, 1969-1971) said that, “The people that I looked up to and was mentored by were always highly political and it permeated everything.” She believes that the experience of watching her father thrown out of his church because of racial politics and confronting the issue of racial justice at a very young age oriented her this way.

But that was far from true for many other FIs. One of the striking facts about the interviews taken as a whole, is how clear it is that people love and are good at different things. For some FIs, politics was a river they would have stepped into anyway, regardless of the temper of the times. Larry Cox (France, 1967-1969), as was discussed in Chapter Four, became a “Christian revolutionary”—a descriptor Margaret used for him later—the first time he read the New Testament as a teenager in Lake Avon, Ohio. When he landed in Paris in 1967, a few years after Diana left, what burst out of him was political action. For other FIs, no matter how much they cared about the underlying issues

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357 Diana Harmon Jackson, October 2, 2009.
358 Tami Hultman, July 30, 2009.
of justice, that kind of political action was alien to who they were and feeling like it was expected was a terrible trial, as it was for Diana Harmon Jackson. Their FI journeys included finding a way to incorporate their FI experience, including its political aspects, into a life lived into their own, native talents and dispositions, as Diana did. It is not a stretch to see a connection between her intense experience of the suffering of children with her life’s work delighting them. But neither the churches, nor the SCM networks, were necessarily a conducive environment for that to happen. Another FI artist discussed earlier, sculptor Gurdon Brewster, made the church context work in his life as the Episcopal chaplain at Cornell; others, like Diana, did not.

When Joel McClellan359 (Tunisia/Marseilles, 1961-1963), the California preacher’s kid, graduated from Princeton in 1961, he decided not to go to Yale Law School but to join the first class of Frontier Interns. That may have made all the difference.

It gave me space in which I could develop priorities and probably develop values even, or at least sharpen values, [and] to discover things that I could do, which I might not have ever discovered, if I didn’t have that space, if I’d been forced into …thinking in a different, more channeled way, than I was ready to.

I interviewed him at his home outside of Geneva, Switzerland which he shares with Monique, the woman he met there during his internship and married a month after it ended now just over fifty years ago. One of the things he has been doing in retirement is writing or adding to Wikipedia entries on his areas of expertise, most particularly the

359 Joel McClellan, April 15, 2010.
application of humanitarian principles and the structure and content of various codes of conduct in the application of those principles in global humanitarian work. He also wrote the Wikipedia entry on CIMADE. It was Joel who first suggested to me that présence, as CIMADE defined it and lived it out, had a unique character. Then Dwain Epps (Argentina, 1967-1969) who also lives outside of Geneva, Switzerland, put me in touch with Chuck Harper and Bill Nottingham who were both active in CIMADE circles in the postwar period and were able to fill in a lot of the details related earlier in Chapter Three.

Joel’s internship began in Tunisia where he was assigned to a World Council of Churches team practicing presence there. His teammates were a man who was a theology student from France, a Finnish woman who was a church journalist, and a Swedish Finn and “roaring fundamentalist” who was trying to figure out how to convert Muslims. They shared a flat and attended classes at the university. That is where he met the hugely diverse group of people he hung out with. He learned French quickly and tutored others in English. He also did some work with a Quaker conscientious objector at a refugee camp in Souk al Arba on the border to the west. While there he met and was impressed by some Mennonite Pax workers teaching people how to farm. He also played basketball on a club team, L’Avant Garde, where he met people he would never have met otherwise—Maltese or Italian Catholic plumbers or electricians. They would leave at four in the morning and drive south to places like El Djem, Sousse, Sfax for basketball matches. Early one morning, as the sun came up while the bus of basketball players was barreling south, there, right in front of his eyes in the middle of the desert in El Djem, was one of
the largest and most complete Roman coliseums in existence. That astonishing sight is still fresh in his mind.

Joel’s first encounter with arranged marriage came from a “brilliant and lovely” and seemingly very modern philosophy student who explained to him that her father knew exactly the kind of man she would need and she entrusted him with that choice. He began to understand there were different ways of looking at things. The only place where he encountered discussions about Islam were with the White Fathers—the Pères Blancs—at their very famous Islam study center there. His memory of Ramadan was of fabulous—and entirely secular—parties after the sun went down. “[I was] almost totally cut loose to do my thing. … I never felt what a waste of time or what a waste of money. It never crossed my mind.”

In March 1962, he was transferred to the CIMADE team in Marseilles. It is quite possible—even likely—that a slot there needed to be filled quickly and Joel was close by and prepared to do it. When he got there, he lived in the slums, sharing a flat with a brother from Taizé. During the day, they found jobs for Algerian teenagers and intervened when the boys’ prostitute girlfriends got arrested. At night, Joel taught literacy classes for middle-aged people. Living next door were unhappy “mission of the sea” worker-priests whom Pope John XXIII had reassigned to parishes. The Little Sisters of Foucauld had a center around the corner addressing the needs of the very poorest people in the neighborhood. Joel often worked with the sisters and admired them. Another compatriot was another Swedish fundamentalist—a woman—whose ministry
was to the women of the neighborhood but who helped them, rather than tried to convert them. As a full CIMADE team member, Joel also attended their retreats.

So this was the life of Marseilles. It is probably easy to idealize it because there were lots of times when you were lonely and times when you would wonder what you were up to but it was moving. (…) I got a lot out of it. That somehow has something to do with losing yourself in order to find yourself.

When the internship ended, he headed to Geneva, married Monique who was then the manager of the Foyer John Knox, and became a working fellow in international affairs there for next two years. His closest friends are still the people he met there during that time. The foyer was directed by Paul Frelick and funded by the Presbyterians who, Joel said, were happy for it to be run as an international student community. Many of the Frontier Interns stopped there for shorter or longer stays on their way to somewhere else. Several of the orientations for later classes were held there. Paulo Frière, who became important to later FIs, was in residence there for several years in the early 1970s when he was in exile from Brazil and worked for the World Council of Churches. On September 25, 1993, an addition to the foyer complex was dedicated to “the work and witness of Margaret Flory”. The dedication plaque reads:

Her Christian vision, dedication and passion encouraged generations of students from around the world to be involved on the frontiers of the ecumenical movement.

L’oecuménisme fut sa passion, les jeunes sa vocation, les voyages sa maison et le monde son champ de mission.
Alice Hageman\textsuperscript{360} (Paris, 1962-1965) graduated from Union Seminary with a B.D. right before she began her internship. She asked to be placed in a French-speaking country, assuming it would be in Africa. Instead, Margaret sent her to Paris to be the WSCF representative at UNESCO, the United Nations Economic and Social Council. A secondary responsibility was to work with an existing group of Christian international civil servants, some of whom were UNESCO-based and others who were NATO-based.

Alice came to the FIM program with some experience with the Europe-based international community already. In 1959-1960, she volunteered at the WSCF offices in Geneva helping with preparations for the 1960 Strasbourg Life and Mission Study Conference, then she attended it. “I went as a steward, meaning a go-fer, but I could sit in on all the sessions and meet all the delegates. That was the real world-opening….the whole world was there,” she recalled. Paul Frelick, head of the Foyer John Knox, suggested she spend her vacations doing some work with CIMADE. One she spent in Northern France at Coudekerque, near Dunkirk, and the other she spent with the team in Marseilles that Joel McClellan later joined. After that year, she returned to New York and finished seminary while FIM was getting off the ground.

The UNESCO community and the ecumenical one fully included Communists, a category of person that the United States had rabidly denounced and excluded in almost apocalyptic terms since the beginning of the Cold War. In her capacity as the WSCF

\textsuperscript{360} Alice Hageman, October 1, 2009.
representative, Alice was able to do what some other FIs but few ordinary Americans could: make friends with Communists.

I came to Paris in the Fall of 1962. In January of 1963 there was a WSCF/Europe Consultation in Brighton. I don’t remember what the consultation was about but I do remember that Milan Opočenský who was then the chair of the Europe region, was present. Milan was a Czech theologian who subsequently became the general secretary of the World Alliance of Reformed Churches. One cold afternoon we went for a long walk. I was really curious. Here was a man who was a Christian, a theologian, and living in a Communist country. How was that possible? And I kept asking him questions and he would respond and at some point I said: “Is it possible you’ve been brainwashed?” And he replied to me: “Alice, actually I think you are the one who has been brainwashed!” It was one of those “click” moments. It was like turning the kaleidoscope in a different direction and the pieces fell together differently.

She got to be friends with the Bulgarian UNESCO representative and attended a New Year’s Day at his apartment. She came away wondering why the U.S. was so hostile to Communism when so many goals were similar to those of Christians. While working on developing country issues at UNESCO, she learned about a literacy campaign in Cuba that sent kids out into the countryside to teach and thought it seemed very much like the Laubach “each one, teach one” method she had learned about in Sunday School. But this also prompted her to take a more critical look at her own country. “You can’t be in an international setting like that without saying: ‘There are other ways of thinking about things than the dominant one in which I grew up,’” she said.

She balanced her life in the international community by working through CIMADE to teach literacy to North Africans. ”It was a kick teaching North Africans who spoke Arabic, me who speaks English, both of us using French as a second language.” For a parish she chose the Foyer de Grenelle, which most closely resembled her home
parish in East Harlem. Grenelle is part of the Mission Populaire in France, and is in a very gritty working class neighborhood.

A year into her internship, in November, 1963, Alice’s father had a stroke and her family called and told her to come home. He was in a coma for a month before he died in mid-December. That meant she was in the States for John Kennedy’s assassination and the whole period of national mourning.

I’m very grateful for that because there was definitely a kind of paradigm shift after JFK’s death. This was the beginning of the Sixties Assassinations. We were always so critical of violence in other countries and here, our president had been murdered. (...) And it was just so stunning. Impossible! And then that nationwide mourning. And requiems being played everywhere. And I knew that my father was probably going to die. …Margaret Flory and Dave Wiley [Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963] came… to see me. It was very important to me that they had done that.

All this happened barely a year after one of her closest SCM friends from the CIMADE work camp, Caroline (Caro) Grange, was killed in a train accident. “I think that a piece of my grief for Caro got mixed together with my grief for my father (...) My grief was a long-term thing,” she recalled.361 She returned to Paris after New Year’s.

Two important trips into Communist countries—Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union—took place in 1964 and the Spring of 1965, right before the end of her internship. “In 1964 the WSCF asked me to be their fraternal delegate to the Christian Peace Conference assembly in Prague. For me, ideologically, that was the biggest jump—going behind the ‘Iron Curtain,’” she said. What she found in Prague, though, was a beautiful

361 Six FIs lost parents while they were away. Three FIs were too far to even try to get home; three tried but, like Alice, did not arrive in time to actually speak with the stricken parent.
city and very generous spirited people. “So, I thought, you know, they’re people.” It was also true that she was always connected in some way with the Christian community. The conference itself was very important. At one point they had a meeting of people from the U.S. and Cuba because by then the U.S. had broken diplomatic relations. That’s where I first met many of the Cubans who subsequently became very close friends.

This experience points to one of the central differences in approach to international affairs between the U.S. State Department and the ecumenical community, whether to isolate and stop talking to a country you disagree with or whether to engage them even more deeply. By the end of the conference, Alice had been chosen as secretary of the Youth Commission with Milan Opočenský as chair. They met annually in Eastern Europe until Czechoslovakia was invaded by the Soviet Union in 1968 and the Prague Spring was crushed.

While the Prague conference was going on in 1964, the Russian Orthodox Church was organizing a trip for other delegates to visit the Soviet Union. Alice was not able to do it at the time they had chosen, but they were happy to host her individually the following Orthodox Easter. She took the train, stopping for several days in divided Berlin and attending Studentengemeinde (SCM) meetings while she was there.

I remember being with a Studentengemeinde group and them pressing me about life in a capitalist country. They reminded me that they had health care and education and employment and what about capitalist countries? And no, if they had a choice they wouldn’t want to choose something different. They would like the right to travel and they would like freer access to sources of information but in terms of the basic social stratification, they thought their system was a plus. She could see their point. Then she got back on the train, and traveled across Poland to Moscow. She went to Easter services there, and watched the May Day parade in Red
Square before taking the train to Leningrad. A Russian Orthodox official hosted them for a vodka and caviar breakfast. “Vodka for breakfast!” She returned to Paris by air and then to the U.S. in June, 1965.

Once back in New York, she began doing campus ministry on international issues and with international students. Not long afterwards, Aubrey Brown (who she married in 2005), a former Peace Corps volunteer, called her to say he had an idea for starting an organization of returned overseas volunteers. This became the Committee of Returned Volunteers, the focal point and vehicle for the activism of hundreds of returned volunteers from a wide range of programs, not just FIs and Peace Corps.

Keith Chamberlain362 (Germany, 1965-1968) was born in Southern California in 1932 and is the oldest of the Frontier Interns. By the time he became a FI in Germany, he already spoke German fluently. Before and during his time in seminary, he completed one year of study in Berlin and another in Basel, including two seminars with Karl Barth. He had also volunteered twice with the Delta Ministry in Mississippi. He came to FIM after a year as a substitute university pastor at Berkeley during the Free Speech Movement. The FSM Executive Committee frequently met at Westminster House which he directed. He participated in late-night conversations with leaders after formal meetings, directed a weekly theological and ethical reflection group, and interpreted

events to church constituencies that otherwise were wholly reliant on the media for their information.

Keith did not actually apply to the FI program. Rather, he discovered that the funding he got for a post-Berkeley project with the SCM in Germany was coming from the same source as the Frontier Internships. He and Margaret embraced the opportunity the overlap presented. Released from his duties at Berkeley when the regular pastor’s sabbatical year was over and he returned to the campus in the summer of 1965, Keith then headed to the FI Orientation at Stony Point then to Berlin. “Moving from Berkeley to Berlin was somewhat like jumping from the frying pan to the frying pan,” he has written.\(^{363}\) For the grant,

I was expected to accompany the Student Christian Movement—Evangelische Studentengemeinde—reflecting from studies on secularization and what those meant, which I think was a good idea and some good academic should have done it!

Instead, he was “a kind of floating university pastor.” The other university pastors were some of his most important reference people. He regularly attended their conferences. Later, in 1978, after he married a German woman and returned to Germany permanently, he became a university pastor at the University of Frankfurt. But during the three years of his Frontier Internship, his primary contribution was his ability to regularly travel to East Berlin and East Germany on a tourist visa, something none of his West German

colleagues were able to do. He also did a lot of television appearances talking about student movements.

The Berlin Wall preventing passage between East and West Germany was built in 1961 so was still quite new when Keith arrived in 1965, but the divided SCM in the divided city had already developed quite different characters. The center of SCM activity in East Germany was still the weekly Bible study, sometimes done by excellent university pastors Keith considered very good theologians. This was familiar to him from his time as a student at the Free University of Berlin several years earlier.

This institution of the weekly Bible study which may sound kind of pious to people in other parts of the world and at other times, this was the center of it all. The good theological and political reflection took place there.

It was also continuous with the strong Bible study movement that took hold in the entire WSCF during the 1930s. In the context of the mid-1960s East German SCM, though, the chief appeal was that the church was a slightly more open arena for exploration and discussion than was generally available. He was usually in East Berlin at least two days a week and found those groups good and popular with students right up to his departure in 1968.

In West Berlin, the principal concern was the Vietnam War or, more broadly, the role of the United States in the world. “In the West, the weekly Bible study sort of disappeared,” he said. “Sociologically, it just didn’t fit into the picture and the university pastors had to do with other things.” Friends of his developed a very intelligent critique of the university and created an institution called die Kritische Universität – the Critical University--that published a lot. Keith wrote several articles on Berkeley for West
German audiences. That movement had evolved into an anti-Vietnam War movement just about the time Keith left for Germany. He also attended a number of conferences in Europe, traveled to the Agape Center in Northern Italy several times, traveled to France and Italy, and met with the French Fédé, their SCM. He felt like he had a good overview of what was going on. He tried to share that with Americans in his work for COEMAR after he returned to the U.S. in 1968.

Margaret Flory did not shy away from trying to set up internships behind the “Iron Curtain.” She certainly knew many ecumenical Christians in those countries and FIs like Alice Hageman and Keith Chamberlain demonstrated it was possible to travel to and through them. Charles Savage (Czechoslovakia, 1965-1967) was the first Frontier Intern, however, who was assigned to one. After college, Charles spent a year at Evangelical Akademie in Locum, a German conference center, where he learned German and heard about Joseph Hromadka in Prague and what he was doing as a Christian in dialogue with the Communists. Charles had that in mind a few years later when he was in seminary.

One of the people that I got to know quite well was Harvey Cox. He was still at Andover Newton. He was on a plane with Margaret and she said to him, “I’m looking for someone who could go to Prague.” That’s how I was recruited! So Harvey came back and said: “You want to go to Prague.” I said, “Yeah, I’ve been wanting to go there for three years!”

364 Charles Savage, April 12, 2010.
It was arranged through the World Council of Churches for him to spend two years with the Comenius Theological Faculty.

I can remember landing there and it was dark and foggy in the morning and I was coming into this city that I didn’t know. The Communists were still very much in control and I said: “Gosh, what’s it going to be like?” And I got to my room and then I could remember walking out that morning and seeing kids playing in the street and having fun and laughing and I thought: “Maybe they’re human, too” and so I started to relax and let things flow.

He did not learn Czech, which is something he now thinks was a mistake, but his German served in most instances as he moved about the city. In general, he found the Czech people more open to religion than the Swedes in his visits to a friend’s family there. “It was in the soil, even at that point, even though they were ‘Communist,’” he said.

He had a student visa. The internship was structured so that he met for a tutorial with Prof. Hromadka every two weeks, then attended a Christian-Marxist dialogue group every Monday afternoon at Charles University. That was in Czech, but he met people there who were able to translate and help him penetrate more deeply into what the issues were. “What I saw was that the Czechs were already throwing out Lenin and going back to the young Marx,” he said. “They were trying to rethink things at a very fundamental level. It was almost their dedication to the truth in spite of whoever had the power.”

After the first year, he went in to have his visa renewed and nothing happened, so he started making appointments with various officials at the university and in the government, telling his story and asking their help, and nothing happened. And finally it became clear to him that he had to leave.
It was a growing experience. I said, “OK, now I understand how these systems work.” For all the ideology, no, it really is the perfection of arbitrary bureaucracy, whatever it is. So it was a good, solid life’s lesson.

The other East European FIs during this period had trouble getting in, not staying once they got there. Linda Lancione and John Moyer (France/Romania, 1966-1968)\(^{365}\), who were then married, had almost a two-year wait for their visas in order to accept the scholarships offered by the Romanian Orthodox Church to study at the Romanian Orthodox Theological Seminary in Bucharest. There already were seven international students. The seminary wanted a Westerner. Gaby Habib, the first Middle East secretary for the WSCF, negotiated with the patriarch to take them.\(^{366}\) Only later did they learn that the visa hold-up was not because of the government, but because of the consternation at the seminary about housing Linda. It turned out that the entire community, other than her, consisted of 700 young male theology students. Eventually, they put John and Linda in a room in a monastery down the hall from the monks with a shared bath and a boiler in the room for heat. “The monks were very sweet,” Linda recalled.

But the two-year wait turned out to be enormously beneficial for John and enjoyable for Linda on many levels, too. The first six months were spent in New York City learning Romanian. The second six months were spent in Geneva, while they were still expecting their visas any day. “When we arrived in Geneva, we were interviewed by

\(^{366}\) Gaby Habib later married FI Kathy Huenemann whose internship is recounted at the end of this chapter.
Madeleine Barot. Today, [it] is an easy interview. That was not easy. She was a formidable woman,” John said. But he loved meeting the ecumenical luminaries, like Barot and Suzanne de Dietrich. When the delay continued, they were assigned to work in CIMADE’s international student center in Paris. John became the *aumonier* of this diverse and exciting community. There were usually more than a hundred people at mealtime.

It was really good! Margaret’s idea was présence! Be present. Don’t talk too much! Listen! Be quiet! Have a good time! We learned a lot about Russian Orthodoxy, radical organizations in West Africa, church politics and the outstanding work in human rights and justice for migrant peoples carried out by CIMADE.

What John began to see in the ecumenical community he encountered there were people working for justice in organizations that completely supported them. The dominant cultures where he lived up to that time did not want to address issues of injustice at all and actively opposed change. “Everything I believed in was a struggle,” he said. “FIM was the break. There was a whole world out there where people do justice their whole lives.”

Linda was excited to be back in France. She spent half her senior year in high school with a French family in Normandy through American Field Service. By the time she came back to California, she had completely absorbed the language and the culture. “I was taken for French all over France,” she said. “I had all the gestures. …All I could think about was getting back to France and speaking French!” Her undergraduate major at Berkeley was French; she also did a master’s degree in French at Middlebury when
John was a seminary intern with the chaplain there. And finally, she was back in France! Living in the CIMADE center was “an internship in the world,” she said.

Finally, after almost a year in Paris, the visas came through. Margaret decided they should have an orientation to Eastern Europe before they went to Romania. They got on a train and went to Germany, then West Berlin, then East Berlin, then Prague, Hungary, and Vienna before arriving in Bucharest. In a number of those places, there were stops to talk to people. Linda recalled that,

We went into East Germany and I looked around and thought, “This is what it is going to be like.” Then we went to Prague and I thought, “They’ve been feeding us a line. This is not a monolithic situation here. These are first and foremost Germany and Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria and Romania, not the "Communist Bloc."

After that, she took her good French and workable Romanian out to meet people and try to figure out who they were and what was going on.

Margaret had said that the “frontier” for this internship was Christian-Marxist dialogue and related to the Comenius faculty and Christian Peace Conference based in Prague. Not so. In Romania; “there is no dialogue,” John was told. After some false starts, for the study aspect of this internship John got permission to examine dissertations done between 1945 and 1949 in order to figure out how the Romanian Orthodox Church had adapted to changing state structures. One of his teachers remained a close friend. They redefined their frontier as the church in Eastern Europe using Bucharest, Romania as the base for that. John recalled,

We were meeting all these church people.....The population of Romania was what? Seventeen million? Sixteen million of them were Orthodox and most of the
rest were too but didn’t admit it! We kept learning more and more that contradicted what US population had been told by the Reader’s Digest.

Periodically, the Bishop of Bucharest, their host, would invite them to his palace and send his car driven by his Turkish chauffeur for them. Linda set the scene:

Bishop Antim. [He had a] big beard, and he carried his comb in his cummerbund. He spoke some French so we could converse in French. He liked to have us over for breakfast, which consisted of cheese and bread and coffee and chocolate and plum brandy. And you had to have your slugs of plum brandy! He [also] had us for the high holy days and the feasts. He took us out to a convent in the country one day. He was a kind, old guy.

No one there knew Margaret. In fact, Margaret had never been there, but they traveled in East Europe a lot and frequently connected with the people at the Christian Peace Conference in Prague, some of whom did know Margaret. They found the people they encountered to be young, vibrant, interesting, and helpful. Milan Opočenský became a good friend. They met up with Margaret herself on their second visit to the annual Christian Peace Conference during Prague Spring in 1968. While they were there, Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated and Lyndon Johnson announced he was not going to run for a second term, both shocking pieces of news. Linda remembered that a North Vietnamese delegate gave her a ring made out of metal from American airplanes that had been shot down over North Vietnam. “So the whole time, even when we were in France, there were things happening all over the States….the Detroit riots….and we would get on the Armed Forces radio to try to figure out what was going on,” Linda said.

Their internship culminated with a stop at the World Council of Churches assembly in Uppsala, Sweden. Linda was a youth delegate and John was on staff. “That brought it all together,” John said. “That whole world came together. And we knew a lot
of people by that time. We’d been in Romania. That was a big deal. Charlie Savage got
that, too. We were interesting. Nobody went to Eastern Europe and stayed there. The
conventional wisdom was that you couldn’t get in if you were American or if you got in
you were a spy.” For John, this was his community. Linda, as John himself now fully
recognizes, had the opposite reaction.

I think the minute I got married I got disaffected from the church. I mean the
whole thing in Hawaii [where John had a seminary internship in a lepers’ colony
right after their marriage and she was thrown into the role of "minister's wife."] I
felt, “this is not me” and then I got to Bucharest and that wasn’t me either, that
church world. In my teens I'd had a deep religious faith which I began questioning
in college. It was something that drew me to John, his interest in theology and
social justice. But even at the FI orientation, so many of those people had grown
up in the church and had parents or grandparents who had been missionaries and
were in seminary and it was like “Where are my people?” So I didn’t really have
the Christian identity down. And I never did, for all those years, although
ironically, I made my way back to the church a few years after our divorce, and
still have a great deal of respect for the social justice movements of the sixties and
seventies.

John had a job offer in Portugal and wanted to stay in this ecumenical world forever;
Linda wanted to go home to California. They went to California, and worked on the
Crisis in the Nation project, touring churches, trying to help people understand what was
going on. Back again, John said grimly, to “hostile people in the churches.” They took
turns, back and forth, Europe and California, trying to make their marriage work for
twenty more years before separating in 1988. John returned to Europe in 1991 and stayed,
eventually as director of the thoroughly internationalized Frontier Internship program.
Linda remained in California, an ESL teacher and writer and poet.

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An internship in Jerusalem was Jack Hawley’s own idea. He was finishing up a major in Old Testament and the study of Hebrew at Union. It had been an amazing journey of discovery, both the way the language was put together so differently from European languages but also finding out that sometimes translations were completely different than the original. “That was this big window that had opened,” he said. But he was not sure whether he wanted to do further study and head for an academic career or not. An internship in Jerusalem would give him a break from academic work but be related in some way to what he had begun there.

Margaret—those familiar words—“worked something out” using her WSCF ties. Jack’s first year was spent with a group of people all connected at the Hebrew University under the auspices of the WSCF. The other three people were a man from McGill in Canada, a brilliant woman from Holland, and a Jewish Christian who now lives in the American South. It was, Jack said, “a complicated group.” They were to be a “Christian presence” much like Joel McClellan’s WCC group at the university in Tunis, but they had a positive task, too, which was to make contact with young people—probably Christian Arabs—in the church in Israel and put them in conversation with the WSCF. They did meet and get to know some, but never very well. Jack’s better friends were Jewish Israelis. He discovered that there was a whole life context that goes along with caring about Hebrew and that it was very different than what he learned in a Protestant

367 Jack Hawley, February 1 & 12, 2010.
seminary. A big aspect of being in Jerusalem was being able to learn the living language and using it to engage with these other people and get a sense of them.

And then came the second year when everything came apart. The 1967 Six Day War began. Jack had been scheduled to meet his girlfriend in Crete and after a struggle about whether to stay or go—many of his friends could not leave—he ended up on the next to last plane to leave Israel. Of course the war in Vietnam was continuing to rage on the other side of the world, too. Finally, his personal world came apart when his mother, a church organist with whom he closely identified, took her own life back in the U.S. After the war, he made his way back to Jerusalem against Margaret’s advice. She was very concerned about the trauma of the experience and wanted him to relocate somewhere else; he felt overwhelmed by the intractability of human conflict, guilty about having left, and compelled to return and give it a try. Once there, he found a job as a teacher at St. George’s School teaching European history and Bible. Teaching the Book of Joshua to Arab Christian boys “who expected that this narrative would finally be overturned in their favor” was “a hilarious business,” he said, but personally he was faced with a reconstructive task of the first order. The sense of being enfolded in a Christian view of things as he had been in seminary went “out the door” just by being there. The framework Margaret provided to explore and try to come to grips with the missionary past and forge a new, more global Christian future just did not work in his situation because it was still Christian. In Jerusalem, “the real stuff was being around Jews, Arabs, Muslims,” he said.
I remember making a graph … in the eighth or seventh grade which had this narrative which showed there was Israel then Jesus then you moved gradually across Europe…then you land, lucky you, in the United States and the big question was: Can I be President or not?

So one could say that what’s been involved for me over the years has been trying to undo that narrative and see the world very differently.

To find myself in a place [Jerusalem] where I really had no idea where I fit or how I could contribute there was an invitation to look at the world from a different point of view.

After the second internship year was over, Jack returned to the U.S. “I was just trying to pick myself up and figure out what to do. I dug ditches for awhile. I flirted with going to work for IBM. I was a ski bum ultimately, and thinking about whether to continue on to graduate school.” He began at Harvard in psychology and religion but it seemed very shallow.

Having lived in Jerusalem in this very complicated society with this huge long history, it seemed silly to be doing something entirely confined to English language sources that, in fact, were written in the United States since the 19th century….Simultaneously, I was taking Wilfred [Cantwell] Smith’s course on World Religion and it just opened things up. Oh, you can do this. I see.

Smith, a mission kid himself, offered an alternative framework for exploring the world that put aside the missionary agenda. “The idea was that everyone started on the same footing. You weren’t taking anything to anybody. You were there to learn. So that was a big relief,” he said. It was what Smith called “a problem of understanding.” Jack’s friend and fellow Smith student, Diana Eck, persuaded him to focus on India. “I was sure that however long I studied in India and about India that it would always seem strange to me and I would never get to the bottom of it and that was somehow deeply satisfying,” he said.
The Revolution and After

The FI class of 1967 was a transitional one. By then it was clear what the United States was up to in the world and it had little to do with freedom. The rapidly escalating scale of violence in Southeast Asia was what unveiled the rhetorical fraud. But in 1967, FIs still had hope that if they made their voices heard, that their government could be persuaded to reverse course. Three FIs in that class interviewed for this project had internships in Europe: Peter Johnson, Larry Cox, and Judy Elliott. By 1967, young Americans like them and young Europeans had made common cause to try to end the madness.

Peter Johnson\textsuperscript{368} (Geneva, 1967-1969) is the oldest of the three. A month before he entered seminary in the fall of 1964, the U.S. Congress passed the Gulf of Tonkin resolution authorizing retaliatory air strikes for supposed North Vietnamese attacks and President Lyndon Johnson began the build-up from a little more than 16,000 troops to what peaked, in January 1968, six months after Peter graduated from Union and started his Frontier Internship in Geneva, at 535,000 U.S. troops fully engaged in an all-out war there. An international Vietnam Congress called by Free University students in Berlin in February 1968 brought 10,000 protestors from all across Western Europe to Berlin to proclaim solidarity with those being bombed and to oppose any action by any of the Cold War super-powers to dominate the countries of the Third World.\textsuperscript{369} When Peter began at

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\textsuperscript{368} Peter Johnson, interview by the author, Bedford, MA, November 5, 2009.
Union, he felt like he had a calling to use religious theater as a way to get people involved. The massive build-up of the Vietnam War and the opposition to it, particularly in Europe where Peter served as a FI—shaped a very different trajectory. It was political theater more than religious theater that mobilized Peter’s talents, skills, and experience.

Peter is a missionary kid so was no stranger to international life. His father was responsible for devolving the running of the Presbyterian Board of Mission’s institutions in Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, and Iran to local churches there beginning in 1950.

I was eight when I went there so was in third grade. So I had third, fourth, and fifth in Beirut, sixth in Tehran, seventh in Beirut, eighth in Princeton on furlough, ninth at Exeter, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth in Beirut and then I came back to college.

Ordinarily during the summers, Peter’s parents took him and his younger brother with them when they visited various mission sites in the region. In the summer of 1958, during the civil war in Lebanon, his parents sent them to a camp in Switzerland to perfect their French. The next summer, they both went to the Goethe Institute in Germany to study German. By high school, Peter read the English newspaper in the morning and the French one in the evening. As part of a teenage rebellion, he and some of his friends refused to attend the American church but got their parents to agree to let them attend the French Protestant Church or German Protestant Church instead. Unsurprisingly, by the time he arrived at Princeton as a freshman, he was fluent in both French and German making him a natural for a European Frontier Internship. His political education, though, began when he was a student at Union.

I got tapped in my second year [1965-1966] to be head of the Monday noon forum which was every Monday. We got a speaker who did a half hour or forty-
five minutes then we went to lunch together at the Refectory. … Union was wonderful. You could get anyone to come. …And I’d bone up on it and I’d introduce the people and have lunch with them. I’d have to work with them beforehand about what their speech was going to be about. Whew! What an education!

His third and final year at Union from 1966 to 1967, Peter was elected Student Cabinet president as a write-in candidate. It was an excellent platform to mobilize the student body against the war. With others, he organized the Theological Students Vigil for Peace in Vietnam that was a constant presence in Lafayette Park in front of the White House for three weeks in January of 1967. When activist Al Lowenstein got over a hundred student body presidents nationally to sign a letter opposing the war, Peter was the only seminary president to do so. He got to know Alice Hageman (Paris, 1962-1965), Aubrey Brown, and others from the Committee of Returned Volunteers (CRV) when he helped them organize a protest of a speech given by Vice-President Hubert Humphrey at a Christianity and Crisis banquet at Riverside Church. It is telling, however, that before it Peter called Union President John Bennett to tell him what to expect and spoke to his wife, Anne, who thanked him for the call. Peter routinely not only organized educational events and protests, but also played a mediator role, helping to bridge the gap between the rapidly growing radicalism of the students and the relative caution of the seminary’s Board of Directors.

At Union, Peter met a Swiss student, Pierre Dominice, who was there for a one-year program. Pierre was going back to head the Protestant Center of the University of Geneva and wanted to assemble an international team of animateurs, or animators, responsible for making things happen at the Center. He already had two people—one
from Haiti and one from Latin America--and wanted Peter, an American, to round out the team. Pierre knew about the Frontier Intern program and Peter knew Margaret from her numerous visits with his family when she was passing through the Middle East, so together they proposed this internship to her. She agreed.

Peter thought the FI Orientation was fantastic. He knew Bill Troy (Japan, 1967-1968) from Union and from Columbia’s international program they had both participated in; everyone else was new. The discussions were deep and interesting. Equally memorable were the nights and the dancing; that was the summer of The Doors’ “Come on Baby, Light my Fire.” “We were all pretty straight,” said Peter, but the counterculture was beginning to emerge and the FI community was not exempt. Some sex, drugs, and rock and roll surfaced among them, too. These things seemed to go hand-in-hand with the escalating violence at home and around the world.

Pierre and his wife, Elizabeth, an American woman he met and married at Union, welcomed Peter in Geneva. They lived on the top floor of a five-story hostel run by the Protestant churches. There were activity rooms, a cafeteria open to all of the university students, and suites with small bedrooms. Peter had one of those. His “job” as an animateur was to whoop up events for the student community and get them involved. Most important was the Café Politique which was very much like the Monday Noon Forum that he ran at Union. Since Geneva was packed with international students, mostly what he did was get a student from whatever part of the world was hot at the time to come and talk about the situation. “We learned,” he said. He had what he still considers a “terrific” committee—Pierre, Gilbert Rist, now a professor emeritus at the Graduate
Institute of International and Development Studies in Geneva and a well-known scholar of development, and Eric Louis, the director of the African Student Center. The three of them collaborated to put out a magazine called *Cahiers Protestants*—Protestant Notebooks. Peter wrote an article for it while he was there. They expected him to travel and he did, all over Europe and to Beirut for a WSCF Conference on Palestine where the Middle Eastern SCM wanted a sympathetic American to participate. This was an issue Peter’s mother had been involved in for a number of years by then; increasingly Peter was, too.

Soon after he arrived in Geneva, Peter traveled to Agape, the Waldensians’ Conference Center in Northern Italy. Like the Foyer John Knox in Geneva, Agape was a center of ecumenical youth activity in Europe. Earlier in this chapter we mentioned Keith Chamberlain (Germany, 1965-1967) traveling there during his internship in Berlin. Agape was conceived of by a Waldensian pastor, Tullio Vinay, and built by young people, many representing SCM chapters from different parts of the world, after World War II. The Waldensians are a Christian community that began in Lyon, in France, during the twelfth century, long before the Reformation, but it shares many of the convictions of what became the Reformed churches. They had been deeply involved with the Resistance during World War II. Margaret Flory had strong ties with the Waldensians and with Agape. At that first conference Peter attended, he talked about the American anti-war movement. The leaders of the Italian Student Movement loved him because he was not full of abstract theory about capitalism and imperialism but rather shared a lot of stories of real people repelled by the war who said “no”. The irony was, he recalled, that
“these people who were writing all these theoretical articles were quoting me about something I said.” When the Italian students occupied the University of Turin, they called Peter to come and speak to a massive audience at the occupied university about the anti-war movement in the United States. It was pretty heady stuff, a marvelous experience but one where he often felt like a fake, too. His FI committee, though, was delighted. He was certainly animating political education and action! He was named the study director for an important Europe-America Conference which was going to be held at Agape during the summer of 1968.

Judy Elliott370 (Italy, 1967-1969) had wanted to “go somewhere and help someone” since she was a kid growing up on a dairy farm in Ohio. At Muskingham, she did seminary-type coursework to get her degree in religious education. Margaret Flory assigned her to a Frontier Internship with another project of Agape founder Tullio Vinay—Servizio Christiano, or Christian Service, in Riesi, Sicily. Their purpose was to bear witness to Jesus Christ in words and deeds in that extremely poor community. They had schools, an agricultural cooperative, a building cooperative, and a women’s group that did embroidering that was sent to sell outside Sicily. To get into the group you had to fill a job that had been vacated. Margaret did not have anyone that was an exact fit for any of their openings in late 1967, so she told them Judy was a kindergarten teacher. Judy was not a kindergarten teacher, nor did she speak Sicilian. She first went to the university

370 Judy Elliott, April 18 (part 1) and April 19 (part 2), 2010.
in Perugia and learned Italian. The three and four year olds in the kindergarten spoke Sicilian.

Well, I tried. I spent days preparing programs and preparing activities for the whole day. Usually after an hour, they’d done everything! [laughter] Well, I don’t know how long this lasted. Not very long. I think it took about two or three weeks before they transferred me to the office.

Judy figured Margaret just assumed once she was in they would figure out a way to use her and they did.

We had this newsletter that went out in four languages—seven thousand copies—all Xerox. We did the translations. We made the addresses on this alcohol thing. You’d type it on copy paper and then put it in a machine that did alcohol transfers. No, nine thousand copies. It went all over the world this newsletter.

The second problem was that it was a very hierarchical place. The elders of the group decided who could do what. “It was decidedly a step backward as far as my personal freedom [went],” Judy recalled. “I had never lived in a situation where anybody told me what to do or didn’t respect the decisions I made.” She started visiting some young girls in town who, as soon as they had their first menstruation, were taken out of school and kept at home unless they were with their parents or there was a particular purpose. Judy and a girl from Switzerland convinced the parents to let the girls meet together, go to the library, and read things and talk about them, but she had to fight to get approval to do this herself from the elders of the community.

When the student revolution began to explode in Paris in May, 1968, Judy, Peter, and another FI based in Rome who I was not able to locate, John Sollenberger, went there in a Fiat 500, driving straight through with Judy in the back seat! At the time she did not speak French, but it was worth it, she thought, just to breathe in the spirit of what was
happening. Larry Cox (Paris, 1967-1969) was based there and deeply involved. Larry was not supposed to end up in Paris. He was supposed to be learning French in Paris so he could proceed to Cameroon. Larry recalled his early days in Paris:

So there I was in Paris, France on my own, studying French at the Alliance Française, like people do, and you know, not learning it very well because the war was still going on and I felt guilty about being in a program where I had a deferment. I had a 4-D deferment because I was working for the church.

Everything pretty much flowed from that one reality. Larry hooked up with some people working with American deserters. One night after hearing a speech by Stokeley Carmichael, he decided to send back his draft card, give up his deferment, and announce to his draft board that he wanted nothing to do with the selective service because it was unfair, biased, and wrong. He and his friends organized a big anti-war rally where he ended up hugging Jean-Paul Sartre and a Vietnamese person, then they applied for—and got—political asylum which led to stories in the New York Times and nightly news. At that point, word came from Margaret that he should not proceed to Cameroon, where the church was very conservative, but should stay in Paris. His new frontier was working with American exiles. That, it turned out, was politically complicated. Like Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971) discovered in his work with deserters in Japan, most of the deserters and draft resisters in France were just scared kids. Their entire political statement was leaving the U.S. to avoid the draft, or going AWOL from the military if they were already in. But Larry and his collaborators cultivated a network of French people and American expatriates including well-known people like Mary McCarthy, who

371 Larry Cox, October 16, 2009.
had very romantic notions about who these kids were, and were willing to contribute to the cause financially. “What did I know? Jean-Paul Sartre and Mary McCarthy? I was just a kid from Ohio,” Larry recalled. “We were treated like we were celebrities, but the trick was that we had to sort of play a little bit of a hustle.” Then came the student revolt in the street of Paris in May 1968. “It changed my life… it was unbelievable. I have never had an experience like it since, where suddenly it seemed like anything was possible and you had a whole society that...you weren't just talking about revolution; it was happening.”

Larry had already begun to leave Christianity and replace it with Marxism. At one point he attended a session at the Foyer John Knox in Geneva with Carl Oglesby, the SDS leader, and Richard Shaull, “Margaret’s theologian,” as FI David Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) described him, who together had co-authored a book Containment and Change edited by FI Leon Howell (Ceylon, 1962-1964). Larry remembered that,

He [Dick Shaull] was trying to relate Christianity to all the things that were happening, especially to left-wing ideas, and I said to him: "Why is it that if Christianity is, as you say, sort of implicitly revolutionary, why is it that most Christians are reactionaries? There is something wrong here." And I said, "And secondly, wouldn't it be just as easy to drop all this Christianity.... if you want to be a revolutionary, why try to struggle to make Christianity.... why not just get rid of it, just drop this language?" I was very enamored at the time with Marxism, so I said, " Why don't we just use Marxist language?"

He didn't really give me a very good answer, to be perfectly honest, and from that moment on I sort of thought, “Well, it's not that I can't explain how this theological concept fits, but it takes a lot of time and why do I have to explain to people that God doesn't really mean what you think it means, it means this and not this, and Christ doesn't mean....why don't I just stop doing that?” So for a while I stopped being very actively religious.
He was never enamored with the Soviet system or the Chinese system, but he did, for a time believe that anything was possible and that humans could make it happen. He was writing all of this in his reports to the FI community, and to Margaret, and never got a peep of criticism from any of them.

But then, just about the time that De Gaulle decided to fight back and the revolution folded, Larry got word that his mother was dying. She had cancer—he knew that—but her death came much more quickly than expected. He flew home, but by the time he got to Ohio she was dead. He went to see his former girlfriend in New York, hoping to reconnect, but she, by then, had another lover.

I went on the Staten Island Ferry. It was like two in the morning, going back and forth, as you can do, for free, and I had this really, what can only be described as a moment of grace, where suddenly I thought, “Okay, what have I accomplished? I haven't done anything, I haven't stopped the war, this thing that we're doing in Paris, I'm not even sure it helps, we help a few people who would be on the streets, but what are we really doing? But it doesn't matter.”

It was this moment of grace where you feel loved and accepted and you don't have to keep trying to prove something. It was very powerful and I have never forgotten it. It has continued to be a reference point in my life because it made it possible to sort of accept my mother's death, the fact that I didn't have a girlfriend, the fact that back in Paris I wasn't sure what the hell we were doing, that the revolution had ended badly.

When I got back to Paris it was like somebody had taken an eraser...they were paving over the streets where the rocks had been used to build barricades...they paved them over. It was just amazing how quickly they were able to squelch it, despite the outburst of spirit that took place.

The first thing he did after he got back to Paris was go to the conference at Agape on U.S. domination of Europe where Peter Johnson was study director. Larry drove from Geneva to Northern Italy with Margaret Flory. She told him about her hopes for him and
her confidence that he was a “Christian revolutionary” and that he should stay the course. The conference turned into a conference about how to make “the revolution” because that is all anyone wanted to talk about. That was not where Larry’s head was at.

My mother had just died; I was alone. I went wandering off in the beautiful Alps there, and that's why my wife was attracted to me, because I wasn't showing off. She was Swiss. So we had a mad affair, beginning there, and there ever after.

When he got back to Paris, he and his collaborators decided to redirect their attention to building an anti-war movement inside the military so set up shop outside the American military bases in Germany, showing anti-racism, anti-imperialism movies, and trying to convince soldiers not to desert but to stay in and talk to other GIs.

Then they said, "Well, but you're not in, so what's up with that? Why are you telling us we should stay in, but you’re draft resisters who are refusing to go in?" So of course, with the logic of twenty-three year olds who have no logic we said, "Yeah, that makes sense, we should go in," so we decided we would go back to the United States and enter the Army.

Peter Johnson and Judy Elliott, meantime, had gotten engaged then broke up at Agape because Peter had gotten interested in Denise, the president of the Swiss SCM. When he got back to Geneva, he moved in with her, which was fine with his committee who knew both of them. Then he told his parents “in a fit of filial fealty” who wrote back saying that was inappropriate behavior for a missionary and he should tell Margaret, which he did. Then all hell broke loose. Margaret and her boss, Donald Black, told him to come home. His committee objected because according to FIM policy, they were supposed to be in charge, not New York. So he told Margaret he was not going to come home but recognizing that they held the purse strings he got another job writing a couple of Student World issues on the Middle East for the WSCF. Back in Riesi, Judy got
involved with a Frenchman in the community, and proceeded with plans to marry him and remain there after her FI term was over. When, back in 1951, Margaret Flory proposed the Junior Year Abroad program to a special advisory committee,

There was stunned silence. Finally, Katherine McAfee Parker raised her voice. “Margaret,” she said, “you don’t know what you’ll be letting yourself in for. They’ll get sick, they’ll fall in love, their parents will call you long distance!” She was right. All those things happened in the first year.\(^{372}\)

At the time, that did not bother Margaret at all, but the landscape of loving had changed enormously, just in the few years since the Frontier Intern program began. More people in the earlier classes were already married; a number confessed during their interviews to being virgins on their wedding nights. People in the later classes were more likely to be single and sexually active. The likelihood is that in 1968 there were forces at work that were larger than all of them. What ended on the barricades in 1968 was the legitimacy of Western governments who would have lost power altogether if they had not been willing to use force to hold it. Intensifying violence and free love seemed to go hand-in-hand.\(^{373}\)

In anthropologist Victor Turner’s terms, anti-structure, usually accompanied by *communitas*, or the intense feeling of attachment to one’s compatriots, takes over and for a time replaces the delegitimized structure.\(^{374}\) Turner is silent, however, on what comes next since anti-structure is not—cannot be—a permanent state, leaving each person to

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\(^{372}\) Flory, *Moments in Time: One Woman’s Ecumenical Journey*, 47.


figure out for him/herself how to restructure life. Some of the intense bonds forged in revolution survived the transition and others did not.

When Peter finished his obligations to the WSCF in June 1969, he returned to New York and got a temporary job with the Americans for Middle East Understanding which had an office at 475 Riverside Drive where Margaret Flory and Donald Black also had offices. They gave him the cold shoulder when they passed in the hall or shared an elevator. Then he got a permanent job with the Boston Cambridge Ministry of Higher Education as an MIT-based chaplain and organizer for the entire ministry on the Middle East. For five years or so, this worked for him. He did the chaplain thing, meeting with deans and marrying people. There were MIT faculty deeply troubled by the war and MIT’s involvement; he created a safe place for them to wrestle with the moral quandary that put them in. He sought ways to help people in the university communities understand what was going on in the Middle East which, in 1970, was heating up, too. He organized forums and a trip to the Middle East so people from the radical newspapers could actually talk to Palestinians. In the process of doing all those things, he met Joe Stork, another Middle East activist and a scholar. Together Peter and Joe founded the Middle East Research and Information Project (MERIP) as a way of talking about American imperialism in the Middle East and the liberation struggles there instead of just talking about Arabs and Jews. The quarterly magazine they started, the *Middle East Report*, is still being published today.

When Judy’s internship ended, she married the Frenchman, and stayed in Riesi another two and a half years until they were thrown out by Vinay, the founder, because of
their political activity. They had been organizing protests to try to improve the teachers school in the town. It was, Judy said, one of the worst periods in her life. First, they were offered hospitality by a Waldensian church in Pachino, then by another one in Agrigento where they joined forces with another couple that had been forced out of Riesi and put out a newspaper for two years, doing research and compiling articles on particular themes like the Mafia. Then a job they were offered by CIMADE was subsequently withdrawn because of a budget crisis. They had essentially been volunteers all those years—working for pocket money—so had no nest egg to fall back on. By then it was 1973 and the economy and political atmosphere were horrible. They moved around from one sister-in-law to another in France looking for work and could not find anything. Finally, a German they’d known in Riesi called to say if they were desperate they should come there and he could arrange something. They did and found a little room in a house.

There were other immigrants there in this house. On our floor, there was a Portuguese, a Sicilian, a Turk and us two. And there was one little washbasin in the hallway and a toilet downstairs somewhere. The room was a sloped room garret. I didn’t find a job the whole time I was there. I studied some German and learned to knit from an English manual in Germany from a Sicilian lady. I was desperate. It was winter. My husband would leave in the morning when it was dark and when he got home at night it was dark. He was in a factory. It was austerity. It was the year called “austerity.” On all weekends, transportation was not moving so we never went anywhere. We were a half-hour from the border of Holland and Belgium and never went to either one because we couldn’t go anywhere. We were in the midst of Sicilian immigrants who were desperate.

Finally, in January 1974, a young Waldensian pastor they knew called and told them that if they would accept one salary between them, that a job was opening running a children’s home in Torre Pellice in Northern Italy, the place where I interviewed Judy in 2010.
Once Larry Cox entered the Army after his internship, he was shipped to Fort Campbell, Kentucky where he helped set up a G.I. coffeehouse and start a G.I. newspaper to help mobilize resistance to the war inside the Army. He also refused to take any security oaths, prompting the Army to launch an investigation. After that, it took the Army thirteen months to decide the best thing for everyone was to offer him an honorable conscientious objector discharge to get rid of him and for him to decide to accept.

I came to New York and stayed with friends. This was 1971. Things here had also changed. There was no more movement. Again, it's like somebody took an eraser. All the little counter-institutions that had been set up in the 60's were dying. Even when we were in Germany, we had been involved with people who were beginning to play around with terror as a thing, and we rejected it on the grounds that it was counter-productive and it would destroy the movement, which it did. Some of the people that we were working with in Paris became members of the Weather Underground. It was a really ugly period, actually, in terms of watching everything that you had had such high hopes for turn.

He also found out he had diabetes. He was a wreck and he was broke, but wonder of wonders, since he had been in the Army for longer than a year and had been honorably discharged, he had access to the G.I. Bill educational benefits he used to spend a year recovering in Switzerland with Nicole, by then his wife. He did not know what he would do next, but he did know he had to return to the United States.

When I was in Paris a lot of the people had said, "We're staying; we're never coming back; we hate America." I never hated America. I was as American as you can get. In fact I was so American I got malnutrition in Paris because I was not eating anything except canned ravioli. I would pass up on this delicious bread they had because it wasn't sliced, and look for Wonder Bread. I was hopelessly American, and I wanted to come home, so I came back.

From 1972 to 1975, he did radical radio at WBAI, the Pacifica radio station in New York, writing the news with a slant; eventually, he became news director. “There was this little
constituency out there still from the anti-war movement, that ate this stuff up,” he said. He only got paid occasionally, and then under the table. He and Nicole were both collecting unemployment.

We woke up one morning and said, "This is crazy. These people are insane, and what are we doing? This is like being part of some weird cult." I felt like I had pushed this idea as far as it could be pushed and it led nowhere. ..... It wasn't just that it was crazy, it was irrelevant. We were not going to make a revolution in the United States of America....we didn't have any savings, we were down to our last couple of unemployment checks. I think I had two, maybe one, and I started looking for work.

Somebody at WBAI had told him about this organization called Amnesty International, which was very new and small in 1976 and not very well known. They needed a press officer and hired Larry, not because he was particularly well qualified but because he was cheap. “Human rights, for me, represented a way out of the ideological madness,” he said. For the first time in his life he felt like he was doing something that actually made a difference in other people’s lives. Amnesty got people out of jail; people who otherwise would have been dead weren’t. And they tried to apply the same standard to every country, regardless of ideology. “This, to me, was like a liberation,” Larry said. “To be able to finally say, ‘I’m working for an organization that doesn’t care if you've got a flag with red stars on it or a flag with red white and blue on it, you're going to be held up to the same standard.’" That was his real re-entry, not from Europe to America but from “the make-believe land of left politics to something that had some relevance actually, to people's lives.” The following year, in 1977, Amnesty got the Nobel Prize and it grew tremendously after that. When I interviewed him in 2009, he was the executive director of Amnesty International, U.S.A.
What the experience of the European FIs from the Class of 1967 makes clear is that although, as Larry Cox put it, “the revolution had ended badly,” it was not immediately clear to people at the time. Instead, in many parts of the student movement, the defeats in Paris and Prague fueled their determination to double down and charge the barricades again. Beginning with the FIM Class of 1968 and extending through the FIM Class of 1971, many of the European internships reflected the chaos and confusion of the time.

Joyce Manson (Great Britain, 1968-1970) was a graduate of Wheaton in Illinois, San Francisco Theological, and was doing her field work in London for the WCC Ecumenical graduate program in Bossey, Switzerland when she heard about a job working with an international team for the British SCM. She and they went to Margaret Flory and suggested it become part of the FIM program. When she actually arrived back there after FI orientation in the States in August, 1968, it turned out the “international team” was three Brits and two North Americans. Within three months, the Canadian woman became an atheist so found another job in London, an old SCM-er just could not get his head around how much the SCM had changed and departed for an Anglican parish, and the British Quaker left for Rhodesia. Joyce and the other woman remaining divided the responsibilities; Joyce took responsibility for the foreign student work. She

Joyce Manson, May 24, 2009.
put together programming that brought together foreign students and immigrants, for instance. She lived in one of the black boroughs and brought her urban ministry training to bear on that. But the British SCM was collapsing and holding down the fort was not a particularly easy or happy task.

George Taylor and Susan Wood Taylor\(^{376}\) (Italy, 1968-1970) were recent Princeton Seminary graduates with international experience. Susan’s father was the minister of a church serving Americans in Bogota, Colombia, and she had been a Junior Year Abroad student in Geneva; George had served in the Navy pre-Vietnam War.

George recalled the huge impact Richard Shaull, his professor at seminary, had on him: “Be on the barricades,” Shaull had told his students. Their frontier assignment was to the Waldensian Church in Torino, Italy, although the Agape Center is officially listed as their host in program records. Their committee was three Waldensian leaders—Sandro Sarti, Franco Giampiccoli, Carlo Guy—who had requested them. Susan and George, who are no longer married and who were interviewed separately, have different memories of Sandro Sarti, an intensely political SCM activist and their principal contact, and their task. George remembered him as a wonderful friend and recalled helping put out a newsletter in support of the student strikers and the work of the Waldensians in the labor movement. Susan recalled Sandro meeting them at the train station when they arrived and practically before he said “hello” asking if they had brought a copy machine or money to

buy one to help him put out his flyers. “Sandro was a case,” she recalled. “He went from cigarette to coffee to his aperitifs and then more cigarettes then more coffee…[he] was just this skinny, wired man.” She also was not crazy about the pot-smoking, draft dodgers that always seemed to be crashing on the sofa because part of the movement ethic was supporting them. Susan did not recall having a project at all, possibly because everything was run by men, but basically, that was fine with her. She loved living in Italy. She and George had lots of free time to sit in cafes and talk with students. The Italian came easily for her since she already spoke Spanish and French. They attended some terrific conferences at Agape. She felt like she was learning a lot.

I remember one conversation I was having with some younger people and saying: “Who is that?” about this man who was maybe fiftyish … and they said: “He’s just an old Communist,” the implication being that he did not understand radical politics. Of course, to Americans coming from a place where Communism was like….to all of a sudden hear that this was like “He’s just an old Republican!”

On their own, Susan and George joined a group of progressive Roman Catholics that they both really enjoyed. George recalled the Bible study; Susan recalled activism in favor of liberalizing divorce. Then, Susan got pregnant with their first child, Giancarlo, who was born in April 1970. That changed their situation. George said the idea of “being on the barricades” instantly lost its appeal as soon as he became a father. Susan felt like the entire culture then opened up to her.

Susan and George stayed in Italy through 1970 then moved to Mexico where George joined the staff of Susan’s father’s church. Soon after, he was contacted by Fred Goff, a Colombian missionary’s son who founded the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA), a group very much like the Middle East Research group Peter
Johnson founded. He began working on a research project on American corporations active in Mexico. It seemed like a natural extension of what he had learned and done in Italy, but his congregation did not agree. They told him, “George, cool it on the political stuff. You don’t need to go probing around into American corporations. We want you to preach good sermons on Sunday. We want you to teach Christian Ed classes. We want you to run the youth group. We don’t want you to get involved in this stuff. It’s taking away from your time.” He pushed back and made a Christian case for this extra-ecclesial political work. What resulted was a give-and-take relationship that was tense at times but worked, more-or-less, for almost five years after their internship.

John Skelton (Greece, 1969-1971) died in 1989 so was not interviewed, but one aspect of his internship is well documented. In 1971, he was arrested and accused of driving the getaway car for a planned jailbreak led by Lady Amalia Fleming, a leader in the Panhellenic Liberation Movement, a left-wing resistance organization that opposed Greece’s military regime. Fleming was later convicted of plotting the escape of a man who had tried to assassinate a leader of the junta. Ecumenical leaders in New York succeeded in getting the charges against Skelton dropped on the condition that he immediately return to the U.S. The FIM archives at the Ecumenical Library in Geneva contains a massive file of newspaper clippings about the incident but nothing that gives

Skelton’s own account.\textsuperscript{378} The obituary that ran in the Beloit alumni publication based on information provided by his mother included extensive information about his travels during the internship—Lebanon, the Greek Islands, Rome, Paris, and Switzerland—and the college archives contains a copy of a Religious Studies newsletter from his time abroad that refers to his “possible involvement in an alleged plot to effect the escape of a Greek prisoner charged with attempted assassination.”\textsuperscript{379} Other FIs in his class who knew him find this charge preposterous. It certainly does not jibe in any way with the independent study of Orthodoxy that he was supposedly undertaking in Athens. But the experience of Frontier Intern Mark Amen (Geneva, 1970-1972) independently shows how radical networks like the resistance to the Greek military regime spread and how easy it was to get tangled up in them.

Mark Amen\textsuperscript{380} said very honestly that he became a Frontier Intern to get off the track for the Roman Catholic priesthood. He was studying at Catholic Theological Union in Chicago and had already taken vows as a Franciscan, although was not yet a priest, when he began to get involved politically. He spent the summer of 1968 studying urban politics at Harvard and working on the McCarthy campaign. When he returned to Chicago he helped organize the demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention. After what transpired there, he began to doubt his vocation. He was taking a course at McCormick Theological at the time with Bruce Rigdon, a close friend of Margaret Flory.

\textsuperscript{378} The Ecumenical Library archives are being reorganized. An updated citation is not yet available.
\textsuperscript{379} Email from Beloit College Alumni Office, May 10, 2010.
\textsuperscript{380} Mark Amen, interview by the author, Tampa, FL, April 18, 2009.
who told him about the Frontier Intern program. Mark was interested in international issues but mostly he needed to get out of the Catholic Church, to get released from his vows, and be able to explore what he really wanted to do without first getting drafted. The FI program made that possible. Margaret assigned him to the WSCF in Geneva. His project was to travel around Europe and visit the student movements. A UNESCO representative asked him to write a report on what he found out. His second year there he also began doctoral studies at the Institute of Graduate Studies in Geneva.

Mark also got involved with some radical movements connected to the refugee communities in Geneva, in particular, the Greek exiles.

The Greek community in exile there had fled Greece after the military coup had come in and I had gotten connected with them and they wanted me to do gun running off the Italian coast into Greece to support the resistance movement there and [my roommate], of course, wanted to do that, too, but not without my help. I backed off getting that actively involved in the resistance movement by saying that I would do my doctoral dissertation on US foreign policy in Greece during the civil war period there that set the stage for the military intervention that eventually happened in Greece.

Mark did not know John Skelton and had no knowledge whatsoever about the plot involving Lady Fleming, but the ease with which he connected with the resistance and the willingness of his otherwise law-abiding roommate to participate in gun running for a “good cause” suggests that the mere idea that a FI would have gotten involved in driving a getaway car for a jail break may not be as preposterous as it seems on its face.

Another experience of Mark’s suggests that by 1971-1972 Margaret Flory was at the end of her rope. In December, 1971, in the middle of Mark’s second year, his father called him to tell him that his mother had an aneurysm and to ask him to come home to
southern Illinois. Mark immediately went, as did a sister who was living in Europe and a brother who was a missionary in Brazil and another brother who came back from the military, but she died before they got there. After the funeral, he spent a couple of weeks with his family then stopped to see Margaret in New York on the way back to Geneva. She was definitely “not happy,” Mark said. She was angry he had not asked permission first, but told him she would have said “no” even if he had. Margaret’s reaction here is such a contrast with the extraordinary support she gave other FIs who lost parents while FIs in Europe and returned home temporarily—Alice Hageman (Paris, 1962-1965) and Larry Cox (Paris, 1967-1969)—that it is not hard to conclude that tensions in the world, the church, and the program at that time were taking a toll on her, but Mark had just lost his mother and Margaret’s complete lack of sympathy in this exchange with her left a very sour taste in his mouth. When he returned to Geneva, he finished the report for UNESCO which they published, and wrapped up the other smaller projects he was working on for the WSCF, but then shifted his attention to his graduate studies.

There is much about Ron Thomas’ internship in Yugoslavia in 1969-1971 that is a mystery. Unlike other Eastern European internships, Ron’s sole link with the program was a Hungarian pastor who helped him get an apartment when he arrived in Yugoslavia then essentially vanished. There was no other contact and no committee. He was enrolled as a graduate student in the Philosophy faculty of the University of

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381 Ron Thomas, Nov. 7, 2009.
Belgrade. Other than that, he was on his own, “cast adrift to make his own way” is how he put it.

Ron’s first frontier was to investigate Yugoslav worker self-management. This was purported to be something in between capitalism and Communist top-down central planning. The theory was that the factories would be autonomously run by worker councils. His second frontier was Christian-Marxist dialogue which had been about building bridges between Christians in Eastern Europe and students in the West but in the wake of French May and Prague Spring and all the student uprisings at Columbia and Cornell and Harvard.

There was this enormous sense of generational solidarity among students in the U.S. and Western and Eastern Europe—and I arrived just at that hot, boiling point. If you were a student, there was almost an automatic expectation that you were a “leftist.” Everyone knew things were changing—expecting revolutionary change—and no one know where we were headed. Hard to express or re-capture the kind of inchoate excitement and promise of those days.

So Ron saw himself as a “link” between Eastern Europe and the West charged with passing information from one to the other. He had something like six weeks of good language training at the Institut za Strane Jezike—the Institute for Foreign Languages-- in Belgrade. After that, he improved in conversation with his drustvo, or posse. And this is where things get really interesting.

With no introduction other than being a student among students, Ron soon got acquainted with Dragan Minderovic, a piano prodigy, who was a member of a prominent family. His father was a hero of the Revolution who died after the war, so he and his brother had a huge apartment overlooking the center of the square in the center of
Belgrade. These brothers and the other student radicals who hung out there were the sons and daughters of the party elite and were themselves part of the intellectual and artistic elite, too. Ron hung out there, too. Dragan’s uncle, Mihailo Markovich, was then the most prominent Yugoslav philosopher of Marxist humanism and part of what was called the Praxis Group, a group of Yugoslav intellectuals working to de-Stalinize Communism.

As Ron explained it,

> There was this notion—found in the writings of the “young Marx” (contrasted with the ‘old Marx” of *Das Kapital*), that human beings could liberate themselves into a more humane form of social organization—neither capitalist nor what became Stalinist Communism. Very idealistic, but very compelling vision, particularly to me.

And others. Western leftist intellectuals like Erich Fromm and Jurgan Habermas contributed to the group’s journal, *Praxis*. And the center of this movement was the Philosophy faculty at the University of Belgrade where Ron was studying, although much of the action took place in the cafes, late at night.

> One of the things that allowed me to survive in Yugoslavia was, fortunately, at the time I smoked, and I had a hollow leg. I could drink a lot and I did. That was important. That allowed me access and entree to lots of people and student scenes.

In the summer, the Praxis group ran a two-week summer school on the island of Korcula and people from all over the world would come—Westerners, East Europeans, intellectuals, philosophers, Marxist humanists—and talk and engage with each other. Ron went both summers he was there. “It was tremendously exciting,” Ron recalled. “I just loved it at the times I wasn’t exceedingly lonely and confused about what the hell I was doing.” He wrote long letters to Margaret although because the Yugoslav secret police read all the mail he could only say a fraction of what was actually going on.
One of the things that was deeply unsettling for him was the ethnic tension. As a kid, he lived in North Carolina at the beginning of the lunch counter protests and what he heard Serbs say late at night after lots of drinks bore a disturbing similarity to what whites in the American South said about African-Americans.

It was just like back in North Carolina in the Fifties except this time it was the Serbs and the Croats or the Serbs and the Bosnians or the Serbs and the Albanians….in essence “niggers”….that’s what it came down to. They’re different. They’re never going to be like us, duh-dah, duh-dah, duh-dah……and I’d get this whole earful about how Serbia was always oppressed and always the victim. And it really, really bothered me and there was no one I could talk to.

Later, in 1992, those tensions burst into full-scale war.

Ron cast around for a way he could contribute something. Ultimately, he traveled a lot in Europe and tried to share what he knew about the West in the East and about the East in the West. Using contacts of Margaret’s, he went to Prague and East Berlin. He spoke with people who had been involved in Prague Spring and suffered for it. He attended WSCF meetings in Dublin and Northern Italy where he encountered Sandro Sarti, to whom Susan Taylor and George Taylor (Italy, 1968-1970) were assigned during their internship. Sarti impressed Ron as a “real Red” and Northern Italy generally as “a tremendous hotbed of serious radical stuff,” particularly radical union activity. He returned there several times and stayed in one of the worker dorms, talking to a lot of the young kids who were factory workers in the shop for Fiat. He would tell them about Yugoslavia and they would tell him about their protests. And four or five different times he went to Geneva just to stay at the Foyer John Knox and get a breath of fresh air.

“Geneva was like ‘Whew!’” he said. His second year he took a number of trips down
through southern Serbia and Macedonia and Montenegro and visited a number of mosques and Orthodox churches that he found incredibly interesting. He made a plan to return and do research.

Ron had deferred admission to a doctoral program at Harvard in order to participate in the FIM program. Reentry was going to be simply showing up in Cambridge and starting it which is, once he arrived pretty much the way things worked. He thinks he is so well attuned to the academic world that it was “just like fitting into a glove.” Getting there, however, he had a weird encounter with the London police. He was at a hotel there for a few days on his way back to the U.S. He got a call at seven one morning to come down to the front desk. Two burly guys were waiting for him and put him in a back room and interrogated him.

Apparently, the hotel had received a package addressed to me … which either had drugs or a bomb in it, I guess. And it was so bizarre. I must have looked utterly and totally shocked and completely at sea which I was, so finally they said “OK”. I could never figure it out because I don’t even think anyone even knew I was going to check into that hotel. It was the most bizarre way to end my two years. After the Secret Police and all that, the London cops decide I’m a terrorist! It was very strange. I never figured it out.

Ecumenical projects in the Roman Catholic European countries of Portugal and Spain seems to have been another new frontier that Margaret Flory embraced in the aftermath of the 1968 revolution. In 1969, Julie and Hugh Allen\(^{382}\) (Portugal, 1969-1971)

\(^{382}\) Julie and Hugh Allen, July 26, 2009.
were sent to Portugal; in 1970, Garon Stephens (Spain, 1970-1971) was sent to Spain. None of them were raised in mainline Protestant families but had found their way into Margaret’s universe during college or after. Hugh and Garon were both raised in Baptist families in the South but during college at Davidson and Duke, respectively, got involved with the branches of the Student Christian Movement and ended up at Yale Divinity School. Julie was raised Roman Catholic in Rochester, New York, and connected with Margaret through her marriage to Hugh. Julie and Hugh met in the Senate cafeteria when Julie was working for Senator Edward Brooke from Massachusetts and Hugh was working temporarily for Senator Sam Ervin from North Carolina. When he finished at Yale and went looking for a church job, he discovered having a Roman Catholic wife was a problem. Garon ultimately decided the ministry was not for him and went on to do a doctoral program in Spanish at Brown; in 1970 had completed all but his dissertation but was having doubts about this, too. Somehow, they all heard about the FI program just when they were looking to get away and rethink their career direction.

