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ETHNIC CONSCIOUSNESS and UNCONSCIOUSNESS

(From the Central Kingdom to the Kingdoms of This World)

An Autobiography

John V. Moore
7/73

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There is both Christian and Gentile,
both oppressor and oppressed,
both male and female,
both straight and gay,
both Black and White,
both Yellow and Brown,
both young and old,
both democrat and communist,
within our oneness in Christ Jesus.
Galatians 3:28 Revised

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I grew up in "Iowa on the Pacific." The annual Iowa Picnic, the Nebraska Picnic, and others in Bixby Park were big events in Long Beach. In those days native Californians in the southern part of the state were rare. I'm looking backward almost half a century through binoculars trying to discern events and impressions. As I scan the territory from whence I've come, I'm amazed at it's whiteness. It looks so WASPish from here.

Mother was born in Iowa, Dad in Kansas, my older sister in Oklahoma, and my brother in Texas. I was born in Colorado, and ten years later my younger brother arrived in Long Beach. Mother's parents migrated west from Vermont. Grandad Moore grew up, I think, in Galesburg, Illinois. Dad's uncle and aunt claimed land when the Oklahoma Territory was opened. Mother traced her ancestry to the American Revolution, but mentioned it only rarely. My grandparents were middle-class, Grandad Moore a merchant and property owner, Granpa Buxton, the state public health officer and professor of medicine. For three generations the size of the families has decreased while the educational level has increased. It was taken for granted in our family that each of us would go to college.

Ethnic unconsciousness is more descriptive of me than ethnic consciousness. I did not think of myself as different. Other people were different from us. My family was white; our neighbors, schoolmates, people at the church were white. Albert and Lupe and Juanita were different. They were Mexicans, and they lived across the tracks, or down by the river behind the country club. Albert and Lupe were the best ball players at school. Junaita left school in the seventh or eighth grade. It was whispered that she was going to have a baby.

The struggle of a white ethnic in America is that of moving from a sense of others being different to embracing diversity in the world and understanding oneself a one among many. The struggle also demands dealing with the impact upon one's identity of the awakening to the fact that Iowa on the Pacific is but a tiny spot on the globe. Might the white ethnic's experience be similar to that of a Chinese believing that China is the center of the world. Or the experience

is akin to that of the human race after Galileo and Kepler and the discovery that homo sapiens are not at the center of the cosmos. Awakening to the world of other peoples must make an impact upon the psyche of white American ethnics similar to the realization of the spheres beyond spheres.

Although ethnically unconscious, I learned early in childhood that our family was different. While playing I referred to our maid. The response of the other children so startled and embarrassed me that I never again mentioned the maid or anything else that might suggest affluence. My younger brother and I have never really become free of guilt for our affluence.

In those years Japanese were "Japs," a word which evoked no feelings within me. It wasn't so with "nigger," and the word was not used in our home. "Japs" were truck farmers. Some came to the Farmer's Market down town where mother shopped. Others were gardeners. Takahasi, a tiny quarterback, was a favorite on our high school championship teams. We cheered him on shouting "Take-A-Taxi!" Nakamura was a tough player who teamed up with an Italian to send me sprawling on the light weight team. Another Japanese played with me on the third string.

Two of my best friends were different. Bob was a Mormon, Tudi a Roman Catholic. Al Smith's religion and rum were table-talk in 1928. We put a "Hoover" sticker on our car. Nevertheless, dad was respectful of Catholics and Jews. Most of his associates in the clothing business were Jews. I'm sure that he expressed irritation and anger toward Jews at times, but the underlying feeling toward Jews and Judaism which he communicated to me was one of respect. Dad's mother had been condemned to hell by a Baptist preacher in Kansas when she turned to Christian Science for healing. Whether this was a traumatic experience for dad, I don't know; but I do know that he never forgot it and that it colored his images of Baptists and preachers. I suspect it also enabled him to identify with others whom society cast out.

Although "nigger" evoked negative feelings within me, I remember saying as a child "Negroes are all right so long as they stay in their place." I was repeating something which I'd heard, but I can't recall where. Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalf were important Negroes in my youth. I saw Owens and Metcalf race in the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles. The best player on our high school football team was black. I saw him one time in dad's store. I asked dad if Negroes shopped there. I wondered how he was treated by the clerks. I was glad that his wife could and did shop there, although I'm sure that she must have been self'conscious.

As children we learned about "The War." We knew whether our fathers had fought or not, and why. When my older sister was in the ninth grade she argued with dad at the table that the United States should be in the League of Nations. It's too much to put upon the incident to say that it was the seed of my ethnic consciousness, but at least it was a milestone along the way of what was to become a sense that to be white and American is to be different and of a minority in the world. Notes and pictures in my high school scrapbook single out International Day, a celebration, a festival of nations, as a high point. It expressed out hopes for peoples of the world living together in peace. It affirmed pluralism.

Conversion, a sense of social justice, puritanism and the church coalesced with power in my life during early adolescence. These were to give me to this day a sense of being different that ethnicity has never given me. We got fundamentalism and charts on the wall diagraming the end of the world in my high school Sunday School class. At the Baptist Young People's Union in the evening there were girls, worship, and discussions about race, war and peace, economic justice,and theology and religion. Teachers in our summer camps opened our minds to historical criticism. I decided that I would not kill. I did not feel alone since most of my peers were pacifists too. There were one or two Asians and Negroes at our summer camps. I remember particularly a Mexican pastor who was bright, witty, vigorous and popular, and self-affirming.

Our education in missions was traditional. We were moved with stories of conversions and the price people of other lands had to pay to become Christians. Asians and Africans were lost without Christ, but so were Americans. I worried about my father's soul. It was in summer camp where Christ's face changed and his arms enfolded all. Perhaps it was the pain and fear of my dad's lostness that pushed me toward universalism and pluralism.

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College was whiter than high school. There were a number of Asian students. I remember Kay Kitagawa, who was not shy. In those years Stanford admitted one black student. I've never been able to figure out why they admitted one. There were many Jewish students, but still they were the ones who were different. It was the exception for a Jew to be pledged to a fraternity or sorority. Perhaps a half of the members of our eating club were Jews. There was no Jewish student group that I remember. The Jews were secular. Several of my friends changed their names. I was bothered by this. I was not thinking of Hitler and concentration camps, as perhaps they and their parents were. I was bothered that they did not affirm their Judaism, that it was not a source of pride for them. As I think now of my feelings then I am struck that my feelings were ahead of my theology. I remember no Jewish effort on behalf of Jews in Germany. I can't forget a refugee whom I heard. He and his story of escapefrom the Nazis were profound.

I happened to pick up a radio broadcast from Los Angeles in which the commentator was speaking for fair employment practices and the hiring of Negroes by the transit authority. I wrote my first letter of commendation to a reporter by the name of Chet Huntley.

During my twenty years of schooling my only teacher who was not Caucasian was my Professor of Japanese history. What has there been in my personal history to give me a sense of ethnic consciousness when all of my teachers but one were white. My doctors, my family's friends, the important people in my life were white with the exception of a few encounters through the church.

In late December, 1939, I attended the Student Volunteer Movement Conference in Toronto. D.T. Niles of Ceylon was one of the speakers. He said that the gospel is the seed. Ceylon, India and the countries of the world are the soil. Churches will bear the mark both of the seed and the soil. For more than thirty years the gospel, the church, diversity and pluralism have clustered around this image.

My sense of being different arose out of my sense of discipleship, my puritanism and moralism, my concern for social justice, and my pacifism. My convictions were solid, but in most situations I preferred that they remain unspoken. Dad could not understand. Mother later hoped that I might become a chaplain. My brother and brother-in-law were drafted. Tudi's national guard unit had been called up and he was at Pearl Harbor on December 7.

Earlier, when the Congress enacted the draft and most students had to register, students organized a forum to discuss the options open to the men. I was asked if I would talk of how conscientious objectors could respond. At the time I didn't know any other student who was a conscientious objector. I later learned that a socialist friend and a Presbyterian student were pacifists. One or two of my high school friends registered as c.o's.

My identity struggle, if that is what it was, for we did not talk about identity then, was not related to my ethnicity. It was related to my maleness, my middle-classness, my feeling privileged, and my sense of discipleship. The conscious force leading or pushing me into conscientious objection was my understanding of my discipleship.

I was different from others, but there was a difference between me and the one Negro student and Kay Kitagawa. There was no escape for the Negro at Stanford. He was always visible. If Kay and the Japanese professor were in California when Japanese Americans were interned and placed in concentration camps, there was no escape for them. I could escape. I was visible only when I made myself visible. Furthermore, I could recant. But I could not recant without tearing myself apart. Kay and the Negro had to deal with their integrity as I with mine, but in addition they could not escape their ethnicity and the price demanded of them by America for being Negro and Japanese.

Floyd Massey was the only Negro in our class in seminary. Great Black churchmen and educators had been students at Colgate-Rochester, but there were only three or four Negroes in school during my years. Pearl Habor shook us ten weeks after I arrived in Rochester. I couldn't believe the attack nor imagine the consequences. I thought of Kay and my Japanese professor. Several months after the evacuation I went with dad to the Lion's Club meeting in Long Beach. A motion sailed through without a dissenting voice or vote calling for the permanent exclusion of all Japanese from California. I was appalled and discouraged. Fifteen or twenty years later when again I went with dad to the Lion's luncheon, a Japanese American was either presiding or was the program chairman. I wonder now how he is making it with his children, and the peculiar bind his ethnicity puts him in.

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When Barbara and I left Rochester, I became assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church in Sacramento. Knowing I was a pacifist the pastor asked how I thought I could work with servicemen and their families. I was able. With the pastor away on vacation I worked with teachers of several churches in a Vacation Church School. We agreed to show a film produced by the War Relocation Authority portraying the story of Japanese Americans from evacuation, through the camps, and into the service and relocation. A teacher from the Christian

Church objected. Since the group had made the decision, I refused her demand that the film not be shown. I look back upon that experience as a fork in the road. I'm a different person and have been a different pastor because of that decision.

We celebrated the end of the European War. We were shaken by news of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We really could not comprehend the magnitude of the destruction. Some years later when I read Hiroshima Diary, I felt with the doctor describing the emperor's voice while reading the surrender statement as more shattering to him and the people than the bomb. I wondered when we in America might know the humiliation of defeat and surrender.

We left Sacramento in the summer of 1946. I worked for three months in the clinical trainning program at the St. Charles Industrial School, Illinois, where a large proportion of the population was black. I can't recall that housing was segregated, but I think that it was. In the fall I became the pastor of a small church on the East side of Youngstown, Ohio. Two-thirds of the people in the city were either foreign-born or children of foreign born. Languages other than English were most common on the buses. We tried without success to open a nursery or day care center, but we failed to involve the Negroes who lived in the neighborhood. A citizens' group on Inter-Group Relations was organized to deal with developing conflicts and historic injustice. Our oldest daughter went to nursery school where she was the only white child. Santa Claus, her teacher, was black. Young and naieve, I spent ten or fifteen minutes in a sermon on homosexuality as I had come to learn of it at St. Charles. As I look back I'm amazed that there were no repercussions. The people must have been dumb-founded, and they had a right to be.

January 1949 found us in California again in suburban Sacramento. Del Paso Heights is poor and predominantly black. East of Marysville Road was then white, and for the most part lower middle-class. The women of the church responded to the needs of the poor families in the area. My ties with the Sacramento Council of Churches took me into the struggle for integration of public housing. In spite of strategies of the chairman of the ad hoc committee which seemed to me designed to frustrate a resolution of the conflict, New Helvetia was opened to Negro families.

During that pastorate I spoke to a group of Roman Catholic laymen opposing an ambassador to the Vatican. I certainly was not pluralistic in my feelings about Rome. I never felt good about that talk. My spirit was wrong. The priest and laymen were more gracious than I. Indeed, I wasn't gracious at all.

We moved to Hayward in the Year of the Oath. One of my first sermons was in opposition to the initiative on the November ballot requiring loyalty oaths. Before we came to Hayward and shortly after we arrived Black families had been intimidated when they moved into hitherto white neighborhoods. Black families jumped San Leandro and settled in Hayward. Restrictive covenants kept everyone out of San Leandro. Jimmy Lee, a dentist and former Olympic diving champion, became the center of a controversy there.

A few Negro families joined the church. We were the recipients of gifts and affection from Taki and Oki Kawata in appreciation for the help they had received from a former pastor at the time of their return to Hayward.

Then or later I drafted an open pulpit covenant which the conference began to deal with. I do recall telling the district superintendent that I felt that the Hayward Church was ready to receive a Negro pastor. Integration was the mood. Sometime during the late fifties or early sixties it dawned upon me that I had never held a job, including my pastorates, which I would have held if I had been Negro. That would have been true for Asians and Mexicans for most of those jobs.

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Butte County, sometimes called the Orange County of the North, was inhospitable to Negroes. They lived in numbers only in Oroville. The battle in Chico in those years, 1958-62, was over the refusal of barbers, including the Negro barber, to cut the hair of Negroes. When I read Ishi several years later, I was horrified by the wickedness of whites toward Indians in that region less than a hundred years before. The only Negro church was small, and the pastor eccentric.

In October, 1962 we moved to San Francisco and Glide Church. It was the year of the early sit-ins at the Cadillac showroom and with pickets in the Palace. For the first time I walked in a civil rights parade. I picketed a distiller with the farm workers. I bought clericals, and yet was self-conscious in picketing.

I was unprepared to deal with homosexuality. My family, my church, my culture, my education had conditioned me to be anxious about and condemning of homosexuality. People who engaged in homosexual acts were perverse. Whereas I was no longer an absolute pacifist, the gospel was always clear to me about war and the destruction of life. (The impact of the persecution of the Jews and the struggles of colonial people, and dealing with my own deeper feelings led me away from an absolute pacifist position.) The biblical affirmation of human dignity and the prophetic demand for social justice were light on race and economic injustice. But my heterosexual and moral vision made no room for homosexuality in my reading of the scriptures.

My experience with men and women who were homosexuals pushed me to reread the scriptures and to discover that human dignity was for them too. The pain and suffering, the wholeness and love of those who were different from me sexually turned my head and heart around. It's been ten years since that personal struggle with my feelings toward variations in human sexuality began. My head has always been at least five years ahead of my viscera. I'm no less heterosexual and monogamous than I was, but my feelings for and understanding of people who are different from me have changed. My own identity was stronger when my need for others to be as I was diminished.

Two other experiences at Glide left their mark upon me. I've a new sense of the meaning of dignity for the elderly. Further, our relations with homosexuals, Blacks and youth opened our eyes to police attitudes and practices which are an affront to justice and dignity.

I marched in Washington and participated in a vigil outside the Pentagon in opposition to the Vietnam War. Later the same year my associate and others at Glide joined the Selma march. I was surprised when dad introduced me to his friends at the Lion's Club saying that I had just returned from Washington where I'd been protesting the war. Dad had struggled with my pacifism during the II War, but had no difficulty affirming me and my action twenty years later. It was then that I began to see the racism in our relations with nations, and the relationship between colonialism and subject peoples at home.

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We left San Francisco in June, 1966. I had intended to take a sabbatical, but instead became a campus minister at Davis where we lived until the fall of 1972. The C. A. House, center for the Cal Aggie Christian Association, had been the first place where Negroes and Caucasians had ever gathered in the town. My predecessor had organized the first Vietnam Teach-In on campus. C.A.'s tradition put it directly in the path of what was to come in the late sixties.

