Journey

by Fred C. Leone
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Dedication

of

Journey

to

Betty Leone,

my dear wife and
companion for sixty years.
Acknowledgements

I would like to acknowledge all of those persons who have contributed substantially to the production and publication of this book. First, on the publication, let me thank Fr. Paul Kenney, S.J. and Sr. Maureen Healy who reviewed my first draft. Carole Burnett and Pat Carter then proofread the manuscript. Each of these did superb work. Pat Carter handled all of the composition and formatting of the pictures. The first three are members of my CLC community, “Living Water,” though Paul is a diaspora member. Pat has been a fellow traveler in CLC for over thirty years. I also wish to acknowledge Marie Schimelfening for doing its foreword and (again) Carole Burnett for the final part of the book, (before the Appendix) the Afterword.

I thank the trustees of the Arrupe Charitable Trust, for partial support of the printing of the book.

On the production of this book, there have been a host of contributors. I wish I could state them by name, but that would take pages. First and foremost is my dear wife, Betty. She was a fellow traveler and a firm support on this journey. In fact, the book could have been entitled, “Our Journey.” Certainly, our children and their families helped make this journey complete. So, also did our extended families, for whom we were, and continue, to be mother and father. One of them called me in November, 2004 to say, “You have a new grandson.” In April, 2005, I expect another call to announce that I am a great-grandfather.

The next major contributors are the members of Christian Life Community, primarily in the U.S., but also throughout the world. They were my “traveling companions” for almost 50 years.

And finally, I thank the members of my parish communities, in Cleveland, Iowa City and Washington, DC. I have been part of the latest parish, Nativity, since the day we moved to Washington in 1973.

All of these have been part of the composition of my journey. They have been companions; they have listened to
me, guided me, and nurtured me. They have been part of my joys and sorrows, consolation and desolation. In short, they are the true authors of this book.

I thank them all and I thank you for listening to me, as tell you about my journey.
Foreword

What an honor, a privilege, and a joy to be asked to write this foreword for someone whose journey has been long, fruitful, and truly enjoyed by many along the way! As Fred indicated in many parts of Journey, it is not only his but ours — always including his loving wife, Betty, in so many chapters and verses.

I had the opportunity of knowing Fred and Betty for more than thirty years. I had to smile many times when I read about their early years. It was like an “Ah” moment. For both Betty and Fred to be so steadfast in their years together is truly a gift. The reflection after each chapter makes it livable, and it is a tug or challenge to apply that kind of reflection to the various periods of my life or yours, the reader’s, as Fred wrote.

I found myself smiling, laughing, and sometimes in tears reading Journey. And at times I found myself saying, “That’s Fred!” He writes about the research he was doing at one point of his journey which involved a return to Case Western. Here he was met with a comment, “You are Dr. Leone? Oh, we have your wonderful spaghetti recipe in our classified files.” So much for the serious research, but that recipe led to his obtaining the papers he needed.

During each chapter of his and Betty’s journeys to many parts of the country and the world, you feel as if you are right there with them at every turn.

Their nine children are all mentioned and have a special place in the chapters that follow. This includes the twins, who were their firstborn and not many days later became their angels in heaven. I have had the privilege of knowing the family and in some ways watching the younger ones, namely, Larry and Lucy, as they made the necessary transitions on the journeys. Later I would meet and know the rest of their family and their children.

Prayer and everyday life are blended together — better put, they are integrated. Both Fred and Betty accepted CLC as their way of life, and, as a result, Ignatian spirituality. Once this became a part of their lives, then without a doubt not only the Ignatian terminology is there, but also the many ways in
which each turn they made in their lives came out of a process of true discernment. The discernment included the question of how would it affect their children, their neighbors, and their friends along the way. We know and hear that our society is individualistic. But reading the Journey and the journeys within, the reader will come to realize that Betty’s and Fred’s were far from being individualistic.

Many readers of the Journey will be happy to read about themselves and the impact they had on Fred and Betty’s life. Others will journey through the year with Fred and be able to say “Yes, I remember that so well as if it happened to you yesterday.”

There is nothing individualistic about the Journey. It inspires the reader to look at his or her own journey in perhaps a new and creative way. Fred not only writes down his own questions for reflection, but also invites us to do the same after each chapter.

In the summer of 2004 Fred told me he was going to write a book about his life, his journey. And so he did. He mentions a Divine Plan that God had for both of them all along the way. The plan was accepted and lived out to the fullest. And for Fred it continues.

Fred, thank you for the Journey and for the creative and honest way you have shared it. I know Betty is smiling.

*Marie Shimelfening*

January 2005
Preface

“Forty years ago, there was a popular program called ‘Wagon Train.’ Each week, it presented the adventures of a group of settlers moving west from St. Louis to California and places in between. Week after week, you could see these travelers facing good times and bad, sickness and health, experiencing peace and violent attack, but the common element was the continuous moving forward. Each episode would end with ‘the train’ teaming up, and moving on from one adventure to the next.

“Many pieces of literature involve this type of journey. It’s because ‘the journey’ is a perfect image for life in general. We are always moving; we have a past we can refer to, but we are not now where we were then. And we have a future we look forward to, but we won’t necessarily be where we are now. Where are we now and, more importantly, where do we go from here? These are important questions for all of us to ask ourselves.

“We might ask ourselves such questions as:
What is my relationship to my God and my family? Who is God to me? What is my relationship to my neighborhood near and far? Where is my impact on the wider community? I am sure that you have so many others, like (1) What have I done with my life? (2) What role did I play in my Church?“ (Taken, with permission, from the “Pastor’s Desk” by Fr. Steve Schenck, SDB, in the Nativity Parish Sunday Bulletin)

When I had been urged by many to write a book on my journey, I first interpreted “journey” as my travels and the anecdotes that went with this. However, after starting a few chapters, I realize that “journey” should not mean simply travels but the movements of my heart and my mind. In other words, our journeys are both our outer journeys (people, places and events) and the inner journeys (relationships, growth, response to God). The outer journey is the framework while the inner journey is made up of the contents.

Our journey begins at birth and continues through everlasting life. We are given gifts, gifts of people who care for us and for whom we care. We are given gifts of “talents.” With
people, events, and places, we build relationships. We become stewards of these gifts and are asked to use these gifts for others. We do not own these gifts, and ultimately they return to our Creator. My wife Betty was a gift to me for 60 years, and I was her steward, just as she was a steward for me. As an example, she listened to me, shared with me, and saw that I had a healthy life style — proper foods to help maintain my immunity in the face of several diseases (heart, cancer, and others). And now I look back on this journey (inner and outer) and attempt to recall its ingredients.

I have been told that when I leave this life, I will not be asked what Church I belonged to but what I did with my life. And so, we have the focus of this book — Journey. In this book I talk about my journey, about the many people and places and events that have influenced my life, about how I used the many opportunities given to me.
The Journey Begins
Continuing on the journey (Woodstock, Vermont, October 2004)
Introduction

Whose Journey?

“Hello, this is Fred.” “Fred who?” “This is Fred Charles Leone, son of Salvatore and Anna Leone. I was born in Harlem in New York City, a first-generation American. I want to tell you about my journey.” “What journey, what’s so special about your journey?” “Well, it’s really about our journey — my wife Betty’s and mine.” “What’s so special about this journey of Fred and Betty?”

Let me go back about 20 years when a few friends had asked me to write a biography. I don’t particularly like that word biography. It implies that the person being “biographed” is a very important woman or man. Not so; just ordinary persons with simple roots who, from time to time, “answered the call.” Let me explain. I like to say that this call is from Our Lord God. I am convinced that God speaks to us through people, places, and events, through people who have guided us or changed our lives in some way and those who have disappointed us. I will get to that later. For the present I will say that we need to listen and to learn from our experiences and the experiences of those around us. In this respect I (we) have been very fortunate. Experiences have been plentiful, sometimes joyful, sometimes sad, then sometimes of consolation, sometimes of desolation. Some of these experiences have the power to “make” or “break” us. But we continued with hope for the present and the future. This will become clear in the story of my (our) journey.

Just recently I “heard” from a member of my extended family (to be identified later), Hildegard Ehrtmann. As I started this book I came across a small book she sent us, entitled, “Praying Our Experiences,” by Joseph F. Schmidt. Inside the cover page she wrote, “To Betty and Fred – who helped me to pray my experiences. With love, Hildegard (2-16-85).” And so, I pray my experiences as I travel through my life, as I write this book.

I have had experience in writing and editing, not my own
novels or even non-fiction, but rather in professional journals and journals on spiritual formation. A professional book that I co-authored was even translated into Russian. I knew it was mine because occasionally I would see my name in it and the tables had the same numbers as the original volume. But a dear friend said, “Fred, you must tell your story. You must tell your many experiences and how they affected your life and the lives of many others. And you must give them hope. You must tell them that if they listen to their world, they too will have an impact.”

It took me (us) years to make the decision to proceed. Sometimes, various signs nudge us to momentous decisions. These include people (their words, guidance, companionship, and criticism). In this case, while clearing up old papers in my basement in 2001, I came across a brief write-up of two of the days I was in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1981. The occasion was a meeting of the International Statistical Institute, of which I was a member. A primary task for me at that meeting was to represent the American Statistical Association (ASA), (of which I was Executive Director) in expressing our deep concern about human rights in the host country of Argentina. Briefly, the experience was noteworthy and left an imprint on me for the rest of my life. Human rights were no longer an issue in the media, but I was right there. By this I do not imply that the problem of human rights exists only outside the United States, for even here there is significant discrimination and violation of basic human rights. Just ask the minority populations, and especially women and children who have been abused. If one just reads the daily paper, there is much information here as well as abroad. Again, more on this will follow.

But for whom is this book intended? There are three primary audiences: (1) our family – children, spouses, grandchildren, and future generations, (2) members of the organization “Christian Life Community,” whose charisms are community, spirituality, and mission (Betty and I have been members of this community for almost fifty years), and (3) the people of Nativity Catholic Church, which Betty and I have attended for over 30 years. This book should also be of value to others as well. Just pick up a copy and read a couple of chapters. You
may be surprised. But of course, these three primary audiences will influence the manner in which this narrative is presented.

At this point, let me add what a gift I received in the experience of writing this book. As I walked through the chapters of my life (our lives), I have understood more fully many of our initiatives and our responses of the past.

I mention here two important points affecting the nature of this book, the first of these being the authorship. Originally, I was expecting that Betty and I would coauthor the book. But God had other plans and called her Home on Mother’s Day, May 11, 2003. Hence, officially, I am the author and she is my inspiration. Though one might think of this as my journey, she has been an integral part of it, sometimes traveling with me and other times supporting me in so many ways. The second point concerns two journeys in parallel – the outer and the inner journeys. The outer journey is clear – people, places, events. For the inner journey we ask ourselves how we have been moved by the experience. What have we learned? How did the experience affect us? What have we transmitted to others? Was there consolation, desolation, joy, or sorrow in each event?

Let me begin by talking about our roots and family background. Betty’s and my families were very different in so many ways. Her genealogy is well documented. Some ancestors came to America not very long after the Pilgrims landed, that is, in 1638. Others came in the early 1800s. On the other hand, my parents came to this country in the first decades of the 20th century. Betty’s parents and grandparents were college-educated. One grandfather was a college professor. Her grandmother, Franc Ellis Clark, had a Bachelor’s degree in art. My mother completed several years of primary school, and my father probably completed primary school, but not much more. Just as Betty’s parents and grandparents encouraged her and her siblings by example, my parents encouraged by providing the opportunity and always urging us to study well and “be all that we can be.” As a result my brother, Peter completed an engineering degree. I was fortunate enough to have opportunities and wonderful mentors in grade school, high school, college, and graduate school.
Betty and I were very different. She was always a student, spending many hours on important papers and letters, while I “rushed through” and corrected my mistakes later. She was very serious; in contrast, I was the “light-hearted” one. She wanted more background for the presentation of spiritual retreats and guidance. So she pursued her second master’s degree (in theology), which she received at the age of 71. She wanted to take good care of my and her health. So, she had 10 medical books which she consulted regularly. Gardening occupied some of her earlier days, but not without some research. In short, she was my mentor.

She and her mother were converts to Catholicism while I was a “cradle Catholic.” On her conversion, I have heard her say many times, “Jesus Christ is either the greatest hoax of all time, or he is indeed divine. I can only accept the latter.” Quite interestingly, during World War II, she wrote her first master’s thesis on “The Hitler Youth,” recounting the ideologies the Nazis taught them. For firsthand information, she interviewed many refugees from Germany who were residing in, or were visiting, Washington, DC.

You might wonder how two such people could join in marriage. Well, that’s one of my more interesting stories which appears in the next chapter. Briefly, we always felt that we were complementary to each other. One always supplied what the other did not. Further, we attended many functions together and worked on projects together. We were usually referred to as, “There’s Betty-and-Fred (as if one word)” or “There’s the Leones (singular).”

In Context

To set the times of our younger days in context, let me talk about what we had and did not have in areas of science, public health, recreation, etc. This is taken from a page written by a friend. He called it “True Survivors.” I have embellished it somewhat by adding a few notes of my own. Perhaps some readers can add more.

We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastic, contact lens, frisbees, and the “pill.” Of interest to me is that Betty was one of the early users of penicillin to treat an infection while we were in
Hawaii. Our oldest son, in the lower primary grades, was part of that extremely large test for a polio vaccine. This was what is called a “double-blind test.” Neither the child nor the treating doctor was aware of whether the child was taking the vaccine or the placebo. Each child was given a cube of sugar, but only half of the children participating received the vaccine.

We were born before radar, credit cards, nuclear fission, laser beams, and ballpoint pens; before pantyhose, dishwashers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip dry clothes, and long before humans walked on the moon. Our washing machines had a clothes-wringing mechanism of two rollers that would squeeze the clothing between them.

In our early childhood movies were silent, and then came the “talking picture.” Movies almost always included a double feature, Pathe News, a cartoon, and, on Saturday, a serial. For example, this serial might be a fifteen-part miniseries (as we call them today) where the good cowboy, always in a white hat, would go over a cliff at the end of one episode, but the next episode saw him stopping short of disaster. Of course, the white-hatter always won at the end of the very last episode. Ads were ads and did not include violence of action, of noise, or of explicit details. And with a pass, one could get into the local movie theatre for ten cents.

We got married first, and then we lived together. Closets were for clothes, not for coming “out of.” Bunnies were small rabbits, and Rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer jeans were really jeans. A meaningful relationship meant getting along with your siblings and cousins. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing earrings. For us, time-sharing meant togetherness, not computers or condominiums. A “chip” meant a piece of wood. Hardware meant hardware, and software was not even a word.

We had “5 and 10-cent stores,” where the merchandise was really 5 or 10 cents. For one nickel you could ride a streetcar, buy an ice cream cone, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi or enough stamps for a first-class letter and two post cards. And gasoline was 11 cents per gallon.
In our day, cigarette-smoking was fashionable, grass was mowed, Coke was a cold drink, and pot was something you cooked in.

Family

In terms of relationship with our children, we might note that we had nine children, the first two of which joined God in Heaven at birth. The other seven have grown to be, in a sense, companions and tutors to us. Just as they have learned much from us, we also have learned from them. They are gifts to us, and we, as their stewards, were prepared to let them leave and have their own lives in their own families. This is stated well in a poem by Kahlil Gibran. This was sent to us by our older daughter Beti (Betty Anne) on October 12, 1972. We quote it here.

Children

Your children are not your children,
They are the sons and daughters of Life’s longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you,
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls live in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with His might that His arrow may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the archer’s hand be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also The bow that is straight.

The Book

In a prayer, we read a petition to God. It goes like this: “Dear Lord, touch our hearts, help them grow toward the life
you have promised. Touch our lives, make them signs of your love for people.” It is this second sentence that has given me a motive for writing these notes on “my journey.” For it is the journey of eighty-two years of my life that I recount to help the reader realize that a blessed journey is available to all of us in some form or another. If we look at the people and events in our lives, we can recognize many cases where the Lord has placed these before us. In covering my outer and inner journey, I add one or more brief reflections in each chapter. And so I present the different phases of my life as follows: Chapter 2 is devoted to Betty. To understand me, one must know the person who shared over seventy percent of my life. First we examine her ancestry. This is followed by her own description of her life up to June, 2000, when she received the Distinguished Alumni Peace and Justice Award and we listen to a eulogy given at her funeral. We stop to read a letter to President Richard Nixon written when her three oldest boys were subject to the draft for the Vietnam War. Chapter 3 entitled, “Journey to World War II,” first looks at my ancestry, then traditions and customs. Then come school days, to my first year of doctoral studies and some notable experiences. One section covers “Finding Betty.” Chapter 4 is entitled “World War II and Beyond.” This speaks of some notable war experiences in the Pacific Theatre. Then we have life with Betty after the war including, marriage and our time in Honolulu, and finally, completion of doctoral studies. Chapter 5, “Cleveland,” encompasses my first seventeen years of teaching and research at Case Institute of Technology. Included are family adventures in Berkeley, California, and in Mexico.

Chapter 6, “Iowa City,” covers our life in a large state university in a rural area, our journeys with family, in Church and community, and my professional journey. It includes a section on “lessons learned.” Chapter 7, “Brazil,” covers our year in Brazil, a trip to the Amazon, and varied adventures there. Finally we ask, “What gifts were each of us given in a year in Brazil?” Chapter 8, “Washington and the American Statistical Association,” views the last 15 years of my professional employment, the directorship of a professional organization, and the roles I played there. Chapter 9, “European Journeys,” takes us to Madrid, Lubeck (Germany), Paris, and Italy. It includes
three papal audiences and brief visits to a few other European countries.


Chapter 12 covers an ASA team meeting in “China and South Korea,” as well as a later trip to China, during which Betty and our oldest son, our daughter-in-law, and granddaughter accompanied us. Chapter 13, “The Road to India,” describes experiences that included several African nations before arriving in India for the meeting of the International Statistical Institute. Also, there is a second visit for participation in an international symposium sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Chapter 14 is devoted to “The Two Holy Lands” – Jerusalem and Damascus.

In Chapter 15, “Celebrations (2000-2002),” I begin with the celebration of our 55th anniversary, when Betty and I visited Germany, Italy, and Wales. At each place we were the guests of CLC members. The chapter concludes in 2002, with my many 80th birthday experiences, for the most part arranged by Betty. Chapter 16 is entitled, “Always Room at the Inn.” It gives the experiences of many guests who were in our home as briefly as for a weekend up to over two years. We call Chapter 17 “Our Journeys in CLC.” This is taken from a set of two papers where my contribution was more the outer journey and Betty’s was the inner journey. I have revised these and brought them up to date. Chapter 18 is called “Fulfillment.” This is my latest journey, after Betty. There is a note entitled “Afterword,” and the book concludes with an Appendix in which I include some of Betty’s prayers and papers. I have a Reflection on these works and challenges.

Certainly, this is not a chronologically-ordered anthology of events. Rather, it is a presentation of the many people, places, and events that have affected my life and helped me come
to where I am today. Along the way there were many people – companions, guides, mentors, and models. These are not chance people and occurrences. I can see that there was a divine plan. Opportunities and challenges were abundant. There were joys and sorrows, laughter and weeping, but always hope and never despair, though it did get rather challenging and difficult at times.
Chapter 2

Betty

Introduction

A book on Journey would be incomplete without a sizeable inclusion of Dorothy Elizabeth Spencer (Betty) Leone, who was my loving companion for almost 60 years before her death on Mother’s Day, 2003. She is an integral part of my journey and accompanied me on a number of my trips abroad. Also, Betty was part of our discernment by which we chose careers and locations. She had an early dream of becoming a medical missionary. This vanished, but she never lost that fire of service to humankind, environment, and all living creatures on this earth. In short, she was unique. Tributes to her service have been compiled in an album entitled “Betty (Service to Many).” Her “vocation”, which she often stated, is presented in a prayer of St. Ignatius Loyola and implores, “Lord, teach me to be generous. To serve You as You deserve. To give and not to count the cost. To fight and not to heed the wounds. To toil and not to seek for rest. To labor and not to ask for any reward, save that of knowing we do Your holy will.” This was her prayer to the Creator regarding all she encountered in the 85 years of her life here on earth – people, all creatures, and nature. She had a passion for solutions to the violation of human rights and of the environment.

Ancestry

To know Betty better, let us first look at her ancestry. Her father was Simpson Edward Spencer and her mother, Dorothy Ellis Clark. First, we examine the Spencer root, beginning with the first migration to America.

Jared Spencer came to East Haddam, CT, from England in 1638. (An older brother in England had inherited the family titles and land.) The Spencers share a common ancestor both with Winston Spencer Churchill and Princess Diana Spencer. After three generations in Connecticut, Ephraim Spencer (Betty’s ancestor) moved to Westminster, VT. Quoting from the genealogical records, we have, “From the Spencer farm at
Westminster, Vermont, Spencer and his neighbors marched afoot over the Mollie Stark Trail to Bennington, Vermont, where the Americans won the battle (against the English) on August 16, 1777." His wife had to harvest the wheat that day, while she could hear the roar of the cannons. His wife’s father also saw Revolutionary War service. Many Spencers over the next two centuries were quite active in town development and local politics. In fact, Betty’s father became a freshman state legislator of Vermont when he was 79. So that trait of service to the community was one of Betty’s inheritances.

A further word on Betty’s father: He grew up as a West Virginia hillbilly, barefoot until he was 20. At some time in his youth his mother left his stern, overbearing father (a circuit-riding Methodist minister from Massachusetts) and went to live in the Spencer hometown of Northfield, MA. There Simpson Spencer went to Mt. Hermon Academy and to Yale University, from which he graduated in 1914.

Now, let me say a few words about Betty’s mother. Dorothy Ellis Clark was born in Benzonia, MI, the daughter of Professor George Albert and Franc Ellis Clark. Her father was a professor of “Natural Philosophy,” a subject which included both Physical Science and Biology. He later became a professor at Yankton College. A one year’s leave (1906) at Stanford University found the family just 35 miles from San Francisco when the earthquake hit in April 1906. Dorothy was 16 years old. A final note in this chapter includes a letter sent by Dorothy to a friend. In it she describes the incident as the family experienced it.

Dorothy’s mother received her Bachelor’s degree in Fine Arts. She studied painting and was a poet in her own right. About 20 years ago we discovered seven of her paintings, one of which was on the central arch on the Stanford University campus. This arch collapsed in the earthquake in San Francisco. Last year I found about 80 of her poems. They seemed to have been written on whatever paper she had on hand, including some cardboard. In it we see her love for nature, animals, plants, and the environment around her. There was also a strong spiritual base to some of her writings. Unfortunately, I met her in her old age and failed to see the vibrancy in this
remarkable lady. I also see some of the traits of Franc Ellis Clark (and other ancestry) in Betty Leone.

Both Dorothy and Simpson were very active in their Church as their children grew up. This made a great impact on their children — Simpson, Robert, Betty, and Haven. Dorothy became a convert to Catholicism, and Betty also became a convert at the end of her freshman year in college. About 15 years later, both Bob and his wife, Ede, entered the Catholic Church.

Now, Betty Spencer Leone. Who was she? What did she do? What was her personal journey? I believe the best way to answer these questions is to listen to what she herself said. In June 2000 Betty was given the 2000 Distinguished Alumni Award from Marian College. This was the Francis and Clare Award (St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clare) for Distinguished Achievement in Peace and Justice. She was asked to give a summary of her achievements. This is what she wrote:

**Peace and Justice Award — Betty’s Journey**

"Introduction

My life has not been one of major professional accomplishments. Somehow, during my time at Marian College I began to hear a call to serve God as a Christian lay person. It had to do with social justice — helping people in need and empowering them to grow and to develop their full potential. In my effort to respond to this call, I found myself at times with a sense of social maladjustment for Christian reasons. I wanted to encourage people to protest against the personal and institutional injustice of the world about them. Today, I would call this a plea to "hear the cry of the poor."

During my years at Marian, I began asking if there were any black Catholics who might want to go to Marian. If so, where are they? I discovered that I made people, including some faculty members, quite nervous! You see, I was a scholarship student from Cincinnati in the first 4-year graduating class. Fr. Doyle, my major and minor professor, listened and encouraged me. My dear friend, Mary Jane Lang (Reichsman), who was another of the 5 lay graduates
in that first class (1941), understood too. Somehow, I was wrestling with a larger dream of what Marian might become.

Early Years

This tendency to reflect on my social experience has been a part of me throughout my life. Following graduation from Marian, I chose to prepare for a career in Social Work, receiving an MSSW Degree from Catholic University (National Catholic School of Social Service). After a brief professional career, I married Fred Leone, whom I had met when he was a graduate student at Georgetown University. We raised a large family. To my present amazement, our children have turned out surprisingly well — despite the confusion and pain of raising teenagers in the turbulent 60’s and early 70’s. They seem to have caught my tendency to reflect on their lives. One is a socially constructive lawyer with deep concern for neighborhoods. Another is a linguist who teaches English as a Second Language and accompanies and empowers migrant worker children towards their dreams. Another is a professor of special education who is opening possibilities for incarcerated youth and youth at risk to acquire educational opportunities. A fourth has been a creative and successful elementary school principal who is now embarking on a new career. A fifth is a physical therapist and hospital administrator whose concern is to assist people to heal from neurological damage. A sixth is a family-practice doctor in a rural area. And the youngest, with a bright autistic daughter, is shaking up her local school system to develop special education resources for handicapped children. At age 40, she is returning to college to fulfill a dream of advocacy for the physically and mentally disadvantaged.

Parish and Diocesan Activities — Cleveland (1949-66)

(1) My husband and I were searching for a small Christian community — first in our parish, then at a nearby Jesuit parish. What we found was a unique group, a Sodality which combined adult faith formation with social justice. This Sodality had developed a dialogue between black and white business and professional people about race rela-
tions. The time was the mid-fifties. Challenged by what we learned, we both joined.

(2) A little later with other Sodalists we joined the Catholic Interracial Council of Cleveland and we developed a lecture and funding program for encouraging integration of Catholic high schools in the diocese.

(3) I helped set up a summer tutorial program at a parish school operated by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. Tutors were Catholic high school students, including three of my own.

(4) International Youth Leaders Exchange Program (1955-60) — We hosted foreign social workers for three summers. One remained for 2½ years and received a Master’s degree from Western Reserve University. She was very active in Sodality (now Christian Life Community) and has continued her work in lay spiritual development and formation in Western Germany. She has focused on sorrow for the Holocaust and reconciliation with Jewish People.

(5) In 1966 the Leone family moved from Cleveland. My husband accepted a professorship at the University of Iowa and we sold our house to an African-American professor who filled my husband’s position of Professor at Case Institute of Technology (now merged into Case-Western Reserve University). This was only the third African-American to move into Cleveland Heights, a city of about 68,000 residents. There were many repercussions, but we knew we must follow our consciences in helping to provide equal opportunities regardless of race or creed.

Iowa City Activities (1966-73)

(1) We continued contact with Sodality when we moved to Iowa City. In 1967, Sodality worldwide became Christian Life Community with three-fold charisms of community, spirituality and mission. For me it was encouraging laity to take responsibility for their actions — at home, in their professions, in the world, all integrated with Faith. During these turbulent years, I became more aware of God’s presence in my life and in the world — especially in
the work of Martin Luther King. In the 60’s our three oldest sons declared themselves conscientious objectors to the Vietnam War. We supported their stand and accepted the potential consequences.

(2) Sao Paulo, Brazil (1968-69) — The year our family spent in Sao Paulo on my husband’s Fulbright Professorship was a year of awakening to the world of the poor. I visited the favellas (equivalent to the barrios in other South American countries) and did a small amount of volunteer work. This year of strong social contrasts touched our entire family.

(3) Ecumenical Groups — After returning to Iowa City, I represented my pastor in an ecumenical group of religious leaders. This council was composed entirely of ordained ministers except for me. We became acquainted, listened to each other, read the signs of the times, shared prayer, and planned for an annual ecumenical Pentecost service which was held at the University of Iowa field house. This was a marvelous experience which began with parishioners marching with banners from their respective churches to the field house.

(4) United Action for Youth (1970-73) — I participated with my husband and others in establishing this volunteer organization for youth at risk in Iowa City and vicinity. Today, 30 years later, UAY continues with expanded programs, including a temporary home for unwed teenage mothers and children, and is a member of the Community Chest.

(5) With my husband, I was a member of the School Board for the Catholic High School of Iowa City.

Washington, DC. and Silver Spring (1973 - )

(1) I served for two years on the Board of the U.S. Catholic Mission Council. Though I do not recall too many of the particulars, I do realize that this experience gave me additional insight on the theology of mission.

(2) I served briefly on the National Council of Catholic Bishops Committee on Vocations. During my tenure I was quite vocal in insisting that “vocations” meant not just to
the priesthood and religious life, but to lay vocations as well. The vocation of the laity in the world was of great importance — and it might even be a source of priestly and religious vocations.

(3) Service at a homeless shelter — In order to serve and to be helpful to the poor, I spent more than one year on periodic overnight duty at a shelter in downtown Washington, DC. I encouraged others to do the same.

(4) Synod on the Laity (1987) — In 1987 Fred and I joined a group of about 250 laity who went to Rome for the Synod on the Laity. We met with and supported our U.S. Bishops who were delegates to the Synod. Prior to the Synod, our small Christian Life Community responded to the *lineamenta* (the first formal document prior to the synod, that requests responses) in preparation for the Synod. We sent our response to the National and World offices of Christian Life Community and to Cardinal Pironio, the head of the World Commission on the Laity.

(5) Christian Life Community — world, national, and local levels My husband and I have continued our very strong participation in CLC. In 1975 I was given the Na-
tional Christian Life Community “Development of Peoples Award” because of my concern and action for “justice for all” and not just justice for some.

(6) United Nations — My world was expanding. As a member of the World CLC Committee on Justice and Peace, I submitted a proposal and a clear justification to its Executive Council to apply for Non-Governmental Organization status (NGO) at the United Nations. World CLC now has a voice with many other international NGO’s on crucial global issues, such as disarmament, world health, concern for children and role of women.

(7) Parish Activities — It is in part due to our total commitment to CLC that we have joined and gone into parish work within a predominantly African-American parish in all the time we have been in the Washington area. Our parish is now expanding into a multi-cultural parish, with a very large contingent of Nigerians (Nigerian Catholic Community), Latin Americans, Haitians, Filipinos and Caribbeans. In 1975 I was chosen President of the Parish Council. For about the past ten years, I have been an instructor in the Parish RCIA Program. Then in 1998, my husband and I were asked to co-chair Renew 2000, a program of small faith communities in the parish. We have 25 such communities with about 250 participants. We see these parish communities as the future of the Church in the Third Millennium. The focus of this program in this Year of Jubilee is on Christian Unity — a clear message in our Parish as we celebrate our Parish Centennial Year.

(8) Study at the Washington Theological Union — During the 1980’s I spent six years working for a Master’s degree in Theological Studies with a major in spirituality. After a life-long involvement as a constructive (I hope) change agent, I have a firm conviction that we cannot do anything worthwhile without discerning God’s leading in our lives. Our outward journey towards the world, be it professional or volunteer or both, must be supported by and integrated with our inner journey of personal growth, self awareness, and faith.
Publications and Meetings

(1) *Harvest* — I have published over 15 articles in the US Christian Life Community quarterly publication over the period of the last 25 years. I have also published several articles in *Progressio*, the publication of the World Christian Life Community.

(2) Other — Also published were articles in *America* and *The Catholic Mind*.

(3) I have participated in many national and world meetings of Catholic Laity. I have co-chaired (and presented papers in) several National Assemblies of Christian Life Community.

And Today

I continue to listen, learn and grow and serve to the best of my ability. We keep in touch with, encourage and support our grown children and their families in their Christian faith. These are the members of our “Domestic Church” of which we consider ourselves pastors. Our extended family is made up of our children and their families and some wonderful younger people from Congo (formerly Zaire) and Syria, who now find their future in the United States.

There is the journey of my life of 82 years and married life of 55 years. God isn’t finished with me yet!”

In being asked to write the summary above, Betty was reluctant to do so. She felt that she was not in the same class with distinguished alumni. She said that she was not a CEO of a corporation, or a distinguished educator or researcher. But I persuaded her to write the above to tell who she was and how she accepted God’s call.

Betty was an outstanding, remarkable lady who influenced my life very much. One might say that she was my tutor. She has taught me so much in health, relationships and social justice. Let us now see how she affected the lives of so many. These quotes below are taken from some eulogies at her funeral Mass and statements from a few of about 100 responses to the words “I Remember Betty When …”
Eulogy at Betty Leone’s Funeral

by Paul Kenney S.J.

I praise God for Betty Leone.

She was like lightning — you never knew where or when the next prophetic idea would strike her, or us through her.

She was like rich loam, budding and sprouting new shoots and initiatives to improve our world all the time, forever spring.

She was like an eagle, always soaring, peering over the horizon, alerting us to what was coming and how to prepare for it.

She was like the current of a mighty river, persistently pushing, nudging, drawing, tugging, and challenging.

I praise and thank God for such a daughter of God.

I was going to say, “May she rest in peace,” but she has probably already presented God with a list of how to promote CLC throughout the cosmos.

Hildegard Ehrtmann, from Augsburg, Germany, and a member of our extended family (see chapter entitled, “Always Room at the Inn”) wrote, “I remember Betty as she was enjoying love and life and life giving to homeless students, to neighbors and friends, to CLC members across the world, to the Holy Father himself....”

Marie Schimelfening, past Executive Director of National Christian Life Community (CLC), wrote, “One of Betty’s special gifts was the ability to challenge you to think, pray, and act beyond what you first thought was possible. This never stopped, even to the end of her life here on earth....”

There were many other responses. Some of these (from CLC members) appear in the Summer 2003 issue of Harvest. She touched many lives, some of which were at home, in the neighborhood, in her Church, and in CLC.

Hello

In the years 1984 to 2002, Betty and I took almost daily walks in Sligo Creek Park, just two blocks from our home. We usually were there when a number of high school stu-
students were walking to the school that borders on the park. We always made a point of saying “hello” to all passersby. Occasionally this included a bike rider. Many would return the hello, some with a smile, some with a wave or a nod. There were usually a few students who seemed to be in another world or preferred to ignore us two “geezers.” But this “hello” with a smile is contagious. After about ten one-sided “hellos,” there was a “umph” or a slight wave, then a real wave, then a wave with a smile. Occasionally, one would stop to talk for a few minutes, because that individual realized that here were strangers who cared.

What I am presenting here is the gift of relationship. Partly, it means giving yourself, and, partly, it is saying that you are allowing the other to come into your space – sharing your space, your life. This is one of the gifts we feel were given to us. I will often speak of my gifts and my journey, when in essence, they are ours. Even though we are our own individual selves, it is often difficult to separate “my” from “our” when referring to someone who has shared my life for almost sixty years.

Whenever Betty saw a new face in Church, she always made an effort to communicate. She would say, “Hello, I am Betty Leone,” and if I were trailing her, “This is my husband, Fred. Welcome to Nativity Parish.” It was her way of saying, “You are part of us, whenever you are with us.” After I retired, we were able to attend the 6:30 A.M. Mass daily. We participated at Mass at Nativity on weekdays and Sunday. On Saturday, we went to another Church which had a more convenient time. So, as a new face came to this early Mass a couple of times, we would approach her or him and say, “Welcome to the 6:30 Club. Please come whenever you are able.”

A Letter to the President

Betty did not hesitate to communicate with Popes or Presidents or Executive Secretaries of the UN. In 1961 in a private audience of the Executive Council of the World CLC, she handed Pope Paul VI a card that said something like, “War is unhealthy for all living creatures, especially children.” It was her way of showing her support on his stand on the Vietnam War and all wars.
During the Vietnam War, there was a national draft into military service. At that time she wrote a letter to President Nixon concerning his stand on the war. It shows her deep concerns about the effects of war on youth, on those who are threatened with mandatory service in the military. It is as follows:

An Open Letter to the President

Mr. Nixon –

As a mother of draft-age boys
This war frustrates beyond belief
their faith in America’s justice,
their hope in America’s future.

Their love of country lies caged and fettered.
Their religious early years yield bitter fruit:
They will not serve their country
in an Unjust War.

The oldest – hair unkempt, disheveled,
Waits endlessly on his appeal –
Too depressed to work –
His anger deep and smoldering –
and growing.