Julie’s and Hugh’s internship was sponsored by a Presbyterian minister, Fred Bronkema, who was on a five year assignment in Portugal setting up an ecumenical center in Figuiera da Foz, a small fishing village on the Atlantic, but that is not where Julie and Hugh were to live and work. Their frontier was “university world” and they were registered as students at the University of Coimbra more than an hour away today on modern highways. As a practical matter, they almost never saw or spoke with Fred.

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They, like Ron Thomas in Yugoslavia, were on their own. They were handicapped in connecting with people at the university, too, because the housing Fred found for them was in a newly-built modern high rise some distance from the university rather than in student housing where they would have had an easier time making friends with other students. Compounding their isolation was that they had very little Portuguese when they arrived and that skill built only gradually over the two years they were there. Julie said by the end of their internship that if she had had one more year there she thinks she would have been competent in the language. The first year there they worked on their Portuguese almost full-time which then made socializing more possible after that.

Unsurprisingly, given their location far from any ecumenical frontier Margaret or the FI program might have imagined for their internship, what actually happened is that Julie and Hugh made friends and got engaged with people where they were. The birth of their first child, Reiss, ten months after they arrived helped facilitate that, particularly for Julie just as it had for Susan Wood Taylor (Italy, 1968-1970) whose son was born about the same time. Like the Italians, the Portuguese are very children and family oriented, so having a baby made their neighbors want to reach out and embrace them, but that was particularly the case with Reiss since he had red hair which is very rare in Portugal.

Julie and Hugh were immersed, then, in traditional Portuguese culture. Given that, they got involved with it and learned a lot. At the time they were there, Portugal was still under dictatorship and was fighting guerilla wars with national liberation fronts in Angola, Mozambique, and Guinea. “It was a sad time for that country,” Julie said. “There were a lot of women dressed in black who had lost their sons in guerilla wars in Angola
and Mozambique.” They were shocked that a Western European country would be as poor as Portugal and as economically far behind other countries. The illiteracy rate was still very high there at the time. The students, by contrast, were the elite since it cost money to go to the university. With their friend, Jose Braga, they brought the two worlds together by organizing a project where about thirty students helped build a prefabricated house for a crippled women living with her children in a shack next to the garbage dump on Julie and Hugh’s route to their bus stop. Within a week, the city tore it down and piled up all the materials. Hugh recalled,

So here I am coming out of the Sixties and we’re going to protest, we’re going to march, all that kind of stuff. Well this is a police state and you ain’t doing any of these things. So with Jose Braga and some others, we ended going to the Camera de Stipio so we saw if not the mayor the head of the council and we just worked out an agreement that it could be appealed. “We can’t do this to this woman…..” We were pushing to get it reestablished. And the compromise was that we could reestablish it but not there. So they did and they reconstructed it and they set it up behind this little neighborhood area…..behind and down a hill….so that’s the good news. The bad news was that not so many people passed back and forth so they wouldn’t pass by her on the way to the bus and she received fewer money donations.

The anti-Vietnam War protests affected them much less than it did FIs elsewhere in Europe, partially because illiteracy was so high and so few people where they lived read newspapers. Only on campus were they confronted with Ugly American accusations. In their neighborhood they were well accepted. Their experience with draft resistance in the United States, though, made them sensitive to the plight of Portuguese men who sought Hugh’s help getting out of Portugal in order to resist the Portuguese draft into an army fighting colonial wars in Portugal’s African colonies. Many resisters were headed to Sweden. While Hugh did not take them across the border, what he did do
was give them the names of people from the FI network elsewhere in Europe who could help them if they got across the border themselves. Garon Stephens, in Salamanca, Spain, which was still firmly under control of the authoritarian Francisco Franco, was one of those people. Garon remembered the call he got from Hugh.

He said, “Look, I've met some kids here, one is really a draft dodger and the other is really AWOL, is back from Mozambique and won't go back, and they are going to Paris and need to stop over, can they come by your place?” I said, “Sure. No problem.” And I had a little apartment not too far from the train station.

Tom, a friend from Providence, and his brother were visiting Garon when a knock came at the door. There were actually four of them, the draft dodger, the AWOL guy, and two girls.

I had limited French and it was kind of nippy, but I had this big round table with the tablecloth all the way over it, so you put your feet up under it and have a little heater on, and we sat there. They were Portuguese, one of them spoke Spanish, one of them spoke some English, and two of them spoke French in addition to Portuguese. So Tom, his brother, me and those four, we sit around the table eating bread, and having a couple of big chocolate bars and a couple big bottles of Coca Cola, discussing the world situation. We did not have one language that everyone spoke. It was like the United Nations, and it was very charming. Tom was just kind of "what is this?"

They decided to go get some lunch but got a shock when they walked out the front door of Garon’s apartment building.

"Holy shit! There are tanks and troop-carrying trucks coming up the street.” We thought this is going to be Hungary 1954...we're all going to be massacred here. We all had some paranoia, but certainly these kids were terrified that they were going be arrested or shot or whatever. It turns out that it was a routine thing for the garrison to move its troops from one side of town to the other. They did this every couple weeks and it was nothing. They didn't even know we were there. But we all had like five heart attacks right there in the foyer of the place.
This was close to the only excitement Garon had the entire year of his internship on the “ecumenical frontier” before he bailed out and took a job as dean of students at Schiller College in West Germany. “This was an arena in which mainstream Protestantism had not been welcome for four hundred years,” he recalled. “It was illegal to get more than twelve people together in a room if you weren't Catholic.” It turned out that “ecumenical” in the context of Franco’s Spain was what he described as “two steps away from the Opus Dei.” He played table tennis with priests and nuns at the ecumenical institute and tried to learn something about the ecumenical edge of Roman Catholicism in that context, but in a situation as repressive as the one Ron Thomas (Yugoslavia, 1969-1971) was experiencing, Garon had none of the intellectual companionship Ron did. “Spain at that time was so kind of calcified in its Catholicism, in its religiosity, and it had, a generation ago, run off all its intellectuals,” he recalled. “It was a dead zone.” While he did run into some Protestant missionaries while he was there, they were of a type not unfamiliar to him from his Baptist childhood in Florida. He did not feel any affinity with them either. He likened the experience of living in Spain right then to living under six feet of snow. After a year, enough was enough. He left for Schiller. In the mid-1970s, he returned to the United States and law school, but not the church.

What had impressed Garon about mainline Protestantism as he discovered it in the Student Christian Movement at Duke was that it was educationally serious and deeply thoughtful. He was blown away by the treatment of colonialism during FI orientation. It was what he thought education should be about. As a Frontier Intern, he attended a conference in Ireland.
We spent a week in Dunleary in Ireland, looking at the Irish problem. With people from both sides of that, and simultaneous translation, I mean, that is what you do if you want to know why the Catholics and the Protestants...you get them together and take a little while. You don't do blurbs on the 6:30 news. So the traditions of education were impressive.

But that version of Protestantism was no where to be found by the time he got back. He said people like him were part of a “wandering tribe.”

Julie and Hugh Allen stayed in Portugal their full two years, made some good friends, and had experiences that were formative for them. They consider it the stone that got thrown into the water of their lives that continues to have ripple effects still today. Before they left Portugal, Hugh contacted Massachusetts Congressman Gary Studds whose district included the Portuguese community in New Bedford; Studds offered him a job as his representative there. Ultimately, Julie and Hugh decided to bypass that opportunity and to settle in Washington, D.C. since it straddled the line culturally between Julie’s northern cultural roots and Hugh’s southern ones. Before his internship, Hugh was involved with the ecumenical Church of the Savior there; when they returned they moved into a commune affiliated with that community and stayed there four and a half very good years while they had another child and Hugh got established in a career in government. “For both of us it [the Frontier Intern program] was a huge step because both of us came out of very authoritarian environments, very closed cultural environments, very homogeneous environments,” Julie said. Going forward, they were totally committed to the city, in all its complexity, and deeply involved in its civic life.
It is quite likely that Eric Bond’s (Germany, 1971-1973) internship with “guest workers” in Germany was connected to the WCC Urban and Industrial Mission Department run by George Todd. Both George and his wife, Kathy, were very close friends of Margaret Flory; other internships having to do with workers and industrialization, including those of Brian Aldrich and Dayl Kaiser in the Philippines and Bob Snow in Hong Kong, discussed in the last chapter, were connected to it. Eric recalled attending several meetings in Geneva that George Todd ran so figures that he must have had some official tie to him. In his case, though, it was Keith Chamberlain, who was his chaplain at Berkeley in 1964 before becoming a Frontier Intern in Germany himself in 1965, who had a direct hand in setting up the internship. There were, at that time, four million foreign workers in West Germany. The Catholics were working with the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Italian foreign workers. The Protestant student movement took responsibility for the Greeks and the Turks. This was a group Keith worked with during his own internship. Eric was attached to them, first in Berlin then in Darmstadt, where he got to be close friends with the pastor, who was his official host. “So for a year and a half I just listened and listened and listened to Greeks and Turks,” Eric said. It is notable that this internship had absolutely nothing to do with the failed revolution or revolutionary ideologies. It was entirely about these workers. Eric recalled,

The German church in the Seventies was responding to these four million foreigners and was doing a whole lot better job than a lot of places on the planet....a lot better than Japan, where they were fingerprinting every Korean who came in through the airport.

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384 Eric Bond, interview by the author, Ventura, CA (by telephone), Nov. 11, 2009.
He also sought out and listened to old people as a favorite professor of his at San Francisco Theological, Dieter Georgi, told him explicitly to do.

My guru, Georgi, this brilliant theologian said, “Go to Germany. Don't talk to all the young people who just sound like American Lefties. Talk to the old people who were in the Army.” And he was right. The old people...the old progressives who'd manned the flak guns. I said: “Gee, you probably shot at my cousin when he was flying over.” Herr Karb answered: “Well, I hope we didn't hit him.”

He actually did not see Keith very much but he got to be close friends with a number of Germans who are still friends of his and people he visits when he is there now. Most of them were on the staff or volunteers where he worked when he was in Darmstadt, and some were his neighbors when he was in Berlin. Admittedly, German society was secularizing as was common elsewhere in Europe at the same time. Some of Eric’s friends were not in the church, but there were still a lot of people supporting what he considered progressive things inside the church, too.

When I asked Eric what it meant to be “progressive” in his work with foreign workers, he gave me three examples. First, they offered language instruction in German which few employers did. That helped people negotiate their way in their new world. Second, they helped them bridge the gap between the culture they brought with them and the one where they were living. Getting familiar with different gender roles for women was particularly important for men if they had wives and daughters embracing more openness. Third, they helped workers find legal representation if they were being abused or exploited in ways German law did not allow. These were, in other words, very
concrete things they did for individual people right then, not abstract ideologies intended to help The People at some point in the future.

Connecting with these workers came naturally to Eric. From an early age he was a worker himself, delivering newspapers, doing yard work, trucking produce, taking care of animals at a cancer research lab, and even dropping out of college for awhile to rebuild an old Heidelberg press in the basement of the Lutheran Student Union and running a small printing operation putting out progressive publications. His favorite uncle was a Grand Lodge rep in the machinist union who “loved to make strikes.” Eric likes workers—all kinds of workers, and theoretically, this internship did not need an ordained person as some of the others did, but he insisted on being ordained for this Frontier Internship for political reasons. He wanted the church to recognize institutionally that it was a ministry just like parish ministry. “Just doing pastoral kinds of things were fine,” he said, but liking being a pastor and a priest was a wonderful surprise for me!” When he got back to California, though, he discovered that the demand for his way of being a pastor and priest was precisely zero and he ended up working as a probation officer back when caseloads were a manageable twenty-five cases so it was possible to really engage with his clients. Later, he went to law school and became a prosecutor. When I asked Eric what was the most important thing to come out of his internship, though, his answer was unequivocal: “meeting Diana.” That would be FI Diana Hopkins (Puerto Rico, 1969-1971) who he met in Boston on a post-FI road trip to connect with other FIs, who followed him back to California, and to whom he has been married ever since. Together
with their two young sons, they did a three-year stint in industrial mission working for the Mission Populaire in Marseilles and Brittany in the 1980s.

Helen Hill385 (Great Britain, 1971-1973), an Australian, was one of the international participants in the FI Class of 1971. As someone active in the SCM in Australia, she met Peter Schoonmaker (Australia, 1969-1971) when he was doing his internship with the SCM there and encouraged her to apply. She was torn between thinking that having spent her entire life in a peripheral country that she needed to spend a few years closer to the center of things for her internship and wanting to get better networked with people in other peripheral countries. An opportunity opened up to work with the Europe-Africa Project based in London that allowed her to do both. “It was really to look at Europe’s role in Africa and research that and then carry out advocacy work related to that or help the churches to do that,” she said. That involved getting to know people from the Portuguese African colonies.

When I was in London, people from Angola, from Frelimo, and from Mozambique, they always said to me, “Ah, Helen, you must know a lot about Portuguese Timor. It’s right next door to Australia.” And I had to tell them, “I’m sorry. Nobody in Australia knows anything about it except that it’s the cheapest place to get out of Australia.” You could fly to Portuguese Timor for $40. Other than a hippie tourism destination, nobody knew anything more about it than that.

When she returned to Australia, her advisor at Monash University, SCM luminary Herb Feith, suggested that Portuguese Timor was also ripe for change and

385 Helen Hill, interview by the author, Melbourne, Australia (by telephone), December 13, 2009.
would be a good thesis topic. She had just begun her research in 1975 when Indonesia invaded it and the country was closed for the next twenty-four years. All during this time, Helen worked with others at the UN and with their networks for the liberation of East Timor and on issues related to the Pacific islands. In 2000, once it was possible to return, she did and renewed all her contacts from the 1970s. Haney Howell (India, 1971-1973) had told me Helen was the world expert on East Timor. She laughed when I asked her about that. “It’s true but most people who are experts on East Timor only got into it post-2000,” she said.

Later, after the Frontier Intern program relocated to Geneva, more of the internships were structured like Helen’s. People from different parts of the world—usually both from countries in the Global South—were matched so they could learn from each other and reinforce each other’s work.

Teddy Robertson\textsuperscript{386} (Poland, 1971-1976) and Chuck Robertson\textsuperscript{387} (Poland, 1971-1976) were no longer on the FIM payroll the final two years they were in the country, but they continued to be involved in the program while it was internationalizing and transitioning from New York to Geneva so their entire experience is reflected here. They also had the extraordinary good fortune to be there, and be deeply embedded in relationships with Polish Roman Catholics including some of the leading intellectuals,

\textsuperscript{386} Theodosia (Teddy) Robertson, Nov. 6, 2008.
\textsuperscript{387} Chuck Robertson, May 11, 2009.
when the future Pope John Paul II was still the Cardinal Archbishop of Krakow. That is where they lived the first two years.

Before their internship, Teddy and Chuck lived in the San Francisco Bay Area and were very politically engaged. The FI orientation their year took place in Geneva under the direction of Paulo Friere. Teddy recalled,

We were in a group of people sitting around with him and he didn't talk too much but he had a cadre of Brazilians—“mad” Brazilians—in 1970, you know, filled with revolution and very passionate and very ideological. It was like a hothouse for revolutionary discourse and coming out of the anti-war movement and having people sitting around debating the fate of the world was quite a normal activity except that I only dimly realized who Paulo Freire was.

After they arrived in Poland in February 1972, though, they underwent what Chuck described as “ideological decompression.” Abstract theory was replaced with participation in the lives of real, flesh-and-blood Polish people and their struggles to make things work on a day-to-day basis.

The internship originated in the mind of Margaret Flory. In December 1970, riots in Gdañsk resulted in at least four hundred workers shot. A nation-wide uprising followed and the long-time Communist Party boss was replaced by a new one who promised, among other things, a new relationship with the Church. That intrigued Margaret Flory, who realized he was talking about the Roman Catholic Church which dominated the country but thought there might be spin-off benefits for minority Protestant churches, too. Just about then, she met Halina Bortnowska, a lay Catholic Polish intellectual, in an elevator at the World Council of Churches headquarters in Geneva. Would Halina be
willing to take a Frontier Intern, Margaret queried. “Of course,” Halina replied. And so the ball that resulted in this internship opportunity was set into motion.

Back in California, Chuck Robertson was coming to the end of a five-year contract as the chaplain at the College of Marin. He and Teddy were deeply involved in the antiwar movement, but he was beginning to think that the movement was beginning to eat itself.

I was committed to non-violent civil disobedience as the primary means of changing society. The “movement,” however, was going in the direction of violent social change, and in some areas of the country was already there. There was this utterly implausible rationale that the more reactionary the movement could force Nixon to be, the more his crackdown would provoke a mass uprising. Yeah, it did, a mass uprising called the Silent Majority which overwhelmingly approved his means of dealing with domestic unrest. … Teddy and I were not stupid, we could see this going on, and we said maybe this is the right time, let's get out of here.

He had promised Teddy when they got married that they would spend a few years overseas. She was passionately interested in Europe and had majored in European history at college, but it was all from reading. She wanted to actually see and experience what she had been reading about for so many years. Chuck graduated from San Francisco Theological but continued to take courses there so he knew Margaret came around every year to talk about the FI program and seek interested candidates. In the spring of 1971, they decided to “go talk to Margaret.” When they did, she offered this placement in Poland. The plan was that they would register as students as a cover. After the FI orientation in New York and Geneva, and weeks of talking to Margaret’s contact people who knew something about Poland, they went to Vienna—“the great listening post for
Eastern Europe,” as Teddy explained—to wait for their visas. It turned out to be a long wait. They did not arrive in Poland until February 1972.

The time in Vienna is interesting in its own right. Margaret gave them the names of two of her contacts—a Dutch pastor, Rev. Katarina van Drimmelen, who had an apartment that operated like an East-West hostel, and Dr. Ernst Winter, a leader in Christian-Marxist dialogue who operated an East-West study center south of Vienna at Schloss Eichbuchl. Teddy and Chuck stayed with Dr. Winter first and helped him with a few of his conferences, then after a month moved in with Rev. van Drimmelen to be closer to the embassy to lobby for their visas. They also got connected to Roman Catholic and Polish émigré networks through two young people they hired to help them with their Polish. They went to mass with them one day and met their émigré priest who offered to use his own network back in Poland to expedite their visas. Voilà, they got their visas!

“Maybe it's coincidence,” Chuck said, “but we're thinking, ‘What? This priest gets something done? This is a Communist country?’” Their preconceived notions of what they were going to find in Poland began to change. And when they arrived in Warsaw, the best friend of one of their tutors met them at the train station; the family of the other one put them up. When they arrived at these people’s home, Chuck recalled,

We're talking about who we are and where we're from. There's translation going on and all kinds of stuff like that. And then, somehow, it comes out that Teddy is Roman Catholic. The mother and the aunt just jump up, “Oh! You're Roman Catholic!” Hugs, smiles, joy! And they're kissing her, and I said, "But I'm one of eleven kids!" which is very Polish. So I get embraced and loved too!

They had decided to go to Jagiellonian University in Krakow. Their justification was that there were programs for non-native speakers there. The real appeal of Krakow,
though, before they met all their friends, was that it was the ancient capital of Poland. It was the history and beauty of the place that drew them. And then they began to make friends with people.

Not until much later did they realize how important Halina Bortnowska was. A few years ago when the Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa was visiting Flint, Michigan where Teddy is a professor of history at the University of Michigan, he asked her how she got to Poland. “I said that I was on this program and I worked with Halina Bortnowska in Krakow. … Poland is a small country and the intellectual community is circumscribed so talk about the significance of this!!!” Halina was editor of a monthly Catholic intellectual journal called Znak, or “sign,” and had studied theology and philosophy at Leuven in Belgium. Chuck’s best friend in Poland, Marek Swarnicki, was a poet, and an editor and writer for Tygodnik, another one of the premiere Catholic intellectual journals. Once Teddy became proficient in Polish, she did translations for Znak and Chuck wrote a few articles, one of them on the Jesus Movement back home in California. The first year he also worked with the Dominican chaplains at the university. Mostly, though, their project was to be present, to observe what was going on and make themselves useful, just as it was for other FIs. Halina totally embraced that approach: “Come along and see what is happening!” she often said.

The biggest thing that was happening was the construction of a church at Nowa Huta, a new socialist workers city at the Lenin steelworks meant to be a “political counterweight to Krakow, the ancient reactionary capital,” Chuck explained. But the reality of Nowa Huta was quite different. Before World War II, Poland was heavily
agricultural so the forced industrialization of the Communist era afterwards meant relocating peasants, a notoriously religious sector of society. The only church there was a small roadside chapel. The law was supposed to prohibit the construction of new churches. Chuck recalled what happened next.

After protracted negotiations and some blood is shed, … the Metropolitan Archbishop Karol Cardinal Wojtya negotiates an annex to the chapel, and this annex turns out to be the largest modern religious structure in all of Eastern Europe.

The workers built it; Teddy and Chuck helped. Mostly, though, Teddy recalled attending discussions and adult religious education sessions that Halina, as a lay leader, offered, and how gracious and welcoming people were to her. In her office at the university, she has a bell that was one of those handed out to ring at the celebration of the church’s completion. During this church-building project, they also connected with a student group and spent two summers with them at camp in the mountains.

This was also a typical ploy under Communism that one of the ways to get out of the control of the school system was to go to the mountains in the summertime and have a summer camp. There would always be a priest there and students would sometimes....and in our case we were put up in the parish house that was very large and commodious....twenty students could easily be there....and we would bring in our own food and I think we just ate bread and jam and cheese for weeks and tea. And we would teach them a little English and they would have their own discussion groups and then they would always have mass with the liturgy which they would not be free to do in town because this would all be circumscribed.

Through two friends they made where they lived in Krakow–Stefania and Róża – they got invitations to visit places and people in the country. Stefania’s father was a peasant almost on the Ukrainian/Bielorussian border, and Róża’s father was a miner in Silesia. Each family welcomed them for long visits in the summer. Chuck and Teddy
were back in the United States by the time Solidarity, the independent, self-governing trade union was founded in 1980, but because of Róża’s father, they understood why it was not immediately wiped out. “When you shut down the mines you have to shut down the mills, when you shut down the mills you have to shut down everything else, including the shipyards, because what do you build ships out of but steel,” Chuck explained.

One of the most moving experiences of those years was a friendship Teddy developed with Irena, an institutionalized woman seriously disabled by polio.

In the years after the war—sometime in the mid-1950s—there was a terrible polio epidemic …. Irena could remember being about ten years old and fully normal and cavorting around when she got this polio and all her appendages withered. She was essentially a torso. And so Halina said that Irena would like to learn English. Irena was in a home—in an institution run by sisters—which was better than a state institution and so I went out to see her. I taught her a little English but by that time my Polish was better and we had a wonderful time together. So I was essentially just visiting her because her life was so restricted. She became a writer. She was one of those people…who do things like write books with their left foot or something. She was exactly like that. She learned to paint and do all kinds of things. …When the Pope went to Poland the first time he, of course, was from Krakow so he knew this institution where these sisters had been, so many people were brought to him for the Papal blessing.

Irena was one of them. Immediately across from Teddy’s office desk in her direct line of vision is a photograph of Irena gazing up into the face of the still-young Pope John Paul II. Her glow shines out of this incredible photo. She sent Teddy this copy.

After two years, Teddy knew she wanted to do doctoral work in Polish literature back in the United States, but thought she should stay for a few more years to perfect her Polish and work her way through the canon of Polish literature as it was taught there. Chuck concurred, so at that point they moved to Silesia and took jobs teaching English at the university there and went off the FIM payroll. In some ways, it was a significant shift
for them. In other ways, though, the internship experience just acquired a new layer. Silesia was where the mines and steel mills were, so it was dramatically different from Krakow. The University of Silesia was considered the “Red university” in Poland. The nearby town where the Institute of Foreign Languages was located was the hometown of the party secretary. But Chuck, who was born and partly grew up with Eastern Europeans among the mines and steel mills in Western Pennsylvania, could not have felt more at home. It was, he said, “déjà vu all over again!”

I remember as a kid, driving home after visiting my grandmother at night, the open foundries and all the fireworks and things like that, it was exciting for a kid eight or nine years old, and I remember the dirty laundry hanging out on the line. It was clean laundry, but it got dirty if you left it out there too long because of all the soot in the air. That was Silesia.

Teddy and Chuck were, what she described as “well-disposed towards socialism” at the beginning of their internship, but over time they became skeptical of Marxism as an ideology because of the reality of how daily life unfolded. In spite of the rhetoric about lifting up the workers, there were a multitude of injustices born by them. For instance, although the shipyards were working full-blast, there were shortages in the stores they called “empty hooks,” yet the military had special stores where they could get anything they wanted. Still, many things cut two ways. Peasants kids could go to college, but the police chief’s kid could not flunk no matter what. There was universal health care, but it was really bad. When friends at the Embassy would talk about the “horrors of Communism,” they defended those aspects of it that seemed beneficial, Teddy said. Chuck said that,
For all the negative side of socialism, or Communism, in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, there have been a lot of improvements...I mean, Stefania and Róża would not, never have gone to the university prior to the People's Republic of Poland. Absolutely never. Certainly Stefania. And all three of the girls in that family: Stefania got a PhD, the next girl, Lucyna, got the equivalent of an MFA, and has her own gallery in Krakow, and the youngest, Krystyna, became a teacher. There is just no way in hell they ever would have gotten that far as the daughters of a peasant farmer, so there was a lot of good.

And it seemed to him that the elite in every society—capitalist or communist—worked to preserve their own privilege. He felt like he had to decide between loyalty to an ideology or loyalty to the struggle of the Polish people for a just and humane life together. There were usually ways to work around the restrictions.

Christianity was not a problem. Officially the country was atheist and communist but the reality was very different. When children were born, they would be baptized and as long as everyone kept a low profile no one said anything about it. Chuck admired the strength of the Roman Catholic church a lot. He also kept in touch with the Evangelical Reformed Church and participated in the Polish Ecumenical Council.

People connived to get what they needed, Teddy said, or things would just “turn up.”

Halina and, I think, others in Krakow always had connections in the countryside and people in the countryside knew people like these Roman Catholic activists so they would send in some wonderful cured kielbasa ....when they slaughtered a pig and cured the sausage.

Teddy “paid” a private doctor with English mystery stories that he loved but could not get his hands on in Poland. Teddy’s mother sent them to keep her supplied. Chuck learned to take flowers or gift them after when he needed the help of government clerks for anything. The American students, Teddy recalled, would bring Playboy magazines to
smooth their passage across the border. “Corruption made the totalitarianism less repressive,” Chuck said. Fundamentally, he decided that people were people everywhere and like people everywhere, they coped with their situation. His friend Marek got married and had a child during World War II.

Poland was just ground to bits, and the obvious question is "How could you get married and give birth to a child while all this was going on ...?" Because life goes on! It's a sign of hope! So, you know, if you can get married under Nazism, you can certainly get married under Communism. Have a positive attitude about life. You may not like the government or the structure, stuff like that, but “Hey, life goes on.” So that was reassuring to me.

What was difficult were encounters with some of the Western European leftists.

I think the second year we were in Poland, we went with a group of Poles to WSCF conference in Western Austria or Eastern Switzerland. They sang the Internationale. In German. …our Polish friends were absolutely embarrassed. They're all good Catholics, and nobody is singing the Internationale back in Poland. What are these western leftists doing? One big difference here was that our Polish friends were Catholics and Christians first and socialists second, and in many cases socialists only because of the political situation of their country. In the west, these folks were socialists first and Christians second, and in many cases their Christianity seemed to be just a veneer on their socialism.\footnote{There is another side to this story that is not included here because Bas Wielenga (India, 1971-1973), a German FI who advanced the pro-socialist argument on this occasion and in FI correspondence afterwards, returned to India as a seminary professor in 1975 and could not be contacted for an interview.}

Chuck decided that he was not going to have anything to do with this. He could not see how liberation theology had anything to do with his situation either since Poland was already socialist. In Eastern Europe what that meant was “working things out given the constraints that always emanated from Moscow.” By the time they left in 1976, Teddy admitted that their friends like Halina and Marek had converted them. They did not
become right-wingers and they remained committed to social justice, but “whenever we were back and people would say, ‘How do you feel about the revolution?’ we would say, ‘Wow, maybe not.’”

Once back in the United States after so many years away, they headed for Indiana where Teddy became a doctoral student at the university and Chuck took a church, although continued to take courses, too. Whereas many returning FIs had the experience of people not wanting to hear what they had to say, Teddy and Chuck found they were in high demand for talks and panels. During the years 1976 to 1984, “all hell broke loose in Poland,” Chuck said, and people were intensely interested in understanding what was happening there. Eventually, they ended up in Flint where Teddy remains. After their divorce in 1994, Chuck returned to California.

June Rostan (Italy, 1972-1974) was born and raised in a Waldensian community in North Carolina, about an hour east of Asheville. Her paternal grandparents emigrated to the U.S. from the Waldensian Valleys in North Italy, near where the Agape Center is now located, in 1893. Their church became part of the Southern Presbyterian Church. She and her mother were very active; her father, she said, “had a strong ethnic sense of the church” but said that the Waldensian factory owners “robbed you during the week and sang in the choir on Sunday!” The hypocrisy of that bothered him. He was a worker in various Waldensian owned factories over the years; these men were his bosses.

“His ideas about class shaped me, too,” said June. Her Waldensian godfather introduced her to his alma mater, Maryville College, that gave her a scholarship big enough she was able to attend there which she did between 1965 and 1969.

Maryville College is located in Maryville, Tennessee, a small college in a small town, but when June was a student the chaplain was one of the serious Student Christian Movement heavyweights, Faye Campbell, who before coming to Maryville had been part of the Student Volunteer Movement at Yale and the secretary of higher education for the Presbyterian Church. He had been a pacifist during World War II. He was, June said, the perfect person to be chaplain during that era. One of his former students at Yale, Robert Bilheimer, was leading the National Council of Churches’ opposition to the Vietnam War. Both the SCM and the anti-war movement seemed to June much more dynamic than one might have expected at a small school. She was extremely active, eventually serving as the president of the college’s SCM chapter. That was how she met Margaret Flory who was on the Board of Trustees at the college and would eat with students when she was in town for board meetings. After college, June got a master’s in deaf education and worked at a school for the deaf in Knoxville. “I really, really missed being part of the student movement and the anti-war movement and I couldn’t figure out how to get back into it not being a student,” she said. Becoming a Frontier Intern seemed to her to be one way to do that. She had briefly visited the Waldensian Valleys on a vacation in 1971. For her internship she told Margaret she wanted to go back.

Other internships chronicled earlier in this chapter make clear that there were other Frontier Internships in this region and with Waldensian-affiliated people during the
program’s first ten years. By the time Margaret went to try to find one for June, in 1972, finding a group willing to work with the FIM program had gotten a lot harder. June first interviewed with someone from a commune in Torino, who turned her down, she assumes because she talked in the interview about her disillusionment with mass movements and the way students got their heads busted but leaders always seemed to escape. Then Michael Testa, aPresbyterian liaison based in Geneva, found another Waldensian commune in Cinisello, outside of Milan, that ran a night school for workers. By the time of the Orientation in Geneva, Margaret still had no confirmation from them that they would accept June as an intern. One day, Margaret and June flew from Geneva to Milan then took a cab to Cinisello and had lunch with the people in the commune. Neither of them spoke Italian, but it seemed like a wonderful lunch and then they returned to Geneva. June learned later that they had a meeting of the commune and the leader, Giorgio Bouchard, insisted that the group take her.

Well, this was the time of the Vietnam War and there was a lot of anti-war activity in Italy and I guess possibly—I know that the fact that my last name was Rostan helped—and Giorgio's philosophy was that if you hook a fish you reel it in and keep it even if it is a carp! (laughter) And so he convinced the group to do it because I think they had mixed feelings about having an American—somebody from the U.S.--in their midst.

She went to Cinisello in October of 1972. Once she actually got on board, the internship went fine. She had Italian tutors but few people in the community spoke much English so it was a total immersion experience. People in the community were supposed to take turns cooking—a prospect she dreaded—but that went fine, too, and she learned a lot. June became a feminist when she was in Italy. Her friends called her “la feminista
Americana” and she got involved in a consciousness raising group with some Waldensian women her age and a women’s collective running a birth control clinic in one of the neighborhoods at a time when birth control was still controversial. Eventually, she got involved in the night school that served the young teenagers who came to the region to work in the factories to help them get their middle school diploma. June worked on designing an English curriculum that related to their lives.

June’s FI group was one of the ones led by Paulo Friere. They read and discussed Pedagogy of the Oppressed. June was quite impressed with its ideas. Hers was the first fully internationalized FI class and at the beginning everyone told their stories so she felt like what Friere had written was not just theoretical because the stories of other FIs affirmed what he said. The Italians, however, did not think Friere was Marxist enough! She was part of a study group that read one of Marx’s books on wage, profit, and salary. Nevertheless, Cinisiello’s educational approach was experience-based, too, just like Friere’s, so that is basically what June did.

She made a lot of friends with other Waldensian young people who were part of the community. Some are still friends today. They rarely worshipped in the commune because most people belonged to the Waldensian church in town and worshipped there, but they did do Bible studies June considered really wonderful. The political discussions, too, went far into the night sometimes. “So they really took me in and really made me feel welcome,” she said. One of her Italian tutors became a particularly valued friend since she could talk to her in English when problems cropped up.
When her internship time was over in 1974, June found the FI network waiting to help. First she went to Atlanta where FI Vern McCarty (Philippines, 1969-1971) got her an organizing job with the Georgia Power Project helping consumers fight rate hikes. Her six month reentry there extended to a year. Then Bill Troy (Japan, 1968-1969) and Jim Sessions in Southern Appalachian Ministry in Higher Education in Knoxville hired her to work on women’s economic development. All three of them also worked on the J.P. Stevens boycott which oriented her to union organizing.

I got offered a job at Highlander teaching and working under a program that they had with Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union to do the adult basic education and GED classes with union members in Knoxville. And so I left there and went to work at Highlander for five years. During that time I did a lot of their labor work and also got involved with the Coal Employment Project—COAL—working with women coal miners and I worked part-time with women coal miners and then I did a lot of work with women union members---workshops at Highlander with women. I did, I think, the first all-women workers' workshop at Highlander.....

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On the face of it, one would certainly not expect that Kathy Huenemann Habib (Lebanon, 1972-1976), the 1965 Future Farmer Sweetheart at the Hanover, Indiana high school would become the Frontier Intern most deeply connected to the Middle East, its only convert to Orthodoxy, and the one who personally experienced almost two decades of war and exile. What explains that apparent anomaly is the depth and breadth of the ecumenical Protestant church at that time, the way it penetrated deeply into the life of America’s heartland helping shape intellectually curious people like Kathy’s parents and

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internationally-oriented institutions like Kathy’s alma mater, Macalester College. The way this church lived its life in the religiously complex and politically volatile Middle East, building bridges not only to Catholics and Orthodox Christians but also to Muslims was also important. Programs, like those Margaret Flory created, connected these two worlds for people like Kathy. Her time as a JYA in Lebanon in 1967, introduced her to the Middle East. Her Frontier Internship in Lebanon furthered this connection to the region and introduced her to Gaby Habib, an Orthodox ecumenical leader, and her future husband. A life living between these worlds and interpreting them one to the other resulted.

Kathy was a religion and political science major at Macalester. One of her religion professors was Armenian and from the Middle East. Her JYA year in Beirut was right after the 1967 war when Israel occupied the West Bank and Gaza and East Jerusalem. The student body at the university included people from all over the Arab World, including Palestinians, who were shocked by what had happened. A powerhouse faculty fueled analysis and dialogue. The war and its aftermath colored Kathy’s whole experience that year. After returning to the U.S. and graduating from Macalester, she went to work in Margaret Flory’s Student World Relations office as an administrative assistant, particularly in support of the JYA program doing orientation.

In 1972 she decided to apply for the Frontier Intern program to return to the Middle East. It was important that the internship was there and that it have a direct connection with the ecumenical movement. She was assigned to the Ecumenical Youth and Student Office for the Middle East in Beirut, located right down the street from the
University Christian Center where she lived as a JYA. This organization was connected to the WSCF, the Youth Department of the WCC, and with the local ecumenical movement that included Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Orthodox youth, including the Orthodox Youth Movement. Gaby Habib was its director. It was probably one of the few places where the local organization involved both Catholics and Orthodox, Kathy said. It was the main channel for Arab Christian young people to relate to those in the rest of the world. She helped with the English language publications of the office, translated materials from French to English, then helped groups who came through ecumenical channels to visit. The Palestine Liberation Organization was based in Beirut then, and she would introduce visitors to that issue and people working on it. She also facilitated introductions to the Muslim world and helped them learn about Islam. Throughout, there was a strong inter-religious component to much of what she did as a FI and after.

Kathy was unhappy with American foreign policy in the Middle East and the more she learned about the Western Christian presence the unhappier she was with that, too. When she visited Presbyterian churches—her childhood church—she heard American hymns translated into Arabic. She saw American culture being imported in a way that was completely unnecessary. Increasingly, she attended the Orthodox Church which was indigenous to the region. Although the ecumenical movement still had a lot of Western influence, she believed it provided a platform for Christians from the East and West to get to know more about each other and find ways to get beyond the colonial history. The American Protestant community, by contrast, was not very ecumenically minded at that time. She felt a lot of resistance from them about what she was doing.
“And so I kind of didn’t join those circles,” she said. When it became clear to her that she was going to marry Gaby and was likely to remain in the Middle East, she joined the Orthodox church. “I grew to really appreciate Orthodox theology and perspective on things and felt like that was more authentic,” she said. Her theologian father was very supportive and got interested in Eastern theology himself.

When the official Frontier Internship period was coming to an end in 1974, Kathy applied for—and got—an extension until at least 1976, although began work for what was then the Near East Ecumenical Bureau for Information and Interpretation on Palestine Refugees. The Middle East Council of Churches was founded about this time with Protestants, Orthodox, and Catholics all participating although Catholics only attended meetings and did not officially join until about a decade later. Within a few years, Gaby was named General Secretary; eventually, Kathy worked there, too, continuing to work with publications, translation, and hosting of foreign visitors. This group’s headquarters was in the same building where Kathy had lived as a JYA. There was an apartment there, too, so that is where they lived after they got married back in the States in 1976.

Of course, 1975-76 was the beginning of the Lebanese civil war, so I actually left Beirut literally under gunfire and went to meet my sister who was in Europe at the time and we came to New Jersey together to my parents and then I was waiting for Gaby to come to get married and that we had to delay, too, because he couldn’t get out of Beirut because of the intensity of the war and the airport was closed. We were supposed to get married in December. We didn’t get married until February.

The war lasted seventeen years. After the wedding, they tried to get back to Lebanon but ended up in Cyprus. Throughout the war, they lived between Beirut and Cyprus.
It was a terrible war. Almost every family lost somebody in that war including my husband’s family. His father was killed. …It’s a small country and people had been very used to seeing each other. I got used to that….visiting each other all the time…..it’s a very social culture….more like the Latino culture, sort of….and the war displaced people, dispersed people.

When, afterwards, they relocated to Washington, D.C., Kathy experienced a delayed “reentry.” By then, almost her entire adult life had been lived elsewhere. Initially, she got a temporary job as a teacher’s assistant in a District elementary school where many of the students were refugees, just like she was. Later she went to work doing communication and fundraising for American Near East Refugee Aid.

**Conclusion**

The contrast in the earliest European Frontier Internships between the divided continent symbolized by the brand new barbed wire-topped Berlin Wall and the ease with which the international ecumenical community, including the FIs, moved around and routinely gathered together at places like the Foyer John Knox in Geneva and the Agape Center in Italy and the Christian Peace Conference in Prague is startling. The revival of the alliance between the European SCMs and the Left, forged in the Resistance in World War II, and the hope of succeeding, once again, at defeating dehumanization and war, characterizes the revolutionary period internships. By the end of this period, those hopes had been crushed. FIs serving in Europe at the end of the period began to move beyond the collapse of hope for revolutionary change and to work in their local situations to understand and contribute as best they could.
8. The Africa Internships

Introduction

As the Frontier Interns arrived on the African continent, they entered a world that was in the midst of almost cataclysmic political, social, and economic changes that accompanied the end of European colonialism. This history and the way it was entangled with mission history is the critical backdrop to what happened over the course of their internships. Briefly, the facts are these: The continent of Africa was divided among the European powers at the Berlin Conference of 1884-1885. Resistance against colonialism began to build after World War I. Leaders of those movements in Africa were often mission-educated Christians who attended American or European universities, sometimes participated in the SCM, and got linked to each other and anti-colonial leaders from other parts of the world and to anti-segregationist African-Americans. Ghana’s first president and the important Pan-African leader Kwame Nkrumah, for example, was a Christian who attended Lincoln University in Pennsylvania in the 1930s.

Decolonization took place rapidly in the first decades after World War II. In the five years between 1957 and 1962 alone, twenty-five new African states were created.  

391 Penny M. Von Eschen, Race Against Empire: Black Americans and Anticolonialism, 1937-1957 (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1997). Although Von Eschen cites YMCA affiliation of early leaders, for instance, she neither recognizes nor discusses the extended global network to which such affiliation gave someone access. Much work remains to be done in this area.  
A similar transfer of authority was ongoing in many of the churches. The map makes clear that most of the African continent—all but the countries colored green or orange—was theoretically free of their colonial overlord by 1965. In those countries, it was a time of enormous joy and hope. Resistance was growing in the others, but even in them there was optimism that independence was inevitable. Young American Christians like the Frontier Interns were inspired and wanted to contribute.

Map: Dates African Countries Became Independent

Anna and Jerry Bedford (Kenya, 1963-1965) arrived in Kenya not long before it formally became independent in December 1963. They not only caught a glimpse of the state ceremonies but also saw the change in control of the Presbyterian Church of East Africa (PCEA) from the Scottish to the Kenyans. Anna recalled being there.

The moment in time when we went there was very exciting and significant. It was the time of uhuru (independence), and we were present for [it]. We saw Kenyatta in his white Cadillac with his fly whisk, and we saw the British flag come down. The bubbling up of energy within the church of PCEA [Presbyterian Church of East Africa] at that point in time was significant. Plus, there was a switch to black leadership from white Scottish leadership and a gratitude for all that they had done, which was pretty significant, like establishing schools and hospitals and translating the Bible. And so we were among the first white young people to work directly under a black head of the PCEA, Rev. John Gatu. They called him General Secretary. He was young, and we liked him a lot.  

Theresa Miller (Kenya, 1961-1965) had been there for several years by then and had been asked to stay on. She and her husband, Joedd, were living in Eastleigh, a largely African and Indian section of Nairobi in Kenya. By the time independence arrived, she and Joedd had a lot of Kenyan friends.

We got to go to things that we never would have gotten to attend as foreigners. For example, I went to the Independence Day Celebration soccer match between Ethiopia and Kenya. I sat in the same box with Haile Selassie, the Emperor of Ethiopia, and his little dog. I was invited to a meeting with Prince Philip who represented Queen Elizabeth at the Independence ceremony. We attended the Independence celebrations in the national stadium and watched a new country being born. The stadium filled with tribal dancers as the new Kenya flag flew up the flag pole and waved above the crowds. How excited they were about becoming independent!

393 Anna and Jerry Bedford, April 2, 2009.
Expectations, too, were very high in all the newly independent countries for what Africans would be able to accomplish once they were in charge and the assets of their countries were put to use creating wealth and a higher standard of living for the African people.

But powerful forces were at work conspiring to produce political chaos and failure. Perhaps most devastating was a new, more subtle form of colonialism where the control of assets was not relinquished by the former colonial powers or multinational corporations that owned or had previously controlled them. The idea of neo-colonialism was quite new. Ghanaian leader Kwame Nkrumah’s book, *Neo-Colonialism: The Last Stage of Imperialism*, was published in 1965. He had been president or prime minister of an allegedly post-colonial country since 1951 and by the mid-1960s the outlines of the new system were clear to him: "The essence of neo-colonialism is that the State which is subject to it is, in theory, independent and has all the outward trappings of international sovereignty. In reality its economic system and thus its political policy is directed from outside." Without control of their own country’s wealth, the development leaders promised their people could not materialize. Newly independent countries actually got poorer. In 1950, Western Europe’s real gross national product per capita was five times that of Africa; twenty years later the gap had grown to eight to one. African leaders were all forced to go looking for funds to try to produce the promised development. For better or for worse, the ongoing Cold War between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. meant the ready

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availability of such aid, if not from one then from the other, but there were always strings attached. Initially more subtle because unacknowledged was the destabilizing impact of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) covert operations on the continent. It was almost impossible for a truly independent leader to win under these circumstances. To their countrymen, they either looked like inept failures or like neo-colonial tools of the same foreign oppressors. In 1966, Nkrumah himself was deposed by a military coup, probably with the help of the United States government that found him too independent. Few of the first generation leaders remained in power ten years later.Replacing them were “strong men” of the left and right willing to do the bidding of their foreign masters with little in the way of popular legitimacy. A post-colonial framework that focused on African tradition began to gather interest and strength.

In other countries, independence and majority government were still unrealized or contested goals. The white minority government in Southern Rhodesia unilaterally declared independence from Great Britain in 1965, a claim rejected both by Britain and by the black majority, and were slapped with sanctions not only by the British and the Commonwealth, but also the United Nations. Fifteen years of struggle ensued before the Britain granted independence to a black majority government in 1980. The Portuguese remained in power in Mozambique and Angola until 1974 and 1975. And in South Africa, the white minority had in 1948 instituted a policy of apartheid, or legally-enforced racial segregation to suppress and control the non-white majority.

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Ann and Scott Brunger (Benin/Togo, 1968-1970) believe that during the 1961-1974 time period being considered in this study, it made a positive difference to the FIs in Africa that the United States did not have a colonial history there. Furthermore, the public position of the United States had long supported the right of self-determination for all nations. Although betrayed in the Treaty of Versailles, self-determination was one of President Woodrow Wilson’s Fourteen Points outlining the reasons to fight World War I. President Franklin D. Roosevelt included it in the Atlantic Charter outlining the reasons to fight World War II. Ultimate autonomy for all subject peoples was the fourth of the Six Pillars of Peace advanced by the National Council of Churches and actively promoted by its members. Establishment of a Trusteeship Council in the United Nations to move colonies into independence was adopted as one of the amendments to the United Nations Charter proposed by the National Council of Churches and advanced by the United States delegation. David Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) recalled the American position when he arrived in Southern Rhodesia which was still tightly controlled by the British in 1961.

G. Mennen Williams… became America’s first Assistant Secretary of State for Africa under John Kennedy, and he traveled up and down Africa calling for “Africa for the Africans.” “We were the first new nation,” he said. ”We fought against colonialism just like you have.” I saw him fly into Rhodesia at the Salisbury Airport where the white Rhodesians were out there with their Rolls Royces and their tails and top hats, but Williams went right past them to the fence where the Africans were and went up and down shaking hands and then came

397 Ann and Scott Brunger, April 23, 2009.
398 Townsend Hoopes and Douglas Brinkley, “FDR and the Creation of the UN,” (1997), 118-120.
back to the officials. … In Williams, there was that brief glimmer of Camelot before the U.S. foreign policy security and intelligence apparatus took over.\footnote{David Wiley, Nov. 6, 2008.}

What was still unclear in 1961 when the Frontier Intern program began, was that the public posture and the American government’s actual policies and actions in the Third World opposed self-determination. In fact, it had been the official, but secret, U.S. foreign policy to support Western colonial powers since 1950 and the onset of the Cold War.\footnote{Prados, \textit{Safe for Democracy: The Secret Wars of the CIA}, 273-279; Roger Lipsey, \textit{Hammarskjöld: A Life} (Ann Arbor, MI: The University of Michigan Press, 2013), 390.} European colonial powers were, after all, America’s NATO allies. Protecting the property of American corporations was also a priority. These facts became known only gradually. Over the course of the years 1961-1974 under consideration here, the CIA established bases of operation in Africa and covert operations there expanded dramatically.\footnote{Go, \textit{Patterns of Empire: The British and American Empires, 1688 to the Present}, 142.} While the Africans grew increasingly focused on their own tradition and perspectives, the American Frontier Interns were most affected by the emerging awareness of the true nature of American involvement in Africa.

The emergence of neo-colonialism—or colonialism by means other than direct control—began to become clear over the course of the 1960s. It often came in the guise of “development”, something leaders of new nations and the ecumenical church both had embraced since 1949 after Truman announced a plan to make scientific and industrial advances benefit “underdeveloped areas.” Immediately, the entire world in all its diversity was redefined as “developed” or “underdeveloped” with the United States as the
exemplar towards which all were presumably headed. The development theory propounded by W. W. Rostow in his widely-read 1960 book, *The Stages of Economic Growth: A Non-Communist Manifesto* outlined five stages, from traditional society to high mass-consumption that many quickly came to believe applied to all societies at all time. The United Nations declared the 1960s the First Development Decade. President John F. Kennedy fully embraced the idea, declaring in a 1961 speech: “We intend during this coming decade of development to achieve turnaround in the fate of the less-developed world.” Much of this was undoubtedly well-intended, but note that control of Africa’s resources and the planning and financing of this enterprise remained in the hands of rich countries elsewhere. Note Kennedy’s choice of subject and verb: *We intend*. But gradually, some Africans began to believe that “development” was a wolf in sheep’s clothing, while others continued to believe that on balance, it was a good thing. This was, in other words, an incredibly complicated time and place. Frontier Interns living and working in various parts of Africa over this period witnessed and were subject to different aspects of these tensions and changes.

Internships will be discussed in three groups. The first section focuses on the internships in Kenya, a British colony that gained independence in 1963 and had strong indigenous leaders supportive of the FI program in both the church and state throughout this period. The second section focuses on the internships in countries still subject, in one way or the other, to control by a colonial power or by internal minority rule, most of them

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in Southern Africa. The third section examines the internships in West Africa and the
internships of two FIs trained by Paulo Friere who participated in the final four FI
orientations and exerted significant influence on the people in those classes. (See
Appendix A-3: Map of Africa 1960)

The Kenya Internships

Three American FIs went to Kenya in 1961. Two more went in 1963 and one
more went in 1964. Two went in 1968 and two more went in 1969. Kenya and the
Philippines are the two countries Margaret chose most frequently as destinations, most
probably because her connections with those places were so strong and leaders in those
places knew about the FIM program and how to propose internships. That was the case
for Larry Miller (Kenya, 1961-1963). His internship assignment was to work with an
African pastor named John Kihenjo Kirobi, a Kikuyu, who had recently studied at
Princeton Seminary for a year. When John Kirobi picked Larry up at the airport in
Nairobi, he informed him that he had been fired from the church he was serving in
Nokuru, a large town partway from Nairobi, the capital city, to the English farm area
called the Rift Valley about two hundred miles to the northwest. Apparently, his
congregation thought he came back from his year in the United States too high-and-
mighty, a small but telling source of friction. Instead of living in a city of 20,000 to
25,000, Larry ended up living in the small town of Eldoret, a hundred miles further
towards Uganda, with a population of only a few thousand. He taught seventh and eighth

403 Larry Miller, October 17, 2009.
graders at the government school and traveled to area churches with John Kirobi where he met African adults. There were only a few hundred white farmers in the area and he met many of them when they came into town to shop.

Larry had recently completed three years of seminary, but not long after he arrived in Kenya he was converted—really converted—to a new life in Christ.

African Christians were new Christians, vital Christians, and they looked me in the eye and said: “Do you know Jesus? Do you love Jesus?” I knew about Jesus—he was in my head but he wasn’t in my heart—and that stumped me. They caught me short. And then the other thing was in going over there I thought that I was the most wonderful gift to the human race that God had ever created. My family, my education, my experience….what a wonderful individual that I was going over to the darkest Africa and I arrived and they didn’t give a damn who I was. Nobody asked me: “Tell me about Yale. Tell me about philosophy. Tell me wonderful, wonderful things you’ve done and you’ve been involved in.” They couldn’t have cared less. And it was like pulling the rug out from under me. I was really, really psychologically disoriented and off base and suddenly, in a very, very strange and different milieu and they’re asking me “Who’s Jesus?” And I’m supposed to be there talking about Jesus.

Just then an English missionary to Uganda, Canon William Butler, who was part of the East African Revival movement, came through town and held a revival at the local English church. Some of the white farmers invited Larry to come. Afterwards he drove out to the planned picnic with Butler who challenged him on the subject of Jesus.

Gradually, Larry began to see that Jesus really did die that he might live. All the pieces of what had been a long search for the meaning of life came together for him. When they arrived at the picnic,

I said: “I think I would like to commit my life to Christ.” I knelt down and he prayed over me and I gave my life to Christ. That was October 7, 1961 and I stood up and the experience was like having a huge backpack that weighed hundreds of pounds on my back and he had just cut the straps with the sword and all that heavy weight dropped to the ground. When I stood up, I really was a new person. So that’s what they call being born again. That actually happened to me.

In Africa. The Lord had to pursue me that far. Isn’t that amazing?

That was his point of entry to the African people, too. After that, they invited him to their conferences. By the second year he knew enough Swahili to speak at the meetings and the worship services.

The Mau Mau rebellion against imperial authorities ended not long before Larry arrived and Great Britain announced that they would withdraw at the end of 1963. No one talked about the rebellion, which was also known as “the emergency.” To Larry, the Kenyans seemed concerned not with the British, but with how they were going to forge a nation out of the various tribes. The Kikuyu had their political party called Kanu, and the Luo had one called Kadu. He often was the only white person when he attended the huge political rallies where the great African politicians would address the crowds and freedom fighters armed with weapons would be milling around the edge of them. He never felt afraid. Rather, he found it really exciting.

He learned from the people in the churches that many of them believed that Christ was going to bring the tribes together.

I was in a worship service in an African church in the town of Eldoret ….and afterwards we went up in front and the people who were at the worship service—the Africans—would form a circle and then they would sing some songs and give some testimonies and things like that. And one of the men stood and said: “We’re looking forward to uhuru—to freedom. It’s coming soon and we need and we need to work together.” And he looked around at the people from these different African tribes and he said: “You know, we of the different tribes have fought for
centuries but we are going to come together around the Christian faith. That is going to be our source of unity.” And then the next Easter, they wanted to have a church procession around the whole town of Eldoret …and so we made a big banner and carried it around. … And the banner which I was carrying said: “Galatians 3:28 in Swahili: Nyote mmekua mmojo katika Christo Yesu. “We are all One in Christ Jesus.”

Christianity was spreading like a fire from person to person. “I saw that operational,” he said. He returned to the United States in 1963 at the end of his two year term convinced that it was the United States that needed him, not Kenya. He thought that the people of Kenya, in spite of desperate poverty and terrible problems, “knew who they were and where they were going. I thought America was adrift. In many ways it still is.” One more year of seminary back at Union, more time with Jan, his future wife who worked in Margaret Flory’s office, and a career in pastoral ministry awaited him on his return.

Theresa and Joedd Miller (Kenya, 1961-1966) were in the first class of interns, like Larry Miller (no relation), but were posted in the capital city, Nairobi, and ended up staying in Kenya for four and half years. Theoretically, this was not supposed to happen. One of the ways Frontier Internships were supposed to be different than traditional missionary assignments was they were not supposed to create a permanent position for themselves, but few of the FIs were as prepared for their service as Joedd and Theresa. High school sweethearts in Clarinda, Iowa, Joedd had done Margaret’s JYA program in India and sent exciting letters about what he was experiencing back home to Theresa who was in nursing school. They married right after college graduation then

moved to New York City where he began seminary at Union. Over the next years, both of them had a number of different experiences as they moved around with Joedd’s internships. They went to a Navajo-Hopi Indian reservation where Joedd did youth work with the Presbyterian Mission church and Theresa was a public health nurse on the reservation, delivering babies and practicing Maternal and Child Health services in the remote homes on the reservation. The following year they spent the entire year in Washington, DC where Joedd was a chaplain at the DC government hospital and Theresa worked in the psychiatric research unit of St. Elizabeth's hospital preparing people who had been in the hospital for over thirty years to live in the community again. The last year they were back in New York while Joedd continued in Seminary and worked in an East Harlem parish and Theresa worked in an East Harlem community clinic testing the use of methadone to break heroin addictions. As a JYA, Joedd was already one of “Margaret’s kids” so he found out about the FIM program directly from her.

What Theresa most remembered from the FI orientation was the advice she found most valuable: do not tell people what to do but listen to them and learn from them. A minister from East Harlem presented a program that helped FIs recognize and face their own racial prejudice. “We were very well prepared,” Theresa said. In colonial Kenya, the British made everybody live with others of their race, so with independence it would be the first time for integration. The plan was that the Frontier Interns would live in an area called Eastleigh. This was a black community bordered by Asian ones. They were the only whites except for a Catholic priest. An Indian pastor, Dean Dayal, directed the local community center and had requested them. Joedd ran the youth program and Theresa did
adult education for women, who mostly had no formal education. She also got a job as a nurse in a city health clinic. The doctor was an Asian from Goa and the pharmacist was a Kenyan from the Wakomba tribe and also the deputy mayor of Nairobi, and President of the City Council. It is possible they were Kenya’s first racially integrated medical team. Theresa and Joedd rented rooms facing an Islamic mosque and a grazing area for the sheep from a Sikh family.

The calls to prayer, the goats and sheep bleating, the chickens in the back yard cackling, and the shouts of children playing in the yard made the place seem very alive. We could smell the curries cooking and watch Madam Singh make chappatties almost any time of the day. Even though the streets were paved with dirt, they were very colorful—the women especially, dressed in their saris and the Somalies with long flowing layered skirts. You could just walk out the door and see a fashion show.

Most of their social friends were from the surrounding community, but on occasion Joedd was invited to participate in services at the Presbyterian church in the white area across Nairobi so they met some of the white settlers there and on occasion were invited to those homes, too. It was there they heard about the Mau Mau rebellion and learned some whites and Asians were afraid and leaving Kenya.

Theresa and Joedd had been in Kenya a couple of years when John Kennedy was assassinated. Like everyone in the United States at the time, Theresa remembered exactly where she was when she got the news.

I had gone to the area where the Masai live with Joseph, an Asian boy whose mother ran a tea shop for the Masai warriors. We were staying with his mother in rather a barn like structure. She cooked on wood outside. Water was from a well in back. That particular day Joseph and I had gone to watch the lions get water from a watering hole near a Masai village. It was quite a long ways out in the jungle. You had to crawl on hands and knees to get into their homes. We slept on skins on the floor. Since there were no windows it smelt like old smoke inside.
Joedd had to work, I guess, I'm not sure why he couldn't go, but I was there by myself. One evening at about sunset there was a runner that came all out of breath. He spoke rapidly to Joseph who did a simple translation. He said, "Your president has been killed, and you are to go back to Nairobi. Big trouble in your country." I thought, "he's got his message wrong"... All the same I thought, I'd better go back because there might be something wrong. When I reached Nairobi it was actually true. And it was amazing how everybody knew Kennedy, even the Masai way out in this isolated place had heard about him. Many of them had radios and sometimes the batteries worked. They loved him because he was good to blacks. The people wrote us letters of sympathy as if it was our father who had passed away. The American Embassy had a memorial in one of the large cathedrals. That was tough, because everybody was sobbing and you knew it was real.

Theresa loved Kenya and loved the work. The days were packed full and passed quickly. Larry Miller sometimes visited them when he was in Nairobi and remembered that Theresa had learned to make chapattis and was a terrific cook. It was only being a minister’s wife that bothered her there. Africans kept asking her if she had been saved just as they had with Larry. In her family tradition, religion was not something you talked about except perhaps to analyze the meaning of scripture. Mostly, it was just something that was inside you. Africans, though, were very verbal about their faith. But when they were asked to extend their internship, it seemed like the natural thing to do. Then, after four and a half years, Theresa got word that her father back in the U.S. had cancer and that she needed to go home. She did, expecting to return, but when she got to Iowa she discovered that she was thoroughly exhausted. As she recalled that time in the interview, she came back again and again to how tired she was. Her mother suggested she stay and her father bought her a car. She drove to Tucson, Arizona, got a nursing job there, and decided she wanted a divorce.
I felt very dishonest in being a minister’s wife. I felt one must be able to sell religion and I wasn’t able to do that. The thing that bothered me most, and I had never done in my life and I still don’t like to do, is collect money from people. And so much of Joedd’s role was asking people for money, and it just was difficult for me to watch that. I thought somebody else would be better for him than me…At the time I thought it was just personal, but now looking back I find so many women of my age that were married to a minister and then divorced. I think we felt like we had a sack over our heads and we wanted air. I think I was tired, you know, the ten years plus that we were married, we weren’t alone at night, ever. We entertained all the time. Even though I enjoyed it, it was constant.

But the international life continued to call her. After a few years working with Vietnam veterans with post-traumatic stress disorder, she did graduate work in international public health at Columbia and went to work for the World Health Organization. Her first assignment was to a team working to rebuild the health infrastructure in Indonesia destroyed by the civil war after Sukarno was deposed by the military in 1966. When she got there she discovered that the experiences on the Indian reservation, in Kenya, and East Harlem as well as all the hospital hands-on nursing were exactly what she needed. She retired from the WHO decades of worldwide service later. Meantime, Joedd had moved to a Navajo Reservation in Arizona, married a Native American woman, and remained there, a pastor, until his death in 2009.

When I was visiting Joanne and Tom Haller\(^\text{406}\) (Kenya, 1964-1966) in Davis, California, they pulled out their wedding photo taken in Kenya. It included their wedding party--FIs Joedd Miller, and Anna and Jerry Bedford (Kenya, 1963-1965) and the officiant, Rev. John Gatu, the General Secretary of the Presbyterian Church of East

Africa and their boss. Tom was not the only FI to get engaged after he was already committed to begin an internship—Dwain Epps sprang Kathy Epps (Argentina, 1967-1969) on Margaret Flory at the last minute, too—but for unknown reasons, Margaret did not offer Joanne an internship herself as she later did for Kathy so Tom and Joanne made their own plan. Once he arrived in Kenya in the fall of 1964, he found Joanne a teaching job at Thogoto College, a teacher training school about thirty miles from Nairobi. Tom also had an office there. Joanne flew to Kenya in December. “I guess we sort of did this behind Margaret’s back,” Joanne admitted, laughing, and also admitted that they did not have much of a plan beyond just having an adventure together. Several months later, though, John Gatu said that Africans did not really believe in long engagements and suggested he marry them. “But what about Margaret,” Tom asked. “I’ll take care of Margaret,” Gatu replied, but weeks passed with no word from Margaret. Tom recalled that,

John Gatu knew that in America people were supposed to have counseling before they got married. They didn’t do that in Africa but he thought he had to do it. So we met with him several times. His openness.....he was such an open person.....but we just felt this bonding that went beyond being American, being Kenyan, being Christian or not Christian, but it was very Christian in a sense of being this caring and that was there. ...[T]hat was very important to me.

Finally, a few days before the scheduled wedding, the long-awaited telegram from Margaret arrived: “The Program Agency will not stand in the way of your marriage.”

“Whoa!” said Tom. “Not even congratulations!” They laughed and the wedding took place as planned in the college chapel. They ended up living in the college’s staff

407 Email correspondence from Tom Haller, November 25, 2014.
residence. Later, they patched things up with Margaret. In the program archives, Joanne is sometimes listed as a FI, and sometimes omitted. In any case, she was never paid as one.

Anna and Jerry Bedford arrived in Kenya a year earlier than Tom and Joanne. They and the Hallers had a lot in common. All had conservative religious backgrounds. Anna was born in Yunan Province, China, the child of faith missionaries from Wales in a church she describes as Pentecostal. Jerry grew up in a Missionary Bible church in Michigan. Joanne’s family was conservative Baptist, and Tom’s was conservative Presbyterian. All had solid Bible backgrounds but during their college and seminary years embraced a broader ecumenical theology. Anna regards her “mixed church background” as a real asset in her internship and work for the church generally.

A second similarity was that Jerry and Tom both knew farming. Jerry grew up on a dairy farm. Tom worked summers with the Cooperative Extension Service in Orange County, California then followed that course of study in college and graduate school. At UC Davis, Tom lived in a house of international agricultural students—all men, of course—who really “clicked” and became very good friends. This had a large positive impact on what came next.

All four actively sought out a mission experience. If an experimental program like FIM had not existed, all said they would have considered a traditional missionary placement. As an undergraduate, Tom was drawn to the idea by a poster he saw at Westminster House that was captioned “Consider Being a Missionary” and the
illustration was of a farmer. Anna wanted Jerry to experience some of the global life she had had as a missionary kid. Joanne was up for anything!

It is interesting and a sign that the anti-traditionalist rhetoric of the FI program did not always line up with the reality that when Tom interviewed with Margaret, she told him the FIM program was considering adding a frontier in agriculture. In fact, there is absolutely no evidence in the archives that was ever the case. Agriculture more frequently was lumped with teaching and medicine as areas of traditional mission work that FIs needed to bypass in their work on “frontiers” where the witness of the church was seen to be inadequate, like new nationalism and race relations. But what Anna and Jerry Bedford and Tom and Joanne Haller actually did in Kenya and how they did it demonstrates how muddled the distinction between traditional mission and new approaches to mission really was. Although what they did appeared to be traditional, how they did it was on the forefront of post-colonial change and made significant contributions to areas like nation-building and race relations. Tom Haller explained that the key to understanding how they negotiated this terrain is the leadership of Rev. John Gatu, their boss.

Going to Kenya as a Frontier Intern I was pretty raw. All I wanted to do was go there and help people, you know! [laughter] The whole idea of neo-colonialism was not on my agenda at that time but John Gatu who was my supervisor, basically, my committee, general secretary of the Presbyterian Church….he was the Thomas Paine of the independence movement in Kenya, and had this holistic view of the world where politics, culture, and development and so forth were all intertwined. And he was a great mentor and really helped me bring all of this together in a very authentic way.

John Gatu has gone down in the annals of church history as the African clergyman who in 1971 called for a “missionary moratorium”—the withdrawal of all
missionary personnel and funds for a five-year period. In 1974, the All Africa Conference of Churches affirmed that call. It remains controversial. Tom Haller teased John Gatu later that he must have really impressed him, but understanding how it was that Gatu could have requested these Frontier Interns, worked closely and enthusiastically with them, could have offered them permanent jobs (which they did not accept) and only a few years later could have called for a moratorium on missionaries is important. A 2012 paper by Robert Reese based on personal interviews with John Gatu in 1995 and 2008 confirmed the experiences of the FIs who worked with him.\footnote{Robert Reese, “Roland Allen and the Moratorium on Missionaries,” \textit{Southeast Regional meeting of the Evangelical Missiological Society} (March, 2012).} He was not bitter about missionaries or white people, nor did he believe that removal needed to be absolute and not reflect local situations. He believed in world evangelization and the role of all the world’s churches in contributing to that. What he also believed, though, was that ending dependency was essential in order for Africans to accept responsibility for their churches, to change and adapt inherited programs to their own needs and goals, and to begin to see foreign church workers as equals. For any of these other goals to be met, dependency had to end, and it was not going to end all by itself; forceful action to end it was necessary.\footnote{Ibid., 10.} Thus, the moratorium.

Like most other Frontier Interns anywhere in the world, the Kenyan FIs had to get a grip on the mission history of their area and figure out for themselves what they thought about the very real traditional missionaries working in the area when they arrived. For
many, this was complex terrain. Chapter Three included Larry Miller’s story of being instructed by the Scottish missionary that it would be as inappropriate for him to room with John Kirobi’s family as it would be for a “headmaster” to room with a “student.” That was Larry’s introduction to missionary paternalism. Other FIs had similar experiences. Yet he and they could not help but admire and be grateful for what they had accomplished, too. Larry was very clear about that.