That first year my associate and a Black friend organized a Black History class. Within a year Black and Asian students had organized. E.O.P. funds brought Chicanos and Native Americans to the campus. With the affirmation of human dignity of these students and the self-determination that came along with it, our role as white campus ministers changed. We were allies when we could press for funding, strengthen their organizing, or deal with police and university relations.

When Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated, we went to the home of my associate where a few Blacks and Whites gathered. I couldn't say a thing. My whiteness identified me with the killers, but what is different in this instance from the death white Americans have brought to Blacks, Indians, Asians and Chicanos through the years? A memorial service organized by Black students included my associate and myself. No whites were included in subsequent services for King. These were the years when we lived, and continue to live, with the anger and rage of Blacks. To be hated and despised for no other reason than the color of my skin gave me a hint, only a clue, to what Blacks and others of color have lived with all of their lives. It's inaccurate to say "no other reason," for being white identitifies me with institutional racism, with the privileges which come to me for no other reason than my whiteness, and the pain I avoid for no other reason, and for my sin of ommission.

We were involved in student demonstrations. We were part of a community which supported the Resisters to the Vietnam War. Ten or twelve of us accepted draft cards at three turn-ins. We learned about the law and the courts and what it means to be poor, or Black or Mexican, or young in the hands of the police and the courts.

We went to the jails and courts again with the young who were arrested with dope. A reporter friend commented on a conflict I had with the sheriff over visiting in the jail. He wrote in an editorial that it was not until middle-class young people were arrested that the church or community paid any attention to the jail. The sheriff allowed visiting once a week on Thursday afternoons which made it all but impossible for the poor to visit husbands and sons.

In a political science course on "South East Asia" I had to deal with my understanding of Christian mission and missions. This was more than an intellectual exercise. I felt for the first time something of the pain and cost of the liabilities of the missionary enterprise. During these years I read Franz Fanon's Wretched of the Earth and began to understand something of what Third World people mean when they speak of their

situation in the United States as that of subject peoples, akin to others ruled over by colonial powers. A British student observed that the University of California is a colonial system with the chancellors ruling as governors.

Several responsibilities took me from the campus, one to San Francisco State and a second to Delano and the Palm Church in Dinuba. Ecumenical House, enter for the campus ministry at State, had been closed during the last two weeks of the semester. Demonstrators retreated to the high ground of Ecumenical House and at times pelted the police with rocks. Student and Faculty strike committees met in the house. The Police broke into the house upon several occasions. The Board of Directors of Ecumenical House decided that it must be closed temporarily. I was at the center for several weeks when it reopened. I grasped something of the meaning of systemic racism, for I concluded that if the Board of Directors had been black, the house would not have been closed. Blacks simply would have given different weight to the factors for remaining open than did the Whites. I sensed something of what it means always to be in the minority, what it means always to have one's views diluted because one is outnumbered by Whites. I began to realize how indispensable it was for minorities to get their scenes together before challenging the power of Whites, or males, or age.

The Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns planned to consider a resolution on the grape strike-boycott. I spent three days in the Delano area listening to growers, large and small, workers, union and anti-union. Some months later I spent an afternoon with Japanese farmers of the Palm Church. They poured out their wrath upon me for the board's support of Chavez and the union. Most or all of these farmers started as field workers. Many had lost their farms when they had been taken to concentration camps. They argued that the farm workers could folow the same road they had traveled.

In 1966 the California Indian Education Association instructed its president, David Risling, to work toward the establishment of an Indian University. In 1970 Indians and Chicanos applied for surplus government property just west of Davis for the site of D-Q University. The day before the filing deadline Senator Murphy announced that the land had been granted to the University of California at Davis. Native American students at Davis were outraged. They felt that their elders had been betrayed again. I read their response as the same as Rosa Parks when she was told "Go to the back of the bus!" They refused. They sat-in. The campus ministry was involved in the struggle at several points.

I went with David Risling and the United Methodist pastor to the annual meeting of the Board of Missions. We went to ask for money for D-Q University. The ethnic caucuses had their causes for which they were seeking funds. Sitting in one reporting session I heard a medical missionary to South America tell of his work and the answers to prayer. Whenever he needed equipment or supplies or help, he prayed. His

prayers were always answered. In earlier years I would have been impressed, but his words ignited in my mind a question. Why hadn't the prayers of the Native Americans and Blacks of the last three hundred years, and the prayers of the Asians and Hispanic Americans not been answered? Hadn't they prayed? Would the prayers of the ethnic caucuses be answered in that meeting? I wondered too how long the missionary would have persisted in his labors and with hope if his prayers had been answered as the prayers of the others.

We counseled young men in relation to the draft, and young men and women in relation to unwanted pregnancies. Reaching for every source of strength we could lay hold of, we explored relationships with parents and with heritage. We helped Jews and Catholics as well as Protestants draw from the wisdom and strength of their traditions. I came to value age and heritage as never before. As the senior citizen among the campus ministers I realized that my age was not a liability but an asset. I cheered as Third World people sifted and sorted out their past claiming that which gave them identity and strength. I tried to help WASPs do the same, but the stumbling blocks were great. Six years deepened my sense of identity as a human being and a disciple, and with the strengthening of my own identity I was empowered to encourage others to become who they were called to become.

Larry Rappaport, counselor of the Hillel Foundation, commented once that Christians could never understand what it means to be a Jew in a Christian country. I had always resisted the idea of the United States as christian, but I could understand in talking with Larry just how christian the United States is from the Jewish perspective. In San Francisco I sensed something of how straight the world looks from the point of view of homosexuals. Women were yet to remind us with vehemence how masculine America is, and youth how old our institutions are. I've been helped to see how white America is, and feel how white I am as I've been able to listen and appropriate what outsiders to the WASP America say.

Our children have had an enormous influence upon our lives, as we had upon our parents. They communicate a lack of self-consciousness toward people of other races. Our daughter dropped out of U.C. Santa Cruz after two weeks into her second quarter. She come into the house with a Black student. Walking home from the bus station she had bumped into Gregory, a stranger, who asked about her flute. Gregory has been part of our family ever since. As sensitive or more sensitive to injustice than their parents, our children walk through this pluralistic world with a surprising lack of self-consciousness.

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The General Conference of 1968 in Dallas created a Commission on Religion and Race. The issue was whether legislation could provide for membership by race to assure an ethnic majority. The Judicial Council ruled against anything but a recommendation regarding representation. It was another chapter in the ironic story of "FEPC" being used to oppose its original purposes. It was another lesson in the use of law by the powerful.

In St. Louis, 1970, I marched, self-consciously, with Third World People as they made their demands of the Conference. Bishops and Conference committees feared a James Forman style take-over. At St. Louis the youth fought for control of the Youth Fund, monies which they contribute for benevolent purposes. Again I was angry with liberals who opposed this measure of self-determination. I read their votes as a failure to grasp what the struggle of our time is all about.

Atlanta, 1970, was discouraging. Retrenchment had set in. The incoming tide of power and justice for Third World people was ebbing. The Conference could not be interrupted to identify with hospital strikers in the city after two pickets had been wounded by snipers. Forty or fifty of us left the hall to join the picket line for an hour or so. I was impressed with the mood of the Blacks with whom I rode to the hospital. They went as volunteer firemen always on the ready to respond to emergencies. I sensed that this had become a way of life for them. Fires forced the rearrangement of priorities upon a moment's notice.

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The General Conference of 1972 passed a resolution urging the serious consideration of an Asian for the episcopacy. If an Asian were to be elected he would in the Western Jurisdiction. The Asian Caucus had already selected its candidate, Lloyd Wake.

I became involved as a "white-horse" candidate. I was never a serious contender for many reasons, one of which was that the likely Asian candidates came from Northern California. Two of my supporters, more politically astute than I, anticipated the crunch that would come in the Jurisdictional Conference at the time of voting for the third bishop if an Asian had not by then been elected. They were right.

The last night of the Conference came. We had cast twenty-six ballots. The Asian Caucus had switched from Lloyd Wake to Wilbur Choy after an apparent defection among the Asians on the thirteenth ballot. Thursday night Choy and two Caucasians were stalemated. Whatever the realities may have been, I felt that it would be virtually impossible for a Caucasian to function if elected bishop under these circumstances. Other Caucasians agreed. We also asked what it would mean for Wilbur, an Asian, to be elected when the central issue seemed to us to be race. Withdrawal of the Caucasian candidates would accentuate race.

Those supporting my candidacy had voted for Lloyd. I cast ten or twelve ballots for him, more than I cast for myself. We felt differently about Wilbur, but by Thursday night only three of us were not casting our ballots for Wilbur. I voted for Wilbur for the first time on the ballot which elected him.

My friends who had anticipated the situation asked me Thursday night "What if the votes were switched to you? Would you hang in until the end?" I don't know what I would have done. I do know that being that close to the situation I could feel with the two who did decide to withdraw.

Racism comes on directly. It's right up front. Racism comes

comes on obliquely or from the rear. The latter is more subtle and more difficult to deal with. I was charged with racism by a Black friend on Thursday night when I told him that I was not voting for Wilbur. I couldn't respond other than to let him know that I would continue to vote as I saw it. I think that Caucasians felt that the issue was race. Some voted out of guilt. It would be presumptuous of me to conjecture more about others when I find it so difficult to know what is pressing me from within.

When friends were talking after the election, I commented that racism had elected white bishops for decades and that we should neither be surprised nor upset that racism elected an Asian. By racism in this context I meant the feeling of people that race was the decisive factor. As I saw it white bishops have been elected through the years in part because of their whiteness, and Blacks and Asians and Hispanics have not been elected because of their ethnicity.

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Since becoming a district superintendent, I've been forced to relate with personal power to churches. I've felt at times "condemned to freedom." I appointed a White pastor to a Black Church as an interim. Uzziah Williams restrained himself from writing and chastizing me. I later had to argue with the same church of the importance of appointing a Black pastor there.

In a particular situation a representative of the Board of the Ministry asked me if I would set different standards for Blacks than for others seeking conference membership and ordination. I responded that I thought that we must listen to what Black Christians are saying about the qualities they see as important in pastoral leadership in Black churches and communities. To listen implies a readiness to acknowledge greater flexibility in requirements for pastoral ministry.

While I pressed for Black leadership for the Black Church, I did not press in the same way for a Japanese pastor of a Japanese Church. I'm not quite sure why. The church said that it would welcome a White pastor. It had had a good experience with a White pastor. I met with the pastor-parish committee and the director of the Asian Center and reviewed suggestions from the Asian Ministerial Advisory Committee. We agreed on our first choice. However, if I had felt it imperative to have Japanese leadership, we would have persisted in looking for a Japanese pastor.

As superintendent I've learned of divisions among groups. A member of the Black Church felt certain that I was taking instructions from Black Methodists for Church Renewal. Asians who have disagreed with the Asian Caucus have talked with me and the Cabinet. It's certain that unity among ethnic groups is essential for laying hold of power, but what is the meaning of pluralism within a minority?

I've sensed something of what a Black Superintendent and Black pastors feel. I've picked up the phrase "Associate District Superintendent" as suggesting not quite full status. How can one feel confident that he has been asked to assume or chosen to assume responsibility because of his abilities rather than his ethnicity? The problem is acute in our time for those who hitherto have been excluded because of ethnicity or sex.

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The task of writing this has stimulated my memory. Within the past year I addressed a friend as "boy". I'd never been conscious of "boy" in my vocabulary, but in this instance my friend was Black. The words were no sooner out of my mouth than I felt how they were heard. This recollection has come to me at the end. There will be other memories which will need to be postscripted to this autobiography.

The question has been raised in our group about the impact of pluralism upon the identity of a white ethnic. My own sense of identity has been strengthened through the years as I've come to respect the integrity and identity of others. Letting, encouraging others to become themselves, I've been empowered to become myself.

Discipleship is crucial in my identity. I'm sure that this intensity is part of why I'm a preacher and pastor. While always sensing that I'm pastor of the people, I've also been aware of my over-againstness of white, middle-class Christians. Through the years my ministry has been with my people, WASMs (white anglo-saxon methodists). At times I've been a thorn in the flesh, a rock in the shoe of my people; yet I hope that salt describes my relationship more faithfully.

When I think of liberation, I wonder about discipline, the power which gives new forms. Liberation is not enough. What will the new forms be, both personal and corporate? If we take less thought of discipline than of liberation, the exorcised demon will return with seven others and the latter state will be worse than the first.

"In Christ there is both East and West
In him both South and North,
This one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth."
Revised

John V. Moore
Toward an Ethnic Theology of Liberation
PSR
7/73

REFLECTIONS ON ETHNICITY

Michael Stefanko

One of the most amazing things to come out of my reflections on my ethnic development is the fact that I must begin my biography at age 12. There is very little of anything which I can recall about my first twelve years, while I was living in New York (state). And none of my hazy recollections deal with my ethnicity.

So I must begin this narrative at age twelve, with a diverse series of events and impressions. Perhaps I was simultaneously moving to California and entering my Age of Identity (from Erik Erikson), and this made the impressions particularly strong. Whatever the cause, the strongest event occurred on our drive out to California. My mother refused to drive through The South because, as she said, "All Southerners are prejudiced." This statement of her strong opposition to discrimination has followed me and continually reasserted itself in various ways throughout my life. The initial impact was to make me firmly aware that there were, in some peoples minds, two classes of people- white and black; that I was white; and that those other people who did terrible things to blacks were very, very bad.

The second in this series of impressions was the news accounts in 1960 of the freedom riders and other civil rights activities. These were brought to my attention because of the abovementioned statement. These articles help me to begin to understand what discrimination was, and what some blacks were doing about it.

At least in part because of the election year, the problem was defined to me in political terms. The election of John Kennedy as a champion of civil rights (in the ethnic context, anyway) also made an impression- the impression of the role of the white liberal (or "good" white) in the ethnic situation. One final impression was of the leadership role of the ministry in the struggle. This view of the minister applying his faith and the institution of the church doing nothing, established many of my later views toward the role of the minister and my attitude toward the establishment ~~of the~~ church.

Throughout my high school years these attitudes and impressions were strengthened and reinforced, and at least one other major influence was experienced. The high school I attended had a considerable number of Mexican-American students. The impression made on my mind was that these were considered, and considered themselves as "others". And so my view of the world as white and black changed to white and others. However, I really wasn't aware of any overt discrimination, although my view from the college prep classes was very limited.

Another high school impression of value was that the Asian-Americans at the school were not recognized as Asian-American, or different at all. They were friends, atheletes, and officers. While stereotypes about Mexicans were reinforced, we never thought (as far as I can remenber) that Larry was typically Oriental, or things like that. There were many "in" groups at school, one of them was a "Latin" club, another the "intellectuals", and the "swingers", and the "studs". The Mexican-Americans seemed confined to the first club, the ~~ASIAN~~

Americans moved freely in all circles. My mother's statement about prejudice made me against all stereotyping and putting people in "boxes". This combined with other aspects of my personality to make me uneasy in any of the groups, and so I was essentially a loner (with friends, but in a loose knit fashion). So I was very much into individualism.

By the time I graduated from high school, I had seen below the surface of my mother's noble, liberal comment to the recognition that the statement itself was very prejudicial- she was typing all Southerners as bigots. I found this highly amusing, I guess it was proof to me that I was truly liberal because I was even able to recognize my mother's prejudice. This made me even more oriented toward regarding all people as individuals.