College years and youths’ bright dreams fade. He has no goals
except to stop the war.
Will he be self-destructive or explode?
Alternate forms of service – these we need
now – before faith in America’s justice
and hope in America’s future
and love of country
die or explode in blind frustration.

Betty Leone
October 15, 1970

At this point it might be well to note that our three oldest boys were conscientious objectors to the war. The oldest was given alternative service and the others were given deferments at the state and at the local level. They were both at the University of Iowa. (In uncovering this letter, I realize that it was written on the date of our 25th Wedding Anniversary.)

Reflection

In reviewing the details of her life as she presented them, it is not difficult to imagine her influence on all whom she encountered. Her outer and especially her inner journey were pervasive. She was relentless in her challenge for justice and peace. Our former Pastor at the Nativity Church in Washington, DC, stated, at the conclusion of Betty’s funeral Mass, that she was a blend of Mary and Martha in the New Testament. Mary was gentle, loving, and a prayerful disciple of Christ. On the other hand, Martha, though loving and caring, was a “no-nonsense” person. She even scolded Jesus when she said that her brother Lazarus would not have died if Christ had not taken so long to get to her house. She told Christ that He was too casual in getting there. So Fr. Joseph Sileo described Betty as firm, but gentle, always prodding for God’s sake.

That’s the way it was with me. She would often say, “Fred, here’s an idea, a plan for action. But I am not asking you to
do it. Just think about it.” Can you guess what the conclusion about her idea would be?

Let me finally ask the reader to picture the scene at our breakfast table after the children had left “the nest.” As she read the *Washington Post*, she cried with the hungry, suffered with the suffering, and listened intently to the marginalized. Now I cry when she cried, laugh when she laughed, and suffer when she suffered. My tutor has served me well. Her inner journey has and will continue to be a model for others, especially for her husband. Hopefully, I shall be a reflection of her inner journey, though very imperfectly.

I ask you to cry out, no, to shout when you are aware of the violation of human rights or the desecration of the environment. You needn’t join a picket line or be taken to jail, though these are options. There are so many ways. Just use your imagination and you will come up with rallies in support of peace organizations like Pax Christi, become informed, and cast your vote in local and national elections, and, by all means, pray.

Finally, I add this note because it is part of the history of our country and of Betty’s ancestry. In 1963, when Betty’s parents were visiting us in San Francisco, we visited the house in Palo Alto (See below). It was still standing.

*Palo Alto, California*

*April 18, 1906*

*(Gladys Vanderbilt Yankton, S.D.)*

Dear Gladys,

I started to write you a postal this afternoon, but after jumping up three times and running out on the porch when I was startled by earthquake shocks, I gave it up; but I guess I will finish it and send it tomorrow, so I suppose it will reach you before this letter does because I am going to tell you the whole thing from beginning to end and I won’t likely finish it tonight.

I am writing this at Hutchinson’s house, one of our neighbors from South Dakota. We shall all sleep here all night on the floor in the parlor so that we can all get out of the house at
an instant’s notice. Most of the people in town are sleeping out under the stars tonight, but we don’t want to go quite so far as that, though I think that Mills and some of the boys will sleep outside.

Oh, Gladys, this is so exciting that I don’t know which end to begin at first, but now I will try and start.

I was awakened at about five in the morning by an odd, low, rumbling sound and the house was trembling, and the bed slightly shaking. I realized at once that it was an earthquake, but I wasn’t frightened very much and I sat up in bed. It quieted down a little bit, and then it started in with a terrific force. Our bed was moved into the middle of the floor, but when the dresser threatened to get into bed with me I started to get up, and papa came tumbling into the room. Lucille was still asleep and we woke her up, and we all started down stairs in our nightgowns. We were thrown against the walls and papa had his hip skinned a little bit. By the time we got down the stairs it had quieted a little bit and before we had reached the front door it had stopped.

Before the earth began to tremble the sky was very clear, but afterward it was very hazy.

The plaster in our house was all cracked and ready to fall, and quite a few dishes were broken. Books were knocked out of the bookcase in the parlor, a large lamp was dashed to the floor and shattered, the card table was thrown upside down, all the statuary on the mantle was smashed and a wash bowl and pitcher was broken; but we escaped better off than nearly anybody else in town. There was hardly a chimney in town that was not knocked down, and walls were knocked in, houses pushed off their foundations; and some were thrown flat.

Just as soon as I was dressed I went out on the street where the rest of the neighborhood was gathered in groups. We heard that there was some serious damage done to the buildings downtown, so two of my friends and I started out. Just as soon as we turned the corner on the main street we had to pick our way through glass and bricks. Some of the buildings were leaning on their sides with great cracks in them, all the glass show windows were broken and everything that was in the store was broken and piled on the middle of the floor. The
roofs were falling in and one of the buildings looked like one of those toy doll houses: the front and side had all fallen away and you could see the rooms and all the furniture just as they had left it standing that morning.

By that time we wondered how the University was faring, so we kept on walking. Remember that it wasn’t six o’clock in the morning yet and none of us had had any breakfasts. People were on the street in all sorts of rigs, and I didn’t have any collar on, and my hair was down my back.

The big arches to the entry gate of the University were flat. Of course all of the trees and the beautiful foliage weren’t damaged, but that great Memorial Arch had a crack from top to bottom, and it was leaning to one side with a lot of its massive stones gone. If the earthquake had lasted a little longer, it would have fallen too. The front of the beautiful Memorial Chapel had all fallen away, and the large pipe organ was standing right in plain sight, but I think it wasn’t damaged badly. We picked up a lot of mosaics as souvenirs. The tower had fallen right through to the bottom of the church and the inside was just a mass of ruins. The beautiful new gymnasium was almost flat and totally ruined, and the new Library building was all down but the dome which was supported on iron pillars. It looked like a picture of ruins that are thousands of years old.

Encina Hall, where the young men roomed was badly wrecked and one young man was killed, and several were seriously injured. The big smokestack of the power house fell flat and killed a man beneath it. Roble Hall, where the young women room was badly damaged too, but none of the girls were badly hurt. The floor gave way in part of the building and three girls went down three stories to the first floor, but none of them are hurt…There is a Roble Hall girl sleeping with our crowd tonight.

We have been feeling slight shocks at intervals all day and everybody has stayed out on their lawns for fear of another awful earthquake. Of course, there is no school because the school houses are not in a fit condition to hold school in, but it isn’t a very happy vacation.
San Francisco is on fire and the smoke has been rolling over Palo Alto all day, and ashes are falling everywhere. There is a queer smell to the air and the sun was a bright red ball, shining through the smoke. You can see the red and yellow light of the fire in San Francisco tonight, and it is over thirty miles away. All communication is shut off from there except by people who come down in automobiles, and they say that the business portion of the city is completely wiped out and the fires are still raging. All of the water mains were broken and they can’t get water to stop it. You can hear them blowing up the buildings so as to save the others, clear down here, and it always startles me and makes me think that another earthquake is coming.

Well it is twenty minutes of twelve, and I’ve got to get some rest, so I’ll finish this in the morning.

April 19, 1906

We are back in our house this morning, safe and sound. There was another slight shock at about midnight, but it didn’t do anything but scare us a little bit. We heard from San Francisco this morning and they say all that’s left is its history, though I expect that most of the stories we hear are very much exaggerated.

We are now warned that there are several hundred tramps coming down from the city, and they are stealing everything that they can lay their hands on. They have reached San Mateo already, but I guess that they won’t be able to do much here because one third of this town are sworn in. They are guarding the streets and last night they had watchmen out on horseback to see that things were all well.

Our gas supply is shut off and the chimneys are tumbled down, so that it is unsafe to have any fires in the house. Nearly everyone has taken bricks from their chimney heaps and has made a sort of stove out doors so that they can do their cooking outside. There is danger of the food supply running short here, and everybody has been laying up a lot of provisions.

Millions of dollars have been lost at the University and a great many of the Palo Alto business men are ruined. Mr. Parkinson, one of my friend’s fathers has lost 25,000 in buildings
alone. I won’t tell you about the terrible disasters in San Francisco because you will have read about them in the papers.

We are having a regular house-cleaning this morning, and I must go down stairs and help mamma; but I will leave this letter open and if I think of anything else to say to you, I will jot it down as a postscript.

Your loving Friend.

*Dorothy E. Clark*

**Concluding Words on Betty, Peace, and Justice**

In a Christmas 2004 card to me, a dear friend wrote the following about the quote below.

“I think it speaks to the peace and justice work that you and Betty did.”

*No ray of sunshine is ever lost*

*But the green which it awakens into existence needs time to sprout,*

*And it is not always granted for the sower to see the harvest,*

*All work that is worth anything is done in faith.*

*Albert Schweitzer*
Chapter 3

Early Years Up to World War II

Ancestry

I have not been able to trace my ancestry very far back except that I know that for many generations they lived in Sicily. Sicilians had their own language as a result of many invasions like the Moors, Normans, and French. Further, there developed different languages across the island. For example, my father from the Province of Palermo had difficulty understanding my mother from the Province of Messina. At first English (rather fractured like my Italian) was their common language.

Both my father, Salvatore (Sam) Leone and my mother, Anna Regalbuto, migrated to New York City via Ellis Island. He was from the town of Prizzi and arrived on December 4, 1913. She was from the town of San Fratello, arriving on December 10, 1906. They had very little formal education. He probably finished most of the elementary grades. She had much less than that. When she came to the United States at the age of nine with her mother, Rose Faranda, she was required to begin school in the first grade. Their knowledge of English was very meager, at best. The marriage of Anna and Sam was arranged by her mother (Grandma Rose) and her future husband. I believe she was 16 years old, and he was 24.

Grandma Rose was a very venturesome and enterprising lady. She had her own olive grove in Sicily and exported olive oil to purchasers in the United States. Rumor has it that she traveled across the ocean 34 times. That’s hard to believe for those days, but certainly “several times” seems reasonable. When she and husband Filadelfio could no longer live as husband and wife (I never learned why), Rose left to live with relatives in Argentina. There her second child, Luigi, known to us as “Uncle Charley,” was born. He came to the U.S. at the age of 18 on October 25, 1923. Grandma Rose managed to become a citizen, but how she passed her test, I do not know. Was it bribery or memorization of questions, or what?

As far as I know, my father’s parents were bakers. They had their own oven, and townspeople would bring their pre-
pared dough for baking and would pay in cash or some form of barter. They certainly would not earn much, but it was a good livelihood.

In her earlier years in New York, my mother Anna did some housekeeping for a family. Often, her mother would hide her from the “truant officers” who came looking for Anna. When Anna was old enough she joined her mother working in a dress factory. They were paid “piece work.” This meant that they were paid by the number of pieces they produced. Conditions in the factory were not very good. In fact, by today’s standards we would call it a “sweat shop.” According to my mother, for lunch they had a half hour. That included time to go to the restroom (the only opportunity for the day). If one were to miss a day or two due to sickness or any other reasonable cause, she could not be certain that her job would be waiting for her. Sick leave was not even in the vocabulary in that industry, until the Ladies Garment Workers Union became powerful. Immigrants, though legal, but without any skills, were easy to replace in those days.

My father, Sam, was the oldest of four boys, the youngest of whom, Andrea (Uncle Andrew), came to the U.S. on September 21, 1921, at the age of twenty-one. My father’s business was the manufacture of handmade cigars. He was able to rent a small shop where he made and sold a variety of cigars from the inexpensive to the elegant. The better cigars were all individually wrapped. They had their own wooden box with each wrapper and box labeled, “La Flor de Leon.” I can still remember the forms and the presses and the special outer leaves for each brand of cigar. There were several steps in the process. An interesting note is that when they were in their later years and lived in an apartment, my mother required him to smoke cigars on the balcony, not inside the house.

Uncles Charley and Andrew were barbers, for this was the only trade they could get into easily without much formal education. In time, each of them was able to purchase his own barber shop. Charley was our favorite uncle, more like a big brother. He took my brother and me places, played games, and listened to our woes. He bought us both a pair of red boxing gloves and would “box” with us on Sunday morning. His
arm length was longer than ours, of course. So his shirt sleeves emerged in a light shade of red. Poor mom! She had to take the red out of his Sunday shirts. Today, I still remember him as the favorite of his nieces and nephews, grand-nieces and grand-nephews. He was a good listener and a peacemaker.

**Early Childhood and High School**

I was born in Harlem, New York City, on August 3, 1922, the second of three sons of Anna and Sam, namely Peter, Filadelfio (Fred), and Frank. (My passport does not say Filadelfio, but Fred Charles Leone). The youngest child died at the age of two-and-a-half. It was a shock. They called it “double pneumonia,” which probably meant pneumonia with complications. I later realized that God had chosen him to be the Betty and Fred Leone family guardian angel. His tombstone has a beautiful permanent picture under glass. In it, his hands are raised high as he gives someone a large bunch of grapes.

I still recall the number of visitors who came to the house to mourn with us. Some brought live chickens which were placed in a cage in the basement. On the day of the funeral these chickens provided a wonderful meal for all. Two thoughts are with me now, though they were not very obvious to me, a four-year-old, at that time. One is the fact that people brought gifts of food for all to share. Can you imagine live chickens on the train? The second and more important is the fact that we all came together to mourn and to celebrate the entrance of one of our community into everlasting life, a life of happiness and love with Our Supreme Lord.

Many years later, when I was in graduate school at Purdue University, I often yearned to have little brother Frankie living with me. We could do so much together. I wanted to share with him my hardship and my joy of being in graduate school and working well beyond the formal education that our parents lacked, but still were able to provide for my brother Peter and me. We were a modest family with many friends and relatives from the old days in Sicily. At that time, to call us lower middle class would really be stretching it. There would always be food on the table, and we weathered the depression of the early 1930s. At home, Grandma Rose, Mom, Pop, and Uncles
Charley and Andrew worked, and their total income was sufficient for a comfortable but not an extravagant life.

When I was five, we moved uptown to the Bronx. (Down-town for us was always the heart of the city.) Mom, Pop, Peter, and I were on the first floor, and Grandma Rose and Uncles Charley and Andrew were on the second. It was a big step, going from an apartment in Harlem to our own home in the Bronx. We might call this house a duplex or town-house today. In the other attached house were Mr. Donorfio and wife and dog on the first floor, while Miss Hammond, a retired elementary school teacher, was upstairs. We children tolerated Mr. Donorfio, but had no love for his yapping Pekingese. Once, the dog chewed a couple of pieces of our wooden jigsaw puzzle. We never forgave him for that. Besides, we just didn’t like him. Miss Hammond was a favorite neighbor. From her second-floor window, she always watched us play and often invited us for cookies and a fruit drink. She gave me a gold pocket watch with pocket chain as a grammar school graduation gift. Such were my early formation years and some of the people who sustained me. It was a loving, caring community, concerned about neighbors and children and always lending a hand when needed.

Regarding the location of the Leone house, we lived directly across the street from a Coca Cola bottling plant. May I ask the reader what you would do if you were nine or ten years old and lived across the street from a Coca Cola bottling plant – a plant where school classes would come on a Saturday morning and view the process of washing (Coca Cola bottles were recycled then), followed by a brief “lecture,” and given as a reward two bottles of Coke, a pack of nature cards on animals, birds, or famous scenery, and a ruler which stated “The Golden Rule” on one side and “Do unto others what you would have them do unto you” on the other? Your answer is correct. Since I was just an ordinary kid, I did what you would do. I sneaked into the line and enjoyed the hour or so, and I received my reward for participating. There were also the garages of Drake’s Bakery and Cushman’s Bakery within two blocks. So when their trucks returned around 3:00 p.m., their day-old stores opened for several hours. I enjoyed the raisin pound cake and those other goodies.
Life in grammar school was challenging and fun. In the first four grades the boys and girls had different classes in the same building. Our treat every Wednesday afternoon was a movie in the large auditorium. We sat with girls on one side and boys on the other. Oh, how we boys hated to be the one in each row who “was compelled” to sit next to the girls! Our greatest heroes were Douglas Fairbanks, Hoot Gibson, Charlie Chaplin (in his younger days), and a group of others, especially cowboys. In high school days we had Nelson Eddy and Jeannette McDonald, Janet Gaynor, and Walter Farrell and others. Recall that towards the end of grammar school (1932), talking pictures were relatively new.

For the last four grades the boys moved to a wooden building across the street. There we boys were taught by the Christian Brothers (Brothers of St. Jean Baptiste de La Salle), a teaching order working in all levels of education. My primary school mentor was Br. Arnold. My ability in English was rather poor, since we spoke Sicilian at home. My parents’ command of English was minimal. So Br. Arnold encouraged me and gave me some special instruction.

Getting into the high school of my choice would prove very challenging. With my poor English background, I knew I would have difficulty with that part of the scholarship examination. However, my mathematics ability was high. Only two students could be recommended to take the examination by a pastor of each parish in the New York Archdiocese. At that time, Regis was the only Jesuit high school offering a full scholarship based on the scholarship examination. A large grant had been given to the school to provide this opportunity. During the early summer of 1934 I was notified that I had been accepted to Regis High School. School was tough, and studies were a major ingredient in our lives. We were Regis students! It was a classical high school, that is, high on the arts and low on the science. I took 4 years of Latin, 3 of Greek, and 2 of French. Hence when I started college I was required to take a year of general science at the local public high school. At Regis I had learned to study.

I learned the rigors necessary to develop my capabilities to the fullest. Of course, my parents were not able to assist me
either in grammar school or high school. But they provided the love and encouragement and discipline. One event (not academics) stands out at the school. I was inducted into Sodality, a Catholic lay organization in schools and parishes for both youth and adults. In later years, Sodality evolved into Christian Life Community, which was (and is) a major force in my life. More will be said about that in a later chapter.

Before proceeding to college days, let us look at “Traditions and Customs.”

**Traditions and Customs**

Each family has its own inherited traditions and customs. I realized early that these traditions came from Sicily via our parents and grandparents. These were somewhat different from those of Northern Italy, and it was apparent in the food and its preparation. Sunday dinner was almost always a special time. To me, each Sunday was a feast day. The meal started with soup, some form of spaghetti or macaroni (home-made for the super holidays and holy days) in a thick red tomato sauce, some meat (usually a roast as well as meatballs), a variety of vegetables, and a little relaxation and talk. My mother and my grandmother were usually on their feet, cooking and serving and making sure that the spaghetti or macaroni was hot. Then came a salad of lettuce and tomatoes dressed with olive oil and vinegar. Following these, we stopped for a break while the men talked and the women took care of the dirty dishes. Then there came a dessert, usually cake and ice cream. Surely there would be nuts — almonds, walnuts, hazel nuts, and chestnuts, when in season. These chestnuts, toasted, were best when warm. Oh yes, we had a choice of “café Americano” or café espresso. And there was always home-made red wine on the table. Sometimes beer surfaced but not during the meal. The oldest boy (a very young adult) was sent out to a local bar to have a can (with handle and cover) filled with draft beer. Such a feast! Not all of the above appeared every Sunday. A very special treat was to have my uncles provide us with music, Charley on his mandolin and Andrew on his guitar.

When I was about 12, one rather comical incident occurred. A few families came together in one home for a Sun-
day meal and some recreation. After the major part of the meal was completed, the men played cards and the women chatted about any and all topics: neighborhood activities, work, family, and news from back home. When enough money was accumulated in the “pot,” it was time to send out for beer and ice cream. The oldest was sent out for beer, and four or five of us tagged along. The beer container was a pail with a lid. The bartender knew how much to put into it, depending on the money paid. On our return and in the entrance hallway, before we went up to the apartment, one of us said, “You know, if we expect to get some beer upstairs, we won’t get any. Let’s all take a sip now.” Those sips turned out to be big enough gulps that when the beer was delivered, the response was, “Either you were cheated, or someone, meaning the purchasing team, must have had some.” There was a brief period of silence, then Mr. Donorfio burst out in anger. As a result of his tirade, all the other adults laughed, not because of what we had done, but in response to Mr. Donorfio. No one was punished, of course. The men just had smaller portions.

We went through Prohibition days. But the laws did not stop my father and friends from making their own wine and
liquor. My father made wine each year. Each of the "paisanos" (from the same village back in Sicily) had a part of the equipment, and this equipment rotated from family to family. The wine was almost totally consumed through the year. If the resulting home-made wine was not up to expectations for a given year, we would still enjoy it with an addition of cream soda to give it a better taste.

Alcoholism was never a problem in my family, though I heard that a grandfather was an alcoholic. I never verified this, and didn’t try too hard to do so. Since wine was always on the dinner table, I was allowed to drink some. As a result, I was free to drink and was never questioned about this. I had learned to drink in moderation.

Sam made another home product — pork sausage. After the proper seasoning of ground pork, he would press this through a large-mouth funnel, attached to an animal intestine that had been cleaned with a salt mixture at least five or six times. Some of the sausage was consumed early, while a portion was allowed to dry. This would be consumed over the next several months. What a treat for an occasional lunch of sausage, cheese, and bread! Much more can be said about picking dandelions and wild mushrooms and young rhubarb. Let me simply say that the dandelions were just as good as those we now buy in elegant food stores for salads. As for the rhubarb, it was wild and picked from the field. Thin stalks were boiled, cut into 3-inch pieces, mixed with egg and flour, and fried into delicious fritters. I’ve seen this dish only once in an Italian restaurant near Chicago. Finally, picking wild mushrooms was an ancient art. Pop could tell whether it was edible or harmful. He would put the mushrooms in a pot of water. The test was a silver coin. If it became tarnished, he would discard the mushrooms. Otherwise, we had a delicious dish.

College Years

Much to my surprise, the transition from high school to Manhattan College was not very difficult. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the curriculum at Regis High School was quite demanding. Also, I was not away from home, but took the trolley to school each day. There, I was never a brilliant student, but I had a strong work ethic, learned from my
mother and grandmother. It was quite clear that the expectation for my brother Peter and me was quite high. My parents were willing to work very hard to earn enough to support the household and allow us the privilege of going to college.

At Manhattan I was closely associated with three others who performed very well academically. They were Bill McHale (rank 2 in class in the Liberal Arts curriculum), who later became a *Time* correspondent, and Al Cizauskas (rank 3), later holding a post in the State Department. I was at rank 5, and Gene Lopez (rank 10) became a lawyer for the Pfizer Pharmaceutical Corporation. We had one more in our close-knit group – Bob Guthrie, who was a balance for us. He graduated with a little better than a C+ average. As a senior, he had a job at RCA. I recall the time he invited us and our dates to view the latest in this medium of television. Each couple took turns at standing and speaking before the camera while the others viewed us on the screen in another room. The light bulbs were huge, and it was very hot before the cameras.

My primary goal in college was to become a teacher of mathematics, originally in high school and then in college. This major goal changed towards the end of my Master’s degree program. I took several extra courses in Mathematics, even one on Saturdays.

College days were good and had some excitement; we studied hard, and we took time for recreation. There were those basketball and football games. Once we drove to Worcester, MA, to watch a football game between Manhattan and Holy Cross. We arrived a bit late, so we hurried to find a parking lot and dashed to the stadium. I cannot recall the score of the game, nor who won. I do recall, however, that we almost did not make it back home. No, it wasn’t an accident. We just couldn’t find the car. So we arrived home about two hours later than we had intended.

I taught my first mathematics course when I was a senior. The biggest problem with these freshmen (my students) was discipline. They knew I was an undergraduate, and they had “no respect” for the instructor. I even had nightmares about the situation. Somehow, I survived. At that time, teaching in high school was my goal. But that dream vanished when I
realized, through some tutoring incidents, that I should leave that level of education for the more capable teachers. I sometimes wonder what my life would have been if I had pursued that journey. Teaching at the university level seemed to fit my capabilities more realistically.

Those were times of swallowing goldfish and other crazy stunts. That was before trying to jam a crowd into a phone booth. However, I learned a lot, not only academically, but in terms of how to relate to people, listening to others and growing from my experiences. Also, at Manhattan College I had some very fine mentors.

**Extracurricular College Activities**

There are three particular experiences worth mentioning here. The first was my participation in the Catholic Students Mission Crusade (CSMC). This was a volunteer college group working on a mission. Mine was to attend Sunday Mass at St. Cecilia’s Church in Harlem, and keep the young boys “in control.” Specifically, I was to monitor those boys who did not go to Catholic school, and were there for religious instruction after Mass. (This program of instruction was a predecessor of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine [CCD] or the Rites of Christian Initiation of Adults [RCIA] program that exists in most parishes today.) Besides us “college wardens” there was a group of local high school girls as monitors. After Mass, we went to the parish day care center for our own fun time with milk or coffee and doughnuts. We soon decided to present a play for the children and their parents. We also brought in some friends with talent to help us.

I recall that for the dress rehearsal, all the collegians were invited to Sunday dinner at the homes of the high school girls. One of the girls, Trudy McClosky, had her older sister prepare a dinner for three of us. You can guess what she made for the three of us Italian boys. Yes, she decided to please us with an Italian meal — a spaghetti dinner. We kept our composure; I even took a second helping just to be polite. But the spaghetti was bordering on awful. The moral here was, “Don’t try to imitate the experts without some good instructions.”
As part of my participation in CSMC, I also directed a boys’ club. They were good kids, but toughened by their environment in Harlem. I recall the time when a young boy was stabbed in Central Park. My boys knew both the assailant and the victim. Among other activities, we played basketball. Can you imagine a game in a large basement room with an 11-foot ceiling? We had to have special rules, like what happens when the ball hits the ceiling. We made some rules, and it all worked out fine. Our major effort was a Christmas play for their families. Here was my first opportunity as a director. I recall the scene where the Magi bring gifts to the Holy Family. The role of Balthazar was an easy assignment. We had a black boy, probably the brightest in the group, who played the role admirably. We had an enjoyable time practicing and presenting the play. Best of all, the parents thoroughly enjoyed it and were very proud of their children’s accomplishments.

Another noteworthy experience with the boys was summer camp on Lake Mohawk near Peekskill, NY. This camp was owned by the religious community that ministered at St. Cecilia’s, the Sisters of the Atonement. There was a boys’ camp at one end of the lake and a girls’ camp at the other. I was the assistant head counselor. This was my first lesson in management. We had some interesting experiences, some minor crises, but we all seemed to fare well.

Some of us counselors enjoyed a prank occasionally. For example, there was one counselor who could not swim. So he was assigned a separate area where the water was quite shallow. We called it a “crib” because it was completely enclosed and campers could not wander off into the lake. One day he got so wet from going into the water that one of us, yours truly, decided to spread a rumor. The next day, his day off, he went into Peekskill. We spread the story that Mr. John had a wooden leg and he had to go to the doctor to see if it had shrunk. On the following day, many of his children were asking, “How do you feel, Mr. John?” He soon tired of this, and we calmed down the irate counselor by confessing our guilt. We also had a young Irish Sister assisting at the camp. She let us know that she was deathly afraid of snakes. Now, use your imagination. That’s right! Someone, not I, planted a plaster snake near her bed. And finally, I must confess that my Sicilian
background came forth. At home, I was accustomed to drink
wine at dinner. So, I brought a bottle just for the counselors,
not the two Sisters. Somehow, the word got out, and the emp-
ty wine bottle got into the hands of “Sister Superior.” Let me
simply say that we all survived and enjoyed our summer.

For the second summer, I was head counselor and man-
aged to get ten members of our boys’ club there for a week
free of charge. I was a bit naïve then in some respects. My boys
decided to give me a “French Sheet.” This means that the sheet
is folded in half and one can fit into only one half. So I calmly
poked my feet through the sheet and went to sleep.

I learned a lot in those days, namely, (1) how to play bas-
ketball under an eleven-foot ceiling, and (2) how to gain the
trust and the confidence of these young teenagers. The learn-
ing process for the first challenge was simple, namely, just to
develop an adequate set of rules with which we could live.
The second took time. They were all eager for community, for
friendship, for an older brother type. We bonded together so
well that we decided to present the Christmas story, and so in
practice trust grew. Further, I believe that I learned something
about myself, that is, if I realize that an important task should
be carried out and there is no one else to do it, I should carry
it out (again, the Christmas play). About 50 years later, when
I was given an award, I was characterized as the “we can do
it” person. Please note that it is not necessary that I do it, but
someone should. Often, I was the stimulator, the person who
sees that the task gets done.

The final experience which changed my life during my
college days and affected almost every person in the Unit-
ed States (in one form or another) took place on December
7, 1941, when I was a senior. I was at a record dance at the
school. Someone said, “The Japanese have bombed Pearl Har-
bor.” We couldn’t believe it. It was true. On the following day,
December 8 (a school holiday), I was still in bed and listened
to the radio as President Franklin Delano Roosevelt called an
emergency meeting of both houses of Congress. It did not take
long for the Senate and the House of Representatives to de-
clare war on Japan and Germany. Required registration for the
draft was mandatory for all males 18 years of age and older.
Before graduation some of my classmates voluntarily enlisted for military service.*

When I graduated from Manhattan College, the primary speaker was Cardinal Spellman of the New York Archdiocese, the Chief Military Chaplain. After I came up for an award the second time, he said, “Why don’t you stay up here?” I had the honor of meeting Cardinal Spellman several years later. We shall note this in the next chapter.

Reflection

My early days at home and in college were generally very happy ones. God blessed me with a supportive, loving family, willing to make the necessary sacrifices to see that I had a good college education. Their education was not so much the structured education of school. It was the education of living, of experiencing the world about them. It was the education of joys and sorrows, but always strong relationships to nurture and help me grow. For all of this I am very thankful.

Let me ask: “What can each of us say about our early years, about our education at home and in school? What do all of these past experiences teach us?” I have reflected on this many times, sometimes alone and sometimes with Betty.

Georgetown University

With a Bachelor’s degree in Mathematics and Education, I was fortunate to be awarded a position as a teaching assistant at Georgetown University in Washington, DC. I received my first paycheck there. It was much larger than expected, even though the Social Security Administration had just begun this federal program, and a bite was taken out of my check.

The reason for the larger salary was that I was also teaching some special classes. These classes were attended by army personnel, who were given an opportunity to study and work

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*I note here that I am writing this chapter of the book, on Saturday, May 29, 2004. Today, Memorial Day 2004, the National World War II Memorial is being dedicated. Honored are the 16 million men and women who served in the War as well as those people left behind who served the country in other ways. This dedication is occurring almost 60 years after the War was over in August, 1945. Of those who served in the military, it is estimated that 4.3 million still survive.
towards becoming officers. There was a serious problem, however, that prevented me from being an effective instructor. These soldiers had many more duties in their training. Quite frequently they had to attend a special seminar or other required activity. As a result, the size of my classes ranged from zero to ten or fifteen. If I was lucky, I would get the full class of twenty students.

There was also the matter of sleeping in class. I recall one student who was a regular. I had him in an 8:00 a.m. class. Once he was asleep before classes started. I then learned that all trainees had a strenuous drill program very early, and had a large breakfast after that. The result for some was, “Welcome, sleepy time.” This one fellow crossed my path several times. From ASTP (a federal program in which enlisted army personnel would receive initial training for officer-preparation), he was later a graduate student and received his PhD at Case Institute of Technology, where I taught. Later he became President of Purdue University where I had obtained a Ph.D.. Finally, as Provost of the Texas University System, he visited the University of Iowa, where I was a Professor. His name was Art Hansen.

My work load and study time at Georgetown were not too heavy, so I often had time for recreation. It was in Washington, DC, that I met Dorothy Elizabeth (Betty) Spencer.

Finding Betty

No, I was not on a search for Betty since my high school days. We were both graduate students. She was at the National Catholic School of Social Service, affiliated with Catholic University; I was at Georgetown. My graduate assistantship gave me the opportunity for both studying and teaching. When teaching an introductory course in mathematics, I realized that most of the students were older than I. So, I sprouted a moustache. On my first trip home my barber uncles inquired as to what that dirty spot above my lips was. After I had been in Washington about two or three months, I received an offer for an assistantship at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, NC. I sometimes look back and ask myself, “What would my journey have been if I had accepted that offer?” But I did not. It was at Georgetown that I took my first course in
statistics, which later became my professional area of teaching, research, and management.

Betty and I did not meet until two weeks before her graduation. This was in May, 1943. My own studies would be completed at the end of August. Actually, the college and graduate school schedules were quite disrupted during the war years. On a Saturday evening I went to a dance to which I was not invited. I had not intended to crash it. I had a “blind date,”
which never materialized. I then called my medical student friend and I asked him what he was doing that night. “Well,” he answered, “the graduating class of the School of Social Work is having a dance, and has invited the Georgetown Medical students. Do you want to come?” Obviously, my answer was a solid “yes.” Little did I know that I would meet my future partner of almost sixty years.

It was one of those dances where cutting was allowed. So I cut in. But that did not last very long until I was cut. A few songs later I asked Betty for a dance, but I knew that it would be short-lived. Quickly I asked for a date the next day. After a slight hesitation, she said yes. And we had our first date. Actually, someone did try to cut in, but he was so intoxicated that we both rejected his intrusion.

In retrospect, I can’t believe where we went on our first date. She told me that she first had to go to the home of Cardinal Cicognani, the Papal Delegate to the U.S., where she was to practice on the organ for the Baccalaureate Services of her graduation the next day. I met her there, and we first went to the Hot Shoppes restaurant (an upscale Howard Johnson) for lunch. We both ordered a drink, and she went to the restroom. When the drinks were delivered, the waitress asked if she was old enough to have liquor. I took that as a compliment, as she asked the wrong person. I was not quite twenty-one, and Betty was older. Our next venture, which I suggested, was Glen Echo Amusement Park. I later found what a “good sport” she was when I said, “Let’s go on the roller coaster,” and she agreed. She was afraid of heights where there is no terra firma below. We both survived, and dating continued.

After several dates in the next two weeks in Washington, she had to return to her home in Cincinnati, but wanted to stop in New York for a few days. What an opportunity to get to know her better! Since I was writing a thesis and my home was in New York, I was able to take time off and accompany her to New York. We then spent about four uninterrupted hours on the train just sharing our lives and getting to know and appreciate each other. I recall one date in NY during which we were to go to dinner at Chin’s Restaurant followed by a movie at the Roxy Theatre on Broadway. But first she
wanted to visit briefly with her brother Bob, who was at Sheepshead Bay Coast Guard Station. We went, but I thought we would never get there. It was at the very end of a long, long subway line. After a half-hour conversation we went to the restaurant, arriving at 11:00 p.m. No movie, of course.

Coincidentally, when Bob learned that I was working on a Master’s degree in Mathematics, he said he needed some help for his upcoming exams in mathematics. A good grade would help him get into officer school. I sent him a couple of books.

A few weeks later, in a letter unknown to Betty, he invited me to be a part of the Spencer family. How did he know the future?

Weekly correspondence began, and in September I went to Purdue with a graduate assistantship to continue my studies. Shortly, I visited Betty in Cincinnati and stayed at her home. On that first visit in Cincinnati, I asked Betty to be my wife. The following day Betty’s mother wanted to speak with me privately. Though I might have guessed why, she asked me just one question: “Do you know what love is?” She had learned that I had proposed to Betty the evening before and wanted to check the reality of my proposal. I must have given her an adequate answer, for she then placed me on her “good guys” list.

Betty put off her final decision for about a month, during which time I made another trip to her home. Finally, around November 1, 1943, she wrote me and gave me a definite “No.” She had a profession ahead and must cut off our relationship. My response, in a letter, was quick, and it included, “I love you and will always love you. Can we at least be friends and exchange letters?” She agreed, but the letters had a very different tone and got further and further apart. She answered a February, 1944, letter in April. My next letter, in April, was answered in August. Still she saved every one of my letters.

The next event (I know that it was providential) began with a small Christmas card from her to me in New York. This was December 1944. In the meantime she had accepted a position as social worker with a team visiting children’s homes (orphanages at that time) for the Catholic Archdiocese of New York. I had been granted a commission in the U.S. Navy and
was studying communications at Harvard University. In the card was the sentence, “I would like to be more friendly, but I am afraid that you would get too serious.” Really, I wasn’t afraid, but she was. The letter did not get to me until after Christmas. Though the address on the envelope was partially obliterated, somehow I was able to contact her while I was at Harvard, and we had a date on my next free weekend. The dates continued, and she met my family. I completed my communications program in a month and served another two months in training at Norfolk, VA. Before completing my Norfolk assignment and leaving for San Francisco to ship out to my new assignment in the Pacific, we were engaged and waiting for the war to end.