I met a number of them and they were just great people. Now they were shaped by the times. They were shaped by racial superiority. They were shaped by all this supremacy stuff and they were creatures of the British Empire. And the British Empire was highly stratified and paternalistic, but within that… I didn’t hold that against them because they were very decent people doing the best they could under the circumstances and they were, by and large, very capable.\(^ {410}\)

But it was time for them to go. The Kenyans told Jerry Bedford that the Scottish would never adjust to the idea that the Africans could take over and run things. By 1971, John Gatu clearly did not think so either. He was trying to avoid ecclesiastical neo-colonialism at the same time state leaders were coming to terms with its perceived inevitability. Others in the church, such as the secretary of the All Africa Conference of Churches, argued the Western church funders should simply divert funds from their own missionaries and give directly to the African churches. John Gatu rejected that approach, too. From the earliest days of his appointment as General Secretary, he was controversial. Tom Haller recalled numerous conflicts between Gatu and the local pastors who resisted his leadership. As it turns out, though, Gatu was right about a lot and certainly right to actively fight dependency. What happened as a result of the moratorium in the two

\(^ {410}\) Larry Miller, October 17, 2009.
subsequent decades was that the Presbyterian Church of East Africa went from 85 percent of their funding coming from foreign sources to 85 percent coming from local sources. Kenyans had been taught to give and gave.411 Furthermore, in 1973 Margaret Flory got a letter from John Gatu saying the PCEA had decided to send a missionary to the United Presbyterian Church in the United States and would be paying his travel expenses and salary during the two year mission. Margaret matched that person with the Hudson River Presbytery’s Evangelism Commission that was seeking just this kind of relationship and was able to pay for the expenses of his wife and children. It was, Margaret wrote later, “a laboratory in the internationalization of mission.” It led to the Mission to the USA program where several hundred missionaries commissioned elsewhere in the world came to the U.S. to share what Jesus Christ meant to them.412

Tom Haller and Anna and Jerry Bedford worked for John Gatu; he was their teacher and his agenda was their agenda. That liberated them to be more than “present,” Anna made clear. “We arrived empty-handed, living on subsistence, as servants to support the new Kenyan leaders in meeting their goals. … We were very activist, because we travelled all the time, all over the country, and we were initiating two new programs in the PCEA: youth ministry and church school.” The PCEA Youth Department was created by a resolution of PCEA General Assembly in 1960 to address the needs of young people between ages 15-35 years. Jerry had just been ordained; they considered him the Youth Secretary. Anna was his “helper.” In fact, they were equal partners.

412 Flory, Moments in Time: One Woman’s Ecumenical Journey, 88-89.
Working with Jerry at his field assignments while at Union, Anna discovered that Christian education was the perfect venue for her interest in drama, art, and music. “We found we worked pretty well together, and our interests sort of intertwined,” Anna said. “He's got a lot of skills that I have none of, and I've got a few skills that he also has, but are not like mine, so that's really what pushed us.” They traveled the country and held courses on how to start a youth group using Bible study, songs, and drama. The groups were tied together then with a national PCEA Youth group that had a magazine, a badge, and a national identity.

Anna and Jerry also did “safari weekends” where they would put their camp cots in their Volkswagen and go out into the bush on a Friday afternoon and set up in one room of a little mud school house. Boys would be housed in a second room and girls in a third. They brought cornstalks from the fields to sleep on. Sometimes Hildegard Seidel, a Lutheran missionary from Germany and Austria working with the Christian Council of Kenya and the YWCA traveled with them. “Once a group of people has walked 15 miles to get to where you are and slept on the floor, you try to pack in as much as possible,” Jerry said. They found out the young people wanted to be more active in the church, so they did role plays practicing presenting their ideas to the elders who would often harangue them for hours about what not to do. “We encouraged them to think about Sunday schools,” Anna said, “so the young people then began to start Sunday schools in their churches, because that was something that the elders would allow them to do, and it gave them some authority. And in a way, it also gave them a way to participate in nation building.” Anna used a stylus and an old mimeograph machine to produce resources from
within the African context that they could use for class materials. “We tried to support what they wanted,” she said.

Their home base was Nairobi where they had an extensive network of friends of all races. Many of them had trained at Alliance High School which was run by the Presbyterians. Anna, in fact, directed a play at a multiracial school that featured parents and members of Parliament in the cast. Jerry recalled that it was a special time, both in Kenya and for them as white Americans.

As white people, they called us wazungu, "pinkface". To have rapport with blacks—many blacks in America didn't look you in the eye, but there they'd look you in the eye and they weren't afraid of you, they weren't mad at you. They were the majority. In New York, I was naive, I didn't experience that openness, except at church; I'm sure there was that dynamic there that I wasn't really tuned into, given my background, but to go to Africa then, that was nice to get that feeling of "we're with you", and they welcomed us openly.

What bothered him was the line up of children with cups waiting for powdered milk.

“Jerry is a farmer,” said Anna. “He knew that wasn’t right. That shouldn’t be. Parents should have the dignity of providing for their children.” When their internship came to an end they returned to New York. Jerry needed treatment for intestinal amoeba and dysentery. COEMAR was looking for other places for them to go as regular missionaries. One opportunity was in Iran and another was in Guatemala, but they were not very excited by either. Jerry remembered what happened next.

We were basically just spending time in New York, waiting to see what turned up, working at odd jobs in the city. I went back to Union Seminary and just sort of hung out, and I saw a note on the bulletin board for a job as director of development with Heifer Project, and that seemed more attractive. I was hired, so we decided to stay in the U.S. and start a family. We were not supposed to have children while we were Frontier Interns.
It was a perfect match with his farming, business, and international background and with Anna’s communications and Christian education background. Growing Heifer into a global NGO became their life’s work. After almost forty years of devotion, they both retired from Heifer in 2000.

After some false starts, Tom Haller worked with a youth project, too, one that came about from talks with people at the Kenya Council of Churches. The British had discouraged secondary education for all but a few Indians and the English, so kids were graduating from grade school and had nothing to do. The new government needed what they called “agricultural scouts” to regularly visit the cooperatives operating formerly British-controlled farms and identify potential problems. A vocational training program was already underway to train bricklayers and welders and the trades. Tom developed one in agriculture. It is still going today. There were twenty kids in the first class. One of the problems was the government officials did not want women involved. This is an instance where it is possible to see a two-way cross-cultural dialogue and negotiation that on occasion took place when a FI wanted to introduce something non-traditional. The fact was that women did most of the farming in Kenya. Joanne said that some of her male students at the nearby college had one long fingernail meant to prove that they did not farm since that was low-status work. Government jobs, however, had traditionally been reserved for higher-status men. Tom thought barring women from his program was foolish. He sought the support of two missionary women based at Eastleigh Community Center—Mary Jane Patterson from the United States and Hildegard Seidel from Germany—and argued with the officials. Ultimately, he got permission to admit two
women into the class. The majority of the time, though, he listened, learned, and contributed where he could.

There was also a neighbor to where this [training] farm was….a good farmer….a black….and he came over and gave me some advice. That was great! And then he said: “You know, today is a new day in Africa. My son can actually become president one day.” And you could just see the pride in him. And again, that spoke to politics. It spoke to who human beings are in their aspirations and all the rest in a very basic kind of way.

In another project, Tom worked with a local congregation to grow tea on a piece of land they owned. Its purpose was to raise funds for a staffed house in Nairobi where kids from the congregation who were migrating to the city could live together safely.

In some ways, Tom was primed for what he learned in Kenya. Years earlier, he saw a picture in a *Presbyterian Life* article of God with his arms around the world. It grabbed his attention and became a framework for how he looked at the world. “When things came up I’d think: What does this say about God’s love for the world.” His academic work, though, had all been about technology. In Africa, he learned something that connected with this broader, deeper understanding of the world.

[The time in Kenya] opened up my eyes to new things I’d never even thought of before, [particularly] in terms of how they view nature, their agriculture and how they saw that related to what’s happening in the world. I always saw things in boxes. They saw things connected and in layers and interacting. And politics was in everything. It became a much richer view of the world. And coming back to my view of love, that became almost an affirmation that yes, this is something. It’s not just words but the spirit of love can really affect how you farm, how you do a lot of things.

He returned to the U.S. changed in ways that made his doctoral work in agricultural economics at Purdue, where Ronald Reagan’s future agriculture secretary, Earl Butts was the dean, a struggle. But what he learned shaped and empowered the rest of his career.
first in Colombia, as an advisor on a research project in the Andes, and then in California, where he organized small farmers. California has small farmers today, in no small part because of Tom, the organization he founded and led, and the political change they fought for and won in California law.\textsuperscript{413} Joanne, similarly, worked on the ground floor of the early childhood education movement and Head Start. A few years ago, Tom’s work was recognized with the annual Peace and Justice Award from KPFA, a Bay Area alternative radio station affiliated with Pacifica and the Amy Goodman/Democracy Now network. “I felt good about not just getting an award but getting a Peace and Justice Award,” he said. “That’s how I see my life work.”

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Kay and Glen Woike\textsuperscript{414} (Kenya, 1968-1970) and elmira Nazombe\textsuperscript{415} and Jim Thacker\textsuperscript{416} (Kenya, 1969-1971) all arrived in Kenya not long after the FIs discussed earlier in this section left. Jomo Kenyatta had just been reelected as president. John Gatu was still the head of the Presbyterian Church of East Africa. From the very beginning in New York, however, securing assignments and work permits, they ran into difficulties that the earlier Kenyan FIs had not. There is no way to know for certain why that was the case. Certainly, these four FIs differed little from those earlier in their background,

\textsuperscript{413} This history including Tom’s leadership is chronicled on two organizational websites: www.californiafarmconference.com/tom-haller-award/ and www.farmaid.org/blog/growin-change-community-alliance-with-family-farmers/. Accessed December 15, 2015.

\textsuperscript{414} Kay and Glen Woike, June 27, 2009.

\textsuperscript{415} elmira Kendricks Nazombe, October 16, 2009.

\textsuperscript{416} Jim Thacker, July 18, 2009.
preparation, or enthusiasm for their internships. But other late-stage internships in other African countries about this time encountered problems as well.

Kay and Glen Woike had each finished two years of seminary when they decided to become Frontier Interns. No one else in their class at Yale was doing anything like it, but Glen had spent time in Europe, both as a high school student in Germany then traveling with a friend, and international experience was something Kay very much wanted, too. The FI program appealed to them and Africa, in particular, appealed. “I remember Africa being a big blank to me,” Glen said. “I had learned about all of the history of the rest of the world, but I had learned nothing about Africa.” They were told that they would be working at a community center located at a rural school sponsored by the Presbyterian Church of East Africa. This was an area where displaced Kenyans were being resettled on what had been large European-owned farms. The idea was that a dining hall to be built at the school itself was to become the center of this new community. Kay and Glen would help build that community. The proposal had been put together by the principal of the school in collaboration with Margaret.

That all sounded great to Kay and Glen back in New York, but first they had to get there and that proved to be the first of what would be many obstacles. The summer before they lived in New York and took Swahili at St. John’s University in Queens, then Margaret sent them on to London in October confident their work papers would soon arrive. Instead, they ended up stuck and freezing there until January. Then they flew on to Kampala, Uganda and spent time with a woman working in the university there. When they finally arrived in Kenya, John Gatu gave them a tour of the churches in Nairobi that
he was visiting that day, and impressed them as he had the earlier FIs, but John Gatu was not their host and supervisor as he had been for Anna and Jerry Bedford and Tom Haller. John Gatu was based in Nairobi. Kay and Glen’s internship site was near Mt. Kenya, perhaps a hundred miles away. When they finally got there, it turned out that not only was it out in the middle of nowhere, but nothing had been prepared for their arrival, the dining hall and community center did not exist, and the principal of the school who dreamed up the idea had been ousted. The house they were supposed to live in had no furniture and needed work to even be habitable. And the Swahili they had been studying was useless in this Kikuyu region. They returned to Nairobi for six weeks to study Kikuyu and give the people at the school time to pull things together before they returned and moved in.

“It was a big learning curve just to be able to survive there,” said Glen. It was primitive. Half the time there was no water. They had one bicycle, but the post office and nearest store was ten miles away and the road was terrible. “Just to get food and to maintain ourselves was a major undertaking.” The Africans and Presbyterian Church people took them in, fed them, and taught them how the locals coped with these challenges, but there were more. Bus service was limited and erratic, to say the least. Six months after they arrived, Margaret visited, saw how stranded they were, and bought them a car, but that solved only one of their problems. There were, in fact, many more. The school was co-ed with about a hundred girls boarding at the school. The boys boarded at nearby farms. The headmaster’s Land Rover was used to bring in enough food for meals Kay did not consider more than barely nutritious. A British couple teaching at
the school quit about a month after they arrived. The other teachers were all African men who had enough education to teach the lower grades but not enough to take over the British couple’s classes. Most had farms and families elsewhere so left on the weekends. Kay, as the only woman at this school, de facto became the matron and as a science major in college, the only person qualified to teach the science courses. Glen taught English and business. As a spin-off from a commerce course, he got some money from students at Yale and bought some stock to start a store. He also divvied up responsibility for the seven local churches with the local minister. Since he couldn’t preach in Kikuyu, one of the teachers would come with him and would translate. Sometimes, they would be responsible for the services at the school, too.

Not only had the focus of their internship entirely changed, but the scope of what they were given responsibility for was staggering compared with what almost any other FI encountered. During interviews with other Frontier Interns, a number asked, with an unbelieving head shake, whether I had heard about Kay’s and Glen’s internship. Margaret did eventually offer them a transfer to Nairobi, but it was late enough in the internship that they decided to stick it out. As difficult as life was there, they discovered advantages, too. They were completely immersed in Kenyan culture. While there were still a few white people left there from colonial times and to a certain extent they were expected to connect with them, the Africans were warm and welcoming. “If we went for a walk…people would just come out of their houses and invite us in to have tea,” Kay remembered. “If we went for a walk we would be so full of tea by the time we got back!” Students invited them to their homes. They learned a lot about the Kenyan church. “It
was theologically conservative but it was socially active so it helped me to see how passionate people were about their faith, much more passionate than a lot of Americans,” Kay recalled. “People were really committed.” They also witnessed, as Larry Miller had, the struggle of Christians to come to grips with expectations that their political loyalties would be tribal ones. Jomo Kenyatta ran for reelection while they were there. He was a Kikuyu and the tribe wanted their people to take oaths to only vote for candidates of the tribe. “Some of the Christians were speaking out against this: ‘We’re Christians and we should transcend our tribal loyalties,’” Kay explained. Kay and Glen were told to just stay out of it, which they did, but they saw it going on around them. “We had to ignore it or we would have been out,” Glen said. After one Scottish minister preached against “oathing”, as it was called, at one of his church services, his house was attacked and he was beaten. Soon after, he left.

By the time the internship was over, Kay and Glen were ready to leave. “I was getting sicker and sicker,” Glen said. “I would get sick then I would get well then I would get sicker and I would get well and the short wellness kept becoming shorter….I was sick all the time.” But they were touched at how gracious and kind people were, and how anxious they were that Kay and Glen remember them, and not because they wanted anything from them. The funny thing was that the huge celebration party when they left was held in the community center that by then was under construction! “I learned a lot about what it means to just be present,” Kay said. “Leadership and ownership by the local people was very important. You just couldn’t come on very strong because otherwise you’re just another colonialist.” Earlier Kenyan FIs had not had to worry about this since
a very strong Kenyan leader like John Gatu, or organization, like the Kenyan Christian Council, directed their work. The one thing Kay did insist on before leaving, though, was that they hire some female teachers and they did. “I’d say it was an overall good experience but it wasn’t easy.” After three stopovers on the way home—Israel, Greece, and Zurich, where they met up with Glen’s parents for a side trip to visit his German “family” from time as an AFS exchange student in high school, they returned to Yale to finish seminary.

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eelmira Kendricks Nazombe and Jim Thacker followed Kay and Glen Woike by a year in 1969. elmira had been deeply involved in the Methodist Student Movement as a Kent State undergraduate, and had recently completed a term as president of the National Student Christian Federation. Jim had been president of the Baptist Student Foundation as an undergraduate at Purdue where he heard Howard Moody speak about Judson Church in New York City and relocated there after graduation with only a year and a half away in 1962-63 to serve in the Navy. In 1966, he met elmira at Judson and they married three months later. It was elmira who was connected with the FI network and was the energy behind their decision to participate after they both finished graduate school in urban planning at Hunter. Originally, they expected to go to Zambia, but Margaret was not able to work anything out there. They ended up hanging around New York while Margaret tried to set something else up. She sent them to some conferences. “But when

she worked something out in Kenya, “we both jumped on that,” Jim said. They were
assigned to the Christian Council of Kenya. Still there was more time to kill. They went
to London for awhile and stayed with FI Joyce Manson (Great Britain, 1968-1970). Then
they flew to Greece and stayed with FI John Skelton (Greece, 1969-1971). Then they
went to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia and stayed there for a couple of days.

When they finally arrived in Nairobi, it quickly became clear that the Christian
Council of Kenya had no idea what they should do, so they seconded them to the Nairobi
City Council town planning department since they both had urban planning degrees.
From there, they had to “figure it out.” They were determined to avoid Americans and
immerse themselves in the lives of Kenyans. John Kamau, the head of the Christian
Council, arranged for them to live in a house the organization owned on the African side
of town, and initially they took the bus into town to go to work. “There was an African
market right in front of where the houses were,” elmira recalled. “Only Africans went
there except for Jim. Jim was the white guy walking through the market, trying to talk to
people in Swahili, buying those sesame seed candies, but me, I was more shy.” Jim, for
his part, recalled his weekly basketball games with Americans and how they went to see
“Alice’s Restaurant” and his general failure to connect with ordinary Kenyans. The great
irony for elmira, too, was that it was a friend from high school back in Ohio named Joan
who was already working in the same town planning department who helped her get
some direction at work. Joan was already working with the squatter settlements in an area
called Mathare Valley where there was a history of going in and burning people out. This
was really interesting work that the NCCK wanted to be involved in. elmira was happy to
be a bridge between the level of the City Council with its mostly expatriate staff and the people in the settlements and felt it was “a good zone of work.” Jim was assigned to a team working on an ongoing urban planning study of Nairobi, working with a couple of British men, some Norwegians and Germans, and some educated Kenyans. “I was pretty much in a colonialist type structure,” he said. He wished he was out in the country, out of the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Nairobi, maybe working in a school where it would have been easier to connect with ordinary Kenyans. He and Elmira visited Kay and Glen Woike near Mount Kenya and while Jim would have liked to be closer to Nairobi than that and living in less primitive conditions, he still thought an assignment like theirs would have been more satisfying.

But both Elmira and Jim appreciated being part of the community of international church people at the Christian Council of Kenya. They attended retreats and felt they were a part of that Christian community while they were there. They also got deeply involved supporting the work of the WSCF that had just opened an office in Nairobi and begun organizing the first Kenyan Student Christian Movement. Jose Chipenda, an Angolan Elmira met when she was in college in the U.S., was appointed to head that office. Another of the organizers was Bethuel Kiplagat, who they called “Kip” who later ended up a Kenyan diplomat. Chipenda later was part of the All-Africa Council of Churches. Jim and Elmira worked with them, meeting with students, and helped him
organize the first work camp. One of the students they worked with was Samuel Kobia, then an undergraduate at St Paul's United Theological College, now St. Paul’s University, who later became a FI himself and served as the first African general secretary of the World Council Churches from 2004 to 2009. Sam grew up in a small rural village close to Mt. Kenya. His mother was a strong Christian and brought him up as one, too. But in Nairobi, he encountered a shocking level of poverty that did not square at all with his Christian faith and deeply distressed him.

I came from a rural community. We were not very rich or anything but we never starved. We always had something to eat and we always lived in a decent place and so forth. And here to see people sleeping in the streets, to see people starving, and then the contrasts of rich Nairobi, that is something I couldn’t accept.

Then one day Elmira and Jim came to the college to talk to the students. They conveyed a different idea of what the church was called to be and do in society that resonated with his own developing understanding of the mission of the church.

It was something completely different from what I had learned in the classroom and what I had learned and practiced in the church and so I wanted to discover a little bit more about this understanding of mission as being justice, as about being concerned about poverty.

After that he began to have regular meetings with Elmira and Jim and the leadership of the Student Christian Federation.

I signed up to go to a student work camp which was sponsored by the World Students Christian Federation. Now in Kenya at that time, we had what was called the KSCF—the Kenyan Student Christian Fellowship. It was very conservative—really too conservative for my liking, you might say—and it did not want to encourage the students to be involved in social activism, in social justice issues,

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418 Sam Kobia, interview by the author, Geneva, SZ and New York, NY, April 9, 2010 (Part I) and October 16, 2010 (Part II).
and so forth. That is how I understood the Gospel. So at St. Paul’s, I began to organize a Bible study using now what I learned from the student work camp which was an international student work camp.

From there he played an important role in the founding of the Kenyan Students Council, got involved in the WSCF, and participated in activities to support the struggle against apartheid in Southern Africa. When he graduated in 1971, he became a Frontier Intern in Ghana.

When the internship ended in 1971, Jim was ready to return home. “The two years there were hugely significant in my life, but I also knew that I was not going to live in Kenya,” Jim said. “Even though I so much disliked a lot of what our government was doing but this is my country and I wanted to come back.” elmira did not want to go back, and they decided, amicably, to separate. She stayed until 1973, working first teaching urban planning at the university, then English and Bible as History at a girls’ secondary school. Then, in the midst of a personal crisis, she realized that she needed to leave. Both described being “lost” when they returned, but each one, in their respective time, was helped finding their way in the U.S. by other FIs.

Richard Passoth419 (Various/Kenya, 1969-1971) was not initially supposed to go to Kenya. He was an Andover Newton student with a passionate interest in Africa since spending a summer in Sierra Leone with Crossroads Africa a few years earlier. Early after his acceptance as a FI, Margaret told him he would be going to Ethiopia to work

419 Richard Passoth, interview by the author, Salt Lake City, UT (by telephone), January 11, 2011.
with a United Nations economics unit in Addas Abiba. He was thrilled! He rushed right to the Columbia University library to begin to educate himself on the region and what he would be doing. But several months went by after the orientation with no firm arrangements to actually get him there. It seemed like a visa problem. Only later did he find out there was a much larger problem. Margaret’s office then sent him to Geneva where he lived in the Foyer John Knox house for several months in early 1970. It was an exciting place to be and he was learning a lot, but mostly he wanted to get to Ethiopia. “I was getting increasingly frustrated,” he said. “I was like: ‘What is going on?’ I was enjoying the internship but I was six months into this thing and it didn’t make any sense to me.” He started to put more pressure on Margaret’s office. They sent him to Beirut and he chilled out there for a couple more months. “Finally, in Beirut, I just…… said: ‘I’m done with this. I just can’t sit here anymore waiting.’” They finally sent him to Ethiopia. Immediately after arriving he understood what the hold up was.

I met this one gentleman who was a colleague of Margaret’s. I stayed in his home and I was there about a week and the whole thing just fell apart. I met some people at his church. You walk into a room and you look at somebody and you know that this is not going to work. That’s how I felt.

… I saw them as very traditional missionary kinds of people. One of the interesting things was the guy that I met there—a very nice man—I met his wife, and they were very open people. I didn’t feel any kind of anxiety or reluctance to talk to me as a Frontier Intern. Very open and willing to engage me.

It was the rest of the people in that church that I just realized that this was not going to go anywhere. I knew I was dead in the water, so finally this gentleman sat me down in his home and he said, “This isn’t going to work.” And I said: “I understand that.” He didn’t have to tell me. I figured that out already.
Margaret’s friend arranged for Richard to fly to Nairobi. Jim and Elmira put him up for awhile while he looked for his own internship using some names of contacts Margaret had given him. Eventually, he got an assignment teaching sociology of religion at University of Nairobi. It was not a great experience. “I was just kind of lost, and yet I was trying to make a contribution,” he said. Once he got back to the U.S., he was unemployed for eight months. “I remember it as one of the worst times in my life. I felt like I was at a dead end.” Eventually, he recalled what had been a terrific experience in pastoral counseling at Andover Newton, and built a family counseling career on that. On reflection, he concluded that “… the FI [program], either by reputation or just the way they [wanted] somebody to be sponsored by the local church to work at the U.N., just struck [these church people] as oddball. I suspect they had a lot of resistance to inviting an intern to come to the country.”

The “Liberation” Internships

Nine Frontier Interns interviewed were assigned to countries where the majority population suffered under one kind of oppression or another. The white minority stubbornly continued to dominate the government of Southern Rhodesia where Marylee Crofts and David Wiley served as FIs from 1961-1963. Dr. Hastings Banda, the newly elected leader of the newly independent Malawi, instituted what was essentially an authoritarian police state the same time Sandra and Bruce Boston arrived as FIs in 1964. Gail Hovey and the late Don Morlan arrived in apartheid South Africa in 1965. Ruth Brandon and Bill Minter were assigned to FRELIMO, the Mozambique liberation front against continued Portuguese rule, then based in Tanzania, in 1966. Tami Hultman and
Reed Kramer also served in South Africa beginning in 1969. In addition, two South Africans, Victor Vockerodt and Suzette Abbott had internships based in the United States beginning in 1971, supporting African awareness and activism. The section could just as easily have been titled “The ‘Oppression’ Internships” because there was no liberation in any of these places for many years after the internships ended. The explicit purpose of these interns was, or became, contributing to the liberation of the subject people from oppression or repression. In some cases that involved direct political action. The apparent dramatic contrast with what FIs thought of as the traditional missionary past gave these African internships a mythic awesomeness for many other FIs who heard about and were inspired to try to emulate them.

With one exception discussed below, these internships were connected with and built on each other in ways other internships did not. There were a number of reasons for that. Individuals like Hank Crane, the WSCF representative in Africa between 1961 and 1968, actively worked to connect them in various ways that will be mentioned in this section. As their own consciousness of the issues and commitment to them gelled, they worked in the context of the Southern Africa Committee they helped create then took responsibility for running. This committee was first part of the National Student Christian Federation (later the University Christian Movement). Through it, they were also able to connect to the civil rights and world mission concerns of the larger student Christian movement. For some FIs, participation in the Southern Africa Committee followed their FI service and for others preceded it.
A second important characteristic of these internships is that the leadership of the African liberation movements they worked with was often formed by and connected to the same global ecumenical networks they were. Someone like Mozambique liberation leader Eduardo Mondlane came and went at the “God Box” in New York as they did. In spite of differences of race and nationality, they had a lot in common as people who share a common culture do.

A third characteristic is that there was a starkness and clarity to the injustice being perpetrated by white minorities in countries like Rhodesia, Mozambique, Angola, and South Africa that was lacking elsewhere. Positions, and sometimes actions, taken by these Frontier Interns during their internships and afterwards were often aligned with that of the United Nations and the World Council of Churches, as well as with individual American church leaders. Methodist Bishop Ralph Dodge was declared a “prohibited immigrant” by the Southern Rhodesian government in 1963, the same year David Wiley and Marylee Crofts were, too.

The internship of Sandra and Bruce Boston in Malawi, also in Southern Africa, in 1964 is also included in this section. Sandra and Bruce were students of Richard Shaull at Princeton before their internship, as David Wiley also was after his. Bruce and Dave were among the most articulate interpreters of Shaull’s ideas about “theology as revolution” and “revolution as theology.”[^420] Dave and Marylee were back from their internship and

[^420]: David Wiley, Nov. 6, 2008; Bruce O. Boston, July 28, 2009.
helped lead the orientation for the Boston’s FI class. Bruce recalled being very impressed and influenced by them. But the political situation Sandra and Bruce encountered in Malawi was entirely different. Malawi had just become independent and installed, as president, Dr. Hastings Banda, its most important liberation leader. Banda, too, was educated in mission schools and American and European universities and was a Christian connected with church networks. But it was Banda, the African Christian national liberation leader, who moved, immediately after his election, to create a single-party authoritarian police state, forcing one important opposition leader into exile and hanging another. This was a much different and murkier political situation than those in the other Southern African countries. Authoritarian repression by indigenous actors, often supported by the U.S. or Soviet Union and backed by armed force and the willingness to use it, emerged as the far larger problem in much of the post-colonial, Cold War world than traditional imperialism where the levers of government were controlled directly by minorities or outsiders.

David Wiley and Marylee Crofts, who were then married, were part of the very first FI class in 1961. Both became scholars of Africa. Their internship in Southern Rhodesia set them on that course. Prior to their internship, both had been deeply involved in the Student Christian Movement. In 1961, Marylee had a new M.A. in French and

\[\text{David Wiley, Nov. 6, 2008.}\]
\[\text{Marylee Crofts, April 2, 2009.}\]
Dave was finishing a B.D. at Yale on a Rockefeller Brothers Fellowship, not because he was interested in the ordained ministry, but because he was a strong believer in the priesthood of all believers and saw the kind of study he was doing there as appropriate for any engaged Christian. While he did not describe it this way, his convictions were and remain consonant with those of early leaders of the Student Christian Movement like John R. Mott, Sherwood Eddy, and Robert Speer who were globally engaged laymen. Initially, Marylee and Dave thought they were going to be placed in an assignment in Senegal, a French-speaking West African country newly independent in 1960, but the hosts could not accommodate a married couple. FI David Robinson was placed there instead (and afterwards became a noted scholar of the region). Dave and Marylee were sent to Southern Rhodesia instead. Their assignment was, as Dave put it, to “just show up and work for the Student Christian Movement and try to make inroads at the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland (now University of Zimbabwe) in a student-oriented ministry.”

Officially, Dave and Marylee seem to have been assigned to the WSCF’s Frontier Study and Service (FSS) Program. It will be recalled from earlier chapters that the FSS program was inaugurated at the same time as the PCUSA-initiated Frontier Internship in Mission (FIM) program. In the 1961-1963 intern group, FSS also supported Marian McCaa Thomas’ internship in Korea and Joel McClellan’s internship in Tunisia. Like Marian and Joel, Dave and Marylee enrolled as students which gave them a reason to be on campus and engage with other students. Marylee studied African history and Dave
studied social anthropology. Unlike Marian and Joel, they were on their own, not part of a multinational team. Race relations and the university world were their frontiers.

On the way to their internship, they stopped in London to meet with the SCM there, in Geneva to meet with Paul Frelick, the head of John Knox House and someone both informed and positive about what was going on in Africa, and in Nigeria where they spent a month with the SCM leaders there, including Bola Ige, the SCM leader who had, with Martin Luther King, Jr., electrified the students at the 1959 SVM Quadrennial in Athens not quite two years earlier. Then they continued on to Salisbury, Rhodesia, only to be met at the airport by a white physics professor who made them accompany him to a four-hour cricket game then served them a cold tongue dinner in his home before taking them to their temporary lodging, a plunge into the icy waters of British colonial culture after weeks of immersion in the culture and community of the anti-colonial global SCM.

The situation Marylee and Dave found in Southern Rhodesia was this: of the four million residents of Southern Rhodesia, between 6-7 percent were Europeans of whom nearly half had lived there for less than twelve years. This minority controlled the government and allocated the country’s resources to its own benefit. For example, the government spent $288 per white student each year versus $20 per year for each African student. Although elementary education was widespread, secondary education for African children was rare. Only a tiny fraction—far less than one percent of those who

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423 See the discussion on the Quadrennials in Chapter Three, beginning on page 40.
entered primary school—graduated. Furthermore, the African majority had to live in certain restricted areas. This enforced segregation made it challenging for Marylee and Dave to find a place to live at a “subsistence level,” as the FI principles required, since the white neighborhoods were also the affluent ones. They ended up renting a two-room servants’ cottage without heated water behind a European-style house rented by several sympathetic professors and riding the bus, which was subsistence enough to “experience some of the vulnerabilities that not having wealth brings,” as Dave put it, which was the FI intention. It also shocked Africans because white people did not live like they did, and worried white people who saw their rejection of the “white” lifestyle as threatening. But for all the legally-mandated racial segregation, the University of Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland where Dave and Marylee enrolled was integrated and one of the few places where racially mixed groups could legally meet, so it presented an opportunity for work on the frontier of race relations.

The local churches and pastors were very conservative. That presented an additional challenge. “They learned to keep their place in a colonial state and under the Western missionaries,” Dave explained, “and a lot of that generation of African pastors also were not trusting of youth. So across Africa the gap has grown between the church and many young people.” They found this was a reason some young Africans would have nothing to do with the church at all. In addition to the missionaries who were just trying

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to hold onto their power, though, they got to know other missionaries who strongly identified and supported African independence. Methodist Bishop Ralph Dodge was one of the progressive ones, and was an ally, mentor, and friend for Dave and Marylee.

Soon after they arrived, they met with Hank Crane, the WSCF representative in Africa. Crane was an American and “mission kid” who had grown up in Africa and whose own formation in the Student Christian Movement was part of the bedrock into which his own commitment to Africa and global ecumenism was anchored. Although the Student Christian Association at the university was officially independent of both the WSCF and Inter-varsity, was all-white, and was theologically very conservative, early on Marylee and Dave were able to pull together and involve a small group of other students that included a Scottish missionary kid and several African students. When they heard their views, these students asked for support in two areas. They wanted interracial experience. The legal separation of the races meant they were strangers to each other. They also asked for support for their political protest against the colonial regime. As Dave recalled,

That led to our getting involved with an organization that met in the African townships whose members were constantly under surveillance by the white Rhodesian government. It was called “Christian Action” and was a mixture of whites and blacks with two African pastors, one Methodist and one Congregational, meeting in the Methodist Church at the center of this township.

Then we linked with a local Quaker representative of the American Friends Service Committee named Lyle Tatum. We decided to form the Salisbury Work Camps Association and to regularly run multi-racial work camps in African areas. We had figured out a way to get a permit for visiting African townships where it officially was illegal to stay overnight, but we actually went out there and stayed in these half-built concrete block houses for a week or ten days at a time.
Marylee and Dave both stressed in their interviews that the work camps they held to bring interracial groups of students together for projects were probably the most valuable contribution they were able to make during their internship. They each had prior experience with work camps, both as participants and as leaders, and they both are firm believers that doing something together is the surest way to break down barriers. But on campus they were able to do Bible studies with black and white students. They also took a mixed-race group of students from the university to the All-Africa Christian Youth Assembly held in Nairobi in 1962.

Activities outside the university gave them an opportunity to meet and get to know adult Africans. Marylee got involved with the YWCA which was largely a black organization there. “Any white woman who had an interest in the politics of Rhodesia went to the Y so I went immediately,” she explained. She attended meetings and conferences they held, and participated when they debated whether to take public stands on controversial political issues. Both Dave and Marylee taught night school in the African township Highfields one night a week, which gave them a chance to meet pre-college Africans. Dave got interested in, visited and, on occasion preached at, African Independent Churches.

They could not overlook the injustice they experienced all around them. Ultimately, they decided they had to do something to oppose it. It was clear, Dave said, that it was “the responsible Christian thing to do.”

Our turn toward protest resulted in our participating in a number of acts with and for Africans to enable their voices to be heard, primarily through press releases to the British and other foreign press. The Africans inside the country still had no
contact with the foreign press, so I ended up in the role of helping them to write press releases to tell their story.

Some actions, they did engage in directly. One was particularly memorable.

At that period in 1961-63, the only weapon that the resistance had was petrol bombs (gasoline with a wick in a soft drink bottle) which they were throwing at night into government and other offices. That resulted in the government passing the Law and Order Maintenance Act (Amendment) which said that if you committed a crime with petrol, you would be hanged until dead regardless of the severity of the damages of the crime, even applying to pregnant women.

So we planned a protest with Christian Action members, painted a number of the signs at our cottage (a servants two-room building) and asked the assistance of Methodist Bishop Ralph Dodge, who allowed us to hide our signs temporarily in his office. The Rhodesian Government has this ritual at the opening of Parliament where the Prime Minister shows up in his Rolls Royce with members of Parliament outside welcoming him. Then they played the National Anthem, and all soldiers, police, and citizens stood silent at attention and salute the flag. So that was the perfect moment for us. When they started the National Anthem, we all put up our signs, and the police and military couldn't move because of the protocol of the National Anthem - so we had about sixty seconds, and then we ran.

“The opening of Parliament was a very big deal,” Marylee explained. “Blacks and whites were there. So that was a coup.”

On another occasion, Dave carried a message from Ndabaningi Sithole, a Congregational pastor and founder of the Zimbabwe African National Union (then in exile in Tanzania) to Robert Mugabe who was then living in Highfields Township where Dave was teaching at the night school. It was a call for uprising in Rhodesia and the reason for Mugabe’s later arrest and incarceration. Dave’s role was not discovered.

Marylee recalled, though, that they had no conviction that there was a movement ongoing that had any likelihood of success, nor did she feel like they had provoked any significant change in race relations over the course of their internship. “We just kept nibbling
away.....Bible study here, work camp there, discussions here, Nairobi trip there, World Council trip to Zambia here……just bits and pieces,” she said. The government, however, must have seen things differently. Although they were able to serve out their Frontier Internship until July 1963 when they returned to the U.S., Dave and Marylee were barred from reentering Rhodesia until it became independent and a majority government was established in 1980.

Right before they left, they spent a particularly memorable evening at an independent church gathering. Marylee was pregnant by then with their first son.

We went out to a big bonfire and around the bonfire were all the women sitting and chatting. I think there was some singing. The men were standing. Probably at a turning point in the service…this one guy came up to Dave and said “The prophet has a message for you. Would you like to hear it?” And Dave said: “Well, yes.” And he walked off a few yards with this guy …and was gone for maybe five, six, ten minutes…. the interpreter then told Dave: “Your wife is pregnant. There will be difficulty for her and for the baby at the birth but they will both be OK. That is the prophecy. It’ll be a male child and the child will be Solomon.” So Dave came back and we thanked them for the message and the community said we want you to take with you back to the United States—they knew we were leaving imminently—these fifty-five gallon drums of water, several of them, with which to bath, cook, to have water for the birth, it was blessed water they had prayed over. And we said we can’t take that back because we are on the airplane…. And so they put their hands on our heads and shoulders and prayed for us and for our safety. And then a couple of women put their hands on my abdomen and prayed for the baby.

Once back in the U.S., Marylee, as predicted, delivered a healthy boy after a difficult breech birth. In retrospect, she thinks her study of African history was the biggest gift of the internship to her personally. Not only was she amazed at what she did not know about African history, she was shocked to discover that it had all been written by white people completely blind to the possibility that Africans themselves could have accomplished
anything notable so was completely wrong. Eventually, she got a doctorate and contributed to correcting that record.

Dave headed to a doctoral program in sociology at Princeton.

I was completely seduced by the African people. They are warm, giving, non-materialistic...they knew what was valuable in life. They value people, not things, and I think that is what won me over for a long time to focus on Africa, the damages of colonialism, the terrible impacts of Western government foreign policies (especially supporting anti-Soviet dictators), and the need for a new U.S. foreign policy.

Together with others discussed later in this section, they started the *Rhodesia News Summary* that became the *Southern Africa News Summary* and then the *Southern Africa* magazine under the aegis of the University Christian Movement (UCM).

Sandra and Bruce Boston (Malawi/Geneva, 1964-1966) have not been married for decades but are still friends—Sandra gives Bruce’s wife Jean a ton of credit for that—and they still wrestle with the issues around their Frontier Internship in Malawi: Did we do the right thing? I interviewed Sandra a week after a JYA reunion Bruce also attended where the conversation about Malawi had continued. They were not the only FIs kicked out of a country before their internship ended. Sandra and Bruce, though, were actively thrown out of Malawi several days after making a statement of conscience, as Christians, in a private meeting with a Christian political leader, and a few other Christians—Scottish missionaries—were furious with them as a result. When they flew to Kenya, Jomo Kenyatta, Kenya’s president, declined to give them work permits to relocate there,
so they were forced to leave Africa altogether and finished their internship in Geneva at the World Council of Churches.

Malawi, where Sandra and Bruce served as Frontier Interns, had a similar profile to Kenya up until independence. It was colonized by the British in 1891 and became fully independent in 1964. Its first elected leader, Dr. Hastings Banda, was, like Kenya’s Jomo Kenyatta, a Christian educated in the United States and United Kingdom. Banda lived and worked in the U.K. as a physician for many years. Both men attended the fifth Pan African Congress in Manchester in 1945 and played key roles in the independence movement. Only weeks after Malawi’s independence on July 6, 1964, however, the paths of the two countries diverged when Banda moved to consolidate all state power into his own hands and fired the cabinet ministers who objected. Sandra recalled that the political climate quickly,

… swung to a dictatorship of the right, and the police and the army and the newspaper and the radio were all controlled by the government, so we didn't even know what was happening in Malawi. We had to listen to BBC to find out. Roadblocks started, preventive detention started...

That was one reason Sandra and Bruce’s internship turned out much differently than those of the Kenyan FIs just discussed. A second reason was that although their official host was the Church of Central Africa Presbyterian (CCAP) and its leader, Rev. Jonathan Sangaya—Rev. John Gatu’s counterpart in Malawi—it was actually the Scottish missionary Rev. Andrew Ross who had recently spent a year at Union who had been instrumental in initiating the Frontier Intern project on his return to Malawi. And Ross, who became Sandra and Bruce’s language tutor, mentor, and role-model, was deeply
involved with Malawi politics. During the fight for independence, Ross ministered to the young African leaders fighting for it. He was in the middle of what has been known as the “Cabinet Crisis” that was underway when Bruce and Sandra arrived. Sandra recalled that,

When we were at Andy Ross’ house that first month, one night there was a knock on the door. It was a reporter from The Guardian—Claude Sanger…. He basically slept on Andy’s floor that night. … He went looking for Andy because he saw Andy as a real source of explaining what was going on.

Bruce and Sandra felt incredibly fortunate to be able to regularly consult with Ross about the country and its history, the CCAP, and the political scene. “It was all very exciting at the time,” said Bruce. “He was coming and going in the middle of the night, sneaking out into the bush for secret meetings with Henry Chipembere [an important resistance leader] or one of Chip’s lieutenants. We felt we had landed absolutely in the middle of everything.” Andy and his family got thrown out, too, in May 1965, a few months before Sandra and Bruce.425

The internship got off to a rocky start, though, because Sandra’s and Bruce’s understanding of what the Frontier Internship was about was so different than Rev. Sangaya’s. “…He wasn’t real clear about the whole rationale of the Frontier Internship,” said Bruce. “Missionaries, on the other hand, he understood. They were white people who came from former colonial powers to provide personnel support and certain skill sets to African churches.” He wanted them to be the live-in wardens at CCAP’s spectacularly

beautiful Likabula House at the foot of Mt. Mlanje and run retreats for African students and pastors. Some of the Scottish missionaries, for their part, assumed Sandra and Bruce would live in the big house on the Blantyre mission that had been set aside for them. Sandra and Bruce, on the other hand, felt that if they did either of those things they would be betraying the FI program, their fellow interns, and Margaret.

“We loved the Scottish missionaries, we just loved them,” Sandra said. “But they were living that colonial lifestyle with servants and big houses and everything done for them.” Sandra and Bruce thought they should live with and as close to the level of regular Malawians in nearby Soche Township as possible. “For a while we locked horns,” Bruce said. “The Scots missionaries ‘got it,’ but I am afraid Rev. Sangaya didn’t. He wasn’t so thrilled at our independent-mindedness.” Andy Ross intervened and helped them carve out an internship working with the country’s school-based Student Christian Organizations (SCO) and the youth. Somehow—they never knew quite how—one of the Scottish missionaries who was living in a little house in Soche decided right then to vacate it and move back to the Blantyre Mission. Sandra and Bruce moved into it. “We set our salary to be commensurate with the Africans, which the missionaries also could not wrap their minds around,” Sandra recalled. “I think it was twenty-two dollars a month was what we lived on. And that was fine, we shopped in the local market, three mangos for a penny, and twenty-two dollars went a pretty long way.” The Africans did not understand what they were up to either. Sandra would sit out back with her African neighbor, Bibi, and talk while she cooked over a fire. The two things Bibi absolutely could not understand was why Sandra did not have servants or children. The work of the
internship, though, shaped up nicely. They got permission from New York to buy a used motorcycle so they could get around to all the schools. They also ran weekend retreats and work camps, both for their own students and for the World Council of Churches and World Student Christian Federation.

Sandra, as was recounted in Chapter Three, was very interested in what it meant to live in a transitional society when she was a JYA student in Lebanon. In Malawi, too, she found young people caught between two worlds. She and Bruce decided to focus on the young people who had finished sixth form and either did not have the grades or the resources to go on to university but would not or could not return to the village and farm. They got a building and books for a library, a ping pong table and record player and started a youth center in the township. “We basically just created a hangout place to think with these kids, to just have conversations with them,” Sandra said.

Our [FI] assignment was "what is the role of a Christian in nation-building?", so we were kind of interested in how they saw themselves in a new-forming nation, and the bottom line was, they didn't. “We don't have a place, nobody really wants us, nobody is thinking about us. Our families don't want to support us, we're just street kids.”

Within the broader community, they understood their role to not be organizers or leaders, but walking beside the people of Malawi, asking them how they felt about what was happening, but within the institution of what was essentially a police state, people just clammed up. “We never really felt like we got very far with our mission because of that turn,” Sandra said. “They didn’t get a chance to shape their nation. So we were watching all of this and putting on the programs for the people, and the youth center, and being a presence in the township and making friends.”
Then, in October 1965, just over a year after their arrival in Malawi, a man named Medson Silombela attempted a coup, failed, and was captured and jailed. Afterwards, one of the men in parliament, Kapwiti Banda (no relation to the president, Hastings Banda), gave a speech demanding that Silombela be hanged, skinned, and that the skin be put in a museum of Malawi as a warning to future generations not to make trouble. As Sandra put it, “I said, ‘If the Universal Church means anything, somebody has to say something.’” She and Bruce got his name out of the paper—they had never heard of him before—called him up and made an appointment to talk with him the next day, although they did not forewarn him what they wanted to talk about. Sandra and Bruce recalled things a little differently. Sandra remembered,

He walked in, "Oh, hello, hello, Glad to meet you", and I will never forget this. Two American twenty-three year olds sitting there saying to this African politician: "We have come to talk to you about the moral responsibility of politicians."

His response, Sandra thought, was "You missionaries have misled us a lot in the past. This is an African issue and we will deal with it in an African way." She got the impression that although he was probably a Christian, that he was not going to be persuaded by the Gospel, and that they spent an hour with him, then said good-bye and left thinking, "Okay, well, we did something." Bruce recalled specifically saying to him,

"Look, what are you talking about? Just last week they abolished capital punishment in Great Britain and you're talking about doing this kind of thing? Is it any wonder that Ian Smith can get an audience in Salisbury for the kind of nonsense that he spouts when young African leaders like you are saying this kind of thing?” He stopped me right there and called in the parliamentary secretary, i.e., the civil servant who headed up his ministry staff, sat him down as a witness, told him what we had said, and asked, "Is this is the burden of your message?", We said yes, and Kapwiti Banda said, "Thank you very much, that will be all.”
Neither Sandra nor Bruce had even a suspicion that they were risking expulsion by having this meeting. In fact, within a few days, their work permit was withdrawn and they were given forty-eight hours to leave the country. It came as a complete shock, Sandra said.

We couldn't believe we had done anything wrong. In America you go talk to a politician, nobody arrests you for it. … So we were way off-base, and we had no idea we were way off-base. I'm sure if we had ever gone to talk to any of the other people in our network they would have told us not to do it.

Bruce recalled repeated radio announcements saying, “Anyone caught meeting with or talking to the Bostons from America will be severely dealt with.” For their own safety, the Scottish missionaries had them immediately move out of the little house in Soche and back to the Blantyre Mission to prepare to leave. There were some touching moments, too. “Many students, at considerable personal risk, came to their door under cover of night to say good-bye; among them was Sila Nkhosana, who later became the General Secretary of the CCAP,” said Bruce. And although some of the missionaries were upset with them because they had rocked the boat, Rev. Bomba Pembaleka, the African minister of the grand church of the Blantyre Mission and someone Sandra and Bruce deeply loved and admired, told them that because of what they had done, “Someday the church will be able to say, ‘We did do something.’” Any of them would have ended up in jail indefinitely if they had done the same thing, Sandra explained. Although they had done what they felt called to do, like “we filled a hole” in Sandra’s words, they still felt like they had betrayed an implicit deal with Margaret and the program not to make trouble.
Their first stop after leaving Malawi was Kenya, where they were hosted by fellow FI and Princeton Seminary classmate, Tom Haller. They spent two weeks trying to get a visa to stay there but Jomo Kenyatta told John Gatu that although he was quite sympathetic to what they had done in Malawi and had nothing but contempt for Banda, that he was not sympathetic enough to offend him by allowing them to stay. Eventually a telegram arrived from Margaret’s office; “Proceed to Geneva and seek European assignment.”

The last eight months of their internship was spent in Geneva, living at the Foyer John Knox and working at the World Council of Churches Youth Department. There they slammed right into the enormous hostility against the United States that had built since they’d gone to Malawi in 1964 and the vast U.S. expansion of the war in Vietnam beginning in 1965. Geneva was full of students from around the world, not too many of them from the West. Some were “real Communists” from Communist countries. “And people hated Americans,” Sandra recalled. “I was like, ‘What did we do to deserve that?’” This was more shocking to her than anything that had happened in Malawi. Bruce, meantime, thought he had died and gone to heaven, working for Dutch ecumenist, Albert Vandenhuevel, and getting to hang out with ecumenical luminaries like Paul Albrecht, Lukas Vischer, and Paul Verghese. He also worked on the 1966 World Conference on Church and Society, an education all by itself. But Bruce, too, noted being caught short by the changing times. “We had a lot of catching up to do politically, and Geneva was a great place to do it.”
So did Sandra and Bruce do the right thing by speaking truth to power? The immediate outcome did not change. Medson Silombela was hung on January 2, 1966. Sandra does not feel, even today, that there was a real choice.

I thought of Martin Luther saying "well, if this be sin, then let me sin boldly, for here I stand, I can do no other." And that phrase travels down through the centuries. "If this be sin, then let me sin boldly". That was the spirit that we had. That could not not be done…

The missionaries said, "but when you do that you get kicked out, and that's the end of your work there." They said, "we've made a different choice and that's why we don't push that." And we were like, “Okay, whatever, we're Americans, you're British.”

Sandra and Bruce have been going back and forth for fifty years about whether their conscience as Christians or showing respect for African authority should have taken priority, in large part because it is a tough, but important question without an easy answer.

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In the summer of 1964, Gail Hovey, the former JYA in Beirut discussed in Chapter Three, was a newly-married seminarian at Union, and was deeply involved in both the Civil Rights movement and the National Student Christian Federation. At the NSCF annual assembly in Chicago, she heard Hank Crane, the Africa Secretary of the WSCF, say: “If you care about what’s happening in Civil Rights in the United States, you also have to care about what’s happening in Southern Africa, because the U.S. is on the wrong side of every single struggle that is going on right now.” Out of that meeting came

426 Gail Hovey, October 15, 2009.
a commitment by the NSCF to broaden its concern about race to include Southern Africa and the creation of a Southern Africa Committee of twenty people. Its mandate from the NSCF General Assembly included,

Leadership in development of a study program, information within the member and related movements of NSCF, liaison with groups within and without South Africa, support of South African refugees and of students studying in the United States, and responsible pressure upon important government and non-governmental relationships with the South African Republic. We understand this to apply equally to all of Southern Africa. The [NSCF] Commission on World Mission also underscored the task of “theological understanding.”

The subsequent academic year, Gail worked for the NSCF Commission on World Mission Southern Africa Committee as her seminary fieldwork and got to know Dave Wiley and Marylee Crofts, as well as others interested in Africa who were working in the various church offices at 475 Riverside Drive. Gail’s then-husband Don Morlan, also a Union seminarian and an American Baptist, was not directly involved in Southern Africa work but was game when Gail and others decided it would be a good idea for them to go to South Africa as Frontier Interns in 1966. It was impossible, of course, to apply for a visa to the South African government saying they wanted to study race relations,” but Francois and Molly Bill, good friends of Margaret’s, were studying in Chicago that year but usually were based at a Swiss mission about three hundred miles from Johannesburg in what was then the Northern Transvaal. Francois, the son of Swiss missionaries, was the head of the mission at Elim and knew that Lemana Training Institute, needed a chaplain. Don, who died in 2006 before he could be interviewed for this project, was

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assigned to that role. He taught Church History and Bible at the school, which were both required. He also was chaplain at the University College of the North, which was for the Tsonga, Venda, and Sotho speaking people. Gail, as she put it, was assigned to be his wife. “I did do some preaching and I did do some teaching, but it was really not wonderful,” she said. Francois and Molly became their host committee and dear friends.

Gail recalled that,

Different people had different opportunities. The Wileys were there in Rhodesia at a time where they actually knew people who were in the movement and could do some things pretty directly, and of course Bill and Ruth were with the movement, FRELIMO, in Tanzania. [This internship will be discussed next.] For us, I think we always really knew that the most important work we would do when we left, and what we were doing was trying to learn as much as we could, to survive. It was very repressive. It was not an easy place to live. I think also we had an understanding to try to make what the Gospel has to say about human relations real in that context. Using biblical language as code to say what we could say. There were moments that make me think, "Well, maybe it was worthwhile for us to be there."

She recalled preaching at required chapel about the crucifixion and addressing the question of who was responsible for Jesus’ death. Was it Pilate, the Chief Priests and Scribes, the crowd, or the Roman soldiers?

The idea I was putting out there was that the people with the most power are the most responsible. Kids don't listen in chapel, but they were listening, and you had the sense that there were all sorts of things going on, you had no idea, and Eduardo Mondlane who was the head of the liberation movement in Mozambique--he had been a graduate of this school, because the Tsonga people are in Southern Mozambique as well as in Northern South Africa. All the students knew that, and it was not exactly something they were taught in South African History.

On another occasion, though, they were teaching a Catechism class at a mission station some distance from where they lived when Albert Luthuli, who had been the head of the

These kids had never heard of him. I often found myself in that weird position of being a white American telling Africans about their history or about American history that I shouldn't be having to tell them, and having conversations with--the most stunning one was a man saying to me "American Negros are better than we are because they have completely accepted the White Man's ways"--I was supposed to sit there and tell him why he was wrong. It was very complicated.

But it became clear both from their own experience and from interactions they witnessed between other outsiders and South Africans that sometimes people from the outside could do and say enormously important things that insiders could not. Of course, there was sometimes a price to be paid for that as there was in their case. Three months before their internship was over, the church employing them got a letter from Bantu Education asking them to remove Gail and Don from their position. “They accused us of propagating our own critical views, that we didn’t accept the policies and customs of South Africa,” Gail explained.

I actually have the correspondence. The language is really interesting. We did things like have African students stay in our house overnight, and we did things like tell the truth about what was happening in the country. Sandy and Bruce Boston got kicked out of Malawi right before we went to South Africa, so we were extremely aware of the fact that one could get kicked out, and that was instructive to us. You can be this hotshot American doing the right thing and what happens? You leave, somebody else gets in trouble. … What was true is that students were informing on us. …Don actually had students come to him and say, “I’m being paid to spy on you, what should I tell people?” because they felt bad, but they needed the money. He would say, “Tell them something interesting,” because we were leaving. Nothing could happen to us.
As far as Gail knows, there was nothing specific—no precipitating event—that tipped the balance and made their presence in South Africa intolerable to the authorities. Only later did she come to fully appreciate the importance of the particular moment at which she and Don were forced to leave. At that time, the Swiss Mission was engaged in negotiations with the South African government as it implemented its Bantustan policy to create ten ethnically homogenous territories for black South Africans. Elim mission station, hospital and Lemana were on a farm just at the edge of what would become Gazankulu, the newly established Tsonga Bantustan. The government was threatening to declare the farm a white area. If that had happened, some 2,000 people who lived on the farm would have faced removal to Gazankulu and Elim Hospital, mission station and Lemana would have been forced to move or close down. Only in retrospect was it clear that the government demand that Gail and Don be immediately removed was, in part, a power play related to this larger ongoing drama.

They returned to New York. Don was offered a position as pastor of the church in East Harlem where they worked while in seminary. Gail became the editor of *Southern Africa Magazine* where she worked until 1975. The Committee of Returned Volunteers was established in their absence and had a strong base in New York by the time of their return. The Southern Africa Committee of the University Christian Movement was, of course, based there, too. Other former Frontier Interns and the many friends they had made through the various movements were also living there. It was not a lonely place to be at all. They had community, energy, and purpose. Tami Hultman’s and Reed Kramer’s
Frontier Internship in South Africa that began in 1969 was anchored in this community. Reflecting back on this period, Gail said,

We really felt like we had to change the government and we had to change the churches. That whole economic divestment movement, to get institutions to take money out of banks and corporations that were in South Africa, that was about getting the churches to be as institutionally responsible as they were verbally, and a lot of them got on board.... *Southern Africa* magazine got funded by those wonderful Protestant churches, so we found allies within the institution of the church, for sure.

Bill Minter\(^{429}\) and Ruth Brandon\(^{430}\) arranged their own internship with FRELIMO, the Mozambican liberation movement in exile in Tanzania. Earlier chapters included mention of ten years of Bill’s childhood growing up on an interracial cooperative farm in Mississippi and his JYA year in Nigeria where he made friends with a South African scholarship student who had been randomly arrested by the Portuguese on his way to school in Nigeria then kept in solitary confinement for months. Ruth, as a child in rural Vermont, regularly read letters from one of her mother’s friends, a missionary in Angola. They were not strangers to Portuguese colonialism in Africa.

At Union, they got involved in civil rights, got involved in the new Southern Africa Committee of the NSCF in 1964-1965, and participated in the Student Interracial Ministries in Raleigh, North Carolina the following summer. Eduardo Mondlane, the head of the liberation movement for Mozambique, came to the seminary to speak when he was in New York to make a presentation to the United Nations Trusteeship Council,

\(^{429}\) Bill Minter, July 27, 2009.  
\(^{430}\) Ruth Brandon, June 8, 2009.
his former employer. He talked about a school Frelimo had founded in exile in Tanzania that needed teachers. He approved their coming to do that if they could find their own funding. Margaret Flory, who knew Mondlane well, was willing to assign them to Frelimo for a Frontier Internship, thus providing that funding.

Eduardo Mondlane’s role in this internship was crucial. No other FIs before them or after them were directly assigned to a liberation movement and certainly not one currently at war with an American ally, as Portugal, a member of NATO, was. The potential for opposition to their internship was just as great from the other side, too, Ruth explained.

In Mozambique the enemy included the church, because there was a concordat with Rome, and the Government appointed the priests in Mozambique, and the priests blessed the Portuguese troops... The Portuguese and the Catholic Church were one and the same in the minds of the Africans seeking independence. But Eduardo Mondlane, who had come up in Protestant missions knew there was another way to understand Christianity, and he wanted us there, but we were not there to do church stuff, we were not there to evangelize, we weren't there to try to convince them out of their ideas about Christianity, we were just there to be present. We mentioned being Christians or why we were there only when asked. Our instructions were “if asked, tell. If not asked, just do the work.” So, we taught middle school, and learned a whole lot about colonialism and specifically Portuguese colonialism and American imperialism, and lots of other things, and then came back to the USA as interpreters to talk about a people who were oppressed, and God's opposition to the oppression of people, and what they were doing about it.

Bill and Ruth’s formal FI assignment was a “ministry of presence” on the frontier of “emerging new nationalism,” with the complete understanding that no new nation yet

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432 Mozambique and Angola were not freed by Portugal until 1974 and 1975.
existed in Mozambique. Rather, a way for liberation from Portugal was underway so a new nation could be created. Ruth’s and Bill’s work as teachers during their internship would contribute to that effort. Eduardo Mondlane was their “host.” For their part, the Mozambicans decided to trust Ruth and Bill because Mondlane, their leader, did.

Within a few days of their arrival in 1966, they were in the classroom teaching fifth to eighth graders in their very shaky Portuguese, the result of one summer’s intensive study at Queens College. Bill taught math and Ruth taught geography. They had help from their colleagues, but it was a very intense, high pressure assignment. “Everything I ever had to teach I learned on the spot,” Ruth said. “We had to write our own textbooks because the Portuguese…taught geography of Europe and Africa got maybe two weeks. We had a whole year of Africa in the fifth grade.”

Bill and Ruth lived at the school, in the midst of Africans who were generally their closest friends, although there was an American community in Dar-es-Salaam made up of businesspeople, people associated with the embassy, and other educators working at an American secondary school they were preparing their students to attend. Their fellow teachers included Mozambicans, both white and black, East German, Indian, and Czech. There were a few, limited contacts with Americans, primarily two couples they met at church who worked with refugees. Their connection to the Southern Africa Committee continued. Throughout their internship, they sought ways to get information about what was going on to those back in New York who were putting out the magazine.

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433 Ruth’s Mozambican co-teacher during this time was the sitting president of Mozambique when I interviewed her in 2009.
The most confusing and difficult part of the internship began in late 1968. During school vacations the school had been sending students back to Mozambique to help with education, health, organizing in communities, women’s issues, and whatever else was going on. The Portuguese sent a Mozambican black priest, the first one, to convince the students that because they were the future elites after independence, they should not be sent back to Mozambique because it put them in danger. “It was very subversive,” Ruth explained, “and there were students who led a rebellion.” She saw one of her students threaten a colleague at knifepoint. The school had to close, although they continued to live there and travel to, and help teach at, a teacher training program outside of Dar-es-Salaam for the rest of their internship. Bill recalled this period of political uncertainty being confusing and difficult but not alarming.

We heard at various points from the occasional contacts we had in town that the people opposing Eduardo Mondlane were financed by the Russians, by the Chinese, and by the C.I.A. all by people who knew for sure that this had to be the case. We learned how to say: “We don’t know.” And that one continues to do one's work in any case.

He believes that was part of Frelimo’s style very much tied to Mondlane’s leadership, but he also recalled having a good role model in his parents who, when he was 13 or 14, were dealing with a lot of tension and confrontations in Mississippi and, while stressed, were not panicked by what was happening. For him and Ruth, “there was a narrative of social justice which included opposition to racism, colonialism, and apartheid, but also included a long term perspective that even if those things won that won’t be the end of it.”

When they left at the end of their internship on New Year’s Day 1969, they were seen off at the airport by Eduardo Mondlane, then flew to Brazil and traveled north to
Bill’s parents’ house in Tucson, Arizona. As soon as they arrived on February 4, only a month later, they got a phone call from Gail Hovey informing them that Mondlane had been assassinated by a letter bomb. “That was very, very deep for us,” Ruth said, “because we were essentially his protégées. We were in his home a lot, we knew his little kids, we knew his wife who was American. It probably also reinforced our commitments to hang in there with the people.” That fall they headed to University of Wisconsin where Bill did a doctorate specializing in the sociology of Foreign Policy and International Relations. David Wiley, by then a professor of sociology, was his dissertation advisor. Ruth became executive director of the campus YWCA, a job Marilee Crofts helped her get. In 1973, after Bill finished his Ph.D., they returned to Mozambique and teaching at Frelimo’s school. They remained until 1976, a year after independence from Portugal was finally won.

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Tami Hultman’s434 and Reed Kramer’s435 internship in South Africa began in 1969 only months after Bill Minter and Ruth Brandon returned to the U.S. from Tanzania.436 They were both recent Duke graduates. Tami, who began at Duke in 1964 when she was sixteen, graduated in 1968 and Reed, who is the same age but entered on

434 Tami Hultman, July 30, 2009.
435 Reed Kramer, interview by the author, Durham, NC (by telephone), May 4, 2010.
the regular schedule—graduated in 1969. Both had been brought up by people committed
to racial and global justice. Both came of age politically in the context of the Student
Christian Movement and the campus activism of the late 1960s. Tami participated in
Margaret Flory’s study trip to Africa in 1966 (discussed in Chapter Three) and was
president of the YWCA her senior year. Reed attended “Process ’67”, the regular SVM
quadrennial, and he was the president of the YMCA, his senior year. They both were
leaders in a major campus action to get the university to recognize the non-academic
employees union. They won, after several days occupying the university president’s
house and another several days holding a Vigil in the Quad in front of the Chapel. Joan
Baez, David Harris, her draft resister husband, and Pete Seeger came.

They knew they wanted to do something related to global issues. Tami knew
Margaret Flory and knew about the Frontier Intern program from the Africa Study Trip.
She and Reed were not fixated on being assigned to Africa though. Reed was a political
science major and had done a paper on Guatemala, the United Fruit Company, and the
role of the U.S. in orchestrating a coup there in 1954 which Tami also thought was very
interesting. “The U.S. throwing its weight around to overthrow democratically-elected
governments was something that was a part of what we, by then, knew about and felt a
responsibility for,” Tami said. But that concern broadly applied to what the U.S. was

437 For more on “Process ’67” see, Charlotte Bunch, “Charlotte Bunch.” In Journeys That
Opened Up the World: Women, Student Christian Movements, and Social Justice, 1955-
1975, 133.
doing in most parts of the world, as Tami and Reed well knew by 1969. So when Alex Boraine, the head of the youth department of the Methodist Church in South Africa asked for two Frontier Interns—preferably a couple—to run a new, multi-racial youth leadership training program, and Margaret thought they would be perfect for the assignment, they were fine with that. Tami is quite honest in saying that before beginning the internship they thought of the training program as the cover for what they really wanted to do—research U.S. investments in South Africa and their role in supporting apartheid on behalf of the pension boards of the churches. Tim Smith, who was organizing what became Interfaith Center for Corporate Responsibility in 1972, helped orchestrate and support that part of the internship. Before leaving New York, Tami and Reed became part of the Southern Africa Committee and considered them collaborators, too.

Margaret Flory approved both aspects of the internship. The idea was that they would rotate, participating in the youth leadership training for three months, then doing the corporate research for three months, then would return to Durban for the next round of youth leadership training, and so on. The youth training program, it turned out, was both much more demanding and much more rewarding than they had anticipated. There were 18-20 young people from all over South Africa from every race group who had never had honest, personal encounters—or, heaven forbid, sustained relationships—with people of different races or social status. The idea of creating this program to give

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participants that experience that they could then take back to the churches was generated by Alex Boraine, then the youth director of the Methodist Church. He later became the president of the Methodist Church of South Africa then was an anti-apartheid member of Parliament before Mandela’s release, and then founding director of the International Center for Transitional Justice. He and his colleague, Athol Jennings, who had day-to-day responsibility for supporting Tami and Reed’s work, were well-grounded in Christian theology, but also the practice of community building. They tapped into their own community of South African anti-apartheid justice activists to contribute to the youth leadership program. As a result, Tami and Reed met an astonishing array of South African leaders, like Steve Biko, then a medical student and leader of the South African Students Organization, who came to speak to their group. As Reed described it in the *No Easy Victories* book, “He [Biko] … drew us into their circle and gave us extraordinary insights into the emerging political culture of black consciousness. Most of them went on to become deeply engaged in their communities.” Tami had met Beyers Naudé, the former Dutch Reformed minister who, by then, had left the church and was running the Christian Institute, when she was participating in Margaret’s Africa Study trip in 1966. She renewed that acquaintance and got him to contribute to the youth leadership program, too. In one of the oddities of history, it was Tami, a young American

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439 Biko died in police custody in 1977.
441 Beyers Naude’s story is told in more detail in Chapter Five.
only temporarily in South Africa, who introduced Naudé and Biko, two extremely important leaders in the emerging movement, to each other!

Apartheid law prevented the youth from living or traveling together, but the first two weeks of each three month session they spent at a youth camp outside of the city where everyone could live together. Ironically, they got everyone there traveling in a van contributed by Harry Oppenheimer, a heir to the gold and diamond fortune made in South Africa. When they were in Durban for the residency part of the training program, they lived in racial groupings with host families or in hostels, but spent every waking moment together. “[We] met together all day, every day, from breakfast through dinner and through evening programs most of the time. So we were together all the time except sleeping,” said Tami. “And nights were often short.” At the beginning, the young people were cautious around each other but gradually opened up. “It was particularly traumatic for the whites who didn’t have any clue as to what was really going on and what life was like for people who were not white,” Tami said. “But we, from the beginning, encouraged these conversations.” When I interviewed Tami in 2009, she and Reed had recently attended a reunion of many of the people who participated and had seen, first-hand, how transformative the program had been.

And there was a lot of theology, too, and everything was set in the context of churches and church education and reading the Bible and devotions and what does the Bible say? And people would pull out these scriptures about the slave shall be loyal to his master and those kinds of things and we’d respond, “it also says this and you don’t do that….why doesn’t your father have ten wives?” and just kind of progressive elucidation in scriptural interpretation. Having been a religion major came in handy because I could talk about the original scriptures and about translations and about all these kinds of things….pretty paradigm-destroying for the young people who were subject to it….including the Africans, too, who were
pretty fundamentalist as the churches, by and large, were pretty literal in their interpretation of Scripture.