And so I came to Caltech. And found- my utopia. Caltech was a small community of individuals; bright, rational individuals- who were able to form a mutually inclusive, friendly, honest, rational society. Because emotions took such a back seat to reason at Caltech, I could discover no prejudice- racially (only between disciplines). To put what I am saying into perspective, in my freshman year we worked to pass a special resolution allowing a sophmore to become student body president. This was done to install a particularly exceptional person in office. After the resolution was passed, and we had elected the first sophmore president, we were astonished at the L.A. Times headline, "First black elected Caltech SB President". We honestly hadn't thought about Joe's blackness until then, the

issue to us was that he was a sophmore! About the closest we came to any race consciousness was in thinking that the Asianx students tended to be too interested in there studies and didn't relax as well. As I think about it, this was an impression that I carried away, rather than one which really operated on me while I was there.

Through my activities at Caltech I became aware of another fact: no matter how good an internal society we had created, the larger society of Pasadena kept intruding and taking advantage of us. For example, when I was at Caltech, the library was open to anyone from 8 a.m. to 2 a.m.; when I left the library was losing about $1,000 per week in equipment and guards would come around after 8 p.m. and ask non-Caltech persons to leave. Now, after 5 p.m. you need a picture ID to get into the library. This impressed my with the fact that you cannot ignore the larger society. There were also lessons about life- black Techers were constantly checked for their IDs. The fact of a two-class culture was really brought home to me in this utopic situation.

The most important ethnisizing event during college was a 3 day "ghetto live-in". I spent mornings as an aide at a black junior high school, afternoons touring the ghetto, and evenings with a black family (albeit upper class). This was a truly conscientisizing experience and deeply effected me.

To summarize my college development, I would say that I finally began to realize what it means to be white, butthat this was all in

contrasting myself to other ethnic groups. I also more clearly recognized the cruelty of some whites, the fact that these were Northerners as well as Southerners, the paternalism of most liberal whites, and that the key to a solution lay somewhere in my ghetto live-in experience.

And I went from my utopia of Caltech to the teaching of basic math at El Monte. I could recognize no differences between the Mexican-Americans and Anglos in my classes- they seemed to be different because of economic reasons. But in searching out the economic causes, I discovered the true nature of racism. I had all along continued to frame racism in political terms, but now the true nature of institutional racism was exposed to me. I became very, very ashamed of my whiteness, and frustrated at the whole situation.

At the same time, I became aware of how deeply imbedded my own racism was. One tiny incident that I will never forget occurred as I was driving down a Pasadena street. I noticed a black using a power lawn mower and said to myself, "isn't it great how we've overcome discrimination". And then the impact of my words hit me. After all my long years of hatred of stereo-typing, my years of anger toward oppressors, my years of frustration with paternalistic liberals, and my instinctive thought was that blacks should be using push mowers- power mowers were for whites. It was at that moment that I fully recognized the subtlety and power and inescapability of racism in our society.

Over the next few weeks I really became aware of the whiteness of TV, the whiteness of the magazines, the whiteness of movies, the whiteness of textbooks. No matter how much I tried to fight it, "whiteness" was normal to me and "non-whiteness" was the "other".

In the last three weeks other major developments have occurred. I have become much more aware of the nature of the problems Hispanics are dealing with. I am more aware of the differences between Amer-Asians and other ethnic groups, and between the different ethnic groups within the Amerasian heading. I learned the language of liberation, and with it was able to begin to express my feelings and possible answers. I began to see the counter-culture which I increasingly associate with in a systematic way. But with knowledge came confusion and anger. I was very mad that I had been deprived of a bicultural education. And I knew that I was being drawn into an answer. But where? Who exactly was I?

The answer, at least in part, has come during this past week. For I have been required to reflect on my own ethnicity. And I am now able to say that I am a member of the white counter-culture, although with Christian hope I would call it the future-culture. And that is where my role is- in the white society, changing that to a pluralistic society. With power, the power of the Holy Spirit.

Who am I? I am white and proud of the many technological achievements of whites. I am not proud that we have ignored other ethnic groups and their achievements. I am proud that we can look at ourselves critically. I am not proud of some of the things we have found. I am white, but more importantly, I am part of God's creation, and with his help I will improve it.

Chi Young Kay
Workshop: Asian-Americ
Theology
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AUTOGIOBRAPHY

I was born in a southern province of South Korea where my father was a minister in a small town. My grandfather, who was trained at the Japanese founded Imperial Medical School in Seoul, was the only medical doctor. Three generations of our family loved in a big compound. My grandfather had spent a large part of his income to found the churches in that area and had treated those patients who do not have enough money without charge. So he had a great respect and reputation among the people in the town. This was the reason why our family could survive the Communist persecution during the Korean War. Born in 1942, I cannot remember much about the Japanese rule of Korea. I haven't seen many Japanese until when I stopped at Tokyo in 1968 on my way to the States.

The Korean was had a great impact on my life. When the War broke, my father was not home. My mother was killed by the communists during the War and my grandfather had taken care of us until my father returned home. Throughout my childhood, I regarded the Americans were to be the saviors and liberators, since they liberated us from the Japanese rule and rescued us again from the Communists during the Korean War. I thought that America was a devout Christian nation, and her soliders came to Korea to fight against the Satanic force of the Communists. This was my image of America during my childhood. However, this image of the Americans tarnished during my adolescent years, when I saw many ugly G.I's in Korea. I also learned that United States was partly responsible for the division

of Korea into South and North Korea. All Japanese were supposed to be bad and crooked, and pirates. My teacher in the elementary school used to say that "study hard, otherwise the Japanese will invade our land again." All Chinese were supposed to be pretty good and could be our brothers. This was the image of the Japanese and the Chinese during my childhood. This anti-communism and anti-Japanese imperialism were the familiar words during my Junior and Senior high years.

Up to my adolescent years, I coudn't form any any ethnic identity, since Korea was racially homogenous country. Rather, there was a growing nationalism in my mind. During my adolescent years, I struggled between the superiority and inferiority feelings. I was proud so far as my country had the long history of more than four thousand years of heritage. But I felt inferior because my country was too powerless compared to other world powers. It failed to transform itself into the major industrialized society. I was restless and rebellious. Sometimes I couldn't accept the fact that I was a Korean. But I found a way out of this feeling many years later when I read one of Paul Tillich's sermons. "Grace strikes us when we are in great pain and restlessness... It strikes us when our disgust for our own being„ our indifference, our weakness, our hostility, and our lack of direction and composure have become intolerable to us. Sometimes at that moment a wave of light breaks into our darkness, and it is as though a voice were saying: 'You are accepted. You are accepted, accepted by that which is greater than you.' Do not try to do anything now; perhaps later you will do much. Do not seek for anything; do not perform anything; do not intend anytning. Simply accept the fact that you are accepted."

By the courage to accept myself, I could accept other people as precious as I am regardless of any talents, performance, race, or nationality. To my, accepting myself was not static, rather it was a Copernican revolution. By accepting myself, I experienced the transforming power of grace. It was a drive toward unity of the separated and estranged.

The seminary in which I studied was a kind of international commuhity. There were more than 40 students from the different countries of the world. The handbook of the seminary says: our seminary"is more than a school for the preparation of pastors and teachers of the Christian church. It is a community which undertake to order its common life in accordance with the obedience of faith in Jesus Christ as the Lord... It is possible to speak of Princeton Theological Seminary as a Christian community... The common life of all becomes the concern of each member of the community; and what happens to each member of the community belongs to the common life and the well-being of all." But the seminary as a Christian community was only an ideal. There seemed to be the sharp division among the students according to their colors and national backgrounds.

The feeling of the alienation in the classroom is well described by Professor Hugh Kerr in his article saying, "I sometimes say to the student , 'John, you know Joe Smith, don't you'? All too often the answer is, 'No I don't believe so, but I've seen him in class.' ...I find a puzzling lack of inter-student rapport or just plain friendly acquaintanceship... I have had students come to me after class to complain about other students, downgrading them as to

Presently I am now interested in the theology of liberation movement. But to me, theology of liberation should not be only for minorities or the third-world. Otherwise it can easily slip into the parochialism. It can become preliminary concern when it emphasixes only particularism. It has to expand its horizon to embrace the whole of humanity. The movement should realize that it also stands under the judgment of God who is our Ultimate Concern. I think myself, as a permanent revolutionary of Korea, who is fighting constantly with the demonic forces of the world.

Elmer Jackson
TH220 Workshop

I would like to begin my autobiographical reflection with my father, for it was he more than anyone else who brought me into the awareness of what it means to be an ethinic minority in America. My father was a product of a mixed marriage, my grandmother as I was later to learn was Native American and my grandfather was of African decent. My first experience with racism was at the age of 4, when my mother told me that my father had returned from jail and wanted to see me. As I was led outside to wheremy father was waiting I was shock to find that he been beaten in the face ver badly by two white police officers for refusing to say "yes sir" to one of the officer who had stop him for minor traffic violation.

I was born in the small town of Jackson, a surburb just outside of Memphis, in the state of Tennessee. We were " better " off than most blacks as I later learn, for my grandmother on my mother side owned property and a local saloon in the all black section of town. I too grew up with the impression that, we were a part of the majority culture, and never except on a few occasion question the separate drinking fountain, restroom, or why we were only allow to go to the public zoo only on certain days. On one occasion I recall an incident while we were at that same zoo a white man spat upon some black kids when they asked him for money so they could ride on the merry-go-round. That act confused me, and when I asked my mother about it, she replied that there was good and bad in all people.

My education was like that of most black, I attended a segregated school, in separted all black school district and ran by a white suprentendent. At the age of 8 my mother was involved in a traffic accident and the insurance money she received we able to Los Angeles, where my father felt he could earn a decent wage by black standard. This was quite a change for me, for the scholls I attended was mostly Mexican-American and Asians and few whites.

I was quickly warned by fellow blacks not to bother Asians because knew judo and I could be subjected to all kinds of pain if did. This was my first impression of Asian people. Later I learn differently from some of my Japanese friend who's parents owned the local store in our community.

In high school I was a part of a small group of students that took part in the civil right movement, this was introduced to me by a congregational minister who informed us that we had certain rights as human being, we would spend the evening in his iome listening speeches of Martin Luther king and other. To be frand with you, some the things are very embrassing to me. meany of demostrations were staged in white surburbs and we told to pray while white were rioting and we became the victim of their anger, we were told to sing songs while whites threw missile and spat upon us. I made myself a promise that I would never do anything like that again. I still that this was a valuable education for me, for it gave a chance to meet people that I would read about at the height of the civil rights movement, people like Malcolm X and Stokely Carmicheal.

At the age of 15 I quit school and ranway to join the Army. I was told that in the Army everyone was equal. Instead I found what is now called institutional racism. I found that racism was even worse in military. And I found myself two later fighting a people who's color was often the same as mine. It all be came very clear to me. I began to realize what it mean to be black in America. I recall while attending a briefing before my arrival in Viet-Nam the question arose as to what did the enemy look like and the instructer pointed to one of the Japanese American soldier and made him stand up we all could see what the "enemy" look like.

REFLECTIVE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Mike Oden

As one contemplates the years of his life and attempts to sketch a kind of psycho-history which will bring reflective order out of the chaos of seemingly unrelated events, it becomes apparent that what one has not experienced is as important as that which has occurred. What is kept from us influences the amount which is ours. Thus, the fact that in my earliest childhood there is no recollection of any significant contact with so-called ethnic minorities is just as vital as the few incidents I shall soon define.

My parents were middle-class types, and were never openly hostile to other races. I do think that there were some subtle remarks that were sometimes blurted out from time to time that have no doubt tinctured my world-view. Phrases like "nigger in the woodpile" and "slanty-eyed people", while never said maliciously, were passed off as cute witicisms. They were spoken in humor, never in hostility, but betrayed the subtle nature of rascism.

I cannot remember any neighbors or playmates of other races around all the time I was growing up. And so because for most of my garly years I had not experienced non-white relationships, and my only knowledge of what these people were like came in slight remarks from my parents and others. When what I have not experienced is filtered and interpreted for me by others, then this influences whatever experiences I will eventually have.

I remember references to blacks living "on the other side of the tracks" in my home town of Modesto in northern California. This was also known as the "east side" which, by reference, infers an inferior or deteriorating condition, not obviously prevaling on the "west side" where everyone else lived. When I was old enough to drive, I travelled over to "east Modesto" to see what it was like. And, sure enough, compared to what I knew in

living elsewhere, this was pitiful. The other high school was located over in this section and had a majority of black students, and of course was known for its athletic competitiveness.

One other incident that sticks vividly in my mind regarding my younger childhood tends to prove again the point that what lay outside of my personal experience (viz. contact with non-whites) "colors" my racist attitudes.

Once I was riding in a city bus when a large black woman walked onto the bus and passed my seat as she walked to the rear. As she passed, I distincly remember holding my breath at the rush of her passing. And in an unknown way, I came to realize later that I associated inferior or strange people with a certain odor or scent. Later, this was changed or overcome in my conscious awareness, but I shall never forget the times in my childhood when I held my breath when I was confronted by people who were "colored", and who, therefore, carried a different odor.

Growing up in the fifties, it is unbelievable the amount to which films, and later television, has influenced attitudes. As I look back at movies of that period, I note that they were so constructed that we see an adventure involving a struggle of good, white Americans doing battle with the enemy who turns out to be mostly Indians, Japanese, and Germans. I remember hearing soldiers talk about the "Japs" or Indian savages. All kinds of things run through your mind when you are playing with other children. I remember when I would jump on another kid in friendly wrestling, I would yell out "BONZAI!" at the top of my lungs. Or other times when we would play war and throw dirt clods and weed bombs, I distinctly recall yelling the phrase "Bombs away over Tokyo...", obviously from a favorite war picture.

In high school, I don't know if there were many incidents that stand out in my memory, except that our high school had only 1 black student in the

four years I was there. At the time I understood this as simply, by a quirk of fate, there did not happen to be any black families living in our school district. I know now that was rather naive.

I was by then becoming more involved in youth church activities on a statewide level, and was meeting with men who were very important adult guarantors in my religious and social development. I was a state officer and one book we discussed was William Stringfellow's My People Is The Enemy which had a profound effect on sensitizing me to the civil rights issue that was then gaining national prominence. My consciousness was being raised at that time, and I appreciate those encounters with adults who challenged me to face the social situation with an eye to realizing the religious implications of man's inhumanity.

I attended a small Bible college in Eugene, Oregon later, which also had a limited number of black students. I can never remember feeling much difference between so-called Oriental students and other white students in school. Most came from homes like mine, and were fair-skinned as well, is probably the reason. I do remember that one of the most brilliant faculty members on the college campus was a Korean, Dr. Song Nai Rhree. I suppose it is racist to note that at the time I never thought it odd that he was a brilliant professor, for it had been my experience that most Orientals were brilliant students. I guess you'd call this a kind of positive racism.

When I was out of college and working along with my continuing education, there are but a few moments of importance to recollect. One is during the Watt's riot, when I can say that I both sympathized with the black situation that caused the conflict, and felt that there must have been a better way to deal with it. Since then, I look back on that riot as the most constructive piece of destructive violence in the history of the civil rights movement.

I suppose if I were to say that there was one minority that I have had to do the most soul-searching examination of my own racist attitudes, it would be regarding Mexican-Americans. I don't know why this is so. In the spring of 1970 or 1971 when there was the greatest tension in the LA barrios, a Cinco de Mayo parade was going to take place and there were rumors of violence. Our church regional office wanted some of the clergyman interested in the social justice cause to monitor the parade so that we could get an unbiased judgment on whether the police were at fault or the Chicanos if a riot broke out.