**First Year of Doctoral Studies**

In the fall of 1943, after leaving Georgetown, I was awarded a graduate assistantship to teach and to continue studies toward a Ph.D. at Purdue University. The Dean of Science at Georgetown was rather unhappy, since he wanted me to continue there to complete my Ph.D. But I saw no future in remaining at Georgetown. I did continue teaching for several weeks until my replacement arrived.

The Purdue experience was different in so many ways. I had left the very formal schools of the East to enter into a lifestyle that was more leisurely and more friendly. For the first time, I was living in a small town. I had gone from New York City, with a population of five million, to Washington, DC with less than a million, to W. Lafayette, Indiana, with a population of about 40,000 – when the students were around. Further, I realized that there are stars in the sky and they appear almost every night.

At this point I was entering the field of statistics, which would be my professional interest until the time I retired in 1987. Soon I met my foremost mentor (outside Betty and later the children), Dr. Irving Wingate Burr. Irving Burr was perhaps the best teacher and professional guide I encountered. He had a rather raspy voice, but his words were very significant, and people listened. Students flocked to his classes in statistical quality control and in applied statistics. He could give a lecture that was clear to people in the plant with no more than
a high school education as well as to those with graduate degrees. His sense of the practical went beyond the theoretical underpinnings of the subject matter. I recall the time he taught us to use a desk calculator – no, not a computer but desk calculator. This was 1944! He put a chair on top of a desk, sat on it and held the calculator on his lap facing us. His first remark was, “Now this calculator is fool proof, but not damn-fool proof.” Irv caught our attention. He invited me to accompany him to local professional meetings of the American Society for Quality Control and the American Statistical Association. He introduced me to many people who turned out to be my colleagues in later years. As I continued in graduate studies, he often took me to the national professional meetings. I learned a lot from his teaching style. Also, being a graduate assistant allowed me to get to know the faculty in the department and get them to know me.

My first year of study at Purdue turned out to be abbreviated, since I was called for the military draft. Fortunately, I had expected that my draft number would be coming up soon. So I applied for an appointment as an officer in the U.S. Navy about a month prior to my notice to appear before the draft board. I left Purdue about one month before the completion of the semester, since I had a required appointment with the draft board in New York. (I was given credit for the full year.) My mother prepared a Saturday farewell meal for my friends and me. Then on Monday I went to the draft board for induction and was told to go back home because my commission was coming through.

Reflection

In my first twenty-one years I was laying the foundation for my future life. My first mentors, beginning with my mother, father, and grandmother, nurtured me, showing me an example of love, friendship, and caring for our fellow people. Relationships were very important to them. Their work ethic was strong. We were devout church-goers, though it took my father some time to get there. He would often say, “My wife is a good person; she goes to church. She prays for me and I do no harm to others.” But I learned later that God has a way of making things right. This is my God of Surprises. My poor fa-
ther had a mild stroke. With that incident my father heard the “knocking on the door.” He never missed Sunday Mass again.

When I was in the primary grades and early high school, I loved to play stick ball or perhaps touch football in the street in the late afternoons and early evenings and especially on Saturdays. I groaned when my mother called me in to wash the windows with her. She seemed too fussy, and she would always find the section of window I missed on “my side.” My side, as I sat on the window sill, was on the outside of the house. My parents expected a certain amount of work from us children. We had no allowance; we had no summer camps. But we were provided for and loved and we had time for recreation. When we went on a picnic, we usually went with several families. This was the basis for my sense of hospitality which has always been part of my life. There was “always room at the inn.” (See a later chapter.) When our family visited the family of a long-time friend and it became too late to go home that evening, it was not a problem. Sleeping bags were not plentiful in those days. So we just pulled out one of the double mattresses from the required number of beds and enjoyed a night on the floor.

School was more than a book-learning experience. It was an experience in life; it was an experience of initial spiritual growth. Classes in elementary school were very large (42 in my graduating class), but we never felt ignored. These were dedicated teachers, serving their God by serving God’s people. Certainly it was a different time. But just as certainly, there was heart, there was love, there was caring. Also, in high school and college I could recognize instructors who were dedicated men and women who chose to serve God through their professions.

I am so thankful to God for all those graces and gifts that were sent to me – people, places and events. Certainly, there were painful times and times of discontent. “That goes with the territory,” as some would say. Each one of these companions and mentors provided a certain amount of guidance. They helped me to develop a sense of reality for the present and hope for the future.
I learned a great deal in my college years, that there are people out there who are searching for our service, our relationships. I’ve learned that the opportunities for service are everywhere. For example, if I had not joined the Catholic Students Mission Crusade at Manhattan College, I would never have had the gift of working with, ministering to, and loving those wonderful tough boys from Harlem. And I have learned even more. Whenever I give, I receive much more in return.

So, I say to all of us, do not sound like Moses when he was asked to lead the Israelites out of Egypt. Do not say, “Lord, you do not want me. I am a nobody. Pick someone who really can do your work.” Say, “Here I am, Lord. Send me to do your will.”
Chapter 4

World War II and Beyond

Introduction

The six years following my graduate studies at George-town University provided a crucial turning point in our lives. These were years of supreme joy and deep sorrow, of great consolation and deep desolation, of turmoil and finally peace, and total bonding to each other. In this time we were part of two events, the first marked in our own personal history and the second marked in the history of both our own lives and the life of our nation and the world.

It began with the fortuitous meeting of two graduate students. Considering the many separate paths each one could have taken, the likelihood of this happening was almost zero. It continued with a “maybe,” then a strong “no,” and finally a “yes” to a marriage proposal. We belonged to each other. That was God’s plan for us.

I chose to enter the U.S. Navy, then became a naval officer on an admiral’s staff serving in the Pacific theater to receive and transmit information that ultimately led to the greatest man-made devastation of humanity here on earth.

In this period we experienced marvelous joy in the expectation of our first-born – twin boys, only to witness their immediate departure to the Lord’s home in Heaven. At that time we were given the gift of this event, and through it we became totally bonded and committed to each other. The course of our lives was set for the next 57 years. And so, we began this journey from Washington, DC, to New York to West Lafayette, IN, and Cincinnati and back to New York. These were the years 1943 to 1945, which I covered in the last chapter. I then left San Francisco to proceed to the Pacific theatre of World War II. After the war, I returned to marry Betty, and finally we were in Honolulu prior to returning “home.” Let us now track these events.
Reporting for Duty

After the draft board told me, “Go on home, your commission is coming through.” I spent the next two months waiting to appear at Ft. Schuyler Officer Training School, just about forty-five minutes from home by car. By bus, it took two hours. After two months at Ft. Schuyler I was assigned to the Communications School at Harvard University. A few dates with Betty in New York, then our engagement and two months more of training preceded my travel to San Francisco and the Pacific.

The trip from San Francisco to Honolulu was rather difficult. Unfortunately, just outside San Francisco there are huge ground swells and the ship did not take it too kindly. So many young, “green” officers looked rather green because they were seasick. Staying below deck made the matter worse. Fortunately, after a couple of days at sea, I decided to go onto the deck to breathe fresh air. My “malady” was over instantly.

When we arrived in Honolulu, we saw the aircraft carrier Franklin at the dock. She had just been towed in after a major kamikaze attack. It seems that before she had been hit, her aerials had been lowered horizontally so that the planes could be launched. After the attack any ship that tried to come close for transferring wounded or putting out the fire was gashed by the aerials. Finally, men could board her and assist in the rescue. She was a pathetic sight coming into the naval base.

We learned that this was the command ship of Carrier Division 2 and we were assigned to that staff. In the battle, both the lead admiral and his backup admiral were on this ship, which was immobilized. Hence the leadership of the entire division had to be assumed by a captain. Later, I became well acquainted with the Catholic chaplain of the Franklin, Fr. O’Brien. He remained with Carrier Division 2 after the Franklin disaster, and I became his shipmate. I even worked with him on preparing some sailors with catechetical instruction for entering the Catholic Church. Fr. O’Brien recalled how “brave” he was as he assisted in the rescue. However, he said that he collapsed two days later. Fortunately, it was not serious enough to affect his mental capabilities, though I am sure
that the scars remained for the rest of his life. Fr. O’Brien was a priest in the Archdiocese of New York.

Assignment

I was part of the 100-man staff of Admiral C. A. F. Sprague. We were four communications officers, two of whom, Vic Corbaley and Ted Trump, were my closest buddies through the remainder of the war and a further assignment afterwards. Then there was the commander of the communications staff. Each of the three of us (Vic, Ted, and I) had an eight-hour shift with a few additional duties, which did not take too much of our time. As a communications link, our job was essential, but we were not overworked. Great — more time to write letters and take care of personal chores. One of our tasks was censoring the outgoing mail. I can just see us (and other officers) sitting at the dining room table after lunch. We each had a pile of letters before us. Our “surgical tools” were a big black marking pen and scissors. It was “nasty” work, but someone had to do it. In no way were the men to communicate or even imply the location or the name of our ship. However, our top communications officer allowed us to transmit this information to our families — only once. However, this privilege presented a problem. The aircraft carrier on which we were stationed, the Ticonderoga, had been hit by kamikazes about six months earlier. But the information was top secret and was not released to the press until the Ticonderoga was back in commission. So many relatives feared the worse.

Our ship did not encounter any enemy aircraft, though there were many “bogeys” or false alarms. Our planes, however, did have direct contact, and some did not return. In fact, on the last day of battle, as the war ended, the squadron leader and at least one other did not return. Some planes returned with sizeable holes in their wings or bodies.

Let me mention some memorable incidents in my time at sea, that is, outside the times of battle alert. One of these was the visit to the fleet by Cardinal Spellman. He was the primary Chaplain of the Armed Forces. The war had just concluded and he came out to the battleship, Missouri, I believe. Our chaplain, Fr. O’Brien, was invited to bring an officer and an enlisted man to the Missouri. Just a couple of weeks earlier,
I received a letter from Betty that contained a prayer by Cardinal Spellman concerning the war. When I met him aboard ship, I reminded him that he officiated at my graduation from Manhattan College. I took my copy of the prayer with me and had him sign it.

Another rather amusing story concerned the aftermath of a typhoon. Several ships were badly damaged. One of these was the cruiser Pittsburgh. At our communications desk we received the following message: “Have sighted a suburb of Pittsburgh, what shall we do with it?” It seems that in the stormy seas, the ship had lost its bow and personnel on a ship at sea had spotted this and could identify it. I don’t know the end of that story, but I guess the floating mass finally found its way home.

The most memorable message stated that ships must stay clear of channels leading to three Japanese cities. These channels were to be at least 50 miles wide. The dates were a week
to 10-day window. I delivered this message to the captain of the admiral’s staff. He took some guesses as to what it could be. Of course, he knew that this was some sort of air strike. He thought of germ warfare or other possibilities. In no way was there any thought of the Atom Bomb. We did not even know that it existed, though the Germans had been developing intercontinental missiles. Only two bombs were to be dropped, but we did not know that. Cloud cover spared one of the cities. The other two targets were Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Incidentally, Nagasaki was the seat of Christianity in Japan, where the percentage of Christians is just under 10%. When we were notified of the devastation, my immediate reaction was most un-Christian: “Wonderful, the war is over!” Then when I saw some photos of this devastation, where shells of concrete buildings were the only things standing, I wondered about the price of this “victory.” Later I became aware of the mortality figures and the continued destruction of lives, going into two generations after these fateful days, August 6 and 9, 1945.

Let me add two anecdotes about our communications department. We could receive most coded messages by two means. One was a machine with new coding wheels each day. Most of the important messages came for decoding on this large machine. The other method of decoding was a “strip board,” which was used primarily for less important messages. This had us slip strips of letters onto a board with a specific order each day. This latter decoding was more tedious. On our return home, the whole fleet was in formation and we were in our cabin. Suddenly, one evening our head of communications came storming into our room. He was furious. At that point, the fleet had made a turn to starboard (right) and we had kept going straight. We had not decoded the message for the turn on our strip board. Of course, we joined the others as quickly as possible. About a week later we thought that the same thing had happened. Fortunately we were wrong. The ship had gotten out of formation to clear the soot out of its smokestacks. Whew!

We had to be very careful about assuring that the communications equipment was not recovered by the Japanese if our ship had to be abandoned. This means, “destroy the equipment.” The code book for the strip machine was easy
to destroy — just drop it in the water and all the words wash off. That’s fine, except that we must not get any liquid on the book. Easy to do if necessary, wasn’t it? The system backfired once. One afternoon some officers of a destroyer came aboard our carrier to copy a few damaged pages. One of them had carelessly spilled some coffee on their code book.

Reflection

At this point let us ask a few questions, namely, (1) What did I learn in these few years? (2) How did the experiences affect me? (3) How will I pass all this on? I will not try to answer these like a homework assignment, but will interweave my response from the heart.

I learned that the propaganda that can come from a controlled press can poison a person’s mind, yes, poison an entire nation. “They destroyed a naval base and killed hundreds, some of whom were civilians, women and children and even babies. We can see the destroyed ships in our harbor. Let us destroy the enemy. If we cannot get them to surrender by a set of strikes alone, let us go the ultimate. Let us destroy them completely. We shall totally devastate their cities to such a point that they have no alternative but surrender.” This was the poison that affected our entire nation — kill, kill, kill.

In such a time, these actions could be destructive to military personnel, as well as their victims. It seems that these men and women are just pawns in this adventure. Oh, the horrors of war! Why must we go that route, why must we have gone that far with the first weapon of mass destruction? We did not subjugate the other nation, we devastated it. We went further in our destruction. Those who died instantly were fortunate in a sense. It was all over for them in this world. But what of those who were victims of contamination? Many never recovered and many have surely transmitted the disease of nuclear contamination to their children and grandchildren. Does it go further? War is madness! I am aware of this contamination. Some members of the American Statistical Association, of which I was Executive Director, were on the research teams, examining the effects of the Atomic Bomb. Until the year of 1988, they were still studying the effects through more than one generation. Over the years, we have had many tests by
detonating such a bomb. In at least one area, herds of sheep incurred many defects from the fallout of nuclear tests.

Still, many of us pray in the Lord’s Prayer, “…and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us…” Do we know what we are saying? Do we really mean it and practice it? I ask myself and others, “Do we follow this petition in the Lord’s Prayer for our enemies, or just for our friends?”

These words are not intended as a condemnation of people. Consider it rather as a call to “practice what we preach.” It is a call to Our Lord and Creator to help us follow what the Lord wants of us. It is a reminder by one who was out there in the Pacific when it happened.

**After the War**

When the war was over and the treaty was about to be signed, the Ticonderoga entered Yokasuka Bay, the harbor outside Tokyo. Some of the crew were given permission to go ashore. The three of us, Vic, Ted, and I, went into Tokyo together. We took the subway. I can still see the faces of the Japanese people on the train: thinking, “Who are these invaders who have taken over our country? Yes, the ugly Americans.” I am sure that the horror stories about the U.S. people were mirrored by those presented to us from official Washington and the press. I can see quite clearly those pictures in the newspaper, pictures of torture, maiming, rape, and other atrocities with American people as the victims and the Japanese as the perpetrators. “Barbarians,” we called them with graphic art to match. On the train I offered a 10-year-old Japanese boy a chocolate bar, but his mother refused to let him take it. Was it due to fear? Was it distrust? Was it hatred for those who represent the conquering nation? Tokyo sustained many bombing attacks, by which a good part of its rails and railroad stations were severally damaged or destroyed. That afternoon we had lunch at a five-star hotel, about half of which had been destroyed.

I wrote Betty, “My return home might be quick or could take a long time, i.e., six months or longer.” Vic, Ted, and I did not have enough “points” to be released immediately after the war and had to serve additional time. The Ticonderoga was
returning many military personnel home to the United States. Its hangar deck was outfitted with bunks at least three high. We were to go to Hawaii to pick up more returnees, then we were to proceed to Seattle. However, orders kept changing almost daily. It seems that the top admirals, Halsey and Nimitz, did not agree too well. And we were in the middle. As an aside, rumor had it that Halsey wanted to march into Tokyo on a white horse. The rumor was not confirmed.

Our objective was to get out of the Navy and return home as soon as possible. But we had to serve more time. The Ti- conderoga was to go to Seattle, but it already had all the passengers it could handle as it left Honolulu (Pearl Harbor) and went on to San Francisco. The three of us were granted two weeks’ leave before our next assignment. However, I wanted more for our wedding and a sufficient time for our honey- moon. So, I asked the captain of our Carrier Division 2 if I could get a full month. He smiled and said gently, “We only give those to men who have earned the ‘Purple Heart’ (for injury in the line of duty).” But he added, “Why don’t you send me a telegram toward the end of your two weeks and I will try to give you two more weeks.” Now, to get home as quickly as possible, by air, I borrowed some money from Fr. O’Brien. At intervals I had sent home practically all my pay in preparation for the future. I did send the captain the requested telegram, and it succeeded. Today I have a lamination of two telegrams. The upper one is the captain’s telegram (all in official military language) granting me an additional fifteen days. The lower is one from my two buddies, saying, “Congratulations on your wedding. When do we kiss the bride?”

With very short notice and with Betty fully prepared with dress, ring and phone call to her folks in Cincinnati, Betty and I married a few days after my arrival home. Betty’s parents and younger brother were able to attend.

Before leaving New York, we stayed at a hotel in the Bronx overnight. That next morning I received the telegram from the captain. We then headed for our honeymoon in the Berkshires. After the honeymoon, we went to San Diego and had a few weeks before Vic, Ted, and I returned to Honolulu to continue our tour of duty. While in San Diego, Betty and I had
complimentary tickets to the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. We took
the Pacific Electric train, which traveled a north–south route in
California. This train system no longer exists. It was squeezed
out of existence by the expanding auto industry and the pe-
troleum interests. One evening we had dinner aboard ship.
These were very short weeks! Vic, Ted, and I then proceeded
to Honolulu, where we were re-assigned to office duty. Betty
returned to New York to clean up her office work and then
join me in Honolulu, as soon as I could find housing.

Honolulu

All housing on the naval base was already taken by offi-
cers of higher rank than mine (Ensign). So I traveled through
the Honolulu Want Ads without any success. In desperation,
I decided to check with the Maryknoll Sisters. Since they had
been established in Honolulu for some time, perhaps they had
some leads. After I had introduced myself, Sister asked, “Have
you checked the Want Ads?” “Yes,” was my reply. “Have you
checked… ?” was answered, “Yes,” again and again. Finally
Sister said, “You know, we have our orphanage, and Mr. and
Mrs. Franks have adopted a child from us. They have a court
of bungalows. Perhaps they have a vacancy.” I prayed while
she spoke to the Franks. “What, you do have a vacancy,” I
could hear Sister say. The request was fortunate both for the
Franks and for me. It looks as if some divine power was work-
ing for me. The Franks had promised this bungalow to two
different parties. So they were in a dilemma. “Sister comes
along, Sister from the orphanage, and she asks this favor for a
young military couple,” was the reasoning. So, their problem
and my housing needs were solved at that moment.

In getting the place ready, I asked Mr. Franks if I could
have the interior painted. He said that if I would handle the
painting, he would supply the paint and brushes. Vic and Ted
helped me do the job. As a reward to the three of us, I cooked
a fine spaghetti dinner. A vegetable I decided to include was
acorn squash. I asked a lady in the naval commissary if “this”
looked OK to her. I didn’t tell her what I thought it was. She
said it looked fine. Well, this was the time I learned that acorn
squash and Hawaiian papaya are not the same. What a shock,
when we took our first bites of baked papaya, with a little salt
added. I still had a lot to learn before becoming a good gour-
met chef.

While meeting Betty at the dock about two weeks later, I
had a strange but good feeling. The last time I saw her she was
in pretty good shape. Now my wife, whom I knew, of course,
really looked pregnant. As we met with hugs and kisses, real-
ity set in. The two of us, as mother and father, were awaiting
our first child. We soon learned that the word “child” was in-
correct. It should be “children”. She was expecting twins. We
had Vic and Ted over for dinner quite often. To reciprocate,
they decided to take us out to dinner. What a sight we were as
we walked down a Honolulu street — three naval officers and
one very pregnant woman!

I had a jeep every evening. So I was like a white-collar
person, going to the office in the morning and returning each
evening. One evening I decided to bring a big bunch of hibis-
cus flowers, hand-picked from a neighbor’s fence for fresh-
ness. They were so fresh that the ants loved them too. So, for
my first 10 minutes at home, the highest priority task was to
clear out the ants. Another quite trying incident was “sleeping
on the couch after dinner.” For several consecutive evenings
I would sit on the couch while reading the newspaper and
then fall asleep for some time. I can still see Betty’s disappoint-
ment, as she thought, “What kind of man have I married?”
Well, anyone who knew Betty would know that this type of
behavior would be short-lived. She went into action and told
me what she thought of the situation and what she expected
in our relationship. She was very kind and yet blunt. Hence,
there was no more sleeping on the couch after dinner. I am
thankful for this attitude and continual support throughout
our lives together.

On one Sunday afternoon, we had a wonderful time with
friends at the beach. Several days later there was a tidal wave
that swept through the same beach, going several blocks
inland. It had resulted from a shift of the ocean floor near
Alaska. By the time the waves reached Hawaii, they were of
killer size — not three or four feet, but up to ten to fifteen feet.
Fortunately, some of the coral reef offshore softened and nar-
rowed the blow. There were no deaths reported, but we could see some furniture, including a piano, swept out to sea.

In Honolulu, I had many rather unusual experiences. The first of these was my rash. A few weeks after Betty arrived, I developed a rash on my back. We went to the military hospital, and a Navy commander examined me. This was my first experience with a commander in the medical corps and a female doctor. Her first question was, “What are you allergic to?” Well, I hoped that it was not Betty. After a 32-scratch test (yes, 32 scratches on my back), the allergy was found to be dust and possibly pollen. I was relieved; it was not Betty. The cure was simple, namely, soaking twice a day in the tub with corn starch as the medication.

The next experiences, I shall categorize as food, namely celery, squid, pineapple, and poi. That’s an odd combination, but each has its story. Celery and probably many vegetables grown on the island of Oahu (containing Honolulu) were very salty. This is due to the contamination of the soil by ocean water. Hence, we had to buy our celery at the military commissary, since it received its supply from the United States.

We now go to squid (calamari). I found a can of squid in the grocery store. I recalled my experiences at home in New York, when my mother prepared squid in a tomato sauce for a delicious pasta dish. With much anticipation, I opened the can and expected Betty to prepare it, with my coaching of course. Not realizing that the can had already been opened, she turned the can over to read the label. Picture the result: black, inky, un-cleaned squid adorned the kitchen floor. Betty burst into tears. After calming her down, I promised that I would not buy squid again. Since then I have had squid several times in my favorite Italian restaurant, and she has taken a few bites.

Let’s try pineapple now. We found time to visit a pineapple canning plant and a plantation. We were told that some of the laborers occasionally take a pineapple in the field and hide it until it has fermented. The juice then provides a potent alcoholic drink, the name of which sounded like, “holy cow.” On Saturday mornings we had the dubious pleasure of smelling the “honey wagons” as they went by our house. The odor was
that of the outer layer of pineapples being transported from the canning plant to farms, as feed for the animals.

The last note concerns poi. On checking the Webster’s dictionary, I read that poi is a Hawaiian food, made from the taro root by a process of baking and grinding. Afterwards it is mixed into a paste which is fermented. But the dictionary failed to state that there are two-, three- and four-finger poi. So one evening, Betty and I invited my Navy buddies, Vic and Ted, for dinner. Afterwards, with appropriate ceremony, we had some poi, which we concluded was three-finger. There was only one thing wrong with the taste. It tasted like paste, and there was no fermentation. Oh, the sadness when a newly married couple can’t call on Mother for a recipe!

Many other experiences occurred during our stay there, some of lesser and some of greater significance. One experience concerned a tidal wave, tsunami, that hit Honolulu. The shift in the earth’s surface had originated in Alaskan waters. Fortunately, its impact was lessened by coral reefs near the Honolulu shore. Also, the Pearl Harbor naval base was on the other side of the island. One week earlier we were on the beach in the area where the waves struck the island. Later, we saw news photos of a piano and other furniture floating in the sea. At that time, I described it as a huge lawn mower that swept through the land, leaving nothing but wreckage behind. I recall that my brother, residing in New York, called the proper authorities to learn that we were safe and that very few lives had been lost.

Let me now relate the final experience before we left Honolulu. This had a tremendous impact and affected the Leone family future. It concerned our firstborn, the twins John and Michael.

One afternoon Betty felt that she had to go to the hospital for delivery. A rush to the hospital in my jeep got us there on time. However, the doctor decided that it was a “false alarm.” We returned home, quite disappointed and glum. Several days later the “real time” had come. At this time she went to the hospital in an ambulance, and I followed in a jeep. Her labor was difficult, and her obstetrician was not available. The case was turned over to a resident doctor.
I was asked to go into a waiting room down the hall. I saw an incubator rushed down the hall, then another. About twenty minutes later the head nurse, a Sister, told me that the twins had not survived, and she had baptized them John and Michael. What a blow and an even greater blow to Betty! Then I worried and prayed for Betty. Would she also leave me? She had developed an infection and they gave her penicillin (in 1946). Added to all this was the fact that I had to fly back to San Francisco within two days to get “mustered out” of the Navy. So, Vic, Ted, and I departed the next day, leaving her in the hospital without any close friends or family. Both of our families were also devastated by the news. I then stayed at Vic’s home in Glendale, California, awaiting Betty’s arrival at San Francisco by ship.

Betty arrived in about ten days; we stayed a few days in San Francisco before flying East. We first returned to my home in New York. It was a long trip for her from Honolulu to San Francisco to New York. It was a sad homecoming. In retrospect, though it was an extremely difficult time for me, I realize how much more difficult it had to be for her. These last few weeks were enough to “break” or “make” a newly married couple. This brought us together even more than ever. Our faith told us that John and Michael were in Heaven – our own Guardian Angels. Later, for years, we would include in our nightly prayers with the children the petition, “John and Michael, pray for us.” Now I have revived this petition as I ask Betty and John and Michael daily to pray for me and for the family.

After several days in New York we flew to Cincinnati to visit Betty’s folks, and then we were to proceed to W. Lafayette, Indiana, so that I could continue my graduate studies at Purdue. However, more was in store for Betty (us). Betty had contracted malaria. Though she had had malaria while a teenager in Florida, the analysis indicated that this was not a recurrence, but had been transmitted to her in Honolulu. Hence, it was necessary that I return to Purdue alone while she was hospitalized. But this time she had her folks and friends with her.

One final occurrence in our first fourteen months of married life took place during a Thanksgiving visit to Betty’s folks
in Cincinnati. There was a fire in the West Lafayette train depot. Our full footlocker, shipped from Honolulu, was in the fire. We did not learn of the fire until our return from Cincinnati on Sunday evening.

Continuation of Graduate Studies

It was in West Lafayette that, toward the end of 1946, we met Abbie and Bob Benkeser, who are our dear life-long friends. He was a young assistant professor; she was an instructor and I, a graduate student with a teaching assistantship. While we awaited our permanent residence, we were housed in the Iowa House, a university motel on campus. Our room and the Benkesers’ were separated by a wall. So, whenever we had to use our hot plates for heating or cooking, we knocked on the wall. No reply meant that it was safe and we would not blow out another fuse.

Graduate work went well. We were very happy with very few possessions, but we had each other and the next child was on the way. Next year, Charles was born in November, 1947. We were quite a sight going to Mass with the Benkesers in a small two-passenger car, borrowed from one of Bob’s colleagues. Somehow the adults squeezed into the front seat(s) and Charlie was on the “shelf” in the back. Safety belts were not in the picture for many years to come. In June 1949 I received my Ph.D. in Mathematical Statistics. Just a few weeks before leaving for Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland, we had our second child, Betty Anne. We also bought our first car, a Dodge Wayfarer.

Reflection

In Honolulu we were so happy in expectation of our newborn. These six months of married life together were certainly unique. We had the feeling of ownership; that is, we had our own house, a bungalow in a court of six (rented, of course). We were so far from either of our families, but so close to each other.

We enjoyed each other and learned who we were. There were anxious times, but these were minimal. We praised God together. We were happy with each other. Then, there came the day-August 13, 1946. We were shocked. We looked for a
cause – blood incompatibility, the primary doctor’s failure to show up, whatever we could find. But then in a letter of consolation, our sister-in-law, Edith Spencer, said, ”How many parents have two baby guardian angels in Heaven caring for them?” To this day, 60 years later, I still remember and cherish those words.

After a tearful visit with parents in New York and Cincinnati and some other unforeseen occurrences, we proceeded to put our lives together. It was a joy-filled time as I continued my graduate studies at Purdue University. Our love for each other kept growing. It extended to our first two children after John and Michael. In W. Lafayette, little did we know what God had in store for us. Little did we know where God would take us. But we did know that God wanted us to grow in love and thanksgiving and to extend this love to others.

What did we learn and what were we transmitting to others? We learned, through our experiences, that, as a young couple beginning “our careers,” we were in a unique time and place in our lives. We learned to listen to our experiences and to pray our experiences. Through our continued search, we found others willing to do the same and we grew together.

Dear Lord, we know that you give us many opportunities to serve you by serving our neighbors. May we always be alert to hear the word of the Lord.

Finally, we want to say to the readers, that you should keep searching for those neighbors with whom you can pray and grow and those neighbors whom you should serve.
Chapter 5

Cleveland

Introduction

In looking for a faculty position I had several choices. The best advice from a professor at Purdue was, “Remember that hindsight is 20/20. Go with what you believe is best at this time.” I had several offers including positions as a graduate research associate and an instructor. In those days (1949) a young Ph.D. recipient did not start as an assistant professor. It had to be “earned.” I choose Case Institute of Technology, because it had a strong department of mathematics and its head was anxious to develop a program in Statistics.

To the Leone family, our 17 years in Cleveland were exciting and enjoyable, and with some minor crises. We arrived with two children, one two-year-old and the other, an infant. We already had twins John and Michael in heaven, always praying for us. In the next eleven years we added five more children. Betty’s focus as a social worker turned to the family, for she had a more than adequate research laboratory in the home. We both learned a lot not only on our own but from loving neighbors and, of course, from our children. We were a happy family.

Sunday morning was special. At first we tried to take all the children to Mass with us, but that changed. So, I went to early Mass and, with the younger children, was responsible for preparing breakfast while Betty and the older children went to church. I often had homemade muffins or biscuits with eggs, bacon, and some fruit. Occasionally we had pancakes or waffles. A particular treat was surprise muffins with one or more surprises — a coin, a stone, a dab of jelly, or a piece of macaroni. I really reached my peak (or low point) when I decided to have green muffins for St. Patrick’s Day. For some reason, the color did not go over too well.

Neighbors, Jean and George McCann and family, lived directly across the street from us. So, whenever we pulled out of the driveway, our first task was to be sure that there were no children’s bikes on the street. The McCanns had a large family,
two more children than our seven. Eileen and Fran Malloy, next to us, had two older girls, then a boy. So, the younger boy had four mothers — two older sisters, a mother and a grandmother to give him the “necessary” advice and instructions. Fran helped me build a wall and a small lavatory on the first floor. Whenever there was a neighborhood picnic of five or six families, the number of children reached the thirties. In short, it was a nurturing neighborhood where we felt that our children were well cared for whenever they visited their friends in a neighbor’s home.

A wonderful person who left a mark on the entire family is Hildegard Ehrtmann from Lubeck, Germany. Hildy was part of a youth leaders’ exchange program, for which professional and volunteer directors were selected from a number of countries. Their initial program in the U.S., after a short indoctrination program in Washington, lasted six weeks. In that time they took several seminars and visited a number of social agencies. While in Cleveland they were expected to spend two weeks each with three host families. We were the last of the three for her. One of her later assignments was to work at a social agency in Cleveland. So she chose a Jewish welfare agency. At the end of her program, she was offered a scholarship to work for a Master’s degree at Western Reserve University. When she told us this, she added, “But I do not even have a university degree. During the war my father was imprisoned by the Nazis. I would take food to him. I did not have the opportunity to continue my education.” Our response was, “If they did not think you could do it, they would not have offered you this scholarship.” Her two-and-a-half-year stay with us was enjoyable, for she was a member of the family and contributed much to our development. She returned to Germany shortly after becoming the godmother of our youngest child, Lucy. She considers us her family in the U.S.

**Sodality/Christian Life Community**

At this point, let me say a few words about Sodality, which became Christian Life Community after we left Cleveland for Iowa City, Iowa. Betty and I were searching for a group with whom we could share our faith and our lives. We were looking for more than a prayer group or a Bible study group. One
day in the mid-fifties we found our answer. Belle Murtagh, the wife of Case Tech’s treasurer, called Betty and invited her to attend a meeting at a neighboring Catholic church. When she came home that evening, Betty said, “Fred I’ve found it.” I did not quite understand the quality of the meeting, but I encouraged her participation every two weeks, even though I sometimes grumbled about “taking care of the children on her night out.” This was at a Jesuit Parish — Gesu. There were two rather large groups, Cleveland Men’s and Cleveland Women’s Sodality. At that time I did not recall that I had been in Sodality in high school, about twenty years earlier. One evening, the moderator of the groups, Fr. Nicholas Rieman, S.J., asked Betty if I might be interested in Sodality. Her reply was, “I think so, but he is much too busy. You can call him if you wish.” He called and asked me, “What are you doing next Thursday evening?” I still tell people that I could not think of an answer, so I was roped in. Betty and I have been in Sodality-Christian Life Community almost fifty years. We have been very active at the local, regional, national, and world levels. It is an integral part of our lives. This will be discussed at length in Chapter 17 entitled, “Our Journeys in CLC.”

Case Institute of Technology

I began my teaching and research career at a salary of $3800 for 10 months. My teaching load was twelve hours per week, four courses. But I considered my work day to extend from about 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. However, I soon realized that this could not continue if I expected to develop my capabilities and advance in the higher education arena.

As can be expected, I had my usual set of “boners” in my early days there. For example, in my first talk before the faculty on my thesis topic, I completely snowed them with my “brilliance” in the narrow field of my thesis. I had already forgotten the advice of my mentor, Irving Burr, when he said, “You must determine who your audience is, then speak to them in a language they can understand.” After my presentation I realized that all I had accomplished was to give my fellow faculty members a sense that, “He feels that he is important. He ‘may’ be able to teach and perhaps do some research someday.” I soon overcame that negative opinion.
I was an instructor in the Department of Mathematics and Director of the Statistical Laboratory with about twenty desk calculators. That was it! In statistics there was another Ph.D. and later, a third — a visitor. At that time my primary interest was in applied statistics, especially quality control. It did not take me long to join both the Cleveland Section of the American Society for Quality Control (ASQC) and the Cleveland Chapter of the American Statistical Association (ASA). One member of the ASQC Section was Fr. Henry Birkenhauer, S.J., who was suggested to me by a dear friend from Purdue, Dr. Robert Benkeser. Father B, as we called him, became a life-long friend and advisor. I was very active in both of these organizations, finally becoming President of both local chapters in the same year. These men and women were certainly my “tutors” as I learned more about industry and the business world — the real world. I visited industrial plants and offices, and learned about their journeys. I later became a consultant, working with several corporations.

I enjoyed teaching, I enjoyed “turning the students on” with real problems. As motivation I used a number of real world examples, some of which came from my consulting work. My ASQC experiences introduced me to a number of key individuals in the field of Quality Control and Statistics. One of these experiences was a set of two summer short courses, one on control charts and another in experimental design. I was one of a team of three who presented these one-week courses at Rochester Institute of Technology, and this continued for almost twenty years. The attendees of these courses were primarily men and women in industry working in quality control, though there were also plant managers or research personnel.

At Case some of the professorial staff from different fields participated in a classified project entitled “Project Doan Brook.” This was an operations research team made up of faculty members from several disciplines. We had our own classified section in one building. One of its projects was to analyze the lethality of bomb drops on a railroad track. We needed certain classified publications and determined that they existed at Purdue University, where I had received my Ph.D. While there I had been a graduate assistant and worked on a classified
project. I made arrangements to pick up the publications on a Saturday morning. When I arrived, there was only one secretary available to open the door. She had not received any word about my visit and had no idea of my purpose for coming to Purdue. She asked, “What is your name?” When I said, “Fred Leone,” her response was, “Leone, Leone! Oh, I know that name. We have your spaghetti recipe in our classified file.” It so happened that several years earlier, I was providing the recipe to another graduate student working in the classified project. On overhearing us, a secretary asked if she could copy the recipe. Little did I know that my recipe would be a document qualified to be called “confidential” or “secret.” I was quite pleased that we did get the documents, for I would have been very unhappy, returning to Cleveland empty-handed.