At the conclusion of each three month session—eventually there were three sessions—the young people would return to their churches to fulfill a commitment to serve them for the next nine months. At that point, Tami and Reed had three months “off” to travel doing the corporate research before the next session began.

In 1969, as demands for the isolation of South Africa because of its apartheid policies increased, one powerful attempt to guide corporate investment there was called the “Sullivan Principles.” They were developed by Leon Sullivan, a black pastor in Philadelphia who was on the board of General Motors. The essence of the principles was that companies needed to stay in South Africa and continue to do business as good corporate citizens, fostering incremental change, and that leaving, or divesting, would mostly hurt the black majority population by depriving them of the jobs these corporations provided. Those claims had never been thoroughly investigated. Tami and Reed set out to get the facts, facts that ultimately were used to skewer the Sullivan Principles and fuel the divestment movement. Working with anti-apartheid activists in New York, Tami and Reed identified what U.S. corporations were the most important to South Africa’s economy. They then solicited letters of introduction to those corporations from a number of the pension boards of U.S. churches. “We have these young representatives and we have heavy investments in your companies and we want to see what is happening in South Africa.” In most cases, the people at the corporate
headquarters interpreted this as an exercise in fiduciary responsibility and decided to cooperate.

When Tami and Reed actually showed up at various plants, the managers at that level generally were equally accommodating and gave interviews and tours of their facilities that Tami and Reed taped and photographed. “Nobody had raised any questions about their investments in South Africa prior to this,” Tami said. “Nobody had done anything as far as I know so they were completely unsuspecting. So their mode when we interviewed the executives was justification of how well they were doing. And they had no sensitivity to how wage gaps would look, for example, or to their own biases that made those things seem OK.” It undoubtedly helped that Tami and Reed personally were so young, so all-American and so southern—she is small and blond and he is handsome and courtly—and that their approach was so polite and gracious. To all appearances, they were the polar opposites of the long-haired, radical hippies then dominating the American political scene. Reed recalled,

We didn't go in to lecture. That wasn't our role. We went in to ask questions and we expressed genuine interest and we never argued with anything they told us. We just asked them for the information and in most cases we had as much access as we could possibly hope for and then we usually were able to meet with the unions or representatives of workers who were glad to tell their side of the story. It wasn't difficult to get to them. It was just a matter of being willing to ask.

And what they discovered was that the American companies were much more conservative in their labor policies and much more reactionary than the South African ones in general because they did not want to get kicked out. Tami explained that,

South African companies, partly for bottom line reasons, were willing to push the boundaries of legislation like job reservation which reserved certain categories of
jobs for whites. They would just violate those regulations all over the place because they needed laborers and there weren’t enough whites to do them and so they would train blacks completely under the….I’m sure the government knew it was going on but the economy was growing and expanding and they wanted to keep functioning.

And U.S. companies didn’t have the same courage. Their incentive was, as one of the CEOs said to us, “Look, we’re making 25% profits. In four years, we’ve recovered our investment, so there is nothing like this. We need to stay here” as the justification for not engaging the government more vigorously in trying to change policies. So they couldn’t argue that they were fostering incremental changes and that those changes were the only changes possible. They tried but we had documentary evidence that said that those were lies.

That documentation—the tapes, photographs, documents they gathered during these visits--was sent back to New York with Tim Smith, when he was visiting, or with others who were passing through. After they got kicked out in March, 1971, the Counsel General in Durban sent the final batch of material back to New York via a diplomatic pouch.

One great irony of Tami and Reed’s exit from South Africa is that they were not kicked out for the corporate research, which provided the foundation for the ultimately successful divestment campaign. They were kicked out for their role in the youth leadership training program, but even then it was not really a response to anything they personally did, as it had been for Bruce and Sandra Boston when they were thrown out of Malawi. Rather, they were thrown out by the government as part of a mass expulsion of fifty church workers in a fit of pique when the World Council of Churches gave a grant to the liberation movements like the African National Congress (ANC), Mandela’s group, and the South African churches refused to comply with a demand that they withdraw their membership from the WCC. When Tami and Reed left South Africa, they headed to
Nairobi, Kenya to stay with FIs elmira Nazombe and Jim Thacker, who were in their FI
class and had become good friends during orientation. Another irony of their expulsion is
that the final six months of their internship was spent in other African countries, meeting
with other liberation leaders starved for information about what was going on in South
Africa. For example, they met with Julius Nyerere, the first president of Tanzania,
probably through Margaret Flory. “People didn’t have access to a lot of information
about how apartheid was actually functioning,” Reed said. “We were able to bring first-
hand experience. We met with lots of people, including the entire leadership—many,
many times—of the ANC and in many ways we were just sharing our information
because they were hungry for it.” This information undoubtedly strengthened those
movements.

In the process, Tami and Reed became journalists. They wrote a lot that was
published in a number of African newspapers and wrote articles for magazines including
the WSCF’s Student World that passed along what they had learned to the rest of the
world student Christian community. After returning to New York, Margaret extended
their internship another year, the Presbyterians gave them use of an apartment in a nearby
building they owned, and they used all the documentation they had accumulated for a
book, Church Investments, Corporations and Southern Africa that was published by the
Corporate Information Center (about to transition into the Interfaith Center on Corporate
Responsibility) in 1972. Then they returned to Durham, North Carolina where they used
a small grant from the UCC to start Africa News Service distributing information from
and about Africa to news organizations serving the general public.
When South African Suzette Abbott\(^{442}\) (New York City, 1971-1973) met Tami Hultman and Reed Kramer (South Africa, 1969-1971), she was involved with the Christian Institute and a night school she and some others had started in a cathedral right next to the station where African workers used to come into the city from the outlying townships to work. This was somewhat risky business because it was illegal for white people to teach black people, but an enlightened Roman Catholic bishop in Durban was part of the project and there was some protection because it was happening on church property. Then she met Tami and Reed and through them, people like Steve Biko and learned about their projects and the FIM program. They suggested she and her then-husband apply. They were part of the Class of 1971 and were based in New York City where they could support the anti-apartheid activism, particularly *Southern Africa* magazine. That could not be done officially, though, or they would never have been able to return to South Africa so Suzette worked in day care and her husband worked at a newspaper.

What was amazing about New York at that moment was the Women’s Movement. I couldn’t have gotten there at a better time if I’d tried. And the Women’s Movement was everywhere. So I participated in the day care piece because day care centers were opening everywhere. Demonstrations, anti-apartheid, for day care, for women’s whatever…. It was just all happening and I participated in all of that.

Suzette’s husband decided he no longer wanted to be married and returned to South Africa. Suzette went back once, too, but people there told her to get more

\(^{442}\) Suzette Abbott, October 1, 2009.
education before she returned. She enrolled in a master’s program in early childhood education at Bank Street College of Education where she met her current husband, got a green card, and ended up remaining in the United States. It is interesting that while she remained very connected to people who were working on South Africa, she got more and more connected to what became her life long passion—the education of young children. Later, as a Cambridge, MA kindergarten teacher, she worked as a facilitator for a national program called SEED-- Seeking Education Equity in Diversity—that trains teachers to work with other teachers to be more aware of how their attitudes about race, class, and gender affect the children they teach.

Victor Vockerodt (1971-1973) grew up in a small interior rural town in South Africa. His father was a teacher at the local Catholic primary school. In the apartheid caste system, Victor was classified as “colored,” or mixed race. An important childhood memory is constant fundraising to support independent education in the face of the Bantu Education Act dictating an inferior school curriculum for students of color. Before age thirteen, he had decided to be a priest. Just before his eighteenth birthday, in November 1960, he arrived in Rome to further his study for the priesthood, courtesy of his South African diocese. It was a mind-bending leap from a small South African village to Rome, but within months he had learned enough Latin and Italian to function and was in the groove. Six years later, he decided to leave the seminary. When Margaret Flory met up

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with him in 1970, he was a graduate student in comparative education in Geneva, living at the Foyer John Knox, and working as the African coordinator there. He was scheduled to get his degree the following spring. Margaret suggested he apply to be a FI. He did.

Victor had only returned to South Africa once, in 1968, and the repression was so extreme and weighed on him so heavily, that he still, years later, recalled the tension leaving his body once he was on a plane, in flight, leaving again. Still, his overwhelming interest was Africa. Margaret assigned him to help Tami Hultman and Reed Kramer (South Africa, 1969-1971) launch All-Africa News in Durham, N.C. where they had decided to settle. They monitored short wave radio and subscribed to newspapers in order to gather news for a weekly news bulletin they distributed to radio stations to read over the air. That and traveling throughout the U.S. spreading the word and doing fund-raising Victor really enjoyed. Living in North Carolina, however, was not easy. At the end of the two year internship, he moved to New York and went to work for Ruth Harris and the World Division of the United Methodist Church coordinating Youth Adult Ministries in Africa, Latin America, and Asia.

Victor had expected to return to South Africa, but at the end of his first FI year, the South African government cancelled his passport. Completely by accident and without anyone pulling strings, he got political asylum and a work permit as a writer. A few years later he got a green card. The immigration problem he described as “huge,” but he eventually re-centered his international life in the United States, with an American wife and two American children, and a career as a political officer for the State Department reporting on what was happening politically in a series of assigned countries.
His last assignment before his retirement, from 2004 to 2007, was South Africa. Few people there realized he was originally from South Africa. “What I brought to the latter part of life was not just the baggage of Rome, then Switzerland, and then the Frontier Intern program – all of this allowed me to be just Victor Vockerodt,” he concluded. “That is what I find amazing. So I have never, ever felt uncomfortable wherever I was.”

All of the Frontier Interns included in this section emphasized that they were aware, even at the time of their internships, that they were not on their own. “There was never any feeling of being isolated like I think many interns probably felt,” Tami said. “There was community at a distance, but very much a community.” The FI core of that community and their closest associates became, in fact, an intentional community with roots in a meeting at Hank Crane’s home in Zambia about 1966 that included Dave Wiley, Marylee Crofts, Dave Robinson (Senegal, 1961-1963), who was not interviewed for this project, Bill Minter, Ruth Brandon, Gail Hovey, Don Morlan, and eventually included Eileen Hanson (Ivory Coast, 1966-1968) and others. They met for twenty-five years. Gail Hovey recalled that,

Always when we got together we would talk about the region, what was happening, updating.... in that first meeting we ended up drafting a paper about "what should an appropriate American governmental stance policy be on Southern Africa?". We were very serious. We were too serious. It was ridiculous. Dave Robinson had just broken up with his girlfriend when he came and he was in grief, and we gave him probably three and a half minutes to talk about it. We didn't treat spouses who came in the group later well. We did keep each other committed to working on Southern Africa in some ways. We pooled money. I think I probably gave away more money percentage wise, because of the group, and part of it I'm sure is that it was slightly competitive, but it meant that we really did it for twenty-five years.
Gail also participated—and continues to participate—in a second group Suzette Abbott helped start in 1972 that was made up entirely of women, ten of them, half South African and half Americans, most of whom were also working on Southern Africa issues but not part of the WSCF network. They met every week. By then the women’s movement was emerging, and they began as a women’s study group reading material that was written by a woman at that time. The women in this group did attend to personally supporting each other and remain Gail’s closest friends. The Zambia Group, by contrast, suffered when all but one or two of the marriages ended.444

What is important here, however, is that the action taken by Hank Crane to create a community that would stick together, and sustain and advance the commitment of its members to Southern Africa sufficient to endure what would be a long struggle succeeded in doing just that. Their collaboration in producing the *No Easy Victories* book—the first one to document how grassroots activists working in a whole host of networks that linked the work of Africans and Americans, including the Frontier Intern network, advanced the cause of African liberation over a fifty year period—proves it. Interacting with and amplifying other networks, it demonstrated for some of them just what this amazing global ecumenical network Margaret had connected them to was capable of. By the end of his internship, Reed Kramer said that, “seeing the church in action on the ground in Africa and then being engaged and connected [with it] through the World Student Christian Federation and the World Council of Churches…just

444 Gail Hovey, October 15, 2009.
reinforced what I had always felt about being a part of a world Christian movement that was very important to what I did and who I was.”

**The West African and Friere-inspired Internships**

The Southern African internships discussed in the last section were amplified in memory because of their contribution to the larger anti-apartheid, pro-majority rule liberation movements. Margaret Flory, understandably, was very proud of what the FIM program had contributed and often spoke of it. Some of the interns themselves wrote professionally about it. But it has already been shown that the Kenyan internships made valuable contributions to others aspects of the social change underway at the time. Other internships such as those in West Africa or those that focused on literacy after Paulo Friere began participating in FI orientation in 1971 did, too. This section will focus on those internships.

![Symbol](image)

It is beyond the scope of this dissertation to address why Great Britain and France struggled to hang on to some colonies while letting others go. Kenya, long a British colony, was poised to emerge as an independent nation in 1961 when Larry Miller, Theresa Miller, and Joedd Miller arrived for their internships, at the same time Dave Wiley and Marylee Crofts arrived in Southern Rhodesia where the British fought to retain control until 1980. This was true of France, too, which had battled to hang on to Algeria at the same time it granted a number of its other colonies in West Africa independence. Henry Bucher (Gabon, 1962-1964), Tessa and Bob Mangum (Cameroon, 1964-1966), Eileen Hanson-Kelly (Ivory Coast/Cote d’Ivoire, 1966-1968), and Ann and Scott Brunger
(Benin/Togo, 1968-1970) all served internships in places transitioning from French colonies to independent nations. Unlike the “liberation” internships, these were not connected in any way. Each FI operated independently in the context of their FI class and community created by the regular letters people doing internships all over the world posted to each other, and were not connected to others who did internships in similar places before or after they did. Nevertheless, I am considering them together here in order to highlight similarities and differences between them.

Henry Bucher⁴⁴⁵ and Tressa Mangum⁴⁴⁶ are both missionary kids with roots in Asia and similar stories about the impact of World War II and the coming of Communists to power in China on their families. Tressa’s family ended up in the Philippines; Henry’s family had a number of moves and finally settled in Thailand, although after he was in college. Both participated in the JYA program, Henry in Beirut and Tressa, taking the opportunity to spend a year “at home” in the Philippines.

Both Gabon and Cameroon became independent from France in 1960, but Gabon, where Henry was assigned, immediately took on the authoritarian character Bruce and Sandra Boston saw instituted right after independence in Malawi. Opposition forces championing participatory democracy were crushed militarily in both places. Henry, however, did not get involved and never mentioned the politics of Gabon in his interview.

⁴⁴⁶ Tressa Mangum, May 4, 2009.
The post-independence situation was quieter in Cameroon, but Tressa never mentioned politics one way or the other either.

Like most of the Frontier Interns in Kenya, Henry, Tressa, and her husband Bob (who was not interviewed) worked in the context of the local church and set their course after getting to know and really listen to those local people and figuring out what they wanted. Henry worked with the first Gabonese head of the new Église Évangélique du Gabon.\textsuperscript{447} He had been ordained right before beginning his Frontier Internship. Their priority—the youth—was his priority. Generally, he reported to the youth director.

Subsistence living, as the FI program ideal, was just about what the local church was able to provide, at least initially. Henry explained,

\begin{quote}
They knew I was coming, but they hadn't done a lot of preparations. I started out living with the pastor who was the head of the church. He took me to a room that they obviously had just kind of emptied out for my coming and it was totally empty, but during the day, a woman would come up the hill with a board on her head, and another one would come with another board, and they made it into a bed, later on somebody came with a mosquito net and a chair, somebody brought a chair, before long, by that night, it was my room. That was sort of an opening to the sort of casual, family-oriented, kinship-oriented structure that I was going to be dealing with.
\end{quote}

Awhile later he moved into rooms near the mother church in Libreville that functioned as a kind of community center. The business about not having servants was not a bother one way or the other. When he was in town, he had breakfast with the African pastor, lunch with the last French missionary there, and supper with an African family. Much of the time, he traveled to places like Lambaréné and Brazzaville to meet with young people.

\textsuperscript{447} Évangélique in the French context means Protestant.
He also preached in French a couple of Sundays each month and attended classes. Along the way, he got to be good friends with Peace Corps workers there at the time and had attended a reunion of them in Missouri shortly before I interviewed him in 2009.

Since almost his entire first year was spent in Paris living in the African Pavilion at the Cité Universitaire, learning French with an African accent, Margaret gave Henry a third internship year. When that ended in 1965, he returned to New York and became a field staff worker for the National Student Christian Federation. Because of his family’s long history in Asia, Henry already knew that the issue in Vietnam was nationalism, not communism, and in fairly short order he got involved in opposing the Vietnam War. “My position was so strong even by ’65 and ’66, that … I realized I might not get a job in a church,” he said. He, too, joined those at the University of Wisconsin to do doctoral work on the history of Gabon in the African Studies program there.

Cameroon, where Tressa and Rob Mangum went for their internship in 1964, had also just become independent, and the mission church was in the process of becoming locally controlled. Their FI assignment was to work at the community center and train an African pastor to take it over when they left. Their host, a missionary friend of Margaret’s who requested them, went home on furlough and did not return, so they were on their own. They had just graduated from Princeton Seminary. Rob planned to be ordained. Tressa got a degree in religious education and planned to follow her family’s footsteps into the mission field. Rob had seen some of the world in the Navy and was anxious to see more. They had no particular “frontier” as far as Tressa could recall. They just did the work.
Rob was the director of a Protestant community center. We had a pre-school there and two young Cameroonian girls taught that. We were also working with the Catholic youth and with a young priest and nuns from the Catholic school. We had recreation--ping pong tables and we introduced Frisbee which they loved and called “le disc”-- showed movies, community work projects, sometimes had dances for the youth group and we lived above a Christian bookstore in an old German building. A young Protestant man ran the bookstore that we lived above. Rob preached in French as there were several different high schools in Edea--there was a government one, there was a Catholic one, and a Protestant one--and so kids would come from all over and speak in different dialects. The Sunday service in French was in a little chapel we had right next to the building that we lived in. Soldiers from other areas would often come. I led a choir, and I also taught a baking class and we had a lot of functions at the community center.

Tressa was annoyed by what she felt was the implied Frontier Intern critique of traditional missionaries, and she objected to the ban on servants although they abided by it, but she did not find anything about the assignment itself shocking or surprising. They knew how to do what they were being asked to do. Once there, they had good relationships with the missionaries in the area. While she and Rob did not always understand the culture, Tressa said they “just took it in stride.” Still, it was clear that although they toughed it out, the Cameroon assignment had not been a very good match.

We were probably pretty ready by the time we left, and a lot of it was the health, and a lot of it was just being in an alien culture. We only knew a few of the local words, we mostly spoke in African French. I couldn't understand the French people when they talked. Rob could, because he had studied in Paris. So I think we were glad that our two years were up.

When they returned to the United States, Rob was ordained and they moved to Los Angeles where he accepted an assistant pastor position and Tressa worked in the Foreign Student office at UCLA. Their passion, though, was bringing people to Christ, something they felt the Presbyterian Church cared less and less about in the years after their
internship. After a long struggle, they converted to Roman Catholicism in the early 1990s.

*Eileen Hanson-Kelly*[^448] (Côte d’Ivoire /Ivory Coast, 1966-1968) was assigned to the Student Christian Movement at the university in Côte d’Ivoire, a former French colony immediately west of Ghana, a former British colony. Ann Brunger and Scott Brunger[^449] (Benin/Togo, 1968-1970) were assigned to the Student Christian Movement at a university supposedly shared by two newly independent French colonies to the east of Ghana, Benin and Togo. All three countries became independent about 1960. In each place, they were warmly welcomed but for neither internship was there a job description, nor did anyone really have a clue what they should do. They had to “figure it out” and, in time, did.

Eileen participated in the Africa Study trip in the summer of 1966, right before her internship began. This is the same one that Tami Hultman was part of that took twenty participants to a number of Southern African countries as well as Kenya and Ethiopia. It was what Eileen called “an exposure trip” and by itself was life changing even before her internship began. After the study trip ended, she proceeded alone to the United Nations’ language school in Cameroon. The purpose of this school was to bring French and English speakers of the African elites together to learn each other’s languages. The problem the UN was trying to address was that the strongest ties for

[^448]: Eileen Hanson-Kelly, April 15, 2009.
people in these new countries was back to the imperial power in Europe that controlled them. They did not know other Africans, and given language barriers, could not even communicate with them. So Eileen spent three months living with an African family attending French school. Then she proceeded to her assignment at the University of Abidjan. The Presbyterian Church there had applied for her through Hank Crane at the WSCF in Geneva. The SCM had a student center near the university with a French minister as the chaplain. The plan, such as there was one, was that Eileen would attend the university in the morning. There was a special program where regular university classes were taught in French to English speakers. In the afternoon and early evening, she would assist at the center, or Le Foyer.

Somehow we were just supposed to be there and kind of figure out how we could be a Christian presence in this foreign land, foreign language. We were really distinguishing ourselves from the traditional missionaries. We didn't want to be missionaries because now this was a new day in these developing countries and somehow we were supposed to find a new way of being Christians together. I would say that the first year I kind of wandered around…

In addition to her time with students, hanging out and playing ping pong and helping with SCM meetings, she taught a middle school Bible class that really helped improve her French. She made friends with some American missionaries who were there on assignment with the African Council of Churches, people who are still friends today. Although she struggled with her own dislike of the way the Christian missionaries had been used by the colonists, she did not sense any anti-missionary feeling among the Ivorians themselves.

I think that they saw the missionaries and they saw me as an avenue to get to America. You would not believe how many times somebody stopped me on the
street and said: “Can you get me to America?” or “Would you marry me?” I had people write me letters: “Would you marry me? I want to go to America.” They really thought the streets were paved with gold here. It was not all that great there.

In the summer of 1967, once school was out, at Margaret’s suggestion she did some traveling to some of the West African countries where the students came from to get a better understanding of them. For many years there had been no communication between Ivory Coast and Ghana—when Nkrumah was in power, the border between the two countries was actually closed—so she made visiting Ghana a priority. Everywhere she went she looked for church connections. Finally, she went on a work camp sponsored by the World Council of Churches in Togo. People from several different African countries, local people, and a few Europeans and another American participated. That experience made her think that maybe she could do something through the SCM to bring Ghanian English speakers and Ivorian French speakers together.

Once she got back to the university, she started an English club for the French speakers and drew on her contacts in the mission community and the Embassy. She was delighted at how happy people there were to get to know these students. “I was very naïve about this,” she said. “I thought: ‘This is great! We get invited to the ambassador’s house!’” … Looking back on it, I think: Were they using me to get to these students to get information from them? The CIA was involved with all these embassies. What was I thinking of?” But these students were really the focus of her work the second year.

Perhaps the centerpiece of that work was a trip she planned to take a group of about twenty-five students active in this English club to visit the Student Christian
Movement at the university in Ghana over spring vacation. She contacted the SCM in Ghana about this,

And they said, “Yes, we'd like to host you.” So I organized a trip for about twenty-five students—of course, there are no phones, sporadic mail service, the only way to make a phone call was to go to the post office and make a phone call and maybe you were able to get the person on the other end but most of the people you're calling don't have phones either, and, of course, absolutely no Internet so this all took some time. I had to arrange to hire a bus or a lorry to take us over there. But we did. We decided where we were going to go and where we were going to stay. …I'm like the tour leader. Who ever thought I would come to Africa and be the tour leader?

Then the students from the Ivory Coast decided they wanted to reciprocate, so in the summer they invited students in the SCM from Ghana to come for a week of camp.

Eileen translated from French to English. A girlfriend from the Bible Society translated from English to French. This was a huge success, too. Not long afterwards, her internship came to a close and she headed back to the United States by way of a visit to relatives in Sweden.

During Eileen’s interview in 2009, I commented that I could imagine that friendships might have been formed during those exchange trips between the two SCMs that remained important to people later, and Eileen responded, “Maybe. I have no idea!” Later, I found out that when Margaret Flory visited Ivory Coast in 1995, people at the university asked about Eileen and vividly remembered her powerful ministry among them. 450

450 Flory, From Past to Future: Experiments in Global Bridging, 46.
Eileen found returning to the U.S. in 1968 frightening. “I'm getting ready and wrapping up my work and I'm thinking, ‘I don't want to go home to Chicago. They've got tanks in the street.’ … I don't want to go back to that! What am I going to do?” That was scarier than my initial going to Ivory Coast. “ So initially she went to her parents’ home in Minneapolis and got a few part-time jobs at an international center at the university and at a church. She moved in with a few women who worked with campus ministry and a coffee house they ran, but through that project encountered the drug use that had become pervasive among college kids while she was away. That and the sensory assaults from simple trips to the grocery store made the reentry process difficult. The next year, in 1969, she did return to Chicago and a graduate program at University of Chicago in Comparative Education. Not long after, the Committee of Returned Volunteers—the group Alice Hageman (Paris, 1962-1965) helped found—moved its headquarters to Chicago. These were people who were “on my wavelength,” Eileen said, and their presence was very welcome. She helped start other activist groups—the Chicago Anti-Imperialist Collective, founders of the famed New World Resource Center—started as did the Chicago Committee for the Liberation of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea (CCLAMG). She supported her unpaid activism with temp work and eventually a night job at the U.S. Post Office where she got hooked on union organizing, and her vocational course was set.

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Ann and Scott Brunger arrived in Benin and Togo in 1968 not long after Eileen Hanson-Kelly left Ivory Coast and for a very similar kind of internship with the Student Christian Movement of a new university in a former French colony. But there was no “hand-off” from one to the other like there was with the Southern Africa interns where a returning FI, like Gail Hovey, both briefed them about South Africa and helped anchor the internship of Tami Hultman and Reed Kramer. This difference highlights that it was not the Frontier Intern program that took responsibility for that when it happened, but other related but separate groups like the Southern Africa Committee. There was no group like that in West Africa, although Ann and Scott did visit FIs from their class in neighboring Ghana—Judith Marshall (Ghana, 1968-1970) and Deborah and Larry Trettin (Ghana, 1968-1970)—several times. There were occasions when Margaret Flory had regional meetings of interns, particularly in advance of the ten-year evaluation, but these were for programmatic reasons.

Ann and Scott’s story was introduced in the section about missionary kids in Chapter Four. They went to high school together in Beirut, Lebanon where both sets of parents were missionaries. They kept in touch when Ann went to Barnard and Scott went to Yale, both very alien environments for young people with their backgrounds. By senior year, they were a couple. The summer of 1968, within two weeks, they each graduated from college and then got married. Then they became Frontier Interns and did

a summer’s worth of African Studies at Columbia before taking off for West Africa only hours after Scott got approval for this plan from his draft board.

When applying to be FIs, Ann and Scott expected Margaret would send them to Asia or the Middle East since that was where they had prior experience, but they were perfectly happy with the appointment to the Student Christian Movement in Benin and Togo, both newly independent. Indeed, they were excited by that. Both of the countries they worked in had Student Christian Movements at the secondary level and had this new, university jointly shared between the two countries. The idea was that Scott and Ann could help bond them together within this joint structure. The reality was that both governments wanted their own university and that no one—not the students or the administrators—had any intention of cooperating.

Scott: We couldn’t see that until we were in the middle of it. The result was that we were very much adopted over on the Benin side by the Student Christian Movement and Togo considered that we were foisted on them.

Ann: So we would live a month in one country and then travel by taxi and spend a month in the other country so we would spend one month here then the next month in the other country. We did that for two whole years.

There was a lot of good will coming from a number of directions—students, leaders of a local African indigenous church, some of the missionaries—who were warmly welcoming, but gave absolutely no specific direction. They were to be animateurs de la jeunesse – animators of youth, or perhaps better translated as youth group leaders, but no one really knew what that meant since they had never had anyone in that kind of role before. Ann and Scott had to figure things out on their own. In the meantime, they rented an apartment in an African student’s family’s home and got a tutor to improve their
French. “I knew from experience from watching my parents adapt to Lebanon that what you do is you take down time and use that to find out who the personalities are that you really need to know and trust,” Scott said. When they did that, people that became very important to them came into focus and they began to form relationships with them.

Scott: It turned out that, for instance, the head of the church in Benin was the grandson of the minister who translated the Bible into the local language, had a Ph.D., and was incredibly clever and wouldn’t tell us what to do but we could go in and ask him: “Of these two alternatives which one should we take?” And we could rely on him for guidance.

Ann: How about Pierre and Marie-Claire?

Scott: Pierre and Marie-Claire. There was this minister….a French director of the theological school who was the son of missionaries in Gabon. He had grown up his whole life in Africa and who was one of the most remarkable personalities. He had gray hair and knew how to act like an African elder and have everyone just bowing to him and …..once we realized that that power was not demanded, it was freely given, we suddenly realized what a treasure trove of information this fellow was. And he recognized that we were intellectuals and he could share that with us.

Ann: I think he saw us as these very young Americans floating around….laughter

Scott: Yes, Americans floating around but gradually we got on to him and then there was this pseudo-revolutionary head of the Student Christian Movement who after he’d gotten his trip to Europe just sort of did nothing…..

Ann: This was Mathias

Scott: Yes, Mathias, and gradually he was replaced by his cousin who was far more dynamic and became a real friend of ours….a personal friend…..

Ann: And he was a leader of the Student Christian Movement and he found ways for us to actually do what we were originally supposed to do which was animate with leadership training, program development, planning events like summer camps and that sort of thing.
Scott: You know we were getting subscriptions to *motive magazine* and so forth and translating stuff into French and trying to keep them up-to-date with what was happening in the rest of the world and it became very creative.

In May of 1969, the students and professors in Benin went on strike against the government over educational policy, but Ann and Scott steered clear of any involvement. “We were smart enough from our own experience to know you get off the street when there is a strike going because whatever you do is going to be misinterpreted,” Scott said. But they did challenge the westernized concepts of some of the students who considered themselves the revolutionaries for the cause of Africa.

Ann: One of the things we introduced in the Student Christian Movement was this Buy African campaign because they were caught in the post-colonial thing of wanting to be cool and that meant speaking French and dressing western and having western values and here we came saying…….we went at the economic level of let’s try to buy local……buy African……and tried to promote the development of African economies. Well, they’d never heard of that before.

Scott: That was quite threatening in exactly that sense because, for instance, they’d gone on strike one of the issues was to have their uniforms made out of tergal —a kind of perma-press—instead of African cloth. They thought that was beneath them. And we were pointing out: “Wait a minute. There’s an inconsistency here. You’re talking about building up your own country yet you’re ignoring your own resources to use French resources.” That worked with some people. And it really helped the moderates find a voice.

This kind of inter-cultural and political dialogue falls far below the radar screen of public political discourse but is fascinating and arguably equally important, although that would be impossible to prove one way or the other. For their part, Ann and Scott confess to being confused almost all the time and just grateful that they were working in the context of a program and “a community of folks like us who were floundering around being present in other places,” as Ann phrased it. But the number of friends they made—
Africans and other foreigners—and the amount of fun they had and talked about in their interview was striking. At one point, after meeting a Peace Corps volunteer also from Oklahoma, as Ann originally was, they formed a square dancing group. “It was hilarious,” Scott recalled. “There were only three Americans so we had to recruit a bunch of French people and Africans to join us!” They loved the soirées Pierre and Marie-Claire, the French people who had been in Africa so long, held because of the huge diversity of people they invited and the vigor of the conversation. The only real, persistent downside of their internship was the disrespect Ann had to endure because of her “failure” to produce babies, a cultural gap created by the FIM no-baby policy as was discussed in Chapter Three.

When the Frontier Internship came to an end, they were offered a job directing a conference center that was about to open. They returned to New Haven and used the resources of the Yale library to plan a program for it during the year the center construction was completed, then in 1972 they returned to run it for two years with the understanding its operation would then be turned over to an African when they left. It was a wonderful opportunity to use everything they learned during their internship and apply it to a new job in the same place. “We had training programs for Sunday School teachers and we had programs on African healing through western medicine, traditional medicine, herbal medicine,” and other cutting edge programs, Scott recalled. To

452 When they returned for a visit some years later with their three sons, their African friends wanted to know where the three daughters were! “You people are never satisfied,” Ann said she laughingly responded!
everyone’s surprise, the place paid for itself from the time it opened. In addition to church users, it immediately attracted other travelers, including Peace Corps people and visiting international soccer teams who trusted them not to poison them while they were on the premises! “International soccer competition is like that,” Scott said, I assume jokingly. He did most of the center management and Ann took classes at the seminary and did a study that she published on the country’s “market women.”

When they concluded their service in 1974, as promised, they returned to New Haven where Ann attended seminary at Yale while Scott worked, then Scott got his Ph.D. in economics at the New School while Ann worked. The Presbyterian Church had closed their itineration office by then, but Ann and Scott organized their own visits to eighteen different churches in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New York. They found that Americans still thought of Africans based on Tarzan movies and National Geographic photographs of naked people with pierced ears. “I think what FI did for us in shaping our life was making us make it a lifetime commitment to educating Americans about Africa……the real Africa, the whole continent, and its people and values and getting over these stereotypes,” Ann said, particularly the high value Africans place on human relationships—children and families—over material possessions, and on offering hospitality for strangers.

Ghana is a special case. Not only did it win independence from Great Britain earlier than other African countries in 1957, but its first leader, Kwame Nkrumah, was educated in the United States at Lincoln University and the University of Pennsylvania,
and had been strongly influenced by Marcus Garvey, Martin Luther King, Jr., and W.E.B. DuBois while he was in the United States. He also became one of the six major leaders of the Non-Aligned Movement of global Third World Countries caught in the Cold War in 1961. But he also subscribed to modernization theory, being promulgated by Western intellectuals at the time, believing that the task of Third World governments was for the “backward” countries they led to “catch up with” what northern and western countries had already achieved in terms of urbanization and industrialization. In his 1957 autobiography he wrote: “What other countries have taken three hundred years or more to achieve, a once dependent territory must try to accomplish in a generation if it is to survive. …[It] must be ‘jet-propelled’ into modernity.” To that end, Nkrumah’s government oversaw the construction of the Akosombo Dam on the Volta River between 1961 and 1965 to provide electricity for the aluminum industry. Eighty thousand people in seven hundred villages lost their land and were relocated to fifty-two resettlement villages around the lake created by the dam. An aluminum smelter was built at the new port city of Tema powered by the output from the dam and overseen by Kaiser Aluminum. Nkrumah was overthrown by a military coup in 1966 at a time when he was out of the country, but the modernization process he had set in motion continued.

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Three internships involving five Frontier Interns were based in Ghana and were conceived to address different aspects of this modernization as their frontier. Judith Marshall’s internship (Ghana, 1967-1971) was jointly administered by the Volta River project and the Christian Council in Ghana and involved working with a local pastor in the resettlement villages. A Ghanaian professor who participated in one of Margaret’s international programs had an uncle on the Christian Council and was the go-between to establish the internship. Deborah and Larry Trettin (Ghana, 1968-1970) were also requested by the Christian Council of Ghana, based in the capital Accra, but were then immediately seconded to Rev. Joe Bannerman, an important Methodist pastor in the new, planned port city of Tema. None of these people offered any guidance or direction; furthermore, Deborah discovered that her R.N. degree did not qualify her to work as a nurse. Not until they were leaving Ghana at the end of their internship did Rev. Bannerman tell them that what he really wanted them to do was youth ministry at his church, something Deborah and Larry, with their extensive coffee house experience, would have loved had he thought to mention it when they arrived. Meantime, they were given an apartment in a building Kaiser Aluminum had built then vacated and where no Ghanaians could afford to live. There they began to figure things out for themselves.

Sam Kobia (1971-1973) and Chris Lam (1971-1973) were both international Frontier Interns, Sam, as was discussed earlier in this chapter, was from Kenya and heard about the FI program from elmira Nazombe (Kenya, 1969-1971) and Jim Thacker (Kenya, 1969-1971). Chris Lam, who was not located and interviewed for this project, was from Hong Kong and connected to the SCM there. Sam and Chris were the first FI “team,” paired up
just for an internship project. Rev. Joe Bannerman was their host, too, although in the opposite of the Trettin’s situation, their assignment was very narrowly defined—to assist Rev. Bannerman in delivering chaplain services in the local factories as part of the Christian Council’s Urban and Industrial Mission. “The Tema Urban Industrial Mission was by far the most developed urban industrial mission in West Africa,” explained Sam. It delivered typical chaplain services, meeting with workers daily at the factory and leading prayers there. Sometimes Sam and Chris would both accompany him and sometimes one or the other would go alone. Outside the factory routine, however, workers expressed quite different needs. These three internships were independent of each other.

Judith Marshall was, technically, the first international Frontier Intern since she grew up in Manitoba, was a pastor’s daughter, and had gone to college in Winnipeg before coming to Union in 1964. At Union, though, she had many of the same experiences that other Frontier Interns studying there had, such as field work at the East Harlem Protestant Parish. But in retrospect, she was astonished at how little she understood about the history of colonialism and its aftermath. In her own mind, she thought she would go to Ghana and have Ghanaian friends for two years. “It was that simple,” she said. When she arrived, Margaret’s friend, Nick Amin, met her and took her

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home to stay with his family for a few weeks, then Rev. Kumi, the minister she was to work with arranged for her to stay with relatives of his in a mid-sized market town called Koforidua while she studied the local language. “It was Ghanaians who were orienting me. It was not …..another missionary, a businessperson, another Peace Corps or volunteer,” she explained. She often went to a local club patronized by Ghanaian professionals. It was total immersion in Ghana with Ghanaians and she was fine with that. “The notion of expatriates had not crossed my mind as a category,” she said. Once she got to the town where the dam was located, that situation radically changed.

I … began to realize that the colonial reality was huge, race was huge......I met people in the town where the dam was located…..I was out to lunch at one point……there was a whole team of Canadian hydro people there who were doing a training project and so [I] met Canadians who were there and then there were British people from a British construction company…..but I just remember the lunch up there and these Brits….totally pretentious…..who claimed to be engineers when they were middle-level technicians and talked about what they ate and what they did and [experiencing] this absolute identification with the Ghanaians over and against these others. I remember going in the washroom and bursting into tears thinking how can my people be so ugly, so racist, so et cetera….. One of the good things about that, according to my sister, was that I got over all my finickiness about food. … As a political principle I would eat any Ghanaian dish you put in front of me.

Her second awakening was about the church. In some of the villages, the missionaries and those natives who were “saved” lived in one area—generally the better one—and those who were not “saved” lived separately.

To have been saved was to adopt western dress rather than Ghanaian dress and so on. And the way that colonialism had been used to destroy African languages, African cultures….was just so visibly demonstrated in the history. I found that pretty disturbing.
Rev. Kumi, the older minister she worked with, was known in the resettlement communities as the Obruni Wawu Osofo.

Osofo is minister and Obruni Wawu….there are about ten Ghanaian words that I still know and these are some of them. It means literally: “The European has died.” And people thought that used clothes came from Europeans who died during the war. One of the things that the Christian Council did was distribute bales of used clothing to those resettled because of the dam so Rev. Kumi was known as the “European-has-died-minister” who came about to distribute used clothing. So with my New Left credentials this was hardly what I saw as my vocation in life!

So instead of just distributing the used clothing, Judith set up village development councils to organize rummage sales with the bales of used clothing.

They were fashion shows….hilarious….people trying stuff on…and yuk, yuk….they were redistribution mechanisms because a bale had equally good stuff at the top as on the bottom so the school teachers and people on income would bid at the top and pay for a coat they would use on cold mornings when they went off to their field but the poorest person in the village got the same quality thing for a nickel at the end of the auction sale. And one community used it to pay a carpenter into making furniture for a new school. Another repaired a culvert in the road so getting to market was easier. So they decided what. They did the sale. They got the money. They decided what to use it for. And I got my hands slapped because I was told by the Christian Council that this was tantamount to selling it and it had to be given away.

But for all the struggles, she thrived on everything she was learning about what was really at stake in development.

When you are dealing with poverty and underdevelopment, very often your impulse is to think …. what is at stake is a lack of knowledge when what is really at stake is a lack of power. When I was in Ghana there was a popular Ghanaian song called Ebi te Yiye. Essentially it was an allegory of an animal kingdom. And in this animal kingdom, the big animals were sitting at the front on chairs and some of the little animals were sitting at the back and one animal who was very anxious to speak found himself not only sitting at the back but with one of these big animals with his chair actually on the little animal’s tail so each time he tried to get the chair person’s attention, he could not do so but finally did get the attention and then “Mr. Chairman, pardon, point of order, please, but it seems that
in this assembly that some are well-seated and some are not and at a great disadvantage.” This was a popular song and in these little resettlement villages where I lived, whenever a Mercedes came tootling through the village, the village kids stood on the side of the road and yelled, “Ebi te Yiye, Ebi te Yiye.… 

There was a recognition of power differentials, of inequality…..Yet when you saw people in these resettlement villages who just had such humor, such strength, such capacity amidst this adversity of losing their land…..you had to recognize this chief in Nkwakubew….this is not someone who was backward and who needed to catch up, this was somebody who powerful others had relegated into a certain position of poverty and powerlessness by decisions of others. So lack of power or being held down by powerful others became my starting point in thinking about development. I just learned some profound lessons in Ghana that have been ones that I have continued to value.

Judith’s internship was extended to the third year. She had found her groove by then, had met other people doing extension work in agriculture and community development, and was enjoying working with local leaders in the villages. When she left at the end of her third year, one local chief honored her with a naming ceremony—he gave her the name Nana Ohenewaa, a former queen mother who had played a significant role at a time of great adversity for this particular clan, and gave her a beautiful bead from the crown. It was a deeply moving honor. In 2014, when she was invited to a conference of popular movements at the Vatican and met Pope Francis, she chose to wear this bead.

In 1970, when she left Ghana, it was to attend graduate school in development at the Institute of Social Studies in the Hague and process what she learned during her internship. But twice more a Margaret Flory invitation profoundly influenced her life. Immediately before leaving Africa for the Hague, Margaret invited her to join other FI’s for a meeting in Kenya. There she met Ruth Brandon, Bill Minter, Tami Hultman, and Reed Kramer, who introduced her to Southern Africa and liberation movements for the
first time. She found the contrast between Frelimo’s bottom-up approach to development and the top-down approach in the former French and British colonies that had negotiated independence interesting and important. Then later, while she was resident at The Hague, Margaret invited her to participate in the FI orientation led by Paulo Friere and his Brazilian team in Geneva. When Judith returned to Africa in 1978, after six years in Toronto working with Oxfam and the local liberation committee, it was to post-liberation Mozambique. Almost all of the Portuguese population had left, but ninety-two percent of the native population was illiterate. How were they going to be able to run the country? For the next eight years, she worked in the Ministry of Education in the Adult Literacy Program trying to change that situation.

Without the benefit of an interview with Rev. Joe Bannerman, it is hard to fathom what he was thinking in requesting Frontier Interns Deborah and Larry Trettin\(^{458}\) from the Ghanaian Christian Council in 1968, then setting them up in a living situation completely removed from Ghanaians, then failing entirely to offer any guidance until criticizing them when they left for not doing the youth ministry he had never suggested. Deborah and Larry still, at the time of their interview, had no idea. And not only were they dropped into this disconnected planned “community,” but three months after their arrival word came that Deborah’s mother had been killed in an accident. Returning home was out of the question, but it exacerbated their isolation. Nevertheless, they made it a point to get

\(^{458}\) Deborah and Larry Trettin, May 19, 2010.
out and about and make their own connections, and these connections led to a very innovative internship not connected in any way to either the local church or the global ecumenical network.

A number of the themes of Judith Marshall’s internship also are true of Deborah and Larry’s. Although their apartment building was completely isolated from Ghanaian society, they went to it and immersed themselves in the life of the native population. They walked through town. They went to the market every day. They used public transportation to get to Accra fifteen miles away. Deborah recalled going to the expatriate community.

There was a big contrast right there. The difference in how people were living and how much the local people could get out of the trash bin of the expatriates. It was like: “Wow!” They would take the things that they would find—and it could be just little cans or anything—and do things with them. And sell them at the market! They came to the conclusion that trying to make change from the top down does not work. “Work with the people,’ Larry said. “Organize whoever you can organize then see if you can make something happen from the ground up.” He was reading everything he could get his hands on. In time he and Deborah decided they should spend some time in a satellite community, or shanty town, of several thousand people that had grown up on the other side of the freeway. Most of the residents were Togolese and Dahomian, non-Ghanaians from the Upper Volta region.

And then they decided they should live there. They shared a duplex with a Ghanaian male nurse and his family. “We found that in this community there already existed a committee of leaders of the different nationalities or tribal groups who were
meeting periodically and….they just welcomed us to meet with them,” Larry said. Like any neighborhood or community organization in the States, the group had identified what was needed which, in their case, was more tap water, sewage facilities, and garbage pick up for the market and were lobbying the public officials to get them. The other problem they were trying to address was that they did not officially exist. “It was funny but when you would go to the city and you would ask for a diagram of the town, [it] didn’t include these thousands of people,” he said. Later, some people in the group confessed that they wanted them to participate because they were white and that would improve the odds of success with the city officials!” It is a good memory. They liked the people a lot and they met with some success. They got some basic amenities and, perhaps most important, they got Ashaiman on the map, increasing the likelihood of getting other services in the future. Although Deborah was not able to work officially as a nurse, in the community she was a resource able to offer consultations. In the case of a small girl with probable polio, for example, she got her into a hospital where she was diagnosed and got treatment. Another of Deborah’s skills—readily evident to me when I visited their home in San Jose to interview them—is gardening.

One of the little things that I did was that I had a garden for us and people would come by and wanted to know about different vegetables. I had found a New Zealand spinach that will grow in the heat. It really grows well. One of the problems that especially the young men who don’t have a lot of money have is they would become very constipated because they would be eating this dried corn product. They would eat it and then they would take water to make it swell so they would feel full. Well, it’s like cement. This New Zealand spinach was like a laxative and we would give it away and they’d come back and tell me, “That stuff is good!”
A few weeks before they were scheduled to leave, one of the water taps to their area broke and before they knew about it Larry got desperately sick with hepatitis. A friend who was a nurse with Alcoa was willing to test him, but could not treat him at their health center because he was not an Alcoa employee. Instead, she gave Deborah some IV bags and instructions. Deborah was afraid it was not going to be enough and contacted a United Church of Christ doctor they met when they did their coffee house-type performance for kids in a hostel the UCC ran in Accra. Larry lived at the doctor’s house for a few weeks in order to get medical care. And while all this was going on in Ghana, they missed the FI meeting in Kenya Judith Marshall and the other Africa FIs attended. After Larry was well enough, they sang their way around Europe for nine months before returning to the States, and a long transition into ministry, then racial reconciliation work for Larry, and nursing for Deborah, in California.

When Sam Kobia graduated from college in Nairobi in 1971, he had a decision to make between accepting a full scholarship to Perkins School of Theology in Texas to begin his divinity degree, or becoming a Frontier Intern and following in the paths of Elmira Nazombe and Jim Thacker, both FIs he met his freshman year and had gotten to know well. From them, he discovered the Christian faith that propelled social transformation to alleviate social ills that had troubled him, like poverty. In the end he decided that seminary could wait but the Frontier Internship would not.

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459 Sam Kobia, April 9, 2010 (Part I) and October 16, 2010 (Part II).
The orientation for Sam’s FI class in 1971 was run by Paulo Friere and his Brazilian team in Geneva, where he was then living, working for the WCC while in exile from Brazil. It was two weeks long and very intensive, organized so that there was a lot of interaction, not only with Friere but also with other contributors such as apartheid activists in exile and Harry Daniel, the urban-rural mission person in the World Council of Churches. It was the first thoroughly internationalized FI class so every discussion had an international component. Sam recalled,

This was really mind-boggling, I must say. It was like being thrown into a group of people who spent hours sharing how they were dissatisfied with society as it was and wanted to contribute to transforming the society. It was … not just the theorizing but really in having hands on in whatever one was doing.

It was a powerful bonding experience. Experienced FIs like Judith Marshall, Tami Hultman, and Reed Kramer were there to help out. But most of all, “there was Paulo Friere in person where we could sit with him in the evening. …. Paulo Friere could talk for hours on end non-stop when he was smoking.” It was also Sam’s first time outside Africa.

The second stop in his preparation for his internship was six months in Chicago studying with the organizer Saul Alinsky. “That was my introduction into community organizing and finding ways of participating in changing the world,” Sam said. “Those community organizing methods … made a difference in my way of study, work, action and practical involvement. This was to be with me for the rest of my career as a ecumenist.” While Sam was working with the Alinsky organization in Chicago, Chris Lam, his FIM partner, was studying in New York although Sam no longer recalls where.
By the time their training ended the Urban Rural Mission of the WCC had identified the Urban Industrial Mission of Ghana in Tema as their site. They had a committee there that was to oversee their work but practically, they were responsible to the Reverend Joe Bannerman with whom they worked. Sam found him a very dynamic Methodist minister but also considered his approach to mission very conservative, limited to prayers, preaching, and pastoral work in the factories.

Joe Bannerman was a very highly respected man and the people thought this was how the urban industrial mission should be like so every morning we went to lead the prayers in the factories. We divided ourselves and sometimes we went together. Other times we went separately. All the main factories had agreed for them to be there. This allowed Sam and Chris to get to know the workers and talk with them. They began to understand that the workers were expecting more from the churches than appeasement, because that is what the normal operation of the chaplaincy seemed to them to be all about. They began to meet with workers outside of the factories.

The workers’ problems were basic ones. They worked extremely long hours and often were not compensated fairly for the hours they worked. Working conditions were often abysmal. The factories were very crowded and the workers were given so little time for lunch they often had no lunch at all. They were not allowed to form unions in order to initiate collective bargaining. Sam and Chris began organizing the workers around the lunch issue. The workers all made a small contribution for the purchase of lunches then the manager agreed to have an outside vendor bring the food into the factories during lunch time. They began to organize students, many of them leaders in area churches, to be friends of the workers. “At that time, students were really living in an ivory tower
there without knowing what was happening next door,” Sam said. They helped inform the students about the conditions of the workers and get the two groups working together. Finally, they began to talk with workers about unions and collective bargaining, but this is when Joe Bannerman began to become uncomfortable.

By the time we left Tema, Tema Industrial Mission had now become not so much a friend of the management but of course a friend of the workers. For the management, they had begun to plan to get the Tema Industrial Mission out of the factories. Of course, our host was not terribly happy with this because this was interfering with his work which he was doing very peacefully before we went there. …He wanted us out of Tema.

After a year, Sam returned to Kenya to serve as the WSCF representative during a staff transition, then was appointed the Urban Industrial Mission secretary for the National Council of Churches in Kenya.

The National Council of Churches in Africa were the best organized national institutions. They were the only institutions that brought together not only the churches but also Christian organizations like the YWCA, YMCA. Then, in Kenya particularly, the NCCK was the pioneer in development, both urban and rural. When I worked for the then-NCCK immediately after my internship in Ghana, the Urban Industrial Mission, which was a department of the NCCK, is the one that started work in the slum areas and in the squatter areas. The urban squatter improvement program, for example, which I was in charge of, was the only one in the country so the city council looked up to the NCCK and the government looked up to the NCCK to help them understand the plight of the people because the Council was in touch with the people. That was really the novelty of the national councils of churches. Having been so highly conscientized by the Frontier Internship in Mission, I was looking for an opportunity to participate in poverty alleviation, but even more than that addressing the social justice issues. For me, the NCCK was the best organization or institution in which I could further that kind of work. That’s in a sense what really made me want to work with the Council.

Secondly, the NCCK, because of its relationship with the other councils of churches under the umbrella of the All-Africa Conference of Churches and then with the other councils of churches around the world under the umbrella of the World Council of Churches, there was this network of the councils. It was
therefore possible for us to appeal to the rest of the world when we dealt with politically sensitive issues. For example, when we advocated for the squatters, the City Council would go and demolish all these squatters. Then we would go and stand on the side of the squatters and we would lead demonstrations and some of the people would be arrested and then we would through the network of the councils of churches tell the story to the world and before they knew it, the government was receiving calls from other parts of the world asking what was going on. That is why I felt that this was a place to be and that’s where I went to work.

After three and a half years, Sam headed to MIT to do graduate work in city planning with a particular focus on the political economy of urbanization, but Urban Rural Industrial Mission remained his core interest in Africa and his career with the World Council of Churches.

In the section on South and Southeast Asia Internships in Chapter Six, FI Brian Aldrich (Philippines, 1962-1964) recounted his training in the Industrial Mission program at McCormick and then his critique of what he perceived as its hopelessness in the face of surging power of global corporate capital after his internship doing worker education in the Philippines. By the 1990s, the program had been phased out. But was it really hopeless? Judith Marshall, when I interviewed her in 2009, saw things differently. Beginning in 1991, she was Toronto based and working for the Steelworkers Union’s international development fund building a program in Southern Africa. That meant educating the union’s own members on global issues and functioning as a project officer for projects in Southern Africa. Thinking back to her Ghanaian Frontier Internship she regretted the passing of that vision.
Partly with what I thought then and partly with hindsight, [it was] brilliant that the Ghanaian Christian Council would think of advocacy programs for rural people who are about to be impacted by this huge hydroelectric scheme. I’m working at similar issues at this moment in Mozambique where the Mozambique Christian Council is not thinking about who is going to be speaking in the name of these people as huge mining companies trample over them.

Internships were shaped by the expectations of the hosts and the expectations of the Frontier Interns. As has been shown, sometimes those expectations were aligned and sometimes they were not. As was recounted in Chapter Four in the section on the FIs who were conscientious objectors, Mark Schomer\(^ {460} \) (Congo, 1968-1970) worked with three groups—the Church of the Brethren, Eirene, a German-based peace group, and the Frontier Internship in Mission program—when he was applying for CO status and winning approval for alternate service. After winning approval, Mark then brokered a partnership between the groups to support his internship. Margaret Flory contributed the small FI stipend. The actual assignment, working with the Church of Jesus Christ on Earth through the prophet Simon Kimbangu, was set up by Eirene.

Mark explained that after independence people in this independent church had protected colonial white people from mob violence. Afterwards, European pacifists traveled to the Congo to investigate and became convinced that the Kimganguists were a peace church similar to the Brethren and Mennonites. They promised to send volunteers to support this African Indigenous Church, and Mark was the first one. He trained with all three groups. Mark’s own expectations were that he was going to serve and that meant _______________________

\(^{460}\) Mark Schomer, December 7, 2009.
doing whatever they wanted him to do. When they changed the project from working with inner-city youth in Kinshasa to teaching school in the village of the prophet Simon Kimbangu, a place called N’Kamba-Jérusalem, he said, ‘If that's where you need the help more, I guess that's OK.’ And so I was shipped off to a rural area where I was the only foreigner.”

Mark was very careful to say that he did not speak the local language. French was the language of the school. Although he read everything he could get his hands on about the church, it had all been written by Europeans based on brief visits. “Basically, I saw what I wanted to see,” he said. He was deeply moved by the achievements of the church. After forty years of persecution, they created their own hospitals, schools, agricultural center, theological faculty, without any outside help or money. Their fundraising ability was stunning. “I've seen them raise like $3,000 among very poor people just spending an afternoon marching to the sound of trumpets and other recycled 1930s music from the Salvation Army missions that had come,” he recalled. The Congolese government recognized them as another form of Christianity, along with Protestant and Catholic. Very few of the FI internship stories are funny. Mark shared two.

In 1969, after he had been there for a year, he was invited to go to Canterbury, England at the expense of the Kimbanguist Church to be part of their delegation when the church was admitted to membership in the World Council of Churches. Since he only had jeans and casual clothes with him, they bought him two suits. When the Kimbanguists led the worship service in their unusual manner, kneeling with their spiritual heads pronouncing a very moving prayer in French, Mark was up on the stage kneeling with
them, as part of the community, just as he did back in the Congo. Pictures of that ended up in the World Council of Churches magazine!

Even a newspaper back in New Jersey interviewed me about their joining the church and, of course, they needed to put a local touch on this story and they entitled the story, “Jerseyan Brings Africans Into the Fold,” which was totally outrageous because I did not make this happen but I was invited to be part of the delegation. Later, the spiritual head of the church…son of the prophet, the now-deceased Josef Diangenda, told me in his warm and humorous way….he said: “Mark, you really want to know why we invited you?” I said, “Yeah, please tell me!” He said: “We wanted to show the world that we don't eat white people!”

The second funny story happened after returning from Canterbury. In their absence, the villagers had discovered three girls in the student body had become pregnant by the school principal, a renegade Catholic monk, and they refused to let him return for the upcoming school year. There was a huge crisis because they had nobody with the proper credentials to replace him. Meantime, the teachers put together a class schedule and began the year anyway. Then, the spiritual head gave a big speech and announced that Mark would be the new high school principal!

Nobody had asked me if I was willing to. I thought it was against the principles of my volunteer sending agencies to assume a position of leadership in the local community. We were there to help but not to become bosses. But I couldn't exactly in front of all the villagers say, “Sorry, buddy, I'm not allowed to say 'yes' to this and you never asked me.” So basically, I was cornered and I had to agree to be a high school principal at age 21!

Mark’s most cherished memory of his time as a FI happened towards the end of the year when a memo came down from the church authorities ordering him to give an eliminatory exam to last year students so only those who were sure to pass the state high school exam would be take it. A high pass rate would ensure that government subsidies for the school would continue.
Well, I was so young, I received instructions and those were my bosses so I said, “Ok, I guess we gotta do it.” So I passed the instructions on that we're going to do this exam. This is the date. I told the students that it was a bummer but we had to do it. And the day of the exam, nobody showed up. The students were all hiding in the forest. They basically boycotted the exam. And I, who had been a student rabble-rouser found myself obliged to squelch a student revolt in Africa! For three days the students did not appear.

The youngest son of the prophet who was the village leader convened a meeting and played the heavy, forcing them to sign a paper saying they would comply with the order and show up for the exam. Meantime, the teachers tacitly agreed to pass everyone so no one was eliminated. Most went on to pass the state exam and graduated.

But when I wrote that up in one of my reports to the Frontier Interns, because we shared our reports through Margaret's office to all of the others, I got such feedback! The most cherished feedback came from Larry and Debbie Trettin. I got this letter written in big, red ink saying: “Schomer, you Rat Fink! How can you be on the wrong side of every social cause! How could you possibly put down a student revolt! Don't you have any sense of right and wrong?” They helped me reconnect with my base community and realize that I had gotten so adapted to the context in which I was, that I had lost my compass about what was right and wrong and those students were absolutely right that they did not need to be subject to this eliminatory exam and that it was unfair to them!

When the year came to a close he decided to turn down scholarships to Union, Andover-Newton, and Chicago Theological, and instead attend an international development institute in Paris that gave a diploma in development studies. It had been created by Dominican Catholic friars and was influenced by Paulo Friere. All the teachers were Friere disciples and Brazilian exiles.

I felt more drawn towards Third World people and the crude and vivid contradictions of life they had to live with. The US from a distance looked like a country that was still engaged in the Vietnam War with all sorts of remorse and problems and at the same time had a level of comfort and complacency which I
was not drawn to go back to. The first day in Paris I sat down next to Ana Maria who is now my wife! We met at that institute in Paris!

The Frontier Intern classes of 1971-1973 and 1972-1974 were fully internationalized. There were other differences from the earliest FI classes, too. Richard Shaull is never mentioned by FIs in the 1970s classes, nor is the idea of “a world in revolution.” By 1972, it was clear that the revolutionary moment had passed. The conservative counterrevolution was well underway. Paulo Friere, the Brazilian educator was then in exile working for the WCC in Geneva. He became the guiding light and beacon of hope for FIs increasingly aware, as Judith Marshall explained it, that top-down development resulted in more exploitation and harm to local people. Later FIs grew more and more committed to working at the grassroots level seeking to empower those people working at bottom-up solutions. Friere’s methods gave them a way to support that kind of action. Some FIs, like Sam Kobia, whose internship was just discussed, discovered Friere interacting with him at his FI orientation in 1971. Others, such as Sally Timmel⁴⁶¹ (1971-1972) and David Cadman⁴⁶² (1972-1975) not only already knew of Paulo Friere, they had already studied with him before they became Frontier Interns. For them, the FI program was a way to continue what had been begun elsewhere and also to return to Africa. Both Sally and David, when asked at the end of their respective interviews, what the FIM program had contributed to their lives, stressed the ways it was continuous with what

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⁴⁶¹ Sally Timmel, March 27, 2010.
came before and supported their growth as cross-cultural, international educators and activists. The earlier FIs were more likely to say that the FIM program, or one of Margaret’s other programs like JYA, the SVM Quadrennials, or one of the Summer Study trips began their formation as an international person. Their formation and extended networks, however, were similar.

Sally Timmel, a Wisconsin Lutheran and graduate of MacMurray College, volunteered for the Peace Corps in 1962, the first year in operation. She actually shook President John F. Kennedy’s hand at a ceremony in the Rose Garden before heading to Ethiopia to teach biology and chemistry. After returning to the U.S., she became director of the University of Cincinnati YWCA which she recalls as “a very open space for linking faith and justice” and for engaging with the Civil Rights Movement and becoming even more attuned to what was going on in other countries, particularly in South Africa. During this time, she also teamed up with Anne Hope, a white South African, and discovered The Grail, an international Catholic community of women rooted in Christian faith. She once described The Grail as expressing its spirit “in practical work toward international goals” of justice, reconciliation, and healing the earth and its divisions. In 1969, she and Anne headed to Boston University to do graduate work in adult education and were able to study with Paulo Friere, who was at Harvard at the time. In a 2003 interview with her hometown newspaper, the Oconomowoc Focus, Sally summarized well what Paulo Friere was about:

He had a whole methodology about how to help people come to critical awareness, basically how to help people read their own reality and write their own history. Poor people are often the recipients of what other people do to them. He
turned that around and said people know what they need. They just need to get themselves organized and figure out why they’re in the situation they are in, and to start to write their own history rather than having other people determine what their life would be.\textsuperscript{463}

Sally and Anne had originally planned to continue developing their Training for Transformation program in South Africa after they finished their graduate studies at BU, but Sally was denied entry because of anti-apartheid work she had done in the United States. Anne, who as a South African citizen was able to return, worked with Beyers Naudé and the Christian Institute. She found Sally a job with the Adult Education Department with the UNESCO-sponsored Swazi National Literacy Campaign in Swaziland, a neighboring state. Margaret Flory agreed to fund Sally as a Frontier Intern. Anne and Sally continued their collaboration on their Friere-inspired training curriculum by getting together in Swaziland on the weekends. That arrangement lasted a year. “The year in Swaziland was fraught with political conflicts with the South African government that controlled the Swazi police,” Sally recalled. When Anne was made a prohibited immigrant to Swaziland, they began to meet in Mozambique instead but were followed wherever they went. Then Sally was declared a prohibited immigrant to Swaziland, too, so had to leave the country, an experience so gut-wrenching that people back in the U.S., when they saw her, asked if she had been imprisoned or tortured. She had not, but she gained way more than cool intellectual insight into what it meant to be a refugee.\textsuperscript{464}

\textsuperscript{464} Sally Timmel, “Frontier Intern Interview Remarks,” \textit{Email} (March 16, 2010).
When Anne had her passport confiscated by the South African police in 1973, the two of them took their fledgling Training for Transformation program to Kenya where they worked through the Development Department of the Catholic Church of Kenya and in close co-operation with the National Christian Council of Kenya, with support from people like Bethuel Kiplagat and Sam Kobia until 1980. From that base and one in Zimbabwe, adult education programs held in Uganda, Tanzania, Nigeria, Southern Africa, and India reached over three million people. After returning to the States in 1984, and after the publication of the first volume of Training for Transformation authored with Anne, Sally became the director of Church Women United’s legislative office, serving there until returning to South Africa permanently in 1995. Reflecting back on the FI experience, Sally said frankly that it was not a turning point for her—her course was already set—but that the FI orientation with Paulo Freire in Geneva made a huge contribution to the work she has done ever since.\footnote{Ibid.}

David Cadman\footnote{David Cadman, Feb. 22, 2010.} (Tanzania/Kenya, 1972-1974), a Canadian, participated in a work camp in Tanzania the summer of 1966 before his final year in high school. The official work of the camp was to build a community center and the group did that, but equally important for David was the experience of playing on the local soccer team in a championship between teams from all the various liberation movements that had their camps there. Although their paths did not cross, FIs Bill Minter and Ruth Brandon were
in Tanzania working with Frelimo, the Mozambique liberation movement at that time.

When David returned home,

I found myself literally every single Sunday off to another church to talk about … what it was like to be in a culture that was in a human sense so very rich and in a social sense and economic sense so very poor….and a culture where people would give you all that they had in hospitality though they had very little. Crossing that line and seeing the way in which people lived in African society…yeah, it was pretty profound.

He was recruited to play football at University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee, beginning in the fall of 1967, the same year the college began desegregation by recruiting a black football player who became David’s friend. The carpe diem attitude that seems to have propelled him his entire life propelled him in this situation both to black bars—the music he heard there was electrifying—and to the Highlander Folk Center, the adult education center so central to the American Civil Rights movement. He helped with voter registration campaigns on weekends. It was Myles Horton, the center’s director, who in 1969 after David was injured and unable to play football any longer, suggested he go study with Paulo Friere who was then in transition between Harvard and the World Council of Churches in Geneva. David finished his sophomore year and bought a one-way ticket to Geneva, and moved into the Foyer John Knox when he arrived. He stayed there until the summer of 1972. Since he did not have a bachelor’s degree, he sat for exams to gain entrance to the graduate program at the Institute for International Development at the University of Geneva, but was very clear that the experience of living at the Foyer with people from developing countries and political exiles from around the world had the most profound effect on his learning.
It was a place where every year they had an African seminar, an Asian seminar, and a Latin American seminar that were organized by the people who ran the Foyer but in conjunction with people who lived in the Foyer and a wider diaspora that lived in Geneva at that time. … I remember people coming from NACLA [North American Congress for Latin America] to talk with students at the Foyer and people coming from the various liberation movements. They’d be in town to be at the UN to talk about human rights in their countries and then … the students would know, some of them and would invite them up.

One of the most important lessons he learned from all these people was that “aid” was a form of imperialism. There were myriad opportunities for travel. He often took the night train to Paris and in 1970 stopped in Prague on his way to Cuba as a research assistant for a professor doing a project there. By 1972, he had completed the program in Geneva and begun a doctorate at the Sorbonne. His research focused on whether Paulo Friere’s literacy methodology which had been used so successfully in Spanish and Portuguese would also work with Bantu languages that are equally syllabic and phonic. He was anxious to get back to Africa to try it out.

During his years in Geneva at the Foyer, David also met the many Frontier Interns who passed through, so he knew about the program. About this time, he also met Margaret Flory who was open to framing an internship around his literacy project. The YMCA in Tanzania agreed to sponsor it. After a summer back in Sewanee finishing his B.A.—he and the college had arrived at a “deal” so he could loop back and do that quickly without derailing his current work—and the FI orientation, the first five weeks of David’s Frontier Internship was doing workshops around Tanzania with Paulo Friere himself. After that, the remainder of what turned out to be a three-year internship (through 1975) was spent doing training in different places in Tanzania or Kenya in
different settings with different sponsors depending on the local situation, such as a local YMCA, adult education program, or teacher training program housed in a college, church, or community center. After time in Dar-El-Salaam, Moshe, and Mombassa, he ended up in Nairobi, Kenya working with the project Sally Timmel and Anne Hope were establishing through the Catholic Church there. He was on the road most of the time doing workshops and developing literacy materials in different languages. It was in this context that he was one of the few Frontier Interns to get well-acquainted with Muslims.

The coast was, of course, a Muslim area. They said, “What is the YMCA?” and I’d say, “It’s the Young Muslim Christian Association!” And they’d all laugh because they knew what it was. But they knew I wasn’t there to proselytize. I was very clear that wasn’t my role. I was there to work on literacy projects and service delivery.

Again, he seized the opportunity this provided and told local leaders that if they would invite him to things, he would come. They did, and he did, including spending the better part of a month at one of the main teaching mosques in the area. He was very clear that although he did not avoid government officials, he had very little to do with them because he was working at a very grassroots level through the churches. The expatriate community, though, he did consciously avoid. Being part of that kind of community was not what he came to Africa to do.