We all wore our clerical collars for identification purposes and walked along the parade route. The usual slogans were chanted and the police were watching closely. A bunch of us happened to be on the very corner that the small, and yet violently injurious riot broke out. The police did not go back to the stations after the parade, but waited very conspicuously in a show of strength along the residential areas. There was alot of yelling going on by the young Chicanos, and pretty soon ~~a lot of~~ rocks were being thrown. Clearly, the students were angry because the police did not go home. The Mexican-Americans lived in this community, and had a right to be there. It is possible that the police thought that if they stayed around, they could handle any possible trouble, apparently not realizing that just sticking around, they were sitting targets for rock throwers.

Well pretty soon ~~widows~~ windows were broken and tear gas was being propelled, and I was getting scared. More rocks were being thrown, and it was obvious a riot was under way. Whild I sympathized with the youth, I could see no way in which a fight was going to help. Then something happened that shall stay with me for a long time. A young kid, about 12 was breaking up a block of pavement to get rocks to throw. I tried to stop him, grabbing the rock and

saying that this was only making matters worse for everyone. He struggled with me and then another priest, a white like myself, but more experienced in such matters, told me to let go.. He took me aside and said, "This is their struggle and not yours. You cannot understand them and their motivations, so never try to impose upon them yours. This is not an area for your morality." I believe that now, though I don't think I understood it then. Even now, though I understand the logic of this truth, it is always hard for me not to impose my ways of dealing with issues on others.

I don't know why there remains a residue of prejudice within me in regard to Mexican-Americans. There must have been certain incidents of my childhood that I cannot recall that have given me these motivations. Eventually, they will arise for me to deal with properly.

One final note. Our family has recently adopted a 3 year old little girl who happens to be half black--half white. It came about in that my wife and I wanted to adopt a girl in this age bracket as a first criteria. Our second criteria was that it had to be someone hard to place in a home. As it turns out, children of mixed black and white background are the hardest of all younger children to put into homes. Neither race seems to want them.

So far there have been, as I can detect, no problems of adjustment with reference to her racial background and ours. Our biggest adjustment is learning how to react to the stares and comments of people gawking in public at a blond mother and father, blond 6 year old boy, and a black little girl. But this whole experience is so recent that it is difficult to reflect adequately on all the implications. That should be done at a future time.

Mary Tomita 7-19-73

REFLECTIVE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My views on ethnicity are so intertwined with what I believe and what has happened to me that I have included many things which may not have direct bearing on the central topic.

My father emigrated from Wakayama, Japan, to the United States when quite young. He worked as a cook in Nevada and saved enough money to buy 20 acres of land in Ceres, California, before the Alien Land Act was passed. My mother was from Yonezawa, in the Northeastern part of Japan, but had gone to Tokyo to Rikko-kai, a Christian school established to prepare men and women to go abroad. I remember the stern portrait of the founder and principal of the school hanging in the bedroom and my mother telling us what a great man he was.

My mother was the talkative one in the family. She always told us to work and study hard and become good citizens of the United States. She valued education as the means by which her children would make their way in the white society, and always spoke with respect of anyone who had higher education. I never appreciated her, and used to be ashamed of her shabby clothes and broken English. Our home, which my father had built, was another source of embarrassment. I used to wish I had a nice home like my white friends.

Although my father had only elementary school education in Japan, he was always interested in learning and trying out new things. He experimented with different fertilizers and always strove to improve the yield of the land. He had a strong sense of justice and would often be indignant about some discrimination against the Japanese.

We were bused the six miles into town to attend the elementary and high schools. There were only a few Japanese families in Ceres, all farmers, among whom we were unique in owning our own land. One of the incidents most clearly engraved in my memory is being called "Jap" by some Portuguese boys. There were eight boys in this family, and I cringed whenever I saw them.

I think it was when I was in about the sixth grade that a Japanese Holiness Church was established in the nearby town of Modesto. In succession, we had ministers from Japan, and one from Hawaii. One minister's wife was horrified at the unladylike conduct of us girls, and tried to teach us Japanese etiquette, which we thoroughly hated. I resented the minister and his wife calling us girls otemba (tomboys) and resented even more the fact that my mother backed them up.

The ministers taught Japanese school on Saturdays. I was forced to go and disliked it, for I was unmotivated. As I look back, it is apparent that our small church had a real sense of community, and was influential in shaping the ideas and lives of the children who attended. We still get together for picnics and in time of crises, such as when someone is hospitalized or dies.

After graduating from Modesto Junior College, I worked for a year as a maid in order to earn boat fare to Japan. The house work was not bad, but I hated to serve because it was humiliating. I remember thinking that the only difference between the woman sitting at the table, being served, and myself was money, and it seemed very unjust.

My parents had insisted that all of us should go to Japan--my sister and brother had gone, and now it was my turn. Although I had resisted the idea before, after graduating from Junior College and not having any definite goal in mind, although I had been interested in going into some scientific field, I found it easier to comply with my parents' wishes than to oppose them.

My stay in Japan marks a definite turning point in my life, so far as my identity is concerned. In Japan I gained an altogether new perspective of America. Doubts as to whether I was Japanese or American were dispelled, for I found that I was American in my ideas, philosophy, and attitudes. The low position of women in Japan was especially repelling. I came to realize how the individual is less important than the community, and what that means in terms of personal rights.

On the positive side, I saw where both my parents had lived and became acquainted with my relatives. I found the roots from which I had come, and it gave me a sense of wholeness. I studied Japanese history and literature and caught a glimpse of the sophisticated civilization from which the Japanese had sprung. The richness, complexity, and beauty of Japanese art and civilization made me proud of being Japanese.

I had intended to stay a year or two, but World War II changed my plans. I was on the last ship to leave Japan for the United States, but had to return to Japan after a week at sea. It was a sad day when I set foot on Yokohama for the second time, for I was penniless and cut off from my family.

Somehow, I survived the hardships of the war. Friends in Japan helped me in this time of trouble more than relatives. First of all, I lived with a woman physician, Dr. Sakamoto, as a maid and tutor of English to her young son. It was a shock to see how the attitude of the Japanese to me changed when I was no longer a visitor, but another mouth to feed in a time of food and fuel shortages. Most of the Japanese would expect me to know their customs and considered me very uncouth when I would commit social blunders. For example, Dr. Sakamoto would be furious when I stepped on the black edgings of the <u>tatami</u> (mats) on the floor, for that was an unforgiveable sin in her eyes.

The English professor at the Woman's Christian College where I was attending discerned my unhappiness, so she arranged several tutoring jobs for me and I moved to the dormitory. By this time I had begun to question some of the moral teachings of our church. So much of it is relative. In the United States I had never even considered cheating in school because I never had to--I studied regularly and tried to please the teachers so I was usually near the top of the class. In Japan, as I struggled in the Japanese classes, I felt for the first time how desperate some students must feel for not being able to make good grades, and how great a temptation it is to cheat. Gradually it dawned on me how rules and laws are made by those who are in power.

It is surprising to me now how much better the Japanese in Japan understood racism in the United States than the Japanese here, for the former had predicted that in the event of a war, the Japanese in America would be incarcerated. When people in Japan told me that, I would vehemently object, for I had naive trust in America.

I feel that the experience in Japan really strengthened me, for I discovered how resilient human beings are and how they can survive deprivations--physical, mental, and emotional. I determined that I would never again be hungry or helpless, and I gained insight into those who were. The utter futility of the war was vividly brought home to me; also how cheap human life was in the face of those forces of destruction. Another lesson I learned was the unimportance of material possessions, for I had lived for months with only the clothes on my back and an emergency kit. As far as living in Japan, I knew that I would be happier in America where I saw more of a possibility of becoming independent and following my own inclinations.

I returned to the United States in 1947 and rejoined my parents and a sister in Boston where they had relocated. My father had taken a job as janitor in a small private school. In retrospect, my heart bleeds for him, for he had been an independent and creative farmer--and to take orders from a woman and clean that building must have been very humiliating and frustrating for him.

I completed my college education at Boston University because although I had graduated from a college in Japan, no women's colleges there gave degrees. At Boston University I took a course on the Bible as Literature, and for the first time realized that there were other interpretations of the Bible besides the Holiness Church one that it was the holy and inspired word of God that should never be questioned. I attended Boston Community Church and was surprised to hear social and political topics discussed in a church.

I felt very isolated and made no friends at school in the year and a half that I was there, and I remember that when I would see an Asian in the halls, it would make me very self-conscious, but I was too shy to speak to him or her. The handful of Issei in Boston, led by Rev. Horikoshi and Rev. Izumi, who were attending seminaries, held services on Sunday afternoons. Later, Rev. Izumi came to Sycamore Church in Oakland and that was the reason we began to attend that church.

I met Paul in Boston, married him, and came to the Bay Area. He was from Japan and had been caught here by the war. He was from a wealthy family and his friend later told me that his family was descended from the Heike Clan. Although he was a graduate of Boston University and had a master's degree from San Francisco State in Political Science, he was unable to find any suitable employment. He was born thirty years too soon, for as Frank Adamson, our pastor said, he would have made an ideal college professor. But the time was not yet ripe for Asians to assert themselves. In order to support the children and me, he became a gardener. When we discussed it at the time, I agreed--I did not have the wisdom to foresee what it would do to his self-esteem. I can't help but feel that he gave up a worthwhile career in Japan because he knew I preferred to stay in this country, so I am both grateful and guilty about it.

Paul insisted that I continue my schooling, so even with our limited means, we paid for a baby sitter while I went to graduate school at the University of California. I had started on a doctoral program in Far Eastern history, but was unable to complete it and stopped with master's degrees. In retrospect, it is evident how racist and sexist the U.C. graduate school was, for I received no encouragement. At the time, I accepted it just as I had accepted racism most of my life. I found students, especially the Asian ones, much friendlier than those in Boston, and I came to feel a sense of community with them.

After I quit working for a PhD, I completed the requirements for a teaching credential and taught one year in Oakland, but was asked to resign since I could not control my classes and I was becoming a nervous wreck. I substituted in secondary schools for several years, then went to library school.

I worked in the San Leandro and Berkeley School Districts until I faced irreconcilable differences with my superiors, at which point I resigned. Luckily, an opening for a district librarian in Castro Valley came up just then and I have been there for four years now. I like working in a small school district because it is easier

to know everyone in the district and learn just how this public institution works. I am not frustrated by superiors because there are fewer of them and I can educate them or bring pressure so that they will see the light.

I have come to the conclusion that in our society money means power, and since I have control of a large part of the instructional budget, this has put me in a very advantageous position. When I first went to Castro Valley, there were many hidden facets in the school budget. Over the years the district office administration has had a complete turnover, and we now have a relatively honest administration. I believe that public institutions and employees should be accountable for use of their time and their funds.

I have been very interested in organizing, for I see it as the only peaceful way for the powerless to gain any voice in their destiny. In the school district, I will never forget being angrily reprimanded by the Superintendent and the Assistant Superintendent for organizing the volunteers, who work in the libraries, to protest the cut-backs in our office. I felt vindicated the next year when the same Assistant Superintendent was demoted to teacher status, while the cut-backs in my office were restored.

It is amazing what one person with an idea can do, if the time is ripe for it. One teacher and I were the nucleus in organizing the Ethnic Studies Committee and put on a workshop, at which Roy Sano was one of the speakers. I have been active in administrative, librarian, and teacher groups. With this background, I was ready to work with Julia Estrella and the Asian Caucus; she has made a tremendous impact on the United Church of Christ Synod and influential people at the national level.

Paul suddenly passed away three years ago of a heart attack. This was the most devastating emotional shock of my life. During that time of grief, I really experienced the consolation and healing presence of a supportive community, our church. And I was so grateful that Paul had joined Sycamore Church, for I would never have done so since my early experience in a fundamentalist church had driven me away from it. However, my early church background was a great help to me in that many Biblical passages came to me at my time of grief, and I was comforted. I realized how consoling the Issei can be, and how their rituals meet the deepest human needs, especially at times of crises. For example, the memorial services are extremely painful, but they are part of the healing process for grief-stricken persons.

May I say here that many men are so conscientious about providing financial security for their wives in the event that they die first, but how many of them provide for the tremendous emotional vacuum which occurs? I feel that Paul's

insistence upon my continued education and finding a profession has been of more value to me than any life insurance policy could possibly have been. Furthermore, supporting a church, in our case, an ethnic one, has been an investment that has paid us immeasurable returns.

I think that many Nisei, like myself, have accepted racism without even realizing it. The Japanese newspapers which I read avidly during my impressionable years had always promoted the doctrine that we should become American and thereby by accepted by the white community. We are just now beginning to question the validity of that, thanks to the younger generation. What is the most pitiful is that, in our ignorance, we have tried to identify with the white majority, and looked down upon the other minorities--Blacks, Chicanos, Pilipinos, etc. I am beginning to realize how the Japanese have played into the hands of the racist white society which pits one minority against another. It is only in our joining forces that we can wrest any power from the majority and claim what is rightfully ours.

I feel that as a Japanese American and a female, I have been subjected to subtle oppression from which I am beginning to be liberated. For me, this includes, for the first time in my life, a fair amount of economic security, for without that, my freedom would be greatly hampered.

It seems to me that the task before us is to help the Asians raise their consciousness. We need to become involved in politics at all levels, for that is the way to power in a democratic country. Affluent and successful Asians must develop a sense of community with less fortunate Asians. I believe all persons are made in the image of God--therefore he or she has a right to dignity and a say in his or her destiny.

All my life I have believed that right will eventually triumph and that people are essentially good. I live in exciting times and consider myself fortunate to have lived long enough to see the pendulum swing towards real self-affirmation for every person. "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" has more meaning than ever for me.

An Auto-biographical Statement of Awareness of Ethnicity

by Frederick G. Plocher

For SS-ST 173 Developing an Ethnic Theology of Liberation

Dr. James Chuck and Dr. Roy I. Sano

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An Auto-biographical Statement of Awareness of Ethnicity

The assignment to write a reflective biography in terms of awareness of ethnicity drives me back to seldom recalled layers of memory in a vain struggle to call up some decisive incident which might satisfactorily explain my later responses to an awareness of ethnic differences. No recallable incident seems decisive or even formative.

I was born in October of 1914 on a small farm in Yolo County in the Sacramento Valley into a family of German ancestry. In time eight more children completed the family of nine children. Most of the near neighbors on other farms were also of German heritage and many continued to use the German language at home. My family was bi-lingual when I was very young. But as some older cousins were having difficulty in school and as some persons were attributing the difficulty to the dominence of the German language at home, my parents dropped the use of German in conversation at home when I entered elementary school. Family devotions and prayers continued to be in German for some time longer. The church to which my family belonged continued to use only German until 1923 when I was nearly nine years old. Then the Sunday School ceased teaching us how to read German, challenging us to memorize German Bible verses, and began to acquaint us with the lives of Hebrew and Christian heroes using workbooks printed in English. Thus, awareness of my own ethnicity as a German-American came early. The dominant culture raised no barriers against me but my memories told me that I was a newcomer. It could be that that sense of being an outsider was instrumental in the determination of my responses to the ethnicity of others.

The experiences of class differences and personal difference pointed in the same direction. I thought of my family and myself as being poor as compared with some of the classmates with whom I shared other interests. My feelings were an accurate mirror of my father's financial situation. It was some time after I had completed my college and seminary education that the mortgage was paid and the family gained a

secure hold on enough land to farm confidently.