In 1958, I was asked to teach half a summer program in statistics at Oklahoma State University. With my “yes” came temporary housing for my family for four weeks. This course was part of a program or consortium of four Southern universities to provide summer courses leading to a graduate degree. It was a good learning experience for all of the family in this different climate without their usual friends. There developed a sense of dependence on each other and a higher level of togetherness. One very exciting experience was the visit to a large cave. It was bright enough so we could see the ceiling. Exciting, yes! The ceiling of the cave was “holding” a blanket of bats hanging to it. They did not move and were resting for their next sortie that evening.

Reflection

The Leone family lived in a nurturing neighborhood in Cleveland Heights, just about two miles from my work, from 1950 to 1966. (For our first year in the Cleveland area, we rented a bungalow which was barely large enough to house our family.) Our church and the neighborhood were key elements in this journey. Another element in this journey, while the family was growing, was our recreation time with families of Betty’s youngest brother and wife, Haven and Beryl, and of my brother and wife, Peter and Anne. Betty felt that it was important that “cousins know each other.”
The stage was set for our development as children of God and recipients of many gifts. In short, these years provided us with many companions and mentors. I am very thankful for all the opportunities to grow and to pass these gifts on for the benefit of others.

I learned that the number of open doors could be plentiful. But I also learned that we must be prepared to reach these doors. In other words, if we do only the minimum that is required of us and do not reach out to our associates, our

Leone and Spencer families at Cape Crocker Lighthouse, Bruce Peninsula, Ontario, Canada
church, our neighbors, and, of course, our families and relatives, then our world will become smaller and smaller. To all I say, “Be assured that doors are there for us, if we maintain hope, and persistence and faith in Our Lord and in our fellow travelers.”

Road to my First International Meeting

In the summer of 1959 I had the good fortune of participating in a six-week seminar on Experimental Design at Colorado State University. The four primary presenters were R. C. Bose from India (who had settled in the U.S.), David Cox from England (later knighted by the Queen), Bill Kruskal from the University of Chicago (later the Dean of the School of Business), and Oscar Kempthorne of Iowa State University, the chairman and organizer of the seminar. Then coming for a week at a time were Henry Scheffe of the University of California at Berkeley, George Box of the University of Wisconsin, Hugo Hamaker from the Netherlands and others. These were top men in statistics, some of whom I later invited for key programs. I mention these men not because I want to “name drop,” but to give the reader an idea of how my world continued to grow.

I had seen an article on this seminar fairly late and I contacted Oscar Kempthorne. He invited me to come, but said that there was no available support. My department head said that he would give me some support. So I made a solo six-week trip to the Rockies. It was a fruitful professional venture where I met some very fine international figures in statistics. I met these people in an informal setting. Later some of these individuals were my associate editors when I was editor of a professional journal (Technometrics). Some were invited by me to speak at seminars (American Society for Quality Control and American Statistical Association) or at a research conference (Gordon Research Conference in Statistics in Chemical Research).

In the year following the Colorado State seminar I was very anxious to develop the statistical section of the mathematics department. I was encouraged by the department chair. Hence, for the academic year 1960-61, I invited Professor R.C. Bose to take a year’s leave of absence from the University of
North Carolina and be a visiting professor at Case. He brought with him Dr. Indra Chakravarti as a research associate and Dr. Ray Chaudri as a research assistant. Ray had just proved a very important theorem in statistical design. It was important enough to make the front page of the *New York Times*. I mention these names because Professor R. C. Bose later invited me to attend my first international meeting – in Paris. Indra and I wrote a research paper which I presented at the meeting of the International Statistics Institute (ISI) Biennial Meeting in 1961.

Betty accompanied me to the meeting. In fact, we were gone for six weeks with time in other cities on the way. These included Madrid, Rome Florence, and Lubeck, Germany, as well as other cities. Our major challenge in preparation for the trip was to arrange some type of child care for the seven children. We took two boys to my brother Peter and his wife, Anne. Two other boys went to Betty’s folks in Vermont, and one of the boys was with a friend in Cleveland Heights. The two girls stayed with our neighbors across the street, Jean and George McCann. That meant a twelve-year-old and 16-month-old were added to a family with eight children. This was the first sign of my managerial skills — placing seven children with four families and providing the individual delivery and pick-up. On another occasion, a few years later, we called on Jean and George McCann. At that time they took care of four or five boys. Jean was quite resourceful and could handle an expanded family. However, a few days before that trip, one child developed measles. “No problem,” said Jean. “Your house is the infirmary with a sitter for a few days. Then he can move into my house with the others.”

We were off for Paris with some intermediate stops. The ISI meeting lasted eight days. People came and went; most stayed for the full 8 days, but with a 2- or 3-day excursion out of Paris and back. There is always a break day on Sunday, at which time the local planning committee has “something special.” This time it was a long bus trip from Paris to Rouen. Recall that Rouen was the town where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. The central square has a large banquet hall, which was reserved for the ISI participants and their guests. Almost all of the participants went. We boarded ten buses. Ours was bus # 7. It did not take us long to realize that the driver did
not know his way. The six-lane avenues diminished in size; we were now down to two lanes. Finally, the driver stopped in an open field. Buses 8, 9, and 10 were right behind us. After a not-too-long consultation among the drivers we were again on our way. None of us passengers in bus #7 could help. We were all foreigners! We finally arrived at the square almost two hours late. The others waited as long as they could, but gave up and started the meal. As a result we were one out of four wines behind. Betty and I certainly enjoyed this wonderful banquet, but she was always one wine behind me in catching up to the wine schedule.

The next morning was marked by the absence of some of our outstanding members and a few others. On investigating the circumstances, I learned that although these people were very brilliant in their scientific fields, their knowledge of safe food handling was quite deficient. Evidently, they had bought some fresh fruit along the roadside on the return trip. They enjoyed it at that time, but it left them with a nearly sleepless night and a bad case of diarrhea. It was wiser for them to spend at least one-half day in their rooms and avoid an embarrassing crisis.

Then there was the Eiffel Tower incident! Betty wanted to go to an art museum while I attended some sessions. Our plan was to meet at the base of the Eiffel Tower. She knew how to get there by Paris metro (mostly underground). Each station had maps of the entire system. However, these were politically dangerous political times because the Algerians were revolting against the French Government. So, President De Gaulle ordered a very high security alert. Hence, some subway stations were closed and the police and military, armed with machine guns, were very conspicuous. We finally met at the Eiffel Tower about one hour after we had intended. During my wait, I had to fend off many vendors who tried to sell me some “very fine” watches and some “girly” pictures. They carried a large supply inside their coats.

There is much more to say about our Paris trip, but that will be saved for Chapter 9 — “European Journeys.” There we will look at the entire six-week trip and more.
My First Book and the U. of California

Toward the end of the 1960-61 academic year, I asked Professor Bose if he had any suggestions for another visiting professor for the following year. He said that Dr. Norman Johnson from England was a visitor at the University of North Carolina. He thought that Norman might be interested in extending his time in the U.S. for another year. On being asked to join me at Case, Dr. Johnson agreed to come, but requested that his fiancee, Dr. Regina (Ina) Elandt, be hired at Case as a research associate. We agreed, and so began another long-time friendship and a collaboration in research and teaching. Norman was a gentle person with a quiet voice. This was in contrast to his power and influence in various areas of theoretical and applied statistics. A rather funny occurrence took place shortly after his arrival on campus. One morning he told me he was on his way to New York’s Kennedy Airport to meet Dr. Regina Elandt, coming from Poland. Then one hour later I received a phone call. In a “Polish-English” voice I was told that she had arrived at the Cleveland airport and Norman was not there to meet her. Quickly I realized what had happened — Kennedy and Cleveland Hopkins are not the same, and each had chosen a different airport for arrival. So I told Ina to go by airport bus to a designated downtown hotel and I would meet her there. So, we went back to Case, we had some lunch, and Norman joined us in the afternoon.

In the year he was at Case, Norman and I wrote a lengthy paper together and had it published in the quarterly Journal of the American Society for Quality Control. It received a national award in the Society for that year. Later in the year we decided to write a textbook entitled Statistics and Experimental Design in the Physical and Chemical Sciences. We began the book in the spring, 1962.

From 1950 up to mid-sixties I had a wonderful advisor named Fr. Henry Birkenhauer, S.J., whom I mentioned earlier. Fr. B. became a life-long friend of the family. In 1962 I told him that I felt that I needed a break to assess what I am doing and where I am going. Of course, Betty and I discussed this often. He suggested a one-year leave of absence. I called Dr. Jerzy Neyman, head of the Statistics Department at the University
of California at Berkeley. He said I could come, but could not provide any support for me except for an office and a desk. After a “thank you,” I looked for support for one year. I asked for a one-year sabbatical. Dean McEachron of the Faculty said that Case had no guaranteed sabbaticals but took each request on its own merit. He said that for a full year he could provide half of my salary, if I could get the other. I went to the appropriate liaison officer at the Air Force Office of Scientific Research, which was sponsoring some of my research. He came up with the other half by allowing me to use part of the grant money allocated to me.

Hence in the academic year 1962-63 the entire family moved to Berkeley, CA. It was quite a trip by car, while some furniture was sent by moving van. On the way we stopped at a number of motels with a swimming pool. At each place we would have a quick breakfast in our room, make some lunch to be eaten at a roadside rest area, take off early, and get to the next motel in the early afternoon. That gave us enough swimming time, and we could conclude with a nice dinner at a cafeteria or restaurant. All of the children were excited and happy along the way. Lucy, our youngest, learned to swim on our westward trip. She just jumped in and knew that someone would rescue her, if necessary.

In order to move more rapidly on our book, Norman and I felt that we should have several days together. This was just before our move to Berkeley. I decided to visit him in London at his office. Up to two days before my departure he had not planned on a place for me to stay. Rather hurriedly he was able to obtain a room in the apartment of one of his graduate students. She was in her forties and came from the Isle of Skye. She was also an instructor at a neighboring college. I arrived, and Norman took me to her apartment. That evening, we had a pleasant conversation, as we did the next morning and evening.

Then came the mystery! That following morning she was not in the apartment, but her bed had been slept in and there was a cup of tea nearby. That did not seem unusual until I got to Norman’s office. Her department head had called to ask if Norman had seen her that day. She was to go on a department
retreat, but did not show up. Later that day they reported a missing person to the police department. Staying at the lonely apartment at night was rather unnerving. I kept hearing cars outside driving nearby, stopping and then taking off several minutes later. What could this be? It turned out that on the corner just across the street, there was a public outdoor “restroom.” Actually, it was the British version. I had never seen such a thing anywhere else. The practice seemed to be for cab drivers to come to that spot and take care of their biological needs. It was an open-air urinal, completely enclosed from about one foot up. In that way any prospective user could see if the place was occupied. The next day I moved into an old and “modest” hotel. The rates were so modest that vacationing students from Sweden and Germany filled the place. So that was a noisy night. Finally, I moved into the home of Norman’s secretary, who was off for a week’s vacation.

Let us get back to our lady from the Isle of Skye. Someone had drowned in a canal, but we were told that it was a woman probably in her sixties. On further investigation, we learned that the dead person was my hostess a few days earlier – and to my knowledge I was the last person to see her alive. But I had to get back to Cleveland, since the family was leaving for Berkeley in two weeks. An inquest was required, and I was to appear. Horrors, when will I get home? I imagined the Cleveland Plain Dealer headlines, “Case Professor — a Witness to a Stranger’s Death.” I did not tell Betty for fear of having her worry. I would tell her after I returned. If I were delayed, I would phone her. However, when the authorities learned of my predicament, they changed the date and time of the inquest to suit my travel schedule. Little had I known beforehand just how exciting the writing of a book with a coauthor would be.

We went off to Berkeley at the intended time, nine of us trudging across the country in an American Motors Rambler station wagon. At the University of California I was a visiting Professorial Associate. I did not have any teaching duties. My primary objective was to attend certain classes and continue on the book with Norman Johnson. I was given a desk in a large room, shared with the secretary of the Polish Astronomical Union. This was significant, for I was able to get two
examples from him for the book. The Statistics Department was one of the finest in the U.S. Its Chair, Dr. Jerzy Neyman, was a refugee from Poland. At the end of the academic year, Dr. Neyman asked me to stay another year and do some collaborative research in the department. Due to my commitment to Case and the children’s education, Betty and I decided that this was a tempting offer but it would not be feasible to stay another year.

It was a good learning year for the children. The oldest child, Charles, was in high school and was able to study at a Jesuit school similar to the one in Cleveland. Each school morning he had to travel by bus from Berkeley to San Francisco. The second child, Betty Anne, was an eighth grader. The principal, Sister Concepta, later transferred to her community in Mexico. We made contact with her when we spent six weeks in Mexico two years later. The following summer, Betty Anne was “an aide” to Sister as she visited different welfare centers and children’s homes. In all we felt that Berkeley was a profitable experience and one of growth for all of us.

While in Berkeley, I was called by the Dean of the Faculty at Case and asked to take the position of Acting Head of the Mathematics Department. My response was, “There are some members of the department who know a lot more mathematics than I do.” His decisive answer was, “But that’s not what we want. We want someone to pull the department together.” Thus began my venture in administration.

Another incident involved Betty’s family. Recall that Betty’s mother had been in Palo Alto (Stanford University) when the earthquake hit San Francisco. So they wanted to visit us and take a look at the old place. But Grandpa Spencer was afraid to fly. However, he was persuaded to go from Cincinnati to Chicago by train and meet me at the Palmer House. He felt safer traveling by plane with his son-in-law. It so happened that I was at a National Meeting of the American Statistical Association at that time. On the way from San Francisco to Berkeley, we were able to take a helicopter to Oakland and were then met by Betty.

We visited Grandma Spencer’s old home, which was still standing about sixty years later. During their stay, we visited
We were “a little” lost on the way. Someone gave us directions for the long way rather than the short way. But it was a wonderful weekend in Yellowstone Park.

**Back Home**

Back at Cleveland and Case, the Leone family resumed our “normal” life in the community, the Church, and my profession. At an early stage I made it clear to the Dean that my role as Acting Department Head would not be that of maintaining a holding pattern, but to continue the growth and quality of the department. Two difficult decisions were ahead. First was the matter of inviting two members of the department to find employment elsewhere, and another had to do with increments in salary. On the first of these, one assistant professor was not moving along at all on his research. At best, he displayed a moderate teaching ability. With him I had to be blunt and indicate that he just did not fit into the goal of the department, and told him that his contract would not be renewed. The other was a person who was a good instructor, but had not shown any growth in research whatsoever. So I phoned the chairman of the Mathematics Department at Fenn College in Cleveland (later, Cleveland State University) and asked if he could use a good instructor, but one who has not moved along in research for many years. His immediate answer was yes and we succeeded in making the transfer.

With regard to the second issue, the department head submits recommendations for promotions and salary increases. At this time I was concerned with the latter. I submitted six salary increases in a department of about fifteen members. They were all turned down. So, I went into the Dean’s office to obtain a compromise. I said, “For these two I will fight hard; for the next two, I will still go after a raise, but with a little less vigor; and, for the last two, I will accept your decision.” The conclusion was that the first two received raises as requested, the second two received more modest raises and third two had no raise.”

**Mexico**

In the summer of 1964 I joined a team of eight professors from Case on a fact-finding mission. Case had received a grant from the Ford Foundation to determine the capability of a
number of Mexican universities to utilize adequately computer equipment which the Foundation was prepared to give to these institutions. The other eight team members were engineering professors, while I was the only statistician (in quality control and engineering statistics). We would be paid our regular salary plus a fixed housing and living allowance. The program lasted six weeks. The search for housing was handled beforehand. We had a choice of two apartments or squeezing into one. We chose the latter. Somehow, we managed to squeeze nine people (two somewhat small) into one large bedroom and one large living room with two couches and one rollaway bed. Our three older children were also available as babysitters for the other families. The process for adequate sleeping time was to have one of the older children (out babysitting, then retiring on a couch) take our bed after we arose quite early. It was a fun time for the family, and my work was not too taxing.

Our team of nine was divided into subgroups of two or three. Our first excursion, a few days before the work started, was to visit the Pyramids. Several of us proceeded to the full height, while others stopped halfway up. At the top, one of our members felt quite dizzy. He needed some aspirin and water. So, son Frank said, “I’ll get it,” and was off before we could turn our backs. He ran down and up. Oh, to have the energy of a twelve-year-old! One member was sure that he would get diarrhea in Mexico. (They called it Montezuma’s revenge.) Though he tried to be very careful, he landed in the hospital for a couple of days. And so, our work began, visiting about twelve universities and writing reports on our assessment of whether each university should receive a Ford Foundation grant for computer equipment.

While in Mexico the Johnsons and the Leones took a week-long trip. The Johnsons had three younger children. Our first stop was Jalapa. We decided to stay at a new motel, whose fliers we had picked up at a travel office. The Johnson family was with us. Finally, we saw a policeman and asked for directions. We showed him the flier. He thought for a moment, then said, “There’s no motel at that address. I guess it hasn’t been built yet.” It was getting dark, and the city seemed to be quite crowded. I learned that they were having trials for the Junior
Olympics in the city and there were no rooms to be had. So we got back in the cars and headed out of town. We saw a motel with an American Express sign. As we left the next morning, we decided that the proprietor had stolen the sign. Two of the three toilets did not work, and the entrance gates were locked behind us. The only cheerful feature for the children was the large number of piglets in their pen. We were glad to leave and get on with our week.

The next stop was a very beautiful place, called Fortin de las Flores. Someone had suggested this motel there. Yes, it did exist. At the motel, there were many breath-taking tropical flowers all around us. The swimming pool area was two-tiered with a beautiful small waterfall, a bridge, and two pools. These were not the usual concrete and tile pools, but were miniature lakes with fresh flowing water. The few days there were memorable.

The final stop was Veracruz. We went to a large hotel, which had gone bankrupt and had been purchased by the employees. Only part of it was being used, but this was kept in good condition. We bargained for their only three air-conditioned rooms. That was fine, except that it rained heavily that night, and rain water came into the rooms through the air conditioners. Our children did not get wet on the floor, but all three of the Johnson children did. That morning several wanted to visit an old fort, while I stayed with some of the older children who wanted to swim in the Gulf of Mexico. As we approached the beach, we were told that it was off-limits. Some sharks had been spotted in the waters. We then used the hotel pool and did some unwise sun bathing. We enjoyed the rest of the day, though some of the bathers were quite uncomfortable. They next morning we returned to Mexico City, after a happy week and with some of our children slightly cooked by a fierce midday sun.

One day we “participated in” an unusual encounter in Mexico City. My team was at Ibero Americano University having lunch with my hosts in the school cafeteria on the ground level. We heard a rumble, ran outside and could see the beautiful black and white design of the stone sidewalk waving before our eyes. An earthquake! Betty was at home at the time.
The maid, who came once a week, said in Spanish something like, “Let’s get the h… out of here.” There were two fatalities, both of whom were killed by cars as they ran in panic across streets. No buildings were destroyed, though some needed repairs. The water system was in danger of pollution for a few days until many pipes were repaired.

That evening our team presented a panel discussion about our visit before the Mexican Academy of Engineering. This was held at the top floor (about the fifteenth story of the main building of the Federal University in Mexico City. During the presentations I felt a rather upset stomach. Afterwards, one of the Mexican engineers asked me, “Did you feel those aftershocks?” Though the epicenter of the earthquake was relatively close, the damage was minimal due to the fact that the greatest shock was in a dried lake bed.

One afternoon, just two days before returning to Cleveland, I had the opportunity to have lunch with the Co-Chair of Movimiento Familiar Cristiano (Catholic Family Movement of Mexico). I had obtained his name before leaving Cleveland. We went to a restaurant along the lake of Chapultepec Park. It was a delightful restaurant with a pond and a small running falls. In the pond were two pink flamingoes, both standing on one leg. We shared our experiences in Catholic lay organizations. Before concluding, my host asked me “if my wife was free for dinner at this restaurant this evening.” We both checked with our wives. Betty’s reply was that she would enjoy it, but we had to pack. One of the children overheard her and said, “You go, Mom. We will pack.” We were proud of them as they did a fine job.

The dinner was elegant and the conversation was wonderful. We felt that we were sharing our lives with a brother and sister, Christian lay people who practiced the faith and mission they espoused. They “walked the talk,” as we say. Before the evening was over, he asked what our oldest boy was doing next summer and whether he would like to spend a few weeks at his chemical plant. They would provide the housing. Of course, our answer was positive, pending his acceptance.

As a result, our two oldest children were able to spend several weeks in Mexico the following year. Charles, our
oldest, worked at the chemical plant, a guest of the plant manager. Betty Anne, our second, had found the Sister who had been her school principal just two years earlier. She spent the summer with Sr. Concepta as they visited a number of children’s facilities in and around Mexico City.

**Reflection**

The years 1960 to 1966 were packed with many exciting developments in my career and the family’s growth in learning of and appreciating some new cultures in new environments. Two summer programs, teaching at another university and study seminars, provided a number of new companions and mentors in the journey of the Leone family. As a family we crossed the country to California and went south to Mexico, first in a large American Motors station wagon, then in a Volkswagen Microbus. Sodality, later CLC, took hold of our lives and has remained throughout our days. Oh Lord, what blessings you have given my family, and you gave us the motivation to use these gifts for others! As Jesus said, “From those who receive more, more is expected.”

I pray that we have given more and will continue to do so. Each of our children was now developing a stronger sense of social justice and human rights. I pray that their journey (and yours) may be filled with providing the more for others.

**Further Professional Challenges**

In 1964 I was asked to be the second editor of *Technometrics*, a quarterly journal sponsored by ASQC and ASA. This was a challenge, since being editor called for a certain minimum of management skills. Submitted papers were usually sent by the Editor to an Associate Editor who then sent them to two referees for review. Sometimes the referees were not too cooperative, either in delaying too long or in failing to do a really adequate job. One referee was called “the kiss of death,” since it was unlikely that he would approve a paper. Hence, he was used rather sparingly. Then there was the renowned person in the field who co-authored a really poor paper. Rather, his graduate student who wrote the paper did not do a particularly good job, and “professor” let it slip by without much review. That situation presented a challenge. How do you reject a really poor paper, authored or coauthored by a
top person in the field? I developed a rather brilliant reply, like, “George, this paper is really not up to your standards. Do you want to withdraw it?” A gracious “yes” was always the response, probably because the other alternative was outright rejection of the paper.

One major historical event in the history of the United States took place while I was Acting Department Head. I recall it most clearly. It was a Friday, and Betty had gone on a weekend retreat. We had some help in caring for the children on Friday until I returned home from Case. In the afternoon we heard that President Kennedy had been shot and died immediately. Of course, we couldn’t believe it at first. So we all left the school quite early. The children were shocked, as were all of us throughout the nation and the world. The dilemma for me was that we had tickets for the circus for the next day, a Saturday. What should I do, go or cancel? In my heart, I felt that it would be a better decision to go to the circus. I knew that Betty would support me. So the children enjoyed the circus, while my mind and heart were with President Kennedy. On Sunday, we picked Betty up at the retreat center. Of course, there were prayers in the family, in fact, in all of the country.

I was Acting Department Head for two years. We did get a new Chairman, but I made sure that my office was as far away as possible from his, so that there would be no interference in his decisions and people knew that he was the new Head. During the year 1965-66, Betty and I discerned that a move was in order. I had been offered a position at the University of Iowa with an appointment in both the Department of Mathematics and Statistics and the Department of Industrial and Management Engineering. The next step was to sell our house and to obtain a replacement for me at Case.

Betty and I had met Professor Chuck Bell at a professional meeting in Switzerland a few years earlier. In 1965 he was a faculty member at Georgia Tech. He had spent the preceding year on a Fulbright Professorship in Madrid and was now at the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. We invited him to come for an interview. He accepted, but was also interviewing the department and the school. He accepted the position, and
then asked me if my house was available. Betty and I quickly answered, “Yes.” For we had been active in the Catholic Interracial Council in Cleveland. Our choice was between a belief in what we were preaching or being hypocrites. For he was an African American (called Black in those days). Unfortunately, there were only two black families in all of the city of Cleveland Heights, where we lived.

Rumor about the new purchaser went from a secretary in my department to one of her relatives who lived in our neighborhood. We weathered the storm even though there were a couple of crises. Those were the days of “block busting,” or scaring the neighbors into believing that properties would deteriorate as more black families moved in and that they would sustain a sizeable loss in selling their houses.

Another serious problem concerned violence in Cleveland Heights. The Karamu Theater employed both Caucasians and Blacks as performers and on the support staff. The Theater was of good enough quality to have a European tour one year. As a warning against the “infiltration” of the blacks in art and housing, a house about three blocks from us was set on fire. On the weekend that followed I was in the middle of teaching a short course at Rochester Tech. I took a couple of days’ leave to help settle things down at home. Two brothers and their families lived on our block. One was a professor at a diocesan college, and the other, our next-door neighbor, was a blue-collar worker. The first was approached with the question, “There is a black family moving into our neighborhood. The Leones have sold them their house. What shall we do about it?” His answer was disarming. He said, “I think we should throw a party and welcome the family as our new neighbor.”

When I returned for the weekend, we invited our next-door neighbors for Saturday evening coffee and dessert. When we approached the question of their incoming neighbors and how they would accept them, again the responses were sterling. He said, “I have lived in this neighborhood for several years. I am in the plasterers’ union and do not have the education that most of the professional men have in this neighborhood. No one objected to my moving in. So I will accept them, as I should.” His wife responded with, “I have always told
myself that I would never live next to a black family. Now I am confronted with that situation. If I believe in my Christian upbringing, I must, and will, accept them.”

One further incident, minor but fiery, occurred when some neighbor children approached the house, dressed as Klansmen. They attempted to place a wooden cross on our front lawn. But our number two son, Peter, who was rather tall in comparison to the aggressors, proceeded to scuffle with them. In the encounter, the leader of their group was not treated too gently. The next day, his father came to our door to complain about the treatment of his son by our boy. I was not at home. Of course, he expected an apology and probably an appropriate punishment of our son by us. He was speaking to the wrong person. Betty took the offensive. When she was finished with him, he managed to retreat, wishing he had never visited our house.

We were to move to Iowa City (University of Iowa) about one month before the Bell family could occupy the house. Since there was a problem concerning possible damage and insurance implications, we were advised to have someone remain at the house for this interim period. So Peter and a classmate lived at the house, and our Assistant Pastor, Fr. Kenny, checked on them occasionally. This was Peter’s choice, since he had just gotten a job at a local grocery store and wanted to continue as long as he could.

So we moved to Iowa City, and all was finally peaceful. Incidentally, when we passed through Cleveland on our way to New York for the next Christmas, one of our neighbors gave us a party with our friends. Many of them remarked that their new neighbor and family were delightful. Chuck was not at home at the time, since he and his family were visiting relatives in Atlanta.

Reflection

We came into Cleveland Heights quite calmly and with high expectations. We left under fiery and uncertain conditions. Our Christianity was tested, and the family responded admirably. Experience built upon experience, and our children were proud to be part of a family that made the proper decision before we left. These final days left an indelible mark, af-
fecting their view on the broad area of human rights. Further, Sodality/Christian Life Community entered the lives of Betty and me. What more could we have asked for? Thanks, Lord, thanks for planting within us that force of peace and social justice.

The message here is that if we are convinced of our Christian teaching, we must be willing to pick up that cross and follow Christ. For we know that Christ is with us and the burden is light. Here the latest cross for us was uncertainty, some fear, and some threatened violence. Thank you, Lord, for the courage to follow you. This Cleveland experience has often prompted Betty and me to repeat the petition of St. Ignatius Loyola:

Dearest Lord,
Teach us to be generous.
Teach us to serve you as you deserve;
To give, and not to count the cost;
To fight and not to heed the wounds;
To give of ourselves and not to ask for reward,
Except the reward that we are doing your will.
Amen
Chapter 6

Iowa City

The Setting

In August, 1966 the Leone Family moved to Iowa City, Iowa, where I assumed the position of professor with appointments in both the Department of Mathematics and Statistics and the Department of Industrial and Management Engineering at the University of Iowa. I knew most of my statistical colleagues, since I had met them at professional meetings earlier. The department was ranked among the upper brackets of departments of statistics nationally, though not in the top dozen or so. Some of my courses were listed in both departments. It was a good teaching and research position and there were some indications, but not assurances, that a separate Department of Statistics would be established and I might soon be its Head.

The climate was very different from that of Case Institute of Technology in many respects. The University of Iowa was in a rural area while Case Tech was in an urban city. Iowa City’s primary “industry” was the university while Cleveland had many varied industries. The pace in Cleveland was much more rapid while the mode of dress at this university was more casual and the University of Iowa was about five times the size of Case Tech. We had a new home, built according to our specifications. The garage was beneath the first floor. We saw stars that burst forth at night, whereas we had only an occasional look in Cleveland, if the usual clouds overhead allowed it. It appeared to be a more peaceful setting. However, there was plenty of activity, as the children were growing. Then I had occasional consulting trips, leaving Betty to be both parents to the children.

One disadvantage of a college town was the availability of drugs and their use extending into the high school and even the primary grades. Of course, it was not like the level and availability of drugs in today’s picture. But it was bad enough at that time. A minor but significant example of this was the fact that we could leave our doors unlocked when we arrived
in 1966. Within three years, it was imperative that we lock doors every night.

Our oldest son, Charles, was at Notre Dame University, though it was difficult for my older daughter, Betty Anne, to adjust. After spending three years at a Catholic high school in Cleveland, she completed her senior year at Iowa City High School. In general, though, the children adjusted well to their new environment. My teaching load was not heavy, since I was also editor of a professional journal, Technometrics, had a federal research grant, and was fortunate enough to have a good half-time secretary.

A Crisis at the University

A few years later there was some unrest at the colleges and universities throughout the country. This unrest concerned the student opposition to the Vietnam War. There was a national draft, and many students worried whether they would be pulled out of college. I was away for a couple of days when the crisis hit the University of Iowa. I was at the University of North Carolina (Chapel Hill). At that time four students at Kent State University were killed by National Guardsmen. The troops had come from another city where they had been sent to quell a riot. When the students were charging towards the troops, they opened fire (first a warning which did not stop the charge). A second volley was fired, and the four were killed. One of these students was simply walking across campus. At Chapel Hill many students were marching through town with four wooden caskets held high in procession. It was a peaceful demonstration.

At Iowa, one small wooden building on campus was set on fire. Students began marching in protest. Some students, with required permission from the university authorities, had planted a large number of small white crosses in the Pentacrest lawn at the center of the campus. These were planted to symbolize the national draft and the expectation of the loss of many lives in battle. Many students ran through town, smashing store windows. Our fourth child, Frank, was a member of the peace brigade which helped quell the riot. They wore arm bands to be identified. In Iowa City there were four levels of police: the City, the County, the State, and the University.
Communications among these forces were non-existent. In contrast to the others, the State Police performed best. They would stop and listen to the students, who wanted to be heard. They could have used force, but did not need to do so.

It was late in the semester when the riot flared up. As noted above, I was away for a few days, recruiting for a new faculty member of the Department of Mathematics and Statistics. Since the semester was almost over when classes were somewhat disrupted and several protest marches flared up, the President of the University declared that each student was given a choice of the following options: (1) not take a final exam and take a “Pass” or “Fail” grade, (2) not take a final exam and take the grade that the student had at the time, and (3) continue class for the remainder of the semester and accept the grade that was earned. Most students took option (2).

At that time, the graduate student assigned to me was teaching my classes. He asked that each student decide on one of the options. Before he received the responses, however, one student asked, “What if I stay to the completion of classes, take the exam and get a lower grade than I have now? Will I be penalized by remaining?” His answer was classic, namely, “Dr. Leone would never do that to you.” All the students stayed. This same graduate student, however, took the option to leave. He was at the University of Iowa with his wife and young child, and he was a member of the military who had been given leave to pursue graduate studies. He was afraid of any repercussions if students learned of his status.

My Journey

Our stay at the University of Iowa covered the years of 1966 to 1973. However, the year 1968-69 was spent at the University of Sao Paulo, Brazil, on a Fulbright Professorship. All but two of the children accompanied us. The year in Brazil is presented in the next chapter. At this point, I would like to state what was taking place outside my teaching and research at the University. This phase of my journey may be grouped into three categories: (1) family, (2) church and community activities, and (3) profession.
Family

Our family life was one of growth of our children and ourselves, not only physically but also in concern for society. We participated in a number of programs. We even had a “hunger” week, where we lived on a poverty budget for a family of nine. This was a little difficult, but we learned together and grew in social concern. Undoubtedly, the result of this experience and other similar experiences has left a mark on all of us. We see this clearly in the children’s activities and approach within their professional work in their adult years. I see this now very clearly in how they raise their children and in their involvement in community and church programs. This time in Iowa City included a “turning point” in our journey.

Church and Community

In church and related activities, we were active in St. Thomas More Church, whose population was primarily university families. We had on campus an annual Pentecost service, in which all of the area churches participated. They each had a banner and proceeded simultaneously from their church to the University of Iowa field house. What an experience this was! This annual program was so important to the Catholic Bishop of the Davenport Diocese that he excused the Catholics from the Sunday obligation of Mass if they participated in this program. Here was a case of a Bishop’s support of an ecumenical service as early as 1967. Here, also, was an example of a university leading the way for implementing changes in the Church. At that time, the rural Midwest was far ahead of most of the conservative dioceses of the East. This program continued for a number of years.

Betty and I helped establish a small prayer and reflection group in our parish. This was not really a Christian Life Community, but was a Small Christian Community (long before the growth of these organizations — the SCCs — throughout the United States). We were able to develop a six-week Lenten program on Sundays, held at Regina High School. The number of participants ranged from 150 to 250.

Eventually, one of the members of the group asked, “What are we doing for teenagers in the city?” Many of these were children of university faculty. Some were rebelling against
the school system, some against parental control. After a few meetings of our group, we decided that we should and could help, but needed some financial assistance for renting a building or a number of rooms and some minimal equipment. We would need a counseling service. But we must be independent of the school system. All of these points evolved as we developed a plan.

For support I first went for some contributions from my colleagues at the University. The result was far from what we needed, but it showed support from the faculty. Someone suggested we go to a local bank, not for a loan but for a donation. I recall that morning when the bank president invited me to meet with him and other members of a Board of Directors of the local chapter of the Boy Scouts of America. It so happened that the Iowa City Chapter of the Boy Scouts had been somewhat moribund and its bank account had some dividend money beyond the capital. The bank President was also Chairman of the Board of the Boy Scouts. He said, “Fred, I don’t really know all the intricacies of your program, but as long as you are part of it, I am willing to provide some initial support.” He stated that they could donate a fixed amount of support. It was enough to start. We called the program “United Action for Youth” (UAY).

The next steps were to set up a Board of Directors, obtain a not-for-profit corporation status, find a location, and hire our first part-time director. At the appropriate time, we needed to develop and disseminate some publicity and find the youth. Fortunately, all of these were in place by the time summer vacation started. We hired a law student who was available for that summer. His first task was to have the youth develop their rules and code of conduct. Within two years we left Iowa City for Washington, DC, and UAY had a sound base in the community.

We kept in contact with two of the Board Members, Dorothy and Jeff Shabilion, though we hardly discussed UAY further and we lost track of it. For Betty’s 75th birthday, twenty years after we left Iowa, I decided to surprise her with an album of letters to her from relatives and friends. Rather than a letter, Jeff sent us a video of UAY activities. To date they have a full-time director and many programs in three buildings.
The school system is fully supportive and recommends at-risk youth to UAY. UAY obtains some yearly support from the Community Chest and personal donations. This is clearly one of those cases where we sometimes plant the seeds and do not see the fruits. However, we did see the fruits, after twenty years.