These were hugely productive and satisfying years. David said he was tempted to just stay and continue the work, but his partner, Marisa, who had joined him there in 1973 and worked in literacy with a nun there, was ready to leave. His reentry project was to lay the groundwork for a cross-cultural program in Toronto by meeting with the various cultural communities, finding out what kind of cross-cultural connections they
were interested in and prepared to make, then pulling them together to discuss that and make a plan. That experience also laid a solid foundation for his eventual work in Vancouver city politics and global organizations linking city leaders internationally to work on peace and environmental issues.

**Conclusion**

Decolonization was central to the Frontier Internships in Africa. One group of internships—predominantly the earliest ones—reflected the optimism of the leaders of the emerging new nations and self-governed churches with which those FIs worked. This picture was complicated in other internships growing understanding of neo-colonialism and the factors inhibiting the emergence of real self-determination. South African apartheid loomed as a central issue of concern. In the last years of the period considered here, Paulo Friere-inspired internships pointed the way to what they began to understand would be a long-term struggle. There is ample evidence to support Ann and Scott Brunger’s (Benin/Togo, 1968-1970) suspicion that the American FIs were helped in Africa by the fact that the imperial powers there had been European. They were also helped by strong indigenous mentors and friends, strong institutions like the National Christian Council of Kenya and The Christian Institute in South Africa, and strong partnerships between Africans and Americans, church people and secular people, that were sustained by relationships formed during their internships and developed afterwards. Although a growing number of FIs in Africa struggled with problems of waning enthusiasm of hosts or outright resistant ones at the end of this period, most did not.
9. The Latin American Internships

Introduction

The 1950s was a time of optimism for the student Christian movements in Latin America as well as the United States. In both places, they were inspired and led by charismatic Presbyterian missionary, Richard Shaull, beginning with his assignment to Colombia in 1942 and continuing with his appointment as a professor at Campinas Seminary in Brazil in 1952. Among students at this time, his reception was as enthusiastic as it had been at the Athens SVM Quadrennials Margaret Flory led in 1955 and 1959. Shaull looked at the situation of what ecumenists generally called “rapid social change” and “social revolution”, by which they meant changes like urbanization and industrialization, and challenged the student movements and the churches to participate in what he saw clearly was the work of God in history to finally bring justice to the poor and oppressed in the region. Frontier Interns rallied to the cry a few years later.

Colonialism was not the central problem facing Latin America in the 1960s. Unlike Africa, almost all of Latin America gained independence from Spain or Portugal in the early 19th century. In mid-20th century Latin America, the oppressors were the wealthy, individual or corporate, in their own country or in the United States. From his perspective, living in one of the poorest neighborhoods in Bogota, Shaull came to believe the root of the socio-economic problem was structural and that it was necessary for the church to enter into politics in order to direct the use of the tools of government to make
structural changes.\textsuperscript{467} He had no doubt that this could be accomplished. Young people like the FIs enthusiastically enlisted in the ranks to bring about those changes, confident they were on the right side of history because he told them they were. Powerful people, however, in the United States as well as Latin America, had different ideas about the direction of history and were willing to use the military and as much violence as necessary to prevent any structural change.

A close examination of history might have alerted FIs that structural change was not going to come as easily as Richard Shaull said. If, as Ann Brunger (Benin/Togo, 1969-1971) suggested, FIs in Africa were helped by the fact that the United States was not one of the colonial powers that had been dominating people there for more than a century, it might have been inferred that FIs in Latin America might have a more difficult time because the United States had been the dominant force in the entire Western Hemisphere since issuing the Monroe Doctrine in 1823, as the Spanish and Portuguese were leaving. Its intention was to assure that the entire New World would become part of the American sphere of influence but at the worst, it was “a cloak for unwarranted intervention in the affairs of other countries and for economic and perhaps political domination.”\textsuperscript{468}


The Cold War complicated that dynamic. Two Presbyterians shaping American foreign policy after World War II—John Foster Dulles and George Kennan—thought protecting American interests in Latin America was crucial for three reasons: protecting “our raw materials,” preventing “military exploitation of Latin America by the enemy” [Soviet Union], and preventing the “psychological mobilization of Latin America against us.” In shaping U.S. foreign policy, Kennan said, U.S. security interests had to come first. “The final answer might be an unpleasant one, but….we should not hesitate before police repression by local government,” he said in 1950.469 The United States implemented this policy by using the CIA to engineer the replacement of governments they saw as Communist, or even just tolerant of dissent, with authoritarian regimes that were not, beginning with the overthrow of the democratically elected president of Guatemala in 1954. The success of the Cuban Revolution in 1959 followed by the failed CIA attempt to overthrow it in 1962 fueled a heightened American determination to eliminate any leftist sympathy or safe havens for sympathizers anywhere in the hemisphere. Brazil was taken over by the military in 1964 in a CIA-fomented coup, other countries quickly followed, and by the mid-1970s repressive authoritarian governments dominated the region. During the period under consideration here, 1961-1974, a wave of violence of staggering

proportions was unleashed in Latin America that did not fully run its course until after the Cold War ended in 1989.470

What should a Christian do when faced with repression and violence on that scale? That was the central question facing many of the Latin American FIs, their hosts and committees, particularly when faced with evidence that churches were collaborating with the military regimes and were taking repressive actions against advocates for justice in their own ranks?471 The leaders who they were looking to for guidance were struggling with these questions themselves. Different lines of thought and strategies of action emerged from Latin America during this period that had an impact on the entire ecumenical world. In many cases, Frontier Interns were witnesses to their emergence.

Richard Shaull was forced out of his position at Campinas Seminary in 1959 and took a faculty position at Princeton Seminary in 1962. By then he was thoroughly disillusioned about the ability of the institutional church to be on the vanguard of social change and began advocating instead for small communities of faithful Christians to fill that role. During his last two years in Brazil, from 1960 to 1962, he had also decided that Christians and Marxists shared the same vision of a more just world and should work together. Once back in the U.S., he “made cause” with the New Left. What emerged very

470 Vijay Prashad cautions that those domestic insiders who collaborated with the CIA were not “passive and guileless” but “emblems of certain class fragments that have domestic reasons to use the U.S. government for their ends.” Vijay Prashad, The Darker Nations: A People’s History of the Third World (New York: New PRess, 2007), 143. 471 Leopoldo Cervantes Ortiz, “Fifty Years of Isal: An Interview With Julio De Santa Ana,” http://bossey.blogspot.com/2012/07/interview-with-julio-de-santa-ana.html (accessed March 17, 2015).
clearly from Richard Shaull by the time of the 1966 Geneva Conference on Church and Society was a full-blown “theology of revolution” that accepted the use of guerilla warfare and violence to tear down oppressive structures so they could be replaced with something new.472

Meantime, “a more moderate theological language”, liberation theology, was beginning to emerge in Latin America. Shaull’s student at both Campinas Seminary and Princeton, Rubem Alves, was one of its progenitors.473 That, and Brazilian Paulo Friere’s approach to popular education provided a non-violent way forward that nevertheless had extraordinary power. According to Dwain Epps (Argentina, 1967-1970),

These changes were neither abrupt nor revolutionary, but rather methodical and evolutionary with what one might consider some revolutionary implications. Curiously enough, the Brazilian military was far more threatened by Paulo’s strictly non-violent work in literacy training and consciousness-raising in local communities than it was with armed opposition groups. Ideas, after all, are more dangerous than weapons, and even generals can occasionally understand that!474

Every Latin American FI, regardless of where and when they worked, who their hosts were, or what projects they attempted, was confronted by some manner of violent chaotic situation where American complicity, if not causality, was more or less obvious.

Churches, too, were playing diverse and complicated roles that were sometimes deeply troubling. It was a lot for a young person new to the region to process. In that region, then, almost more than any other, close, trusting relationships with the host or local co-

473 Ibid., 114.
workers and friends was crucial. By the late 1960s, unfortunately, trust was in very short supply.

The internships in this region will be presented in five sub-sections. The first section considers the internship of one couple assigned to British Guiana in 1962 simultaneously with the decision of the United States government to unseat local leader Chedi Jagan by fomenting labor unrest and racial conflict. The second section focuses on the six Frontier Interns (including two couples) assigned to Rev. Giberto Vargas, the minister of a large Presbyterian church in Bogota, Colombia and his support for innovative projects that would define his church as being for something, not just anti-Roman Catholic as had long been the case. The third section encompasses the internships of six people, including two married couples and one set of working partners including one Bolivian native and one American, assigned to Peru and Bolivia. The fourth section addresses the situation in what is called the “Southern Cone,” meaning Argentina, southern Brazil, Chile, and Uruguay. Three Frontier Interns who served in this area were interviewed for this project. Published materials and recollections of others were assembled to incorporate information about two additional internships of people no longer living. All were related to *Iglesia y Sociedad en America Latina* (ISAL), Church and Society in Latin America, an engine for critical reflection and theological innovation in the region at the time. The fifth section considers four radicalizing internships in the Caribbean between 1967 and 1970, two disillusioning internships in Brazil in 1967-1968, and one internship from 1969-1972 in the middle of the violent conflict that followed the American invasion and occupation of the Dominican Republic in 1965-1966. The chapter
ends with a brief recapitulation of the 1969 meeting of FIs in the region convened by Margaret Flory and held in Bogota and its impact on the subsequent direction of the FI program and the reentries of the participants. (See Appendix A-4: Map of Latin America, 1960)

**Guyana Internship**

Otto and Elaine Zingg’s\(^{475}\) internship (British Guiana, 1962-1964) was the only one in a country in the northeast of the South American continent and the only one in an English speaking country. On the way there, Otto and Elaine stopped and witnessed independence celebrations in the British colonies in the Caribbean—Jamaica and Trinidad. British Guiana, where they were headed, remained a British colony until 1966, in large part because Americans believed the country’s most popular political leader, Cheddi Jagan, was under the influence of Communists and feared that the country would become another Cuba. It did not matter that Jagan described himself as a socialist who believed in state planning but also in political freedom for all of the Guyanese people. American leaders were determined to get rid of him before the country became independent. Enter the CIA. The Zingg internship overlapped with the CIA’s three-year covert campaign to foment race-based violence and unrest in order to undermine Jagan politically before the 1964 elections. John Prados, who opened his book, *Safe for Democracy: The Secret Wars of the CIA* with a detailed description of the Guyanese campaign, summarized the operation this way:

\(^{475}\) Elaine and Otto Zingg, May 6, 2009.
The political action in Guyana lay at about the halfway point on a spectrum from propaganda and influence peddling to violence (quasi-war), paramilitary operations, and support for military operations at the upper boundary.\textsuperscript{476}

The goal was to produce social chaos. By the time Otto and Elaine arrived in late 1962, chaos was what they found. As Elaine explained,

…most of the time we were there, they were on the verge of racial war. So this was a very predominate. In fact, they were into bombing and beating and raping and all that, for a fair amount of that time. So, that made a difference in how we approached it, because racial tension was one of our frontiers.

The racial strife was different than what was going on in the United States. Elaine explained,

The country was almost evenly divided between East Indian and West Indian. Politically, they were moving towards independence. Cheddi Jagan was in charge of the PPP, and that was largely East Indian. [Forbes] Burnham had separated from working with Jagan and started the PNC, and that was largely West Indian, and then there was a small group that was made up of upper-crust Portuguese and some mixed people.

The Afro-Guyanese, or West Indians, were descendants of the original African slaves and were largely urban; the East Indians, or Indo-Guyanese, had been imported from India to replace the Africans on the plantations after slavery was outlawed and were largely rural. The racial conflict, then, was black versus brown, not black versus white as Elaine and Otto were used to thinking about it back in the United States. Whites were such a small portion of the population that Otto estimated that ninety per cent of the time they were the only white people in any particular social setting.

Elaine and Otto were sponsored by two presbyteries that themselves represented the country’s racial divisions. The Afro-Guyanese population had inherited the Scottish Presbyterian church that had ministered to them at the behest of Scottish plantation owners when they were slaves. The Canadian Presbyterian church ministered to the Indo-Guyanese, who were imported to work on the plantations as indentured servants. As far as Otto and Elaine could tell the inviting churches had no understanding of the FIM program at all. Their host committee existed on paper only. One Canadian missionary seemed to be the instigator who got the others on board. One part of their FI project was a circuit riding youth ministry, very similar to what Anna and Jerry Bedford were doing at about the same time in Kenya. They developed curricula and traveled church to church, mostly along the coast where the vast majority of Guyanese live. It was fun work that they knew how to do and really enjoyed. Otto believed that having a free youth minister was about the extent of most church leaders’ thoughts about sponsoring them. Their frontiers, however, also included race relations, new nationalism, and Christian-Marxist dialogue.

One of the first projects Otto worked on was during the run-up to a CIA-supported strike by urban, Afro-Guyanese civil servants that lasted eighty days and crippled the country.

I had zero background in drama, but I had a feel for the arts, and I thought drama was an effective way of communicating, and it would be an important project in Georgetown to get people from both churches together to do this. We … did a drama called *Circle Beyond Fear*. It was kind of a choral drama. There is a chorus that speaks, and then there are speaking parts. It was written by Darius Leander Swan, who was a Presbyterian mission worker in India who did drama….it's about conflict and pain and the guy kills his brother.
He inserted phrases that were being bandied about in Guyana at the time into the dialogue so that it would better reflect the situation in the country. There were performances in eight churches at the height of the conflict. “This whole experience was like the leading of the Holy Spirit,” he said.

They also started a little magazine called “Ferment” for the churches. The name was meant to invoke the idea that Christians should be like yeast to the world. They invited church people to write for it, as they did, and published it every few months. They also ran a kind of lay academy and invited church people to come and set up classes that were very successful and very rewarding.

They worked to bridge the gap between the churches and the young people active in Marxist politics. The PPP, the People’s Progressive Party, Jagan’s party, had a coffee house for young people. Otto explained,

It was a "place of the devil" according to a lot of people in the churches, but I just went there. I was curious. And I got into this conversation with a young [mixed race] Guyanese guy, … a poet. So we got talking pretty vigorously about both the arts and also politics, and finally he asked me--I was the only white person there, of course--he asked me what I did, and when I said I was with the church, he almost fell off his seat. He said, "the church doesn't want anything to do with us, they just condemn us." … Of course I would tell that story then, to the people in churches.

The way it worked out, the youth work occupied about fifty percent of their time and these kinds of projects the other fifty percent.

There were other times when they joined some people from the churches going into the country villages where Afro-Guyanese and Indo-Guyanese who had lived together for decades were perpetrating violence against their other-race neighbors.
“Where the East Indians were the majority they’d chase the Africans out of town, or Africans were the majority they’d chase the East Indians out of town, and they’d burn each other’s houses,” Otto said. Elaine recalled how hard it was to get people to go into that situation. It was dangerous. Their own friends and family at home were really alarmed. “I think maybe if I had had kids I might not have done it, but at the time I thought, ‘well, if we get shot it’s going to be an accident because they’re not mad at us,’” she said. Otto recalled the feeling of confidence that comes from faith and feeling that he was part of a larger purpose.

The next year all of the East Indian agricultural workers went on strike and that raised racial tension even more. Otto and a Canadian friend working in a Peace Corps type role for the Canadian government brainstormed about “what we can do in the midst of this?” So they started an armband campaign which had the letters STAR—Stand Together Above Race—on them. Then Otto took to doing regular radio promotions for the campaign. The Canadian wrote new words for a traditional folk song about Standing Together Above Race and got a popular East Indian folk singer to sing it on the radio and record it. It became hugely popular. “We felt we had traction,” Otto said. He worked with other liberal clergy and got WCC funding to bring Bishop Lesslie Newbiggin for a consultation. Ironically, the Roman Catholic bishop was very welcoming but the Anglican Archbishop refused to have anything to do with him. “In terms of lasting results, I’m not sure [what we accomplished],” Otto said, “But we involved a lot of churches.”
Towards the end of their internship in mid-1964 and not long before the hotly-contested election between Cheddi Jagan and the CIA’s man, Forbes Burnham, Elaine and Otto hosted a group of American students doing a South American study trip.

We thought it would be neat if they could meet with the Prime Minister. So I call up his office and he answers the phone and I said 'Hello Mister Jagan, I have these American students, is there any time at all when we could come to your office, and say hello?’, and he said, "well, why don't I come to your home instead?” So he spent several hours with these students.

In the last month before the end of their internship, the violence got very close to home. Otto and Elaine had moved out of their apartment and were living with a Canadian missionary when the Afro-Guyanese contingent, with CIA funding, bombed the trade center next door to the apartment because they traded with Cuba. Someone went in and left a package that blew out one side of the building. There was just a sidewalk between the apartment and this building. Elaine routinely hung the washing out there. If she had been there she would, at a minimum, have been injured. Her background growing up had been extremely conservative, but experiences like this one changed her views, particularly after the truth about the role of CIA covert action in Guyana began to come out and be confirmed.

In the fall of 1964, a few months after Otto and Elaine left, Jagan won the election but not a majority. The Americans got their wish when the British turned to Forbes Burnham who had already, in scholar John Prados words, been “revealed as a treacherous, racist ally,” to form a government. As was frequently the case with other American “strong men” propped up to sustain their control, Burnham’s Guyana turned into a police state after the passage of a “National Security Act” stripped the population
of any rights and gave the police total control. The British awarded the country independence in 1966. Burnham ruled until 1980. No free elections were held until 1992 when Cheddi Jagan was once again elected. In 1994, Arthur Schlesinger, President John Kennedy’s man in charge of Guyana, admitted in a *New York Times* interview what Otto and Elaine knew when it was happening: that the Kennedy Administration was wrong in their analysis and their policy. “We misunderstood the whole struggle down there,” Schlesinger said in the interview. “He wasn’t a Communist. The British thought we were overreacting and indeed we were. The CIA decided that this was some great menace, and they got the bit between their teeth. But even if British Guiana had gone Communist, it’s hard to see how it would be a threat.”

In authorizing “covert” C.I.A. operations, President Dwight Eisenhower insisted they not be traceable back to the U.S. It was naïve of him to think that this would even be possible. In a small country like Guyana, when a small union manages to make a general strike last for three months without the strike fund ever seeming to run short, it is clear the money is coming from somewhere else. It is unlikely U.S. officials thought for one minute about the impact of these so-called “covert actions” on Americans who discovered the truth. Certainly, the American war in Vietnam was roiling the entire world during the period under consideration here, and many of the Frontier Interns, and certainly the Committee of Returned Volunteers were deeply involved in opposing that

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477 Prados, 3, 19.
war, but the corrosive impact of the experience Frontier Interns like Otto and Elaine Zingg had in Latin America is of a different but no less serious order because the American government was revealed through these not-very-secret actions to be stupid, duplicitous, and enormously dangerous to the people of the region. The task then facing the FI on returning home is what to do about what one learned. Otto and Elaine headed to Rolla, Missouri, where Otto became chaplain at a small college and Elaine began work as a reporter on the small town paper. Forget South America, Otto said. Rolla, Missouri, was the real culture shock! It was not a situation destined to last. Like many FIs, it took Otto and Elaine a long time to figure out where they now fit.

**The Colombia Internships**

A single Bogota pastor sponsored four internships involving six Frontier Interns between 1963 and 1970. “Gilberto Vargas really understood the Frontier Intern program,” Mary Liz Heyl Bauer (1966-1969) said. The other FIs also had good things to say about Vargas, the minister of the largest Presbyterian church in Bogota. “I still think the world of this guy, good humor, good heart, sharp intellectually,” said Gary Wederspahn (1963-1965). He gave them a lot of freedom but also a lot of help and advice when they wanted it, too. Perhaps most important, though, was Rev. Vargas had a vision for a new kind of outreach for a Protestant church in a predominantly Roman Catholic country where many Catholics believed it was a sin to even walk into a Protestant
“He was very concerned that the Protestant church affirm something, not just be anti-Roman Catholic,” Mary Liz said. Within that framework, there was enormous latitude to be creative. All six FIs took advantage of the opportunity and the running room to develop meaningful outreach programs in the community in spite of intense political conflict and violence that had been part of Colombian life since the assassination of a popular leader in 1948. CIA interventions in Colombia in the 1960s were largely in the rural areas so the FIs in Bogota did not end up going head-to-head with them as Otto and Elaine Zingg had to do.

Ann and Gary Wederspahn (1963-1965) were the first FIs sent to Bogota. Their frontier was “university world.” As was discussed in Chapter Five, they both traveled south of the U.S. border and gained near fluency in Spanish before they became FIs. When Ann worked in a migrant labor camp as an undergraduate in Oregon, she decided the theme of her life and work would be inspiring interaction across boundaries of difference. That focus oriented their work in Colombia. They worked to bring Colombians of different classes and ideologies together in ways that would allow them to get to know each other as people.

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After they arrived in Colombia, Ann got a job teaching English to engineering students at the University of the Andes, a school that catered to the oligarchy in Bogota. Gary got admitted as a law student and only “gringo” at Universidad Libre, which he described as having traditionally been the Marxist revolutionary hotbed of the country. Shortly after he enrolled, the students went on strike. Protests got violent and the university shut down for a few months, but it was an opportunity for Gary to develop “street cred” with other students. At one point, in an effort to avoid the clubs and horses, he climbed up on one of the platforms used to direct traffic but then was grabbed by the cops and roughed up in a very visible, very public way.

After that everything changed. I was comrade Miguel (My middle name is Michael). I appreciated the values that were driving these people, in theory. Social Justice, rights of the proletariat, all this good stuff. That resonated with me, but then I began to see their hypocrisy, just as I had seen the Christian hypocrisy before. They would sit there with manicured fingernails, waited on by maids at home and drinking many rounds of this wonderful tinto—it's a small demitasse of good coffee—and talk about all this stuff, and never do anything.....so I thought, these people would really benefit from the experience of working with real poor, desperately poor people and not just talk about it in a theoretical way.

What Ann and Gary decided was they could start with was dialogues in their home between Ann’s engineering students and Gary’s radical leftist friends. Initially they lived in a small apartment but then were invited to be house parents at a new YMCA. On many of these nights, discussion ran until two or three in the morning. Ann recalled that, Because our frontier was the University World, we thought that that was one thing we could do that would really make a difference—to get these two factions speaking to each other. At one point, [Father] Camilo Torres was in our home. He was a Catholic priest, left the priesthood to enter political action and then he led a guerilla resistance.
Since he was killed by the Colombian military in 1966, Camilo Torres has been considered by many to be one of the first Roman Catholic liberation martyrs in that region.

From these dialogues, Ann and Gary got the idea of working through the YMCA to organize a work camp. It was held in a squatter settlement up on the hillside above Bogata—a very, very poor community. Its purpose was to pull together upper class Colombians, leftist students, and students from the YMCA at the University of Kentucky to build a school for the barrio. It was very cold and muddy. Living conditions were very primitive. Ann and Gary recently attended a reunion with the University of Kentucky people—forty years later—and were amazed at how that one work camp had changed their lives. Another spinoff from this work camp was that Gary’s companero from Universidad Libre “kind of got it that not only do you talk about revolution, but you've got to get your hands dirty and get out and know these people that you hypothesize about, and so he set up a little volunteer service organization that went on for probably ten or twelve years.”

The third major initiative that came from the Wederspahn’s internship was the center—Centro Social y Cultural—that Ann organized through Gilberto Vargas’ church, which they also attended, using volunteer teachers from the church who were generally educated middle and upper middle class people. They offered classes in all kind of useful things to economically depressed inner city adults, like sewing, typing, and English. At one point there were 350 students and 30 teachers, all volunteers. “The point for me was getting the middle class people who didn't ordinarily have contact with “that kind of person” into interacting,” said Ann. “They were giving, but they were also interacting
with, as opposed to only giving to.” It also triggered a forty year break with the church for them when the Presbyterian church where they had been married in Oregon turned down a request they made for a small grant for the center because they were paving the parking lot. Coupled with the lavish lifestyles they were seeing among the American missionaries in Colombia, it seemed overwhelmingly hypocritical. Today, they think that their far-away congregation just had no way of understanding what they were doing and that more than hypocrisy, it was probably just a sign of ignorance and disconnect. Nevertheless, it left a rift that took forty years to heal.

The last month of their internship, their daughter Kathy was born at the Clinica del Country in Bogotá. Just then, Gary was invited—possibly by the National Council of Churches but he does not remember precisely—to lead an international team of election observers in the Dominican Republic not long after an American invasion to put down a popular rebellion. Ann took the baby to her parents’ home in Portland; Gary went to the D.R. His team was assigned to San Pedro de Macoris, a sugar-growing area that has a long history of labor conflict. The entire political system was in turmoil. The idea of sending election observers was to send a message that the world was watching. It was, Gary said,

…a good idea in theory, but that's the only place I have actually been shot at. Three of us were in this hotel that was closed because everyone was home protecting their family, so we went in and got some frozen lobster and some consommé and some bread at the local bakery and made ourselves a little dinner, in this dining room of this really old style 1930's style hotel that had all these windows with little teeny window frames all together, with like a latticework, and tile floors and white linen tablecloth and stuff, and we're sitting there and all of a sudden the windows exploded from gunshot outside, and the three of us were on
The floor. I remember looking at this boiled lobster and shards of glass underneath this table with the sunlight coming through the window.

The team linked arms and walked out, unharmed, and then were pulled out of the country. But that experience, plus the killing of Che Guevara in Bolivia about that time, plus the experience of being a new father crystallized Gary’s changing ideas about violence. He felt like he had become acculturated to accepting the idea of armed, violent revolution in the Colombian context. “I remember asking myself, well, maybe I should come back one notch and try to change the system from within to the extent possible- at least try that,” he said. From there, he and Ann headed to Stanford where he did a graduate program in Latin American studies focused on regional economic development. Then it was back to Latin America for a fourteen year stint with the Peace Corps, the beginning for both him and Ann of lifelong international work.

Mary Liz Heyl Bauer 481 (1966-1969) was also completely fluent in Spanish before her internship. In addition, she had extensive experience working with youth and volunteers through Girl Scouts, summer camp work, and three years as co-director of Christian Ed at the Church of the Crossroads on 14th Street in New York City, then a largely Puerto Rican neighborhood. She, too, was assigned to Rev. Gilberto Vargas. Her frontiers were uprooted people, secularization, and urbanization. With Rev. Vargas’ support, she was able to use her skills to create the kind of positive, community programs

481 Mary Liz Heyl Bauer, interview by the author, Bethlehem, PA, July 17, 2009.
he wanted the church to support. Gail Hagerman McKee (1968-1970) was assigned to take over from Mary Liz. Mary Liz’s internship was extended to train her.

At the beginning of Mary Liz’s internship, Rev. Vargas suggested she go around and talk to people and find out what kinds of things were going on. She learned that Colombia had a law that high school students had to do sixty hours of literacy tutoring before they could graduate. In fact, what was mostly happening was their parents were writing the school bogus notes saying they had tutored a family maid. She came up with an alternative. The kids would really tutor, but they would do it in a group so there would be social benefits for them. For those they tutored, instruction would not be limited to just the basics. Rev. Vargas said what they needed to do was earn their elementary school certificate. The Peace Corps provided some literacy materials. The church had a farm called Sasaima about halfway down the mountain in warm country where the training was done. Because it was not in the church building itself, more Roman Catholics felt comfortable participating. “So there was some course material they could learn almost immediately,” said Mary Liz. “You could say: ‘You’ve passed this.’ ‘You know this.’ The teenagers responded to teaching to small groups. Anyway, there were a lot of possibilities and some good fits there.”

Working in the Bogota slums was much less straightforward. Mary Liz found the experience of such desperate poverty very difficult. A pregnant woman with a big goiter on her neck came to the church a lot. The memory of her and her situation remained vivid for Mary Liz.
I thought: “How can she be pregnant?” I said something to Rev. Vargas about how she smelled so badly how could anyone get near enough to her to get her pregnant and he said: “Oh, well, there are men that smell just as bad!” So anyway, I found out where she lived and I visited out there. There was this other woman who also lived there who had all these little kids running around very malnourished and nothing to eat. For awhile, I would get bags of bread from the bakery that were stale and bring those out but of course that’s like you give them food but you don’t give them any way to make more food so it is an ongoing problem. Finally Frieda had twins and she died and one of the twins died. I got involved trying to get the child adopted, but then the father said “Oh no, you can’t take my children. The poor are allowed to have children.” And he refused to sign the papers and I couldn’t do it. So things like that really got to me.

Children living on the street, called gamines, were everywhere. She struggled to figure out ways to positively intervene in their situations. There were institutions set up to give them food and clothing but often the children would come in and take it then run off again. What did it mean to be present in that situation? Mary Liz got permission from Margaret to return to the States for her brother’s wedding.

When I was talking to Margaret I said something about the poverty distressing me so much and I’ve been doing this and this but there’s just so much poverty. She said: “Mary Liz, you are not going to solve the poverty in Colombia.” And I had to remind myself sometimes that I wasn’t God. I was dealing with maybe a little piece I could do about the poverty but I was not going to solve the poverty of Bogotá. And it helped a bit for me to be told that.

She worked to strengthen ties with slum outreach and health workers. She befriend more slum dwellers to gain a better understanding of their lives. She also began a program to connect with the gamines.

As her internship time was coming to a close in 1968, Bob Bauer, a former Peace Corps volunteer she met at language school in Mexico City at the very beginning of her internship, was reassigned to Bogota and they renewed their acquaintance. Bob was then working as a Field Director for the Catholic Papal volunteers so they drew on their
connections to the different faith communities in Bogota and assembled two different ecumenical folk choirs to sing on public television for the Pope. Mary Liz was amazed to discover later from Margaret that this was a very big deal, given the historic hostility between the groups in the region.

It was Mary Liz herself who schemed to extend her own internship. The relationship with Bob was new—they were not engaged or close to it—but it was promising and Mary Liz did not want to go home. She proposed to Rev. Vargas that they submit a proposal to Margaret Flory to send another intern to work with the gamines and support an extension of her internship to train that person. He agreed, and Margaret agreed. Gail Hagerman McKee\(^482\) (1968-1970) was chosen to be that intern.

Gail still does not understand why Margaret would have chosen her to go to Colombia since she was fluent in German, not Spanish—in fact, she had been a German major in college and had done a junior year abroad in Austria—and there was a man in her FI class fluent in Spanish who was sent to Germany! One might suppose, however, that Margaret was impressed with Gail’s post-college social work experience working with foster kids and their families in New York City and thought she would have the skills to work with the gamines. In order to take advantage of Mary Liz’s training, Gail would have to hit the ground running. Unlike almost all the other FIs, Gail went directly from New York to Bogota, with no stops in Mexico City or Cuernavaca for language training, or to investigate programs to address the gamine problem elsewhere. This train

\(^{482}\) Gail Hagerman McKee, July 20, 2009.
had already left the station and Gail just had to run and leap and get herself on board. She learned Spanish by total immersion.

I didn’t really get close to any gamines, per se. I think the language was difficult for me. But they sort of adopted me a little bit. They could not say my name so I changed names; I became Carmenza to everybody because Gail was just too hard for them to pronounce. I tried suggesting Abigail like in the Bible, but it didn’t work. So that was fun to have a new name. Sometimes I was even called Carmenzita, as a name of endearment – that was special for me.

It was also hard to build deep relationships with people at the Student Christian Association because of language limitations. Those aspects of the internship were not bad, but it was clear Gail believed they would have been better if her Spanish had been better. Having only rudimentary Spanish also meant she was cut off from international news and completely immersed in the local situation most of the time and that she regards as a plus.

What mostly stood out for Gail about her internship at the time of her interview were not the gamines, per se, but all the things she learned and all the difficult questions raised living there. For example, one day she was downtown when Colombian police started firing guns at a group of people either protesting something or maybe even celebrating something. She found it hard to accept that these soldiers were shooting at their own people, but learned something about living under marshal law.

She heard a lot of talk about the role of American money and power in Latin America. Some Colombian students had heard that there was a list of American companies at the American Embassy and asked her to get a copy of it. What it revealed was that there were over four hundred companies that were at least 95 percent American
owned—not something she considered a bad thing by itself—but these companies were being portrayed as Colombian. It seemed disturbingly deceptive to her and made her question what was really going on.

She learned that some of the homes with walls with glass poking out of the tops of them were the enclaves of Americans. The lavish lifestyles of American executives and many of the missionaries really bothered her. She recalled being shocked to discover that her prior idea of missionaries as living sacrificial lives was wrong and losing all respect for them. Increasingly, it was the Roman Catholic priests who were involved in advancing liberation theology who she admired.

When the internship was over and it was time to return to the U.S., she was not sorry. Soon after her return, she married her fiancé, Curt McKee, who was then a minister in Central Pennsylvania, although they soon discovered that the church was less and less interested in the kind of probing questions they were asking. They moved on to graduate school in vocational rehabilitation. Although she has maintained a few friendships from her time in Colombia, Gail has no desire to return for a visit.

Aimee and Dick Martin\(^{483}\) (1968-1970) were in the same FI class as Gail. As was discussed in Chapter Four, Dick was one of the conscientious objectors who ended up a FI after getting a positive response to an inquiry he made about alternative service possibilities. He and Aimee had been completely honest with Margaret Flory about their

\(^{483}\) Aimee and Dick Martin, October 12, 2010.
disinterest in religion or the church and she clearly decided to accept that. Rev. Gilberto Vargas apparently did, too. The internship he and Margaret worked out for Aimee and Dick was completely secular and had them living and working in a new housing project, Ciudad Kennedy, that had been built with funding from the U.S. Alliance for Progress to provide stable housing and community for the thousands of people who moved into the city to escape the rural violence. Groups of families were given land and materials, would build the houses, then divide them up by lottery. By the time they were done, it was a community. Dick is still impressed with the model. When he and Aimee arrived, there were about 300,000 people living there with virtually no crime. They found a little house to rent. Rev. Vargas’ idea was that they would do vocational training of some kind. They quickly found a room, some typewriters, and some instructors for secretarial classes, and they taught English. The classes filled right up, but it was disillusioning, too, Aimee said. They thought what they were doing would help people better their lives in Colombia. What they discovered was that they really just wanted to get to America, thus the attraction of the English classes. Rev. Vargas realized that, Dick said. He referred to them as “the bait.”

Aimee and Dick were the only Latin American FIs to have any sustained encounter with the nascent Pentecostal movement. On the face of it, that seems ironic since they were the most up front about their complete disinterest in religion, but the fact that they were working at such a remove from the life of Rev. Vargas’ downtown congregation may have given them the freedom to explore what else was going on in the religious landscape. “I think he [Rev. Vargas] was somewhat nonplussed because we also
made friends in the Assembly de Dios—the Assembly of God Church—and that was not what he expected, I don’t think,” Aimee said.\footnote{In fact, Rev. Vargas continued to be nonplussed by the Pentecostals and is quoted on that subject in Elizabeth E. Brusco, \textit{The Reformation of Machismo: Evangelical Conversion and Gender in Colombia} (Austin, TX : University of Texas Press, 1995) 28-29.} Dick explained,

It was a strange deal. We got into it because a Presbyterian lady out there in Ciudad Kennedy who was a friend of Vargas and who was helping us with our vocational school. She was a Communist but she also liked this Assembly of God church. She really was great! Her husband had been a famous sports reporter for \textit{El Tiempo}—the big, famous newspaper there. He became so radicalized he went over to the guerillas and he was a big name—a famous guerilla for awhile until he was killed. This woman, Dona Tulia de Arboleda was his widow. She really liked us. She’d laugh: “If Nixon comes here I’m not inviting him over but you can come by any time you want!” And we’d have potato salad contests and things like that. She was a really, really good friend to us.

While they did not subscribe to the church’s religious beliefs, the could see how valuable it was for the people who had just moved to the city and were totally dislocated. And they found the church’s dynamism exciting.

The Pentecostals had a school—Colegio Luis Lopez de Mesa—and we were helping them fund-raise and we taught English. The minute we started doing that, people and money showed up. So they loved us even though they knew that we weren’t members of the church. This pastor was just so much fun. He took me when he would go out proselytizing sometimes. I mean out-of-town. One time we went down to hot country on the bus, just riding around country buses into these little towns and he would hold these revivals. It really was exciting because there was just this electricity.

Dick also recalled sharing this in letters to the FI group and getting a very cool reaction that suggested he should have kept it to himself.

I don’t agree with them but I felt like \text{getting involved with them was} in the spirit of the Frontier Intern program. We were learning and here was a thing that was really powerful happening that was just exploding in that segment of the
population and there were some good things about it. So OK, nothing is perfect. I still to this day have much stronger memories of those Bogota Pentecostals and their leaders than I do of the Presbyterians downtown who were bland as anything.

They connected with anti-Vietnam war activities in the area. Aimee, Dick, and Gail all had run-ins with the DAS, the Colombian FBI, over a peace march. Gail got word of the protests against Pan Am’s transporting of body bags of dead servicemen in Hong Kong (possibly from FI Bob Snow’s reports as discussed in Chapter Six) and began to spread word of a similar protest planned in Colombia. Mary Liz was already gone by then. Memories of the exact sequence and some of the details of exactly what happened differ, but the essence of what happened is that Gail made an announcement at the English-speaking church about this and someone informed the authorities who turned up on her doorstep early the next morning and told her if a planned meeting was held that she would be thrown out of the country. Dick and Aimee participated in what Dick remembers as a nice, peaceful march but immediately afterwards were stopped, interrogated, and told to report the next morning for questioning. Dick recalled that,

For five or six or seven days we could basically go home and sleep but we had to stay down there and be questioned by them. Who were we? Who did we work for? Who were our friends? Who organized this demonstration? Who put us up to it? All this kind of stuff. Always polite but separate. We never were together.

…What turned out to be our final day down there, we were finally together and these guys were all friendly, an important guy comes in from upstairs somewhere—one of the mucky-mucks—and said, “OK, we think we understand what was going on here and we think you were naïve but you’ve got to remember that the United States is a friend—un pais amigo—of our government. I said, “Why are you interested in us? We’re Americans and the subject of this thing was an American war. It had nothing to do with Colombia.” And he said, “Well, the United States is a friend.” And then he said, “If you do it again, you’re going to be
deported, but personally, I really like your church. I read Norman Vincent Peale and it changed my life!”

Aimee and Dick went to the U.S. Embassy after that just to find out what would happen if the Colombian government did decide to deport them and got a less than sympathetic response: “Well, there’s nothing much we can do. You create your problems and you pay the consequences.”

Gail and Dick, in their separate interviews, both talked about what a confusing time it was. They intensely disliked what the United States and American corporations were doing in the world and wanted it to change, but they did not support armed revolution either. Gail felt badly that she had risked her work as an intern in order to make a very minor protest. While opposing policies coming out of Washington, Dick could not help asking: “My parents aren’t bad people. Everybody I know are good people. What’s wrong? Is the only one who’s bad Nixon?”

When the internship ended in mid-1970 and Gail headed for home, Aimee and Dick took jobs as English teachers at the Bi-national Center run by the American Embassy so they could stay. In a strange way, Dick felt like it was an important extension of his Frontier Internship experience because he got to know a whole different class of people—rich kids in the morning classes and young professionals in the evening ones. “Some of them were just absolutely really bright and good people,” Dick said. “We made a lot of good friends there….a lot of people I hope succeeded. It was really positive.”

485 Norman Vincent Peale, The Power of Positive Thinking (New York, Prentice-Hall, 1952). This was a bestseller in the U.S. and was translated into numerous languages for worldwide sale.
and Aimee both wound up with exciting, satisfying careers working for the U.S. Agency for International Development, mostly in Central and South America.

**The Peru and Bolivia Internships**

The internships discussed in this section are not as neatly unified as those in the prior section. These interns were not in the same place. They did not share a host and mentor like Rev. Gilberto Vargas. In fact, four of them—Stephanie and Allan Oliver (Peru, 1964-1966) and Adrianne and John Bradley (Bolivia, 1967-1969)—had virtually no support whatsoever.

Stephanie and Allan Oliver’s internship (Peru, 1964-1966) was, in many ways the exact opposite of the Colombian internship. Not only were they totally unprepared, either by their life experience, education, or FI orientation for what they faced in Peru, but their contact, who was supposed to be coming from Argentina to start a local Student Christian Movement was not even there. Stephanie and Allan had to make their way completely alone. The man from Argentina eventually did come, and others from the WSCF and WCC passed through, but when I asked Allan if, by the end of the two-year internship, it felt comfortable, his reply was: “Ummmmm, not so much.” Stephanie and Allan are no longer married, but they remain close friends and I interviewed them together. They probed each other’s answers to my questions in addition to posing some of their own. That seemed to deepen their reflection on and critique of what had made the internship so difficult.

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486 Allan Oliver and Stephanie Oliver, interview by the author, Portland, OR, May 23, 2009.
Allan and Stephanie were two of many FIs who knew next to nothing about the place they went. Allan had had some exposure to the Latin population in Denver when he was growing up. Stephanie had no exposure to Latin America at all. Neither spoke Spanish. Stephanie had been active in Model UN and the International Club in high school in Portland, Oregon and participated in Stanford in France her sophomore year there and spoke French. She came to Union as a stopping off point for what she expected would be a career teaching Renaissance Reformation history.

Allan went to Amherst which was still what he described as a rural all-male frat boy school with excellent academics—he and FI Jack Hawley who also matriculated there were lavish in their praise of it—but little or nothing in the way of international program offered. He was an English major who headed to Union in New York to prepare for a career in the ministry. Both Alan and Stephanie knew people who were politically active in civil rights, but neither was involved themselves.

They met at Union and got married in May 1964. By then, Allan was actively looking for a way out. Although he liked the field work, he hated the course work, particularly theology. George Todd at the East Harlem Protestant Parish suggested he look at mission opportunities. Eventually, that led to Margaret Flory and the FIM program. While an undergrad, Stephanie briefly considered the Peace Corps before deciding to go straight to grad school, so was agreeable to taking two years off to do what she thought of as an international service project. They told Margaret they would go anywhere. At the orientation, Margaret told them they were going to Peru by way of Chile to help start a SCM. Stephanie knew where those countries were from a sixth grade
geography class; Allan knew Chile was long and skinny. Peru was a blank. They had a wonderful time at the orientation. They really liked the people—Mary and Jerry Dusenbury, Sandra and Bruce Boston, Tom Haller stood out in their minds decades later. Stephanie’s favorite memory was Margaret saying (as she apparently often did) that she lived “in risk and hope” and Allan, jokingly, asking if that was somewhere in Iceland! They were excited!

The first six months was spent in Santiago, Chile and was fantastic. It was “a very European kind of spot and it wasn’t that difficult to relate to the students in the Student Christian Movement, who were all pretty much like us,” Allan recalled. Stephanie described them as “sophisticated” and “humorous, with a kind of offbeat humor.” A grad student from UCLA was there doing her thesis on Salvadore Allende and his first run for president of Chile so they got a good dose of Latin American politics and were “eating it up like mad.” They attended lots of student gatherings, although got kicked out of some because they were Americans. “We were very motivated in terms of leaning the language and learning the culture,” Allan said. At the end of their stay, they went to Colonia Waldense in Uruguay to a conference with the Student Christian Movement of Buenos Aires. They met other really cool, fun, sophisticated students there, too. The Spanish was coming along and things were great.

And then they went to Lima, Peru. Their host—the SCM organizer supposedly coming from Argentina—had not arrived and instead sent his brother, who dumped them in a roach-infested Methodist student hostel. The food made them sick.
Stephanie: I don’t think I was properly prepared for what it was going to be like to be in a country where the indigenous factor was so strong as it is in the Andean area. And I guess I wasn’t prepared for the diversity in terms of cultures within Latin America.

Allan: Or classes.

Stephanie: Well, the classes didn’t bother me….I know what you’re saying….but that didn’t bother me as much as the cultural differences when we lived in various places in Latin America. The Andean area was particularly shocking, I think.

The population where they lived in Lima was largely Indian and mestizo. Stephanie and Allan found that culture and its people nearly opaque.

Well, you go to a restaurant and order something and if they didn’t have it they wouldn’t come back and tell you. And you’re waiting and waiting and waiting for a certain kind of ice cream and finally asked: “Where’s the ice cream?” and he said: “We don’t have that.” I mean it was sort of a taciturn quality to the demeanor…..

The second shock was that the only Protestant presence there was Inter-Varsity and the British missionaries they were affiliated with. Neither Stephanie nor Allan had ever heard of them nor did they know anything about the mission history of the area but since they were the whole show, they felt like they had to relate to them. Stephanie recalled,

We went immediately to a camp. I think it was up in the north—in Chiclayo—and were surrounded by these Bible-thumping, praying by turning around and kneeling at your chair, Christianity. I had been to an Evangelical United Brethren Church growing up so I recognized where it was coming from but was unprepared for the fact that it was what we were going to have to deal with in Peru. We were lost.

The third shock was that there was a lot of unrest at the university, which was supposed to be their frontier. They tried to take classes but a lot of the classes were cancelled. They would take endless buses to places and find nothing happening. They
continued to relate to the IVF group and met some students through them, but they spent a lot of time trying to figure out a way forward. Finally, Leonardo Franco, the Latin America secretary for the WSCF, came to visit and he convened a group of people to help make some connections and lay some groundwork for a SCM. He also provided a sounding board for them as they tried out ideas. “He is a fabulous, fabulous person,” said Allan. “He did make a strong effort to talk to us and involve us and point us towards various things.” He was also tough, and vetoed a request to republish one of Allan’s FI reports in the Federation newsletter, which Allan appreciated.

He felt that I was being so American in my approach to the whole thing. And so I had to rethink it and in the process came to a kind of “ah-ha” about what the reasons were…..why they were protesting and what they were trying to get at…..what the issues were and why a lot of the Latin American universities are not the same as the American universities and never will be…..where the university reform movement had come from and how it had spread through Latin America…..all these issues that were essential for understanding.

By the time the WCC held a work camp at the end of their first year, they felt like they were competent in Spanish. The SCM organizer arrived from Argentina, too. But by then, Stephanie had gotten a job teaching English at the Bi-Cultural Center to keep from going crazy. She had also learned to sew and cook Peruvian food and she read a ton of great Peruvian literature in Spanish while Allan was continuing to try to make something happen. He joined the Glee Club at the university and made an effort to get to know some of the teachers, too.

When the two year internship came to a close in 1966, Stephanie and Allan decided to return to Union so he could finish his degree program. He was also accepted into the Columbia University International Fellows program which helped with the
transition. Stephanie was dissatisfied with her program and decided to drop out and get a teaching job at a girl’s private school. In Peru, they had been so turned off by the kind of Protestant churches they found there that they attended the Roman Catholic church and developed a real love of liturgy. Once back in the U.S., they became—and have remained—Episcopalian.

In addition, they got involved with Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), although people in that group were suspicious of their Christian beliefs, and NACLA—the North American Congress on Latin America. During their time as Frontier Interns they had a chance to go to a WSCF meeting in Guatemala and made a number of connections with people in the wider WSCF community. Back in New York, Allan stayed connected with it through work on the NSCF committee on Latin American Concerns. That led, after his graduation in 1968, to a three year communications job with the new Latin American Secretariat of the WSCF as part of a regionalization initiative intended to strengthen the Third World regions in the Federation. Stephanie participated in a consciousness-raising group of two American, two Peruvian, and two Argentinian women that decided to write a handbook, called La maternidad voluntaria (“Voluntary Motherhood”) that dealt with women’s anatomy and all the different forms of birth control, including abortion. Later FIs, Bambi Eddy Arellano and Bertha Vargas, whose internships will be discussed later in this section, distributed it as part of their project with rural women.
During the interview process, a friend asked me if I had found anyone “living in a box under a bridge.” The answer was “no” but Adrianne and John Bradley^{487} (Bolivia, 1967-1969) did end up living in a shack beside a river in Northern California for a year after their return in 1970. There they struggled to figure out what had happened, both to themselves while they were interns and to their country which had changed so dramatically while they were away.

Ada: Now when you were up here [Northern California], did it actually feel like you were dropping out?

Adrianne: Oh yeah! We were way out in this little river town called Bridgeville. John: Just two people with UC Berkeley college diplomas, running a seed-buying station out of our cabin, where people shake fir trees and get the seeds to take to the nursery and plant them.

Adrianne: Three months after we moved out of the cabin, it washed down the river. It was a very poor town.

Adrianne also worked part-time at the post office.

John: I had no expectations or drive to perform in any way whatsoever, I applied for jobs as janitor, I was in charge of half a dozen St. Vincent de Paul stores in the San Jose valley because it was just service and it wasn't anything about anything.

Only gradually did they work their way back into society.

The experience of Adrianne and John makes clear that particularly by the late 1960s, many of the Frontier Interns, particularly those in remote and/or politically volatile locations, were vulnerable to physical, psychological, even spiritual harm in a way earlier FIs hosted by Margaret’s dearest friends in politically stable places had not been. The second reason, though, is that it explains the keenness of their analysis of what

happened; in order to put their lives back together, they had had to think really hard about it.

Adrianne and John became Frontier Interns immediately after graduating from Berkeley. John’s experience with the youth ministry in his Methodist church growing up and with the Methodist student ministry at Berkeley had been good. He was thinking about seminary and told Adrianne he wanted some mission experience. He knew Spanish and wanted an immersion experience to improve it. He said in his interview, only half-joking, that if they had been sent to an urban church somewhere to speak Spanish, play his guitar, and do youth ministry, everything probably would have worked out fine. They applied to the Methodist short-term mission program, but were “given” to the Frontier Intern program. They had never heard of it before, but thought it seemed pretty cool and agreed. Neither knew very much about Latin America.

John and Adrianne were sent to La Paz, Bolivia, where they had all the same problems Stephanie and Allan Oliver had in Peru and more. Che Guevara, the idolized Bolivian guerrilla, had been killed by the military only a few months before their arrival. The political upheaval in the country was extensive. There was no WSCF person to meet them and get them launched. The head of the Methodist mission who picked them up at the airport was actively hostile. Adrianne recalled having nightmares about him. They had been briefed by NACLA about the role of American corporations in Latin America before they left New York, but like Stephanie and Alan Oliver, they knew nothing about the mission history of the area, or about the WSCF. So while they did not intend to threaten this Methodist missionary, that may have been what they did. John recalled,
He was political, and he didn't want to mess up the deal that was there. It wasn't like new age theology, "let's liberate the poor and homeless." It was another thing: "Let's stop the sinning that's going on, and let's beat the Catholics at their own game." So in come a couple people that immediately make friends with a renegade Trotskyite French priest and you know, what are they going to do with you? He couldn't even probably send us home unless there was something really egregious that we had done.

Communication with the local population was very difficult, not because of language but because of the closed culture. “It was a big barrier,” said Adrianne. “You don’t communicate,” added John. The isolation they felt after they arrived was profound.

Their frontier was the university world, but the university had been in chaos for at least four years. The student body was extremely radical and, like that in Peru, had a long, radical history. “Everyone would yell ‘Solidarity!’ and shut the whole university down for whatever the reason was,” John recalled. “Our Spanish and knowledge of the local [situation] there wasn't good enough when we arrived to know what the University was doing, or even how to really break into the University.” The Methodist church did not have any University Center, and their youth groups were for high school level students. The few Methodists they found affiliated with the university were much more conservative than they were and may have actually been affiliated with Inter-Varsity, although Adrianne and John, like Stephanie and Allan, had no knowledge of the history of the breach between IVF and the WSCF.488

The military was omnipresent. "Right on the street where we lived, the Army would come out with their tear gas cans," said Adrianne, but they had no choice but to walk in the street. One time they got caught in a conflict and the police whisked them off to the police station. "I said I knew this Catholic priest, and they called him for me," Adrianne said. "He came and took us to his house. Otherwise, I didn’t know anybody in that city." It may have made their situation more difficult that John looked like a well-known Trotskyite labor leader, Regis Debray.

At some point, they faced up to the fact that whatever they had been sent there to do did not make sense and was not going to happen, so they forgot about the university and made friends in the community. Their best friends were the Catholic priests, a French Protestant minister doing labor organizing, and a student from the United States there on a Fulbright.

We went to folk things that were purely secular, that were Bolivian Indian, and they were amazing, just great. You go to the Methodist version of that and you're not allowed to play the charango, and of course there's no alcohol, and we don't play those songs, we sing hymns. And the testimony is "I gave up my life of singing for whatever it was" ...

They came to appreciate how rich the culture was, with huge families and great compassion for each other, and how desperately poor it was.

The French missionary and labor leader introduced John to Guillermo Lora, a now well-known native Bolivian writer and Trotskyite, who was also active in labor organizing. At Lora’s request, John began weekly visits with a friend of his who was a political prisoner. It was a mind-bending experience that someone as bright as this man could end up living in a dirt cave of a prison, and John could come and get searched and
go into his cell and listen while the man read Trotsky to him, then leave. People like him got locked up so easily and often there. John recalled his confusion,

So on the one hand I wasn't proud to be an American, on the other I suppose I intuitively said, "Man, it's not that bad in the U.S" when you have due process and you've got some guarantees of free speech and stuff. Here you've got free speech, but you could get killed for it or put in jail for it.

Everyone, as far as they could tell, seemed to be either in the CIA or in league with it, including the Methodists.

They were just people but they were doing jobs, and the way they did them, it all added up to be not something you wanted to support, because of what it was doing to the country, the people there, the culture there, the whole thing, so we got pretty bad at the end. I'm just going, "You know, I don't want to be here representing this country or this church program. We've gotten what we said we'd get out of this, living somewhere and doing something in Spanish, and it opened our eyes. "Oh boy, I don't want to see this picture."

Towards the end of their internship in 1969, they got permission to go visit FIs Kathy and Dwain Epps in Buenos Aires, Argentina. “It was like: ‘Oh wow! What a big, broad world,” said Adrianne. Nine and a half million people lived there at the time, representative of many, many different cultures. John recalled,

We had been in this monoculture of either Methodism or the indigenous culture or the monoculture of Trotskyites, because it's a monoculture, too. You only hang out with people who are true believers..., so here is now suddenly this plurality of cultures, and wow, it was just mind-blowing.

They decided to stay. Adrianne got a teaching job at the American School. Dwain Epps helped them find an apartment. They made friends with artists, musicians, poets, and theater people and were not part of any political or religious scene at all. John translated some of the songs he had written about the United States into Spanish and made a record and had a gallery exhibit of his art. In 1970, when Adrianne was seven months pregnant,
they headed back to California where they got walloped by the reverse culture shock, had the baby, then dropped out to figure things out beside that river in the woods in northern California.

In spite of the very challenging internship and even more challenging reentry, Adrianne and John are such positive people that they found good for them personally as they reflected about the time in Bolivia, particularly their strong marriage.

Adrianne: It drew us closer together, because we had to really depend on each other, new language, very closed society, … We think now, looking back that it gave us some really good foundations. …We had to work a lot of things through early on.

John: In terms of an impact on us I totally agree. We were just thrown together, and you either make it or not make it, and we had the determination to love each other through all the difficulties.

Two other outcomes were really important for John. In Buenos Aires, after doing a lot of performing, he decided that he did not want to be an entertainer any more, that he no longer wanted to be the person invited to the party because he could play the guitar. But he also, by then, was launched on a career in art that had begun to percolate to the surface during the time in Bolivia although that did not come together as a business for several more years. “There was art inside of me and it hadn’t had the time or the ability to percolate,” he said. In Bolivia, it did because he was so, so isolated. In California, John’s life began to come together when he took a silkscreen class, started making note-cards to sell on consignment, and got a couple of commercial jobs. A guy with a sign business really encouraged him. Eventually the graphics arts business he ran for thirty-five years resulted. In northern California, Adrianne’s life came back together around the passion
for elementary school teaching she had had as an undergraduate back in Berkeley. The school district where she ended up had a lot of the abused, impoverished, hungry poor kids she felt a mission to teach.

The next Frontier Intern in Bolivia was (Hilda) Bambi Eddy Arrelano who served from 1971-1973. By the end of her internship, she felt like she had really gotten traction in dramatic contrast to the struggles of earlier Frontier Interns in these same places. A number of differences in the set up of the internship explain the difference in outcome. Perhaps most important was her partnership with Bertha Vargas, a native Bolivian, but there were other advantages, too.

Bambi Eddy Arellano’s mother was Argentinian and although they lived in New Jersey, international visitors were routine. She attended Cornell University beginning in 1963. While there, she connected with the united church group on campus and met Bill Rogers, the Presbyterian minister and great friend of Margaret Flory. Through him, she was able to participate in the Cornell-Brazil Project during the summer of 1966. This was an exchange with students in the Student Christian Movement in Brazil and both undergraduates and graduate students from Cornell. Students studied Portuguese the year before they went. When they arrived they were placed with university students for a two or three week period, then all of them traveled together to Northeast Brazil to work in the Diocese of Dom Helder Camara, who was very connected to the emerging liberation

489 Hilda “Bambi” Eddy Arellano, interview by the author, Cairo, Egypt (via Skype), May 29, 2010.
theology movement and to educator Paulo Friere who had not yet been forced into exile. Edir Cardoza, one of the most important Latin American SCM heads was with the group during their entire three-month visit. This took place during the military dictatorship in Brazil, a very dangerous time, particularly for the student activists. When Bambi compared the situation of the Brazilian students to the protestors back in the U.S., she was struck by how constrained they were if they did not want to be forced into exile. Hosting the Cornell students at one level was cover that let them see for themselves what was going on in Brazil in a way they would not have been able to do alone.

I think for all of us it was definitely a life-changing experience. Not everybody has a chance to see so many dimensions of a problem. You saw the political dimension which, of course, was what everyone was living through. You saw the socio-economic dimension because we were really working in the poorest part of Brazil. At that point, the northeast was really like the worst parts of India which was very poor then. So you saw that. You heard the opinions of religious leaders and heard all the discussion of the issues related to US policy and how people felt about that from the outside. It was one thing to be in the US—there was a lot of ferment over Vietnam and other things—but to really see it on the ground and realize how complex and how intractable some of these issues were.

When she returned to Cornell, she knew she wanted to do something internationally but decided she needed some skills and experience before she ventured abroad again. After Cornell, she got a master’s in Latin American Studies in Texas and a Masters of Arts in Teaching at Antioch. Two jobs—one working with mostly Dominican women on welfare and without even basic education skills in Hartford, Connecticut, and then a second position working on a learning disabilities program in a desperately poor part of Vermont—followed. Then, in early 1971, her Cornell chaplain friend Bill Rogers got in touch with her about the FI program. By then, she felt she was ready.
Having so recently spent time in the part of Brazil where Paulo Friere did so much of his early work, Bambi found the orientation led by him to be an incredible experience. She also was able to talk with people from a number of exiled groups from different countries resident in Geneva at the time. From Geneva, she went to Spanish language school in Cuernavaca. There she met Bertha Vargas, a Bolivian native. “She wanted to go back to Bolivia and it was a very difficult time politically,” explained Bambi. “she had also been very active in the Student Christian Movement there. We decided that it might be a good idea for us to do this together. I would accompany her and it would be a little more official. We were both extremely interested in work with women.” Later, Bertha herself became a Frontier Intern in Peru.

Bertha grew up in Oruro, Bolivia, a mining community where her father was responsible for the potable water system for the community and the electrical system at the mine, but he was also a lay evangelical preacher. Her earliest church was the one that met in her home. “From the time I was a little girl I read the Bible, helped with vacation Bible school and went with my father when he traveled to attend church services in other sections of the mine,” she remembered. “At home we had Bible studies and worship services.” While she was still living at home, the Canadian Baptist Church established a

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490 Bertha Vargas, interview by Alan Oliver, translation by Stephanie Oliver, Panama (Skype), December 5, 2010. I do not speak or read Spanish, but FI Allan Oliver (Peru, 1964-1966) met Bertha, who is now working at IDEMI in Panama, when he worked for the WSCF in South America in 1968. He volunteered to do the interview and Stephanie Oliver offered to translate it. Because of their extraordinary generosity and commitment to this project, I was given a window into the only cross-cultural FI partnership where one partner was an American, but where both parties had had important formative experiences in the Student Christian Movement.
mission with a building and pastor in the community. She was active there, too, but the two churches were different. “The church in my house—the miners’ church—was close to their problems, and my father had a strong social conscience,” she recalled. “The young people who attended that ‘church’ played an important part in restoring rights to the miners.” The Baptist Church, she said, was “indifferent” to the problems people had outside the church. Relationships to these groups, however, did not have to be mutually exclusive. Bertha even recalled her father cooperating with the Catholic priests when they arrived at the mine, but her own feeling about Roman Catholics was marked by a massacre of Baptist leaders—the martyrs of Melcamaya--from Oruro in a native village, apparently under the direction of a priest of that village in 1949. Her father and a friend of his survived only because they had turned back to pick up a piece of equipment. When she moved to La Paz for college, she started attending a Methodist Church in her neighborhood and through them encountered MEC, the Bolivian Student Christian Movement.

It [Methodism] was a complete unknown to me. What attracted me a lot was its democratic openness. It had many social services. I was interested in the native populations; at the same time, there was no attempt to proselytize me. At the Methodist church I got to know some of the university students who belonged to MEC. They invited me to one of the meetings and I began to attend regularly. They were talking a lot about Christian testimony in the world – that interested me especially. I stayed in the Methodist church and in the MEC.

It sounds like a fairly straightforward decision, but, as she further explained, in the mid-1960s, the religious context and the decision were actually much more complicated.
Within the university there were three organizations – MEC, already affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation, ULAJE—[oriented towards] evangelical youth, also with Methodists as leaders, and Inter-varsity, which included other denominations and some Methodists. So, choosing to ally myself with MEC was a well thought-out and informed decision.

The political situation in Bolivia was also extremely unstable, with regular military coups upsetting the political order, sometimes with the help of the CIA, as happened in 1964 leading to the presidency of Rene Barrientos whose war with the guerrillas led to the death of Che Guevara in 1967. At the time Bambi and Bertha teamed up in 1971, Hugo Banzer had taken over as, essentially, Bolivia’s dictator. It was a terribly dangerous time for ecumenical leaders identified with the liberation theology movement.491

FI Dwain Epps (Argentina, 1967-1969) had completed his internship in Argentina and was working for the World Council of Churches in Geneva by then, but recalled that Bertha was in the middle of the crisis and helped a number of people get out. She does not say so explicitly in her interview why she was in Cuernavaca when she and Bambi met there, but it may have been to get away from the situation herself. What she does explicitly say is that WSCF leader Emilio Castro thought she belonged in Bolivia, not Mexico, and supported what she and Bambi did back in Bolivia so that would happen.492


492 Emilio Castro later served as general secretary of the World Council of Churches from 1985 to 1992.
After Cuernavaca, Bambi and Bertha spent several months in Peru, then proceeded to Bolivia where Bertha had been working on a project called Women in Church and Society, a program of the Methodist Church in Bolivia, in particular, in order to support women whose husbands had been incarcerated or exiled. Bambi joined the project. “For all intents and purposes,” Bertha said, “we were the project.” Their main contact was the Methodist Church since Bertha had a well-established relationship with them, and had solid connections with some American missionaries and Bolivian church leaders, but they cultivated other partners, too, including a Bolivian organization active in social change work. Over the course of Bambi’s internship, the scope of the project broadened to focus on community development projects for rural women generally. Most of Bambi’s second FI year was spent meeting with women in various communities, developing the ideas, then raising the funding to implement them. What the women wanted was basic empowerment and leadership skills and experience working in groups and managing money accountably. Income generation training was also important because so many problems were economic. Bambi and Bertha helped start a small credit program for cottage industries that the women could incorporate into their domestic responsibilities.

Bambi and Bertha were sharing an apartment in La Paz. Right before Bambi’s internship ended in 1973, Bertha introduced her to a very good friend from university, a leader in the Student Christian Movement, who by then was an archeologist who had been away on a dig during most of their internship. Bambi returned to New York, wrapped up her internship, and got a job there but decided to first return to Bolivia for a
visit. “I just felt like before I started a permanent job I needed to see where my heart really lay and so I just went back,” she said. She ended up staying. The group she had been working with took her back, then she picked up work with another group and began teaching at the university. A year later, they got married, and her lifetime international development career was fully launched. At the time of her interview, she was serving as the director of the USAID mission in Cairo, Egypt. Shortly afterward, she was named Counselor for the agency, one of its highest-ranking positions, and relocated to Washington, D.C.

It is clear from the stories that both women tell, that their partnership gave Bambi easier access to the Andean society other American FIs before her had found so difficult to penetrate. For Bertha, the partnership with Bambi allowed her to return home to Bolivia from Mexico. They clearly accomplished a lot together, too, on their project of women and development. But they both also recalled a temporary loss of traction when Bertha was imprisoned by the military regime five or six months after their arrival in Bolivia and Bambi turned her focus to getting her released. Bambi admitted that it was alarming, but also not uncommon because many of the people they were working with were in a similar situation. The churches associated with the World Council of Churches had a close working relationship with the Roman Catholic churches and were playing what Bambi called “a very edgy role…..on the front lines” of resistance to the regime. Bertha recalled,

It was a very difficult time. There were many from the Methodist Church, from the Catholic Church, who had been incarcerated. Everything was under
surveillance. The police had letters we had written to Emilio [Castro from the WSCF]. They had their eyes on us from the moment we arrived in Bolivia.

She was actually arrested and held twice. After the second time, she had to report to the Government Ministry once a week. “I couldn’t work under those conditions,” she said.

Bambi suggested she apply for a Frontier Internship.

I decided to apply for an internship in Mozambique or Angola but the WSCF leaders stepped in and gave many reasons why I ought to stay in Latin America. In the end, I stayed as a Frontier Intern with the Latin American office of WSCF in Lima. My assignment was to help coordinate the work of the Peruvian SCM and help with the WSCF in Latin America as well as to start a WSCF women’s program.

During her internship she organized MEC groups with students in the two Methodist high schools, Colegio America and Alvarado with the girls. She also developed a joint program with the Peruvian MEC and the Catholic Church, helped with a program of agricultural workers who had a cooperative in Huacho, and worked with Methodist young people and women who lived in the poorest areas such as Comas. She also participated in the feminist movement in Peru.

There was a military government in Peru at the time, too, but it was dramatically different than the one in Bolivia. Bertha described it as “progressive” and talked about government programs such as development of peasants’ cooperatives and literacy training. She and several other WSCF leaders took government-run courses on labor education so they could help workers in industry complete their formal education. Bertha worked with a group of cab drivers. The internship was extended for a third year. After finishing her time as a FI, she left the SCM and WSCF. “I didn’t want to stay in Peru since some people in leadership roles disagreed with my position on women’s
participation in the church and WSCF and I didn’t have time or support from the program to deal with that,” she said, but she did remain active in the ecumenical movement through participation on the advisory committee of the WCC’s Programme to Combat Racism. She also worked with female refugees from Central America under the aegis of the Center for Ecumenical Studies. She admitted, though, that scars from those internship years in the early 1970s remain.

These were really difficult times in Latin America with the Chilean coup, the situations in Bolivia, Argentina, Uruguay and Nicaragua. The commitment of the MEC [SCM] members claimed lives – many of them we never heard from again, such as Guillermo Castro, a young man from El Salvador who was kidnapped. These things continue to hurt.

The Southern Cone and the ISAL Internships

“Southern Cone” refers to a region of South America that includes Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and southern Brazil. The earliest student Christian work in Latin America was done through YMCAs established in these countries in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. John Mott visited Argentina and Brazil in 1906. A student work office was established in 1911 in Montevideo, Uruguay and the first student conference was held in Piriápolis, Uruguay, in 1911 where a permanent conference center was then built.493 Fifty years later, when the FIM program was launched, the Uruguayan Swiss leader Valdo Galland had just been elected General Secretary of the WSCF and the Southern Cone countries were global ecumenical hot spots. In this chapter, we already cited Stephanie and Allan Oliver’s positive experience with the ecumenical communities

in Chile and Uruguay before their internship in Peru, and Adrianne and John Bradley’s relief at moving to Buenos Aires, Argentina, after their difficult internship in Bolivia. By 1974, the end of the period under consideration in this study, however, authoritarian regimes had taken over the governments in all of these countries and the Student Christian Movement had all but vanished. Three FIs interviewed for this project had assignments in this region. Two additional internships of long-deceased FIs will also be discussed using information furnished by others or published.