The experience of personal difference also contributed to my feeling that I was an outsider. At home on the farm playing or working with brothers and sisters, as the oldest I learned to assume and maintain leadership roles, and so I began with the self-image of a participant, a planner and a doer, even a commander as younger brothers and sisters accepted assistant roles. But it would not be so in all experiences away from home. Although I could and did excell in the classroom, I experienced myself as an outsider on the school playground. The absence of fingers on my right hand plus an inate tendency to gravitate to the sidelines eliminated me from the major playground activity, the game of baseball. I would dream of playing baseball and I saved clippings showing ways to hold the ball to throw curves, but I could not handle myself on the field well enough to induce my playmates to entrust me with any responsible position in the game. I, myself, could not regard myself as an adequate player. Consequently, I found myself again and again in the role of an onlooker. Thus, experience of ethnic difference as an outsider was reinforced by experience of economic class and of personal difference.

Experience of the ethnicity of others begins perhaps at the experience of one's own ethnicity. The dominant white Anglo-Saxon Protestant English-speaking majority defined the oddness of my German heritage. But my subsequent entrance into the WASP majority has obscured those memories of awareness of the WASP ethnicity from the outside.

Awareness of racial differences must have come early in my life. I have no memory of a <u>first</u> experience. The mid-wife who assisted the doctor at my birth was black, but I have no first hand memory of that fact and can deduce no consequences from it. My parents have told me that a black man used to sell ice cream from a truck out in the country where we lived when I was very small, but I have no memory of that either.

Strong among the memories of my earliest years of elementary school is the recollection that a large percentage of the inhabitants of the little town in which our school was located were Spanish speaking. Across the fence from the school playground, mothers scolding their own little children sounded the more fearsome because they were speaking in a language not understood by me. But no incident of hostility between Chicano and WASP children at school comes to mind. Instead, I remember warm feelings of identification and friendship. Later there was one year a black boy with whom I used to visit as we both ate our sack lunches at noon. And still later in my seventh and eighth grades my closest friend was a Portugese. As I remember those experiences, I remember being aware of ethnic differences between us, but it appears that we had complementary reasons for reaching across those differences with mutually satisfactory results.

Entering high school was again entering a strange world. There had been five or six students in my eighth grade class. Some of them went on to high school, but they did not appear in the classes in which I enrolled. Since I had decided to prepare myself for the Christian ministry, the courses to which I was directed by enrollment advisors were college preparatory. Fellow students in those classes were white. Blacks were noticeable on the football field; Chinese and Blacks were among those with whom I ate sack lunches at noon. It was during my last years in high school that we noticed the Filipino workers in the lettuce fields not far from our farm. And when hauling our fat hogs thirty miles to auction was less than profitable, the appearance in our driveway of Filipinos asking for opportunity to buy a live hog was a welcome event. Mutually agreeable prices on the basis of estimated weights were negotiated out in the hog pen, the sale completed, and the new owners took possession immediately, catching a hog, tying their purchase and hauling it in trunk of their car. The situation was no doubt not without some white feelings of condescension but there was also admiration of the resourcefulness and ability of

the Filipino men in the handling of their affairs.

In 1932 I was graduated from high school. Plans to go to college that fall were postponed for financial reasons and 1933 saw me hoeing thistles along the county road with a W.P.A. crew including some of the Spanish speaking people I had known in elementary school. Again, the people were interesting and friendly; the work, however, did not inspire me to diligence.

By the fall of 1934 I was a freshman at Elmhurst College, Elmhurst, Illinois. Most of the pastors of the denomination of my home church had received their pre-theological college education at that school, therefore I went to that school also. Everyone at Elmhurst was white and most students had a German heritage as did the school. Among those who were different were a Bulgarian student and one whose parents came from Syria. The Syrian girl became alife-long friend and later married a close friend of mine. This was the time of Hitler's power in Germany. As students we were aware of the German-Jewish exiles who appeared as traveling lecturers on our assembly programs. And my favorite professor was in contact with anti-Hitler groups in Germany. Both Hitler's campaign against the Jews and his attempt to control the Church offended our sensibilities and aroused our opposition. At our graduation from college in 1938 we were given a voice in the selection of the Baccalaureate speaker. As president of the senior class, I was instrumental in getting the class to vote to invite Dr. Howard Thurman, a prominent Black leader at that time.

Three years at Eden Theological Seminary in Webster Groves, Missouri, found me again in an all-white situation. A significant contact with Blacks was made when sharecroppers in "swamp-east" Missouri, forced off their land by their landlords, staged demonstrations which moved our student body to send a delegation to investigate and bring the Black leaders of the evicted sharecroppers to our campus to tell their story. Here awareness of ethnic difference was combined with an awareness that we were part of the oppressing group and that we shared in an oppressive system.

Symbolic acts of identification and sympathy did not relieve us of the burden of guilt.

Following graduation from Eden Theological Seminary, I went to Union Seminary in New York for a year of graduate study. There I was to face Black students and Japanese students. The young woman with whom I was to be married two years later also went to Union that year. Her rooming with a Black student and her choosing to be friendly to a Japanese student drew me into close and friendly conversation with those two women and their friends. With the beginning of war between the United States and Japan, Kiyo Takeda chose to be repatriated to Japan via a Swedish ocean ship. Memory of our conversations with her helped us retain a sane view of Japanes e people during the time of anti-Japanese propaganda. This was also the time of the violent uprooting of the Japanese-Americans on the west coast. But no strong memories of this can be recalled. It was something unpleasant happening too far away at a time when my personal agenda was crowded with the near at hand. It was not condoned, it was deplored, but in a remote way as other government abuses and follies not touching us personally are deplored.

The three years of pastorate in rural southeast Ohio were without any involvement with ethnicity, except via second hand. In those years my father-in-law, who was Executive Secretary of the Board of Home Missions in the Evangelical and Reformed Church (now part of the U.C.C.) was maintaining contact with"re-located" Japanese who had been members of a Japanese Reformed Church in San Francisco. We heard of his visits to the "relocation" centers, especially at Topaz, Utah, and learned to expect references to Henry Tani and to George Nishimoto. Later, when I was pastor at Long Grove, Illinois, 1945-1950, we went into Chicago to acquaint ourselves with George Nishimoto and Ellis Community Center and George Nishimoto spoke in the pulpit of the church at Long Grove.

In February of 1950 I began a pastorate of two and a fraction years at St. Johns E. & R. Church in Sellwood in Portland, Oregon and was made our denomination's rep-

resentative on a Social Action Committee of the Portland Council of Churches. So it was that I participated in an unsuccessful effort to get the citizens of Portland to vote for certain proposals to force real estate interests to deal fairly with racial and ethnic mimorities. And then there was a Workshop on Interracial Relations covering several days and drawing leaders from out of the state. Jefferson Rogers, a Black on the staff of the E. & R. Church's Social Action Commission,stayed at our house during that workshop. Later that year I attended a workshop on Inter-racial and Inter-cultural Relations sponsored by the national organization of Methodist women and held at the retreat center owned by the First Presbyterian Church of Portland; a large proportion of the participants at the workshop were black. We lived together for several days. There were role plays of potentially explosive incidents and studies of ways to effect social change. All these first hand contacts with persons of other races helped to validate in experience what I knew in theory about the humanity of persons of other races.

From 1952 to 1959 I was pastor of First Congregational Church of Ashland, Oregon. Ashland had been the scene of KK Klan activities in the 1920's and was still known as a "sundown town" in which non-whites were not tolerated over night. During these years I participated in a group which organized as the Ashland Human Rights Council and I served as its first chairman. I often wondered whether we were accomplishing anything more than private conversation. But other people considered the organization significant. A workshop on human rights in Portland invited us to report on our activities and regarded us as exerting significant pressure on the hotels and motels in Ashland.

During the time that I lived in Ashland, Oregon, the Federal Government was doing something disturbing in its relation to the Klamath Indians just sixty miles away. Although there appeared to be no handles for me and others to do anything significant, public protests did help to temper the government's intention to

liquidate the reservation. The episode contributed to my awareness of the complexity of the inter-relatedness of the rights of the Indians and the responsible and irresponsible exercise of power by the government, the banks and the lumber interests eager to get their hands on the Indian-owned timber lands. Could the nation delay the end of paternalism for the sake of the financial security of the Indian community? Or should we, in the name of the Indian's freedom and dignity, risk their financial security at the hands of unscrupulous entrepenours? As it happened, the Indians were allowed to choose. Some of the land was sold and the proceeds divided among those choosing termination and some of the land was kept for those voting to remain on the reservation.

From 1959-1967 I served as pastor of Union Congregational Church in Green River, Wyoming. Fifteen miles away was Rock Springs with its multi-ethnic population. By this time the coal mines were idle and coal miners had turned to other jobs. But the heritage of immigrant communities was still evident in church buildings and ethnic clubs, in the festivals and food sales. Slavic, Italian, Finnish, Greek, German, Welsh and other ethnic names appeared on the lists of public officials. The history books and the historical land marks also told about the destructive anti-Chinese riot of earlier years. An almost invisible Chinese community continued ~~to flourish~~. There was a visible but relatively small black community and a few Japanese. The expanding soda-ash industry was assuring growth for the communities of Rock Springs and Green River and jobs for nearly everyone. "Live and let live" seemed to be an adequate motto.

In 1967 I became one of two co-pastors of the Modoc Larger Parish, a U.C.C. instituion involving six small rural churches in the northeast corner of California. The members of the six churches are white. But the pastors find themselves related to American Indians of the Pit River and Paiute tribes in so far as the Indians invite a realtionship or choose to participate in the programs offered by the parish.

Most often by their posture or by their absence they indicate that they feel rejected by the white church members. But they do come to the white pastors for some kinds of help. In 1969 the Paiute Indians on the reservation at Fort Bidwell, together with the Indian Rancheria of Susanville in Lassen County, formed the Modoc-Lassen Indian Housing Authority. The Susanville group elects two persons to the Board of Commissioners and the Fort Bidwell group elects three. Of the three elected by the Fort Bidwell Indian Community one was the writer of this paper. Currently there are three Indians and two Caucasians serving on the housing authority board elected by Indians. The funds are borrowed from the federal government through the Department of Housing and Urban Development office in San Francisco.

This long catalogue of inter-ethnic contacts has been listed without much interpretation or sign of personal growth or change in self understanding. I do not remember ever holding the melting pot theory with any seriousness. The Exclusion Acts are consistent with the melting pot idea. If metalurgy is the source of the metaphor we need only remember that the metalurgist chooses the proportion of various metals to produce the desired alloy. Exclusion is the other side of that choice. Also the melting pot submerges the characteristics of each metal which is lost in the whole. But here the metaphor serves to distract attention from the more important historical reality that the more acculteration proceeds the more the WASP heritage engulfs the unique contribution of Asiatic and African or even Italian and Slavic immigrant communities.

I believe that I can say that I approach or am open to contact with ethnicity with no program. Psychologically, I come with my experience as having been an outsider, but no longer really outside, open to relate to another person. Theologically, I stand as a sinner who has been forgiven by God through Jesus Christ and who in thankful obedience to God seeks to love every neighbor as I love myself. The "as I love myself" means that I respect the neighbor's personhood, his integrity, his freedom,

his gifts, his rights, his differences. I need to be reminded that love without justice is sentimentality. In the concrete situation this means that I first must listen to and hear my neighbor, and join him in political action to secure his justice.

So I say again that I am open to contact with my neighbor's ethnicity with no program of my own for him.

And what about my own ethnicity? As a sinner who has been forgiven by God through Jesus Chirst, I seek in thankful obedience to him to love myself as I ought, and that means to accept myself as his creation in his image and redeemed by his love. And so I affirm my German heritage against the melting pot. And to the extent that I have become a part of the dominant American culture I affirm the heritage of the American founding fathers especially the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

Do I feel guilty before oppressed minorities? Yes, I do. But that guiltiness does not have the last word. God in Christ has called us both, them and me, to new life in freedom from bondage to the old.

An afterthought to this paper has welled up out of the hidden memory.

A most significant experience of ethnicity in my life occurred two years ago next October at the fall clergy convocation of the U.C.C. It was in a small encounter group in which I was exposing my hurts and seeking self-understanding and renewal of confidence. The facilitator was Terry Kawata of Japanese ethnicity and one of the members of the group was James Hargett, a Black. The tenderness and understanding shown me by all in this group was immensely helpful to me. But I especailly appreciated the support of the two persons whom I have named. At leave taking time when there were physical embraces, there was healing for me in the contact with these two men whose ethnicity was different from mine.

REFLECTIVE BIOGRAPHY

July 18, 1973
Jiro Mizuno

I was born to a rather typical middle-class Japanese family in Tokyo when Japan was beginning to expand her colonial invasion policy under the protection of her imperial military forces in Manchuria and China. Formosa and Korea have been then under the control of the Japanese government for a number of years, and I used to see some Chinese students studying at universities under the government scholarships. I remember that they were neatly dressed and polite, but spoke very funny Japanese. These were, you might say, "elite" Chinese. But the Koreans were a different matter. I do not remember of ever having any Koreans living in the neighborhoods of any of the houses that we lived in my childhood, though we moved 5 or 6 times during my childhood years. I suppose that there were no Koreans in the neighborhoods because they always lived in certain sections of the city, the ghetto communities for the Koreans. All the things said about the Koreans around my family that I remember were always that of negative and derogatory nature. My grandmother in particular always retold an incident, or should I say the rumor of an incident, widely spread immediately after the great earthquake of Tokyo in 1923 that the Koreans went around throwing poison in the wells of the destroyed city. Her words about the Koreans were that they were "smelly, dirty, and poor and cunning." Naturally, I must have believed that the Koreans were inferior people.

In the night of April 8, 1945 the house that we lived in and everything we ever owned were burned down to ashes by a couple of fire-bombs dropped from the B-29s during an air-raid. We had to walk all day over 20 miles on the following day, seeking for a refuge at our relative's house in the suburbs of Tokyo which was fortunately made available to us since the evacuation of that family to the countryside. It was way after the sundown, a family of 7 with 5 children ranging from 15 to 6 years old, were so exhausted and hungry that we all practical-

ly collapsed when we got to the house. But soon after our arrival, a woman came to see us, a total stranger but we could tell that she was Korean as she spoke with a strong Korean accent. She came to welcome us with a pot of cooked vegitables and several rice balls. I was not quite old enough to understand the depth of feelings and what happened in the minds of my parents at that dramatic experience, but I knew that they were deeply moved by the kindness of that Korean woman. I do remember how good that food tasted that time! After this experience my family and the Korean family became good friends .

My prejudice toward Koreans was borne not out of any of my personal or direct experience with them, but it was communicated from my parents. However, my negative feelings, anger and hate, toward the Americans were enhanced by the fact that they bombed and burned everything that we possessed. I still remember very vividly that we stood in tears among the debris and ashes at the place where once stood our house and I felt strong and intense feelings of anger and hate swelling up within me toward Americans whom I had not seen. The B-29 bombers bombed the city of Tokyo indiscriminately day and night, and the factory where we were assigned to work during the day was completely destroyed, and 13 of my classmates who were 15 years old then lost their lives by the bombs. The Japanese government's all-out anti-American propaganda was increasingly intensified as the war progressed .

My first exposure to the Americans came after the war. It was through student-teacher relationships with American missionaries at the college where I studied, which incidentally was a Methodist school. I began to know some younger missionaries better through extra curricular and club activities at the school, but my knowledge of English then was still extremely limited to communicate with them well.