Let me conclude this section with an experience of our fourth child, Frank. Following our year in Brazil he became a peaceful activist in opposition to the Vietnam War. He was also concerned about discrimination, especially against the few black students on campus. He felt, first of all, that the Chief of Police was racist and rather brutal. He had an earlier incident when he learned that four black students were picked up for questioning. On that occasion, he appeared at the police station to inquire about his fellow students. For fear of a conflict, a policeman maced him. Fortunately, a woman was nearby and took him to the emergency room at the hospital. One evening, at an open meeting of the City Council, he rose and asked for the resignation of the Chief of Police. Well, as we say, then the fur did fly. The Leone family received a number of phone calls, some rather insulting, some asking us to go “home” where we belonged. They must have thought that we were foreign agents. Though we could have felt unwelcome, we became more resolute in the plan we felt that God had set for the Leone family. The three younger children certainly had a clear look at brutality, directly against our family.

On the other side of the picture, on one afternoon, the military recruiters on campus were doing their work. Frank and companions could have chosen to picket. Rather they chose another route. Late that morning, Frank rushed home and asked his mother to help him prepare about 25 peanut butter sandwiches. He took the sandwiches to the recruiters and invited them to sandwiches and drinks and an opportunity to discuss the situation. All were pleased, the recruiters because they heard directly from the students, and the “demonstrators” because they had the opportunity to sit on the floor and explain their point. Back to the Police Chief, two years after that City Hall meeting, he was indicted and later demoted on the charge of racism.
Profession

I did a fair amount of out-of-town consulting while at the University of Iowa. I developed many contacts through my active participation in the American Society for Quality Control and the American Statistical Association. Three of these consultations involved the presentation of short courses of one or two weeks. One was at Rochester Institute of Technology, another at Huntsville, Alabama, and a third at Drummondville, Quebec. For each course I found it useful to involve the course participants (working in industry) creatively in the program. So we covered not just the basic theoretical part, but applications taken directly from their own work. These examples were taken from their research laboratories or from their sampling of incoming material or from the production line.

Other journeys during my academic life included the Gordon Research Conference on Statistics. The Gordon Conferences were unique. These were initially funded by a Dr. Gordon, whose dream was to collect a group of researchers in varying fields of chemistry and chemical engineering and their applications. By the time I started participating in this in the late sixties, there were over thirty different conferences, most of which were in New England. This particular conference was at New Hampton, NH. Lectures on the researcher’s latest work were presented and discussed. There were sessions in the morning and evening. The afternoon was reserved for informal discussion among participants or for just recreation. A key rule of the conference was that the research discussed in the conference was not to be disseminated beyond the sessions. It was the sole property of the person making the presentation. One year I was chairman of the conference and invited Henry Scheffé, whom I had met earlier at a seminar at Colorado State University.

Finally, I should note that I was also a visiting lecturer. This was a program of speakers at three levels: introductory, intermediate or advanced. The primary targets were the smaller colleges without a major in statistics and junior or community colleges. The host was only responsible for covering the living costs of the speaker. This program was sponsored by the American Statistical Association.
Lessons Learned

I believe that Betty and I learned four major lessons of value to parents of teenagers and young adults:

(1) We are to listen to our children. They probably have a lot to say and want to be heard.

(2) We can learn from our children. We do not know all the answers. They certainly don’t. But let us not believe that there is nothing that they can teach us. They are often closer to the picture at the grass-roots level.

(3) We should accept and cherish the fact that we are the stewards of our children. We give them love and support to help them be all that they can be. Then we send them off to independent lives of their own, lives that we have encouraged them to assume.

(4) We should never shut the door on our children. Unfortunately, when a son or daughter “gets out of line,” starts drugs, or has some other crises, some parents want to “close them out.” The only answer is to disagree with the wrong actions gently but firmly. At the same time we must assure them of our unconditional love.

I also learned that there is a vast world inside and outside our environment. As we hear it, we must listen to it. Hence, the final message I want to transmit is that we must always listen, even if it is difficult. As in the case of the Iowa State Police, mentioned above, a listening ear can go a long way in the solution of a problem. Again, unfortunately, at times, too many of us have that trait of selective hearing.

So this period from 1949 to 1973 was a period of growth, especially in sensitivity to the world both near and far and in appreciation and love for the marginalized people of this world, in our homes, our city and country, and internationally. Our growth began in Cleveland, then continued in Iowa City and in Sao Paulo, Brazil. We were ready to tackle the last chapter of our journey together with a base at Washington, DC.
Chapter 7

Brazil

Incentive and First Steps

On September 10, 1945, when I was in Honolulu, completing my term of duty after World War II and just a month before we were married, Betty wrote her daily letter. Within it she said, “Punkin (her endearing term for me at that time), we must think in terms of going to South America some day – to study or to teach. How do you feel about such an idea?” Twenty-three years later, we went to Brazil with five of our seven children. Here is how it happened.

Towards the end of 1967, Betty and I discerned that I should take a leave of absence if I could get a grant or fellowship to go abroad with the family. At the same time, Pat Riley, the Executive Director of the American Statistical Association, in which I was a very active member, suggested my name to the Fulbright Office in Washington. The best possibility was at the University of Sao Paulo, Brazil.

I submitted my application and had not received a response for some time. Quite providentially, a member of the Fulbright Office visited the University of Iowa Department of Statistics, in an attempt to interest graduate students in spending a year abroad. I asked him if he would stop by my office in the late afternoon when he had completed his work. He did. I explained the situation to him. Then he picked up the phone and called the Fulbright Office in Washington. I could hear him say, “Do you have an application for Brazil from a Fred Leone in your files?” He waited. Then he said, “What! You are holding it because you don’t think he can handle it financially. Don’t you think that it is his decision, not ours?” The conversation did not go much further. He left, but the “wheels started rolling.” In a very short time I (we) had our appointment. Without that call, we would still be waiting.

The Trip to Sao Paulo

In July 1968 seven of us were on our way. The two older boys, Charles and Peter, remained behind to continue their
college education, but our oldest girl, Betty Anne, insisted that we take her with us (about which we were very pleased). Much later we learned that our next youngest boy tried to get a neighbor to keep him for a year because he preferred his exciting life on the Iowa campus. We were pleased that the neighbors did not grant his wish. He was happy about it also, but later. For it was there that he met his future wife. We audited a course in Portuguese, but fortunately I was able to teach my courses at the University of Sao Paulo in English.

We decided to make some stops along the way, since we might never have such an opportunity again. The next two weeks provided us with many adventures. First we stopped briefly at Panama, where we visited the Panama Canal. It was fascinating to see the different locks and to learn how passage through the Canal was carried out. The next stop was at Medellín, Colombia, where we stayed at the beautiful home of a new friend in Christian Life Community. The family had to leave before we arrived, so we had the house all to ourselves, except for the maid who took care of our nourishment and other needs during our overnight stay. Our hosts, Dr. Arturo Pineda and his wife visited us for a few days about ten years later in Washington, DC I met Dr. Pineda at another time. I was in Bogota and was looking for Fr. Peter Henriot, S.J., the former head of the Center of Concern (a Jesuit think tank in Washington, DC). I was to take several books to him and found out that he was at the barrio. Though I missed Pete, I was able to leave them with Dr. Pineda, who was working in the barrio that day.

**Lima, Peru**

Our next stop was Lima, Peru. When we arrived, we waited for our host at the airport. He was a former teacher at Regina High School and had joined a religious order. We were to spend a few days at the community house in Lima. We waited, and it was getting rather late. We did not have his phone number, but we had his address. I decided to call the Jesuit Center, and someone came to our rescue and delivered us to our friend. Of course, our host was quite concerned about us. We were seven plus about 15 pieces of baggage. Some suitcases were rather little, so our youngest, Lucy, and next, Larry, could have their very own.
The next day we attended a Mass at the community house. I recall that Lucy, our eight-year-old received Communion in her hand and gulped it down before the rest of us could do so together. When she realized her predicament, she did not say a word. But I could see tears in her eyes. Later that day the children were out playing soccer with neighbor children. Before our son, Frank, left the game he donated a sweater – not really, he just left it behind, and I am sure that it fit at least one of the Peruvian children. In the meantime, Betty and I visited some barrios and a community of Sisters ministering to them. They told us about the wave of squatters that descends on vacant land. They stay for several months until the police forced them out of the area. We received an “elementary workshop” on the spot with the subject matter being the poverty in some sections in Lima and the commitment of these religious people to serve with the gifts they were given.

In Lima, we also met Maria Novoa, who was to leave shortly for graduate studies at the University of Sao Paulo, where I would be teaching that academic year. We said that we would meet there, and we did. More on that will come later.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina**

Buenos Aires was our next adventure, and it was truly an adventure. We had reservations at a hotel, which turned out to be about a two-star hotel at best. The “fun” began at the airport. We were to visit with an uncle of mine and his family. Waiting for us were six cars. His oldest son-in-law had a car rental agency, so he used a sizeable portion of his fleet. There were several cousins, spouses, and children. They took us to my uncle’s home where we were to have a scrumptious dinner. The town, San Fratello, is about forty miles from Buenos Aires. My relatives were, at best, lower middle class. They were literally building their houses from the ground floor up. That is to say, they would complete one floor and move in while they were building the next. The streets did not seem to have an adequate sewer system. My uncle and aunt had migrated from Sicily in the first quarter of the twentieth century. They had very little cash reserves, but had the drive and determination and skills to eventually step into this new level of housing – a house of their own.
Now came the dinner. They first picked up some chicken that had been cooked on the rotisserie at a local bar. There were plenty of vegetables and an uncooked salad with lettuce, tomatoes, and other ingredients. Poor Betty! She envisioned all of the children and herself getting bad cases of diarrhea. She thought that I was safe, because, in her terms, “I had a cast iron stomach.” We survived that delicious meal, even though our hosts kept insisting that we take more and more and more. It was a very enjoyable dinner, with communications at a slow pace due to the language difficulties. Two of the family knew a little English and I struggled with my “fractured Italian.”

Then there came another challenge, when they insisted that we stay with them, one or two children here, another there, and another over there, with the cousins. Betty would have none of that. She visualized some children getting sick due to a lack of natural immunity that the cousins evidently
had. Another fear was that half their luggage would be left behind. Fortunately, she prevailed. So they delivered us to the hotel.

The next morning they picked us up for Mass and breakfast. Then they wanted us to visit a famous Shrine, about two hours away, depending on the traffic. We arrived about ten minutes after five, ten minutes after the edifice was closed. We then managed some social activity for the remainder of the day and returned to our hotel. They were to meet us at the airport the next day. On international flights the passengers would go to a central place in the city, then were transported to the airport.

To check things out early the next day, I went to the airline ticket office. I was told that the flight had been cancelled. They suggested several other airlines that might provide space for the seven of us. (Note that they did not offer to find another airline. Was it because they lacked the efficiency to look for an appropriate airline? Or was that not part of their procedure?) The different offices were not too close, so I spent more than an hour before I obtained a later flight. Then I returned to the hotel to pick up the family and get to the downtown office. I don’t know how we did it, but we did get to the airport. On the way, we were wondering how we could have contacted our relatives. But when we arrived at the airport, there were about ten people waiting for us. They had been there about two hours.

When we arrived in Brazil, we were at another airport serving Sao Paulo than the one on our original flight plan. We were to be shuttled by bus to our planned destination. We decided to phone our contact, Anna Lobo, at the American Consulate. But my Portuguese was meager, I did not know how to use the telephone (with a token), and the smallest bill I had was 10,000 cruziers. Fortunately, someone felt sorry for this wandering, foreign group that included children. Someone gave me a token. When I called, the frantic voice at the other end asked, “Where are you?” So, she met us and took us to a hotel where we were to stay for two weeks until we found an apartment. Since it was July, their winter, it was rather chilly when we arrived. So, the youngest child was outfitted with
her scarf and the next with ear muffs. And so concludes our adventuresome journey to Sao Paulo, Brazil and the University.

**Reflection**

When we traveled to Brazil, we were 25 years younger than at present. Then, we had the stamina, the ability, the will, and the patience to handle the various inconveniences quite well. Lord, you were always with us to guide our path and help us find the next steps on our way to Sao Paulo. So many unfortunate things could have happened, but we escaped them. All we lost was a sweater, but we gained so many more gifts, Lord.

A number of years later, the theme of our Christian Life Community National Assembly was, “We make our way by going.” We adopted such a theme, because there was so much uncertainty during our stay in Sao Paulo.

**Sao Paulo, Brazil**

The first official act after we had temporarily settled in at a hotel, was that the Department Head, Linda Fava, took me to visit the Director of the Brazilian Academy of Sciences, where I was presented with a $3,000 check in U.S. currency. He had been told that expenses might be a bit high, since there was school tuition and we had five children with us. They also paid me a professorial salary in Brazilian currency, which was in addition to my Fulbright Professorship salary. Incidentally, they dropped that “double dipping” at the end of my stay. But there was one hitch in my Sao Paulo contract. It was for three years and not just one. “Not to worry,” said the department head. At the proper time we will get a “dispeshante.” Such a person (usually a man) considers himself a professional. His job was to get things done. He knew how to stay within the law, while carrying out a difficult task. It cost me twenty dollars for a contract change from a three-year to a one-year duration.

Betty had the services of a cleaning lady, Teresita, who came once a week, not only to clean the apartment, but to cook a meal. Betty usually had her prepare chicken soup. I must say that Teresita gave us a short course on poverty in Brazil. She asked Betty if she could keep the head and neck and legs so she could make some soup for her family.
Our year in Brazil was very rewarding for each of us. We all grew with a keener sense of social justice and the plight of the poor. Often, our high school boys would not eat all of their lunch and leave some in a bag by a fence, where some youths would pick them up for the family. Betty had the opportunity to visit and assist at the *favellas* (the Brazilian term for *barrios*).

At the Statistics Department, the secretary served us coffee at our desks twice a day. This secretary would type my letters. But I would give her only about three a week. The problem was that when I corrected the first copy and returned it to her, she would make new mistakes. There was also a University coffee bar that was open for two hours daily – free coffee for all comers.

We knew we were foreigners, welcome and respected as good neighbors. However, we definitely wanted to be as inconspicuous as possible outside the American community and the Catholic Church and schools. We did not want any of the children or Betty and Fred to get tangled with the law. It was too dangerous. As a test, one evening Frank, a junior in high school, did not return home until three a.m. We were anxious, but did not call the police. His explanation was quite valid. He was with two or three high school friends. They were in the park, involved with such lengthy philosophical and political discussions that the time just slipped away. Finally, when they headed for the local transportation, it had already shut down for the night. So, he spent the next few hours walking home several miles. One point that helped, I believe, is that he looked like a Brazilian with his trim hair and beard.

The students at the University were a very active group of protestors in opposition to the current military regime. In fact, the day we arrived at our apartment, just a few blocks away, some students were tossing Molotov cocktails. Later in the year, on December 21, 1968, the students did riot at the University. The military were quick to come to the campus with armored troop carriers, pistols, rifles, and machine guns. The men were rounded up and taken to jail. The women refused to go, for fear of contracting diseases in the dirty prisons. They were released. The men were released the next day. But, I was told that they were herded into the prison and put into cells – 50 per cell that was designed for 15.
The next day, Maria Nuovo of Lima and her fiancé, Carlos, from Salvador, Bahia, Brazil, knocked on our apartment door. We do not know how they reached us, since we had a guard at the entrance of the building. Maria was the young lady whom we had met in Lima. Somehow they had eluded the military. We had no choice but to accept them for a few days until they could find their way out of Sao Paulo. They said that they wanted to return to his home in Salvador, but they could not get a bus until December 28. Our immediate response was, “Why don’t you stay with us until you can leave safely?”

The Brazilians we met were happy people. However, some adjustments by us foreigners had to be made, such as the following:

1. Don’t leave any clothes on the line overnight. They may not be there the next morning.
2. Watch the buses and cars. Traffic accidents are much more frequent than at home. I once saw two buses collide.
3. Give yourself time to get accustomed to the food in the University cafeteria. In a short time you will have the same immunity as the locals.
4. When you take a cab to church on Sunday, be sure that you have mapped out the route beforehand. Chances are fairly good that the cab driver might get lost.
5. Children, watch what you say in a cab. The Brazilian cab driver may not be Brazilian, but an African-American who migrated to Brazil. Once we returned from a trip to Rio de Janeiro and took a cab from the bus station. As the driver took one large bag out of the trunk, he remarked, “Damn, that was heavy!”
6. When you enter a crowded bus, make sure that you work up to the front. Otherwise the bus will stop too briefly at your destination and then move on before you reach the front to pay your fare and leave the bus.

Brazilians loved children. When we were on a weekend trip to Rio, we were returning late on Sunday. We had reserved tickets for the bus. As we sat down, a couple came up to us and said we were in the wrong seats. Evidently, the tickets were sold in duplicate. But the couple said, “Why don’t some of you take a later bus? We will make this change with
the attendant.” Well, all the passengers were irate, saying, “Get off the bus. Do you want to split up the family?”

Our son, Joe, managed to get on a Japanese baseball team. He and a friend from the American Consulate were the only non-Japanese players in the entire league. There were four Japanese-Brazilian coaches, all very gentle with the boys. Whenever a player made a blunder, the coach would go out to him, put his arm on his shoulder, and quietly help him “get into the spirit of the game again.” All the players had uniforms and came in all sizes. There was gordinho, which means fatty. He had to be over 200 pounds. Then there were a few really little boys, maybe about six or seven years old. This was a league of Japanese farm families. On Sunday morning, the families would come out with their picnic lunches and spend a major part of the day there. It was a weekly family social event. Joe went with his friend’s family each Sunday.

Towards the end of the season, Betty was going back with the family, while I completed the last month of my contract. But this was also the league tournament time. It was a double-header day, and I had already told a coach that we had to leave early. At the end of the first game, I told this coach that we just had to leave. He said, in Portuguese, of course, “Just wait a little longer.” So the team went out to the field, in two columns. They presented Joe with a hominagem, or a tribute, for all he had contributed to the team. Then the family was off the next day, Betty to attend a wedding of a nephew and Joe to begin the next season of the Babe Ruth Baseball League.

Christian Life Community in Sao Paulo

In Sao Paulo we were able to start a CLC affiliated with the National CLC of the United States. It was made up of English-speaking Catholics from the U.S., England, and Brazil. We asked the principal of Regina High School, where son Frank was studying, if any of the Sisters were interested in CLC. (We explained it, as best we could.) She said that Sr. Carolyn Moritz was the person to work with us. Sr. Carolyn had belonged to a Polish religious community with headquarters in Chicago, her home. But the community was too conservative for her, so eventually she left that community and joined the Maryknoll Sisters. There was no doubt in her mind that
her vocation was with a religious community, working in the missions. We have been in close contact with Carolyn, and she visits us whenever she is in the States.

Another activity related to the Church was the Men’s Club. Although I was reluctant to take the chairmanship since I would return to the U.S. in several months, I agreed. In the short time we were able to organize a men’s retreat and provide some classical movies for Regina High School for students to review in a group and then share what they saw and what they learned.

After we returned to the United States, Sister Carolyn kept this CLC group going as their guide for eleven years. In her posts in Chile and then Brazil she worked among the poor and ministered to them in many ways.

**Children’s Activities**

As far as the children’s education and activities went, we found them participating in a number of school programs. Betty Anne, who was a sophomore in college at the time, managed to get two jobs. The first was to assist a U.S. businessman as secretary and translator. This was a part-time job, which she thoroughly enjoyed. Even more of a challenge and delight was her other job. She had a position as instructor at the Uniao Cultural (Cultural Union). Its purpose was to instruct Brazilians in English and to have various social activities which benefited the relationship between foreign visitors and the Brazilians. It was a substantial organization that had a good reputation. She qualified to teach a course in English. On the evening after her first class, she complained to us with, “Look what they are asking me to use as a textbook – Mark Twain.” Horrors, that’s not English, even if it is a classic in American literature. My advice to her was to rush through parts of it, then teach them some English that would help them. The advice was accepted, and she had a marvelous time teaching and was well appreciated. Practically all of the students were in her age category. When she left Brazil in January, before the rest of the family, we gave her a farewell party, and most of her school friends were there with gifts.

Frank, the oldest boy with us, enjoyed his academic work and sports. He was a star on the school softball team and was
given some recognition at the end of the season. Next there was Joe, another sports enthusiast. As stated earlier, Joe was in a Japanese baseball league. He was also successful academically, as were all of our children. Our next, Larry seemed to be ahead of his class. So, he was given the pleasant task of tutoring some first-graders in English. Often he would request, from his mother, some reward for his students. Lucy was in the second grade and enjoyed the challenge of learning Portuguese as a required course. The first two were at Regina High School, and the three younger were at the Chapel School, the parish primary school. The three younger were required to take a class in Portuguese.

In one course Frank had some sessions in public speaking, where he was to demonstrate a product. He chose pizza as his product, and gave a demonstration on pizza preparation. Betty obtained the ingredients, including two circular pans for baking the pizza. There, in front of the class, Frank prepared the pizza, with many of the usual toppings. The performance was successful and the students went to the cafeteria for the final step, and, of course, consumed the product to complete the demonstration. Thirty-six years later those pans are still being used in the Leone household.

**Reflection**

Sao Paulo — a city which was predicted to have a population of 20 million by the end of the 20th century! Sao Paulo — a city that claimed to grow one Brasilia a year! Sao Paulo — with loving and caring families, a warm people always welcoming to strangers. This was our experience, for here we were right in the midst of it.

Lord God, you have provided for my family and me a lesson on the real world of a country with extremes much greater than the United States. But above all, you have extended our world. You have given us an opportunity to experience, even in a small way, these people as an extension of our world. In this world you have placed before us a homeless couple (Maria and Carlos). Our response was unequivocal and prompt. You placed us in a parish of men and women who were searching for you. Again our response was there, namely, Christian Life Community and the Men’s Club.
And now, I wonder what worlds have been placed before you and me, and how did we respond? Was our response positive because we felt that this was what the Lord had sent to us?

**The Amazon**

Now we travel to another world, the mighty Amazon River and Jungle, the home of indigenous Brazilian people.

After Betty’s father died, her mother, Dorothy Spencer, lived alone for awhile in Jericho, VT. She was just a stone’s throw from her son Robert and family. As a Christmas gift to his mother, her oldest son, Spen, sponsored a one-month trip for her to visit our family in Sao Paulo. Fortunately, we were able to extend this another month, so she could join us on our Amazon tour. She was with us from December 5, 1968, to January 24, 1969. This Amazon tour was to start from Santos, the seaport of Sao Paulo, and conclude at Manaus on the Amazon River. We left Santos on an extremely hot New Year’s Day, 1969. We went to Manaus in the heart of the Amazon by ship and returned by air, bus, and taxi.

Some of the delightful details about the trip were obtained from the diary of Grandma Spencer, who died in 1989. We are fortunate to have almost all of her diary, and we are putting this diary in our Leone/Spencer Archives. Since we were eight people in our party, we were able to get adjacent rooms with one bathroom between the two rooms. These were in the lowest deck. Even though we were paying for the least expensive fare, we did have all the privileges of the ship and the same meals as others. We also had our own table and waiter. The ship held 456 passengers, about fifteen of whom were from U.S. families. Our meals were delicious, the only problem being overeating. Our primary waiter, Expedito, took a particular shine to Lucy, then eight years old. He saw that she had the best of desserts and plenty of them. No, she did not put on weight. It fact, it seems that the whole family broke the rules. Still, we did not gain the expected weight of fifteen to twenty pounds!

It was a friendly ship; all of the passengers seemed to be quite pleasant. It was also a safe ship. Our children could roam about the ship unescorted as long as we knew their travel
plans. Of course, they never managed to miss a meal. Many interesting episodes took place on our trip. Let me recount a few of them. One of these involved Grandma Spencer. She always carried a large black book. Some Brazilians realized that she was continually writing in it. So, one Brazilian asked if she was some sort of government agent. Of course, we said, “No, it is a diary.” They did not realize that she had an extremely limited vocabulary in Portuguese to overhear their conversations, actually less than twenty words and she often mixed up the gender of some words like obrigado and obrigada, which means “Thank you.”
Another incident also involved Grandma. One of our children saw her sitting on a chair on the deck, surrounded by Brazilian adults and older children. We went by and realized that she had drawn a map of the United States and was locating the major cities in the U.S. She was a retired teacher who wouldn’t miss an opportunity to teach. Also, the Brazilians who knew some English wanted to check it out with that nice elderly lady.

In another case, Lucy came running to tell us that she had just met a Brazilian lady who spoke perfect English with no accent. We asked Lucy to bring her to us. So here appears this lovely young lady in her early twenties. I asked her for her name. She replied, "Dora Montenegro." "Is your father’s first name Tulo?" was the follow-up. Now we get into the "small world" department. Tulo Montenegro was a statistician, working for the Organization of American States, and was the Director of the Inter-American Statistical Institute, of which I was a member. He was also Editor of their journal, Estatistica. I knew him quite well. His daughter told us that the reason for her trip was that her father wanted her to visit the family in Brazil, since she hardly knew them. She was really a resident of the U.S. and not Brazil.

I noted above that a young couple, the Peruvian student Maria and her Brazilian boy fiancé, Carlos, took refuge for several days in our apartment in Sao Paulo. As we left the ship in Salvador, Maria and Carlos met us at the dock. They had lunch with us aboard the ship. Then they took us to the market in the ancient Salvador. Afterwards, we went to the new city of Salvador by taking an elevator, then returned by an inclined plane.

On one occasion Expedito told Lucy that she would never need to work. I then explained that in the United States women learn to do housework even when they are young. He was very surprised and asked, “If all the ladies do work at home, how could the poor women get employment?” Wow! This incident reminded me of a weekend in Sao Paulo when a group of men made a weekend retreat in English. Most of them were professional men. During this retreat, we had an open discussion period each evening. We were discussing the
general topic of relationships at work. One of the men was a vice-president of a Brazilian corporation. He said that a major part of his time was spent on personnel issues. He also said that they preferred to employ five or six laborers with sickles and scythes than get a large lawn mower to do the job in less than half the time.

We stopped at six cities, first along the east coast with stops of a few hours and once overnight — Rio de Janeiro, Salvador, Recife, and Fortaleza. We then went west to Belem, down the Amazon to Manaus. On both sides of the river, there usually was jungle with occasional grassy plains where a small number of cows grazed. Here there were villages of indigenous people. All houses, even walkways, were on stilts.

When we arrived at Recife, we were met by some friends who whisked us off to town. There we visited the old slave market. Then we were off to what Grandma Spencer called an “ice cream parlor.” We were served cold coconuts with a slice taken off the top. Then with a straw we drank coconut “milk.”

To recount another incident along the Amazon, I will quote an essay which our youngest son, Larry, wrote as an assignment in his high school English class. He was ten in Brazil and was fifteen or sixteen at the time of the essay. He called it, “The Amazon Jungle Cruise.”

“It was early January in Belem, Brazil, and the weather was warm and friendly. The day we left port was the 1st (of January), and we expected to reach Manaus by the 12th. During the first night of the trip we encountered a shifting river bottom, causing our ship to rest on a sand bar. Since it was the first night on the river I stayed up a good portion of the night. The location of our marooned boat was the mouth of the Amazon, the delta. At last the ship’s motor had stopped, leaving us with the mysterious sounds of the jungle. From the distant shores of the river a collage of sounds were to be heard. I felt very close to the neighboring animals, for they had learned to live with man, and vice-versa. I had never seen an ecosystem so perfectly balanced, so interdependent upon each other.

“The next morning when I woke up, I found our boat on the move once again. On the near shore I observed several small communities built on stilts. The purpose of the stilts, I
brilliantly deduced, was protection against the floods of the rainy season. I was startled when I noticed a fleet of canoes up ahead, apparently heading our way. I sprinted up two flights to the upper deck. From the upper deck the crewmen were throwing bags filled with food stuff. I approached one of the men and asked him if I could throw a few bags. A mood of generosity spread over me as I hurled bag after bag toward the approaching canoes. The Indians showed their gratitude with gestures, accepting our gifts.

“Further up the river we passed a fresh water tributary of the Amazon called Rio Verde. I hadn’t swum for at least a week so I was overjoyed to hear that we were taking on water for the pool. At first the algae-saturated water had a consistency like pea soup, but after filtering the water a few times one could almost drink it. I swam for a good part of that night and the next day, loving every minute of the sultriness that we were stuck with.

“Another day passed and as we were approaching Manaus, I looked back on my experiences, evaluating them. I felt a longing for the jungle, I knew I belonged there. Meditating upon this thought I vowed that some day I would return, perhaps with a family of my own. By noon our ship, the Anna Neri, was docked, and our voyage was only a memory.”

Reflection

Oh Lord God, you gave my family an experience of still another world, the world of the Amazon. Yes, aboard ship we met some of the upper middle class, but we also saw the poor, the people who live along the Amazon River, practically all of which is jungle. We experienced a piece of that world which will remain with us forever.

Each person has worlds in wait for him or her. Do we recognize them when we encounter our worlds? God, give us the eyes to see and the ears to hear the call of these worlds.

The Trip Back to Sao Paulo

We docked at Manaus. There we stayed in a large air-conditioned hotel, the Amazonas. The next morning, we went to view the once famous Manaus Opera House. This was finished in 1896 and was a marvelous feat at that time. Its beautiful red
upholstery and its chandeliers were quite a sight. We were told that the famous Italian tenor, Enrico Caruso, once performed at the Opera House. On hearing this, my first thought was, “How could an artist like Caruso, have ever survived the trip along the Amazon River to get here? In those days substantial air conditioning did not exist.

On our return to Sao Paulo, our first stop was Brasilia, the capital of Brazil. From the air we could see the vast jungle surrounding Brasilia below us. At Brasilia, we had about six hours available. We rented a VW microbus with a guide for a few hours of touring. Here was a well planned city with its governmental buildings, schools, parks, and homes miles from nowhere. There were many “sky-scrapers,” as we called very large, tall buildings then. There was beauty, mixed with a certain coldness. It seems that the governmental planners wanted a location at the center of Brazil. They started with a barren plain and built from there. We were fascinated! We then left for the beautiful city of Belo Horizonte. Our first foray was to the nearby old town of Ouro Preto (Black Gold). This was the first capital of Brazil. Our brief tour around “Belo” presented us with beautiful mountain scenery and trees, as well as a vast community of favellas, cuddled along the hillsides. These were the homes of the poorest of the poor who had “homes.” The shacks were made of cardboard, large sheets of discarded metal (tin), boards, and whatever else they could put together. (Betty and I also visited these at later times in other Latin American countries and the Philippines. There they were called *barrios*.) From Belo we went by bus to Sao Paulo; then, taking two cabs, we arrived home. Incidentally, at that time, Brazil had two-, three- and more-people cabs, the smallest of which was a two-passenger VW bug with a front seat removed.

**Post-Amazon Days**

Our older daughter, Betty Anne, returned to her university studies immediately after the Amazon trip, so that she could complete the second semester of her second year and continue with summer classes. In this way she did not lose a year of studies. I planned to stay until the end of June.
Betty and the children left earlier for the U.S. so that she could attend a family wedding and Joe could have a full summer in the Babe Ruth League. The day before they were to leave, the airline office called to request that she take an earlier flight on the planned day “in first class.” That seemed rather odd, but she accepted. On entering the plane she realized that the economy class was filled with military officers who were on their way to training at the U.S. School of the Americas – part of the U.S. “training program” for future Latin American military leaders.

**Catholic University and Montevideo**

In the last three weeks in Brazil I had two major activities, namely the presentation of a lecture at the Catholic University at Rio de Janeiro and a two-day visit to a university in Montevideo, Uruguay.

For the first of these, I was to present a lecture on “The Use and Abuse of Statistics.” It was not a technical talk, but for a general audience. On the way to the Director’s office I saw a sign announcing my talk. The last two words almost floored me. They were “en Espaniola.” Yes, in Spanish. You can guess what was on my mind during the next half-hour’s conversation with the Director. I had very little time to figure out a solution; I wasn’t going to disappoint the audience; I thought, “I’ll give it a try.” In 1969 even my Espaliano (a mixture of fractured Italian and even more fractured Spanish) was not at its very best. I had to skip or shorten my usual anecdotes, since they would go over like a “lead balloon.” I had to make my sentences rather short so that even I could understand them. It seems as if I succeeded, but that was not all. Immediately after the “show” a radio reporter approached me for an interview in Portuguese. Well, I made it! Several days later I was told that the audience thought I was speaking in “Castelliano.” Perhaps they failed to understand some small parts of the presentation.

My second venture took me to Montevideo. Through the efforts of a vice president at the University of Iowa, I was asked to give some informal talks to some students of statistics. I arrived on a Saturday evening and wanted to visit briefly with a Uruguayan Jesuit who was a strong and vocal advocate for human rights and social justice. I called him early
on Sunday, and he agreed to meet me at my hotel later that morning. About two hours later, the hotel receptionist called my room and said that there was a gentleman at the front desk asking for me. I came down and met him in the lobby. Here was a man, probably in his forties, with motorcycle helmet in one hand and protective cuffs on his lower pants. We went up to my room and chatted about an hour. He gave me a general view of social justice and human rights activities in some Latin American countries. He was headed for Brazil the next week, but I was not able to make further contact with him.

**Friends and Neighbors**

I must mention one couple who turned out to be our lifelong close friends, Phil and Eva Fogarty. He was a World War II veteran with a medical discharge, and she, an artist. We always met them after Mass on Sunday and often spent much of the day with them. When I left Brazil, she presented us with one of her paintings. This gave a panoramic view of the city, taken from the point where I would board my bus for work each weekday morning. That painting is hanging in our living room.

They returned to their home in Washington, DC where we again made contact. Later they moved to Florida. We have been visiting them in Florida each February for the past fifteen years.

**Concluding Reflection on Brazil**

At this point let me again consider such questions as: (1) What have we been doing in Brazil? (2) What did we learn? (3) How did the experience affect us? and (4) What did we do with this experience?

It was clear that we wanted a change in venue to expand our background and learn more about several issues. Back in Iowa City we had spent considerable time praying and asking ourselves, “What does the Lord want of us?” Before we arrived and were able to experience the country, we had little idea of what we would learn. (We have often asked how we could have taken our two oldest boys with us, and so have them be part of this experience. But this seemed impossible.) We were able to see and experience, to a limited extent, a
cross-section of Brazilian society. There were the wealthy, or what we might call the upper middle class, those people who belonged to private clubs. We refused this. Then there were the poor. It was like a two-class society. There was hardly a middle class. And as is usually the case, the rich got richer and the poor got poorer. Betty was able to visit the *favellas* on occasion, to speak with the people and to minister to them in a limited way, due to our resources and available time.

All of us, especially the children, had been left with an indelible mark which affected their future. Relationships became a part of their culture. Every one of them is now in a people-serving profession. We have a lawyer, two professors, a linguist, a doctor, a Christian school principal, a physical therapist and a mom who is very active in the Autistic Society of America. (She has an autistic child.) We believe that these professions are not accidental, but due to a series of events like Brazil and many other types of experiences which have helped us all to grow.

So, what have I done, will I do with this experience? In response I must include Betty, since our paths are together and parallel. She was the strong, relentless peace and justice activist, I was more the expeditor. She sent letters to Presidents Nixon, Carter, and Eisenhower, to Kurt Waldheim (Secretary General of the UN), Senator Fulbright and many others. She presented Pope Paul VI with a card saying something like, “War is unhealthy for all living creatures, especially children.” She was the prayerful, friendly critic. She made us uncomfortable.

Again, we felt that we were called to Brazil. I now pray that I can continue to translate to others my experiences and the lessons learned.
Chapter 8

Washington and ASA

Introduction

Recently, I saw a quote by Saint Teresa Benedicta of the Cross (Edith Stein), O.C.D., who was a martyr at Auschwitz in World War II. She stated, concerning a profession, that, “a person’s attitude towards his or her profession clearly helps determine the results achieved by it. Whoever regards his work as a mere source of income or as a pastime will perform differently from the person who feels that his profession is an authentic vocation.”

When I moved from Iowa City, leaving my vocation as a university professor, to Washington, DC, as an executive director of a large professional association, I felt that I was being called to leave one vocation for another. A very strong force in my life with Betty and the family has been the conviction that all of us are being asked to have a preferential option for the poor. Which poor? It is the poor in our lives, the poor in our world, the entire world. But this seems so vast, so impossible a task, even if we know in our hearts that it is our calling. How do we answer this call? What means do we have? What power? Very simply, the means come from within us and from the forces of people, places, events, and opportunities in our lives. These means include the many talents that each of us has. For all of us, these talents have not been fully utilized. We often underestimate our abilities until we are required to call them forth.