Linda Leaird (Argentina, 1962-1964), a college Spanish major with prior experience in Mexico, was the first Frontier Intern sent to the Southern Cone. She passed away a number of years ago, but a page about her internship was included in a publication done about the program by Margaret Flory’s office in 1963. Her assignment seems to have been similar to those of others assigned to the “university world”—work with the Student Christian Movement of Argentina at a university in Buenos Aires. Her orientation to Latin America, like Stephanie and Allan Oliver’s, was with the Chilean Student Christian Movement in Santiago, Chile, at a university there. It does not say whether she attended the Athens Quadrennial in 1959, but a quote used from one of her letters suggests she was familiar with the writing of Richard Shaull who had so much influence on the SCM in both the United States and Latin America in the 1950s:

> It is impossible not to sense the overwhelming concern of the Latin American student for the future of his country, in the throes of economic, social, and political crisis, and the intense search for a solution. It is in this setting that a God who is concerned and acting in history has to be known, and a Christianity with a
relevance to the needs and necessities of a people, and to this reality comes the mission of the MEC [SCM] in the university.”

Richard Shaull, who left full-time residency in Latin America in 1962, continued to exert enormous influence on a new group, *Iglesia y Sociedad en America Latina* (ISAL), Church and Society in Latin America that rapidly established chapters throughout the region. In a 2011 interview, former ISAL leader and Methodist Uruguayan theologian Julio de Santa Ana traced its origin to an invitation from WCC Secretary Paul Albrecht, who was deeply engaged in the global ecumenical conversation about the role of the churches at a time of “rapid social change,” to a group of Latin Americans attending the 1960 meeting on the “Life and Mission of the Church” in Strasbourg. “Luis Odell, Jose Miguez Bonino, Emilio Castro, and I sat around a table with him and over a good local Riesling, we launched the idea of holding what became the ‘First Latin American Conference on Church and Society’ held a year later in Huampani, a conference center, near Lima, Peru,” he recalled. At that conference and after, the influence of Richard Shaull, then a professor at the seminary in Campinas, Brazil, was decisive. “He fomented in us not the notion of an abstract, ideal world to come, but a risky engagement in a world of contradictions likely to disorient us, our actions and our commitment to overcome them,” de Santa Ana said.

ISAL groups’ understanding of the social situation in Latin America was that of a contradictory reality that resulted in gross injustices that those who want to give witness to the Kingdom of God have to face: the contradiction between rich and

poor, rulers and those condemned to dependency, women and men, opulent minorities and exploited majorities.\footnote{Ortiz, “Fifty Years of ISAL: An Interview With Julio De Santa Ana”}

Their call, they believed, was to change this reality. Shaull’s “theology of revolution” led their thinking early on, followed by his student Rubem Alves’ “theology of liberation” after a consultation held in conjunction with several other ecumenical groups in Piriapolis, Uruguay, in December 1967. It was, de Santa Ana said, a “generational evolution” of a number of both Protestant and Roman Catholic theologians that grew from their shared commitment to the liberation of the poor and oppressed in Latin America. There were differences, however, in how that was to be accomplished. ISAL’s commitment to structural change, however, was uniform.\footnote{Ibid.} It placed them in the crosshairs of those who wanted to keep things just the way they were.

Dwain Epps (Argentina, 1967-1970)\footnote{Dwain and Kathy Epps, April 16, 2010.} attended the 1959 SVM Quadrennial in Athens and spent five years deeply embedded in the Deep South and the Civil Rights struggle, first while stationed there by the Air Force to fulfill a ROTC commitment then returning multiple times for extended stays as a seminarian. In 1965-1966, though, he was in Tubingen, Germany as a WCC theological fellow. At the end of the year, in the summer of 1966, the scholarship program had a theological students seminar at the Chateau de Bossey, the Ecumenical Institute, parallel to the WCC World Conference on Church and Society which Dwain still considers “the great turning point in the modern Ecumenical movement.”
Day after day we had coming to talk to us people who were making speeches and who had written papers in preparation for this conference. Among them were three or four Latin Americans, who were talking about the theology of revolution, about Camilo de Torres, pastors and priests going to the mountains and fighting for freedom.

It was enormously compelling. He went to talk to Samuel Parmar, an economist from India and one of his professors to get advice about how he could get to Latin America and pursue this somehow. Parmar told him to stop and talk to Margaret Flory in New York on his way back to seminary in San Francisco for his final year.

So I went in and I visited with Margaret. In the interim I had been in correspondence with some of the people I had met who had come to the seminar and Margaret said, “I know some of these people. Here’s an application. Fill it out and let’s give it some thought.” So I filled out an application and said what I wanted to do and she knew this fellow by the name of Leopold Niilus in Argentina with whom she had spoken in one of her universal trips around Latin America meeting and she had proposed to him at some point: “Would you be willing to receive an Intern sometime?” And he said: “Sure, why not?” And, in any case, I was accepted to do that.

When Dwain got back to SFTS, he had another life-changing experience waiting for him, a new music student named Kathy Schmidt, who thought she would become a church musician but soon got a better offer from Dwain. They met in September and married at Easter in 1967. Right after graduation and FI Orientation, they headed for Spanish language study in Cuernavaca then took one of Margaret’s legendary long routes with multiples stops south to their FI assignment in Buenos Aires. Although Kathy Schmidt Epps (Argentina, 1967-1970) was not part of Dwain’s original FI application—
indeed, he had not even met her yet—Margaret accepted her as a FI, too. Like some of the wives in earlier classes, Kathy had no frontier assignment and was not interested in sharing Dwain’s. Kathy explained,

I was just there and I had no obligations. I didn’t have to work in order for us to eat. He had a full thing planned that was interesting but I didn’t want to do it. … Through friends somehow I found my way to these various choruses and little groups and ancient music groups so I began to sing around. Each university faculty had big choruses and then the good members of them pulled off and had little choruses so I just developed a musical life. And had a ball.

And Dwain felt like he was being enriched by what she was learning about the Argentinian culture, but from another angle.

Dwain’s basic assignment was to work with the Christian Studies Center in the River Plate. He also had an auxiliary assignment to work with an urban slum ministry run by another, basically Methodist group. But that was not all.

I ended up arriving just after a very important continental meeting of progressive theologians and laypeople that founded—or gave direction to—the church and society movement in Latin America. Among them were the people I had met at Bossey. It was the regional follow-up meeting to 1966 Church and Society Conference in Geneva. So by the grace of God, I landed there—kerplunk—a little bit like had happened to me with regard to the Civil Rights Movement….sort of on the day of creation. … The group of people with whom I ended up working were the ISAL—the Church and Society Movement in Latin America. This was the cradle of Latin American liberation theology.

By the time Dwain got to Argentina, Leopold Niilus had become the General Secretary of ISAL, and the building where its office was located also housed multiple other ecumenical groups including the national headquarters of the Student Christian Movement of Argentina and the regional General Secretary for Latin America. The Christian Students Center had one and a half rooms there. People had to share desks! Dwain functioned as an executive secretary of sorts for Niilus. He arrived at what he called “the front edge” of the worst of the repression, the institutionalization of torture, and the forced disappearances. Mauricio Lopez, a distinguished professor of sociology and former Church & Society worker, was one of the first ecumenical people to disappear.
ISAL leaders were mostly active Christian laypeople, many who had come up through the Student Christian Movement in Latin America, with backgrounds in theology or social sciences, who were trying to figure out a way to mobilize laypeople and, where possible, pastors, to make an effective Christian witness in the face of the repressive forces of the military regimes.

Periodically, there would be meetings of the ISAL executive committee and in relationship of those meetings were seminars that were held to discuss particularly relevant topics. I remember one in particular was a seminar on the role of the military in Latin American society. … I was never engaged in such a high-powered intellectual engagement, encounter, exchange as there. You came. You better be prepared. Some presented papers. Others critiqued them. Others added their experiences out of their own situation. And out of that then strategies were built and developed.

Dwain’s particular contribution was to translate a monthly bulletin from Spanish to English for an English readership.

Alongside this I was also working about half-time in a favela, in the equivalent villa miseria of Buenos Aires, with a team of urban people who did community organizing work but in the situation of the favela. Working with people in the Villa, learning about life there, working with a team that included a nurse and a couple of pastors and some youth workers.

It was probably through George Todd who headed the WCC’s Urban Industrial Mission program and who had participated in Dwain’s and Kathy’s FI orientation in 1967 that someone from that office came to visit ISAL in Buenos Aires and took a tour of this “shanty town” where Dwain had been working on the outskirts of the city. He made an offer to provide funding for a continent-wide urban ministries program in Latin America. The ISAL Executive Committee saw this as a way of funding the popular education programs they were developing with Paulo Freire, gave it the name Misión Urbana en
América Latina, or MISUR, and authorized Dwain to develop a proposal to submit to the WCC then become the “interim secretary” until someone local was found to fill the position. In this capacity he and a Brazilian sociologist were asked to participate in the UIM annual advisory meeting held in Africa in 1969. After the meeting, he was able to travel and make a wide range of connections with groups concerned about many of the same things they were in Latin America. The following year he was sent to the Advisory Committee meeting in Japan.

Back in Buenos Aires, Dwain, together with the other members of the team, began to build an infrastructure of MISUR that intentionally went beyond the WCC-related framework in order to include Roman Catholics and grassroots workers. The expanding military dictatorships made communication difficult, but they did succeed in making connections with others outside of Buenos Aires and outside of Argentina. There was a culture gap between MISUR and ISAL from the beginning. Dwain explained, ISAL was a very tight-knit group of mainly young scholars and professionals who had known one another and worked together closely for many years. MISUR, with its intentional expansion beyond the WCC-related ecumenical framework into increasing relations with Roman Catholic groups and local grass-roots teams, gradually began to feel to the old-timers like something off the mainstream of ISAL thinking. Just before I left Buenos Aires at the end of 1970 the Executive Committee had designated a new secretary for MISUR, a young Brazilian Methodist, Paulo Krischke, who they hoped would bring MISUR closer into the fold.

In fact, the distance between the groups only increased. As the Argentine military dictatorship became more repressive, MISUR’s base of operations was transferred to Chile which still was relatively peaceful under the leftist government of Salvadore
Allende. Krishke rarely consulted with the ISAL leadership. That put even more distance between the two groups.\footnote{Dwain Epps, “Re: Koos Koster,” (March 18, 2015).}

It was at that time, in mid-1970, that Koos Koster, a Dutch Frontier Intern, was assigned to work with MISUR. The son of a Dutch Reformed minister, Koster had completed ministerial training in 1963 and been appointed vicar for the Dutch community in Berlin. He worked at the Hendrick Kraemerhuis and was greatly influenced by Bé Ruys, a Dutch Reformed minister based there.\footnote{“Koos Koster and Committed Journalism,” accessed on March 28, 2015, http://www.iisg.nl/collections/koster/koster.php.} In this context he would have met a river of ecumenical people coming through Berlin. FIs John Moyer and Linda Lancione (Romania, 1966-1969) met him there in 1966 as part of their preparation for interning in Romania. Several FIs—Leon Howell, Haney Howell, Tami Hultman, and Reed Kramer—began journalism careers during or after their internships. Koos launched his career in journalism before becoming a FI. In 1968, he worked for Radio Noord in Groningen while simultaneously studying theology at the Vrije Universiteit in Amsterdam, where he graduated in 1970 just before beginning his Frontier Internship. By that time, John Moyer was back in Los Angeles. Koos stopped there on his way to Chile and John introduced him to several Latino groups doing community organizing and others heavily influenced by Ivan Illich and Paulo Freire that later became chapters of Christians for Socialism. John recalled that Koos already knew about Camilo Torres and Bishop Dom Helder Camara because they had visited Kraemerhuis. Koos was older than
most FIs—either 32 or 33 when the internship began—and requested this Latin American assignment in order to delve deeply into what was happening there. His friend and fellow FI, Bas Wielenga, reported that he got involved in the Chilean experiment and was accepted by his Chilean comrades. Little news of him made it back to Dwain who was, by then, working for Leopold Niilus at the CCIA in Geneva.

Another Frontier Intern, Carol Clary\textsuperscript{500} (Uruguay, 1970-1973), assigned to ISAL and working in their office in Uruguay, did encounter Koos during his internship.

He just showed up in Montevideo one day and I was assigned to show him around. We had two Dutch persons in the office who were supported by the Dutch Lutheran or Reformed Church. I have no idea why he was not assigned to them. Maybe it was because I was the FI. … We were all a bit frightened by him as he was way too open and forthcoming about wanting to meet Tupamaros. We had several in the office … and it was feared that he was an agent of some kind. This was a very dangerous time for all of us in the office and he seemed very naive and unsafe.

Carol also remembered his Spanish not being very good yet. It worried her. She was close to fluent by the time she arrived from Cuernavaca, but her native co-workers corrected her Spanish “militantly” so she would pass as a native herself. That was the last she heard from him.

Uruguay was then a small country with a largely urban population of European ancestry that had been blessed over most of its history with prosperity and well-functioning democratic institutions, “a model for the rest of the continent.”\textsuperscript{501} In the early 1960s, however, economic recession and lack of opportunities produced widespread

\textsuperscript{500} Carol Clary, May 25, 2010.
\textsuperscript{501} Jeffrey Klaiber, S.J., The Church, Dictatorship, and Democracy in Latin America (Maryknoll, N.Y.: Orbis Books, 1998), 111.
unrest. The Tupamaros Movement for National Liberation was founded. It was initially a non-violent political movement but radicalized in response to government suppression of dissent, particularly after a state of emergency was declared in 1968. Some of the group, inspired by the Cuban Revolution and the guerrilla rebellion of Che Guevara, turned to violence. The immediate past president of Uruguay (2010-2015), José Mujica, is described as a former urban guerilla fighter in the late 1960s in his Wikipedia entry. In 1970, Dan Mitrione, an FBI agent and advisor for the CIA to the Uruguayan police was kidnapped and murdered. In 1972 more civil liberties were suspended, and in 1973, parliament was disbanded and a civilian-military police state was institutionalized that lasted until 1985. Although relatively few people were killed, it is estimated that between 1968 and 1978, 55,000 people, or one in every 50 inhabitants, were detained, abused, or tortured. Carol Clary’s FI experience bears this out. “It was a dramatic time,” she said. “From the Switzerland of South America, to elections, then military takeover, then tremendous repression and Third World status all in about three years.” By the time she left in December, 1973, most of the people she worked with were in hiding or in jail or had been exiled. ISAL barely existed.

Carol felt fully prepared for her internship in Latin America. She had been there before, during the summer of 1966, on a Methodist study trip. Its purpose, they were told,

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504 Ibid., 110-112.
was to build relationships. That she did, in particular with her host family in Argentina.
One sister in that family was her age, another one was three years younger. It was a great match. Carol got very close with the family and stayed in close touch afterwards. She added a Latin American studies major to her music major when she got back to college in Los Angeles. In her interview, she described her lifelong passions as music, theology, politics, teaching, and interpersonal relationships, any or all of which might have propelled her to consider the FIM program, but her specific reason for applying to the Frontier Intern program was personal. She wanted to get back to Argentina to spend more time with this wonderful family. In the end her assignment was the continental headquarters of ISAL in Uruguay, close enough to visit her adopted “family” on vacations.

Carol’s own background was solidly Methodist and, as it happened, so was her internship. The head of Carol’s host committee was Emilio Castro, a Methodist theologian and pastor who served as the General Secretary of the World Council of Churches from 1985 to 1992. Her committee was mostly Methodists, too, including a couple of college professors who ended up exiled to Europe. She lived with a Uruguayan Methodist family. An elderly American Methodist pastor named Earl Smith who had lived in Uruguay for decades taking care of peasant kids from the interior who showed up in the city became a dear friend. He was also head of the Fellowship of Peace and Reconciliation in South America at the time she was there. It was important to her that the Methodist Church there was completely under the control of Uruguayans and clear to
her from them and from the FI program itself, that her role was to be in solidarity with them.

In the U.S. she was told that she would be doing grassroots organizing and literacy training. When she arrived at the ISAL office in Montevideo, it was clear that what they really needed her to do was translation. When she arrived in 1970, close to ten years after ISAL was created, they were an engine churning out studies in theology, economics, religion, literacy training, and much else. Carol regularly wrote “Reader’s Digest” versions of these studies in English. They also published books.

The concept of this publishing house was to educate persons all over the world to the reality of Latin America events and thinking seen through the eyes of Latin Americans themselves, especially those in the Ecumenical Church movement. Some of this work, of course, was the early writing about liberation theology. As the word spread and interest grew, people showed up at the office from all over Latin America and sometimes other countries, too. If they were English-speakers, Carol was responsible for being their tour guide and translator. At a continental conference that gathered in people from all the ISAL branches, she interpreted for the speakers. It was interesting and important work; but equally significant from the perspective of this study, are the close relationships she developed with her co-workers.

Music also was an important part of her internship. It was almost as if she fused Dwain and Kathy Epps’ two internships—ISAL and choral music. In her free time, she organized choirs, joined a folk music group that did liturgical and other kinds of music, and got involved with the Uruguayan Opera School. She met completely different people through these channels and formed close friendships with them, too, that were
particularly important to her as the repression intensified over the course of her internship.

Carol experienced this repression directly. With some other adults, she took a group of high school kids from the Methodist Church to a camp called Sarandi Grandi. When they went into town for provisions, people there warned them to be careful, that the military was spying on them because they thought they were training Tupamaros.

Actually, we had some song books that had the theme song of the Tupamaros which was a folk song, actually. It would be equivalent of “This Land is Your Land, this land is my land” that had become subversive. If they would have found it on us, we would have gone right into the clink.

Another time, she was on her way to the ISAL office to pick up an Australian journalist who was waiting for her there and saw a military truck parked about a half block away. She turned around and walked the other direction. Everyone in the office, including the Australian, was hauled in. Still another time, they came to her home looking for her while she was at class. She took her landlady’s advice to go to Argentina for awhile. She had pre-planned a disguise and way to get out of Uruguay to Argentina if she needed to. This sounds overly dramatic but the concrete evidence of omnipresent danger was everywhere and part of daily life. The family Carol lived with was taking care of a little boy from the church while his parents were in prison. It could happen to anyone.

A complicating factor for an American, like Carol, was the role of the United States in what was happening. The murder of the CIA contractor, Dan Mitrione, happened right before she arrived, but it was widespread knowledge that he was not the only American involved in what was going on. Her friend Earl Smith, the elderly
American Methodist pastor, was hauled in for questioning. Although blindfolded, “he said that some of his questioners were obviously Americans due to accents.” It was very clear to them at the time that the financing of this new police state was coming from the United States. “It created tremendous shame,” Carol said.

She had extended her internship for a third year but as that year (1973) progressed, there was less and less for her to do. The publishing house had closed and most of the people were gone. She had a teaching credential so she interviewed for a position at the American School. The attitude of the Americans she talked with there upset her so much that when she joined up with a group of her music friends at a café afterwards, she was in tears describing what had happened.

Our waiter came up and said, “What's the matter with you?” He said, “Do you have mal de amores?” Are you lovesick? And this diva girlfriend of mine said,” No, mal de patria” “No, she's country sick.” Actually, I was sick of my native land. I couldn't come back. Certainly I couldn't stay there…

As this chapter has shown, Carol was not the only Frontier Intern to develop mal de patria from what she learned about what the United States was doing abroad, but unlike some others—John Bradley (Bolivia, 1967-1969), for instance, who experienced both mal de patria and mal de eglesia, church sickness—Carol’s experience as part of the ecumenical community at ISAL and with the Uruguayan Methodists she lived and worshipped with—was positive and helpful.

I'd been a Sunday School Christian before and after that, my faith deepened. I learned how to meditate. I learned how to pray. … I learned how to really speak to God. I learned an awful lot about the Bible in ways that I had never thought before. … I think my whole thing was to step out in faith to a frontier and let God lead me.
Carol did return to the United States about Christmas 1973 and worked as a long-term substitute in a Los Angeles school with a bilingual, bicultural program. She got a place to live in the barrio in East Los Angeles. She got her masters in music and did opera in the community. Then, in 1976, she heard from the older of her two Argentinian “sisters” that her husband, her younger sister and her partner, and two cousins—five of them altogether—disappeared in one afternoon. Carol wrote to the State Department but there was little else she could do. The shame and guilt were tremendous. The next year she went to Austria and taught and sang opera for three years. Her Argentinian sister exiled to Brazil with her two little boys, one of whom lived with Carol while attending college in L.A. years later. It is, Carol said, “part of the continuing saga into the present.” But like Bertha Vargas said, all these things continue to hurt.

Koos Koster (Chile, 1970-1972) remained in Latin America after his internship ended working as a journalist for the IKON broadcasting network and the weeklies *Hervormd Nederland* and *De Nieuwe Linie*. He was in Santiago on September 11, 1973 when a military coup led by General Augusto Pinochet overthrew the government of Salvador Allende who died that day. Afterwards, the military began to round up and detain thousands of suspected leftists or other potential enemies in the National Stadium of Chile. Detainees were interrogated; some were tortured and murdered.505

….when the military moved to massacre the minister and many militants of the Left Front to kill the hopes of the Chilean people, Koos kept phoning from his flat

to report over Dutch radio what he saw happening before his eyes …. Until the military came for him, too. He was brought to the stadium where he witnessed the horrors of which the military regime was capable.

He survived … And he pursued the man-eating monster of money power and military might all over Latin American, exposing its crimes and its causes. Survival obliges, he wrote in one of the poems born in the stadium of Santiago. And thus his way led from the mass prison of Pinochet in the south finally to a dusty road in Central America…..

Later, he interviewed Archbishop Oscar Romero in El Salvador in the process of making a film about him, and was deeply moved by him as well as blessed. Koos’ FI friend, Bas Wielenga reported that Romero said to Koos: “Go on with your work; you have a holy task to bring out the truth.” He did, but on March 17, 1982, almost exactly two years after Romero’s assassination in the cathedral in San Salvador, Koos and three other members of a Dutch TV crew were ambushed and killed while reporting in a rural part of the country. The one surviving Salvadorean testified at the Hague and contested official claims by officials in Washington and San Salvador that they had gotten caught in the crossfire. In Amsterdam, demonstrators erected large crosses with the names of the four dead journalists in front of the American consulate. They remained there for a very long time.

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507 Ibid.
508 Ibid., 106.
The Caribbean Internships

I caught up with Sheila McCurdy\textsuperscript{509} (Caribbean, 1968-1970) on a Sunday in July 2009 at the beginning of her last year as the senior pastor of a United Methodist church in Gaithersburg, MD before retirement. Sheila is one of the four Frontier Interns who wrote a chapter for the book \textit{Journeys That Opened Up the World} so I knew some of her story, including her origin as a Methodist minister’s daughter in the segregated South, her rejection of what he and that church stood for, her embrace of the cause of justice and the decades-long break that caused with her family.\textsuperscript{510} As I settled into a back pew of the full church that day and looked around the wonderfully diverse congregation, I marveled. 11 A.M. Sunday morning is still the most segregated hour in America, but Sheila, in her ministry in that place, was demonstrating that that did not have to be the case. She clearly had not just talked the talked, but had also walked the walk.

Sheila was suffering from \textit{mal de patria} even before her Frontier Internship. That she was not also experiencing \textit{mal de ecclesia} is due in large part to the Student Christian Movement and her stubborn refusal to let other people define the church. Her awakening about race came in the context of the youth ministry of the Alabama-West Florida conference. Her political and theological formation came first from a leadership training program the Methodist Student Movement held at the Ecumenical Institute, a theological

\textsuperscript{509} Sheila McCurdy, July 26, 2009.
training center in 1965. Subsequently, she got up the courage to defy the rules of her college, Huntingdon College in Montgomery, and went to hear Martin Luther King, Jr. at Dexter Baptist Church one night. “That night was a transforming experience,” she recalled, experiencing the community of faith responding to the violence and hatred surrounding them.” She believed God was calling her to join this struggle for justice.

After graduation in 1966, Sheila decided to join the Methodist US2, a two-year mission program based in the United States. During the training at Scarritt, the Methodist mission training center in Nashville, when everyone else worked for churches, she worked for SNCC—the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and taught at a Freedom house. When placed at a church in Newark, N.J. for her service, she got fired after making friends with Tom Hayden and the people working at the SDS Newark organizing project and getting arrested in a community demonstration. At that point US2 reassigned her to the University Christian Movement although she continued organizing welfare mothers. The Newark riots, which she called the “rebellion,” happened in her neighborhood in 1967, in the middle of her two-year commitment.

…the National Guard came in and the State Troopers and started killing people and it was just under siege. I can remember lying on the floor being afraid….staying away from the windows….but following all that then I was investigated for inciting the riot. I just thought it was so absurd that when they asked these surly crazy things like “Was I receiving money from Czechoslovakia?” And I remember saying: “No, but is that a possibility?” I don’t get paid much by the church!” They didn’t think that was very funny.

By then it was early 1968. After Martin Luther King, Jr. was killed on April 4, riots erupted all over the country and she never heard from these investigators again, but at that point, everything changed. “That was the most hopeless I’ve ever felt,” she said. At
the same time, federal funds were being withdrawn from the poverty program to pay for the Vietnam War. The places where there had been hope began to close down. There were tanks in the street. It felt like an armed camp.

After Dr. King was killed, I did not feel hope in the Poor People’s Campaign. I no longer felt that our country cared or that justice would occur for the poor. [I felt] that we could be a target for violence if we gathered in D.C. …My sense after being in Newark was: “I’m not going to stand out where they can all know who we are so they can mow us down.” And that’s the way it felt.

When she went to Newark, she thought the problem was Alabama. Once there she began to think it was the United States. After Martin Luther King, Jr. was killed, it became clear to her that it was a global struggle. She started to read Che Guevara and was touched by what she saw as “his global vision of justice.” He and Dietrich Bonhoeffer became her guiding lights, but she was not about to take up arms.

I still believed that violence begat violence. There was still something within me that felt that I could remember Gandhi, that I could still hear King,…..there was a non-violent center that called me, but I did not judge people that felt that they had to confront violence with violence. … when I experienced what had happened to people because of the Ku Klux Klan and other things….taking up a shot gun and defending yourself seemed also right. So it was just something where I knew where I was in my heart but I also respected other people who were struggling with what their heart was calling them to do.

I needed a faith community dedicated to justice and peace. I found that with others in the University Christian Movement. Leon Howell (Ceylon, 1962-1964) was my supervisor and I went in [to the UCM office at 475 Riverside Drive] monthly and so I was able to connect globally with people.

When her US2 commitment ended that summer, she married Harry Dunbar, an African-American VISTA volunteer finishing up that commitment in Harlem. They applied for both the Peace Corps and the Frontier Intern program. Harry was accepted at both; Sheila was rejected by the Peace Corps because she did not pass government clearance. She was
not unhappy about that because she thought the FIM program would provide more flexibility for doing the justice organizing she wanted to do.

After the FI orientation, Sheila and Harry (who was not interviewed for this project), were sent to Jamaica. They arrived the day that Walter Rodney, a popular university lecturer, was accused of Black Power activity and forced to leave. The university had been shut down and there were demonstrations and rioting in downtown Kingston. At the airport, cars were being stopped if they were occupied by whites or interracial couples. The minister who picked them up had Sheila lie on the floorboard and covered her with a blanket to get them through Kingston.\(^5\) They soon discovered the people at the local church council who had requested them had left and had made no plans or left any instructions for what they were supposed to do.

We were told right after we got there that they were glad we came because they wanted us to show our presence as an interracial couple from the United States….we were to walk around the different poor areas and prove that the United States wasn’t racist. And I said: “But it is. No, we’re not going to do that.”

Jamaica itself she found horrifyingly racist. The darker people’s skin, the poorer they were. They got all their FI friends in Latin America and the Caribbean to write letters supporting a request for a change of assignment. After the Caribbean Student Christian Movement had a joint conference with Spanish-speaking and English-speaking students in the region, the idea emerged that Sheila and Harry could work on this frontier fostering better communications between these groups. Race relations was a component part of this

\(^{511}\) Email from Sheila McCurdy, April 2, 2015; William Santiago Valdes, interview by the author, Kalamazoo MI, November 5, 2008.
project, too, because students from English-speaking countries were generally black and often poor and had, until then, not been that involved in the SCM. In the summer of 1969, after a Latin American FI meeting in Bogota, they headed to Cuernavaca to learn Spanish. Afterwards, they traveled between different student groups on different islands. “It was very powerful but it was a short time,” she said. When they returned to New York after the internship ended in 1970, they were assigned to NACLA, the North American Congress of Latin America, to do research on how US bauxite companies were exploiting Jamaica.

One of the things that came through most powerfully in Sheila’s interview is how the Student Christian Movement kept her connected to her Christian identity at a time when institutional churches were rejecting her because of her politics. That began early. In high school, the Methodist Student Movement was her faith community. In Newark, the pastor of a group of Drew students working there invited her to join them for study, prayer, and dialogue. In the Frontier Intern program, the Puerto Rican students had something like a house church where they met and worshipped and talked together and they participated in that. “I thought of the church as the people who were being the people of God in the world,” she said. “And at that point in my life, it would have been hard for me to see it in a building. That [was true for] quite a few years.”
Diana Hopkins (Puerto Rico, 1967-1969) and Richard Krushnic (Puerto Rico, 1967-1969) were also assigned to Puerto Rico. Diana was the only Frontier Intern who had not completed her bachelor’s degree at the time she participated. Growing up in Connecticut, she was elected a state officer in the Pilgrim Fellowship, which she described as “a very big deal at the time.” She traveled a lot around the state to meet with youth groups at different churches. As the chairperson of social action, she put together urban-suburban youth fellowship retreat weekends. The most transformative experience was a week in Haiti. It turned her world upside-down. Ordinarily, she would have gone to Connecticut College, but an older sister was in failing health in Colorado, so she went to University of Colorado at Boulder to be with her. There she met Richard, a Denver native three years her senior. Richard is a paradox, someone who describes himself as socially retarded, an only child raised by a widowed mother who worked a lot and grandparents who were psychologically and emotionally absent, but he also described being involved in a lot of activities, including theater and comedy and a fraternity with an intellectual bent. He was praised by teachers for being smart and doing good academic work. The Methodist Church in East Denver was important, too.

That was my social place in high school, going to the youth meetings and going to the dances every Friday night. They alternated between the Presbyterian Church and the Methodist church every other Friday night. I tried to become a good Christian. When I was 12 or 13, I remember going to this retreat and that's also when I gave up trying to become a full-fledged Christian. I could never buy that Jesus Christ was the one and only, and heaven and hell. I think because I led a socially lonely existence, I was sort of a bookish guy to some extent, from an

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early age, and a thoughtful guy in a certain sense, but I already had developed an appreciation of things Christian and religious in general, kind of, some kind of an understanding of what that was all about.

He was in the honors program at Boulder. In 1964, his junior year, he took a seminar on Indochina which consisted of about ten honors professors and twenty honors students sitting around a big table and unpacking what was going on there. Another student and friend was a Vietnam vet who had been in the Special Forces in 1962 and 1963 and told him how the CIA would fly in the guns and ammunition to the secret tribesperson’s army on the hilltops in Laos and fly out the heroin. Combining what he learned from his friend with what he learned in the course he felt like he learned a lot about what was really going on in the world. He also had a ROTC scholarship.

I was one of the battalion officers in ROTC and I would be one of the five guys standing out in the middle when everybody was marching around and stuff like that. I had very pronounced "asshole" characteristics as part of my personality at that point in time. Like one thing that was not an appropriate thing for me to do--one week I’m standing out there with the other officers in ROTC, the next week I come back on Thursday afternoon when we’re supposed to be doing drill and instead of standing out there with my ROTC buddies I’m leading an anti-war demonstration and when my buddies are marching around the field, we go right through them to disrupt...just like in the movies, like in Animal House or something. That afternoon I went home and threw my uniform out the window and a week later the head officer of ROTC calls me in and he suggested that I resign from ROTC.

In the spring of 1965, he went for the last three days of the Selma to Montgomery march. It was a life-changing experience. Even today he finds it hard to talk about. He returned and worked with SCLC in Alabama the following summer trying to register people to vote. At night he would preach at mass meetings surrounded by policemen and Klansmen he soon realized were the same people, sometimes in one outfit, sometimes in
the other. He had rifles pointed at him, people threatened to kill him, cars ran him off the road, and he wrote about all of it in articles he sent back to the student newspaper. The level of violence was staggering.

Ada: “Did this feel like an alternate universe to you?”

Richard: “No, this was no longer an alternate universe. This was my universe.”

For Richard, and a few other FIs, their identification with the people fighting back against violence and repression was complete, and their idealism was so total that they truly believed that if they tried hard enough, people would wake up and the madness would end.

At the end of the summer, Richard returned to Boulder for his final semester. When he graduated he was going to lose his student deferment. Tony Nugent, an intern at the campus ministry and a good friend, “saved” him by talking him into going to San Francisco Theological seminary in San Anselmo. Diana’s sister had died by then, so she came, too, and enrolled at San Francisco State. She was only twenty when they got married. They plunged deeply into anti-war activities. A fellow student at SFTS, Carolyn Lorch-Taber (Philippines, 1967-1969) told Richard about the Frontier Intern program. Richard jumped on the idea immediately. “What more could I do to find out what the hell was really going on around here? Get out of here and see what’s going on in the rest of the world,” he said. Diana could not have been less enthusiastic about the idea but went along with it. They would be sent to Puerto Rico. The FIM office arranged for Diana to continue her education at the University of Puerto Rico. Later, she could transfer the credits back to San Francisco State, just like JYAs did.
Diana and Richard spent a month in the summer of 1966, the year before their internship, at Cuernavaca on their own, but neither spoke fluent Spanish, so they first spent three months of their internship there with John and Adrianne Bradley and Dwain and Kathy Epps. At the end, they felt pretty good about their competency until they got off the plane in San Juan. For Diana, the Spanish turned out to be a really big problem.

I was learning Mexican Spanish, and I got to Puerto Rico, and they speak so fast, and they drop their S, and I could just never catch up. It was really, really hard, though luckily they let me write my papers in English, because most of the professors had studied in the States. It was such a different language and we really should have learned it in Puerto Rico, or Cuba, or somewhere. Different, different accent…..

She also got acquainted with a peace center led by a Peruvian priest whose Spanish she understood perfectly. Working with him and a Jesuit also based there, Tom, she got involved in the issue of Puerto Ricans being drafted when they could not vote.

Richard’s project ran off the rails the very first week. The University Christian Movement in the United States and the SCM of Puerto Rico (FUMEC) came up with the idea of having a couple of FIs help study the U.S. military presence in Puerto Rico and its effect on the economy, life and culture. Right after they arrived, they connected with the SCM people at the University of Puerto Rico. Richard recalled,

I go to this meeting and they were parceling out research tasks, and I suggest "well, why don't I go to the San Juan Star--the English newspaper--and see if they'll give me access to their files and see what I can find out about the military bases." People thought that was a great idea. I did. They gave me access to their files. They let me photocopy some articles and stuff like that. I got all this information on twelve U.S military bases in Puerto Rico. I went home. I was there for three days and by the time we had the next meeting, a week after the first meeting, I had written an article in English on all of the military bases in Puerto Rico. I had translated it into Spanish, and I brought copies of it with me, and so from then on, I was suspected of being a CIA agent. No-one else in the whole
history of Puerto Rico, all the independentistas and everybody, nobody had ever gotten this information about the military bases, and here I come with this single-space eight-page thing about all the military bases.

It had just come out in Ramparts magazine that the National Student Association got money from a CIA front foundation. That made them suspicious. They were also dealing right then with the fact that the CIA had started blowing off bombs on the lawns of hotels and blaming it on the independence movement. “So this was not a laughing matter that this character who arrived in Puerto Rico a week earlier comes in with this article,” Richard said.

I should have not done any big deal thing like that. I proved myself all right. My involvement with them fell apart and I was totally, being socially backward as I was, I was totally incapable of dealing with it, so basically I had no Frontier Internship in Puerto Rico. I didn't know how to deal with it and nobody helped me try to deal with it.

Two years later, William Santiago Valdes\textsuperscript{514} (Puerto Rico, 1970-1972), a Puerto Rican native and fourth generation independentista, was also assigned to Puerto Rico. He found out about the FIM program when he ran into Sheila McCurdy and Harry Dunbar at Cuernavaca when he was an Antioch College student studying there. After graduation he applied for the explicit purpose of working on the frontier of Puerto Rican nationalism. Margaret resisted assigning him to his own country but he eventually wore her down. He worked with a group called P.R.I.S.A. which was part of the Christians for Socialism movement in Latin America. He spent the first year working in the national office which was hosted at the Episcopal Cathedral in the Maroon village inside the city of San Juan, a neighborhood where blacks have been free for centuries just like the rural village where he was raised. There he helped put together publications supporting the economic development and community planning work underway. The second year, he helped

\textsuperscript{514} William Santiago Valdes, November 5, 2008.
organize village residents to work together to address economic and urban planning problems. Simultaneously, he helped organize a political party in the village. He then returned to the national office for the remainder of the internship. After graduate school, he taught at a Puerto Rican university for ten years before his politics made it too dangerous for him to remain there.

For the entire two years of his Frontier Internship, William Santiago Valdes, as a Puerto Rican, experienced none of the suspicion, hostility, and rejection Diana Hopkins and Richard Krushnic did. There were some pastors involved in the Puerto Rican SCM, and Margaret gave Diana and Richard the names of some seminarians there, but what seemed to dominate the life of the movement was the politics and culture of the independentista movement, not the SCM culture of practices—devotion, deliberation, study, and service—that might have bound the group together, Puerto Rican and American alike. It was all just political, Diana recalled. Once the group decided they were CIA agents, there was nothing more that could be done. They tried to quit but Margaret showed up and talked them out of it. There was no advice other than “Don’t quit.” It was Richard Krushnic’s impression that,

This was not a good time in the program. The concern was not how to solve Richard's problem, the concern was not to cause any waves right now, or not to cause another little wrinkle in the program, I think, which was appropriate, so anyway, that was that.

For the remainder of the internship, they travelled in Latin America a lot, sometimes going to student conferences, sometimes organizing them. The spent a month with John and Adrianne Bradley in La Paz, Bolivia. One night, after the four of them left
a restaurant, they heard gunfire and a American ran towards them asking, “Are you Peace Corps? Come with me.” He took them to the basement of the police station. “It was scary,” Diana remembered. Together, they rode deep into the Amazon forest on a logging truck to get to a small community run by some very committed Maryknoll sisters. At night, they sat around the fire and everyone sang revolutionary songs in Spanish. In May 1969, all of the Latin American FIs gathered in Bogota, Colombia for a regional FI meeting. Diana and Richard bought an airline ticket that allowed them to fly around Colombia for a month for $50. Afterwards, they went to Argentina for a few weeks.

**Radicalism and Its Discontents**

There were regional FI meetings in all of the regions in 1969 and 1970 as part of an evaluation and planning process. Margaret Flory personally attended all of them. Internationalization of the FIM program was a common concern. The Latin American meeting, though, seemed to have an outsized impact on the program. It was this regional report that Barbara Roche, author of the dissertation on Margaret Flory’s ministry, chose to emphasize in her assessment of the evolution of the FIM program. In part, this might be because she was personally living in Recife, Brazil in 1967 and had seen that “the continent was seething with anger against the dominance of the United States. This seething boiled out against the Frontier Internship program also.” Working from the final report of the Bogota FI meeting, Roche stated that,

> The critique was made from a Marxist/Socialist point of view suggesting that while a Frontier Internship program had been on the vanguard of humanizing society, it was still too closely allied with western Christian capitalist ideology. Therefore, the proposal continued, the selection of future Interns must
demonstrate a radical political commitment and concern for the Latin American situation, ….

Quoting directly from the Bogota report itself, she went on,

“The North American participant must take a clear and definitive stand alongside the oppressed peoples, be they victims of racial, sexual, ethnic, economic or national oppression. This commitment obviates any attempt to reconcile them either to their situation or their oppressor.”

From this Barbara Roche concluded that this rejection of reconciliation as an objective of the program was “a departure from being a servant ultimately of the One who reconciles” and a challenge to the program at its roots. What I believe Roche overlooks is that the Bogota FI group was working for reconciliation, but of the FI program itself with the Latin American ecumenical community that had grown increasingly suspicious of it, and sometimes openly hostile to it. FIs participating in the meeting included Diana Hopkins, Richard Krushnic, John and Adrianne Bradley, Sheila McCurdy and Harry Dunbar, all of whom struggled—and often failed—to make strong, trusting connections in their internship assignments. Others attending, like Mary Liz Heyl Bauer, had been told outright to go home and change her own country. Dwain Epps had been welcomed at ISAL and had a good working relationship with the Latin Americans there, but knew intimately what Christians were suffering on the continent and what role the United States had played in causing that suffering. Preaching reconciliation with the military dictatorships in the region rather than offering solidarity in resisting that imposition of unjust power would have been unacceptable on its face. In the Bogota final report, they

staked many of their hopes for continued FI engagement in Latin America on a more radical political stance and more efforts to diversify the FI selection committee. That, they hoped, would result in a better mix of FIs and eventual internationalization of the whole program. Certainly, the partnership that Bambi Eddy Arellano, an American, and Bertha Vargas, a Bolivian, worked out for themselves did succeed at showing what internationalizing the FI program could do to enhance its ability to bridge chasms of difference caused by government policies—both American and Latin American—that oppressed people and made them suffer. What they failed to see was that an ever-more-radical political stance did little to reconcile suspicious and hostile Latin Americans to the North American FIs, but that did not stop many anxious FIs from trying even harder. Margaret Flory said later that one of her biggest problems in this period was “fundamentalism on the left.”

Tim and Susan Christoffersen (Brazil/India/Geneva, 1967-1968) themselves fell victim to this shift. They were assigned to work with Dom Helder Camara, the Roman Catholic archbishop in northeast Brazil. Margaret undoubtedly thought this was a perfect match. Dom Helder, as Tim explained, “was an absolute saint and he was the center of resistance to the military regime that was in power at the time.” He moved out of his palace and turned it over to the poor. The famous quote attributed to him is: “When I give food to the poor, they call me a saint. When I ask why the poor have no food, they call me a communist.” Tim, for his part, studied with Paul Baran, a well-known Marxist

516 Flory, Moments in Time: One Woman’s Ecumenical Journey, 108.
economist when he was an undergraduate at Stanford. He did his master’s thesis on economic development in Latin America under Reinhold Neibuhr at Union. Tim went to Brazil believing that business served the interests of the rich, but in studying the involvement of international business in northeast Brazil once he and Susan got there, particularly in the textile and sugar cane businesses, his views changed, not 180 degrees, but a lot. “What I saw was that the foreign businesses were disruptive of the social structure,” particularly the landowners control of the factories and the old boys network. This was heresy! In a separate research project, Susan studied two literacy programs operative in the area—Paulo Friere’s program and the ADC program that was sponsored by the Presbyterians. Her findings shook people up, too.

The ADC program did things like give them food if they went to the literacy classes and the literacy classes just told them to brush their teeth and be clean and that’s what the content they were teaching them from whereas the Paulo Friere got people energized about words and that if you could read you could vote. It was incredibly powerful. And they would get these discussions going.

Fred Goff, the moving force behind NACLA—North American Congress for Latin America—and a friend of Susan’s and Tim’s told them later that her study had resulted in the Presbyterians de-funding the ADC program. The people Tim’s work shook up, though, were the FIs themselves.

[For] the Frontier Intern program Margaret drew from a diverse group but it was politically homogeneous or damned near. I looked upon myself and Krushnic as a little in the same category of being more on the radical edge than on the liberal edge.

As Tim tested his ideas in Brazil, he shared his thoughts in letters circulated to the group. The other radicals, he found, took such a radical change in his thinking in stride. From
the others, though, “there was just a lot of hostility towards him and towards both of us because we were turncoats,” Susan said. At Margaret’s insistence, they spent time in Geneva and India attending conferences on trade and international finance before leaving the program in June 1968. Tim quickly got a job as assistant treasurer of an international company, a job and an entry point to a career he absolutely loved. The exit from the FIM program, though, left a very bad taste in their mouths.

Richard Krushnic, by contrast, was left in limbo, perpetually frustrated that nothing had worked out in Puerto Rico but lacking a better idea that would have propelled him to leave, as Tim did, so he took advantage of the opportunity to travel and the contacts and hospitality in all of the various places Margaret sent them to learn everything he could about Latin America.

Richard: I was studying multi-national corporate political economy, and how it was operating in Latin America and what were the various social movements that were going on....

Ada: As you were learning this, how were you thinking about it?

Richard: I was thinking, "I am learning how the world works. This is what's going on. This is what it's all about. This is how it all happens."

Ada: Did you feel like this was your struggle?


At the end of the internship in 1969, Diana and Richard found their way back to San Francisco. She returned to college; he returned to anti-war work. Their old friend Tony Nugent, who they had met as a chaplain intern at Boulder, was by then associated with the Berkeley Free Church which had begun as a social service ministry to alienated
and displaced youth in what had become a drug-saturated community by 1969. John Bradley and Richard had been involved in a dust-up over pot smoking at the FIM Orientation in 1967. They had both entered the FIM program from Berkeley where marijuana, by then, was common, but even John was shocked at how the drug scene had changed by the time he returned from Latin America.

We had only been in at the beginning of the hippie thing. … I got involved with the marijuana thing when Haight-Ashbury was happening and we'd go over to the park and that was the cool thing to do and whatever, but we never went through that whole big deep drug thing that happened in the United States either, because we were gone.

There were, in other words, a huge number of homeless, “acid-dropping hippies”, as Richard described them, who were utterly lost and needed help. A number of mainline Protestant churches were supporting the Berkeley Free Church. George Todd, who was running the Urban Mission program for the Presbyterians was a supporter. There was a whole network of similar churches nationwide.

Tony Nugent, however, spun off an “advocacy” initiative, called the Submarine Church. Its purpose was to surface at major church meetings and “confront” those attending with the reality of the genocide on the other side of the world and compel them to total commitment to ending the war. Its tactics came out of the guerilla theater tradition that can be found throughout American protest movements but was particularly common in the Bay Area during the anti-war movement. Richard got “picked up by” the Submarine Church. The first action he attended was the 1970 Presbyterian conference in Chicago.
For ten days or something like that, we pitched tents in the park, we had a newspaper, we interrupted proceedings on the floor. It was, I think, mint tea we rolled up that everybody thought we were smoking marijuana on the floor and one time we had a lovely little hippie-dippy daisy chain [and] got about 400 of the faithful holding hands and running in a line up and down the lobby and around the block and then we got to speak at the podium. I remember Ray, this guy who was so skinny--he actually was a vet--he was so skinny and he had this huge, huge ball of knotty blonde hair--he was an apparition, he was physically the most bizarre looking thing--so he was our first speaker at the podium. He leaned over the podium and he says, "you motherfuckers!" That was how he led off, and the place went wild, and the FBI--that was too much for the...there's more Presbyterian FBI agents than any other denomination, you know--so the guys couldn't take it, they got up and they started going for us.

He only did two more, the Methodists and the Episcopalians. "It was all anti-war," he said, "I think that was when the submarine got sunk." There had been an enormous amount of idealism to believe that if enough of a shock was applied to the system, things would turn around. Instead, things like the actions of the Submarine Church had a reverse impact and shocked even anti-war church people into the arms of Nixon and his law and order agenda. As Berkeley Free Church founder Richard York wrote in 1973,

> The Movement and the Radical Church are two fountains from the same source. . . . Both have suffered from a kind of 'movement eschatology', in which we lived, talked and acted as though the revolution would be over tomorrow, just after this one last street demonstration. . . . For the radical church movement, it was fed additionally by a theological eschatology, which was not thought through deeply enough. . . . We ran like lemmings into the maw of the World Pig, expecting that we would choke it and kill it overnight, and instead it began to chew us to bits as our ripped hopes and bodies evidence.518

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The University Christian Movement similarly, if less dramatically, had staked everything on the impossible—creating a “new humanity” and “new society” that they never managed to flesh out before caucuses articulating their own political interests and grievances began to devour each other and the organization.\textsuperscript{519} The UCM, too, failed and in 1969 voted itself out of existence. Fragments, however, survived. In 1971, Diana Hopkins got a job co-directing one of them, the University Christian Movement of New England in Cambridge, Massachusetts, so she and Richard moved there. The group had shrunk so dramatically they were renting out space at their Harvard Square office to other groups. Virtually none of the activities that brought earlier FIs like Phil and Deborah McKean (Indonesia, 1962-1964) into the group as young college students in the late 1950s survived. It was all political, Diana said. The group was mostly involved with supporting groups like radical women’s collectives and various community organizing projects.

I’m not sure all those groups were legitimate. … I am much more spiritual now than I was then, and in a way we were using the church, which we considered backward-thinking—i.e., not against the war….so let’s just use their money and help these groups. I don’t think I’d do it again.

Her marriage to Richard only lasted another six months or so. In 1973, she left her job and went to Tufts to get a graduate degree in Childhood Development, became a

\textsuperscript{519} Franklin Jung Woo, “From USCC to UCM: An Historical Inquiry With Emphasis on the Last Ten Years of the Student Christian Movements in the U.S.A. And Their Struggle for Self-Understanding and Growing Involvement in Social and Political Issues” (Columbia University, 1971), 72.
kindergarten teacher, and moved to California where she remarried another FI, Eric Bond (Germany, 1971-1973).

It took Richard a long time to get traction on a path to move forward with his life. He taught part-time at a state college, worked construction, and did community organizing in Lowell after that. It was not aimless wandering, he said, it was a struggle. Finally, in the early 1980s, marriage to a woman who shared his passion for Latin America and a job in urban planning propelled him to graduate school at MIT and a career in city planning for the City of Boston and volunteer activism for Latin American causes.\(^{520}\)

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Ron Wilhelm\(^{521}\) (Dominican Republic, 1969-1972) left for the Dominican Republic several months after the FIs who attended the meeting in Bogota left Latin America to return home to Richard Nixon’s America or, in the case of Kathy and Dwain Epps, for Geneva. The Frontier Internship was, it will be recalled from Chapter Three, his alternate service. He did not know anyone who had done it, but it seemed to square with his clarity by the time he finally got his CO status, that it was not just a two year commitment he was making, but a life-long commitment to social justice.

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As this dissertation was being completed, an article Richard Krushnic co-authored on the privatization of the American nuclear arsenal development appeared in *The Nation*. See: http://www.thenation.com/article/meet-the-private-corporations-building-our-nuclear-arsenal/

\(^{521}\) Ron Wilhelm, April 30, 2009.
In preparing his CO application, Ron had gotten deeply involved in learning about Asia and thought he wanted to be placed somewhere there. Margaret Flory, however, decided he was going to the Dominican Republic. At the time it did not make any sense to him. In retrospect, he believes she saw that as a Texan, what he would get from the program would be more valuable if he went to Latin America. But the Dominican Republic? Ron recalled what happened next,

Dominican Republic, okay, where is that, and I started looking it up and realized that five years before I landed there, the Marines had landed there to put down a popular rebellion, to re-instate Juan Bosch, who was this wonderful politician, kind of a social democratic type politician, great storyteller, that the people just loved, and the US overthrew him, and so this was a popular rebellion to try to re-instate him. Johnson sent in the Marines, and then I realized, "Oh, that's where I'm going. Okay."

In the Dominican Republic, the exercise of American power was not covert. He spent the fall of 1969 learning Spanish in Cuernavaca, very quickly and well and without an American accent as it turned out. At the end of his interview, when Ron summed up what the FIM program had meant to him, acquiring fluency in Spanish was central,

Being able to speak Spanish fluently enough to translate for someone else so that their voice makes it into our world, has been an incredible experience, and a humbling experience, [as well as] to be able to go to El Salvador or Guatemala and just interact with the people and then try to make their reality part of who I am and what I want to be about. It was a great gift that she has given me and that the program has given me.

In early 1970, Ron proceeded to his assignment, Sabaneta de Yásica, a little community at the mouth of the Yásica River on the northern coast of the Dominican Republic. He was part of a team that was composed of a Canadian and several Dominicans, mostly peasants from that area. They had been working for several years
and had developed a savings and loan cooperative for farm workers, a farm workers union, and a private school that was funded through the Dominican Evangelical Church. He was supposed to do adult literacy. His FI orientation at Stony Point was the first one that included Paulo Freire. Later, in Cuernavaca, he got his hands on a very early copy of *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*. This was the method he used in his own classes, although instead of working together with an artist to get discussion going, he used photographs he took himself around the community. For example,

There were two streets in Sabaneta de Yásica, two roads, and the road in front of my house went to the river. Twice a day, this guy would drive his head of cattle down to the river for water, and then drive back in front of my house. They had these little things called pulperías—sometimes they're just little shacks, not any bigger than that couch—and they would sell cooking oil and whatever, rubber boots, rice, beans. I would take a picture of that, and then in the evening with the students, would talk about what is this, and they had all these rich stories.

Initially, classes were held in an annex, of sorts, to a school in one community. It had two walls and a dirt floor. Classes were in the evening so two or three students would hold kerosene lanterns to provide enough light so students could see the board and their own work. Then, they moved to a second, even smaller and poorer community down the road with no school. There were too many students to fit in the small houses, so the community came together and decided to build a school.

One of the elders of the community had a piece of land, and he said "I'll donate some land, and we can build a little building." So we decided on a day when we would do that, and the people had already cut the lumber and the women had made food, so there was a great festive occasion, and we were there and beginning to put up the building, and all of a sudden the local army lieutenant shows up on a motorcycle and says: "Stop that construction! Who is in charge here?", and so he starts taking the names- he took my name, he took the Canadian's name, and he took the lead Dominican organizer's name. He said: "I
want to see you in the cuartel (which is the army barracks about a mile up the road) in an hour." So that put the construction to an end at that point.

The election in 1966 (when FI Gary Wederspahn was there as an observer and was shot at) was won by Joaquin Balaguer, who contained “communism” with the liberal use of the military to keep the United States happy and supportive. What was happening the day the school construction was halted, Ron explained, was “because of the farm worker's’ union, because of the savings and loan cooperative, because of the education we were doing with the people, … we were seen as subversive, as communists.” The whole group marched up the road to the army barracks singing church songs, then the lieutenant decided to arrest the few people—including Ron—he thought were the ringleaders and take them to Puerto de Plata, to talk to the colonel. It was election time and everything was very tense. Ron does not recall being worried on his own behalf or that of the Canadian, but about the fate of their Dominican colleague who was an incredible organizer who had angered wealthy landowners in the past. His goal, as they were being driven, at gun point, in the back of a pick-up to Puerto de Plata, was that they not be separated. In the end, the colonel lectured them all for an hour or two about obeying military authority and then let them go. The lieutenant got a dressing down, too, though, for arresting a Canadian and U.S. citizen over this. But it was also a sign of growing repression that eventually led to death squads and the deaths of thousands who were disappeared, not “somewhere else” but right in their own community. A local high school kid active in one of the militant groups organizing protests ended up floating, face down, in the river one day. Being the illegitimate son of a large landowner did not save him.
Margaret Flory sent someone to check on Ron after this, but by the time he arrived Ron was in the middle of a softball game and it seemed like everything had blown over. It had not, of course, as time would demonstrate.

The farm workers union was advocating for people called the caboneras, very poor people who lived in palm huts on the beaches, who made a living by invading the land of the wealthy cattle ranchers in the area, cutting down trees, then burning the trees down to charcoal, bagging it, and selling it because that was what everyone used to cook. When these people got arrested, Ron and his group would connect them with progressive attorneys who would defend them. For this, they lived under death threats for a year.

I lived in a house with the Dominican, the Canadian was married to a Dominican and he lived a couple houses down on the same road. There was a time when the people warned us that there were soldiers hiding in this banana field that was just across the road from us, just watching to see what was happening, and another time when a car would...there was a Mercedes, and nobody in that place had a Mercedes, and it came into the road, drove around and turned back and went somewhere else.

Nevertheless, Ron thought that up to a point he was protected by being an American and could help protect his Dominican colleagues, too. It was not an absolute guarantee of safety—certainly they were perceived as instigators, and stood in the way of the military exercising unchecked power over the peasant population in that community—but being present helped in a modest way so he was happy to own up to his American identity.

Owning up to his Christian identity grew much more complicated the more he understood the very conservative theology of the Dominican Evangelical Church and the complicity of some of their leaders in exploiting the people with whom he was working. This alienated him from the church for a long time, even after he returned to the U.S.
I had no concept of this notion of liberation theology although it existed in other parts of Latin America at the time...I would not [now] be connected to the church if it were not for liberation theology. The other kinds of theology in the churches offered nothing for me.

For all of the challenges of the internship, Ron’s exit from the Dominican Republic was an easy and natural one. Several months before his service was going to end in 1972, the group he was working with in Sabaneta de Yasica decided it was time for him to turn over his responsibilities to others and move to Santo Domingo. That was a frustrating time, in some ways, because it was not long enough to create a whole new project. Nevertheless, some of what he was able to help the Dominicans there do turned out to be valuable, particularly collecting newspaper articles about the operation of the death squads that a Canadian missionary got published by a Canadian group interested in Latin America.

The United States Ron returned to, however, had changed dramatically in unsettling ways.

I came back into the country in 1972. When I had left, it was at a time in '69 when it looked like there was a strong movement to stop the war. When I came back, everybody was meditating and had turned inward.

It was a complete shock. Although he visited a college roommate in seminary in the Bay Area and ran into the group of FIs living there at an anti-war protest, the rest of the country had gone dead quiet.

It drove me crazy. Literally. I couldn't make sense of it. I couldn't understand what had happened. Because I wasn't here when Kent State happened, I wasn't here when Jackson State happened, and so it didn't make sense, and I was angry I guess, because I had come right from this other situation where people were being killed and jailed and disappeared regularly, and were still struggling, and I couldn't quite figure out what was going on.
Ron was not sure how to move forward from there, but he discovered in the Dominican Republic that he enjoyed teaching and was good at it so he started constructing a life there. He got his teaching certificate and a master’s in special education and a job teaching children with learning disabilities. At the same time he kept up with what was happening in Latin America. After Ronald Reagan took office in 1980 and made massive investments in the wars to “defeat communism” in Central America, he reengaged both politically and religiously.

**Conclusion**

This chapter began by describing the mood of optimism of the ecumenical community in the 1950s, inspired in part by Brazilian-based Richard Shaull’s certainty that the American government and American church were going to be collaborators in the creation of new, more just societies in the Third World. By 1966, it was clear that something quite different was underway. In Latin America, it was obvious that the United States government was now allied with the military and traditional oligarchies all over Latin America to prevent any social structural changes that would be more fair to the majority of the population. Violence and repression spread throughout the continent, in almost all of the places where FIs worked. Revolutionary responses escalated the violence. The loss of life was staggering. Ecumenical organizations were almost completely crushed. By 1974, when the last of these FIs ended their service, there was a profound temptation to despair. But for the last FI classes like Ron Wilhelm’s, Paulo Friere offered a nonviolent way forward, that by literacy classes and conscientization,
they could patiently lay the groundwork for change. The liberation theology that emerged at this time was a lifeline, a way to think about and organize their resistance.

The next two chapters will discuss the impact of participation in the FI program on the lives of all the interns. Here, though, I want to conclude this chapter with the rest of the story of just one, Ron Wilhelm, to set the stage for opening up the lens and looking beyond the violence that engulfed that world and seemed to defeat them.

After returning to Texas at the end of his internship, all the while he was getting his special education credentials and launching his teaching career, Ron kept up with what was going on in different countries in Latin America. As conflict in Central America escalated in the late 1970s, he became more and more interested. “I read in the Spanish language newspapers here in Dallas about a meeting of CISPSES, the Committee of People in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, so I showed up,” Ron said. After hearing a Salvadoran seminary student talk about the U.S. Immigration Service’s treatment of prisoners, Ron helped organize other venues for the man to speak and translated for him so that Salvadoran voices would be heard in the Dallas area church communities. He helped create a legal services organization to help Guatemalans and Salvadorans with political asylum claims and for several years ran it. Through these channels, he connected with religious people and groups in the area who shared his concerns and commitment. He moved into an ecumenical community, Bethany House, connected with the Roman Catholic Church in South Dallas. Everyone there was involved in Central American work, too. They had a book study group that read things like Miranda’s *Marx and the Bible* and Gutierrez’s *We Drink from Our Own Wells* where
Ron got introduced to liberation theology and back in the habit of thinking theologically. In 1982, Ron traveled with and translated for the Guatemalan poet and theologian Julia Sciday Esquivel whose tour had been arranged by a local Methodist minister. That led him to meet even more progressive church people in the region. All of this added up to “getting religion again,” he said. Decades of activism through his church, Northaven United Methodist Church in Dallas, and the Dallas Area Christian Progressive Alliance that he and his wife helped start, followed.

But he had also gotten a doctorate in curriculum and instruction with an emphasis on Latin American cultural anthropology. In his work as a professor of education at the University of Dallas he found ways to further his commitment to social justice in Latin America. In his teaching, he introduced future teachers to Latin American issues and how they affect what happens in the classroom in Texas and the Southwest, in particular. In his research, he has focused on not just bilingual but also bicultural learning situations, including those where children are moving back and forth between Latin America and the United States—like the children of migrant workers FIs who grew up in the West experienced as “appearing then disappearing.”

I want to conclude these four internship chapters and lay the groundwork for the next ones by sharing one of Ron’s relatively recent projects. Recall his amazement at the incredible stories that would pour out of people in the Paulo Friere-inspired classes he taught as an FI using photographs as prompts. Fast forward to 2003.

I went on the trip to El Salvador in 2003, and that was the first time I was at Arcatao. There was this little tiny shed really that they called a museum, but it was basically a storage closet, and when I went in, on the floor there were rocks
and a pile of earth, and they were from the area of the Rio Sumpul massacre, and on the wall there was a chart. They had 41 names out of 600. Those were all the people that they were able to name—that somebody could name—that they knew were there, and then there were other charts around the wall with other names from other massacres. I left that room really impacted and with the idea that the memories of the names needed to be complete.

It so happened that also part of that tour was to meet with a group, a non-profit organization I think sponsored by the Dominican order in San Salvador, called Centro Bartolomé de las Casas, and they do incredible work all over the country. One of their projects is a mental health project, and it was in Arcatao, and so I started talking to them about an idea of an oral history project. They presented it to the community, and everybody said, "yeah, we want to do this."

What we embarked on for the next four years was, I trained a team of eighteen campesinos, some who couldn't read or write, to be oral historians. I came back here [University of Dallas] and rounded up money for equipment, and then for a year and a half or two years they interviewed people in different communities around there who were survivors of massacres. It's part of the healing, their own healing.

Very strongly they said, "we want to create a book." I was really moved by that because a couple of the people can't read or write but they understand the importance of a book. I said, "why do you want to do a book?" They gave me three reasons. One was that our kids don't know what we experienced, and they're not learning it in schools because the teachers are not from here and they don't know what we experienced, and we want the kids to know what happened. The other reason they gave was that, "we, the poor, are blamed by the rich and those in power in the government and the media for causing all the violence, and we want to contest that. We want to tell our story of the violence." The other reason they gave was, "we want to be able to continue to resist the oppression."

And so I worked with them, and they created this document that was published in 2007. It's called 40 Days of Memory, and it's the testimonies that they collected of different massacre survivors. They use it. It's a living document that they use in their Via Crucis, in their stations of the cross every year. They don't use a station of the cross within the church, rather what they do is go from community to community and have a celebration, a mass, and use these stories, and open up a public space where more people can tell their stories as part of this community healing.
This was the question faced by Latin American FIs: What should a Christian do when faced with repression and violence on such an enormous scale? Ron’s answer is clear: Stand with the crucified.
10. The Returnees

The Committee of Returned Volunteers

In 1966, Alice Hageman (Paris/UNESCO, 1962-1965) had completed her internship and was back in New York doing campus ministry, mostly working with international students and on international issues, when she was contacted by Aubrey Brown, a former Peace Corps volunteer, who had the idea that there should be an organization for former volunteers. Past efforts to organize a Peace Corps alumni group had failed, but Aubrey grew up in the Southern Presbyterian church and knew that there were other international volunteer programs sponsored by the churches. His idea was to broaden the organization to include people who volunteered around the world under the umbrella of those groups, too. His first stop seeking information and advice was the National Council of Churches. People there told him to call Alice. The organization they founded became the Committee of Returned Volunteers (CRV) which was mentioned numerous times in earlier chapters by FIs in recounting their reentry experiences. The criteria for membership was having participated as a volunteer somewhere outside the United States. Alice explained,

I would say it provided a community for people because I think people came back from those individualized experiences very much at sea. When you talk about being bi-cultural and being then different and this meant that although we had been in different settings, we had all had this experience of adapting to another culture and having some pretty strong ties to that culture and to the perspectives of the people there…and the lives of the people there.522

522 Alice Hageman, October 1, 2009.
Branches cropped up outside of New York. Study groups formed that focused on Africa, Asia, and Latin America and coordinated with other groups, like the Southern Africa Committee of the National Student Christian Federation, that were working on the same issues. Within a year, the war in Vietnam became the unified focus of their concern. They saw connections between what they learned during their internships about American interventions in all of the Third World countries and what was happening there. They set out to analyze and understand the pattern of American government conduct in all these places in order to provide a counter-witness. Alice was a principal drafter of a Position Paper published in *Ramparts* in September, 1967 and widely distributed afterwards.\(^{523}\)

Eighteen FIs, including Alice, were among the 659 returnees who signed in support of the paper by the time the *Ramparts* publication came out. (More signed afterwards.) They were:

Leon Howell, the Copperhill, Tennessee native and military veteran who spent a year pastoring in post-colonial Ceylon before working with the SCM in Thailand. (Ceylon/Thailand, 1962-1964)

Elaine Zingg, who grew up in a conservative home in Ohio, and Otto Zingg, a Presbyterian mystic from New Jersey who tried to counter the CIA’s efforts to foment a race war in Guyana. (Guyana, 1962-1964)

Deborah McKean and Philip McKean, who met at a New England Student Christian Movement camp, married later, and were profoundly moved by the spiritual depth and political courage of the young people they worked with in the Indonesian SCM. (Indonesia, 1962-1964)

Anna Bedford and Jerry Bedford, Wheaton graduates, and protégés of Rev. John Gatu, head of the Presbyterian Church in East Africa, who helped establish a youth ministry program there. (Kenya, 1962-1964)

Larry Miller, the Yale and Union graduate who was profoundly converted while in Kenya by a traveling minister associated with the East African Revival. (Kenya, 1961-1963)

Marian McCaa Thomas, the Oberlin YWCA president, who lived with a Korean woman and Japanese man in a community of reconciliation and worked to reach out to students devastated by the resurgent military dictatorship in their country. (Korea, 1961-1963)

Alan Oliver and Stephanie Oliver, Westerners who met at Union, connected with the SCM/ecumenical network in Chile and Uruguay, then struggled to help build an SCM in Peru at a time of increasing repression and unrest. (Peru, 1964-1966)

Brian Aldrich and Ruth Anne Olson who had connected with the Urban Industrial Mission movement at McCormack but discovered during their internship how overwhelmed it was by the power of global corporate capital. (Philippines, 1962-1964)

David Barnes, the Minnesota native whose theological and political education was nurtured by the Taiwanese ecumenical leader he worked with and the local situation. (Taiwan, 1961-1964)

Henry Bucher, a missionary kid with a feature-film-worthy past, whose internship added to his already-rich understanding of nationalism in the emerging post-colonial world. (Gabon, 1962-1964)

Diana Harmon Jackson, the first FI and North Carolina native whose heart broke working with Algerian refuge children but who discovered the life-giving power of art there. (Paris/CIMADE, 1961-1963)

Joel McClellan, the Presbyterian preacher’s kid from California, who ended up doing refuge work with CIMADE in the tumult in Marseilles after a year studying with a WSCF team in Tunisia. (Tunisia/Marseilles, 1961-1963)

Alice Hageman, the New Jersey native and College of Wooster and Union grad who got totally immersed in the ecumenical world and international community in Europe through her assignment as the WSCF representative at UNESCO. (Paris/UNESCO, 1962-1965)
Margaret Flory also signed as a returned missionary to Japan. Her deepest hopes for “one world” after World War II had been dashed by “the realization of the ambiguity created by the role of United States’ power in the world,” she wrote not long after this.524

They identify themselves in the first paragraph of the paper as citizens of the United States who have lived and worked abroad, mostly in countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Their motive for volunteering was to “support the forces of constructive change, particularly changes that would alleviate poverty, hunger, and disease for the many and undermine the ability of the wealthy and powerful to maintain the status quo. Their core conviction as citizens of the United States was that “all men should be free to shape their own future.” That last line seems utterly uncontroversial. It seemed to be one of those core American principles like “all men are created equal” that have underpinned American life forever. But the position paper subsequently details a whole host of ways that the American government was intervening in the affairs of other countries in ways that were preventing people from shaping their own future. In some cases, like Vietnam, it was creating a hell on earth. These actions made the returnees question what the values and goals of the United States government really were. They wrote,

It has often been said that those who serve abroad will make their most important contribution when they return, by helping the United States understand other nations. It is on the basis of our experience overseas, our perceptions about the lives and aspirations of other peoples, our hopes for the future of the world and our nation’s place in it, that we now speak. To keep silent would be to betray all those goals for which we worked, and indeed all those goals we understand to be inherent in the fabric of this nation.525

524 Flory and Hageman, The University, the Church & Internationalization, Preface, n.p..
525 Committee of Returned Volunteers, “Position Paper of Returned Volunteers”.
On one level, the CRV paper seemed to be agreeing on the ends of U.S. engagement in the world but disputing what means might be most effective. They made clear their support for the spread of freedom and democracy and the need for development to reduce poverty, the stated government goals. What they objected to was that the American government was trying to impose those things by military force and in top-down development projects. By disregarding the everyday lives of the people the returnees knew so well, these projects had the reverse impact, increasing poverty and destroying democracy and freedom. The returnees argued that what did work was letting order and leadership emerge from the grassroots and that the proper approach for the United States was to offer advice people elsewhere were free to accept or reject.