It was a time of rapid change and the wind of "Westernization- or Americanization" was blowing strong in Japan. Those who had been ardent

advocators of the militalistic nationalism during the war turned out to be most enthusiastic supporters of Democracy after the war. I am still uncertain if I was affected by the mood of the people that believed much destruction and many tragedies occurred during the war ~~and also as a consequence of the war~~ were unavoidable, but I had little difficulty to accept that our house was burned down like many other millions of houses because it was just ~~that were destroyed as~~ a part of the tragedy suffered as an inevitable consequence of the war. Also I was convinced later that the ordinary citizens of America never wanted to have the B-29s bombed indiscriminately dropping the bombs over non-combat citizens in the residential areas, but it was most unfortunately carried out by the military.

In the midst of rapid change and confusion in Japan immediately after the war, I found myself struggling with the question of finding "purpose and meaning of life." After having witnessed so much destruction of the city and of human lives caused by the war, and also going through with my family a constant and hard struggle for survival, hunger and poverty after the war I often wondered what in the world were we living for? I needed something or somebody that I could cling on, depend on, and believe in. The person who spent many many hours with me listening and discussing problems with me and the friend who gave me the warmth and support in the times of need was a young divinity student from Yale who came to Japan as a short-term missionary.

I received a snholarship through the Kyodan, the United Church of Christ in Japan, to do graduate studies in the United States. In August 1954 I landed at Seattle and was to travel by bus all the way down to Nashville, Tenn. alone. Naturally, I was most anxious and apprehensive but I somehow managed that 3,000 mile trip by bus under a great deal of nervous tension and strain. However, that trip was also quite an educational and eye-opening experience for me. For the frist time in my life, as my journey rolled on down toward the South, I saw the public facilities such as the rest-rooms, the waiting rooms and the water-fountains being segregated. It bothered me when I saw the sign, "colored only". I am sure that I knew that such segregation did exist

in the United States, but it still bothered me when I actually saw the sign because I had never seen anything like that in Japan. I sensed the same kind of feeling everytime I rode on the bus or went to the movie theatre. I became very critical about racism in America and often wondered how this racist attitude could possibly be reconciled with their Christian principle because I did meet many very religious people in the South.

Two years in the South as a foreign student living on a campus was a sheltered life. It was that historical year of 1954 and the students were just beginning to discuss and react on the Supreme Court decision on the shcool desegregation. I felt that I was accepted as a foreign student, a student from Japan, and was always treated as such. People knew and I knew that I was there for a short period of time on a temporary basis. People were extremely kind and generous and terribly interested in my country, people, customs, and especially how I became Christian. In my second year at college I started going steady with a student from Mexico, who is now my wife. But even before we were serious in our courtship, let alone our ever thinking of getting married, we soon became a victim of campus gossips. The gossip soon reached to the ears of the school authorities and I was one day summoned into the office of the Dean of Men and my girl-friend to the office of the Dean of Women. The Dean tried his best to communicate to me that inter-racial marriage had slim chance to be a happy marriage, especially when both of us were from entirely different ethnic and cultural backgrounds. He suggested that we should drop the whole matter and I should marry to "some nice girl from my own people." My wife and I now recall of those days and find it rather interesting that all those who adviced us to give up our relationship were, without any exception, Americans. Our own people, including my parents and my wife's encouraged and blessed us from the beginning.

In 1957 we were married and I was then employed as Director of Christian Education at a typical all white subarban Methodist church while I attended a seminary as a part-time student. For the first time I became keenly conscious

of my handicaps as a foreigner, being totally unfamiliar with the mode of operation, psychology and the life style of the WASP of a Methodist church in a Mid-West subarban community. People were very nice and kind, though, but we were more of a show-case than a staff member and his wife of the church. At the reception at the church immediately after we returned from our honey-moon trip the church people made a fake wedding-cake with the cardboard, at the top of which stood a pair of plastic bride and groom. The bride was painted in brown color and the groom in yellow, together with three flags; the Mexican, Japanese, and Christian flags. People happily watched as we accepted the cake for "in Christ there is no East or West, in Him no South nor North...."

We left the good old U.S.A. on account of a number of reasons and circumstantial factors and went back to Japan. We did not stay in Japan for long, and we accepted an invitation to work for the National Council of Churches in Mexico, and we stayed there for next 5 years. I learned the language rather quickly, but I was again a foreigner there,too. However, for some reason I felt that I could identify myself better with the Mexicans than with the Americans and I felt more accepted there than in the United States. I often wonder if I felt more comfortable and relaxed with the Mexicans because I did not feel that I had to prove that I was as good as they, or was it the Mexicans who made me feel ~~as being~~ I was totally accepted by them. Or did I feel this way because I subconsciously thought that the Mexicans were not as good as the Japanese, or that they were not as superior as the Americans? And could this possibly be my very subtle and well-concealed prejudice against other races?

My next assignment took us to Hawaii...a place often considered as the ideal model of "melting-pot" of all races and cultures. I was assigned as associate pastor to the largest and the oldest Japanese Methodist church in Honolulu, Hawaii. My particular task there was, as my D.S. put it, to help its senior minister to relate to its predominantly Japanese congregation. The

senior minister was "haole", Hawaiian word meaning originally "foreigner" but now is used to mean the white. This church has always been a Japanese church and it has always had Japanese pastors until 1963. They always had two pastors, one English speaking and the other Japanese speaking. Under the banner of "integration" in 1963 two white ministers were appointed for the English speaking congregation and a pastor was imported from Japan to look after the Japanese speaking congregation. Soon after this change, I was told, that many members, active ones as well as inactive one, began to drop out gradually but steadily. When I was appointed to the church in 1966 the membership of the decision-making body was still predominantly Japanese, but their participation and involvement in the activities and programs including the Sunday morning worship service was minimum. More haoles began to join the church and filled the void left by the Japanese. In fact, I observed during my two years at that church that the ethnic composition of the Sunday service attendance was something like 80% to 85% haoles and the rest was Japanese and others.

I did not accept the assumption at first that the ethnicity of these two pastors had anything to do with the decline of the Japanese at the level of participation in the life of the church of this particular congregation. I was rather inclined to conclude that the question of personality of these pastors might have had something to do with the poor response of the Japanese, but I had several experiences with the congregation which made me think that my assumption was not quite accurate. Among my routine calls on the parishioners, I one day called on an old-timer, once active and faithful member of the church for a number of years. He still continued sending his pledges but very seldom did he ever show up to any activities of the church. At first he did not open up to be honest with me, but his true feelings were revealed when I suggested that our senior minister should call on him to talk with him. He emphatically refused to have his visit because he and his family would

be most embarrassed to have a haole to their home because he might think that they were not very tidy, decent and proper in their home life. He continued on to tell me that back in the days of plantation his parents were immigrant workers from Japan to work in the plantation. He said that the "luna" who was haole ("luna" is a Hawaiian word for the "work boss" at the plantation) would never call on his workers at home. He said that he would be happy to invite the senior minister out for a dinner at some nice and decent restaurante, but never at his home. So far as he was concerned the haole minister was not "one of them," and their relationship between the minister and the member should be kept on a superficial and marginal basis like that of the boss-worker relationship.

My last assignment in Hawaii was to a church of which congregation was predominantly white. This particular church was somewhat different from any other churches that I had served previously. The church was only 7 years old and the average age of the members was relatively young. With this congregation I did not feel that I had to work extra hard to prove to the congregation that I was as good as the white minister, or I had to be extra nice to them in order to be accepted. I felt that I could be open, honest, and free to be myself with them, and without pretention or fake veneer of professionalism, I have established really meaningful relationships with some members who were not from my own ethnic group.

In looking back I feel that I have come a long way. It is obvious that my feelings about my own ethnicity have changed, and my understanding on the whole question of the liberation of minority groups is being broaden. In my seeking and affirming "ethnic identity" in the predominantly white society I feel that I am caught in the process of liberation and humanization because I have been trying to find my own self as God created me to be an authentic human being with freedom and dignity, and wanting to function most responsibly and effectively for the task to which God has called me to participate. I find

my theology of humanization in the words in the Gospel of Luke which were quoted from the book of Isaiah and read by Jesus at the beginning of his ministry:

> "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
> because he has anointed me to preach good news to the poor.
> He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives
> and recovering of sight to the blind,
> to set at liberty those who are oppressed,
> to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."
> (Luke 4:18-19)

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CULTURAL PLURALISM; CROSS-CULTURAL UNITY: ETHNIC INTERLUDE
An Autobiographical Statement

Introduction:

In the last three years of working within UMHE our staff has moved from the radical posture of Advocacy for the Oppressed to a more conservative posttion of Reform and Reconciliation. That corporate journey also happens to be my personal change. I thus want to state at the out set what the ingredients of my present commitments are, then re-trace events which have had significant influence on my life.

The following is excerpted from the UMHE PLAN OF MINISTRY, 1973 which reflects the composite thinking of various persons, but whose actual writing is mine:

"...three elements clearly emerged as underlying principles or specific purposes....These are:
A. Trans-cultural unity : (Reconciliation)

To work toward the unifying principles which hold together the various groups which emerge out of our affirmation of cultural pluralism. This is not a return to the superficial concept of "Integration." Thus, UMHE affirms the issue of cultural pluralism by moving with the flow of each separate cultural group, now expanding to the issue of women's rights, white ethnics and eventually to every single person in the nation. UMHE is looking beyond the point of strong group identities to participate in the function of reconciliation - unifying common purposes and cooperative styles of life.

Erik Ericksen asserted that,

> In our time, for the first time, one human species can be envisaged with one common technology on one globe and some surrounding "outer space." The nature of history is about to change.... Joint survival demands that man visualize new ethical alternatives fit for newly developping as well as over-developed systems and identities. A more universal standard of perfection will mediate more realistically between

> man's inner and outer worlds than did the compromises resulting from the reign of moral absolutes; it will acknowledge the responsibility of each individual for the ptentialities of all generations for each individual, and this in a more informed manner than has been possible in past systems of ethics.

Thus the issue of trans-cultural unity is a significant purpose of UMHE.

B. Redemptinn: (wholeness; humanizing)

Another purpose is a concern for the experience of redemption - "freedom andwwholeness by people in their own lives, their relationships and their world," particularly as the humanizing of the process of education/learning.

Erik Erickson makes a sharp distinction between wholeness and totality.

> wholeness: connotes an assembly of parts, even quite diversified parts, that enter into fruitful association and organization....wholeheartedness, wholemindedness, wholesomeness....A sound organic progressive mutuality between diversified functions and parts within an entirety, the boundaries of which are open and flent.

> totality: evokes a Gestalt in which an absolute boundary is emphasized; given a certain arbitrary delineation, nothing that belongs inside must be left outside, nothing that must be outside can be tolerated inside. A totality is as absolutely inclusive as it is utterly exclusive.

Redemption conceived as "wholeness" thus is a major purpose.

C. Reform of Higher Education

To work toward the purposes of educational reform of all elements of higher education informed by our Christian faith and the varied sources of learning in higher education. This purpose moves rapidly from the side of abstraction to concreteness. The total thrust of UMHE is moving toward the end to effect change in higher education."

Having set that over-view, I want now to re-trace my journey from cultural pluralism to an ethnic interlude and now a concern for cross-cultural unity.

I. Cultural Pluralism

My first recollection as a child was when I was four years old. My parents had come to this country from Japan, my Father as a youth of 16 first to Hawaii as a contract laborer then to San Francisco; my Mother as a picture bride some years later. Their story is of course a part of mine but I shall not recount it in this narrative.

After some efforts to earn a living in California and Arizona, my Father settled down in Gallup, New Mexico, where I was born in 1930. It has occurred to me in later years that we were poor; and running around in a small group, barefoot and mischeivous, in that small town of 7,000 people, I suppose some thought of us as juvenile delinquents.

When my older brothers enrolled in school the teachers couldn't pronounce their names. Incidentally, our teachers by and large came out of the Mid-West (my favorites from Indiana). They had those staunch Mid-West conservative values, plus the advantage of speaking the normative American language and speech pattern. Unlike other minority persons I've never had to have my speech "corrected." At any rate, the teachers renamed my brothers, Yutaka became Richard; Mitsuru became Jack.

They then decided that it was inevitable that my name would also be changed so they re-named me Billy. It was a poor choice from my parents point-of-view, Because the "l" sound is difficult for Japanese. Thus, as a small child I heard my Mather mis-pronounce my name consistently. One day a visitor was in our house,

and he asked me what my name was. I replied, "Betty."

"What," he reacted in amazement, "your name is !Betty'?"

"Yes, Betty," I replied since that was what my Mother calldd me.

My earliest recollection, then, was this incident - one of cultural difference and the minority experience.

What next happened in the years I spent in Gallup going through the public schools and the changes in the religious life of our family seem to me to be a very unique and, on the whole, a very positive experience. It probably contributed to my own commitment to pluralism and the search for themes of over-arching unity. To be sure, there were also severe problems, but in reflecting back I am more and more convinced that the small, but not too small, town; the racial mix; the war years outside of the evacuation area (so that our family was not relocated), and the opportunities for exercising leadership roles in that small setting were strokes of great luck or providential, whichever way you wants to look at it.

Our family lived right off Highway 66 behind a restuarant with our house adjacent to the alley. The restuarant was managed by a Japanese couple; the barber shop next to it by a Mexican American; and the small variety store was operated by the son of the restuarant owners. Incidentally, the war years, 1942 to 1945 also created a house of prostitution in the hotel next to our home. I often ponder about how I as a 12 year old learned about sex. We knew Roxy the most beautiful of the whores, and while I worked at times in the summers in the variety store the "girls" usdd to come in for purchase items from us. I don't know whether this was an "ethnic" experience but thought it worth mentioning. In one sense they were a part of the influx of Southern whites who came to Gallup during the Second World War to work in the munitions depot right out of town. The Texans were a different breed of Whites and their children gave us a different perspective about "whiteness" -

lower income groups and Texas and Southern sectionalism.

The pre-dominant ethnic group in Gallup, as in all of New Mexico, were the Spanish-speaking. In those days they were correctly referred to as "Spanish" or in high society as "Castillian" never as "Mexican" or even worse "Chicano." While in Junior High School one day on the playground a group of Spanish kids were talking in their native tongue when the principal rushed over and lectured them on the evils of speaking Spanish and insisted that while at school they were to speak only English. That incident sticks in my mind because it was such conditioning that prevent me from learning Spanish when it would have been normal to do so. It is only as an adult looking back on that incident that I now know it was a very racist act.

Not only that but Sefarino Ramirez and Pete Garcia with whom I worked in a wholesale produce firm during the summers told me about the wild parties in the Hpanish American Center, Catholic mass, and smoking grass. They showed me how you took a drag off the weed and how it effected one. Long years before the nation suspected a drug problem the Mexican community was forced to cope with it with no community help. I hate to jump forward in the harrative, but once during the sixties I wrote a column that the only way to have a social problem resolved is to make it a white problem. I suggested we export rats from the ghetto to Beverly Hills in order to trigger an extermination program. I was really disturbed at that time about gangs, drugs, education, etc. but unintentionally made my point because two weeks later it actually happened. Beverly Hills ordered a massive rat eradication program because they discovered the rodents living in the Palm trees of their fair city.

During my grade school days Frank "Babe" Griego was a playmate. When we were in our teens Babe had joined the zoot-suiters and had even gone off the "L.A. zoot-suit riots". One night walking home in the dark alley I was surrounded by a Mexican zoot suit gang. I was

really frightened. But then I recognized Babe. Hey, Babe, remember me? I shouted out. Babe took a long hard look and finally said, "Yeah." They let me go home . . . on very shaky legs. And so twenty-five years later on the East side of Los Angeles I once again encountered the gang phenomenon - it was not new, but no less frightening. The point is that in the course of my lifetime the situation of the Mexican American remains much as it was when I was a child in the 30's and 40's.