The American Statistical Association

That challenge came when, in 1972, I was asked by the Board of Directors of the American Statistical Association to assume the position of Executive Director and Secretary of the Association. I had acquired some modest management skills – as Acting Chairman of the Department of Mathematics of Case Institute of Technology for two years, as editor of the journal Technometrics, and in various chairmanships within two professional associations. I had wonderful mentors from primary grades all the way to the completion of my Ph.D. and beyond.
But this was not at the level of Director of a professional organization with 8,000 members. I found out later that I had been recommended for the position by three people independently.

For some time, Betty and I were discerning whether I should remain in academia. I enjoyed my work at the universities. I especially enjoyed teaching and “turning the students on” with respect to using the information they were learning. My research was moderately good, enough to get a federal grant for several years. But we wondered if my place was in administration, possibly in my own profession. When the position of executive director opened, my name was one of fifty proposed by the membership. The Board of Directors knew me, since, as I was an editor of “Technometrics,” I was a member of the Board. Later, my new secretary, with whom I now have lunch annually, said that she knew that I would be the one chosen. I had not sought the position, but Betty and I prayed, as we asked, “Is this to be my new calling, my vocation?”

When I was approached, Betty and I knew that it was the right move, but there were several considerations, namely, (1) I would be leaving the profession for which I had prepared. (2) The move may be especially difficult for our two youngest (teenagers). The last move from Cleveland to Iowa City was quite difficult for our older daughter, Betty Anne, who was a junior in high school. (3) This move had a final ring in my career. (As a matter of fact, I retained this position for fifteen years, until I retired.)

We discussed the move with our children. They approved. Then I met in Iowa City with the President of ASA and later at the Washington National Airport with the Chair of the committee which would make the recommendation to the Board. I had a few conditions, one being the stipulation that I teach one course each semester at a university in the Washington area. This was approved without hesitation.

That summer (1972) I was to visit with a team of the World Federation of Christian Life Communities (its name at that time) in Japan, Indonesia, and the Philippines, and finally to attend a meeting of the Executive Council of the World Federation of CLC in Germany. Before that I chaired a meeting
of the Gordon Research Conference in New Hampton, New Hampshire. I left that meeting to fly directly to Japan. But where did the ASA people send me the letter of appointment? My appointment was to get final approval at the ASA Board meeting, which I was to join at the ASA national meeting in Montreal, directly from Germany. This plan seemed quite complicated, but somehow the pieces all fit into place. I received my letter in Manila (at the general post office), arrived in Montreal, awaited a session of the Board, at which they approved my appointment, and walked in with an applause by the other Board members. Betty and the two younger children met me in Montreal.

What does this flurry of activity mean to me? Very simply, if this move was the right step for me, a way for all the required details would be provided. Betty and I, in retrospect, were very pleased with this move, difficult as it was at the beginning. For a new avenue had been opened. This was to be a new arena within which we were to use the graces given to us.

In 1973 the Leone family moved to Washington, DC. Just prior to this move, there was a convention of the National Federation of the Christian Life Communities, of which I was President. It was at the University of Iowa, and I was Chair of the Convention, which meant arrangements and program. I was able to put a good team together. I had a college graduate of that year — Loretta Fitzgerald, from Massachusetts, who lived at the house while Betty and I were away. We were in Augsburg, Germany, for the Biennial Assembly of the World CLC. She was my alter ego, that is, she was my representative with full authority on all arrangements for the convention. At one point she had to make a decision. A new director of programs came on the scene at Iowa and changed the rates. However, she stood her ground, and we did not incur the higher cost. Fr. José Antonio Esquivel, S.J, was appointed Chair of the Program Committee. He did a marvelous job. We returned and went into our convention a few days later. Two days after the Convention we were off to Washington, DC.

Though I officially began my new position in January, my first five months were spent completing my contract at the University of Iowa. For these months I spent one week per
month in Washington until I started full-time in June. This was a completely new venture for me. Though I was considered an academic, my work would be almost entirely in management. I had a staff of twenty people, which had grown to thirty-two when I retired in 1988. The Association grew from 8,000 members to 12,000 during my fifteen-year tenure.

From the first day I began work at the Association, I had goals of (1) learning as much as I could about the Association, its foundation, its history, and its objectives; (2) developing the organization as a professional association in contrast to a learned society (the difference being that a professional association also includes the use of the professional expertise of its members for contributions to society); and (3) determining what role the Association should and could have in the development of the profession. By this last point I mean not just the usual, yet central, activities, such as publications, meetings, seminars, etc., but service to society, as well as to the profession.

At the beginning of our journey in Washington, life at home was rather difficult. We had on our hands two angry teenagers, who had lost their Iowa friends. The older, Larry (15 years), was a high school sophomore who was initially teased because his classmates could “see the corn behind his ears since he had to be a farmer from Iowa.” Our youngest, Lucy, had learned to be quite independent and sometimes tangled with the “structures.” But, in time, that changed and our crises became less frequent and finally disappeared, or were minor in comparison.

My biggest challenge was working with the Board of Directors. Each year I had a new president, and I often had to teach the individual “who the ASA was” and what it did and how. Some presidents were very good, and some, well, let’s say not too good. I helped develop new initiatives and received grants for special conferences and consulting programs with federal agencies.

In order to learn more about the roots of the Association, I chose as my first task to look at our founding fathers. So, besides the day-to-day activities, I spent a considerable amount of time reading the minutes of the Board of Directors of the Association beginning with their first meeting in 1839. I realized
that the ASA is the second oldest professional association in the United States with continuous existence to the present. Who were these five men who began this organization in Boston? There were a doctor, a minister, and a public servant in this first group of founders. They were not what we would call statisticians today. Their common interest was the use of statistical information for their profession and \textit{for the common good}. In fact, this last phrase was written in their first constitution and remains in the constitution to this day, 166 years later.

But who were these people who were attracted to the Association? They included a President of the United States (Martin Van Buren), a U.S. Senator, a Secretary of War (now called Secretary of Defense), a nurse who might be called an epidemiologist today (Florence Nightingale), and many outstanding people from other countries. Today the international membership is about 2,000.

My second major project was to determine the structure of the ASA and how it works. The Association had many committees. My first task, then, with respect to structure, was to learn the charge of each committee and determine which were alive, which were sleeping, and which were dead. We made the necessary adjustments. I participated in the process of committee appointments. Here I must say that of all the members whom the President-Elect asked to serve on a committee, there were very, very few who refused an appointment. They felt that this was a responsibility of a professional, though for some it meant a considerable amount of time. We developed committees that enabled our statistical professionals were able to work on issues of society. Some of these were Scientific Freedom and Human Rights, Women, Minorities, International Relations in Statistics. Some of these committees worked with other professional associations and with federal agencies. As a service to society ASA developed such programs as Radiation and Health, Statistics and Law, and others. Most of these continue to this day, though some may have evolved into “sections,” a larger body within the ASA. A section is established by the Board of Directors; it has its own bylaws, officers, and activities within the Association, and, in some cases, its own sectional meetings. While a chapter of the ASA has geographical boundaries, the bounds of a section are subject matter. Any
member can join a section, while new committee members are chosen by the President-Elect.

Each national meeting was quite an intense time for me, so much so that Betty stopped coming with me to the meetings because I had very little time to spend with her there. For example, whenever I went from one place to another, there were always several interruptions along the route. She came only on special occasions.

I considered that an important element of my position was to visit ASA chapters. We eventually had 73 chapters, three of which were in Canada, one in Alaska, and one in Hawaii. At each meeting of a given chapter, I would spend some time with its governing board, perhaps just at a dinner, sometimes a few hours, and sometimes a full day. One reaction I often received was that they were especially pleased that I visited their chapter and that I considered them important enough to take one or more days to be there. In essence, this was the gift of presence that meant so much to them. Usually, I made visits to several chapters within a particular trip. I recall that once I visited eleven chapters in seventeen days. Hawaii and San Francisco were two of the chapters. Another time, I started an extended trip with a sore throat. I was offered many remedies, and I “healed” by the third stop.

While visiting a chapter, my living arrangements varied from staying at a motel close to the airport to being a guest at a member’s home. The latter was not the best. Though I was honored to be in their home, often a younger child was thrown out of his or her room and I was a captive in the room. One case, however, was particularly memorable. I was at the home of John Neter, the President of ASA. He was an Orthodox Jew. He and his wife invited me to join them in weekly prayer at their home on Friday evening. They knew that I was a Catholic. I was honored and accepted. On another visit to a chapter, I was asked by a former student at the University of Iowa if I would join him and his family for a couple of hours in the evening. They had two young teenage girls. While there, he reminded me of how Betty and I had helped them when they lost their first child at birth. These and other memories still visit me from time to time. They are the real fringe benefits, the treasures which I carry in my heart.
Another very rewarding and exciting visit was with the Buffalo Chapter. The President invited me to come a day early, so that I could hear the problems on the Love Canal. The Canal was the result of the “folly” of an exceedingly wealthy person. I do not recall his name. He wanted to show his love for his wife by building a canal for her in the greater area of Buffalo. But she died before it was completed. So he abandoned the project and left a dry canal bed. The canal was then purchased by a chemical company, which then proceeded to use it as a dump for hazardous waste. Eventually, it was covered and donated to the city with the provision that no structures would be built on the land that included the dry canal bed beneath the soil. Several administrations later, the City Council broke that provision and allowed the building of homes. Several years later there was black, ugly, contaminated water showing up in their toilets. Many of the owners sold their property at a substantial loss. Lawsuits were already in preparation.

This was my introduction to the Buffalo Chapter. I visited with a volunteer group with the title, “The Ecumenical Task Force on the Niagara Frontier.” A religious Sister, with a PhD in Sociology was its Executive Director and a Jesuit priest, with a PhD in Environmental Science, was its consultant. They presented their case to me, not for a solution, of course, but for me to listen. To me, it was an example of outstanding service to the community.

To conclude this experience, I might add that the Sister called me from Buffalo, asking if I or another statistician could appear in a court case in NY. I was able to get an expert witness to help the Niagara Frontier group win its case.

Let me stop, briefly, and make a point. The reason I have gone into such detail is to assure the reader that the position of Executive Director of ASA did not mean sitting at that same desk, day in and day out. It meant being visible, listening and reacting and helping the development of new frontiers. It had to include a heart as well as a mind. It had to convince the members whom we serve that we are serving them and the society in which they and their families live.

In all, I would visit twenty-five to thirty chapters in a year. I learned a lot when I asked them what they were doing, not
in that part of their life for which they were paid, but in working in the community. As I learned, I was able to challenge the leadership of the chapters to use their expertise to serve others both in their profession and in society. Many developed seminars and programs for continuing education units. Others worked with schools, city development, highway improvement, and environmental and human rights issues. I would continually beat the drum of, “What are you doing with your expertise?” It was a joy to see some chapters grow in response.

Again and again, I prayed and asked, “What does God want of these wonderful men and women? They have so much to give. At times, I felt like one who expedites or facilitates. I had in my power (not I but God working through me) the ability to shake up the members and move them along. As noted earlier, each year I would assist the President-Elect in appointing many committee members. The committees were generally set up on a one-third rotating basis, with renewals. In my fifteen years, there must have been over 1000 appointments. In all that time, I do think that there were less than two percent refusals.

I would sign all the appointments with the President-Elect’s signature. I had several copies of the signature, then “forged” his/her signature on each letter of appointment. That worked all of the time except for one case. The name was I. Richard Savage. He signed it with a very poor rendition of his signature, IRS. A few weeks after the letters were sent out, he told me that I was signing his signature upside down. I don’t believe anyone else knew it.

My 15 years at the ASA were challenging, hard work, but happy ones. There was joy and there was pain. Let me mention some of these. The joy included the establishment of a number of major programs. One of these was a program entitled, “Statistics and the Environment.” My technique was to listen to the voice of the membership, especially of the leadership. Many good ideas and plans surfaced. It was my task to filter through these, recommend that the proper individuals frame a proposed plan, review and shape it somewhat and let it go before the Board of Directors. Some failed, but some developed into major programs. Even if I disagreed with the proposed plan and I had the responsibility of placing it before the
Board, I always wanted the proposal put together in as good a package as possible. If it passed, that was the Board’s decision. If it was not accepted, the reason was not that it had not been prepared properly. One President asked me to develop a pro and con for each proposed action. This would help to steer the Board to a proper decision. (Now does this not indicate a process similar to that of discernment, if we add the necessary prayer and search for God’s will?)

The pain came with personnel and staff as well as with decisions on my future in the ASA. On the staff side, four individuals provided the challenge. One of these was my immediate “second in command.” There were times when I was embarrassed by him at a Board meeting. In short, he “blind-sided me.” Then some prominent members of ASA recommended privately that he “must go.” There were times when his anger at minor points was rude and verbally abusive. His frequent change of secretaries was noteworthy. But he had been an employee for 34 years. The decision was mine, since I became aware that a group of prominent members was on the verge of petitioning for his removal. Many years earlier he had extended the opportunity of my asking for his resignation if we were strongly at odds on some issues. I did so! I consulted neither my Board nor the Executive Committee, for fear that this process would produce a prolonged debate and possibly a disastrous result. We consulted with our lawyer and presented the employee a reasonable legal agreement, and he left. Shortly thereafter the ASA President said that it was either the smartest or the stupidest decision I had made. It turned out to be the former.

With a staff of about 30 and over 15 years, I had to fire three other people. One was particularly difficult. But, in all, the separations were somewhat amicable.

There were two specific cases of difficult personal decisions concerning my employment at ASA. One of these involved our Nominations Committee. I was about to retire and was selected as one of the nominees for President-Elect. This was the decision of the Committee, not mine. After some discussion with Betty and, of course, prayer, we discerned that I should accept the nomination. I also expected to be elected since I was so well known to the membership for my work as
Executive Director. However, some prominent members of the Board cried, “Conflict of interest.” I disagreed very sharply and knew that, if the question were taken to the entire Board, my opinion would prevail. Betty was away that week, so I consulted with son Peter, who is a Professor at the University of Maryland. The conclusion of our conversation was that I should withdraw my name. Even though I could prove the opponents wrong, this battle would cause much harm to the Association. To the disappointment of a number of members, I withdrew.

A second case concerned my retirement at ASA. My appointments were for three to five years at a time. I had already reached 65 and had completed 15 years of service. I felt that I should continue, but the Executive Committee felt otherwise. It was a rather painful decision. We agreed, but they asked me to stay another year as a consultant to bridge that gap created by a new appointment. There was a testimonial to Betty and me. One gift they gave me was $5000 for travel. I recall that the letter of transmittal included a requirement that Betty was to travel with me. It also stated that I could carry on some ASA business along the way. This money allowed Betty and me to make a pilgrimage to the Pacific, visiting with CLC national groups in four countries.

Again, the major joys of my fifteen years at the ASA were my interaction with so many wonderful people, to help motivate them, to see them give their time in service. I also had the opportunity to attend a number of national and international meetings across the world. More is said about these in another chapter. I could recount so many experiences in my office in ASA. However, the above should give a glimpse of the varied challenges into which I was placed. The potential was enormous, and the acceptance of these challenges was rewarding, for I had many colleagues with great capabilities and generous hearts who had to be encouraged.

I did not get into many details of my chapter visits but would like to complete the picture of my role as Secretary and Executive Director of ASA. A simple comparison is with the U.S. Federal Government. Here the legislative and judiciary functions are carried out by the Board of Directors. My secre-
tatorial role is to supply all the necessary information for each meeting and to prepare a report of each meeting. The executive functions are carried out by the Executive Director and his/her staff. The notes before and after each meeting were meticulously prepared, since these are the record of the development and the history of the Association. Fortunately, I had an efficient and loyal staff. For example, my secretary, Dorothy Zimmerman, would attend all the Board meetings, take lengthy shorthand notes and present me with a 30-to-40-page set of minutes. Of course, I would boil these down to about half or two-thirds of her original. (Dorothy was the only secretary I had during my entire time at ASA.)

Each year there was a new ASA President. Sometimes I had to teach her or him what the ASA was all about. Sometimes I was a “crutch” to help the President get through the board meeting. One President tried to “micromanage” the Association, thus performing some of the duties of the Executive Director. In short, I had to adapt to each new President.

As to the conventions, I tried to maintain a low profile, but that was impossible. Even though there were staff members in charge of the important functions, logistics, publications, emergencies, etc., still there were always some irate members who wanted to speak to me. I found that usually the problem was created by the member, but did all I could to appease the individual. I also met with numerous ASA committees. In a period of four days, I attended fifteen to twenty meetings. I barely had time to listen to the professional presentations.

Let me add one very delightful occurrence and a Christmas surprise. A few years before my retirement, the ASA Board of Directors decided that ASA should have its own building. There were many stops and starts in the location search, but finally the ASA building was constructed. Of course, the building required a major campaign for funds. I visited a number of areas where a Board member and I met a group of members. Some of these sites were industries and research laboratories where our members held major posts.

But then we had the surprise. One of our senior members, W. Edwards Deming, was very vocal in opposition to a building. Several times he stated that the campaign should be for
education and not a building. As a major guru in the field of quality control, Deming was often heard. He was credited with the resurrection of the quality of Japanese manufactured products. (A Deming Award medal is given annually in Japan.) The past President and I had dinner with him and described our goals. A few weeks later, he called my office to see if I would be in during the week before Christmas. My secretary’s response was positive. Then, two days before Christmas, I received a letter from Deming by messenger. It had just a short note, namely, “Use this any way you see fit.” The enclosed check was for $100,000!

Reflection on ASA

I might ask, “What did these fifteen years of my life mean to me?” Betty and I often discerned on her role and mine. We felt that this was the mission in my life, namely working within this unique profession. We accepted the responsibility to take up the call God placed before us. We were given the grace to carry it out. On the other hand, Betty supported me fully, though she also embarked on many programs in her own mission. To get a glimpse of this, reexamine the chapter entitled, “Betty.”

Lord, I thank you for the work given me over those fifteen years. I could never have dreamed what was in store for me. And I thank so many who were my companions and guides along the way.

Our Other Role(s) in Washington

The Family

When we look at Washington, D.C. and later, Silver Spring, MD, we must consider our entire makeup, our activities, our relationship and our feelings. Surely we went to Washington to embark on a new career for me. But what can we say about my (our) careers with the family, the Church and Christian Life Community? We had our youngest children, Larry and Lucy, with us. Later our third oldest child, Peter, moved to Silver Spring to assume a position of Assistant Professor in the Division of Education at the University of Maryland. Larry was a sophomore and Lucy an eighth-grader when we moved to Washington.
That first academic year was extremely difficult for the four of us. The children missed their close friends. They had both left public schools, where the curriculum at each school was good but not conservative, as is the case in many larger cities in the eastern U.S. They were newcomers among children who had already made close bonds. Larry especially had difficulty because he was from Iowa where the corn grows tall. But in time that healed as he became a leader in his high school and later in college. Because of his time in Brazil he had developed a sense of respect for the poor and marginalized. Close friends were his four African-American classmates in high school. One day he surprised us with the information that the Klu Klux Klan was alive and well in Southern Maryland.

Lucy, on the other hand had developed a rather liberal concept of the educational process in contrast to the more restrictive and disciplined approach she encountered in Washington. This attitude helped her get into trouble occasionally. I must cite the time that she, an eighth-grader was not in the proper area during break in the playground. She was ministering to another student whose father was very ill. The conclusion was that she was required to write a composition on, “Why I must obey the rules.” Then there came the blow! Unfortunately, some of her older brothers were in town and one volunteered to help her with her assignment. Her composition then started with, “I must obey the rules because, if I do not obey the rules, I will be dismissed. But I think that the rules are stupid…” I needn’t relate the follow-up meeting with several teachers, and the principal, and Betty and Fred Leone. It is enough to say that we weathered the storm, somehow. We survived and became stronger as a result. And so, as the first year passed, most serious crises were behind us. We had a number of visitors besides our immediate family. (This will be related in Chapter 16, “Always Room at the Inn.”)

The Church

When we moved into Nativity Parish in Northwest Washington, we were clearly in the minority in a Parish made up mostly of African-Americans. We could have researched many other Catholic churches, but we felt that our mission was with our neighborhood church. What a different situation from
Cleveland and Iowa City! It did not take long before we experienced their love for us and ours for them. Betty became President of the Nativity Pastoral Council within four years. It took me two more years to reach that position. We developed some wonderful friendships and participated in a number of parish programs. Among these was the RCIA (Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults). We instructed individuals who wanted to join (or brush up on) the Catholic Church. She was a Lector at Mass and I was a Eucharistic Minister. We then co-chaired the coordination of the Renew International Program of small communities in the parish. Finally, I was on one of the teams coordinating the 100th anniversary celebration of the parish. It was a busy time and we all grew from our participation. Oh yes, twice, I cooked a spaghetti and meatball dinner for the parish. We had over 400 parishioners and friends dining on a Saturday evening, after Mass, at the Ristorante Italiano.

**Christian Life Community (CLC)**

On the local level we helped start a number of new groups and Betty and I are members of two groups in Silver Spring, MD. I go into detail in a later chapter, but let me mention a few points here. We were very active at the local, national and world levels of CLC. While I was Vice-President of the World Executive Council for nine years, Betty was the Chair of the World CLC Committee on Justice and Peace. It was her inspiration that had me propose to the Executive Council that the World CLC become an NGO (Non-Governmental Organization, affiliated with the United Nations). I might note here that the World CLC has established (February 2005) a special fund to assist our NGO teams to carry on some of their extraordinary tasks. The Fund is called, “The Betty Leone CLC-NGO Fund.” We wrote many articles for the quarterly publication of the National and World CLC. She wrote several for other journals, as well.

**The Inner Journey**

When I look at our lives in Washington, DC up to the time of Betty’s returning home to God, I see the outer journey, those activities and interactions with people here in Washington for thirty years. This outer journey is the visible framework out of which there comes the essence, the reality of our actions. What
does all of this mean to me? And what can I take back to others? The lessons are many. Let me state a few

1. We lived in an environment which was racially mixed. Hopefully, we gained much from our relationships with parishioners and a mix of society. In the small groups, especially, we could share and live their concerns.

2. We realized more fully that God is color-blind. God gives each of us talents to be used for others. As it says in sacred Scripture, “From those who are given more, more is expected.” One of these talents is to empower others so that they strive to be all that they can be.

3. We are stewards of all that we possess. We can best give and use these gifts for others. In the Greater Washington area, there were so many opportunities to share these gifts.

4. Glory and praise for ourselves is nonsense. We are commissioned to direct that glory and praise to God and to God’s creatures.

Throughout this work in the Washington area I show examples of this outer and inner journey. Is it not possible that you, the reader can look at your own life and give an account of your journey? I am sure that it will evoke praise and thanks to the Lord who created you and me and gave us these many talents for others.
Chapter 9

European Journeys (1961-1995)

Getting Started — My First Trip

Shortly after Hildegard Ehrtmann returned to Lubeck, Germany, in 1961, I had an opportunity to go to Paris to attend a meeting of the International Statistics Institute (ISI). That previous school year, Professor R.C. Bose spent one year as a visiting professor at my invitation. It was a long shot. I had met him at a summer seminar two years earlier. But why would a distinguished professor at the University of North Carolina come to a school like Case Institute of Technology, a school which was an unknown in any field of statistics? The timing was perfect. Though Professor Bose had not yet sought a position at any other university, he was ready for a year’s leave of absence. To give him the opportunity to see Case Tech, we invited him to present a lecture. I made sure that we had an audience of a respectable size. I required my two senior and graduate classes to attend in place of a regular class period. Then there was the rest of the mathematics department of about fifteen and other faculty members from the engineering and physics departments. We made an adequate impression, and he agreed to come for a year. But that was not all. He wanted to take with him a young colleague, Indra Chakvarti, and a fresh Ph.D., Dr. Ray Chaudri, who had just completed his doctorate under Dr. Bose’s guidance. The Dean agreed to all this.

When Professor Bose asked me if I wanted to write a paper and present it at the ISI meeting as his guest, the answer was obvious. Indra and I got to work on a paper. We spent late nights on it until we had a good paper. The stage was set. I was to present this paper in Paris. This was to be the first of eight appearances at the biennial ISI meeting.

Now why do I develop these details about a trip to Paris? To me it is clear. I am aware that the God of Surprises saw that all the steps were in place for a great opportunity in my professional career. I had to do my part. In regard to asking Professor Bose to Case, I always say that if you don’t ask and
assume that the answer would be “no,” then the answer is “no” due to your not asking. Who knows what is in store for me? In retrospect, if I had not proposed to Betty, she would not have married me. If I had not come back after a “no,” she would not have married me. The same was true here. If I had not proposed the visit to the Dean of Science, if I had not asked Bose, the answer would certainly be “no.” And so this attitude has been a part of me. But there is another side to this. We also read in the Scriptures that for those to whom much is given, more is expected of them. My expectation is that I must do the “more,” the magis. So we delivered our seven children to four locations, the homes of a grandmother, a brother and sister-in-law, a neighbor across the street, and a friend – and we were off to Paris with several stops along the way.

**Madrid**

Soon, we were faced with our next challenge. It seems that the Good Lord wanted us to make the trip, but we had to “work” for it. Betty developed a case of bursitis in her shoulder, which appeared during the transatlantic flight. Hence, the amount of her sleep on board was rather minimal. Our first act, after checking in at the Madrid hotel, was to find an available doctor, recommended by the hotel manager. He gave her a cortisone shot and assured her that within an hour she would not have any pain. He was right.

Another challenge concerned our passports. We were told that we should always have them in our possession. Little did we know that the hotel receptionist was required to take the passports of all foreign visitors and have them go through a required security check. The other registrants from outside Spain relinquished their passports without a struggle. So we decided that it was not a risk. They were returned the next morning.

Poor Betty! We went on a two-hour personal tour of the famous sights in Madrid, and Betty could hardly stay awake. Her cortisone shot had taken effect, and her body told her to catch up on her sleep. I recall that she was awake approximately sixty percent of the time during the tour.

We were taken to the Main Square of Madrid. This was where the infamous Inquisition condemned so many to death.
Along the perimeter of the square, there were many shops. There also many artists displaying their sketches and paintings outside the shops.

The Prado National Museum was pointed out to us. We came back the next day to enjoy some of the exhibits. El Prado is renowned as the largest art gallery in the world. Presently, it houses more than 8,600 paintings with less than one-third on exhibit at one time. That leaves about 6,000 in storage. The various collections have some worldwide masterpieces. They include some of the work of The Italian School, namely Botticelli, Corregio, Rafael, Tintoretto, Titian, and others. The Early Flemish and Flemish Schools include works by Bosch, Bruegel, and Rubens. The Spanish School includes El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo, and Goya. Then there is Rembrandt! There was so much to enjoy in such a short time.

We had to conclude this trip with a visit to a large grocery store. We wanted to see the differences and similarities in comparison with a large grocery store in the United States. So, reluctantly, we concluded our brief visit to Madrid – with passports in hand.

We returned to Madrid a number of years later for a meeting of the International Statistics Institute. On that occasion the non-professional highlight of an afternoon and evening was in a most elegant park. Roaming in the park were beautiful pheasants, sometimes leaving us in awe as one spread its feathers as if to pose for an array of amateur photographers. After a few hours in the park the local committee called us in for cocktails and a delightful banquet.

At a later visit to Madrid, Betty and I took a side trip to Avila to visit the convent of St. Teresa of Avila. This is a walled city, probably dating from the Middle Ages. St. Teresa was responsible for reforms in her Carmelite convent and in the Catholic Church. To enter her humble quarters, one would need to go through an aperture about half the size of the usual house door today. As a saint she was declared a “Doctor of the Church,” a title given to those giants who made enormous contributions in either theological writings or reforms of the Church in their time.
Lubeck, Germany

Our next stop was to visit Hildegard Ehrtmann’s family and tour the city of Lubeck. This city, as told by our host, was one of the original German city-states and dated back to the thirteenth century. It was laughable when we would talk about an old house in the United States. Some of the original Lubeck homes dated back over 300 years.

I do not recall where we stayed during our three-day visit, but there was no question about the fine hospitality of Hildegard’s family. Just as Hildegard was (and still is) a member of the Leone family, I felt that, at this time, we had been accepted into the Ehrtmann family. Mr. Ehrtmann was imprisoned by the Nazis in World War II and was slated for the death chamber when the American forces entered the concentration camp.
Hildegard stated that when her father was imprisoned (reportedly for helping Jews escape into Norway), she would somehow sneak food for him into the prison camp.

One evening we had dinner at a restaurant that was several centuries old. In the time of the Reformation there existed an iconoclast movement by which statues in the churches were destroyed. A few of the statues, hidden during this period, were now displayed in the restaurant. The tables were made of very thick beams, reportedly taken from the deck of a ship. On one wall was the figure of a woman’s upper torso that had been at the prow of a ship. I felt that we were stepping into the history of centuries gone by.

We visited a glass factory, where very fine glasses (with the trademark of Lubeck) are manufactured and engraved with etchings of the city gate and various churches of the city. These latter structures are historic masterpieces. We returned with a set of eight glasses.

It was wonderful to visit our “daughter” at her home, sharing our experiences and dreaming our dreams for the future. We returned with a special gift for her goddaughter, Lucy, of a wooden nutcracker in the form of a soldier in the ballet “The Nutcracker.”

Paris

Our first visit to Paris was exciting. Here were the two of us with so much we wanted to experience, besides my attending the ISI meeting. Of course, at the meeting I would encounter some of the giants of my field from all over the world. Professor Bose would introduce me to many of them. We also wanted time to visit some of the famous sites in Paris.

As mentioned earlier, high on our agenda were the Eiffel Tower and the Louvre. We just had a glimpse at the Louvre, but did come back at a later date to spend at least one full day there. In 1961 the Louvre appeared like a huge barn with lots of art masterpieces which seemed to be in disarray and with inadequate lighting. The Louvre Palace, the predecessor of the Museum, has a history that dates back over 800 years. It was established as a museum in 1793 by the French Republic, making it the fourth oldest museum in Europe. The renovation
was completed by the President of the Republic, Francois Mitterrand.

In its present form, one can visit the seven departments of the Louvre collections. These include painting and sculpture by world masters. Some of the collections go back centuries before Christ. Among the well known are the works of Boticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Ghirlandaio, Durer, Rembrandt, Vermeer, El Greco and a host of others. Its most famous painting is *Mona Lisa* by Leonardo da Vinci; sculptures include Venus de Milo, Victory at Samothrace, and Apollo.

In my view, this was perhaps the finest, most comprehensive museum I shall ever see. Just recalling a few details of our visit encourages me to return again to the Louvre, but I doubt if I ever will. Only the Lord knows.

We saw the Arche de Triomphe and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier beneath it. The Arche was commissioned by Napoleon in 1806, shortly after his victory at Austerlitz, to celebrate his military successes. The emperor wanted it completed by 1810 in honor of his new bride, Marie-Louise. At that time the arch was only four feet high. A dummy arch of painted canvas was strung up to save face. The final height was 164 feet.

One of Betty’s gifts was that of always seeking the *magis*. Her love was so strong that she felt that God was asking her to ask more of herself, of people, family, friends, pastors and, of course, her CLC family. A simple example of this was in Paris. Before leaving for Europe, she obtained the name of a French Jesuit, Fr. Roger d’Albert, S.J. She heard that he was developing small CLC groups in France. Likewise, Fr. Bernard Bassett, S.J. (a dear friend who was often a dinner guest at our home in Cleveland) was doing the same in England, but in a different manner. “We must visit Fr. d’Albert,” she insisted. We had the address; we found the directions. It was evening. Daylight had disappeared. We came to a wall. The correct address appeared to be inscribed near a small steel entrance door. We rang the bell, hoping the people inside would hear it. We tried several times and almost gave up. But then a man appeared. We introduced ourselves, and he told us he was Fr. d’Albert. We then proceeded through the courtyard to his quarters,
where a young lady had been visiting him. She was an airline stewardess, I recall. She was one of the key members of *La Vie Chrétienne* (Christian Life Community). She explained to us how this small group within a larger parish group had been formed. They wanted more. They wanted a deeper spiritual life, a closer relationship to God, by sharing their lives together. They wanted to be a support to each other in this spiritual family. Wow, what an experience to listen to her! This was our second encounter with Christian Life Communities. This, together with the British experience of small groups (cells), was our foundation in CLC. We took this experience back home, and so there were born for us the small groups in Cleveland in 1962-63.

Another rather interesting experience was at Mass in Paris. We found the church; we found an English Mass. But in those days it was expected, whenever possible, that there be a server for the priest at Mass. He began; Betty looked at me, and I appeared to be the “whenever possible” person. And so, after not too much nudging, I found myself assisting at Mass — for the first time in my life. Again the *magis* (the more) — sure, here it was, and I was to experience examples of this again and again.

We thoroughly enjoyed our entire Paris experience and returned home with a broader vision of the world, our future spiritual life, our mission.

**Reflection**

One never knows what lies ahead. For some these encounters may seem like insignificant experiences. For others it may be a period of great joy, great opportunities, or deep sorrow. In these times, new opportunities were opening up for Betty and me. Not only did they include the opening up of our physical world, but also the professional and, especially, the spiritual. I truly believe that we learned to love God even more as we experienced the great wonders before us. It seems also that there was a succession of events, each one building upon the previous one.

*Lord, we thank you for all the wonderful surprises before us. We thank you for new friends and associates. We thank you for this early development of the life of Christian Life Community with Betty and me in the United States.*
Now let me ask the reader, “How often do you look back on your experiences and ask yourself what you have learned from these?” Finally, have you asked, “What am I doing as a result of this knowledge?”

Italy

I am devoting a major part of this chapter to Italy, because there is so much to cover, and I did not want to overshadow the primary purpose of our first trip to the European continent. I have been to Italy about a dozen times, and Betty has been there several times. Some visits were stopovers during a trip to another destination in Europe. However, a majority of these trips were for participation in meetings of the Executive Council of the World Christian Life Community (WCLC). Betty and I have been members of CLC for almost 50 years. In Italy we wanted to enter into the history of the Caesars and the Middle Ages, and to visit some of my relatives. We wanted to see the art treasures and the churches, the Vatican and monuments. And we did!

Rome

Through our contacts in WCLC, on our 1961 trip we were able to stay at an inexpensive pensione close to the World Office. Much to our surprise, the office was just a stone’s throw from the Vatican, 8 Borgo Santo Spirito. WCLC is in the building of the worldwide headquarters of the Jesuits, the nerve center of the Jesuit order. It is located just about one block away from the Vatican on one of the “arms” from the Vatican. The trip from the Fiumicino airport took about two hours. First we had to find the appropriate train, then the right bus, and then a few cobblestone blocks’ walk, and we were there. The office was also several blocks from the Tiber River and Castel Sant’ Angelo (Hadrian’s Tomb), both of which we visited during our stay. Originally, this tomb was constructed by Emperor Hadrian for his own interment. It has been changed to a museum of art and military history. A bridge over the Tiber River leads to it. This bridge has five statues of angels on each side of it.

While in Rome, we decided that our parish church was to be the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This was a convenient walk from our pensione, and what better way could there be
to start the day than Mass at our church each morning? Santa Maria Maggiore is Rome’s principal church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The first church was founded about the year 350 and was restored in 432 to commemorate the declaration on St. Mary’s Motherhood by the Council of Ephesus. An earthquake damaged it in 1348, and it was restored some years later. I will not go into any of its architectural features. I shall just say that it was our Roman parish church.

**St. Peter’s Basilica and the Vatican**

We came to the Arch of Constantine, erected by this first Christian Emperor to commemorate his victories in battle in 315 A.D. It was Constantine who ordered a basilica to be built on Vatican Hill. Its location was symbolic, for it was here that St. Peter is alleged to have been buried in 64 A.D. This building was completed in 349 A.D. By the middle of the 15th century, a restoration and enlargement was ordered, but eventually a new basilica was built and completed in 1626.