This was not, however, just a statement about means for reaching common goals. It was also directed to questions about what was true and what was right, not just what would work. Government actions, they said, raised serious questions whether the government’s stated goals of spreading freedom and alleviating poverty were their real goals. The U.S. invasion of the Dominican Republic that had taken place a few years earlier, for instance, made them question why resources were increasingly going to the military rather than development, and why the country’s great wealth and power were being used to “stifle change” and maintain established oppressive orders, even military dictatorships. They flatly rejected the government’s claim of a worldwide communist conspiracy as justification. Instead, they found that the movements in what they called
“the developing, non-industrialized areas, whether revolutionary or peaceful, are essentially nationalistic.”

Although often branded “communist” by their opponents, most of these movements seek to bring into being rights and conditions similar to those that have long been integral to life in the United States.\(^{526}\)

They believed intervention without the consent of the people in other countries and force directed against those people, either directly or by a dictator-proxy, undercut the democratic ideals the United States represented. Similarly, they warned that repression of dissent at home would undermine democratic traditions there. The distance between official proclamations and what was actually happening was, they said, turning “traditional ideals into empty words.”

The CRV authors concluded the paper by calling on the United States to withdraw its troops from Vietnam, to lower its worldwide military involvements, and to give wholehearted support to international efforts to place the technical resources of the West at the service of those who desperately need them. If that meant Vietnam fell to the communist forces, so be it. For their own part, they vowed to work against policies and actions that only served a narrowly-defined national interest and ideology, and instead to work multilaterally to strengthen policies and actions that served the world as a whole. All these things were what they believed were the right—the moral—things to do.

Other Americans, however, believed to fail to use the country’s wealth and power to advance its interest would be misguided and naïve, at best, and irresponsible and

\(^{526}\) Committee of Returned Volunteers, “Position Paper of Returned Volunteers,” 62.
morally wrong, at worst. And how was the national interest then understood? One Cold War scholar defined it this way:

Vital interests are usually defined as those values for which a nation is willing to go to war. There are no geographic factors or commonly understood objective criteria for determining whether an interest is vital; it is a matter of human judgment. In the post-war period, until the disillusioning experience of Vietnam, the United States adopted an expansive conception of its security requirements to include a world substantially made over in its own image.

That meant sameness equaled safety; difference equaled threat. One particular difference—whether or not the country had a system of private property and protected the rights of investors—was particularly important to American security, they believed. Every country had to have a system of free enterprise with open access to markets and materials. That goal was to be achieved by building “affluent and muscular anticommunist states” and ensuring enhanced security to protect the development process. The liberal faith was that real democracy and real freedom would come later and people who lived in those places would then be grateful.

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530 Historians disagree about whether this rationale was a cover for entirely selfish motives. The cynics include William Appleman Williams and Charles Beard. Williams, *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy*.; Charles A. Beard, *The Idea of National Interest: An Analytical Study in American Foreign Policy* (New York: The MacMillan Company,
Rival Moral Orders

These diametrically opposed positions about what the United States should do in the world—refrain from the use of power in other countries or intervene in them--make visible the opposing and mutually exclusive, moral orders operative in the United States in the 1960s. Understanding this conflict is crucial to understanding what happened to the Frontier Internship in Mission program and the Frontier Interns themselves during the period of time under consideration here. Moral orders function like computer operating systems that run in the background, normally invisibly, but they structure everything that happens in the social world, and help bind it together. They are shaped by larger narratives and belief systems, traditionally derived from religion. They determine the political and social systems that encode those beliefs and socialize people into behaviors that conform to them. Individuals acquire their identities by aligning or deviating from this larger social order. Moral orders do not just apply to questions of personal conduct, such as whether it is right to have sex before marriage. When ecumenical leader J.H. Oldham wrote in 1926 that “public opinion will not tolerate” the “ruthless methods”


531 Committee of Returned Volunteers, “Position Paper of Returned Volunteers”.
that would be required to impose Great Britain’s will on the world by force, he was referring to the constraining effects of a widely shared moral order on the conduct of public life.533

Ordinarily, we imagine that there is a single, dominant moral order in a country with dissenters and deviants a small minority, but moral orders can also weaken, lose authority, and be replaced by new ones over time. When that happens, the process is rarely orderly. Returning to the analogy of a moral order functioning like a computer operating system, even a planned switch from Microsoft Windows to a Mac OS can be a process fraught with complications, such as discovering software programs that would run on the old system but not the new one. It is rarely quiet, either. Moral orders involve people’s most deeply held beliefs and violation of them can feel like a personal assault. Emotions can run high.534

A number of scholars have had a nagging suspicion that something like this was behind the social breakdown in the United States during the 1960s. Sociologist Robert Wuthnow, in his 1998 book Meaning and Moral Order: Explorations in Cultural Analysis, hypothesizes there is a competitive process that occurs when changes in the world produce uncertainties that open up opportunities for ideological innovators to generate and advance new belief systems articulating different moral obligations. A selection process occurs where the contenders are debated and the strongest get the

534 Smith, Moral, Believing Animals: Human Personhood and Culture, 15.
resources to survive and are institutionalized. Social relations are then reconstructed according to this new, shared moral order.535

But how about the individuals in societies caught in these transitions? The processes Wuthnow described happen in the background and at the deepest levels of society. No one calls a press conference and announces an entrant into a public competition for a new set of moral obligations. There are no real time updates on the state of play in issues of right and wrong. How do the actors themselves come to understand what is happening? How do we, as analysts and interpreters, come to understand such a fundamental, but largely invisible change in a society’s moral obligations ourselves?

Robert Wuthnow suggested one way to ascertain the outlines of either an established moral order or a rival one, for those involved or those on the outside, is through utterances about moral commitments or interpretations of readily observable behaviors. The CRV position paper, for example, used observations about what the American government was doing to make inferences about what its values and goals were. Then, it rendered its own judgments. Likewise, in the analysis that follows, I use the CRV’s judgments and statements about what should happen to form conclusions about the returnees’ understanding of right and wrong and their operative moral order.

In addition, I follow psychologist Jonathan Haidt in using the culture’s history and the FI’s childhood socialization to help explain the sources of those moral matrices

and moral judgments. Looking for the roots of the FIs’ judgments, practically every road led eventually to the idea of covenant and its secular derivatives. While covenants, compacts, and contracts are not precisely the same, the common denominator is the primacy of binding relationships to the social order, and that is what counts most here. That is the cultural history in which the FIs were formed. Looking back from 2015, it seems astonishing that awareness of the importance of the idea of covenant was ever “lost” and had to be “rediscovered” by mid-century historian Perry Miller in his work on the Puritans. H. Richard Niebuhr, who gave Miller this credit, followed with an article of his own in 1954. “Covenant,” he wrote tentatively, was “possibly the chief unconscious background of American democracy even though it contains various and disparate elements.” Other Christian scholars, including Robert Bellah, picked up the thread, but most useful for this analysis is the lifetime of scholarly work on the covenant tradition and politics done by a Jewish political scientist, Daniel J. Elazar. The life

histories of the FIs provided concrete testimony to how covenant manifested itself in their worlds in the 1940s and 1950s, and how it worked in the day-to-day life of families, churches, and communities. On the rival moral order of interests that the FIs encountered at home and while they were abroad, Amadae’s *Rationalizing Capitalist Democracy: The Cold War Origins of Rational Choice Liberalism* provides a remarkable history. Amadae details the 1951 creation of “a new foundation for American democracy” at the RAND Corporation and its institutionalization in the university system and Federal government. The FI interviews can only be understood by recognizing that they were present as it gradually became clear that the exercise of power and interests no longer had to be restrained, and that the traditional covenantal moral order—American society’s operating system--had lost its power to bind the country together.

Covenant is what Daniel Elazar called a “theo-political idea” where societies, instead of being hierarchical, based on status, or organic, where the parts are related as parts of a single body, are organized by binding relationships based on mutual promise and obligation. There are social, ecclesiastical, and political manifestations. Covenant communities form at every level society and are linked in a matrix. Voluntary

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associations, too, can take the form of covenantal organizations. The core belief of covenantal societies, as H. Richard Niebuhr phrased it, is that the world itself “has this fundamental moral structure of a covenant.”

The roots of covenant are biblical. Beginning with Genesis, the Bible is packed with stories about covenant making, covenant breaking, and covenant renewal. The idea went underground during medieval times in Europe, but reemerged when the earliest Protestant Reformers embraced it as a way to re-bind the “masterless men” and “socially naked individuals” dislocated by the collapse of feudalism and the hegemony of the Roman Catholic Church. It spread throughout Protestant strongholds in Europe; the Pilgrims brought it with them to America. The Mayflower Compact, the first governing document among Europeans in the New World, was executed on board on November 11, 1620. The body of the text, rendered with modern spelling, is thoroughly covenantal. It reads, in part,

We, whose names are underwritten, …. do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic; for our better ordering, and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame, such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

Hobbes and Locke followed later in the 17th century with their work on the social contract, creating synchronous streams of secular thought that led to the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution.\textsuperscript{545} Lord Jonathan Sacks, for many years the chief rabbi of the United Kingdom, was quoted recently saying “that the United States is the world’s only covenant nation” and “that the phrase ‘We the People’ has no equivalent in the political language of other nations.”\textsuperscript{546} It has, however, inspired people from other nations around the world. Recall FI Tom Haller’s (Kenya, 1964-1966) surprise at finding himself deep in conversation about the Declaration of Independence with a Kenyan farmer one afternoon.\textsuperscript{547}

All three of the major components of a covenant system are present, even in the Mayflower Compact. First, all the parties to the agreement are equal and they maintain their separate identities even after they have bound themselves to the common purpose. Second, following the example of the omnipotent God who voluntarily restrained his own power in order to create space for human freedom, willed limits on power by parties to a covenant relationship make the freedom of all possible. Third, the individual conscience is the bedrock of the system. Freedom means the freedom to do what is right, and it is the conscience that helps discern what that is. “Covenant, then, was designed to mediate

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\textsuperscript{547} Joanne and Tom Haller, May 17, 2009.
between self-interest and conscience, material means and transcendental ends, and personal and collective destinies in the commonwealth,” Elazar concluded. 548

Tensions inherent in a system inclusive of individual difference are bridged in the ongoing political life of a commonwealth, but never resolved. That means that the practice of politics is central to the life of covenantal communities. Questions of power must be constantly tested by questions of justice. How is power distributed? How should it be distributed? Dialogue, debate, and persuasion are then central. Authentic knowledge is presumed to be prismatic, the result of many people coming at the same thing from different perspectives, another deeply biblical aspect of this form of social life since the Bible tells and re-tells the same stories from different perspectives throughout. 549 Because covenant relationships, based as they are on mutual promises and obligations, are moral ones, taking on the responsibilities of citizenship is, for each person, a moral act. “Could a common life have been established and can it endure without believing the world has the moral structure of covenant and without the presence of people who have achieved responsible citizenship by exercising the freedom to take on obligations of loyalty under God to principles?” H. Richard Niebuhr asked rhetorically in 1954. 550 Niebuhr’s language, if not his sentiments, would probably sound strange to a young person today, but for most of the Frontier Interns, these features defined the cultures they were raised

in, even if they did not call it that. Covenant was something encoded in every aspect of their lives. As young people, they were prepared to take their part in perpetuating covenant communities once they were grown. The Committee of Returned Volunteers is an example of doing just that.

What mattered most in the formation of the FIs was not what even Perry Miller called the “grandiose theological conception” of covenant that so absorbed the Puritans and scholars since, but the theory of society that it spawned. Nor did it seem to matter to the people raising them that in the first half of the 20th century, the Federal government had gotten bigger, more centralized and bureaucratic, more hierarchical, and theoretically more removed from “we the People.” Their immediate, personal experience was of encoded covenant ideas and behavior everywhere they turned. Historian Margaret Bendroth called communities like theirs “congruent moral environments” that included a “network of reinforcing social institutions.” In Chapters Four and Five, those institutions are highlighted in the FI life stories—church, school, Scouts, debate club, citizenship seminars. According to Bendroth, after World War I the Victorian emphasis on training youth to internally restrain their impulsive behaviors was replaced by an emphasis on nurturing the child’s personality and a receptivity to the rise of mass consumerism. The FI life histories tell a somewhat more complex story reflecting both supportive, nurturing family and institutional environments, but also high standards of

behavior that undergirded the remarkable level of trust that characterized so many of the FI families. Restraint of consumerism and material display continued to characterize the stories FIs, even those from financially comfortable families, told about their childhood homes. A remnant, perhaps, of the Protestant “producer” economy, many FIs worked to help out the family or save money for college. Alice Hageman recalled her father taking her to open a savings account when she was ten. The economic discipline required by the FIM program was, for most of them, synchronous with the values they learned as children.

Christian Smith, perhaps even more than Robert Wuthnow, emphasized the crucial role played by larger narratives and belief systems in anchoring moral systems and identities.

It is by finding ourselves placed within a particular drama that we come to know our role, our part, our lines in life—how we are to act, why, and what meaning that has in the larger scheme.

Unquestionably, the covenant story was pervasive in the lives of many of the FIs, particularly in the college Bible studies that so many of them referred to in their interviews. It is likely that many of the chaplains that so strongly influenced them were schooled in the WSCF/SCM Biblical renewal of the 1930s and 1940s. It is also quite likely that Suzanne de Dietrich’s best-selling Bible study guide, God’s Unfolding Purpose, and her other popular books, Free Men and The Witnessing Community were in active use in most of their colleges and universities. Theologian Douglas John Hall, who

553 Alice Hageman, October 1, 2009.
554 Smith, Moral, Believing Animals: Human Personhood and Culture, 78.
is only slightly older than the FIs, and who was formed by the SCM in Canada, wrote of de Dietrich,

> We shall fail to grasp what she was about unless we realize that she conducted her Christian witness in the midst of the modern university, that is, at the center of the secular world’s bid for truth, controlling truth. For thousands of university students she made the Bible a book that speaks—or rather, through which God may speak….

All of de Dietrich’s works are packed with covenant questions. On the first page of the introduction in *The Witnessing Community*, for example, she wrote,

> Our firm belief is that it is part of the calling of the church to show the world what true community means: a fellowship of free persons bound to one another by a common calling and common service. Only in Christ can we solve the tension between freedom and authority, between the right of the individual person to attain fullness of life and the claim of the community as a whole on each of its members. For in and through him we learn what it means to be perfectly free, yet obedient unto death; to come as a servant, yet through this very self-abasement to attain fullness of life.

De Dietrich’s approach to the Bible is clearly Christian, but she shared with Daniel Elazar the conviction that the narrative sweep of the Bible story was crucial. “The student of politics can leave textual probings to others,” Elazar wrote. “[T]he impact of the biblical teachings on human civilization comes not from such matters but from the magisterial character of the work as a whole, of which the sequence of covenants is one excellent manifestation.”

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seminary learned source criticism, but that study would have been on top of their formation as a covenant person through their study of the biblical narrative itself.

Certainly, the strong emphasis on religious drama at the time would have strengthened the experience of the Bible story as a coherent, meaningful narrative. Not only Margaret Flory but also FIs including Alice (Cris) Kresensky Cunningham (India, 1961-1963) and Martha Brewster (India, 1962-1964) had significant experience creating dramatic work that expressed their deep convictions.

Participation in the WSCF itself was an important part of the covenant formation of a number of FIs. The WSCF was, after all, a Federation of independent national SCMs that true to the covenantal ideal, both divided, enhancing each movement’s unique character, and united, giving them all a common purpose. Founder John Mott’s biographer, C. Howard Hopkins noted the reason for this in addressing its founding in 1895:

… Mott had become conscious of the uniqueness of every nation and had sought a plan of union that would “encourage the Christian students in each country to develop national…. Movements of their own, adapted in name, organization, and activities to their particular genius and character, and then to ink these together in some simple yet effective federation.558

Underscoring the equality and independence of the member movements was the WSCF mission policy. Once a student movement was well-established in a country, Mott expected they, not foreign missionaries, would be responsible for the evangelization of their own countries and people. The WSCF also paid travel expenses for nationals to

attend WSCF meetings instead of relying on missionaries who might have been in the area to represent them. In Mott’s view, students needed to learn to work as equals in multinational, multidenominational, and multiracial groups while developing a sense of belonging to a world fellowship. The culture of practices—devotion, deliberation, study, and service—was intended, covenant-like, to bind the many and diverse national movements together into the WSCF, instead of requiring the adherence to common doctrine required by Inter-Varsity Fellowship (IVF). The WSCF was a covenantal body that made it possible to live with differences.

One extended example from the history of the Federation will make clear this aspect of the WSCF culture and the experience of the people who shaped and mentored the FIs in the United States and around the world. In the aftermath of World War I, the WSCF ran what they called “crisis groups” as a way to reconcile members from formerly warring nations. “Meet at the friction point” was the motto adopted by the Federation. What that meant in practice was running small group encounters and international discussion conferences across barriers of not just difference but disagreement. Willem Visser ‘t Hooft and Francis Pickens Miller, the WSCF’s top leaders in the 1930s, helped lead these conferences that shaped the rising generation of young people in the movement. “[M]eetings in intimate Christian fellowship” were held in the Far East, Near

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East, Southeastern Europe and Northern Europe where students representing “cross-sections of political, economic, confessional and racial confusions and combats” encountered each other and leaned over backwards to understand the point of view of those in the opposite camp. On the subject of the war, the best that might be achieved was not agreement but simple recognition that there was another side and that it was incumbent on a Christian “to understand it and to approach it with sympathy.” WSCF founder John Mott, urged the WSCF community to “open-minded teachableness, humility, and receptiveness to new visions” grounded in faithfulness in prayer, but the road forward was a bumpy one.

Discussions at a Federation meeting in Peking in 1922, “were searching in their fierce honesty, heartrending in their intensity.” Outside of the formal meetings students from countries in conflict—Chinese and Japanese; Koreans and Japanese; Americans and Filipinos; British and Indians; French and Germans; and British, French, and Chinese—met in one-on-one and in small “crisis groups.” A British student, R. O. Hall, reported afterwards in Student World about the “agony of disagreement” and the terror that the Federation was “wrecked.” “We doubted each other’s sincerity, even Christianity. Many of us even doubted our own. Prayer appeared to fail. We were too honest to be

562 Potter and Wieser, Seeking and Serving the Truth: The First Hundred Years of the World Student Christian Federation, 89-90.
564 Potter and Wieser, Seeking and Serving the Truth: The First Hundred Years of the World Student Christian Federation, 70.
hypnotized into seeing a solution which did not exist. Instead, with his wisdom, God sent most of us to bed....”565 But in the end, they were able to make several breakthrough affirmations in the Peking Resolutions. They were able to formally declare the fundamental equality of all races and nations and the Christian vocation to express that in all of life. They remanded to the national movements the question of war and pacifism. And, they affirmed that unity was to be found, not in agreement, but in the fellowship of the Federation. Still, relations were strained.

“Multiply the number of gatherings,” John Mott commanded after Peking.566 And so they did. The next WSCF General Committee meeting was at High Leigh in 1924. By then, people had begun to understand that by choosing inclusion, they had chosen tensions and that tensions would be a permanent part of Federation life, but they were also beginning to learn to live with them, particularly by listening—really listening—to others. “[T]he realization of a larger synthesis leading to a faith having far wider and richer content came through the intimate fellowship of talks in garden nooks or prolonged far into the midnight hours, when, surmounting the barriers of language, men hammered out for each other what they really meant.”567 The two things that had held them together, Ruth Rouse concluded, were that they all still agreed on one of the principle aims of the Federation—to lead students to become disciples of Jesus Christ—and that they had

566 Ibid.
actually had experiences, however brief, of unity. *Cantate Domino*, the Federation hymnbook, was used for the first time and a companion book of devotions (which would become *Venite Adoremus*) was authorized. Four years after the effort began, something like spiritual solidarity and a renewed faith in the durability of the community and the practices that held them together began to emerge. In the words of one student Rouse quotes, “He was here, a very present help in the midst of us. And his message to us was ‘Work on. Pray on. Trust on.’”

What is truly radical here is that John Mott, who was born at the end of the Civil War and undoubtedly deeply schooled in the idea of covenant by the “congruent moral environment” in his Iowa hometown, drew from the covenant political tradition to structure a global fellowship independent of either church or state. The same principles listed earlier in the American context applied: equal parties maintaining their separate identities even when bound in a common life, willed restraint in the exercise of power and interests, the centrality of the individual conscience, and the adherence to a set of practices to bridge the tensions inherent in the principles. Few global fellowships of any kind existed in 1895 let alone one as revolutionary as this. A cascade of ideas followed over the next fifteen years. Already in 1926, ecumenical leader J. H. Oldham explicitly imagined extending the covenant idea to the arena of international governance.

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569 Ibid., 305.
The principle of the commonwealth, a society of free men and women bound together in mutual service and each at once ruling and being ruled by all, seems to lie the one hope of the future of mankind.\textsuperscript{571}

And slightly less than a quarter century and a second devastating world war after that, on October 24, 1945, the United Nations came into existence with the hearty support and assistance of the Federal Council of Churches.\textsuperscript{572} Its structure is not entirely covenantal—the five permanent members of the Security Council have veto power over the actions of all the other members—but its aspirations are clearly in line with Oldham’s hopes. Its first principle is that “the Organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all its Members.” The second principle is that “all members, in order to ensure to all of them the rights and benefits resulting from membership, shall fulfill in good faith the obligations assumed by them in accordance with the present Charter.” And in the Preamble, signers commit to ensure that “armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest” and to use the “international machinery for the promotion of the economic and social advancement of all people.”\textsuperscript{573} The Message of the First Assembly of the brand new World Council of Churches in 1948 read: “Here at Amsterdam we have committed ourselves afresh to Him, and have covenanted with one another in constituting this World Council of Churches. We intend to stay together.”\textsuperscript{574} The idea of covenant was everywhere in the FI world.

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\textsuperscript{571} Oldham, \textit{Christianity and the Race Problem}, 8.
\textsuperscript{572} Nurser, \textit{For All Peoples and All Nations: The Ecumenical Church and Human Rights}.
\textsuperscript{574} Robert S. Bilheimer, \textit{Breakthrough: The Emergence of the Ecumenical Tradition},
So we return to the Committee of Returned Volunteers position paper. Given the biblical origins of the idea of covenant, its embodiment in American culture, and the formation of the Frontier Interns like Alice Hageman and the eighteen initial signers whose background and stories we know, it is clear that there was a huge amount of history and tradition behind them and their conviction that the United States should not unilaterally use its power and wealth to intervene in the affairs of other countries and force its will on them. Twenty years earlier, most American Protestants would have agreed with them. Surveys done in 1946-1948 showed nearly three-quarters of American Protestants thought a strong United Nations provided a better chance for world peace than trying to keep ahead of other powers unilaterally. But by 1967, these returning FIs advocating for just that were considered un-American, even communists. To try to explain this, I return to Robert Wuthnow’s questions: What changed in those intervening twenty years? What new ideologies were produced? What resources did they command? How were they institutionalized?

What changed was the Cold War. Although almost all American leaders viewed the Soviet Union as a serious political, economic, and ideological competitor, it was the RAND Corporation, a new military think tank, that scripted the Cold War as a global

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(Grand Rapids, MI: William B. Eerdmans, 1989), 42.
military confrontation. Reconstructing America’s foundations, including a new moral order based exclusively on the unrestrained exercise of interests, was part of that effort.576

Their motives were surely mixed. As historian Robert Wiebe wrote, “Big government contained big prizes….” a considerable understatement in the case of the early Cold War military build-up.577 But genuine fear that capitalist democracy was doomed and would be overtaken by totalitarian rivals was an important factor, too. RAND intellectuals, and the three Austrian intellectuals who most inspired them, Joseph Schumpeter, Friedrich Hayek, and Karl Popper, believed that eighteenth century democratic theory, based on the “will of the people,” was in ruins after the rise of communism and fascism in Europe. In their view, “belief in Enlightenment democracy has little more to recommend it than religious faith.”578 If they were going to “save” capitalist democracy, that meant they were going to have to change it at the very foundations. That is exactly what future Nobel Laureate and RAND scholar Kenneth Arrow did, using highly abstract mathematics, when he developed rational choice theory in 1951. “[R]ational choice theory holds that rational individuals do not cooperate to achieve common goals unless coerced, in direct contradiction to the precepts of Marxism and communism.”579 Rational choice theory also directly contradicted the biblical idea of

579 Ibid., 3.
covenant, which it does not even acknowledge, as well as the Enlightenment’s social contract it was attempting to replace.

What RAND intellectuals did believe in was reason, rather than conscience, and that the world had a moral structure of a market, rather than the moral structure of a covenant. “The free market, not the political realm….could transcend social class; it would liberate everyone.”580 The job of the government was to protect individual freedom. The middle ground between the individual and the collective disappeared entirely. Compare this with Elazar, writing of the American covenant tradition.

At its best, American society becomes a web of individual and communal partnerships in which people link with one another to accomplish common purposes or to create a common environment without falling into collectivism or allowing individualism to degenerate into anarchy.581

We might graphically lay Elazar’s description out this way, with the amount of sacrifice of individual freedom increasing from left to right and both extremes rejected:

Individualism  Commonwealth  Collectivism

What Arrow’s mathematical models were said to prove is that since it is impossible to achieve any rational outcomes from attempts to cooperate for common purposes or a common environment, no one would ever willingly relinquish any of their individual freedom for those purposes. A graphic rendering of Arrow’s description would then have to lump cooperative efforts I am here calling “commonwealth” together with the political

and economic collectivism of a communist state and reject both even though they are not at all the same.

Amadae, quoting an analysis by historian Eric Hobsbawm, pointed out that doubts about the concept of the public had led in Arrow’s analysis to its replacement by the idea of a marketplace and that the citizen was replaced by the consumer. Arrow discussed political decisions as “…a sum of choices….of individuals pursuing private preferences.’ No concept of ‘common or group interests,’ or of the public, survives Arrow’s analysis.”

Without a public realm, there is no arena to debate what should occur, how power should be distributed, how the conduct of foreign affairs should treat people from other countries who wanted to run them themselves. Without a public realm and a space for public debate about such things, where does justice reside? Nowhere, it seemed.

The conviction of these thoroughly modern, elite intellectuals was that science’s rationality project would reveal “the universal, eternal, and the immutable qualities of all humanity” and liberate it “from the irrationalities of myth, religions, superstition, arbitrary use of power, dark sides of our own natures.” Many of the same elites not only held a low opinion of religion, but also a low opinion of “the People.”

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democracy, they feared, “could mean rule by the rabble.” These ideas had been bubbling to the surface in elite circles for most of the twentieth century. Reducing a citizen to a consumer whose role is limited to periodically making choices at the ballot box but who can do little else mitigates the risk the elite thought they posed.

This was a moral order explicitly hostile to the churches. Its values are most clearly stated in NSC-68, the main Cold War policy document written in 1950. The authors warned that the “Soviet subversion” of the churches was going “to prevent them from serving our ends, and thus make them sources of confusion in our economy, our culture, and our body politic.”

The evidence of Soviet subversion? Simply asking hard questions about the military means being used or the values actually being pursued. Once leveled, this explicit criticism would be used over and over again in the campaign to undermine the credibility of the FIs and other ecumenical internationalists. Yet the same policy paper also multiplied the reasons why the churches might want to critique this new way of being American in the world. The document itself explicitly stated that the ends justify the means.

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The integrity of our system will not be jeopardized by any measures, covert or overt, violent or non-violent, which serve the purpose of frustrating the Kremlin design, nor does the necessity for conducting ourselves so as to affirm our values in actions as well as words forbid such measures.\(^{587}\)

The system being defended is not one of covenant, but one of interests, and these new thought leaders claimed we can do what we want as long as it serves our interests.

How did this new moral order gain the resources to overcome the culture in which the FIs had been shaped and to which they had given years of their lives? S.M. Amadae, in her history of the Cold War restructuring of American society, identified the powerful institutional alliance of people involved in business, philanthropy, scientific policy analysis, elite universities, media empires, and public intellectuals generally, that came together in those years, whose activities were orchestrated at RAND, and who are known as the “military-industrial complex.” President Dwight D. Eisenhower, in his farewell address on January 17, 1961 warned the country about it.

This conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. The total influence — economic, political, even spiritual — is felt in every city, every statehouse, every office of the federal government.\(^{588}\)

The potential would always be there, Eisenhower said, “for the disastrous rise of misplaced power” that would “endanger our liberties or democratic processes” unless “an alert and knowledgeable citizenry” kept it under control. Of particular concern to him was that not only the nation’s scholars, but that “public policy could itself become the


captive of a scientific technological elite.” Only in retrospect was it clear that much of what Eisenhower warned about had already occurred.

Why would ordinary citizens have embraced their own disempowerment and gone along with the idea of relocating policy decisions “from elected officials to a supposedly ‘objective’ technocratic elite”? This is not the place to address this question in any depth, but it is important, I think, to understand some of the forces at work among all those people who filled all those Protestant churches that sent and helped pay for the Frontier Internship in Mission program -- and later rejected their witness. First, they were a generation that had been shaped by more than four decades of war and economic deprivation. They had been asked to make massive sacrifices and had done so. They were proud of what America had contributed to the world. They were aware that scientific and technological advances had made huge contributions to the Allied victory and were, themselves, in awe of its inventions, particularly once they began to make the lives of American families a little easier and a little more comfortable, too. As massive defense budgets pumped huge amounts of money into local economies, Americans were more than happy to release pent-up demand and consume. They were also deeply faithful. The surge in church participation after World War II was led by the GI generation, 80 percent

589 Ibid.
of which had served in the military. They remained the “bedrock” of churches and civic institutions for the rest of their lives.\textsuperscript{591}

At the same time, they were terrified, having been convinced by their leaders that, as Andrew Bacevich has stated so succinctly, the “… United States was a nation under siege, with its survival at risk. Only hard power could keep its enemies at bay.”\textsuperscript{592} The establishment and growth of the national security state followed directly from those premises, and a constant barrage of apocalyptic rhetoric kept fear at a fever pitch.\textsuperscript{593} Religion—its omnipresence in the United States and its supposed absence in the communist world—defined the emerging Cold War as one for and against God. In a 1951 address at New York Presbyterian, President Harry Truman said that:

> Today, our problem is not just to preserve our own religious heritage in our own lives and our own country. … It is to preserve a world civilization in which man’s belief in God can survive. … Today, the whole human enterprise is in danger—and serious danger.\textsuperscript{594}

Rhetoric like this was common and pervaded American consciousness. “We were afraid that the Soviets were going to invade and our churches were going to be nailed shut,” Daniel Nusbaum, the husband of FI Mary Ann Crookston Nusbaum (Taiwan, 1970-

1971), told me.\textsuperscript{595} Nothing less than total war—the application of all of the country’s resources—could be justified in a situation this dire, with the survival of belief in God at stake. As in wars past, most Americans trusted their leaders, never questioned what they were told about “missile gaps” and various other alleged vulnerabilities, and accepted the massive diversion of public dollars into defense spending. They believed the task thrust upon the country was to lead the free world in the defense of democratic capitalism and the defeat of atheistic communism.\textsuperscript{596}

American policymakers…talked more expansively about the national interest, used the phrase “national security” more frequently than ever before, and engineered a rapid expansion of American power into every nook and cranny of the world.\textsuperscript{597}

Then came the build-up of troops in Vietnam from 28,000 non-combat soldiers in February, 1965 to about 535,000 combat troops in January, 1968. This was but the most visible version of the exponential increase in American-backed violence around the world over this same period. As the FI internship stories detailed, and the witness of people like the Committee of Returned Volunteers stated clearly, what Americans had been told about the purpose of American interventions was not true, and that the truth was horrifying. As Joel McClellan (Tunisia/Marseilles, 1961-1963) said of his father’s awakening, there was evil involved, but on our own side.

\textsuperscript{595} Daniel Nusbaum, interview by the author, Somerville, MA., June 2, 2011.
\textsuperscript{597} Ibid., 2.
The period from 1965 to early 1968 was when some Americans gradually realized that how the national security state conducted itself—the moral question—was off-limits to public debate. Efforts like the CRV position paper that were prepared with the assumption of a dialogic public sphere made no headway. Increasingly tough questions, then protests, directed to the Johnson Administration not only went unaddressed, the state violence intensified. According to Amadae, the regime of knowledge production in the Kennedy and Johnson era, “…shifted governmental decision making from a legislative democratic platform to a policy sciences model that depended on claims of objectivity and scientific rigor for its authority and legitimacy.” Only experts, they said, could fully understand or participate in decision making.

Other Americans, like Princeton ecumenical ethicist Paul Ramsey, were persuaded by that argument, put their trust in the “experts”, and criticized others for not doing the same. In his 1967 book, *Who Speaks for the Church? A Critique of the 1966 Geneva Conference on Church and Society*, Ramsey excoriated those conference participants who had facilitated criticism of American action in Vietnam. “…[T]o responsibly proffer specific advice,” he wrote, “would require that the church have the services of the entire state department” and criticized them for trying to be a “shadow

state department . . . believed to be competent.” The ecumenical movement should not try to become “a world political community,” he said. 600

As the internship stories have already made clear, though, the global ecumenical community already was a world political community, and FIs and other global Christians in many cases knew much more about Third World countries than the people in the State Department did. 601 As Margaret instructed, they had been quiet, had listened, and had learned from their native hosts. They had learned to see the world from other points of view. Recall Tom Haller’s (Kenya, 1964-1966) remark that he had come to Kenya thinking about things in little boxes and found the Kenyans saw everything in concentric circles with everything connected. Compare this with the policy sciences perspective the RAND intellectuals had introduced to guide decision making at the State Department and Pentagon that used highly abstract mathematical models that assumed a universalism that cancelled out cultural differences.

As unwanted American interventions surged around the world, Christian friends in all these places were not suffering in silence but were telling American Christians, like the Frontier Interns, to fix American democracy so democracies everywhere else could

601 One of the more sobering aspects of the Cold War is how little the State Department knew about any of the countries in the Third World. Well into the 1950s, colonies were handled through European nations that had to concur with any U.S. decision. The CIA assigned personnel to execute covert operations with no knowledge of the region or its languages. David Halberstam, The Best and the Brightest, Twentieth-Anniversary Edition ed. (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992), 83.; Kinzer, The Brothers: John Foster Dulles, Allen Dulles, and Their Secret World War, 267.
work. As Ivan Illich told students at a conference in 1968, “If you have any sense of responsibility at all, stay with your riots here at home. Work for the coming elections...” The internship chapters on Asia, Africa, and Latin America make clear the FIs were getting this message loud and clear. But none of the attempts to break through to what Robert Wiebe called “the bunkerized state, impassably remote,” worked. Hope of persuasion in the context of a public dialogue—the way FIs had always been taught American democracy worked—dimmed then died. By August, 1968, even Alice Hageman was protesting on the streets at the Democratic Convention in Chicago.

Unbound

As the FI stories have made clear, the protests that erupted in 1968 were global. There was a period when many FIs had a sense of being part of a global moral community that was, in concert, making a clear moral statement that a divided world, armed to its teeth with civilization-ending weapons, where the strong dominated with the weak without restraint, was unacceptable. For awhile it seemed like the tide was turning against all the superpowers that had caused and were perpetuating the global Cold War. Only Mao, Che Guevara, and Fidel Castro got a pass because they publicly criticized the Cold War status quo, too. As the state violence escalated, the protests did, too, in the

604 Jeremi Suri, Power and Protest: Global Revolution and the Rise of Détente (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2003). Suri’s work on this subject is definitive and has been invaluable in analyzing the FI story.
hope that there would be a cease-fire around the world and at home, and that the public
debate about how the United States conducted itself in the world would finally take
place. For the first time ever, events in the Third World brought down a United States
president when Lyndon B. Johnson announced he would not run for a second term.

As the 1960s came to a violent close the leaders of the largest states still
controlled most of the guns, finances, and communications media. The protestors
on the streets remained relatively weak. The weak, however, had momentum. The
strong were on the defensive. Political power had lost its social component—its
ability to command domestic obedience without force, in short its legitimacy.

But it was force they were willing to use. Violence continued to escalate at home and
around the world. The television brought it into every American living room. FIs
struggled with the question of whether anything other than revolution in this situation
could be justified. Did stepping back from revolution signify acceptance? Did it grant
oppressors legitimacy? As the trust of their global partners slipped away, many of the FIs
tried to hold those relationships together by embracing more and more radical positions
to prove their solidarity. Others seriously explored Marxist humanism or Maoism in
search of an ideological framework that supported justice, as by the late 1960s it was
clear the new American ideology no longer did. Every avenue to right global relations
and a more just world seemed blocked.

“Moral communities are fragile things, hard to build and easy to destroy,” wrote
Jonathan Haidt. “….There is not a big margin for error; many nations are failures as
moral communities, … If you don’t value moral capital, then you won’t foster values,

605 Suri, Power and Protest: Global Revolution and the Rise of Détente, 179-180, 211.
606 Ibid., 211.
virtues, norms, practices, identities, institutions, and technologies that increase it. Over the twenty years from 1948 to 1968, it became more and more explicit that freedom meant freedom to do what you wanted, whether you were the country or an individual. The evidence was plain in the multiplying sexual freedoms in the socio-cultural sphere, and the yawning “credibility gap” in the political sphere as twenty years of government lying was exposed. And rational choice liberalism, which had been in the ascendency, particularly in university settings over this time, expressly rejected the entire idea of a “moral community” as oppressive.

Recall that covenant societies rely on binding relationships based on mutual promise and obligation and imagine the impact of the growing awareness among the FIs that there are no operative norms in American society other than maximizing self-interest. Promises, then, are worth nothing, and anyone who trusts them is a fool. Recall, too, that covenant societies are further held together like a matrix or spider web is, with multiple covenant communities at every level of society all linked with each other, and imagine the impact as one after another broke down. FIs, and people they worked with in the SCM/WSCF network could tell that a tectonic shift was taking place and that the world that had shaped them was breaking apart. What we saw in so many of the stories was that many of the FIs felt like they had no place to stand and no way to witness. What

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remained was shame, powerlessness, and for many, *mal de patria* and for some, *mal de ecclesia*.

Détente effectively ended the covenantal-based mass movement for peace and justice that the Committee of Returned Volunteers helped define. The new Nixon administration began to collaborate with other embattled superpower leaders to help each other remain in power by reducing hostilities. Détente did not, however, address issues of injustice. Political leaders reacted to the disruption “by isolating and containing dissent, rather than by creating new sources of popular consent.” It ignored the central issues of national self-determination, human rights, economic fairness, and racial and gender equality. 609 It worked because it increased stability and discredited protestors. The killing of student protestors at Kent State and Jackson State in May, 1970 effectively ended the “revolution” and the moral community they had always known and counted on.

**Line of Fire**

As the social fabric unraveled, FIs and their friends, mentors, and institutional allies inside the churches and out, were attacked by the Right because they were “communists” and by the Left because they were “imperialists.” The irony of that, which was almost impossible to see at the time, is that both sides were anchored in the new moral order of interests. Neither was interested in dialogue; both wanted to “win.” The unavoidable corollary of this conception of a society as a market place of competing interests is that there is no way to adjudicate those interests other than through this kind

of struggle and war—armed war or culture war—with relative power largely determining the winners and losers. It is almost impossible to hold the middle ground during war since both sides regard neutrality as a comfort to their enemy. Thus, it is easy to turn hostilities to the middle, pushing those in the middle to the other extreme.

“Multiply the meetings,” John Mott might have said, but the times and the situation of the SCM/WSCF and the FIs were very different than they were right after World War I when John Mott and Ruth Rouse shepherded the Foundation community through the process of adopting the practices of devotion, deliberation, study, and service that would define life in the fellowship going forward, and the years of “crisis group” meetings to foster reconciliation. By the 1960s, the organization was financially dependent on the churches. The adult advisors, like Margaret Flory, were church employees with other responsibilities and vulnerabilities. The organizations that had provided the sustaining practices and the resources for gathering were losing their ability to continue. Nor did their leaders have the gravitas and independent power base of Mott, who famously once met with three presidents on one day. They ran into trouble in the 1960s in part because they were so far ahead of the country in their embrace of the global right relations begun by Mott and Rouse, but when attacked no longer had the powerful leaders and strong organizational networks able to navigate safely through the choppy waters. But it is also true, that unlike the earlier time, the wars—international and domestic—were not over and no end was in sight.

Some FIs were among the many opponents of American interventionism who for awhile got pushed further and further Left until all that remained, as Larry Cox (Paris,
1967-1969) put it so well, was not only “craziness” but “irrelevant craziness.” Many mainline Protestant church members became convinced that the ecumenical internationalists in their own churches—particularly “the kids” like Larry—were communists and a threat to the church and country they loved and acted aggressively to cut off the offending limb. When they began to attend anti-war marches, Sandra and Bruce Boston (Malawi/Geneva, 1964-1966) were pushed out of their positions as associate pastor and director of Christian education at the New Jersey church they had served before their internship and to which they had returned. The clerk of the session threatened to leave if they didn’t.

The intense pressure to polarize and turn attention away from what was happening around the world and towards battling with one’s opponents at home was at work in all the mainline Protestant institutions. The University Christian Movement (UCM), unable to reconcile its multiplying internal factions, disbanded in 1969. motive magazine, the award-winning Methodist student publication that had been adopted as the magazine for the entire Student Christian Movement, was abruptly closed down by the Methodist Church in 1972. The Frontier Intern program internationalized and moved to Geneva in 1974, which took it out of the line of fire altogether. And a campaign against the National Council of Churches became very visible and very public when the Institute on Religion

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610 Larry Cox, October 16, 2009.
611 Sandra Boston, November 13, 2009.
612 Woo, “From USCC to UCM: An Historical Inquiry With Emphasis on the Last Ten Years of the Student Christian Movements in the U.S.A., And Their Struggle for Self-Understanding and Growing Involvement in Social and Political Issues”.
and Democracy (IRD) was founded in 1981. Richard John Neuhaus recalled its foundation in a 2005 speech:

It was a minority of Christians – not absolute minority but a minority certainly in terms of the control of some of the mainline, old-line bodies – who perceived a clear, not simply political and military challenge, but moral and, if you will, theological challenge with regard to the difference between freedom and tyranny, between democracy and totalitarianism. That was the circumstance in which we tried not simply to correct what we saw as the misdirections of the old-line leadership and not simply to protest what we saw as the wrongheadedness of their directions, but to propose an alternative… to say to the Christian communities in America, “Look, there is a better way. Here’s a better way for the human future, a way more in accord with our understanding of God’s providential purposes in history.”

He credits Princeton ethicist Paul Ramsey and the ideas and argument in his book, *Who Speaks for the Churches?*, for anchoring the organization. Their founding document, however, lays out their substantive argument which aligned well with the free market liberalism of the incoming Reagan Administration. Neuhaus claimed that their intention was to invite the “old-line” leadership into a debate they were reluctant to enjoin, yet he does not hesitate several decades later to crow about their success in damaging the group.

IRD has had a very powerful influence. … I think that one can date the, in retrospect, precipitous decline of institutions such as the National Council of Churches and the cultural-political influence of the social action agencies of the old-line churches…. from the emergence of IRD. This is not to say that IRD was the sole cause, by any means. But it was a precipitating factor of very dramatic importance.

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615 Neuhaus, “Reflections on IRD.”
Dwain Epps (Argentina, 1967-1969) was the director of international affairs at the NCC in the 1980s for the first ten years of the IRD assault. He was the only FI to end up directly in the line of fire. It was a hellish experience. From Dwain’s perspective,

They [IRD and the Reagan Administration] were determined, especially, to get rid of the N.C.C. because it was the one that kept feeding these cooperative efforts amongst churches. The ecumenical churches were a danger to them because while they were loyal American organizations, they were far more than that. They were international by their conviction, by their faith. They could not accept to deal even with the Russians simply as enemies. They keep going off and talking with these Russians. What are we going to do about that kind of people? You know? So they considered it a terrible threat.616

Dwain recalled three tactics IRD used as particularly damaging: convincing the membership they were Communists and not to trust them, developing competitive organizations within the churches to divide them, and erasing their funding base at the local level. “And it worked,” he said.617

The puzzle of the conflict between IRD and the NCC is that the IRD “Founding Document” and Neuhaus’ 1984 book, *The Naked Public Square*, contains so much drawn from ecumenical Protestantism that could have been used to fund a productive dialogue and perhaps build a shared understanding.618 But there were larger forces at work that mitigated against that. The 1980s was the decade when the new neoliberal social order grounded in the moral order of interests came into full flower, gaining widespread

617 Ibid.
legitimacy and completely burying the old ideas about the “fettered freedom” of covenant. Milton Friedman, in a ten-hour PBS special *Free to Choose* breathlessly promised that the “magic of the price system” would “foster harmony and peace.” The “only alternative is force—some people telling other people what to do.” The much better option, he said, “is voluntary cooperation of people pursuing their own interests.” That is what makes a great society. So easy, so painless. One of the few dissenting voices included in the series was that of democratic socialist Michael Harrington: “Corporate power rationalized by free enterprise myths is the central problem of freedom in our time and that is what has to be attacked.” But Harrington’s day had passed. Third World interventionism accelerated.

Most of the FIs got out of the line of fire themselves. Some stayed overseas. All continued, wherever they found themselves, to build bridges across chasms of difference. All found ways to care about other human beings. All tried to advance understanding and justice. Precisely what they did varied depending on their skills, their geographical location, their personality, and their willingness and ability to either go it alone or shape a sympathetic community of some sort with which to work.

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11. Bridge People in a Divided World

Fitting In

Once past the hope and despair of the late 1960s and early 1970s, virtually all of the FIs rejected the ideologies of the Right (the U.S. does nothing wrong) and the Left (the U.S. does nothing right), if they had ever accepted them. Four FIs actually ended up working overseas for the U.S. government. Dick Martin (Colombia, 1969-1971) spent thirty years at the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) in Central America and the Middle East.

I kind of went from not knowing there was anything else when I was starting out in Minnesota to really rejecting almost everything American for a period of time to being more pragmatic. There is good and bad about everything. I feel like if you’re working towards outcomes that make life better for other people, religion or nationality just set the context. From the perspective of my values, the U.S. does both good and evil.\(^{620}\)

For some of the more passionate revolutionaries, like Larry Cox (Paris, 1967-1969) there was also a theological awakening:

If I had understood that in fact there is something to the notion that human beings are inherently sinful or weak or whatever you want to call it, that leads them to constantly corrupt the wonderful projects they’re setting up, I would have been better off, but instead I had this notion that everything was possible.\(^{621}\)

Faith in top-down grand schemes or totalizing claims, regardless of the source, went out the window. Every human system stood under judgment.\(^{622}\) But, as Dick Martin also said, if you wait for everything to be perfect, you will end up paralyzed. Something like the

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\(^{620}\) Aimee and Dick Martin, October 12, 2010.
\(^{621}\) Larry Cox, October 16, 2009.
\(^{622}\) Alice Hageman, October 1, 2009.
traditional Christian balance between the humility derived from an awareness of sin and the courage derived from an awareness of divinity began to return to anchor many of even the most dislocated FIs as they decided what to do next.

FIs were terrible culture warriors. Sandra Boston (Malawi/Geneva, 1964-1966), by the early 1970s a mother of young children, recalled the profound impact of the women’s movement after she connected with a Quaker commune in Philadelphia:

Clarity came, that I was inside an institution that was not designed around my needs, at all. It was completely designed around his needs. I took care of the kids and took care of the house and fed everybody and he worked on his dissertation. Down at the Life Center, everybody cooked one night a week.

… I was in a consciousness-raising group and our divorces happened pretty much like dominoes. I sometimes say--I have said it to Bruce--our marriage never really had a chance, given the history and the consciousness that I was in. It never had a chance. The women were so far ahead of the men on sexism and patriarchy, and the men didn't know what we were talking about, and they didn't really want to know what we were talking about. They were used to making us wrong, and we were right, but we were militantly right. We didn't build bridges, we burned them.

But then she pulled back a bit and with Bruce, and Bruce’s second wife, Jean, did build a very strong bridge and embraced the “fettered freedom” necessary to raise their three sons together. “…We really enjoy each other and help each other and parented the kids together, and it's been a wonderful family. … We wanted the best for the boys and they got the best, so that worked out,” Sandra said.623 There are a number of FIs who came out as gay or lesbian subsequent to their internships, too, in some cases divorcing another FI, but like Sandra and Bruce, these couples and their new partners re-made families and prioritized their children. The “fettered freedom” of a covenant relationship just took

623 Sandra Boston, November 13, 2009.
another form. Alice Hageman (Paris, 1962-1965) spent the 1972-1973 academic year as the Lentz Lecturer on Women and Ministry at Harvard Divinity School, in part working with the Women’s Caucus on a proposal for a Women’s Studies program. The HDS faculty decided to create a position.

I applied for that position and I was interviewed by militant feminists who basically wanted me to say that all women are more oppressed than any man. I said that I can’t say that. I lived in East Harlem and I saw the junkies outside my door. I cannot say that you are more oppressed than those people who have grown up in economic circumstances, not to mention their ethnicity, that limited their lives from the moment of their birth. And I went home and I thought about that and I thought, “I don’t want to work with all these upper-middle-class white women. My vision of the world is broader than that.” And so I called up the next day and withdrew my name.624

A number of FIs joined black churches or moved to multiracial neighborhoods when they returned because uniformly white environments made them so uncomfortable.

One of the most profound sources of disconnect for the FIs was their attitude towards the consumer culture and the “American Way of Life.” Martha and Gurdon Brewster (India, 1962-1964) were particularly articulate about an experience common to almost everyone.

Martha: … when you're walking down a dusty road in India, when you're really loving the people and they're loving you, and you come back home--I remember the Woolworths back home--and I put down a ten dollar bill to pay for something, and I just shuddered. That ten dollars was the whole month's salary and that discrepancy just –

Gurdon: It never leaves. And every single day I am aware of the incredible affluence and waste of this country, and what is going on. India is still in my soul, in contrast to the incredible wealth and waste in the U.S. … we are aware of it all the time, and always uncomfortable in our country.

624 Alice Hageman, October 1, 2009.
Martha: I mean, …we send Savithri [Devanesen, their host, who runs an organization called "Roofs for the Roofless"] money, we try to keep being "good", but I'll never forget that day at the 5 and 10 cent store,…

Gurdon: And the day when we had an Indian student for our family Christmas, and you know how American Christmases are, there are fifteen feet of paper and boxes, after unwrapping many presents. And our guest from India came in with one little tiny present this big.

Martha: With a little gourd that was beautifully carved out, and I could see him looking around at all the paper, it was just like, "Oh, my God."

Gurdon: We never forgot that experience. He had this tiny little gourd, which was his present. 625

This may have been the case for any American at any time returning from an extended stay in the places FIs had been assigned, but by the 1960s, the social consequences of resisting consumerism were enormous. Mass consumption had come to represent what was best about America. 626 This was not an accident. In the years after World War II, a massive post-war advertising campaign orchestrated by the Advertising Council, a private sector group volunteering their time, had intentionally created this new, secular, super-identity around the idea of the American Way of Life and had sold it to Americans. Unsurprisingly, given the strong business participation in its development, this was the soil where consumer capitalism took root as the single strongest unifying value of the diverse American population. 627 According to sociologist Will Herberg, the

625 Gurdon and Martha Brewster, June 24, 2009.
campaign was so successful that the American Way of Life assumed a sacred character. “The secularization of religion”, he said, “could hardly go further.” As such, it threatened traditional religions that did not accept their subsidiary status and relinquish their claim to critical engagement with public life. Herberg named three groups of “resisters” against “the sweep of religious Americanism.” They were the immigrant ethnic churches, the “submerged sects of the disinherited”, and the orthodox, neo-orthodox, and liberal churches with theologies at odds with the implied theology of the American Way of Life.  

That included the ecumenical Protestants and all the people formed by the Student Christian Movement who had learned the danger of the deification of nation and culture from the German Church Crisis during World War II. Yet they could not hold back the tide.

Even before their internships, FIs active in the SCM were exposed to WSCF general secretary Philippe Maury’s scathing rejection of the American Way of Life in his widely-read book, Politics and Evangelism, one of the study books for the 1959 Athens SVM Quadrennial. In the United States, Maury wrote, “the American way of life,’ is endowed with a strangely religious character” and charged that the churches were enslaved by it. And then the FIs went overseas themselves and were exposed to non-materialist ways of life, sometimes expressing culture and other time poverty, and sometimes both. Recall how deeply moved Vern McCarty (Philippines, 1969-1971) was


by the hospitality of the desperately poor people he visited in the squatter colonies in the Philippines who would send their children out to buy a can of Pet milk so they could serve him coffee.\textsuperscript{630} How could the FIs not be changed by experiences like that, yet to fail to embrace consumerism and the American Way of Life on their return home was to reject something other Americans held sacred and were willing to fight and die for, if necessary.

There were a lot of siren songs during the late 1960s and 1970s. Not everyone deviated from a covenantal way of thinking. Not everyone who deviated returned to it. But a pattern of seizing opportunities for “unfettered freedom” followed by a choice to return to the promise-making and promise-keeping of covenantal relationships and communities was echoed in the lives of many FIs over the course of those first, confusing years. The challenge they were facing, even though most would have been hard-pressed to name it at the time, was that they had been raised in one social world shaped by one moral order and they were then faced with the need to live in the context of a different social world grounded in a very different moral order. Ken Jones (Japan, 1966-1968) had asked rhetorically when he arrived in Japan: “Can I live in a culture that does not support my values?” Increasingly, after 1970 or so, that was the returnees’ problem, too.

**Radical: Transcending Polarization**

During the heady revolutionary days in the late 1960s, “radical” came to mean ever more extreme political positions. After the moral order of interests won out and the

\textsuperscript{630} Vern McCarty, April 22, 2009.
various wars and divisions settled in and acquired a sense of permanence, the most radical thing ever was to reject and step outside the narrative of society as a market of competing interests; in fact, to step outside of all totalizing narratives and instead engage with other human beings. This is the posture that characterized almost all of the returning FIs: they refused to be “the other,” whether “communist,” “imperialist,” or simply “un-American,” as those on the Right and Left had charged, and they refused to brand other people, unlike themselves, as “the other” either. Instead of accepting, reinforcing, or even enhancing, polarization and difference, they continued to engage with those different than themselves in order to learn more about them and help other Americans do the same. An entire dissertation—not this one—could be written about how this group of people renegotiated their identities in the wake of this massive and alienating cultural change in the U.S. Here, however, are two examples of the many FIs who were secure enough in their own identities to transcend a powerful polarizing narrative and relate to people different than themselves.

In the professional sphere, consider the path taken by Mark Juergensmeyer (India, 1965-1967). Mark is a professor and director of the Orfalea Center for Global and International Studies at the University of California, Santa Barbara. He is a highly accomplished academic with a distinguished record similar to that of others at his rank, however a close look at just two of his twenty books reveals an epistemological and methodological difference. In his well-known book *Terror in the Mind of God* on religious violence, he stepped completely outside the “war on terror” analytical frame and refrained from generating abstract theories to impose on the terrorists to interpret them.
Instead, he began by actually interviewing religious terrorists in order to try to understand from *their* point-of-view and *their* logic what they thought they were doing. Then, he sifted through everything he learned and discussed what the implications were for how we think about them and what we do. In his book *The New Cold War: Religious Nationalism Confronts the Secular State* he does something similar, probing the meaning of religious nationalism to the people who advocate for it, calling Western presumptions about the inevitability of the spread of secular states into question, and proposing alternatives ways of thinking about, and addressing the so-called “clash of civilizations.”

In the personal sphere, consider Mary and Jerry Dusenbury’s (Japan, 1965-1968) move to Kansas after sixteen years in Cambridge, MA or Japan to take over the family ranch after Jerry’s father died. Jerry grew up there, of course, but Mary grew up in Manhattan. Jerry jokes about listening to NPR on the radio of his truck as he drives around the ranch and about attending Democratic Caucus meetings—“all five of us.” Mary is a research curator at the Spencer Museum of Art at the University of Kansas with a focus on East and Central Asian textiles. She claims their friends and neighbors in Attica, near the ranch, are just being polite when they attend the presentations she gives after returning from places like Uzbekistan researching indigenous weaving techniques,

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632 Jerry and Mary Dusenbury, May 1, 2009.
although Jerry claims she is totally wrong about that. But the texture of their life makes clear that they live far outside the “What’s the Matter with Kansas?” trope so cherished by Blue State liberals. Their little rural Presbyterian church has not had a minister for some years, but everyone collaborates to keep the place going, even taking turns preaching. Their son is a high school English teacher and football coach in Wichita and their grandchildren extend their reach deep into that Red State urban community. Mary said she learned that “there are really different ways of seeing things” and to appreciate that, just like she did in Japan. Some of her Kansan neighbors seem to have discovered that, too. They have had the experience of people taking them aside to talk about Korea or Vietnam, in particular. The differences still exist, but they grew less strange to each other.

One of the things that Mark, Jerry, Mary, and most of the other FIs share is what New York Times op-ed writer David Brooks, in a recent lecture at the University of Chicago, called “epistemological modesty.” He credits Edmund Burke with this notion, but Daniel Elazar’s discussion of the prismatic approach to knowing in the Hebrew Bible suggests much older and deeper roots. It is based on the conviction that any one point-of-view is, by definition, limited. It is the reverse in some ways to Enlightenment rationalism that tries to distill universals by chipping away the particulars. The prismatic epistemology of the Bible refracts the same thing from multiple points of view but there

is always an element of uncertainty; thus, the modesty. Another point-of-view could alter the understanding of what one is trying to know. This approach also changes the relationship of the various parties, who all need and rely on each other in order to compensate for their own limitations.

A third characteristic most FIs seem to share, in addition to the rejection of “othering” and an “epistemological modesty,” is a commitment to concrete, grassroots action, together with others, regardless what the “product” of that work is. There is a powerful affirmation perceptible in this, that partnerships, even between people with disparate privileges and power, are possible. This gains particular importance in the face of claims by “realists,” who have dominated public thought for decades, and who have based their support for order over justice and stability over human rights on claims that a whole range of other things were not possible. For example, international relations authority Hans Morgenthau, who dominated foreign policy thinking in the early Cold War, claimed that because no international society existed, there could never be consensual standards of conduct agreed to by all states. This was at the same time that Eleanor Roosevelt and the first Human Rights Committee convened to draft the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, proving that it was possible for an ideologically diverse group of people to find common ground. It was subsequently adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations. Mary Ann Glendon, the scholar who chronicled the Committee’s work, addressed just this point in her introduction:

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[T]here is still much to learn from Eleanor Roosevelt’s firm but irenic manner of dealing with her Soviet antagonists; and from the serious but respectful philosophical rivalry between Lebanon’s Charles Malik and China’s Peng-chun Chang. There is much to ponder in the working relationship between Malik, a chief spokesman for the Arab League, and René Cassin, an ardent supporter of a Jewish homeland, who lost twenty-nine relatives in concentration camps. When one considers that two world wars and mass slaughters of innocents had given the framers every reason to despair about the human condition, it is hard to remain unmoved by their determination to help make the postwar world a better and safer place.635

They did this by deep engagement with others different than themselves in a process not unlike that practiced by FIs in their various communities and kinds of work. When the going got rough, they multiplied the meetings and dug deeper, just as John Mott told the students to do in the 1920s. What emerged from this painful and messy process was an imperfect document, but an important beginning at realizing a new vision that has demonstrably changed the world since. As it happens, Charles Malik, was, like many of the FIs, a product of the SCM and the global ecumenical movement; some of the FIs, including Kathy Huenemann Habib (Lebanon, 1972-1975) studied with him at the American University in Beirut.636 Eleanor Roosevelt was the SCM’s close friend and supporter, so there is a direct, cultural link between the groups.637 What we see in both is an affirmative case for the concrete, practical “realness” and legitimacy of engagement,

637 Ruth M. Harris, interview by the author, Claremont, California, May 13, 2009.
the core affirmation of the pre-Cold War ecumenical Protestant narrative. People were doing it, and are doing it, and making it work.

The FIs, individually, have different talents, passions, callings, just like all people do. There are as many vocational paths as there are people. Some FIs continued to work internationally after their internships; many more did not. What is common across the group, though, is not what they did with their post-internship adult lives but how they did it. In their rejections of “othering,” and their embrace of epistemological modesty and concrete action and engagement with others at the grassroots level, in different forms they gravitated to social roles as bridge-builders, mediators, connectors, interpreters, and partners. Their default mode seems to be the one Margaret trumpeted over and over: Be quiet, listen, learn, figure it out. Once a FI, always a FI, Mark Schomer (Congo, 1968-1970) said.

It's like ... when you join the clergy. You don't just leave it. I think the mindset that goes with being a Frontier Intern means getting into unfamiliar surroundings with the values you have and seeing what is the relevant thing to do there. I think the training we got in Frontier Interns to see how you do that and how you reflect on it and how you are always open to new interpretations of the reality you're in, are things that maybe not in a very conscious way, I've continued to incorporate into my own outlook on things. ... I think also that the values of the Frontier Intern program are not to despair but to see problems as challenges.

The institutions they had to work in and with and among very often were challenges. The “congruent moral environment” supporting their covenantal, relational

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values was gone. In the years after their internships, most FIs had to continuously renegotiate his or her relationship with those institutions and systems in order to continue to live out their own values while simultaneously growing, changing, and processing new information. Often, they had to work against polarizers of one sort or another to keep those zones where they could do bridging work open.

elmira Kendricks Nazombe\textsuperscript{640} (Kenya, 1969-1971) has seen her life’s work as reconciliation ever since meeting and being inspired by civil rights leader James Lawson as an undergraduate at Kent State. Her doctoral dissertation focused on the connections among personal, political, and social transformation. Paulo Friere, whom she met at her FI Orientation, also deeply inspired her work. A strong, committed feminist and advocate for racial justice, she has worked in academia, at The Center for Global Women’s Leadership at Rutgers, in the nonprofit sector at Bread for the World, and for the United Methodist Church. Her interview was held at the UMC offices across from the United Nations in New York. Both elmira and the Global Women’s Leadership director, Charlotte Bunch, were formed in the SCM and both wrote chapters in the \textit{Journeys} book, but where Charlotte rejected the church because “it no longer supported me or provided a context for my life” once she came out as a lesbian and became deeply involved in the women’s movement, elmira continues to this day to work to bring the church into relation

\textsuperscript{640} elmira Kendricks Nazombe, interview by the author, New York, NY, October 16, 2009.
across barriers of race and international division. She talked not in terms of what the church does for her, but of her deep hopes for what the church could be, yet her attitude about the church as a context for her work is a pragmatic one. She spoke about Ruth Harris as “probably the most radical political thinker I have ever known.” Ruth’s advice has been important to her.

She told us early on…”People say, ‘Well, Ruth, why would you stay in the church?’” We actually ask ourselves these questions about once a month. She said, “Because at that time it was possible to do a great many things to advance a revolutionary agenda from within the context of the church…As long as I can do that, I’ll be there.” And we sometimes say that maybe the time had passed for us to be in the church because we can no longer do that, but that was not a sign of her lack of commitment to a gospel vision. That was sort of a strategic choice.

Ruth was always able to help us not get those two things confused, so we could understand that our understanding about the church was not restricted to what the Board of Missions did, or what the United Methodist Church as a whole did. The understanding of faith that we had was not confined by that, so we didn't have to reject the church because where we were was some other place, in terms of what we thought the world was about and what was going on in it and what the powers were. The institutional church never bound or convicted Ruth. So if the institutional church messed up, it messed up, but it didn't mean that you threw away your understanding of things.\\n
Dave Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) has had a similar pragmatic, and sometimes problematic, relationship with academia. Deeply committed to the idea of the priesthood of all believers, he thought the professoriate was one way for Christians to “do a ministry in a secular occupation,” as he put it. At the time of his interview, after thirty-five years running African Studies Centers, first at the University of Wisconsin and for

the last thirty years at Michigan State and anticipating his retirement, his assessment of that initial idea was a sober one. There were significant accomplishments. At Michigan State, he enlarged the African Studies faculty from 70 to 170 scholars with two full-time Africana librarians. He and FI Dave Robinson (Senegal, 1961-1963, was not interviewed but also was an Africanist at MSU) founded and/or chaired major African Studies professional organizations. The MSU African Studies Center is the only one with a statement of ethics on achieving equitable partnerships with African institutions. They have specialized in African languages and have one of the widest range of offerings anywhere. But the reality is that they have had to do this on the cheap because they have refused to take defense or intelligence funding from the U.S. government. Dave held the line, successfully resisting pressures that clearly come from working in a “big, secular, money-hungry institution” but also pressures from young, ambitious colleagues, but it was not easy.

A number of African Studies faculty who are not of this older generation especially are saying, “Look what you've done to us.....you've marginalized us at a time when we could be receiving significant federal funding,” and I say, “Can you look at Africa and say declining the military and intelligence funding was not the right decision?” If you want partnerships with our African colleagues then you can't be part of the U.S. or other military and intelligence projects internationally, and it has gotten much worse during this Bush period with a tripling of military sales abroad and the development of the new U.S. Africa Command (AFRICOM).643

643 David Wiley, Nov. 6, 2008.
There were also constraints on his scholarship, particularly that on the militarization of Africa, something he now, post-retirement, is blogging and writing a book about.⁶⁴⁴

Dave and elmira and many of the other FIs who chose to live out their vocations in the context of American institutions chose to live in this kind of tension. Supportive relationships with others inside these institutions who shared their values, like the friendship of FIs Dave Wiley and Dave Robinson, were highly valued. Moral communities that sustained their work outside the institutions were, too. Perhaps because she returned to Africa in 1973 and was out of the country until 1987, elmira commented on how reconcilers like herself had begun to organize themselves to support each other while she was away. She described being totally disoriented and in a world of hurt when she and her African husband arrived in Washington, D.C., but of getting connected first to Anne Hope then to Anne’s partner, Sally Timmel (Swaziland, 1971-1973), then the legislative director of Church Women United, without even realizing Sally had been a FI.

We used to go to their house...they would have these Sunday night soirées and all kinds of interesting people would show up and we would have these wonderful political conversations, but it was like a nurturing...you can live in the belly of the beast and still survive kind of thing, so they really saved our lives. I don’t think we could have survived that entry, it was so painful on so many levels, but we had Sally and Anne and we had the community of people that they put together.

Anne and Sally were—and still are—involved in The Grail. On the group’s website, it is described this way:

We are an international movement and community of women of different cultures, social backgrounds and generations.

⁶⁴⁴ Africamilitarismwatch.org
We trust in the Spirit of God, Mystery and Source of Life.

We are called to create a sustainable world, transforming our planet into a place of peace and justice. In 1989, Sally and Anne invited elmira to attend a Grail-sponsored event called “Women Breaking Boundaries.” At the event, “…every possible boundary that could be broken was broken in that they had some suburban New York society matron types, they had grassroots women from Africa, they had everything in-between…,” she recalled. The experience fed her vocation to continue her reconciling work in the U.S. And this is just one example of how so many of the FIs connected with people outside of institutions that nourished them and gave them the strength to be exactly what the polarizers denied was possible: a force for decreasing the fear and distance between people and increasing the understanding and cooperation.