Gallup also claims to be the Indian Capitol of the World, primarily because it was adjacent to the largest Indian tribe in the nation, the Navajos. There were also pueblo Indians in the area, and in our class there were Jimmy Bicente, a Navajo, and Ralph Paisano, a Laguman. Almost all of the Indians went either to government schools or mission schools. I really could write a book on the plight of the Indians in Northwestern New Mexica and the role of the church, but I can say now only that early in my life while in college I wrote essays on the inherent racism of the Inter-tribal Indian Ceremonials, the exploitation of the Indians, and it is with some satisfaction to know that this year the Ceremonials will not be held, and that Indian militancy is bringing some semblance of justice to Gallup.

There were few Blacks in our town, although one Dolly Lewis graduated with our class. My encounter with Blacks was profound but much later in life.

In the northside of town were in addition to Mexicans Slavs, Italians, and other immigrants. I really cherish the memory of playing and knowing the Slavic and Italian families: the Radosovichs, the Yerbichs, the Milosovichs, and the DiPomazzios, the deGregorios, etc. We had a tie because we were in the same immigrant children class in contradistinction to the white kids who lived on the other side of town, up on the hill in the First Ward, where the hospital, high school and country club were situated.

My older brother formed a football team made up of Mexicans, Slavs, Italians, and Japanese. We would play the white kids from the First Ward and always beat them until high school when they suddenly outgrew us. We also made trips into the reservation to play the Indian Schools - Ft. Defiance, Crownpoint, Zuni, etc. Actually, and this is basic, we learned about as much outside of school as we did inside.

There were on the reservation another group: the white Indian traders. I find it both amusing and distressing that we act as if "bussing" is an issue. It is a white convenience to bus when whites were bussed forty to fifty miles one way each day because the traders wanted their kids to go to the school in Gallup. In fact, I can remember the excitement in our school when the bus was to arrive bringing the kids to our ninth grade class - the first time the trader's children would be on our school. The excitement was about the lengendary Rosemary Jones, the beauty from Thoreau. Sure enough she was beautiful; and another additional piece of data for the whole minority populace to know that our definition of "beauty" was a white girl.

Milt Danoff was the lone Jewish student in our class. We never thought about it; but he did finally when he went to the University of New Mexico with a group from our class. A year later I saw Milt and asked how things were going. He was a very sober and somber person. The others had all joined fraternities and sororities; he was of course not invited; and his former classmates ostracized him. He had come face to face with racism.

Ethnicity was not something I discovered in later life. There were all of these persons from various ethnic and cultural backgrounds and we came to know each other very well - there were only 150 persons in our entire high school. Ethnicity was a way of life in Gallup; it probably is a major factor in my adult behaviour and concern for multi-cultural and cross-cultural unity.

In addition to all of this, we also had a small tight-knit Japanese community. My dad was the community leader, more or less, he organized and taught the Japanese language school (although he himself had only been through the fourth grade in Japan) and conducted a good deal of political business with the mayor and at times with the governor. In fact, it is in his role as community leader and the father of four wild boys that lead to his "conversion" to Christianity.

He was deeply concerned that none of us were receiving moral training, which would have taken place naturally in Japan. He therefore began to take more seriously the periodic visits of the Rev. Kashitani of the Free Methodist Church. One day Dad asked him if he would start a Sunday School if my father would become a convert. When the minister said yes, my Dad was baptized. The meaning of his baptism was a step in which he acknowledged that he was now stuck in the United States and would abide by the norms of this land, including its religion.

I recount this, knowing that after that my Dad became a very committed and knowledgeable Christian, because his moving his family and many in the Japanese community into the church was a result of the cultural situation rather than any meaningful understanding of the Christian faith.

I thus early became a member of the ethnic church. It is a tenuous and difficult story for me to recount because I have ambivalent feelings; partly because it was a fundamentalist Christianity with rigid puritanical standards, partly because the ethnic church in that day was not consciously ethnic but were in existence because of the racism of American White Christians. On the other hand, it extended our ties outside the inland town with the annual conferences and camp meetings which pre-war took place in the Pacific Palisaides.

For lack of space I need to jump ahead of the story again. Lest one think only Free Methodists were racists, when I had completed my doctorate and even had engaged in the teaching of mission candidates and furloughed missionaries, the Southern Baptists would not appoint me to Japan as a missionary except on a probationary appointment - only Nisei were accorded this treatment. As a corollary, I was also not invited by the Japanese churches who frowned on the fact that I had married a Caucasian. You can't win.

One last thing I want to mention about my early life in Gallup is the relationship I had with girls. I have recently given much thought to this because of the need to clarify in my own head how my concept of man and woman, human sexuality, developed. There was a girl, older than myself, named Pat King. She was a close friend of a Japanese girl, Suzy Miyamura, The Miyamuras lost their mother who was my mother's best friend, so our families were very close. Pat King was blonde, blue eyed, and to most of us she was the ideal girl. She was a very compassionate and beautiful person. Later on when I went to college at New Mexico Highlands she was also enrolled there, a junior, when I was an entering freshman. She wasn't the person I ever thought of as a potential date. She was in her relationship to me too ideal for such thinking. She was an image. I now look back on that whole event

knowing that I need to understand what happened and was happening to me. I also need to say that she was crippled. I know that now and I knew it then, but Pat King was so much a person, so much a woman, that only now I think about the fact that the ideal woman in my mind was crippled. It in fact is almost not worth noting.

I am retelling all of this to say that I didn't have problems of dating - I didn't date that much probably because the Free Methodists frowned on dancing and I never really learned how. What dates I had in high school were with Caucasian girls, with very little overt negative actions on the part of their parents. But then I also need to say that my stereotype of an ideal woman was Pat King. I am very glad that she was because even now goingover that experience I know that she was a very fine, beautiful, compassionate human being and I am glad I took my cues to women from her life.

On the other hand, I also know that I am a victim of the institutional racism of America which even defines the most intimate thoughts of a child and even of adults. We are brainwashed into believing that a white woman is the ideal; minority women are either Suzy Wong, a hooker, or the Dragon Lady, a spy.

Eventually years after I had forgotten about Pat King, I married Ernestine Grissette, a Caucasian and a Southerner. What motivated me and who is she? I am the only one who needs to know but I am really asking us all to think about the racial games being played on us regarding human sexuality.

One last word on cultural pluralism. I owe a great deal to the Blacks in America. No matter how I might have eventually come to terms with my ethnicity, the Black movement triggered for me a new era of my life. Before the events which culminated in the Black Power movement, I was engaged with Blacks both in the South and in Los Angeles.

Once again there are many incidents which I recall, but I am going to tell you about one which may sound rather strange but was deeply moving to me. I was working in a Black teenage summer camp. One night I began to smell a terrible stench, and got up and talked with Ernie Ransom, the adult black counselor and friend. She then recounted for me the agonizing ordeal of being a Black woman in America - the girls were all ironning their hair at midnight in order to straigthen it. The next morning I went to the chapel, which I seldom did, and knelt and cried for a very long time.

The events of the Black movement thrust me into intimate contact with some very cool cats. They taught me political strategy, social analysis, and Blackness. It was a straight line from that experience to what I term the ethnic interlude.

2. The Ethnic Interlude

At another point in this course I am going to share with you a style of ministry which is listed as Marginal Man, now renamed, Eccentric Man, so that I can further expain why I term this "ethnic interlude" rather than leave with you the impression that I am deeply involved in a centrally significant way with the Asian American Movement.

It is an interlude on my personal journey. And it is chiefly the impact of the Asian American student movements. My chief mentor is Danny Kuramoto, whom I first met in 1960 at Evergreen when he was a junior high student. Through the years he's allowed me to tag along on his pilgrimage which lead through the early formation of Oriental Concerns on campus; the fight to establish the Asian American Studies program at Cal State Long Beach; the whole Asian counter-culture including music and drugs; and the common search for Asian American identity. It is no small task to come to te

to terms with one's identity, but beginning with my dealing with my Asianness, I feel much more human and comfortable with myself and my future.

This narrative is getting out of hand so I will leave it at that.

3, Cross-Cultural Unity

My present struggle is with the whole question of What is beyond cultural pluralism? In many ways it is a pre-mature question. On the other hand, it would be a personal and corporate satisfaction that for once the church can participate in the future rather than constantly riding into the flow of things on the coattails of others.

There are already quick and simple solutions proffered. In higher education a great deal of strategy is afoot for structurally de-centralizing ethnic studies and eventually scatter them without identity throughout the curriculum. I believe that would be a tragic approach to cross-cultural unity.

In public education the major thrust is a program dealing with "racial isolation." It is a dangerous one in the hands of the wrong people. The whole solution to ethnic pluralism will be inter-ethnic contacts and "communication." The other program is Career Education which will solve the problem pragmatically by teaching everyone a salable skill and eventually completely satisfying minorities by encorporating them into the system.

The church and the ethnic communities need a positive strategy and philosophy of inter-racial and cross-cultural unity... I have no solution, but I intend to work on it.

reviewed my life with you...there are other stories and encounters with white migrants and Chicano migrants in Texas during my Baylor college years, with rural Kentuckians in the Dry Valley Baptist Church in Mystic, Kentucky, a year in North Carolina teaching and learning about the South and Thomas Wolfe, the gay movement, the anti-war movement, student movements of various sorts, etc....but I think it understandable that from my childhood experiences until this day I have had a integrative ~~whole~~/ holistic motivating drive. If I am depressed, it is because the task is so complicated and seemingly so much beyond tentative solution in my lifetime. But I have hope.

Julia Estrella
July 19, 1973

I was born and raised in the small town of Wahiawa on the main island of Oahu in the state of Hawaii. We were known as a pineapple community because we were surrounded by pineapple plantations. Because there were more Asian faces in Wahiawa than white ones, I grew up with the impression that we were part of the majority and our culture was the majority culture. It seemed to me that all the Japanese children in town attended Japanese school (sponsored by the Buddhist Church) every afternoon as a matter of course. There were probably over 200 children enrolled at any one time since the afternoon had to be divided into two sessions--3-4 p.m. for the younger children; and 4-5 p.m. for the older children and youth.

Unlike my peers, who were mostly Sansei, I was a Nisei since my parents were in their early forties when my sister and I were born. Because the Japanese language was crucial to communication in our home, we were sent on Saturday mornings to Tanaka sensei's home for an additional two to three hours of language lessons. Such lessons continued almost without a break, 6 days a week, for approximately nine years. In the summers Tanaka sensei would teach us embroidery, crochet or drafting of patterns. Most of all I remember this woman who was in her sixties and seventies when we were under her tutelage, telling us Japanese folktales and myths, a means she used to teach us ~~of teaching us~~ Japanese culture and values.

On Sundays, our family attended a Japanese ethnic church (UCC) and one of my fondest memories include the warmth of that Issei fellowship. Following worship service, a group from the church would often walk over to our home for lunch followed by more hymn singing and story-telling. Unfortunately, the fellowship was broken when the minister of the church divorced his wife to marry another woman--the membership was so close to both 'sensei' and 'okusan' that it literally spelled the end of that congregation.

We stopped attending church for a while until one day I was invited to attend the Methodist Sunday school. Little did I know then that at the age of nine I was embarking on what was to be a long and involved experience with the Methodist mission work in Hawaii. The minister and leadership of the church were white although the Sunday School population was mostly Asian. It is interesting to note that themajority of my experiences with whites as a child and youth was in the context of the church. My public school teachers were, for the most part, Asians and so were my classmates, doctor, dentist and so on. Thus it was the mission church that brought me in contact with the Caucasians in our community, most of whom also held the best jobs in town, such as those of principal, plantation executive, pineapple researcher , police chief, military officer, etc. Few in number, they held a great deal of the power and influence in our community. In Hawaii, however, it is easy to overlook white racism because there is a sense of relative power that comes with sheer numbers and visibility of ethnic minorities. There is also a greater degree of cultural pluralism in Hawaii as far as the Asian community is concerned. This fact also shields Hawaiian Asians from the reality of the structural pluralism which also exists but which is less discernible. Add to the above factors, Hawaii's insularity (~~separation~~ geographically separation from the rest of the states) and one can understand why Asians in Hawaii have a different perspective on white racism.

Although I grew up feeling a part of the majority culture in Hawaii, I nevertheless had intimations that I was not quite equal to whites. One incident that stands out in my memory occurred at the end of my kindergarten year. All of us were given verbal tests and children who had a good English vocabulary and were not afraid to verbalize were placed in what was termed the 'English Standard' class on a track basis from grade one on. It was a method devised by the whites in Hawaii to give their children special educational advantages

while at the same time isolating their children from the large numbers of Asian ~~immigrant~~ children of immigrant parents. The English Standard classes had a 'prestige' quality about it since the teacher-pupil ratio was low and the teacher (white) was known to be a superior teacher. Somehow even at the age of 6, I felt there was something unfair about the ~~test~~ test which delivered a judgment on me as a person on the basis of my English verbalization of poorer quality often based on cultural items. My father went to the school principal to protest but to no avail. During my 7th grade year the English Standard system in the public schools were abolished because too many Sanseis were passing the verbal tests and the legislature, with an influx of newly elected Japanese legislators, ended the system.

Upon graduation from high school, I had no hopes of continuing on to college since my parents were barely making a profit on the tiny flower shop we had opened in what was then the ghetto area of Honolulu. However, a year later the minister of the Wahiawa Church succeeded in securing a mission scholarship which enabled me to attend the University of Hawaii. I soon discovered that the scholarship meant that I was being sponsored by a congregation in Forsyth, Georgia. One evening the Forsyth congregation held a mission program and direct-dialed me in Hawaii; the phone conversation was carried by loudspeaker into the fellowship hall so that all could hear my awkward expressions of 'thanks.'

During the summer of my junior year at the University of Hawaii I was selected as a member of a deputation team (from the Wesley Foundation) that would tour the southern California-Arizona conference to interpret the work of the Methodist church in Hawaii. I was elated because I wanted to see the mainland (and also wanted to see my sister who had married and moved out to L.A.). The four on the team included a Japanese student who did the hula, a Filipino student who did Filipino dances, a Chinese male who later evolved into our M.C. and myself, who could neither sing nor dance. Feeling left out, I took private Japanese dance lessons in the days remaining before the trip and learned to do one dance. Needless to say,

whenever an encore was requested, I always had to admit to a nonplussed audience that I only knew how to do one number. We spoke at approximately 27-30 churches plus the annual conference and learned where all the key churches in that conference were located. At that time, all we knew was that we were having a good time, especially since we visited all the places we had heard about while we were in Hawaii and never thought we would see--Disneyland, the Grand Canyon, San Diego Zoo, Yosemite and my favorite place--Jerome(a ghost town in Arizona where we stayed overnight). As I realize now, however, we were being put on display, the objects of benevolent curiosity. I remember our talks were based on the topic, "How we became Christians." Unlike the others, whose parents were non-Christians and whose stories were juicier, my story began "I was born into a Christian home...."and was probably the least interesting story of all." When a choral group from a church in Hawaii appeared at the UCC Synod Meeting in St. Louis last month and did the Lord's Prayer in hula motions, I fought back tears of sorrow because I saw the same thing happening--young people from Hawaii who had come to perform, not to take part like the other youth from white churches who were active in the Youth Caucus and participating in the serious deliberations of Synod.