We sometimes think of St. Peter’s Basilica as a structure that existed in its present form from the time of Constantine, but rarely do we have the opportunity to view its storied history. The construction of this basilica was begun at the start of the sixteenth century. Before it was completed in 1626, seven different architects had a hand in its construction, the last of these being Michelangelo. One of these had a plan to pile the Pantheon upon the Constantinian Basilica. Michelangelo also painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. To enter the chapel, we went past two tall Swiss guards. We then viewed the magnificent ceiling with “the dawn of creation” and other stories of the Old Testament. We could have remained for hours just looking up and meditating on the scenes. But our necks became quite tired after twenty or thirty minutes.

We learned a few interesting notes about some of the sculpture in the Basilica. The statue of Moses has two horns on his head. I’ve read that the biblical translation of “rays of light” became “horns” in Italian. Because of this mistranslation, depictions of Moses with horns became somewhat commonplace.
Chapter 9

The Pietà is perhaps the most famous of the Vatican sculptures. This was desecrated a number of years ago and was meticulously repaired. Now the statue is well protected.

The statue of St. Peter has a worn-out foot; that is, one foot has a smooth top with no toes. That is due to the millions of worshippers who touch his foot in prayer as they walk by. If you were at St. Peter’s Basilica, did you notice that one of St. Peter’s arms is in a sling? He is holding a large key. What does it symbolize?

Papal Audiences

The main thrills of our lifetime were papal audiences. Our first audience was in 1961, when we went to Castel Gondolfo, the summer residence of Pope John XXIII. Recall that he convened Vatican II, a historic event in the Catholic Church. We had two tickets, obtained for us by our World CLC office. Yet we were in some semblance of a line for about two hours.
Then came the Pope on a large chair on a platform and was gently lowered to the stage. Pope John was a happy, rotund man. When he laughed, his whole frame would bounce a bit. He said that he would like to come and mingle with real people, but those around him would not allow him to do so.

Our second audience was with Pope Paul VI around 1966. While I was on the WCLC Executive Council, we had a private audience of the Council and our spouses. At that time, Betty presented the Pope a card, supporting his stance on war. The card (with a simple flower) read something like, “War is unhealthy for all living things, especially children.”

My final visit, without Betty, again was a private audience of the WCLC Executive Council with Pope John Paul II. During it, he read a brief statement about the work of CLC throughout the world.

Other Attractions in Rome

In our many trips to Rome, we were able to visit a number of historic structures. There was the Roman Forum, which no longer stands in its original grandeur. Much of its original stone has been removed to build churches and palaces. One noteworthy performance at the Forum was the production, “Sono y Luce” (“Sound and Light”). Here the audience sits in
three sections: Italian, English and Spanish. The performance includes several scenes from Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar*. The words are spoken, but without anyone on a stage. The music and lights on a particular area of the Forum make up the stage. We experienced the same type of performance in Marseilles, France, where a castle was the stage and the conclusion was a catastrophic fire in the castle. We know that it was done in Philadelphia, around the Liberty Bell and in other places.

The Coliseum is there in its grandeur, the infamous place of the gladiator games and the martyrdom of countless Christians in the fury of wild beasts. Like the Forum, it was a quarry for churches and palaces. Now its original circular outer shape is whittled down in some parts.

Entering the Catacombs of St. Callixtus was another exciting experience for us. They are on the Appian Way, which was one of the many viaducts that carried water to the city. Some of these viaducts date back to the early days of the Roman Empire. They were a very elaborate system of waterways. These Catacombs are among the greatest and most important in Rome. They originated about the middle of the second century and are part of a cemetery complex which occupies an area of 90 acres, with a network of galleries about 12 miles long, in
four levels, more than sixty feet deep. They are named after the deacon Callixtus who, at the beginning of the third centu-
y, was appointed by Pope Zephyrinus as the administrator, 
and so the Catacombs of St. Callixtus became the official cem-
etery of the Church of Rome. Also included is the tomb of St. 
Cecelia, the popular patron saint of music.

Within these catacombs are many mosaics. During the per-
secutions these “tunnels” were also used for church services 
discreetly out of the public eye.

Another beautiful sight was the Spanish Steps. They are 
elaborate steps leading from one street level to another. The 
beauty was in the marvelous array of flowers along the steps. 
I recall the time when we were in Rome in 1987 for a meeting 
to support the U.S. Bishops attending the World Council on 
the Laity. We were about 250, and, on our first day in Rome, 
about 100 decided they would tour Rome with a guide. Traffic 
was horrendous, with no lights in sight. When we reached that 
point across the street from the Spanish Steps, the guide said, 
“We will cross here. When I give the signal, cross. Don’t look 
to the right. Don’t look to the left. Just cross.” The mad rush of 
automobiles came to a screeching halt, and we all survived.

Flea Market

We cannot leave Rome without a word about the flea mar-
ket. We were told by some friends that we must visit a flea 
market before we left Rome. They suggested the flea market 
along the Tiber River. It seems that they sold everything from 
partially used radio tubes, to stamps and coins, statues, cloth-
ing, and many other items. We were advised that one must 
bargain with the vendors for a suitable price, not quite like the 
purchase of a car but rather with a “yes” or “no” or “maybe” 
or “I may be back.” My fractured Italian was just enough to 
help me navigate through the market.

We spotted two wooden statues, about 18 inches tall, 
of Saints Peter and Paul (or Joseph, since we did not know 
whether the tool was a carpenter’s ax or an ax for beheading. I 
was told by the vendor that they were replicas of statues in an 
ancient church in Sicily. I really wanted them, since both of my 
parents were born in Sicily. Then began the bargaining pro-
cess with a “No, the price is too high.” After a few iterations at
bargaining, I decided to leave, knowing that the statues would not be sold before we returned. Several minutes later we returned, not showing too strong a desire to purchase. Finally, we agreed on an acceptable price. I believe we also purchased an extra piece of luggage to cart these and other memorabilia home.

**Florence**

We visited Florence twice; the first visit was on the route to the ISI meeting in Paris in 1961, and the second was part of an excursion from Rome after a World CLC seminar in 1995. I considered Rome’s beauty as massive while Florence had a delicate beauty. When we consider the fine architecture and sculpture of Florence, two major sites stand out. One is a cathedral, the Duomo (cathedral), Santa Maria del Fiore, together with its Campanile (bell tower) and Baptistery. The other is an art gallery, Galleria dell’Academia. The Duomo stands as a symbol of pride in this great city of art and culture. In it, human history is traced from the dawn of creation in its bas-reliefs. The brilliant brick cupola as well as its 267-foot, free-standing Campanile were based on plans drawn up by Giotto. The Cathedral and Baptistery were begun in 1296 and consecrated in 1436. The completion of the final product continued over six centuries from the time it was begun.

An interesting note: Before we left Cleveland for our six-week journey, a professor at Case Institute of Technology, who was also a consultant to the Papal Observatory, said that I should look for the tomb of John XXIII. Though incredulous, I looked for it in the Baptistery. There it was, but it was Antipope John XXIII rather than the Pope of that name.

It was during our second visit in 1995 that we focused in on the Galleria. It was a Saturday morning. We managed to take the right bus and arrived about one-half hour before the posted opening time. Already, there was a line about two blocks long. It was worth the wait. We were especially interested in the work of Michelangelo, particularly his “David” and two sculptures, entitled “The Prisoners.” David is depicted before his battle; he is tense, in a taut mental state. His slingshot is barely visible. One could imagine his victory was one of cleverness, not sheer force. The two “Prisoners”
appear to be struggling to come forth from the marble that is below their upper body, but cannot. Various reasons for this type of statue are given. Some say that the Pope kept him so busy from one monumental task to another that he could not complete these works. Others say that Michelangelo wanted to create this image and felt happy with his work.

Pisa

What is there to see in Pisa but the Leaning Tower? Some consider it one of the Wonders of the World. Before the Leaning Tower began its slow tilt into the unstable foundation of sandy silt subsoil upon which it stands, Galileo conducted experiments on the velocity of falling objects from the top of the Tower. Today, interventions are being carried out within the subsoil in order to reduce significantly the inclination and to make sure the Tower will have a long life. When we were
there, Betty contributed to this intervention. To verify this monumental act, I have a picture of her pushing on the tilt of the Tower. I do not believe that she had much success.

**Milan**

In the late seventies, we had the opportunity to visit Milan, Italy. Our primary purpose for spending a few days there was to visit the Duomo and to view Leonardo da Vinci’s “Last Supper.” Clearly the Duomo is one of the architectural masterpieces in Italy and perhaps in the world. This Gothic-style cathedral that dominates Milan’s central square took more than five centuries to complete. It is the most intricate and varied structure in all of Italy. Despite the involvement of many
architects, artists, engineers, builders, and citizens during its construction, the original Gothic style was never abandoned. According to a reference on the internet, it is adorned with more than 3,000 statues. Atop its highest spire is Perego’s Madonna (1744).

As we walked along the central square and looked up at the cathedral, we had the sense of an elegant embroidered lace and we thanked God for all those who participated in making it possible. In short, the experience was breathtaking. We were thankful that we had the opportunity to be there.

We had seen so many copies (versions) of the “Last Supper” that it was a delight to be at the place for which the artist, Leonardo da Vinci, was commissioned to paint it. It took him two years to complete this work in 1495. Though we were both standing before this masterpiece and placing ourselves into the experience, we were somewhat saddened by its deterioration. On checking this out later, we found that there are explanations for the deterioration. Nevertheless, the first signals of this deterioration appeared in 1518. In all there have been seven restorations, the last of which was in 1977.
Pompeii

One day we went on an excursion to the city of Pompeii. Here, prior to the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, Pompeii was a thriving city. Then it was buried with so little warning in 79 A.D. that Pompeii was literally frozen in time. If we want to know details about what life was like in a Roman city during the first century, by studying Pompeii we can get one of the best perspectives without needing to add much of the usual speculation. We can understand how the privileged rich man and the ordinary slave lived from day to day in the Roman Empire during the time when Christianity was beginning to spread throughout the Mediterranean. We can place ourselves in that city, in that time. What a thrill to be placed into the time of the apostles — St. Paul, St. Barnabas and other disciples of the same era! It is interesting to note that excavations in Pompeii continue to this day.

Venice

One of the experiences we included in our 1961 trip was Venice and its two magnificent structures, the Basilica of St. Mark the Evangelist and its Campanile. Venice was once a great maritime power that served as a bridge between East and West. It is now one of the greatest cultural centers of Europe. Venice is a city of canals and bridges that comprise the municipal transportation network. Altogether there are more than 200 canals, which are literally the streets and avenues of the city. Crossing the waterways are about 400 bridges. One of these is the infamous Bridge of Sighs. That title was given it because it went from the upper story of the Doge’s Palace to the republic’s prison. Here many had their last look before an incarceration which often included torture and death. So, for most this was their last sigh!

The Basilica is the cathedral church of the city and seat of the Patriarch of Venice since 1807. St. Mark’s Basilica majestically symbolizes the lagoon and enshrines the city’s history. Possession of the saint’s relics enabled the republic to maintain its authority from 828 A.D. onward. In 1096 the present structure was completed, but the decorative work continued until the beginning of the 19th century. Its mediaeval mosaics, depicting stories and episodes from the Old and New Testaments, present
not only a biblical meditation — like the icons of the Eastern Church — but also a sign of God’s presence in the world. Notable for us was the Piazza of San Marco, which we shared with hundreds of pigeons that had to be part of any picture taken. As we viewed the exterior, we could see the Clock Tower. This shows the hours in Roman numerals, the phases of the moon, and the zodiac. It also gave indications to the sailors about the tides and which months are more favorable for sailing. It is a delight to watch the hour announced with statues rotating high above. Add to this San Marco’s Horses, which have a storied history of transportation from Constantinople, the seizure by Napoleon, and their return by the French government around 1815.

In short, there was so much to see and upon which to meditate. Here was a history of people of faith, refugees from the early tribes, hiding on the many islands and finally establishing a city-state. Here, truly was a gem for our prayer and for thanking God for this special gift for all to experience.
Sicily

During our trip to Rome, Betty and I were able to spend a few days in Sicily. Our purpose was to visit my Uncle Nicolas as well as his wife and son Piero. They came by bus from the town of Prizzi, my father’s birthplace. They stayed with friends in Palermo and were able to avoid expensive (for them) room costs. They joined us at our hotel, and we spent the rest of the day discussing our families’ adventures. We had a delightful dinner in a small “home-town” restaurant, which they chose. The next day we had a short bus trip to the city of Monreale. Little did we know what was in store for us— the Cathedral of Monreale. The mosaics that cover completely the Duomo’s interior are grandiose and breathtaking. They cover a greater area than those of the Basilica of St. Mark in Venice. It is this aspect that makes Monreale world-famous.

I recall walking on a “safe” path high above outside the Cathedral to view its magnificence, “to see all the aspects of a dazzling mixture of Arab, Byzantine and Norman artistic styles framed with Romanesque architecture, all combined in a blend of the best that both the Christian and Muslim worlds of the 12th century had to offer, to view some elements of Sicilian church architecture.” (This is taken from an internet description.)

As I stated in an earlier chapter, Sicily is a blend of many cultures, all due to the invasion of nations and cultures such as the Christian French and Normans as well as Muslims from Arab nations. Its location in the Mediterranean is strategic for trade.

The English kings William I, William II, and Richard I (the Lionheart) all played a role in the construction and development of the cathedral. St. Thomas Becket, the Archbishop of Canterbury who was canonized in 1173, is depicted in a mosaic in the interior. This is believed to be the first public work of art honoring the English saint. This whole experience is certainly another instance where Betty and I went into the pages of history, even Church history, in our travels. We left Sicily the next day, carrying the treasure of Monreale. Of course we checked our sources on returning home.
On another occasion, about 15 years later, I visited cousin Piero in Sicily. In going to Rome for a meeting of the World CLC Executive Council, I planned a side trip to Sicily. I had someone at the World CLC Office make a reservation for a train from Rome to Bovalino in southern Italy. Piero decided to change my ticket to a much faster train, so he could meet me in the early evening. His plan was good, but it didn’t quite work out as well as he intended. About halfway there, the train was stopped because there was a bomb threat. We just sat there for over two hours. Finally, we proceeded cautiously. The result was that I arrived at the station around 11 at night, several hours late. I followed the crowd downstairs to the waiting area. There was no sign of Piero; everyone was gone; I heard the train pull out above. Have you ever felt abandoned? Felt helpless in the situation? That was Fred on the spot. About ten minutes later Piero appeared. Evidently, he had walked into the front of the train and worked his way to the rear. Whenever he saw a man with the English version of the Herald Tribune, he would ask, “Are you Fred Leone?” I had walked out directly from the back and proceeded from there. What did I learn? Perhaps God was testing me. Do I trust God enough? Evidently, at that time, not enough!

Reflection

In my daily prayer, I always thank God for all the gifts I have received and ask that I may use these gifts for others. But I also give thanks for all the people, events, and places that have helped bring me to where I am today. These are my companions in time. In Italy, I certainly had comfortable companions, showing me all the wonders and the history of a slice of the world. Each city or town gave me something. Whether it was the grandiose structure of a cathedral or baptistery, a museum, a canal or bridge, painting, sculpture, or event, all these were like a weaver putting together that fabric that we call Fred Charles Leone. Certainly, I had to participate in this development, but they all helped in molding it. And in this mold were many surprises. Again, I thank the God of — Surprises.

Some Other Countries in Europe

There are several other countries that Betty and I visited, and some I visited alone. Let me simply describe three which
had some meaning in my personal growth.

**Northern Ireland**

About twenty-five years ago, we visited Northern Ireland. We were on our way to a CLC meeting in London and wished to have a firsthand experience of the conflict between the Catholics and Protestants. Sister Mary Grant was our host. It was Holy Thursday. We arrived at Dublin after a long overnight trip. Our plane was late out of Dulles Airport, and the airline managed to lose our luggage temporarily, in its one connection. We were rushed to bed for a nap before the evening liturgy. Our home liturgy began with an *agape* (liturgical reenactment of the flight of Moses and the Israelites out of Egypt) at the home of an Irish CLC member, during which we later shared our lives in the Lord. Betty and I felt that we indeed were blessed to be a part of this group which welcomed us with joyful anticipation. One observation we made later was that at the Holy Thursday service, there was a large number of youth and young adults. We wondered if this was a sign of the future church in Ireland.

The next day we took a train to Belfast and were the guests of two Sisters, friends of Sr. Mary Grant. They drove us to the city center to visit a department store. This store was completely enclosed by a fence, and we needed to pass, and be searched by two military guards to enter. The air was tense. Later, we went by a large military barracks which was completely enclosed by a blanket of wire mesh. One could feel the seething situation, the time bomb waiting to explode. There were many tales about torture of traitorous Irish and about barbaric British troops. Most of the soldiers were very young, some probably away from home for the first time.

On Easter, we had a delightful dinner at the convent of Anglican Sisters. Joining us for a snack before dinner was a group of about twelve youth from a soccer team. As far as I know, one Sister was their coach. Since it was Easter and the convent was on Falls Road, this was the time of the IRA to march, and we observed it from the window just two flights up.

About ten years later I was at the National Institutes of Health hospital to have several cardiac tests. At Mass at the hospital one morning I met a father-son pair from Northern
Ireland who were being monitored as part of an extensive study. I had the opportunity to speak with the son for about one hour. In answer to my question about the risk of leaving their homes alone, he said that their trip to school every morning was a harrowing experience.

**England**

Our two main Jesuit contacts in England were Fr. Bernard Bassett, S.J., and later, Fr. Tony Horan, S.J. Fr. Bassett came to Cleveland in the early 1960’s. After meeting him at some Sodality (pre-CLC) function we invited him for dinner, with our seven children ranging in age from three to fourteen. He held his own. After the children were in bed, some older children reading to the younger, we asked him to tell us about this new format he was developing. He called it the small unit technique and told us about the communist cells which were headed by Mr. Douglas Hyde. (Hyde’s daughter and later he himself joined the Catholic faith.) Fr. Bassett wrote a small pamphlet called, “See how they run.” This was the framework of the meetings. It contained a methodology, which exists in many National Catholic Lay Organizations, that is, “See, Judge, Act.” In fact, the same format was used in the Renew 2000 programs. I conclude by noting that a small group of about eight began this in an experimental program in which Betty and I participated in Cleveland. It was adopted and later modified for the USA CLC.

Fr. Bassett had a great sense of humor. His five or six books are a delight to read, not heavy theologically, but getting across some theological points very well. We were his guests for a few days when we visited London once. Driving in England with him as driver and me in the passenger’s seat, I always thought he was on the “wrong side of the street.” He left his mark on the CLC movement. I will cover our visit with Fr. Tony Horan in a later chapter.

**Poland**

Here is a unique episode in my journey. In preparing for my attending the International Statistical Institute meeting in Warsaw, I wrote a short paper for presentation at the meeting. This was the period of Poland under the Soviet Bloc. I was always looking for more, the spiritual journey of my many
travels. Here I wanted to know more about the Polish picture from someone I could believe. Hence, I contacted the World CLC Office and obtained the name of the Jesuit Provincial of the province that included Warsaw. It was two days before the conclusion of the meeting. A Polish colleague instructed me on how to get to the location. She also said that the bus driver should know some English. So, I handed him the address, clearly written on a piece of paper, and arrived safely. The provincial did not know that I was coming, nor who I was. After about 20 minutes of careful discussion, I felt that he was no longer guarded in his conversation. The provincial asked me if I could come another time. When I told him that tomorrow was the last full day of the meeting, he asked that I come then. The next day we had better than an hour together as we walked in the garden area. He told me about the political oppression, how the Poles were not allowed to congregate. They had to be careful how they spoke in public, for any day someone you knew might disappear, having been called in “only for questioning.” It was a very informative session. I returned home to share the information.

Some years later I was visiting with CLC friends at the National German CLC Office in Augsburg, Germany. They told us how a few of their members would go into East Germany on the pretext of visiting relatives. They went across the border because they were to give a retreat. They were not allowed to carry books, so they smuggled a couple in. It was a dangerous journey, but we perform tasks with tremendous risks because we are motivated by love. For some, this motivation is love of God and, for others, love of neighbor.

Reflection

Let me continue on this theme of the God of Surprises. The surprise in Northern Ireland included the Anglican Sisters, the IRA, the Holy Thursday service and the young soldiers away from home for the first time. In England we joined the delightful Fr. Basset, who took us to the infamous Tower of London and introduced us to the Small Christian Community (SCC) we now call Christian Life Community (CLC).

My fabric has many colors, many weavers and a most particular character.
Dear God, give me the opportunity, the courage and the ability to help others discern and weave their fabric. Perhaps as they read my “Journey”, others will discover their own fabrics.
From 1972 to 2000, I was fortunate to make several trips to countries in the Pacific. Some of these were related to work with Christian Life Community and others to my professional activities in the International Statistics Institute. Let me begin with my first impression of the Pacific, since this is “the baggage” I carried into my new Pacific arena. This was at the conclusion of World War II. Yes, it was sixty years ago, and one may consider this an impression of a young adult. But it was reality. It existed.

**Japan 1945**

I came into this scene as a young naval officer aboard an aircraft carrier assigned to the function of communications and hence the recipient of many classified documents. I was also a victim of all that the current war propaganda was feeding to the American public. (On the other side, the same propaganda, in reverse form, was being hurled at the Japanese people.) I need not go into detail. Let me take you aboard the aircraft carrier Ticonderoga on about August, 20, 1945. All ship’s personnel received the following communication. I give it verbatim.

CONFIDENTIAL

U.S.S. TICONDEROGA (CV-14)

A.C.I. SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN

“THIS IS THE CAPTAIN SPEAKING”

The following information concerning plans for the surrender of Japan and for the initial occupation of Japanese territory has been prepared for the information of all officers and men of the Ticonderoga. Note that the classification is CONFIDENTIAL, which means that neither this memorandum nor excerpts from it may be mentioned in outgoing mail until such time as the story is released for publication.
On the thirty-first of August, nineteen forty-five, presumably on board Admiral William F. Halsey Flagship, the U.S.S. Missouri, in Tokyo Bay, the event which we all have dreamed of for forty-five long months will take place.

General Douglas MacArthur, as Supreme Allied Commander for the Allied Powers, will accept the formal surrender of the Japanese Armed Forces. The authorized representatives of the Japanese Emperor, accompanied by high ranking Japanese Army and Naval Officers, will present to General MacArthur the proclamation signed by the Emperor of Japan, and the instrument of surrender to be signed by all representatives of Allied Nations.

As soon as the formal surrender has taken place, the Emperor’s Proclamation, together with the terms of surrender, will be disseminated throughout Japan and the Japanese-Controlled Territory.

To forestall any treacherous moves by the Nips prior to the actual surrender date, on the 26th of August, an advance party from Okinawa will fly into Atsugi Airdrome, and Allied Naval Forces will move into Sagami Wan and Tokyo Bay. (See Map – not produced here). On the 28th of August Army Airborne Troops accompanying General MacArthur will land at Atsugi Airfield, and Marines and Naval Landing Forces will go ashore at Shinjuku Wan and occupy the Yokosuka Naval Base (See Map – not produced here.). From the 29th to the 31st of August, the landings of Marines and Bluejackets will continue, and these Forces will establish themselves in a designated zone (probably the Yokosuka Naval Base) until the formal surrender ceremonies have been concluded.

Except for the Cowpens, which will enter Tokyo Bay with our Naval Forces with facilities and personnel for setting up an emergency Naval Air Station ashore, the remaining carriers will fly combat air patrol over our landing forces, and over widely scattered Jap Airfields.

It is believed that the Ticonderoga and other carriers of our Group will fly combat air patrols over certain destroyers who will be stationed at intervals all the way from Okinawa to
Tokyo, for the purpose of providing facilities for the transport planes flying personnel from our bases on Okinawa to the Tokyo Area.

We are all in the midst of events that will make history and you can all be proud of the part you have taken, and will take in it.

After the surrender, but before the formal signing of the peace treaty, some of us aboard the ship had permission to go ashore for six to eight hours. So three of us officers (we were Ensigns) went into Yokosuka, then boarded a subway train to Tokyo for sightseeing and lunch at the Imperial Hotel. What a contradiction: Here we were three U.S. Navy officers amid numerous Japanese women and children, maybe some men, in the early afternoon. I believe they feared us, and hated us, for we had devastated their city and killed so many Japanese. They were a devastated people, having lost a war which their rulers began, and here were we, occupying their soil. (I wonder how we would have been treated if the train were crowded.) We went to a very upscale hotel for lunch. Part of it was bombed out. Many railroad stations were damaged. As we walked around, we could feel the local inhabitants’ suspicion. I managed to trade some cigarettes for two little ivory statuettes and an elegant small vase, which I treasure.

Reflection

Here was Fred’s baggage at the end of World War II. This baggage was the indelible picture of these Japanese people, with contrast between the treacherous fighter and a humbled people, and our transformation from victim to cruel victor.

I must ask then, just how much poison can a mind receive without this poison leaving a lasting effect? Fortunately, most of us have a remarkable regenerative capability in mind and body. I had the good fortune of a wonderful companion in Betty, our growing children, and occasional professional contacts from Japan. Then the Lord sent into our lives Kuneo Kikuchi, a fine Catholic Japanese young man who was a student at Case. We often invited him to our home for dinner or just a fun time outdoors. On one occasion he was with us for a
month, after there was a fire in his residence. Kuneo was a big brother to our children.

Dearest Lord, I pray that you send into all of our lives a Kuneo, one who will help us to follow the words of the Lord’s Prayer, when we say, “And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.” These are difficult words, but we can forgive with your help, O God. May we search for these gifted people in our lives.

World CLC Team (1972)

The summer of 1972 was very full, that is, I had several important functions, literally, back-to-back. These were (1) a research conference in Massachusetts, (2) a World CLC team visit to three countries in the Pacific, (3) a World Executive Council meeting in Augsburg, Germany, and (4) the annual meeting of the American Statistical Association. What a contrast both in location and in content! My family, CLC, the Statistical profession and Church community made up my world. These sub-worlds seem to be far apart, but to me they were complementary and constituted all of me. At the conclusion of my Pacific travels, my family joined me at the ASA Meeting in Montreal.

Fr. Nicholas Rieman, S.J. (World CLC Vice-Ecclesial Assistant), Miss José Gsell (World CLC Executive Secretary), and I visited some National CLC’s in the Pacific areas. I was the Vice-President of the World CLC at that time. Prior to that trip, I was in New Hampton, NH, as Chair of the Gordon Research Conference on Statistics and Statistical Design in the Chemical Industries. On the way to New Hampton, I met with the Chair of the ASA Committee on the Appointment of a New Executive Director to negotiate final terms of a proposed contract. We met in the lounge of United Airlines in the Washington National Airport. I recall my last question to him: “Does all of this mean that if I agree to these terms, the position is mine?” His answer was, “Yes.” He also assured me that an appointment letter (pending Board approval) would be sent to me at Augsburg.

I left New Hampton a day before the conference concluded and took a small plane to Boston. This was followed by a very long flight to Tokyo, Japan. The other two members of
the team were already there since they were attending the Japanese CLC national assembly. Finally, I was able to greet the delegates before the assembly was over. They gave me a one-square-foot placard with many greetings, mostly in English, but some in Japanese. This was the second time I set foot on Japanese soil, but due to time constraints, it was barely more than a “hello.” This was a most striking contrast to my earlier visit. As I mentioned above, the first was at the conclusion of World War II with the horrors of destruction and annihilation before us. Twenty-four years later, here was a most welcoming and dear people.

From Japan we went to the Philippines. We were met at the airport and taken to the Jesuit Center in Manila. There, we stayed at the residence of the Jesuits. We had many long discussions and shared experiences with our host, Fr. Benn Sim, S.J. (I might note at this point that in the following summer Ben Sim and two Filipinos joined us at the U.S. national CLC Convention at Iowa City. They were our last guests in Iowa City and our first guests in Washington, DC.) Most educated Filipinos know English and one of their native languages, Tagalog or Visayan.

Towards the end of our visit a hurricane hit the Philippines. I recall that several million Filipinos, almost all poor, were forced from their homes. And the rain caused much flooding. At night, we could hear the giant bullfrogs in the courtyard. The water was almost knee-high. On the third day, very early in the morning, we waded through the courtyard, shoes and socks in hand, and went to the airport. We departed from Manila and flew to Davao, in the southern island of Mindanao. We then settled in at the Jesuit Collegio, a resident high school and a Jesuit community residence. The next day, after a two-hour jeep ride on a dusty road, we arrived in Zamboanga for a regional Philippine CLC assembly. It was a dangerous time to travel, because there were many skirmishes between the Muslims and the Christians.

To attend our meeting, many came from neighboring islands by small boats. After an initial talk by Nick, one of their leaders told us about their mission. He explained the work in the various cooperatives and indicated how these have helped
the poor. We continued sharing our experiences informally. Next came some social time and a very delicious Filipino meal, very different from any I have had. That evening they departed and returned to their respective islands. The next morning we returned to the Davao airport, which was reaching the flood stage. We returned to the Collegio for a decent night’s sleep. However, when we arrived at the airport the next morning, the flight attendants were frantic. The expected time of arrival had changed and the plane was ready to take off. We flew back to Manila and were off to our next destination, which could not possibly be as exciting as this one, we assured ourselves. We had a half-day in Manila where we ventured to the main post office. There I found my appointment letter that had been forwarded from Augsburg, Germany.

In Indonesia, we encountered still another culture, a culture which was largely Muslim. But before we went there, we stopped for a day in that famous island of Bali to enjoy its beaches. On our first day in Jakarta, José, Nick and I spoke as a team. Our subject was “The three properties or charisms of CLC.” José spoke on spirituality, Nick spoke on community, and I spoke on mission. After we gave descriptions of each, we made the point that any CLC group that does not have all three is not a CLC. One day José went to Jog Jakarta to speak with Jesuit seminarians, and Nick and I stayed in Jakarta for other discussions. The seminarians were so surprised by this lay woman (José) who was much more versed in Ignatian spirituality than any of them were. Finally, on a Sunday, we had a marvelous banquet. The hall was decorated with large, beautiful, hand-made bouquets of long palm fronds, like the palms that we receive on Palm Sunday. The various artistic designs were up to about four feet high.

We were now ready to complete our round-the-world trip with a final stop for a one-week meeting of the World CLC Executive Council in Augsburg, Germany, before concluding in Montreal and at home in the U.S.A.. Hence the World Executive Council meeting concluded just before the Board meeting of ASA and the Convention.

Our airline had an overnight stop at Athens. We arrived early enough to have dinner at a restaurant close to the motel.
We did not leave Athens until mid-afternoon on the next day. We did not have much sleep, for the motel was beastly hot, with no air conditioning, and located just off the airport. Nick and I slept on a balcony outside our motel room. The next morning we had enough time to visit the Parthenon. We were awed by the beauty and immensity of this architectural masterpiece that dates back to the history of ancient Greece.

In Augsburg, there followed a fine meeting of the Executive Council, and I went directly to the ASA meeting in Montreal. Betty arrived with our two youngest children and a friend from Cleveland on the same day. She drove the entire trip with an intermediate stop in Vermont. Such fortitude! We settled in our rooms, and I awaited the decision of the ASA Board of Directors at the beginning of the meeting. I was a member of the Board at that time. Of course, I was not present while they made their decision. As I entered the room, there were clapping and congratulations. During the meeting the children enjoyed Montreal. We then proceeded to Iowa City. This time we had two drivers.
Reflection

Except for an earlier trip to Santo Domingo for a World CLC assembly, this was my first extensive trip to cultures different from my own. We were a team on a mission. Its purpose was to have our host communities get to know us and for us to know them. Also, in this period, we three team members learned about each other. Our accommodations were always simple. We slept where we could, we ate what they served. In all this, there was clear evidence of love of God and love of neighbor. We learned a great deal and received much more than we gave. It was exciting in so many ways.

Dear Lord, I thank you for this opportunity to be your servant.
May we be hosts to many others.

In retrospect at this time, I realize that the Lord has allowed us to extend this hospitality to many in the United States and from Europe, South America, Africa, the Middle East, Asia, and Australia.

Here we learned two very clear lessons: (1) We should be ourselves and keep the doors open for others. For the Christ of the poor and the needy is among them. (2) It is possible to blend family, profession, CLC (or mission-oriented calling), Church, and day-to-day living. With the help of the Holy Spirit, it can be done. We were blessed to receive this help.

And now I ask, “What other cultures (not necessarily from other continents) have you had the opportunity to invite into your home, your school, and your space? Have you sought them, not by specific searches, but by your welcoming presence?” Let us all be open to these guests, for they have much to give and some will transform us.

The World CLC Assembly (Manila, 1976)

Before the World CLC Assembly I was able to obtain from the Raskob Foundation a grant of $15,000 to assist with the translation system. This included some electrical connection (I hesitate to say electronic) and assistance in obtaining good interpreters. As was customary, the talks were presented in three languages — English, French, and Spanish. In fact, the World CLC publication, Progressio, has three language editions. We needed microphones, hearing sets, and other equipment. We
had available a large enough auditorium and conference rooms. It was quite a sight with wires hanging from the ceiling.

About a year prior to the Assembly I was in Rome for a meeting of the World Executive Council. I came a day early to discuss some of the details of this upcoming event with the Executive Secretary and the Vice Ecclesial Assistant. We wanted to include some “immersion experiences.” These were experiences in some of the issues and social actions in the Philippines. We thought of having some of our members live with a poor family for a few days. But we ruled this out quickly, because we feared that our immune systems would not provide the health protection needed as we shared food. But an alternate plan was developed. This involved closer views of several experiences, political and social in nature. Betty’s and my different experiences are explained below.

We arrived in Manila eight days before the 1976 Assembly. A number of the participants had taken the option of making a directed eight-day version of the Spiritual Exercises before the Assembly. Our retreat guide was Fr. José Blanco, S.J., the National Ecclesial Assistant for the Philippines. (Several years later he was in the United States and traveled with us to attend the National CLC Assembly in New Orleans It was a three-day trip from Washington, DC. Another woman from our parish, Theresa McNair, joined us. It was indeed a pilgrimage. Each evening we had Mass in one of the two motel rooms. We even visited the Martin Luther King Memorial in Atlanta.)

We were two of seven retreatants to be guided in this retreat by José. I recall that he chose to fast for three days as an offering and support of our retreats. On the final day of the retreat all seven of us, as a group, met with José to share our retreat experiences. Following the retreat, we participated in our immersion experience. Two retreatants and I visited in the home of a Filipino lawyer. Betty visited an enormous Filipino barrio (Tondo), perhaps the largest in the country.

This lawyer told us that she had been under house arrest. (Several years after our visit, she escaped her country and went to the U.S.) A visitor at her home in Manila was a senator who was opposed to President Ferdinand Marcos. He explained why his left arm and hand were severely damaged.
A bomb explosion at a political rally gave the senator a somewhat crippled left hand. Shortly, Cory Aquino, her lawyer and her teenage daughter joined us. It was very exciting to listen to her and the other three. We were right there in the presence of history being made, for, after the overthrow of Marcos and the ouster of his wife Imelda, Cory was to be the new elected President of the Philippines. She suggested that some of us may wish to appear at her husband’s, Benigno Aquino’s hearing the next day. That evening three people were invited to attend the hearing. Betty was able to go, and the CLC team shared their experience before the entire assembly. I had a presentation to make at our Assembly the next day.

Let me give a further word about Aquino. He was later released and served as a visiting professorial lecturer at Harvard University, I believe. After a short time he was asked to return and “all was forgiven.” However, when he left the plane in Manila, he was assassinated. In retrospect, I wonder if this was the final spark that ignited the flame of the overthrow of Marcos. I do recall one striking incident that occurred as the overthrow was in progress. When Marcos ordered his troops to fire at the demonstrators, all the soldiers refused to comply.

The Assembly began after the retreat. This was at Baggio, a mountain resort area. It was approached by a dangerous, narrow, two-lane road on a mountainside. Small repair crews were busy along the way, almost continually keeping the road in repair. They actually had small shelters so they could always be available for these road repairs. At Baggio, the Jesuits had a large retreat house that could accommodate our entire Assembly.