Margaret Flory started Bi-National Service (BNS) in 1970 to address this need for community. Its purpose was to make a way for people, either American or internationals, who had worked in a second country to stay committed and connected. The criteria for selection are instructive:

“…long-term involvement in another country, competence in occupation, adequate means of support, commitment to work for social justice, capacity for developing honest and constructive human relationships, dedication to a life of obedience to Christ and of freedom in the gospel, and deep interest and concern for the life of the Christian community in both nations.”

646 elmira Kendricks Nazombe, October 16, 2009.
It operated under the Presbyterian umbrella but cost the church very little. The entire group gathered annually for a Week of Work around a theme. By 1981, ninety-two people had been chosen as Bi-National Servants, including twenty-five former FIs.

Barbara Roche, the author of the dissertation on Margaret Flory’s ministry, interpreted BNS this way:

Bi-National Service was Margaret’s response to the frightening historical forces of the 1970s. She claimed the authority of God over the chaos by envisaging a community of people who were gifted, learned, experienced, who had been committed for years to the inherent ecumenicity of the gospel. Discipline and covenant, service and communication were essential elements for the community to reshape a more humane society.\(^\text{648}\)

To a large extent, that community materialized. A number of FIs, at the time of their interview, identified themselves as “Bi-National Servants.” In those pre-Internet days, though, many more probably never heard of it.

**Commitments**

In their post-internship lives, the FIs denied the polarizers the authority to define the limits of the possible or the appropriate in many different arenas of American life. Instead, they continued to work with others across barriers of difference and to preserve the idea and reality of a common life. It was not, however, about them. Tami Hultman (South Africa, 1969-1971) and William Minter (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968), for example, both worked with liberation movements but each stressed in their separate interviews that these movements were happening in Africa, led by Africans. They

\(^{648}\) Ibid., 155.
participated and helped other Americans understand and support what was happening. This is true of others, who chose other work, too. They did not see themselves as “liberating the captives,” as Harvey Cox had phrased it in his popular book, The Secular City.\textsuperscript{649} Nor were FI returnees looking for once and for all solutions to anything. Bob Hillenbrand (Philippines, 1968-1970), a minister in Rockland, IL was working hard for Barack Obama’s election at the time of his interview but cautioned that, “Barack is not going to bring in the Kingdom.” Looking back to the 1960s, Sandra Boston (Malawi/Geneva, 1964-1966) reflected that, “it was such a powerful time in our nation’s history, when we really thought we could create a new society.”\textsuperscript{650} Those hopes for some sort of miraculous transformation were crushed. In many different areas of life, though, FIs continued, step-by-step, to try to make contributions towards that vision.

Before their internships began, FIs were keenly aware of how little they knew about the country where they were headed. Glen Woike (Kenya, 1969-1971), for example, described Africa being for him “a big blank.,” but he was hardly alone.\textsuperscript{651} Most had headed for an atlas to find their assigned country. They had a strong sense that other Americans knew as little as they did. During their internships, though, they had come to understand a lot about the divisions in the world and how “othering” works by redefining different as dangerous in order to convince Americans potential friends were enemies.

\textsuperscript{650} Sandra Boston, November 13, 2009.
\textsuperscript{651} Kay and Glen Woike, June 27, 2009.
That, of course, built public support for overt or covert military action against them.

After their internships, FIs had multiple reasons, then, to introduce those at home to the “real” countries and people they had grown to love. Recall Ann and Scott Brunger’s (Togo/Benin, 1968-1970) vow to “make it a lifetime commitment to educating Americans about Africa…..the real Africa…,” and get over the stereotypes.652

There are scores of ways that FI returnees used their knowledge about different people and places and their skills mediating those differences to change worlds at every level. Here it is only possible to share a representative selection, roughly divided so as to highlight the variety of the contributions. The five sections are not mutually exclusive and should not be understood as exhaustive of the possibilities. First, and common to the contributions of the majority of FI returnees, are the ways they facilitated increased contact between different people—sometimes Americans and sometimes Americans and either immigrants to the United States or citizens of other countries. Second, some FIs also worked to help Americans be better informed about what was happening in other countries by disseminating information not mediated through government or corporate media sources, and by providing entré into the American political and social sphere for voices and points-of-view of non-Americans. Third, FIs who became scholars and teachers worked to deepen understanding of other cultures and people, then pass along that understanding to their students. Fourth, a number of FIs extended the traditional SCM/WSCF involvement with humanitarian relief in a broadened arena of concern for

human welfare, working with human rights, humanitarian relief, and advancement of international humanitarian law and systems development. Fifth, some FIs undertook the difficult work of poverty alleviation in the midst of totalizing promotion of development by government and corporate elites and scathing critique of development as coercive by some grassroots activists.

More Contact. Many FIs sought and took advantage of opportunities to increase contact between different Americans and between Americans and people from other places in the world. Scott Brunger (Benin/Togo, 1968-1970) and Henry Bucher (Gabon, 1962-1964) both ended up at Presbyterian colleges with diverse student populations located in small towns and were able to do all of those things. Scott became an economics professor at Maryville College in Tennessee and Ann Brunger became the minister of a Presbyterian church downtown there. Henry became the chaplain and African Studies professor at Austin College in Sherman, Texas. Both of these colleges have a strong mission history and continue to stress international education today. A quick Google search early in the project for Ann and Scott turned up a long list of organizations and events dealing with international issues that involved one or both of them. Scott and Henry have both led student trips to Asia, Africa, or Latin America. The year before Henry’s interview, Austin College was named the number one small college in the country for study abroad programs and international experiences. Beginning in the late 1970s, Marylee Crofts (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) had several Fulbright fellowships to take American teachers on learning seminars to Ghana, Tanzania, and Zimbabwe. Later, as a professor at Bentley, she took students to Ghana, Ethiopia, South
Africa, and Senegal. Mark Juergensmeyer (India, 1965-1967) and Brian Aldrich (Philippines, 1962-1964), both professors at large, secular state universities, consciously try to re-create some of the opportunities Margaret Flory created for them in the international programming they have done for their students.

Churches have continued to be places where FIs were able to foster cross-cultural connections. Kay Woike\textsuperscript{653} (Kenya, 1969-1971) was co-pastor of a UCC church in Buffalo for twenty-nine years that got involved hosting refugee families, initially from Southeast Asia. The refugees enter through national non-profits like Church World Service that then works with local affiliates, like the one in Buffalo, to place families under the care of individual congregations. Some of what is involved is practical, like finding and furnishing apartments, but some is more personal, helping with language and cultural adjustment. Kay eventually went on the board of the local affiliate and, since her congregation had done so much hosting, was able to coach other congregations.

Ruth Brandon\textsuperscript{654} (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968) is also a UCC pastor and after two long stints in Mozambique, her “second home,” returned to pastoring in the 1990s. At the time of her interview she was doing mission training for an Ohio conference with an ongoing relationship with Kenya. She joked that, “everybody is so gung-ho here about Kenya and I am feeling guilty for not telling them about Mozambique. My friends in Mozambique would love me to introduce them to Ohio!”

Ruth found that what she got in her training from the mission movement, the theological

\textsuperscript{653} Kay and Glen Woike, June 27, 2009.
\textsuperscript{654} Ruth Brandon, June 8, 2009.
movements, and the Student Christian Movements of her day, “in terms of opening out and receiving what other Christians around the world have to offer and not just laying your existing experience on other people,” is still new to people no matter where she goes.655

In the late 1970s, when Susan Wood Taylor (Italy, 1969-1971) lived in the Washington, D.C. area, she got on the Internationalization Committee of the presbytery that included Ruth and Doug Forman, friends of Margaret’s, who had a passion for broadening the understanding of the world in local churches. She helped bring people from churches around the world to be in residency and work with the churches for a period of time. Susan particularly recalled a South African woman, Motlalepula Chabaku, as an incredibly powerful speaker who made a very strong impression on people.656 A number of FIs who work with congregations were very cautious about claiming too much for what this kind of programming accomplishes. Joanne Haller (Kenya, 1964-1966) who has long been on the Social Justice Committee at their Presbyterian Church in Davis, CA was feeling particularly discouraged at the time of her interview. Reed Kramer (South Africa, 1969-1971), on the other hand, was feeling pretty upbeat during his interview. He does not do this kind of congregational work himself, but he often encounters American mission groups on the ground in Africa, and is enthusiastic about anything that encourages people to take the plunge and go.

655 Ibid.
One of the things that we see from our vantage point now as people not so much engaged now, is all the ways that people in churches in the United States of all kinds are engaged in Africa. …this is happening so much more now at the local or sometimes citywide level, not from the top like it was back then when the mission boards choose people and projects and churches funneled the money in and then they sent them out. That's pretty much gone. But the engagement with the world is not. We wish we had a way to just chronicle this and tell people's stories. I'm sure some of the projects are big failures but in many ways people get engaged. They go out to “help” and they find themselves so drawn in and they learn so much—I'm talking about Americans now who learn so much more from the experience than they ever imagined they would. Margaret understood that long before so many other people.657

Other FIs connected different people through work in non-profits. Mary Liz Heyl Bauer’s (Colombia, 1966-1969) romance with Peace Corps veteran Bob Bauer, both fluent Spanish speakers by then deeply experienced in Latin American cultures, eventually culminated in marriage. They settled in Bethlehem, PA, the home of Bethlehem Steel and a magnet for immigrants, many Spanish-speaking, not long before deindustrialization began to close manufacturing plants. Bob became the director of the Spanish Council. Mary Liz worked for the Girl Scouts for seventeen years, including running their day camp, where her goal was to get people from different backgrounds to work together.

I’d say: “I need your mother to volunteer at camp.”….and they’d say: “My mother volunteer?” But they did! And we got women that were with Lehigh University who were Muslims and they wanted to know if there were any men in camp because if there were men in camp then they had to wear their burkas but if there were no men in camp then they could come in jeans or whatever. But there was a man caretaker so they had to wear their burkas. A Chinese woman came who couldn’t speak any English but she could teach how to cook Chinese food. There were lots of interesting things.658

Later, as director of volunteers at the Discovery Center, a hands-on science center located in one of the old steel buildings on the south side of Bethlehem, Mary Liz managed large groups of teenagers required by the town to do sixty hours of community service in order to graduate. Kids from exclusive private schools, home-schooled kids, parochial school kids, and neighborhood kids, some not doing very well in the sciences, all served together making presentations.

I set up a progression system so that when the kids first came in they had a red dot on their name tag…that meant novice. Then when they got better they got a yellow dot and then they moved up with planned programs and leadership development. Most of them didn’t quit when they got their sixty hours. They saw their friends down there. …It was a good learning experience for all of us.659

Dave Clapp (Hong Kong, 1967-1968), a Boston-area high school teacher, had been an enthusiastic choral singer since high school.660 In 1983, on his own time, he organized an international choral exchange project called “Singing a New Song,” between Boston and Yaroslavl’, a smaller, ancient city on the Volga River, northeast of Moscow about eighty miles. “This was back in the early Reagan period where we were building up our nuclear capability and about at the time the doomsday clock was moving closer, I said, ‘What I'd like to do is just sing with Russians,’” he said. The Boston group made its first visit during the summer of 1984. It was not a concert tour, but rather a time for the choruses to sing together for a few weeks and get to know each other. The first trip lasted twenty days and the relationships formed were so meaningful, they went back

659 Ibid.
660 Dave Clapp, December 11, 2009.
for thirteen straight years, always to Yaraslav' for a time, but also branching out to visit other parts of the Soviet Union. They hosted choruses from Yaraslav' in the U.S., too. In 1993, after the dissolution of the Soviet Union, they invited other American choruses, including one from Duke University and a black gospel choir from Roxbury, and a number of choruses based in towns along the Volga in the Soviet Union, to participate in a huge choral music festival. Beginning in the mid-1990s, the group organized exchanges with South Africa, China, and Cuba and is still going today, although Dave has turned over responsibility for it to others. “I found this choral exchange project [to be] a way of expressing my international interest...trying to break down barriers,” he said.

Better Information. A number of the internship stories mention information and research groups that were established in the 1960s and 1970s and focused on different parts of the world. Barbara Cort Gaerlan (Philippines, 1969-1971) remained involved with the Anti-Martial Law Movement for fifteen years and headed a group called Friends of the Filipino People. “So we were doing exactly what we told the Filipinos in the Philippines we would do, which was being in the U.S and addressing the issue of American imperialism at home,” she said. She helped put out a newspaper called the *Philippines Information Bulletin*.\(^{661}\) The group Linda Jones (South Korea, 1972-1974) helped start in the U.S., the Church Committee for Human Rights in Asia (CCHRA), put out an international monthly newsletter, the *Asian Rights Advocate*.\(^{662}\) The Middle East Research and Information Project (MERIP) Peter Johnson (Geneva, 1967-1969) helped

\(^{661}\) Barbara Cort Gaerlan, May 12, 2009.
\(^{662}\) Linda and David Jones, June 3, 2009.
start published *The Middle East Report.*663 Other regionally-focused groups like the Southern Africa Committee and the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA) also had publications. The far-flung network they were all part of worked to independently gather information that these publications then distributed--recall George Taylor (Italy, 1968-1970) doing research for NACLA on American corporations active in Mexico after he took a post-FI pastor job in Mexico City.

Gail Hovey (South Africa, 1965-1967) learned a lot during her internship in South Africa about alternative channels of information under conditions of repression. Sometimes messages would go from one South African to another via a couple of Americans traveling to and from New York. Tami Hultman and Reed Kramer (South Africa, 1969-1971) learned a lot, too, in their travels around Africa after they were kicked out of South Africa. There were good journalists everywhere but there were also major barriers to the free dissemination of their work both in Africa and in the United States, where news about Africa was so rare that Larry Miller (Kenya, 1961-1963), by then a pastor on Long Island, had given up trying to follow what was going on there. They used what they learned about the obstacles to craft alternatives.

*Southern Africa* became a full-scale magazine; Gail became the editor. When Tami and Reed got back to Durham, they started All-Africa News to gather and disseminate information originating with African journalists. Victor Vockerodt (Durham, 1971-1973), a South African FI, helped them launch it for his Frontier Internship. Ruth

663 Peter Johnson, November 5, 2009.
Brandon and Bill Minter (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968) also worked there for a long stretch. In recent years, it became AllAfrica.com and remains the go-to source for reliable information about Africa, generated in Africa. What the interviews with all of the people involved add to that are a graphic sense of both the enormous, ongoing struggle to raise the money to keep it going, but the ferocious dedication of Tami and Reed to meet that challenge. Victor, Ruth, and Bill moved on after a couple of years. Bill Minter is an independent scholar who since 2003 has been putting out AfricaFocus Bulletin one or two times a week that “features high-quality analysis and progressive advocacy on African issues, with particular attention to priority issues—health, climate change, corruption and capital flight, and migration—affecting the entire continent” for its 10,000 regular readers and over 100,000 annual visitors to its website. Like Tami and Reed, Bill continues to make major sacrifices to keep this going, but they all provide independent information not easily available. The dedication to the collection and dissemination of solid, reliable information about Africa by Africans extends to a dedication to preserving the historical record, as evidenced by Bill Minter’s and Gail Hovey’s editing, with Charles Cobb, Jr., No Easy Victories, and Dave Wiley’s ongoing work building the African Activist archives at Michigan State.

**Deeper Understanding.** During his interview, Jack Hawley (Jerusalem, 1966-1968) described his relief after finding an academic home with comparative religion

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664 Kramer, “Durham, Durban, and AllAfrica: Reed Kramer and Tami Hultman,”
665 http://www.africafocus.org
666 Jack Hawley, February 1 & 12, 2010.
scholar Wilfred Cantwell Smith at Harvard, and the study of a culture so old and so complex that he would never get to the bottom of it. It was a particular relief not have to have to “take anything to anyone.” His quest, rather, would be for greater understanding. A number of FIs shared that focus and have made careers as scholars in academia, acquiring expertise in non-Western cultures just about the same time that universities began to broaden their offerings to include them. As Dave Wiley (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) discussed earlier in this chapter, area studies has often been under pressure from the defense and intelligence departments who have other agendas. Religious studies grew more controversial inside academia. At the time of his interview, Mark Juergensmeyer (India, 1965-1967) was president of the American Academy of Religion and was spending a considerable amount of time helping departments in members’ schools defend themselves from secular critics trying to get rid of them. It is a battle he has been fighting for years.

A colleague of mine at Berkeley, Bob Bellah, who is in the Sociology Department and was the chair of the advisory committee for the religious studies program when I was the coordinator of it, had planned on creating a department of religious studies at Berkeley. I worked with him on the proposal and I was with him as the proposal was discussed by the graduate faculty council. I can remember a guy in philosophy saying that there was nothing of wissenschaftlich interest to religion--that the study of religion doesn’t have any intellectual integrity on its own. Bellah would mutter: “Those damned Enlightenment fundamentalists….” [laughter] From his point of view they were just fundamentalist secularists…..and that kind of rigidity of thought still persists.667

In 1928 when the WSCF wanted to learn more about Hinduism it held its General Conference in Mysore, India. Today, Jack Hawley’s (Jerusalem, 1966-1968) classroom

would do. Jack has been teaching in the Department of Religion at Barnard and Columbia since 1986. When he began there were usually no Hindus in his classes; now, often half the class is Hindu. He is an enormously prolific scholar who currently writing a book on India’s Bhakti tradition, described on his website as “the religion of song, of radical engagement, and of the heart.”668 A deep, sustained relationship with a swami, Shrivatsa Goswami, who is a major religious intellectual in India and was his personal host in the Vrindavan, the Krishna pilgrimage place, has touched him in profound ways, all of which have found their way into his writing and teaching as well as his personal life. Back in his FI days, he questioned whether he was a “real” FI since he was not as committed to changing the world as others seemed to be, but everything he does affirms the importance of something many others in academia, and the polarizers in general, deny—learning about other religious worldviews and putting those worldviews in conversation.

It’s hard for me not to hope in some way that if people would be willing to stop and just think about things and question their own presuppositions that things would be a lot better in the world. I don’t have any evidence of that but I feel it very strongly.669

**Humanitarianism.** In the first few years after World War I, the WSCF expanded its mission beyond evangelization to include efforts to care for the welfare of millions of displaced students—body, mind, and spirit—consistent with Christian purpose.670 European Student Relief was chartered for that purpose. In five years, close to $27

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669 Jack Hawley, February 1 & 12, 2010.
million (in 2012 dollars) was raised from forty-one national movements and distributed throughout the most heavily devastated student populations. It is an astonishing and largely unknown chapter in the development of global humanitarian relief. It is also a reminder of just how rudimentary humanitarian relief systems were when they existed at all, and how much happened to change the field over the course of the lifetime of the FIs. Some of them participated directly in those changes.

Theresa Miller (Kenya, 1961-1965) worked her whole career for the World Health Organization helping rebuild health systems in war-ravaged countries. Larry Cox (Paris, 1967-1969) went to work for Amnesty International, a INGO supported by its members around the world, only a few years after it was founded in 1961 for the purpose of stopping human rights abuses wherever they occurred. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights was new, too, of course. Ann and Gary Wederspahn (Colombia, 1963-1965) got a total immersion lesson in disaster relief after a massive earthquake struck Guatemala while they were with the Peace Corps and USIA there. In the late 80s, Ann worked for the UN’s High Commission on Refugees (UNHCR) running teacher training at their resettlement camp for Vietnamese, Cambodian and Lao refugees, in the jungle four hours north of Manila. Still later, they lived in Geneva and Ann worked for UNHCR professionally and they put up refugees from places like Bosnia and Eritrea in their home.

Joel McClellan (Tunisia/Marseilles, 1961-1963) did two long stretches in Geneva positions. The first job, directing the Quaker United Nations Office, primarily pulled diplomats together off-the-record to discuss issues and carried correspondence between warring parties. Joel was an intermediary between the Tamil Tigers and the Sri Lankan government during that conflict. The group also worked on refugee issues. Later, Joel was executive director of the Steering Committee for the Humanitarian Response which was based at the Red Cross but composed of nine NGOs that directly delivered emergency response aid. His job was to interpret their field experience to the U.N. decision making process and represent them at the U.N. Interagency Standing Committee.

Human rights and humanitarian relief systems are still evolving, and every emergency is, at some level, chaotic. What all these people actually did was work to make the systems work to the benefit of the endangered humans. Take, for example, Ann and Gary Wederspahn after the Guatemalan earthquake. Twenty-five thousand people were killed and over twenty percent of all the bridges, roads and housing had been destroyed. Gary was the Peace Corps’ deputy director. There were 225 Peace Corps volunteers in the country at the time and miraculously none had been killed. They were scattered in all the remote villages where the worst damage had happened, knew the language, the culture, and the people, and were ready to go to work, first on emergency tasks then with rebuilding. Ann had been program director for a bi-national center run by

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the U.S. Information Agency and ended up with eighty unemployed teachers because the school had collapsed, so she wrote a grant and got USAID money to hire them to go out and search in the communities for people who had disappeared and to re-connect families. This went on for two years. This business of making good intentions and large global systems as well as small local ones work for the benefit of human beings requires a lot of skill and these FIs acquired an impressive load of skills as they did this work year after year.

As scholar Michael Barnett has chronicled in detail, the field is a complex one and the subject of much criticism and soul-searching. Joel McClellan shares some of those concerns, including keeping humanitarianism free from the military and state agendas, and continues himself, in “retirement,” to work to improve the transparency and accountability of the humanitarian relief systems, and improve the understanding of the law in these areas. Among other activities, he writes Wikipedia entries on humanitarian subjects. He explained,

For example, I wrote the section on humanitarian principles. You’ve got somebody debating with the military in the field saying, “Humanitarian principles say you can’t do this. This is our job.” And what are humanitarian principles? You can go to Wikipedia and it tells you what the humanitarian principles are. Or what the principle of humanity is. What does that mean? That’s why I was doing it. It wasn’t there and certainly the younger generation goes to Wikipedia…

Like the others, he remains optimistic about what the United Nations can achieve.

675 Joel McClellan, April 15, 2010.
Development. By the late 1960s, when FIs in the later classes and their Third World hosts were doubting that development could ever be fair and just given asymmetries of power and wealth, Anna and Jerry Bedford (Kenya, 1963-1965) were already deeply enmeshed in the challenge and opportunity presented by Jerry’s new employer, a tiny non-profit called Heifer International, where he became director of development in 1966. It was a perfect match given Jerry’s roots growing up on a Michigan dairy farm, his year in business school before college and seminary, and his experience as a FI in Kenya. At the time, Heifer was funded with small grants from the largest mainline churches. Anna officially became director of communications in 1996, but worked in a volunteer capacity all along. She, too, was perfectly suited for the work by her background and skills in art and education. They both retired in 2000. By then Heifer was a global NGO with over 1000 employees worldwide. At Heifer, and a local project, Arkansas Rice Depot food bank, they helped establish, Anna and Jerry were able to “act against othering” in profound ways.676

The problem Jerry had to immediately take on at Heifer in 1966 was a deep financial crisis that threatened the organization’s continued existence. In response, he developed a new funding model. First, they approached churches about working with Sunday Schools and Vacation Bible Schools. “You let [the children] buy a heifer or goat and send it someplace, and it pulls them into global thinking,” they told the churches. Anna created study materials for different age groups that included stories about the

676 Anna and Jerry Bedford, April 2, 2009.
people who received the animals, background information about their lives, folk tales and proverbs from their countries, information about how the animals help people, the different ways that people around the world use animals, all tied together with scripture.

The second ground-breaking fund-raising idea was to develop a Christmas gift catalogue to reach even more people. Lots of other groups have since copied the idea; Heifer thought it up. “We looked at the need of the donor…to give birthday gifts and Christmas gifts…[to] people who don’t want anything,” Jerry said. Solving their problem solved somebody else’s need.

Behind all of Anna and Jerry’s programmatic and communication innovations was one driving idea: make people realize “the other” was a person just like themselves. Jerry explained his thinking:

The reason we've got problems in the world, [is] we don't have enough sense of community with them. They're strangers. We don't know who they are. I know my family, I know my neighborhood, but the people in the south of the city, I don't like to go there, I don’t know them well… [and] across the border they have another language and they look and act totally different. My whole thing was to try and say, "Hey, they're people like us. They're winsome; they're likeable; they're clever; they're like you!"

Both Jerry and Anna convey a strong sense that if you can capture something of the spirit and the gifts others bring and show something of who they are in your communication and educational programming, that helps break down the wall between “us” and “them.” That also involves the recognition, though, that with the appropriate resources people are able to solve their own problems and that they way they do that might be different than the way you would do it. “The other thing I quickly learned in Heifer is the ‘not-invented-here’ syndrome, that any time you bring a solution it stops
working when you leave,” Jerry said. “You have to be there and somehow enable them to find their own solution.” When government and church funders began to want evaluations, they developed a self-evaluation process where people from the place that was going to receive the animal established the criteria by which the success of the venture would be evaluated beforehand. The evaluation was then a straightforward activity they had structured, that they and the local Heifer staff did together, and that first and foremost met their own needs, in addition to meeting funder requirements.

Towards the end of Anna’s and Jerry’s time with Heifer, the overseas programs had matured to the point where they were entirely locally run and Jerry traveled to regional meetings of country directors to do seminars on wealth and fundraising. At a “passing on the gifts” ceremony in Nepal, several hours from Katmandu, where progeny of Heifer cows were passed along to other recipients in the village, Anna and Jerry got to witness women who they had trained in fundraising use what they had learned to raise the equivalent of $3,000 that afternoon. They discovered what Mark Schomer (Congo, 1968-1970) had learned working with the Kimbanguists, that there are often more resources within a community than an outsider would see or capture.

A project of Jerry’s back home in Little Rock, Arkansas proved that there is often the potential for cooperation in addressing a common need than is apparent on the surface, too, when he started Arkansas’ only state-wide food bank. He was chairing the Arkansas Interfaith Hunger Task Force in the 1980s when President Reagan said that there was no hunger in the United States. Jerry got some funding from the Winthrop Rockefeller Foundation and some graduate student help from the Arkansas Sociological...
Society to do a study to find out just how much hunger there was in the state. The answer turned out to be: a lot. From very small beginnings using local churches to distribute rice local growers were unable to sell, Arkansas Rice Depot now operates a 40,000 sq. ft. warehouse and gives out about $15 million worth of food every year through three hundred food pantries in churches and community organizations. What began as an ecumenical project through mainline churches now includes Baptists, the Salvation Army, and the Jehovah’s Witnesses. Anna reflected that,

“It’s not sustainable development like Heifer International, but in this case, you know, children can't wait for long-term solutions, so feeding directly is important, and I think that one thing that has come out of our experience with the Frontier Intern program is commitment to concrete situations, concrete issues, rather than focusing on theological or ecumenical differences. We find that hunger trumps theology every time.

One particularly innovative feature of the Arkansas Rice Depot project, a school backpack program, was picked up by a California Frontier Intern, John Bradley, without realizing there was a FI connection. In Arkansas, Rice Depot brainstormed a way to send weekend food home with needy school kids without spotlighting them as an object of aid. The solution they came up with was to give all school children the same backpacks. On Fridays, qualifying children get weekend food put in theirs. The program was a fantastic success. John Bradley (Bolivia, 1967-1969) had a graphic arts and printing business in Northern California for many years and got involved in the Rotary. He still seems somewhat amused by that: “It was like well, you brought me in and now I'm gonna push you guys, and I've been pushing them ever since for all kind of stuff. And I'm loving every minute of it, and they love it,” he said, with a huge grin. And one of the programs
he found out about, and introduced them to and they are sponsoring in their region, was Arkansas Rice Depot’s school backpack program.  

**Faith and Ministry**  

Margaret Flory expected that Frontier Interns would be future leaders of an increasingly global church and that their FI experiences would contribute to their preparation. She had an expansive view of the forms that leadership might take and was excited by what she knew of what FIs had done. She talked with equal enthusiasm about Anna and Jerry Bedford’s work with Heifer International or Leon Howell’s editorship of *Christianity and Crisis* as she did of the FIs who pastored congregations or worked ecumenically. What she steadfastly refused to talk about in her interviews was that the church she thought she was preparing people for—one that reflected the global vision of the agency she worked for, COEMAR. The Commission on Ecumenical Mission and Relations ceased to exist not long after COEMAR’s decision to contribute $10,000 to Communist Angela Davis’ defense fund in 1971 mobilized church members against it.  

Larry Miller (Kenya, 1961-1963) was a pastor of a Long Island church at the time.  

In self-defense, what the COEMAR executives said was that it wasn’t supposed to be them deciding that Angela Davis was correct but they thought she deserved representation. It was about the right of all Americans to have representation and that the public did not understand that distinction. Which they did not. But they never did. And COEMAR lost all support and that was the end of COEMAR.  

My experience was typical. Every pastor had to do it the same way. The pastors by and large could understand it, supported it in some theoretical way, but the congregation was totally opposed to it so then the pastor had to take initiative and at the next meeting of your church leadership, you had to say, “Well, what I think

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about this isn’t the important thing but I know you people are opposed to it so what do you want to do? Do you want to write a letter?” to help channel their anger just so the church didn’t split apart and dissolve right then and there. Almost everybody handled it in some such way as that.

The other thing was the congregations…the men in my church…the leaders were veterans of World War II. And if it wasn’t World War II, some fought in Korea. So that orientation that you can fight, you can solve any problem by fighting if you do it right, and the Communists are the enemy, that was the kind of mindset. And Angela Davis didn’t fit into it.678

This conflict was only the most visible manifestation of the discontent of grassroots Presbyterians. Other mainline denominations were under siege, too. A 1967 book, The Protestant Revolt: Road to Freedom For American Churches, described other offenses in all the mainline Protestant churches and issued a call to arms to take the churches back from the “Liberal Establishment.” Youth ministry was named as “usually a hot-bed of radical left-wing teaching.”679 A 1973 Presbyterian restructuring replaced COEMAR with a smaller Program Agency, and created twelve regional synods to play a major role in setting mission priorities.680 A Lily Endowment-funded study by FI Scott Brunger, an economist, showed that funding for national and international mission declined after that and that more giving was restricted for particular purposes.681 Overall, between 1946 and 1982, the percentage of the PCUSA budget allocated to all the central boards declined

678 Larry Miller, October 17, 2009.
681 Scott Brunger, “Designated and Undesignated Giving in Four Denominations,” (n.d.).
from eleven percent to five percent. 682 Student ministries began to see consolidation and diminished funding. 683 The Methodists shut down motive magazine in 1972. 684 Margaret Flory and Ruth Harris both survived these changes in their respective denominations, but both admitted that there were “challenges” moving forward from that point. 685

It has been said that the purpose of the bureaucratic change was to “undo the ‘Sixties.’” 686 While there is no question but that the Angela Davis affair, the antics of the Submarine Church, and the gay and lesbian issues of motive mobilized members behind this massive retreat from the wider world, recent research is making clear these were small battles in a much bigger, longer war by American corporate interests to undo the ‘Thirties and create a Christian libertarianism to replace the ecumenism of the mainline Protestant churches. Presbyterian J. Howard Pew was a charter member of this movement beginning in the 1930s. 687 The 1951 creation of rational choice theory as the new foundation for American democracy contributed a critical piece to this ongoing project. Ecumenical Protestant leaders resisted; Billy Graham and evangelical leaders did not. 688 This is a rich vein a number of young scholars are tapping and there will undoubtedly be

684 See motive archive at: http://sth-archon.bu.edu/motive/motive.html
685 Margaret Flory, October 13, 2009.; Ruth M. Harris, May 13, 2009.
686 TeSelle, “A Network of the Concerned (Witherspoon Society)”.
more good work that comes from it in the future. Here, however, it is just important to note that the Frontier Interns and their compatriots did not cause these changes nor were they its targets. The real targets were the FI’s teachers and mentors, people like Marshall Scott and George Todd, who were linking labor leaders around the world, and the people at the National Council of Churches who kept having conversations with the Soviets and Vietnamese.689 This is the generation of church leaders that had been shaped by the dynamic WSCF and ecumenical movement of the interwar period. They had created the local-to-global system that formed the FIs as children, nurtured them through college and seminary, then sent them out into the world to become a part of the wider global ecumenical world itself. Church people were persuaded—wrongly—that these people and this system had turned their children into communists and they moved to end it before it produced any more. In doing this, though, they failed entirely to make any distinction between the global covenantal worldview of these ecumenists the rising generation of young people so admired, and the collectivism of a totalitarian communist state they feared. Practically, what this meant, was that the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations got less global not long after the FIs got more global.

The FIs did not have anything to do with Angela Davis or the Black Power movement. Only a few even mentioned it. Marylee Crofts690 (Southern Rhodesia, 1961-1963) said that although she was generally supportive that she chose to concentrate her

690 Marylee Crofts, April 2, 2009.
energy on Southern Africa issues. But the demise of COEMAR and collapse of support for global engagement among ecumenical Protestant churches generally, had profound consequences for many of them. In spite of missteps in the chaotic years after 1968, these agencies had advanced the global covenantal vision of a non-dominating, non-coercive way of being in the world together with others that young people, like the FIs, embraced with all their hearts. Only a few FIs, like mission kids Scott Brunger (Benin/Togo, 1968-1970) and Peter Johnson (Geneva, 1967-1969), said they immediately understood what the restructuring meant. Both pinpointed the demise of COEMAR as the time the Presbyterian Church turned away from fostering the egalitarian global relationships the FI program had sought to foster.691 Other FIs less privy to bureaucratic nuances or members of other denominations only intuited that this global ecumenical vision, which had been their anchor in the church, had been rejected. Its demise forced them to rethink and renegotiate their own relationship with the church. How each person did that varied, sometimes for pragmatic reasons but often for deeply personal ones. For example, Scott stayed with the Presbyterians and Peter became a Unitarian, but both of them and many others shared the same conviction that something very important and special had been lost. Over the many FI interviews, buckets of tears were shed, clearly a bubbling up of a very deep, and very old grief.

The impact of denominational changes on FIs who went into congregational ministry was, in many ways, less than it was for people who went into other fields. They

were able to create a community that upheld their covenantal values and nurtured a moral community and common spiritual life to support them as part of their job. Urban ministry had a particularly strong appeal. These were traumatic decades for cities generally and very hard on the historic inner-city mainline Protestant churches that lost their white membership to the surrounding suburbs. The euphemism of the day was “rapid social change.” FIs who chose these settings for ministry seemed to see it as an exciting new frontier.

David Jones (Korea, 1972-1974) served an urban Chicago church even before his internship. Dave Barnes (Taiwan, 1961-1964) and Bob Hillenbrand (Philippines, 1968-1970) served the same church in Rockford, IL at different times. Larry Miller (Kenya, 1961-1963) served a church in a predominantly African-American neighborhood in Philadelphia all during the 1980s. “That was really the most fulfilling and happiest time of our lives,” he said. “You know, many urban churches are indescribable because they are vast and complex and they do all the things that big cities are too poor to do. And so that was one of those churches.” And he then proceeded to go on and on about all the activities that made this church so central to the life of the community.

There were a lot of rewards. There were conflicts, too. Sometimes we wouldn’t understand each other. Sometimes they would wonder…. And the church had white members, too, and sometimes they didn’t like what was going on and sometimes I wouldn’t consult with people or would be bullheaded or self-centered….you know….normal church stuff!” [laughter] 692

692 Larry Miller, October 17, 2009.
Dave Jones and Larry Miller both felt really good about turning over their congregations to the African-American pastors who followed them.

Ken Jones (Japan, 1966-1968) had such a terrific experience as a FI in Japan that he planned to return as a regular missionary after he finished his last year of seminary at San Francisco Theological. The Presbyterians said that would be great, but first they wanted him to spend a year in urban ministry in the United States to get better prepared. They offered him a couple of choices of cities; he picked Cleveland. He arrived in 1969, a year after the riots in 1968. He is still there.

The position to which I was ordained as evangelist was with something called the West Side Ecumenical Ministry on the West Side of town. The Presbyterian church that finally called me as their pastor was deeply involved in the Reformed Church in America and the Episcopal Church in the same neighborhood in what they called a shared ministry. During that year the Reformed Church building caught fire and burned down and they moved lock, stock, and barrel into the Presbyterian Church. The Episcopalians are feeling left out. They abandoned their liturgy every other week and the three congregations did stuff together every other week. Whew! Wild stuff! So all kinds of associations came out of that and the larger West Side Ecumenical thing….Catholics, Methodists…..I found a community…..a context and lots of supportive relationships in that that carried me forward.693

Ken also got involved with The Witherspoon Society, a national organization formed by people like himself who wanted to continue to work for “peace, justice, and humanity” in the face of major denominational restructuring. The group was officially chartered in December, 1973. Its purposes were:

To confess loyalty to God in Jesus Christ by bearing a present witness to Him through the United Presbyterian Church in the United States of America through

693 Kenneth Jones, November 7, 2008.
developing a stronger corporate witness of the church in society and a network of concerned persons who are willing to work through the church.694

“I was not part of Submarine Church,” Ken said. “I couldn’t make sense of that but I could make sense of this.” As COEMAR was dismantled, this group gave people like Ken a way to stay in touch and continue to work together on things they cared about. The urban caucus in the presbytery was also a very supportive group. “There has always been something here,” Ken said. Like a number of other FIs, Ken has thought a lot about the danger of identifying too closely with the Kingdom of God in any form, as a nation, a church or a movement. Reflecting back on his FI experience and his larger experience in ministry, he said this:

I’ve been blessed tremendously in a lot of different places and a lot of different ways and I think I’ve been a blessing as well. And that’s enough for me.

…[T]he Body of Christ comes in small pieces for me and you can find it in small pieces. William Stringfellow has a quote: “here and there, now and then, you get to see a piece” and that rings true to me. I don’t want to go near Louisville, KY in terms of that scale….shrinking thought it is…..of the church. Blessings on those who are there. So that’s one piece.

Looking back, and I probably knew this but it is coming to the fore again, I think that experience did prove, if you will, not only that I can do "it", but that I am not alone in the doing of "it" ever, whatever that happens to be.695

At the time of her interview, Marian McCaa Thomas (Korea, 1961-1963) was about to retire after fifteen years as organist and music director of Westport Presbyterian Church in Kansas City, Missouri where she and the church’s pastor created an innovative program that generated excitement in the community, attracted new members, and won

695 Kenneth Jones, November 7, 2008.
them national recognition. The church’s packed program is too extensive to describe in full here, but central to it are the arts, a global consciousness and connection with the world church, substantive theology, great music, and the WSCF practices of devotion, deliberation, study and service that were central to Marian’s Frontier Internship in Korea and remain central to her life today. I attended a service and adult education hour one Sunday and was drawn in by the warmth of the community and free-flowing and vigorous discussion of the diverse group gathered in the beautiful, old city church. While there, I met Susan Dinklage Multer’s (Hong Kong, 1966-1968) sister-in-law and realized that this was the same church that had sponsored Susan’s participation in Margaret Flory’s East Asian Study Trip in the early 1960s that led to her Frontier Internship in Hong Kong. It was easy for me to imagine that most of the FIs would be comfortable there today, even those not usually in church.

All the Frontier Interns had been members of churches and/or participants in their college SCM programs at the time they participated in the FIM program. One portion of the interview asked what happened to their church affiliations after their internships and what, if any, ongoing relationship they had with organized religion. Slightly over half of the FIs who returned to the United States said they had some religious affiliation at the time of their interview, but there had been significant changes in the denominational mix. Quakers and Unitarians gained adherents since the time of their internships because those were places FIs who joined them felt supported their values. After decades

696 Marian McCaa Thomas, May 2, 2009.
unaffiliated with any church, when Ann and Gary Wederspahn (Colombia, 1963-1965) finally settled down in Colorado, they joined a Unitarian church and in retirement run just the kind of work camps they ran in Colombia as FIs decades ago. Two FI-Unitarians—Dave Clapp (Hong Kong, 1967-1968) and Peter Johnson (Geneva, 1967-1969)—who are both minister’s sons and themselves trained in mainline Protestant seminaries, moved theologically away from Trinitarian Protestantism in the years after their internships. Peter is once again running forum programs for his congregation in New Hampshire just like he did at Union and in Geneva. Alice (Cris) Kresensky Cunningham (India, 1961-1963) does that, too, at her Unitarian church in Austin, Texas. Dave Clapp continues to be active in his church’s music program.  

The Episcopalians have also gained significantly. In most cases, it was a strong appreciation of liturgy that drew FIs to them. Even Ken Jones (Japan, 1966-1968) and his wife, now retired Presbyterian ministers, attend the Episcopal cathedral in Cleveland. “If all else fails you still get the Eucharist,” Ken joked. Alan Oliver (Peru, 1964-1966), who first discovered liturgy attending Roman Catholic mass in Peru, now, in retirement, organizes art exhibitions, often of Latin American artists, at the Episcopal cathedral in Portland, Oregon. Bruce Boston (Malawi/Geneva, 1964-1966) has been an Episcopalian since joining his local parish church in 1973 after the theological group led by Richard Shaull dissipated. The rector thoroughly understood the Vietnam War and often preached against it, but also was very focused on the needs of the local Reston

community. In recent years, Bruce has also been a docent at the National Cathedral.

Deborah McKean (Indonesia, 1962-1964) converted to Episcopalian—she and Phil, a UCC minister, now have a “mixed marriage,” she joked—and was ordained a deacon. She and Ruth Ann Olson (Philippines, 1963-1965), who were in different FI classes and do not know each other, both are involved with the same Episcopal Church mission project in Haiti.698

Presbyterians and Methodists have lost adherents since the time of the internships, at least as active members. The internal culture wars have made involvement costly, potentially compromising the emotional energy required by other commitments, but also draining away other members who had formed the backbone of the moral community that had nurtured the FIs before and sometimes after their internships. Bill Minter (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968) said that by the mid-1980s, most of his church-based compatriots were gone. He was, too. Some FIs have chosen to wait quietly in the wings. Vern McCarty (Philippines, 1969-1971), for instance, spent a decade post-FI training seminarians for urban ministry, but retired from that in 1980 to do community organizing and urban redevelopment, including serving two terms on the Atlanta City Council. He said he never lost his identity or his calling as a minister. At the time of his interview, he had just attended his first quarterly presbytery meeting for a very long time

to be present and vote on the ordination of gays and lesbians and was excited about what winning this vote this might mean. 699

Some people have also created alternatives, such as maintaining affiliations with churches in distant cities if they found one with which they connect. Tami Hultman and Reed Kramer (South Africa, 1969-1971) who are based in Durham, N.C., have that kind of relationship with Foundry Methodist Church in Washington, D.C. Sandra Boston (Malawi/Geneva, 1964-1966), in Greenfield, MA, created her own community about fifteen years ago. After seeing the film “Inconvenient Truth” she invited several dozen people who lived within walking distance of her home to join together. They meet weekly, share a meal, sing, and say what is on their hearts and minds. They support each other as a moral community trying to discern a more appropriate way of life in light of climate change. Both Sandra and Peter Schoonmaker (Philippines, 1969-1971) on the other coast, have been involved in co-counseling, a grassroots movement based on reciprocal peer counseling, doing within a community what a pastor might have done for a parishioner in the old church model. 700

But the question of what happened to the other half of the FIs—those who have no affiliation with churches—remains. Have they gone down what historian David Hollinger has called “the slippery slope to secularism?” Hollinger has been writing for a long time about the ways a “de-Christianized academic elite” has replaced the cultural

authority of the churches, but his most recent work extended this argument in ways directly relevant to the Frontier Interns:

The leadership of ecumenical Protestantism, as it engaged the diversity of the modern world, enabled its community of faith to serve, among its other roles, as a commodious halfway house to what for lack of a better term we can call post-Protestant secularism.  

He also points to the *Journeys* book and *motive* magazine for examples of the many ways “ecumenical Protestantism served as an incubator for feminist and other radical and liberal careers beyond and within churches.”

Unquestionably, as this chapter has shown, this incubator function was important for many FIs, not just the *Journeys* authors. The more dubious link Hollinger makes that the life histories of most FIs do not support, however, is that the belief that Christianity is so unique that every one needs to be Christian is what makes it indispensable to people wishing to advance Protestant values. Absent that conviction, Hollinger suggests, they seek other, secular ways to advance those values, such as those offered by the secular academic elites on the “Berkeley-Cambridge axis.” There is much evidence that FIs, as a group, do reject Christian exclusivism. Some feel very strongly about it, but many do not seem to assume that means it is pointless to remain Christian. For some, it is quite the reverse. Recall Gurdon Brewster’s sculpture of Jesus dancing with the Buddha.

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702 Ibid., 44.
703 Gurdon and Martha Brewster, June 24, 2009.
Another example: Marian McCaa Thomas (Korea, 1961-1963) gave a sermon during Advent in 2003 at the end of her tenure as music director at St. Paul Seminary in Kansas City on the John the Baptist passage about “Prepare the way of the Lord.” In it, she addressed the ways people of other faiths had strengthened her own:

I had this feeling that seminary students, some of them, have something of a “messiah complex,” so my message was "your job is to prepare the way of the Lord. The Lord is going to do the work," you know? giving the grace or whatever. So what I did in the sermon was I went from an experience I had at the SAVE HOME, which was a home for people living with AIDS, I volunteered there for two years doing art and craft projects, and at that place I encountered the risen Jesus through a person who was dying. It was an amazing experience which I didn’t talk about for quite a while, I just had to process what was going on with that. In the sermon I asked what enabled me to experience Jesus at that point in my life? To perceive that this is what, or who it was? So I went back through my life saying what experiences I had had in my faith journey that had prepared me for this, and every time I gave an example, starting with my mother, who had welcomed a padded coat hanger salesperson and her little girl into our house for lunch, when they came to the door, and I was home from school for lunch…. Starting with that, the idea of hospitality to the stranger, and then … a lot of incidents where people other than Christians had enlightened me about my faith, and every time I gave another example, I said "and they were preparing the way of the Lord," and the students got it, and they all joined in.\footnote{Marian McCaa Thomas, “Preparing the Way of the Lord,” \textit{December, 2003} u.p., no. In Ada Focer’s possession.}

In Hollinger’s model, the idea of non-Christians or non-Protestants making a Protestant Christian’s faith \textit{stronger} does not compute, but in the world of FIs, it happened a lot. There was no evidence FIs considered this shocking or surprising; they expected people to be different and reveled in that difference. The paramount example of that kind of joy is possibly the internship of Bob Snow (Hong Kong, 1969-1971) where he continuously moved between the British colonialist Quakers, an Anglican communist priest, the
Buddhist or atheist Chinese workers and the Maryknoll sisters in his Mao study group and felt the whole religious picture was way more than the sum of the parts.\footnote{Bob Snow, July 13, 2009.}

As a result, neither academic employment nor church membership signifies very much about a FI’s faith. At the end of Jack Hawley’s interview that had ranged widely over his long engagement with Hinduism, and his great admiration of its “big picture frame that makes a place for the other in some basic way…..the other inside….and the unsettledness of things and doesn’t shy away from the symbolic as what we actually are…..,” yet

…it’s 11 o’clock on Sunday morning and I wonder why I’m not in church…..on the inside it feels strange not to be there. On the other hand I often feel strange if I am. But studying Hinduism has provided some sense of a broader vocabulary, even ritually, that makes sense in more general terms of these specific set of practices that I grew up with, which is very comforting. … unfortunately, the sad thing for me…at least I feel it as sad….is it leaves me without a community of fellow worshippers. That I terribly miss. People with whom I can pray. I just don’t have that. I probably should seek it out somewhere and make it happen.\footnote{Jack Hawley, February 1 & 12, 2010.}

Still, Jack has found something deeply satisfying in Hinduism. “if in one’s actual life practice and intellectual practice you are always looking at one side of the coin and then the other here’s a tradition that’s about looking at one side of the coin and the other,” he said. Jack’s friend, Harvard religion professor Diana Eck, has written an entire book, \textit{Encountering God}, about this dynamic. Dialogue with either one of them can deeply challenge pre-existing notions of what religion is—what faith is--and how it works. It
makes a personal spiritual life more complicated and challenging on one level, and richer and more rewarding on another. It would simply be wrong to consider this secular.

Not very many FIs have delved into other religious traditions as deeply as Jack Hawley has, but many are thoroughly bi-cultural and as interested in and accepting of other cultures and religions as Jack is of Hinduism. Like him, many jumped quickly and with some enthusiasm during their interview into this kind of dialogue that looks at things from multiple points-of-view. After years of studying Christianity at the Society of St. John the Evangelist in Cambridge, Ron Thomas (Yugoslavia, 1969-1971) gave it up and began to seriously study Mahayana Buddhism. He seemed to relish these one hand-other hand conversations coming from that direction as much as anyone else. Charles Savage (Czechoslovakia, 1965-1967) in Germany and Joyce Manson (Great Britain, 1968-1970) in Seattle, have both spent years facilitating inter-religious dialogue and find them exciting and fruitful. All these lively conversations did not, however, seem to correlate one way or the other with formal membership in a religious community. Rather, they seemed to manifest the practice of deliberation rooted in the SCM/WSCF culture dating back decades.\textsuperscript{707}

The FI stories demonstrate they were part of a culture that not only accepted but affirmed that people and cultures were different, but equipped them with the skills and tools to explore that difference and relate to it without being frightened or threatened by it. They are still approaching the world this way. This also seems to be why they opposed

\textsuperscript{707} Ron Thomas, Nov. 7, 2009.
plans—no matter whose plans—to create some perfect, peaceful world by making other people just like them. Specifically, these were their grounds for opposing all kinds of exclusivism, whether in Christian garb or the Enlightenment dream of some future where everyone would think in the same rational way.\(^\text{708}\) It is true that in Margaret Flory’s world the shared practices that bound people who were Christians across cultures, like we saw with Deborah and Philip McKean (Indonesia, 1962-1964) and the young people in the Indonesian SCM, were a critical component to entering this more diverse world beyond the confines of Christianity. Not all FIs would agree on that point, but the idea that engaging with that wider world and taking it seriously does not require one to stop being Christian has, I believe, wide support. This is what made the church such an exciting place to be when the FIs were growing up.

Many FIs reported that it was difficult to find a faith community like this that they could call home. As a result, there is a strong level of pragmatism in how many FIs talked about church affiliation that has nothing to do with their religious faith. Multiple interviews suggest that the biggest factor in church participation might be just how possible it was for a FI to find a church community that supported their values and enriched their spiritual life without being more work than they were able to give or coming with so much drama that the effort would be counterproductive. Mark Schomer (Congo, 1968-1970) was probably most blunt. After his father-in-law’s death in 2000, he and his wife moved to Guatemala to run her family’s farm. Since then, Mark has devoted

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every waking hour and all the skills he acquired from an M.B.A. program and years with agencies like Church World Service and Christian Children’s Fund into making their own farm a success and to help other people in the community to do the same. There are lots of small Protestant churches in his area, largely run by one person, and yes, he knows a lot that could help those pastors take the church to the next level, one that he would be happier with, but he cannot do that and do keep up with the farm and community economic development to which he is so deeply involved. A lot of the FI statements about church tended to be like Mark’s and Jack’s, being both thoughtful and pragmatic, and sometimes also sad, but certainly not secular.

Carl Takamura (Japan, 1969-1971) in Hawaii, however, simply said that the Protestant churches he visited in his area were very “new Age-y” and too unsatisfying to consider returning. This pointed to an important gap that exists between ecumenically-formed FIs and the Christian libertarianism undergirding modern evangelicalism. Garon Stephens (Spain, 1970-1971), who saw himself somewhat of an outsider to the ecumenical world having been raised a Baptist in Florida and only coming to it in college, observed after the FI conference in Portland, Oregon that the FIs and those like them were a “wandering tribe.” Kaye Gates (Philippines, 1969-1971) who lives east of Seattle, close to where she was raised too far from the nearest church to be part of it, was deeply reflective about the odd, post-Christian space in which she finds herself:

709 Mark Schomer, December 7, 2009.
I try to explain to people, and explain to myself and our children, that we both came out of a very Christian, and not just Christian, but a very Protestant, white background, and Peter and I have both done quite a bit of work on Protestantism through co-counseling, and our son is now, interestingly enough, thinking about what is that stamp that we still carry that in some ways is so helpful and so much of our core, and in some ways we also struggle with a lot of things that were part of that for us that weren't so helpful to us, and so I think I'm still really processing that.

I think as you go later into life you think even more about those things, so I was trying to describe to Josh the other day that I don't consider myself still technically a Christian anymore, but I kind of honor that that is my heritage, and in a sense it is my people, … And I really love a lot about it, but I don't think it's the only way, and I couldn't get that through to him. It’s not the only way, so what- it's not the only way to truth, maybe it's not the only truth, maybe there is only one truth, I don't know- that's the exclusiveness part of it, and the intolerance part of it--the whole teaching tolerance thing I think is absolutely critical to do--any kind of way it's being done, and that's, I think what scares me about any religion is that piece that says "this is the way and the truth and the light"….  

I think that FI represented sort of the way for me that the blend of those values and yet the action, trying to do it from a really conscious and politically progressive place--how to be that in the world- whatever that is, whatever you call it--a presence, you know--and it gave me a real sense of people doing that, and I met wonderful people in the process, who I think are doing that, so that's just still part of who I am....

Brian Aldrich (Philippines, 1962-1964) was one of the FIs thrown off-course by dramatic change of direction in the American churches. He had planned to return to McCormick to work with Marshall Scott and the Presbyterian Institute of Industrial Relations after completing his PhD in sociology but never did. The break came when, as a doctoral student in Madison, he attended a large Presbyterian church there and the minister played pro-war songs from the pulpit. After Brian’s years in the Philippines, his

712 Brian Aldrich, June 2, 2009.
years working with the Committee of Returned Volunteers, it was just too much. He left and never went back. He does not, however, consider himself a secularist. He considers the work he has done as a sociology professor, his research on slum housing in Asia, his work with the YMCA on campus, his sponsorship of international students programs, and his work with a Winona-Dakota Unity Alliance reconciliation project to be part of the larger mission of the church outside the institution. But then he referred to a line of a poem by Stafford: “And then we went beyond where the sociologists could go.”

No one is dealing with the ethical questions. If the churches aren’t doing this, no one is going to be doing it. This is so important. No one is raising these ethical issues. …No one has a model like that in the secular society I belong to. Within the universities you don’t even raise those issues. …The family is doing it as best they can……but nobody is raising the really central issues about human existence……not at my institution.

When Brian returned the transcript of his interview after proofreading, he added the following:

[Insert 6/3/2010: After reading this interview, I think I still have my religious views framed by the Social Gospel orientation of the Presbyterian Institute of Industrial Relations. Witnessing in the secular world is still the way to go, with or without the church qua institution. What I didn’t tell you in the interview is that I don’t think God has ever let go of me.]²¹³

**Conclusion**

The significance of the Frontier Interns’ story lies in the forgotten? buried? repressed? traditions that it makes visible. The American covenant tradition and its global application by the World Student Christian Federation are both central to who the FIs are, their internships, and what they did with their lives subsequently. Now in their late sixties

²¹³ Brian Aldrich, email to the author, June 3, 2010.
to mid-eighties, they represent the last generation to receive this tradition intact from their families, their communities, their churches, their college chaplaincies, and their ecumenical friends overseas. They are not, by any means, representative of all mainline Protestants let alone all Christians or all Americans, but they are descendants of a segment of American mainline Protestants who were at the forefront of the post-World War I effort to find a non-dominating, non-coercive way to be in relation with others in a diverse world.

The paradox the FI stories also make visible is the coexistence of two, almost contradictory necessities that flow from these traditions--the spiritual necessity of relating to those who are different or who think differently, and the social necessity of belonging to a community of like-minded people who believe in the importance of relationships across barriers of difference, who sustain that belief with practices that can transcend differences, and who are capable of forming people to continue and pass along that belief and those practices. That is what so many of the FIs lost during and after the Cold War tumult that changed the United States so profoundly. Ruth Brandon (Tanzania/Mozambique, 1966-1968), surely one of the spiritual giants of this group of FIs, summarized the problem best:

What does it mean to be human? In America, our concept is that it is to develop your own uniqueness as fully and completely as possible, and to stand up for what you are called individually to be and do. That is the American way. The African concept is - if that's all you do, you aren't human yet. You are only fully human when you are in relationship. So you have to find the community of which you are an authentic part, and build that relationship, and when you are thoroughly related
there, then you have the capacity to be fully human. I think I have fully embraced that concept, but I’m not sure that in America I can find my community.\footnote{Ruth Brandon, June 8, 2009.}

But it could also easily be argued that it is not just the African way but the covenantal way and that is what has been supplanted in America and makes finding like-minded people so difficult. The FIs are living reminders that there is another way.
APPENDIX A – REGIONAL MAPS

Appendix A-1: Map of Asia Today

Appendix A-2: Map of Europe 1960

Source: Time Maps History Atlas, accessed on November 15, 2015,
http://www.timemaps.com/history/europe-1960ad
Appendix A-3: Map of Africa 1960

Source: Time Maps History Atlas, accessed on November 15, 2015,
http://www.timemaps.com/history/africa-1960ad
Appendix A-4: Latin America 1960

Source: Transitions Abroad. Accessed November 15, 2015 at:
http://www.transitionsabroad.com/listings/work/esl/articles/workinlatinamerica.shtml
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Margaret Flory Papers, Record Group No. 86, Special Collections, Yale Divinity School Library.

Audiovisual material


Book


Flory, Margaret, and Alice Hageman. The University, the Church & Internationalization. 1968.


**Book chapter**


Conference proceedings

Dissertation


Woo, Franklin Jung. “From USCC to UCM: an historical inquiry with emphasis on the last ten years of the student Christian movements in the U.S.A. and their struggle for self-understanding and growing involvement in social and political issues.” Columbia University, 1971.

Edited book


Interviews

Abbott, Suzette, interview by the author, Brookline, MA, October 1, 2009.


Amen, Mark, interview by the author, Tampa, FL, April 18, 2009.
Arellano, Hilda “Bambi” Eddy, interview by the author, Cairo, Egypt (via Skype), May 29, 2010.

Barnes, David, interview by the author, Cypress, TX, April 28, 2009.

Bauer, Mary Liz Heyl, interview by the author, Bethlehem, PA, July 17, 2009.

Bedford, Anna and Jerry, interview by the author, Little Rock, AR, April 2, 2009.

Bennett, Al, interview by the author, Pittsburgh, PA, June 9, 2009

Bennett, Sue, interview by the author, Davis, CA, November 12, 2009.

Boston, Bruce O., interview by the author, Reston, VA, July 28, 2009.

Boston, Sandra, interview by the author, Greenfield, MA, November 13, 2009.


Brandon, Ruth, interview by the author, Bellbrook, OH, June 8, 2009.

Brewster, Gurdon and Martha, interview by the author, Newfield, NY, June 24, 2009.


Bucher, Henry, interview by the author, Sherman, TX, April 30, 2009.


Chamberlain, Keith, interview by the author, Frankfurt, Germany, April 11, 2010.

Christoffersen, Susan and Tim, interview by the author, Walnut Creek, CA, May 15, 2009.

Clapp, Dave, interview by the author, Lincoln, MA, December 11, 2009.

Clary, Carol, interview by the author, Los Angeles, CA (by telephone), May 25, 2010.


Cunningham, Alice Kresensky, interview by the author, Austin, TX, April 29, 2009.
Dusenbury, Jerry and Mary, interview by the author, Wellington, KS, May 1, 2009.

Elliott, Judy, interview by the author, Luserna San Giovanni, Italy, April 18 (part 1) and April 19 (part 2), 2010.


Flory, Margaret, interview by the author, Brevard, N.C., October 13, 2009.

Gaerlan, Barbara Cort, interview by the author, Los Angeles, CA, May 12, 2009.


Hageman, Alice, interview by the author, Jamaica Plain, MA, October 1, 2009.


Hanson-Kelly, Eileen, interview by the author, Salisbury, NC environs, April 15, 2009.

Harris, Ruth M., interview by the author, Claremont, California, May 13, 2009.

Hawley, Jack, interview by the author, New York, Boston, February 1 & 12, 2010.

Hill, Helen, interview by the author, Melbourne, Australia (by telephone), December 13, 2009.

Hillenbrand, Bob, interview by the author, Rockford, IL, Nov. 2, 2008.


Hovey, Gail, interview by the author, Haverstraw, NY, October 15, 2009.

Howell, Barbara, interview by the author, Silver Springs, MD, July 29, 2009.


Jackson, Diana Harmon, interview by the author, Providence, RI, October 2, 2009.


Johnson, Peter, interview by the author, Bedford, MA, November 5, 2009.
Jones, Kenneth, interview by the author, Cleveland, OH, November 7, 2008.


Kaiser, Mary Lu and Dayl, interview by the author, Bethany, OK, May 1, 2009.

Kobia, Sam, interview by the author, Geneva, SZ and New York, NY, April 9, 2010 (Part I) and October 16, 2010 (Part II).

Kramer, Reed, interview by the author, Durham, NC (by telephone), May 4, 2010.


Kuhns, Mary, interview by the author, Santa Fe, NM, May 6, 2009.


Mangum, Tressa, interview by the author, Greeley, CO, May 4, 2009.

Manson, Joyce, interview by the author, Seattle, WA, May 24, 2009.

Martin, Aimee and Dick, interview by the author, Vienna, VA, October 12, 2010.

McCarty, Vern, interview by the author, Atlanta, GA, April 22, 2009.

McClellan, Joel, interview by the author, Geneva, SZ, April 15, 2010.

McCurdy, Sheila, interview by the author, Gaithersburg, MD, July 26, 2009.

McKean, Deborah and Philip, interview by the author, Cushing, ME, October 1, 2009.

McKee, Gail Hagerman, interview by the author, Pilot, VA, July 20, 2009.

Meinke, Sue, interview by the author, Oakland, CA, May 19, 2009.


Nusbaum, Daniel, interview by the author, Somerville, MA., June 2, 2011.
Nusbaum, Mary Ann Crookston, interview by the author, Logansport, IN, June 6, 2009.
Oliver, Allan, and Stephanie Oliver, interview by the author, Portland, OR, May 23, 2009.
Olson, Ruth Anne, interview by the author, Minneapolis, MN, June 2, 2009.
Passoth, Richard, interview by the author, Salt Lake City, UT (by telephone), January 11, 2011.
Robertson, Chuck, interview by the author, Los Angeles, CA, May 11, 2009.
Robertson, Theodosia (Teddy), interview by the author, Flint, MI, Nov. 6, 2008.
Savage, Charles, interview by the author, Munich, Germany, April 12, 2010.
Schomer, Mark, interview by the author, Guatemala (by telephone), December 7, 2009.
Taylor, George, interview by the author, Victoria, B.C., May 28, 2009.
Thacker, Jim, interview by the author, Elkins Park, PA, July 18, 2009.
Timmel, Sally, interview by the author, South Africa (Skype), March 27, 2010.

Trettin, Deborah and Larry, interview by the author, Santa Rosa, CA, May 19, 2010.


Troy, Bill, interview by the author, Knoxville, TN, October 27, 2008.

Vargas, Bertha, interview by Alan Oliver, translated by Stephanie Oliver, Panama (Skype), December 5, 2010.


Wilhelm, Ron, interview by the author, Dallas, TX, April 30, 2009.

Woike, Kay and Glen, interview by the author, Buffalo, NY, June 27, 2009.

Zingg, Elaine and Otto, interview by the author, Santa Fe, NM, May 6, 2009.

Journal article


**Newspaper article**


**Unpublished Essay**


**Unpublished Report**

Brunger, Scott. “Designated and Undesignated Giving in Four Denominations.” (n.d.):


“Five-Year FIM Evaluation Report.” *Margaret Flory Papers, Divinity School Special Collections, Yale University Library* (1965):

Juergensmeyer, Mark. “Notes from Asian FI Meeting, Hong Kong, August 1967.” (1967):


CURRICULUM VITAE

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Education

2016    Ph.D. expected, Boston University Graduate Division of Religious Studies
2005    M.Div., Boston University School of Theology, magna cum laude
1976    M.A. in Art History, Michigan State University
1971    B.A. in History, Bucknell University

Dissertation

*Frontier Internship In Mission, 1961-1974: Young Christians Abroad In A Post-Colonial And Cold War World*

*Major Advisor* – Dr. Nancy Ammerman, Professor of Sociology of Religion

Research Experience

Project Director SCM-USA (2011-present), Center for Global Christianity and Mission
Research Director (2011-2014), Center for Global Christianity and Mission
Research Assistant (Fall, 2010) for Dr. Deeana Klepper, chair, Department of Religion.
Research Assistant (2008-2009), Center for Global Christianity and Mission
  
  • Prepared additions to the History of Missiology website.
Bank-related Research (1983-1986), a core function of the Deputy Commissioner of Banks for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (see below).

Community Development Research (1977-1983), Codman Square neighborhood non-profits.

- Authored a study, funded by the Boston Redevelopment Authority, that demonstrated conclusively that the decline of the commercial district predated any racial change in the area.
- Developed a predictive model to identify likely targets of arson, then worked with the Massachusetts Attorney General's Office to contact owners beforehand. Homes stopped burning.

Teaching Experience

Teaching Assistant (2005-2010), Division of Religious and Theological Studies, Boston University

- Assisted in or taught sections for undergraduate religion courses on Eastern Religions, Spiritual Journeys, Death and Immortality, Women and Religion.

Instructor (Fall, 2009), Metropolitan College, Boston University.

- Taught RN 100 (Religion and Culture)

Instructor, Simmons College Graduate Program of Communications Management (1989-1997)

- Developed “The Language of Business,” a finance/economics M.A.core course, designed to help corporate communicators understand CFOs.
- Taught advanced courses in community relations, media relations, and investor relations.
- Designed and taught a new course in corporate communications.

Adjunct Lecturer, Emerson College Communications Studies Department (1994)

Other Teaching and Guest Lecturing or Advising (1978-1983).
• As a community-based innovator in the new field of community development, I supported faculty developing new courses in the Urban Planning programs at M.I.T., Tufts, and the Kennedy School at Harvard by guest lecturing either in their classrooms or during site visits to Codman Square, and for conferences they hosted.

• Was a case site for the Harvard Graduate School of Design summer community development program.

• Helped interested graduate students from MIT and Tufts identify “real life” problems in Codman Square appropriate for thesis or dissertation research, helped supervise that research, and served as an outside committee member on some occasions.

Other Employment


• Research study on the bank sale of mutual funds for Dalbar, Inc., a private research firm (1998-1999)

• Editorial Board of Banker & Tradesman (1995-1999).


• Case studies written for the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston and the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond (1995-1996)


• First predicted the S&L crisis in a March 1987 column, two years before it was generally acknowledged.

• Identified banks likely to fail at the top of the market in 1986 and followed the stories through to failure and liquidation or sale.

• Major investigative story on self-dubbed "Condo King" Bill Lilly resulted in a conviction in U.S. Federal Court on bank fraud charges and jail time.

Deputy Commissioner of Banks, Commonwealth of Massachusetts (1983-1986)

• Responsible for enforcement of the mortgage lending laws, the Equal Credit Opportunity Act, and the Community Reinvestment Act.

• Extensive public speaking to bankers’ groups and in communities.

Executive Director, Codman Square Community Development Corporation, Dorchester, MA (1979-1983)

• Developed low-interest home improvement products and completed several housing and commercial development projects.


Head Advisor, Yakeley Hall, Michigan State University (1973-1975).

**Selected Community Commitments**

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston
• Vestry Member, governing board of church, involved in major capital campaign. (2001-2005)

• Chair, Communication Committee, responsible for development and implementation of communication strategy for the parish and for the campaign. (2001-2003)

• Chair, Youth Ministry Committee (1993-1999)

Ashmont Hill Association, Dorchester, MA

• Institutional Use Committee, designing and overseeing guidelines for the operation of shelters and halfway houses in the neighborhood

• Annual June House Tour Committee, a program that funds summer programs for youth in the Codman Square area

Codman Square Community Development Corporation, Dorchester, MA

• Chairman of the Board, 1994-1997.

The Boston Committee (1979 – 1983). A “blue ribbon” committee appointed by Mayor Kevin White to address the problem of race relations in Boston.

Publications

A list of publications is available on request.