After graduating with a bachelors in education, I was encouraged by my Methodist friends to go on to seminary. Being granted a Crusade Scholarship (which is for the most part for foreign students), I was flown to Washington, D.C., for a two-week Orientation Session along with 80 other recipients from all over the world. In addition to trips to historical places, we were given classes in etiquette or how to act in America. I remember distinctly one session where we were advised to use deodorants so that we would be sure not to offend.

The Crusade people tried to persuade me to attend Scarritt College (known as where the 'gals' went) but I stood firm on my choice of the School of Theology at Claremont (which I had visited during my deputation tour). My two years at Claremont were very happy ones--I found the academic climate stimulating and most

of all, I felt the exhilaration of new-found independence, of being a distance away from the family for the first time. Some highlights of my stay there included beating my professors and many male students in the game of ping-pong, my first experience with group therapy or sensitivity training, and dates with white seminarians.

As I approached graduation from seminary, a number of offers to serve as C.E. director came from Japanese churches. I remember my adviser expressing surprise and saying in effect to me: "I didn't really think of you as Japanese." At that time it soulded like a compliment.

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The Crusade Scholarship came with a string attached--that one had to return to the country of origin, which in my case was interpreted as Hawaii. I refused to return for many reasons; the mission board expressed their displeasure but accepted my decision. Having been affected by the climate at Claremont in the early sixties where the challenge was seen to be in the inner-city ministry, I accepted a position at First Methodist Church in Oakland, where I soon became ~~involved~~ active with the Christian education directors of the First Baptist, First Presbyterian, First Christian & St. Paul's Episcopal, and First Congregational churches. It was under our initiation that consultatons ~~for~~ for greater cooperation among the downtown churches took place and the Downtown Oakland Christian Parish was born. Since the downtown church had a second location in East Oakland, known as the Wesley Center, much of my time was spent in the Black, Filipino, and Native-American communities of Oakland. I discovered that Christian education was too limiting a field and found myself spending more time visiting in homes, attending city council and school board meetings, counseling with women, and directing a number of week-day and week-end activities at Wesley Center. After I was there a year, the assistant pastor/ ~~one~~ had established a trust relationship confided to me that I had been hired because the church had wanted to integrate its staff but felt they were not yet ready for a black. Thus my consciousness began to be raised when I realized that I could not get away from the reality that I was Japanese and a minority. Even if I chose not to see myself as a minority, decisions were being made, which affected my life, directly and indirectly, on the basis of my race.

While still at First Church, Oakland, I met a student from the Philippines who was doing graduate work at UC Berkeley. A year later we were married. Through Roger, I have learned to feel deeply about U.S. colonialism, both internal and external. When I see Roger and his friends discussing liberation of the Philippines from U.S. economic and military powers, I am reminded of

David going out to meet Goliath with a slingshot. I have a vested interest in what is going on in Southeast Asia since I know we will be part of that scene in some foreseeable future.

Perhaps my most painful experience as a minority person --both as an Asian and as a woman-- comes from my relatively recent experience of working as a secretary at the Lafayette-Orinda United Presbyterian Church. I chose to work there since it was a part-time situation which gave me enough time to spend with my son, Bobby, who was born in the spring of 69, yet allowed me to be in touch with the outside workaday world. During the three years I worked there, I really came to feel the utter despair of what it's like to be stepped upon as an ethnic minority person and as a woman. The superficiality, the insensitivity, the racist and sexist comments, all veiled in the context of brotherly love often made me sick to my stomach. At the beginning I was not conscious of what was going on but as time went on I became more and more aware of the reasons for my unease. My anger would surface once in a while in interchanges with the senior pastor. The day after such interchanges, he would often exclaim that he had undergone a conversion experience and end the confession with a fatherly hug. ~~Having been baptized in the fire and blood of that Lafayette experience, the anger and hurt which I had felt part of me~~

It was Fall 1970 when I was asked by the Sycamore Congregational Church to become its part-time Christian Education Director. It overlapped the period in which I was working part-time at the Lafayette Church. The affirmation of myself as a Japanese woman and leader in the church during that crucial period in my life has given me a deep appreication for the ministry of the ethnic church. It is not to say that the ethnic church is a place of escape but instead a place to get ones head together, affirm who we are, so that we can deal with the priorities of what it means to be an Asian Christian.

I returned to school last year to work for a masters in Social Welfare at UC, Berkeley, in the field of community organization and social planning. The

The school has many problems--the lack of minority faculty members, the admissions policy, the attitude towards third world students and lack of minority content in courses. As an active member of the Asian Caucus in the school, we have spent a great deal of time trying to get an Asian on the faculty (in the school's long history, there has never been an Asian for any length of time on the full-time staff) and trying to do something about getting relevant course content. We are still in the midst of our battle with the administration but I have felt good about the battle because it has been waged on fairer grounds--there is no pretence of brotherly love which clouds the issues and leaves one defenseless. I am presently looking for a field work placement which is related to the Asian communities for the next academic year.

(I would like to say more about the liberation of Asian women, but because of time limitation I will stop here and leave that paper for some conference on Asian Women, if and when such a conference takes place.)

TRIPPING WITH LLOYD WAKE

An Autobiography
July 18, 1973

It's a long way from where it began to where it is now. It began for me on January 12, 1922 in a small farm house in Reedley, California. I'm still amazed and proud that my birth certificate reads, "Delivered by Father". He was quite a man. My mother was and is quite a woman.

The other end of that journey ~~for me~~ is my present position as a member of the staff of Glide Memorial United Methodist Church. Glide Church, being what it is -- both praised and damned by many, sometimes by the same people-- an agency about which there is a mystique that defies description or definition. Very generally it can be said that Glide identifies and works with the poor, the powerless, and the oppressed against oppression and toward liberation.

It's a long journey from my early religious upbringing to my present a-religious or non-religious orientation. As a child and youth I was heavily influenced by fundamentalistic doctrines as taught by the Mennonite Brethren ~~church who~~ Sunday School teachers and youth group counsellors. These persons came to our Japanese "mission" Sunday School to carry our their missionary activity. It would be unfair to say that they were more concerned about propagating their particular brand of Christianity than they were in us as human beings. They took a sincere and benevolent interest in us Japanese and I am sure that both of these motives were inseparably intertwined.

My college work was done in Asbury College, Kentucky, and two years of theological studies across the street in Asbury Seminary. Both institutions are well known for their conservatism and fundamentalism. The fact that a number of close friends spoke highly of Asbury, and the fact the this was one of the few colleges that would accept Japanese-American students from Concentra-

tion Camps were strong enough reasons for me to enroll there.

While in the Concentration Camp, I became close friends with two young men who were student ministers and co-pastors of the Christian Church in the Camp, John Miyabe and Paul Nagano. I actively participated in the church teaching Sunday School class and singing in the choir. Paul later became my brother-in-law. He, perhaps more than anyone else, influenced me to consider the Christian ministry as my life work. He had a winsome, charismatic quality which led to a youthful hero worship on my part. John preceded me to Asbury College by about ~~an~~ one-half a year. During the two and one-half years we were close friends, and also serious competitors against each other in the intramural athletic program. While Paul was good for my ego (he was generally complimentary and flattering), John, without being destructive, knew how to keep me humble and objective about myself by frequently needling me with caustic remarks about who I was and what I was about.

College life was very satisfying to me especially in terms of my social development. For an awkward, shy young man moving from the farm, through the Concentration Camp to the campus with opportunities for recognition, leadership and social relationships was a mind and soul expanding experience. Academically and scholastically the college experience was no great challenge. Political awareness was almost non-existent. This, of course, was to be expected in a fundamentalistic college South of the Mason Dixon line.

One experience more than any other began to sensitize me to the contradictions between the Asbury type of theology and the application of it to social situations. While in the spring quarter of my first year in the seminary I was invited to sing in a quartet when I was to return for the academic year in the fall. Singing in quartets was a very important way by which some persons could support themselves in seminary. Quartets could book evangelistic services

in various churches and conferences for a fee or a free-will offering. This provided adequate income even for some students with families.

I spent the summer on my brother's farm in California. About one day before I was to return to Asbury, I received a letter from the leader of the quartet saying that they had decided against my singing with them because the presence of a Japanese might reduce the number of bookings, and also the quartet might encounter uncomfortable or embarrassing situations in churches and conferences. It was too late to change plans for the year. I returned to the seminary with mixed feelings of anger and sadness, but, like a typical, long-suffering, silent, acquiescing Japanese that I was, I never said a word about this except to one other person in the seminary..

The experience of rejection and the quality of education was disillusioning enough to convince me that it was time for a change. I decided to spend my last year of seminary on the west coast where there were Japanese communities and churches. I enrolled in the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School and served as pastor of the Berkeley United Methodist Church. After graduating from B.B.D.S. I took another year of work at the Pacific School of Religion. The Berkeley experience opened up a brand new arena of theological understanding. That coupled with some practical experience in the Japanese Church and community and my marriage to Marion was a most exciting period of my life.

In 1950 I was appointed to the Pine United Methodist Church in San Francisco and spent seventeen years of work which saw the church through a relocation and rebuilding program. The church moved from the central city to the Richmond District where a large number of Japanese reside and where the Asian population continues to increase. The decision to relocate was based on several reasons:

1. The church building was old and deteriorating rapidly;
2. Although in 1907 when the church was built, the Japanese community surrounded it, this was no longer the case;
3. It fit in with the overall strategy of the Church in the city in that there were no United Methodist Churches in the outer Richmond

district where the Asian population was increasing. Pine's relocation would be in harmony with the integration/assimilation thrust that the Methodist Church had adopted.

I was a strong advocate of integration/assimilation and encouraged the church to adopt an open-pulpit covenant. The covenant meant that the church would welcome any minister regardless of his or her race. Pine was to serve both the geographical and the ethnic communities. It made every effort to welcome people from the neighborhood. It geared itself to receive non-Japanese people from the community. This did not happen. When I left Pine, I was influential in having the church agree to receiving a white clergyman. This would certainly symbolize to the community that Pine would gladly welcome non-Japanese. Integration still did not happen and the congregation became quite disillusioned about this aspect of its "mission." The building, however, is used by the neighborhood and ethnic community groups. The two ministers who succeeded me have had to help the congregation deal with this disillusionment and to rethink the role and mission of Pine Church.

In 1963 I was elected to be a member of the Board of Trustees of Glide Foundation. This was another critical turning point in my life. I was struggling to relate the Pine congregation to the social issues and problems of the city and nation and my participation on the Board helped me to do this. Glide was on the cutting edge of mission in terms of the church being involved in humanizing urban society. In 1967 I was appointed to the staff of Glide church. My theological journey is perhaps the longest of all my various personal journies. The length can best be illustrated by looking at certain theological words which were once meaningful to me and the words that have now replaced them in significance.

Justice has replaced love. Love, as understood by many Christians, has kept them from perceiving and dealing with the issues of power, paternalism,

racism. "Let us love one another" has often been used in the church to "quiet the natives" and "soothe the discontented." To bring about justice means, at times, conflict and confrontation. As disturbing as it may be, noisy natives and discontented people may be necessary to break the bonds of demonic power in order that justice may "roll down like the waters."

Liberation has replaced salvation. Salvation has connotations of a privatism and pietism that ignore the social and political situations that keep people oppressed. Liberation from oppression and exploitation for myself and others is a much more significant objective to work toward.

Last year I was honored to be chosen by the Asian Caucus of the United Methodist Church to be its candidate for the episcopacy. Preceding the election various racist remarks were made about the Asian Caucus and its candidate, such as "there are no Asians qualified to fill the office of Bishop." Some voting delegates strongly supported the Caucus because they both respected the concept of self-determination and could support me. Others supported me because they honored the decision of the Asian Caucus. Obviously, there were a greater number who did not support either the Caucus or the candidate. When it became certain during the election that I could not garner sufficient support, the Asian Caucus named another candidate as its choice. When this new candidate was announced, I overheard a white delegate from northern California who had not supported the Asian Caucus prior to and during the election because he could not support me, say to a fellow delegate, "We must support the Asian Caucus." I turned to this delegate and angrily told him that his hypocrisy was one reason why the Asian Caucus could not trust him or other whites like him, that the Caucus did not want that kind of support, and that he had better come to terms with his racism before he could relate meaningfully to any ethnic group's struggle for dignity and self-determination.

I did not realize that I was capable of such anger, especially against a white person. It was a very liberating moment for me to be able to speak my mind.

It's a long journey from where it was as a quiet, submissive youth to where it is for me now as a man. My parents taught me some very important lessons by which they were able to cope with life in the central valley of California, and which were part of their culture and heritage. These were things such as: always be solicitous of the feelings and thinking of others, especially the white people. Be nice to people even if you don't feel like it. Be courteous and don't do or say anything that would upset or disturb others. Know where your place is in this society.

Japanese society is highly stratified. Wisdom is to know which strata one occupies. Then one can relate properly to those above or below. Within early Japanese-American communities these stratas were somewhat obscured, but in relationship to white society Japanese knew their place. Thus, it was a normal reaction for Japanese in America to glory in Japanese movies, books, magazine, newspapers which perpetuated the belief that Japanese were superior people, that they were descendants of the Emperor who was descended from the sun. Although the early Japanese-Americans externally acquiesced to being inferior in relation to white America, internally they were convinced of their superiority. Japanese-Americans were law abiding, obedient to authority. I and about 100,000 other Japanese-Americans accepted Concentration Camps with unquestioning obedience.

It's a long journey from that early influence to my involvement in the San Francisco State College Third World Strike in 1968. The issues, briefly, were establishing an ethnic studies department, increasing the enrollment of ethnic students (the number of ethnic students was declining in proportion to the growing

ethnic population in San Francisco), and modification of entrance qualifications to allow disadvantaged student to enter.

At the heights of the strike the tac (riot) squad of the San Francisco Police Department was ordered to clear the campus of those gathered at a so-called "illegal rally". A number of us from the community were there to speak and to also, hopefully, minimize the potential violence on the part of both the students and the tac squad. The tac squad happened to form its line right behind me. There was an understanding among us that we would not run but walk off the campus. We began to move as directed by the squad but one of the tac squad members thought I was not moving fast enough so he kept shoving me in the back with his riot stick. I turned around and grabbed the stick and told him to stop shoving me because I had no intentions of walking any faster than I was--in fact I couldn't because of the people in front of me. It must have surprised him, because instead of hitting me with it he and I engaged in a shoving match with the stick between us.

Cecil Williams, my colleague at Glide, who was about 25 feet away, saw us and said, "Lloyd, let it go; move on!" He, being a veteran at this sort of thing, knew what might happen to me. I think the policeman and I were both relieved that the confrontation was resolved by my moving on.

That experience is a symbol of where I am in my journey. Many of the bonds around me that kept me from making an authentic response to issues, to people, to problems have been broken, and though I have a long way to go, I feel something of the joy of liberation.

There are many other personal journeys that I could talk about, but I mention one more to which I should devote more space than I do in my paper. This is about my journey from conditions that made for a male chauvinism to

at least a partial liberation from that bondage. I was surrounded by sisters as I grew up--three older and three younger than me. I never had to wash a dish or sweep a floor. The women took care of it all. The Japanese culture is slanted in favor of the male and this certainly was a part of my early life. Wen Marion became my wife, that was the beginning of a rather painful liberation from chauvinism. I was very much threatened when Marion wanted to go to school, train for a profession and life that was meaningful to her. After all, wasn't being married to me satisfying enough? Fortunately for both of us, she had the persistence, the fortitude and the talent to stick with it and in the process liberate me from the most oppressive male chauvinist attitudes within me. This is still an incompleted journey but I'm still moving.