At the Assembly, a most interesting experience was told to us by a very dear friend, Marie Schimelfening. Marie attended a meeting in the city of Manila. She chose this as part of her optional immersion experience. This meeting, though on social issues, had some political overtones. At least Marcos must have felt that way. Marie was sure that there were some secret service men in the audience. One of them politely asked to drive her back to Baggio. Poor Marie, most everyone had gone and she was left behind. What could she do? She accepted, but prayed all the way back to Baggio.
The guide for the Assembly was Fr. Horatio de la Costa, S.J. He was one of the five consultants to Fr. Pedro Arrupe, S.J., the Superior General of the Jesuits. At the conclusion of each day the guide would tell us what he heard, what he discerned that the Holy Spirit was telling us. He then asked us to reflect individually on how we might respond. I recall one of his remarks, “As you go on your journey, the road gets narrower and narrower. So you must make your way by going.” A few years later, these last five words were the theme of our USA CLC National Assembly.

A Philippine disaster took place towards the end of the Assembly: There was a tidal wave nearby and many lost much of their possessions. We were up in the mountains. Our hosts asked for assistance either in money or clothes. The clothes sizes should not be too large. All of us were willing to help as much as we could. As a result, many of our suitcases went back home much lighter than when we arrived.

Reflection

Here, Betty and I were placed into the experiences of life. Here we saw the pain and the joy, the political intrigue, the quest for life and a touch of history of the host country in the making. In this World CLC meeting we experienced the cultures of about fifty different nations assembled together. At each of the World Assemblies, we had several Masses, parts of which were given in different languages and with historic native dress We had the Japanese, the Indian, the Arabic, the Filipino, the European, the Latin American, the… Oh Lord, I thank you for giving Betty and me the privilege of being in the midst of our sisters and brothers in the Philippines at this time. A theme here would be, “The Wealth of Cultural Diversity.” Indeed this is evident in one of Betty’s and my CLC groups.. We have eleven members. Three are Africans, from Cameroon and Kenya; three are Latin Americans, from Argentina, Bolivia and Chile and the others five are U.S. citizens.

May I ask all of us, What are the different “cultures” in our lives? How are we enriched? Culture may be translated to mean that which was given above, or differences among the people in our lives or even differences in our family. And how do we react to them — with a welcoming presence or with a rejection?
Statistics and Hydrology (Tokyo-1980)

My third visit to the Pacific region was totally professional. It was in October 1980. Because of my position as the Executive Director of ASA and my interest in statistics and its many applications, I was asked to co-chair the “First Symposium on Statistics and Hydrology.” I did not know much about hydrology, but had some expertise in the use of statistical designs and techniques in engineering and quality control. I accepted the position, but my co-chair was really the organizer of the program content and was able to get top researchers in the field. A good program was put together, and we had a four-day international meeting at an educational training center about sixty miles from Tokyo. The organizing team arrived a few days earlier and was able to take a trip to Mt. Fujiyama.

This meeting with about 60 people was truly a learning experience for me. The food, though wholesome, was mediocre. One morning for breakfast, the cook decided to give us sunny-side-up eggs. Wow! We Americans felt that they must have obtained the ingredients from a rubber plantation. I wish they had asked me to make the eggs, but that would be out of place. The cooks tried their best, and there were no visible complaints.
The meeting had a Japanese location, but had no particular Japanese focus. On the evening before concluding, the local committee took all of us to an authentic Japanese restaurant, set in a wooded area. We had our own private room and we each sat on a pillow with our individual tables and cooking places. Then the waiters prepared the meal to order before us. The next afternoon (Saturday) two of my Japanese CLC friends picked me up and took me to the home of another CLC member and her family (husband and wife and two pre-teen boys). I stayed at that Japanese home for two days. There we visited some mountains and a Buddhist shrine. It was a wonderful experience, just being part of a Japanese family.

Reflection

Here is an example of what we call in CLC, a world community. This family knew me through CLC and I was immediately welcomed into their home. They even took me to a very elegant restaurant deep in the woods. (I did not have the heart to tell them that I was there just the night before. I fully enjoyed both meals.) The point here is hospitality. As a Brazilian friend told me many times, “The door is always open.” And so this was a central theme in our lives. We have tried to do the same thing so many times. (See chapter 16 –”Always Room at the Inn.”

Lord, thank you for this opportunity again and again. Thank you for all the benefits we have received through our brothers and sisters in our home. We did not seek these neighbors. You sent them to us.

Now I ask you, How have you welcomed your neighbor – near and far? Sometimes the results are delightful, sometimes they are painful. How have they been for you?

The International Statistical Institute meeting in Manila (1983)

Several months before the ISI meeting, I was talking with Barbara Bailar. She was a colleague, an Associate Director at the Bureau, a past President of ASA and later my successor as the Executive Director of ASA. I asked her if she wanted to see the real Manila. By that I meant the scenes behind the scenes. She said, “Yes.”
We arrived at Manila and went directly to our headquarters hotel. This was elegant and in no way reflected the financial situation of the country. It seems that the poor themselves did not matter. In the afternoon the meeting opened as usual. There were some introductory remarks and the stage was set. On the first day of the meeting the welcome address was always given by a government official at the highest level that this renowned institution could obtain. We have had prime ministers, a crown prince, and presidents. Here it was President Ferdinand Marcos himself. The beautiful auditorium was filled. We found out later that there were many schoolchildren who were given the day off to hear the President speak. Their presence was mandatory, of course. After a few days, Barbara reminded me that I had not shown her the real Manila.
yet. That prompted me to contact some of my CLC friends. A CLC friend came in a pick-up that next morning. And that’s just what it was. As Barbara and I waited in front of the hotel, along came this pick-up truck, not new and shiny, but operable. There was room for three. At no time did the driver apologize for his not having a sizeable sedan or limousine. Knowing me, they knew that I probably expected this. Besides, this was the best they had. As I look back at this scene in front of the newest, most luxurious hotel in Manila, I realize that I should have thanked the driver for providing the background of what we were to experience.

We were taken to a center where women were taught how to use a sewing machine. This model was not electric, but one that I had seen many times when I was a child. The end products were shirts and other clothing which were then sold in support of programs for the poor. Our guides explained some other programs that CLC members were sponsoring. From there we went to a member’s home. Fr. José Blanco was there. After some sharing, we were asked to join them for lunch. As I might have expected, it was not an elaborate meal. Such a meal would be embarrassing. Rather, several people brought some dishes, like a potluck.

It was now time to visit the barrios. We saw houses mostly made of wood planks. A few houses were elite; that is, they had a second floor, or at least a partial second floor. The structures were strong enough and safe. The residents had no fear of robbery. Who would steal from them? We then spoke with the village leader. He was a young man, probably in his late thirties. We sat in his office, an open-air structure with a few chairs and a table. He explained the general governmental body they had. Its purpose was to guide people and to assist families as needed. He did not mention any cases of violent incidents within the village.

Two features were especially noteworthy, namely, the children and the roads. The young children seemed to be very happy as they played together. Recall that it was summer, so school was out. There were no such things as camps, training, or sports available for these people. All the children were spotlessly clean. All the families we saw doing their thing were
not particularly preparing for us. My guess was that when the kids get dirty, big sister or mom gets them cleaned, and the clothes go in the wash. This cleanliness also represents some discipline exercised by the parents.

The other item was the condition of the roads. None were concrete or black-top or even dusty. That is because many of the roads were over water. Better than half of the village was in water. This meant planks for the roads and stilts for some of the houses. It seems that Mrs. Imelda Marcos, the Minister of Housing and Welfare, did not want to allocate better land for them. But they were happy families, though deprived of full government services. When we returned to the hotel, Barbara said that while we were walking on the planks and seeing the children play, she was reminded of her nine-year-old daughter and her living environment in contrast to that of the children here. She almost wept.

**Reflection**

The professional meeting went very well. I met many of my international colleagues. We shared stories; we shared our work. I could not share any professional statistical research. At that time I was a manager, a director of a large professional association. But they respected me for my work, and I respected them for theirs. I was able to attend these meetings because of my position in the professional world.

However, a rich part of these days was the visit with my CLC sisters and brothers. I am pleased that I had the opportunity to visit the barrios with Barbara and to share ourselves and our dreams with the residents. We learned so much. We saw the “real Manila.” It is one thing to talk about the poor; it is another to experience the poor by being in their midst.

I must add that I probably would not have visited my CLC friends, once I became deeply immersed in the ISI meeting. But isn’t this the way God works? I mention a simple point like, “Want to see the real Manila?” Then the person I spoke with comes back to me a few months later and asks, “Where is it?”

*Lord, continue to give me a nudge here and there, and do so for my many companions.*
Again I ask, How many times have we tried to experience the plight of the poor? Have we visited or served in a soup kitchen? I have had the privilege of two wonderful experiences worth noting. One time Betty and I were asked by a friend to serve and do dishes at a Washington soup kitchen. It was for Thanksgiving Day. The regular staff was given Thanksgiving off to be with their families. What a rich experience for us and our three younger children! At a later time we did the same with our CLC friends in Rome.

Our Last Pilgrimage to the Pacific (1990)

I put this section here as part of my statistical activities, because it came about as a result of my fifteen years with the ASA. At the time of my official retirement in 1987, the ASA Board of Directors presented me with a check for travel. In the letter from the ASA President, Barbara Bailar, she made it very clear that Betty was expected to accompany me. She also said that I could do some professional work, if I wished.

It did not take Betty (and me) much time to decide that we would use it for a pilgrimage to visit our CLC friends in the Pacific arena. However, our trip was put on hold for a while, because my mother became ill and died in the early spring of 1990. We then went on the occasion of our 45th wedding anniversary. We went to countries that Betty had not visited before. In almost all of these places we lived with CLC members and accepted whatever hospitality they offered.

New Zealand

Our first stop was Auckland. On the first evening we went to Rotorua, where we had a buffet dinner at a hotel. There the entertainment was the experience of the Tamaki Living Maori Village. It was a journey back in time through the Maori village experience with tribal songs, dances, and activities.

The next day, we contacted Fr. Kim, a Jesuit who had spent some time in the Philippines and knew Fr. José Blanco well. He invited us to stay with him for a few days. Our bed was a mattress on the floor with adequate sheets and other bed linen. We were very pleased that he felt comfortable enough to invite us into his modest, simple lifestyle and accept the little he had to offer. We had meals at his house. Then I insisted that we
take him out for dinner. He said, “No, that’s too expensive.” So we compromised with a Fred Leone spaghetti dinner with all the trimmings, including wine, at the house. Then we were off for Australia.

**Australia**

In Australia we were the guests of families in Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane. We had the opportunity to visit a couple of CLC communities and share with them. A special treat was a regional meeting on a Sunday afternoon. Later that day we went to a Jesuit parish for dinner. Our host who set up this trip was Fr. Noel Bradford, S.J., who had been a guest in our home for several days after an earlier World CLC Assembly. An odd treat was an early November parade on the first Saturday of November, opening the annual Christmas shopping season. In all, we were able to visit some of the museums in Sydney and managed to use public transportation admirably. We went to a park where we saw many kangaroos, koala bears, pheasant and other beautiful birds, including the scrubby kookaburra.

**Indonesia**

Our next stop was Jakarta. Our hosts were a couple and their teenage son. (He gave up his room.) The husband was Dean of the School of Science at the Catholic University. The Christian population was very much in the minority, and we kept hearing the Muslim call to prayer in their neighborhood. Of note is the fact that this couple was married against the objections of their parents. He was Catholic, and she was Muslim,
although she did not wear a head scarf. The reconciliation came early in their marriage when their son was born.

Several Indonesian CLC members took us to two revered shrines. One was in the process of being rebuilt, and some of its rocks were marked, indicating where they would be placed. Since Indonesia has more active volcanoes than any other country, our hosts decided to take us to one. We were fairly close, but at a safe distance. We could see the extremely hot, bubbling rock.

One day we went to a mathematics and science fair. No, I didn’t learn any mathematics, but somewhere in that great hall they were selling ice cream at Swenson’s, which was a favorite parlor in Washington, DC. Also, my host had planned that I would speak before a group at the university. That did not materialize, but we visited a professor in the mathematics department, who taught some courses in statistics. He had just finished a session with a graduate student. On his desk was a copy of Technometrics, a publication for which I was editor for five years. I left him a copy of a videotape which he was to convert into another system.
The major evening event that the Indonesia National CLC had planned for us was a combined meeting of several CLCs. There were student groups, young adults, and older adults. We were the guest speakers, and there was an interpreter. Rather than have us sit on the floor as they did, we were provided with a couple of low stools. The first event was our presentation. They asked us to speak about our family and how we had fared in CLC as a married couple for forty-five years. They called us “The Survivors” (long before the TV program). I don’t recall what we said, but Betty spoke, and I spoke, and we hardly interrupted each other. Following this was an informal dinner – soup and some other simple Indonesian dishes. We then concluded with a dance by a CLC member. She was dressed in a beautiful native gown, and she performed a “Welcome Dance” for us. Yes, we felt that we were certainly welcomed into their CLC family.

Japan

Our last stop was Tokyo. We were met at the airport, which was about two hours away from Tokyo. We stayed with Ryu Sizuki and family. We had met Ryu several years earlier at the World CLC Assembly at Providence, RI. This was an unusually gifted family. All the children played the piano exceptionally well. Their grandmother, Ryu’s mother, was a professional piano teacher. They had three grand pianos in a soundproof room. Ryu was an economist, and his father was a Forbes magazine representative in Japan. While there, we attended a CLC meeting with Itaru, a past member of the World Executive Council, whom Betty had met at another World Assembly, and a Sister who was on the faculty of a university. While we adults had our meeting, the four children had their meeting. At the appropriate time, the children joined us and related details of their session. Others with whom we visited were Fr. Isadoro Ribas and Setsuko Nagashima. Fr. Ribas was the Japanese National Ecclesial Assistant, and Setsuko had served on the World Executive Council with me. We then returned to our home in Washington, DC.

Reflection

I now ask, What lessons have I learned in the experiences above? What experiences have I taken back with me to share
their fruits with others? The lessons were many. I learned that all human beings are precious in God’s eyes, though they are different from me in so many ways, namely, language, customs, culture, traditions, and others. In other nations people may do things very differently, but love just as we love. I learned that there is much wealth in cultural diversity. As noted earlier, I very much appreciate the mix in one of my CLC communities – Africa, South America, and North America.

I take back a certain humility, a humility which tells me that I am only one in God’s plans for all of us. I take back that humility with the hope that I can learn from others as they may learn from me. And in the Pacific I see ancient cultures, the Maori from New Zealand, the Aborigines from Australia, the Muslims from Indonesia, and the mix of cultures of Japan.

Your and my worlds may be somewhat different. But if we examine the ingredients of these worlds, we will find the various cultures. We will also find that we are only a very small part of God’s plan. And we will find humility!
Chapter 11

Latin American Journeys

Introduction

Let us first make some introductory remarks about the organization and its committee that sponsored a series of six visits to Latin American countries. As noted earlier, the American Statistical Association (ASA) was founded in 1839 by five gentlemen—a minister, two public servants, a doctor, and an educator. Their purpose was to make statistics of value to all sectors of society. From its very beginning, the ASA constitution made it clear that one of its objectives was to contribute to human welfare. This objective has remained in the ASA constitution throughout its 165 years. Let me quote two places in the present constitution. At the end of its opening sentences in Article II – Objectives are the words, “to increase its contributions in human welfare.” Two sentences later the constitution states, “It also cooperates with other organizations in the advances of statistics, stimulates research, promotes high professional standards... and, in general, makes statistics of service to society.” Emerging from this objective are a number of committees, whose concern is not the technical aspects of the science but relationships in the public sector.

One of these committees is the Committee on International Relations in Statistics (CIRIS). As executive director, after I received a number of inquiries on international relations, I called five members in various statistical fields to meet with me. I knew they had interests in this endeavor of international relations. In my office, I asked them why they might want the establishment of this committee and whether they would be willing to serve on it. In all their responses not a single person said, “It is because the ASA has a responsibility helping them.” They were in agreement that the objective of this proposed committee really meant “international relations”—relations where the benefits flow in both directions. They all agreed to serve on this committee. Hence, I felt that the ASA had a fine committee. Thus, CIRIS was born, and its charter was approved by the Board of Directors.
Its first task was to visit other countries and establish these relations. As we visited each country, we would present lectures or symposia, and have a face-to-face discussion with the leaders of established or emerging organizations. Of course, we were open to questions and spoke with other members at the conclusion of the presentations. We chose countries in Latin America as our first focus, and visited six countries in two trips. We had a team of five, including me. We visited the following countries in the order given: Mexico, Colombia, Argentina, Brazil, Venezuela, and Chile. Other visits followed in other parts of the world. We were able to obtain a grant, while two of the team members were sponsored by their employers. One employer was the World Bank, and the other, the National Center for Health Statistics (of the National Institutes of Health or NIH). We also had sufficient funds for a number of return visitors from Latin America. In fact, we invited them as guests of the American Statistical Association, with all expenses paid, at our next annual meeting. We spread our visits over two trips within a year. My remarks do not concern the methodological or statistical contents of the presentations, but rather the aspects before, during, and after the formal sessions. After the first session, my colleagues reminded me that I did not say enough about the structure and membership of the Association. This was an important point, since, in many countries, membership in professional associations is controlled by the federal government. Many listeners were surprised to hear that membership in most associations in the United States depends upon interest and ability to pay dues. In academies and some learned societies, nominees for membership must have specified educational and research qualifications.

**Mexico**

Our local contacts, mostly ASA members, made all of the arrangements with the appropriate government agencies. We presented a panel, where each of the team members spoke on a particular statistical methodology and application and commented on their agencies or employers. Most of the presentations were at an intermediate level, since we did not know the level of our audience. In this first venture we had five presentations from the ASA and two from Mexico. I spoke about the American Statistical Association. I gave a brief statement
on its structure and covered some of its activities. The other members of the team presented more technical talks that were pitched at an intermediate level. Our presentations were followed by two others from the host country. Finally, these were followed by a question and answer session. The remainder of the day was spent in informal discussions and visits with some government officials. We were there for two full days. Dinners and other niceties were included.

I do recall a rather amusing incident. At our banquet on the second evening, we were treated to a mariachi band. The evening was delightful, except for the speech by one of our hosts, Carlos Pedilla. He was a graduate student at the University of Iowa several years earlier, when I was a professor there. So he decided to present a welcome speech after a delicious filet mignon had been served. The speech went on and on, while the meal went from hot to warm to tepid. But that is a risk when one is a guest at someone else’s home. The host calls the shots, and the guest is the willing recipient.

Colombia

Betty and I had a close relationship with an international social action group working with refugees from Latin America, called Tabor House. We were there often and even participated with several others in a weekly seminar on liberation theology. Tabor House had many guests who had escaped from their countries. These guests would stay for a few days to several months, depending on the particular situation. One of these was a Sister who was at the house in El Salvador where the three Jesuits and two others were murdered. She related to us her experience, describing how she was able to leave the country. It involved a circuitous route and traveling at night.

Somewhat later, the leaders of Tabor House had reliable information that in Colombia a number of doctors were being rewarded with new expensive laboratory equipment, if they administered drugs which caused sterilization in women. I was given a contact name and phone number in Bogotá. He was a priest who was chaplain at a university. On my first day in Bogotá’, I contacted him. He was very guarded in his conversation, but evidently knew the situation. By giving him the names of the people at Tabor House and the circumstances
of my visit there, I convinced him of my mission. A point to mention here is the fact that there was a network of human rights activists across many Latin American countries. The next evening he delivered a portion of the powdered medicine. Unfortunately, by the time I arrived in Washington, DC, the medication was tested, and, if, in fact, it was a sterilization drug, it had lost its strength. We had to try to expose the abuse, though we were not successful.

The symposium went well. We were able to develop new friendships and colleagues. And in governmental contacts, our presence provided support to the local statisticians.

**Argentina**

I note here that this visit to Argentina preceded the biennial meeting of the International Statistics Institute in 1981. The meeting format was somewhat similar to the previous visits by the ASA team. However, there was one major difference. One of the Argentinian speakers was Carlos Noriega, the Director of their Census Bureau. In his presentation, he was very critical of the government’s bureaucratic stance. He said that they were not giving him enough financial support. In fact, he said that “we don’t even get enough paper on which to print our reports.”

That evening the team members discussed his harsh criticism of the government. This was the era of the “desaparaciños” — the disappeared. By the time we had completed our first three visits to the remaining countries, Carlos Noriega quickly departed from Argentina, leaving behind a wife and three children. We learned that he had a position at the UN. However, he went to Mexico to visit his family. While there, he disappeared. More on that will come later.

**Brazil**

We met with the host committee. This included some of my students and colleagues from my first trip there as a Fulbright Professor. There was Dr. Pedro Morretin, now the editor of the statistical journal *Estatistica*. He later became a Fellow of ASA. There were several others. Besides the formal colloquium, we discussed their plans for future symposia in particular areas of statistics. At that time, he was the president...
of the Brazilian Statistical Society. It was very much alive, and its members came from all of Latin America. Some of my former students were now leaders. I was deeply pleased with them.

Let me add one anecdote regarding our visit to Brazil. Another member of the ASA team and I were walking along the beach in Rio de Janeiro. He asked me, “Fred, you have strong leadership qualities, but you do not take credit for all the things you are achieving in the ASA. Why don’t you?” My reply was simple: “I do not need the brownie points, the laurels for achievements. Leave these to others. I would rather be the facilitator, the empowering person behind the scenes, and let the others do their work (and get credit for it). I offer ideas or borrow them and sometimes provide guidance for their execution. Isn’t that what a leader should do?” He understood me quite clearly, and we continued our walk.

**Venezuela**

We were in Caracas three days. Going to and from the central meeting places was hazardous. The traffic certainly paralleled that of New York City during its rush hours. In the morning traffic we could see the cloud of pollution slowly rising up the hillside. Then it subsided and would reemerge again during the evening traffic.

In general, we feel that we accomplished our goal there. We met with a number of government officials and discussed the role of statistics in gathering and utilizing data through sound statistical methods.

**Chile**

We arrived in Santiago and were escorted to our hotel in two large black limousines, which raced through the city. The visit to Chile provided a fine climax to our Latin American visits. There were the technical or professional element, the political element, and the personal element. Our primary host was Sergio Chaparro, Director of the Bureau of the Census. Let me add a note concerning Sergio. A few years after our visit, he and his wife were in Washington, DC, on official governmental business. One evening Betty and I invited them to be our dinner guests. But first, we took a “tour” in front of the
White House (no barriers then) to see the many peaceful demonstrators on both sides of the issue of renewal of the Panama Canal Treaty. The appearance of these groups of people, some of whom were strange bedfellows, simply amazed the Chaparros. He then said, “I am surprised that you could demonstrate against the government and not be jailed. In Chile, that would be a crime.”

Today, in 2004, I wish I could show my guest that the same situation still exists here in the United States. Not so! Just ask those 1824 people who were arrested demonstrating before and during the recent Republican Convention in New York. Ask Alexander Pincus who had left home to get a deli sandwich, soup, and other items. He was held incommunicado for 28 hours. To handcuff him, his arms were pulled back and a shoulder was dislocated. Ask the woman who was returning from work and was hauled into a filthy jail. Hopefully these were isolated events. But do such things go on without any check and punishment through the courts?

Going back to Chile, we learned that there is built into a mountain side, a current large database system on suspected “subversives,” those people who defy or who are suspected of defying the dictatorships of the Latin American countries in the Southern Cone. This information traced the movements of these individuals, and was available to any of the participating governments. One member of our ASA team, Marvin Mueller, head of the computer section of the World Bank, obtained this information, though I do not know how he managed to do so. In a way, he was in a precarious position during those visits covering countries with dictatorships. However, he was not fearful, since the World Bank had full details on his travel plans and could act immediately if he had any difficulty. A rather interesting anecdote on the “mountain database” is that it also had the responsibility of conducting the national lottery. For the lottery, rigid rules on privacy and information leaks were instituted.

As we drove around the central section of the city, we passed the presidential offices. There on the walls we could see the scars from bullets fired when President Allende was
assassinated. We stopped the car and asked our hosts if this was the place. Thus we saw another piece of Chile’s history.

I found time to visit with the Jesuit Provincial, Fr. Juan Ochigavia, S.J., to discuss the human rights situation in Chile. He reviewed this for me and said that his office had compiled a list of those missing and imprisoned in violation of their human rights. The Jesuit Office had been effective in the release of some political prisoners and in obtaining information on the whereabouts of a number of victims.

Finally, a plastic surgeon and his wife (who was a statistician and a member of ASA), Dr. Taucher, invited me to a special afternoon dinner. I recall that it was a Saturday and the surgeon made his special dish, paella, for me. He was the cook; the maid was his assistant, and she had to clean up all the dishes and all the utensils used in the preparation. An outstanding meal and an enjoyable time!

As a footnote, let me add that a few years later, Dr. Taucher, the surgeon, was jailed with two other doctors. The charge was “aiding the enemies of the country.” Evidently, they had given medical help to some individuals who had “committed a crime against the country.” Immediately on learning of this, the ASA and other national professional associations responded with forceful letters of inquiry. The result was their release in three days. This again showed us very clearly that professional associations can play an important role in the arena of human rights.

This visit concluded an important venture in international relations and in human rights. We had a mission to perform and were pleased that we were given the necessary support to carry this out.

Reflection

When we moved from Iowa City to Washington, DC, I often asked myself, “What am I doing here? Isn’t it too difficult for us and the children? They are very unhappy.” Betty would assure me that God has a purpose, a plan, for me (us). As the years rolled by, the theme of service became clearer and clearer. I “preached” of service to ASA members, before the chapters and at informal discussion, during dinners. Of course,
I framed it a little differently, something like, “You have all these abilities. What are you doing with them other than earning a living?” They usually heard me. In some cases, they developed a series of educational programs. In others they offered their pro bono consultative services to solve problems in a community or city.

And now, there comes the strong call of human rights. The ASA Committee on International Relations in Statistics (CIRIS) laid the groundwork, and the ASA Committee on Scientific Freedom and Human Rights gave us the framework for action and urged us to respond.

Lord, I pray that we may all see these violations of people’s dignity, the refusal of basic human rights, and take action and prayer to correct them in any non-violent manner that we find possible. Thank you, Lord, for opening my eyes and pressing me on to do something about these violations with whatever power I have in my profession.

**Argentina Revisited — Introduction**

My travels took me to Argentina on three occasions. The first was en route to Brazil in 1968. This has been described in an earlier chapter. My second was a part of a visit to several Latin American countries. This was sponsored by the Committee on International Relations in Statistics of the ASA, as described above. I now focus on my final trip to Argentina in November and December, 1981.

The Committee on Scientific Freedom and Human Rights had petitioned the Board of Directors of ASA to boycott the next meeting of the International Statistical Institute (ISI), to be held in Buenos Aires, Argentina. At that time Argentina was considered to be a nation with an extremely poor rating in human rights. ASA is one of ISI’s national sponsoring member organizations with the largest contingent of elected members of ISI. The Board rejected the petition of the Committee, but approved a substitute motion in two parts: (1) The ASA is to collect petitions from our members supporting a statement of concern from the Association. (A statement of concern is the way a professional association can be heard by its recipients. It is often effective.) (2) The Executive Director of ASA is to deliver this set of petitions to the President of Argentina during
the next ISI meeting. These signatures would be obtained at our next annual ASA meeting at Montreal, Canada. Since Montreal is outside the U.S., the meeting included many international members who signed the petition.

Later the ASA President, Dr. Margaret Martin, told me privately that if I did not want to go to Argentina, she would excuse me and she would appoint someone to take my place. How could I refuse the Board’s motion? I was instrumental in establishing this committee and I firmly believed in its purpose as stated in its charter, which I helped frame and then took to the board with my recommendation on the motion. So we set the stage. At the next annual meeting of ASA we collected a very large number of signatures supporting the petition. The person who would accompany me to deliver the petitions was Eric Stover, an AAAS (American Association for the Advancement of Sciences) representative of their committee on human rights. The next task was to visit with the Argentine Ambassador in Washington. It was essential that he know of our entry into his country. In a way, it was a protection for us. Finally we were on our way to the ISI meeting. We were about to step into the history of this Latin American Country.

**Buenos Aires**

I now quote from my daily notes on the events in Buenos Aires. At 9:30 a.m. Sunday, November 29, 1981, Eric Stover and I were met at the airport by Prof. José Westercamp, Federico and Mimi Alvarez-Rohas, Santiago and Matilda Mallabovsky and Mrs. Carlos Noriega. Nancy Mann, Vice-President of ASA also was there. Eric and I joined all of them, except Mrs. Noriega who returned home to be with her three children, ages between 8 and 12. After Eric and I checked in at the hotel, we joined the others for a noontime meal at Palacio Papas Fritas. Immediately we were part of their group with my “Espaliano” and their English-speaking ability. I could not fully grasp their emotions — their joy, their hope, their acceptance of me as a friend. Seated next to me was Mimi Alvarez-Rojas, whose oldest son had disappeared, whose daughter-in-law and 3 children had joined another son in Newark, Delaware. She was anxious to visit them in January, but dollars were scarce, and inflation and devaluation continued at a mad
pace. (At that time, $1.00 was worth 10,400 cruzieros, whereas in 1968 it had been worth 365 cruzieros.) Further down the table from me were the Mallabovskys, whose daughter had been missing since December, 1976. She would be 33, if still alive, when we visited Buenos Aires. José’ Westercamp’s son was one of over 700 detainees held without charge in a military prison (sometimes tortured) for over 3 years.

We discussed many things. They love their country, but they see it dying daily. They keep searching, they keep hoping, they keep working in the human rights groups. Westercamp was chairman of the Department of Physics at the University of Buenos Aires, before he was fired. He is able to continue some of his research while maintaining a deep commitment to human rights.

After returning to the hotel, we were picked up to go to the home of José Westercamp. Others were there. We talked about many things, but mostly about their dying, debt-ridden country, about the police state and the tight control. We talked a bit about their missing children and grandchildren. Other cases surfaced. Then Mrs. Mallabovsky said to us, “I will never forget you and all that you are doing, and what little I am doing. It is the external pressure that is needed.” She showed me her daughter’s picture, then said, “She is a beautiful girl, with brown hair and so full of life.”
They considered the Church as providing little help, since it was allied with the power. Still, their faith was strong and they are not bitter toward their church. These are not wealthy people, but they are educated and struggling. One was a retired engineer, and another, a manager in the pharmaceutical plant.

Eric Stover (AAAS) and I visited with Townsend Freeman, the First Secretary to the U.S. Ambassador. On the way there we met a Dr. and Mrs. Luski. One day the two of them were kidnapped and jailed without charge. She was released in ten days, and he remained in prison without charge for three years. (One of the members of the ASA Committee on Scientific Freedom and Human Rights, Dr. Dorothy Wellington, pressed for his release to the point that his case was brought to a civil court. He was released rather quickly, since there was not enough evidence to hold him. Many cases were in that category. Note: Doesn’t this sound very much like the situation of detainees in Cuba, Afghanistan, and Iraq?)

In response to our request to see the Ambassador, Mr. Freeman seemed quite negative and obstructive. His attitude was that we were “barking up the wrong tree” in trying to get information. How unbelievable! He stated that the Argentine people were no longer interested in the human rights situation. What effrontery to tell us that they really want to forget it! He tried to make a parallel to the U.S. wanting to forget Vietnam. Eric and I were absolutely sure that there was no way in the world that people who have lost sons and daughters, have had nieces and nephews left parentless, were going to forget this.

So Eric and I took a different tactic to make Mr. Freeman realize that this was not a social call. We stated to the First Secretary that (1) the ASA had informed its membership on the human rights situation in Argentina and (2) its Executive Director had been empowered to meet with the U.S. Ambassador in Argentina to present a petition to the appropriate authorities. This was signed by its national and international members. The Board of Directors of ASA chose this route as an alternative to a total boycott of the ISI meeting in Buenos Aires, which had been recommended by our Committee on
Scientific Freedom and Human Rights. We finally did see the ambassador, who was in town, despite Mr. Freeman’s earlier claim that he was not.

In defense of the ambassador, we should note that he felt that he should stay at his post, undisturbed, since there was much political turmoil at this time. It appeared that President Vidella of Argentina was about to be deposed. His medical report showed that he had hypertension, but did not state that he was an alcoholic (the best known secret in town).

At the conclusion of our session with the ambassador, he stated that he would get an appointment for our delegation with as high an Argentinean official as possible. I then proceeded to the CELS (Center for the Legal and Social Studies) Office on Human Rights, which is across the street from our Convention Center. I was told that CELS had invited the participants of the ISI meeting to visit with them and other human rights groups from 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. later that week. They were also invited to observe the Mother’s March around the Placa de Mayo, just across the street from the Casa Rosada, the Argentine White House. The march on the following Thursday, December 10, 1981, was to be a 24-hour march commemorating the anniversary of the UN Declaration of Human Rights.

There was also a great deal of turmoil (on human rights) at the ISI meeting. Delegates from France were demanding information on 15 French detainees in Argentina. Some members of our ASA committee were at the meeting. Some of these were from nations other than the U.S. The Noriega (Director of the Bureau of Census) and the Mallabovsky cases came to the floor.

On Wednesday I finally made contact with Clara Migliaro. She and I were members of the World CLC Executive Committee at the same time. She had been out of Buenos Aires for the past 18 days for a formation course, of which she was one of the presenters. Later that week I met with Clara and several CLC members. I discussed the ISI and our version of the situation on human rights and our follow-up with the U.S. Embassy. They recounted a number of cases but all agreed that the situation was getting better. There is more freedom of the press, although this was spotty. However, they said that there
is little hope for the disappeared. They claimed that the disappered persons either had escaped the country or had been killed.

On Thursday some of us went to observe the Mother’s March. Some men wanted to join the marchers, but were told by some women that they would rather not have men in the march, since it would then get political. I took a picture, but was informed that I should not take any more, since the police would see me and then confiscate my camera. One or two of the ASA members remained in Argentina for the 24-hour march the following Thursday, December 10. I left that morning.

I now mention several activities that took place during the ten-day ISI meeting. There was a lot of action at the scene, behind the scene, and just outside the scene. Besides the technical sessions, the human rights issue surfaced quite clearly. Some opinions were voiced at the formal open business meeting. There was a demand for action by the professional associations.

Four of us members of ISI and Eric Stover went to an evening Mass some distance away from our hotel. The intention of the Mass was for the “desaparicados” — the disappeared. Most of the participants were women with kerchiefs having a picture of their disappeared son, daughter, brother, or sister attached to them. During the Mass, there was a litany of all of the disappeared represented there.

On a professional level, the delegates from the People’s Republic of China requested assistance in developing a Federal Institute of Statistics in their country. This was received quite well with the next step being a formal request to be sent to the ASA. Of course, not only did our Committee on Statistical Education consider the request, but the Committee on Scientific Freedom and Human Rights had some input.

The garage under the hotel was swarming with police. Because of the political tension, each car was inspected with trunk open and interior articles revealed. That tension reached the attendees staying at the hotel. One evening, as I entered and was walking to the elevators, a hotel detective asked me where I was going. (He seemed to be a cross between a night-club bouncer
and a clever operator.) In a flustered manner I answered, “up.” I was upset enough to get off at the wrong floor. I went to the door of “my room,” took out my key, and opened the door. There seemed to be someone’s luggage in the room. Then I realized that this was not my room. So, I proceeded to my room, but before I entered I tried Eric’s door, just across the hall from me. The key worked! What was going on? I did mention this to some friends, but did not go to the authorities. I would be glad to get out without hassles. I also learned that Eric received some mysterious, heckling calls. On several nights he received phone calls without any response to his “hello.” Certainly the other person was on the line. One night there was a call at 2:00 a.m., followed by another call one-half hour later.

I conclude this Argentinian adventure by saying that we never did see that top official. We were told that the Interior Minister would see no one of us except the President of ISI. We did present the petition, signed by the ASA President and many of our national and international members. Although the First Secretary of the U.S. Ambassador came to receive it at our hotel on the day before our departure, Eric and I delivered a copy directly to the President’s office. We obtained a signed receipt.

Reflection

I asked first, “What did our Latin American experience teach me?” I learned that:

(1) A professional scientific association has a lot of power in the area of human rights. This is true because the government involved does not want its scientific community to be closed off from the rest of that world. Its scientific community holds the keys to the future of the country. A boycott would be most damaging.

(2) Diplomacy works better than confrontation. Keep the door open.

(3) If, in your heart (and prayers), you know the proper course of action, take it, but be prepared for risks and failures.

(4) Always prepare well, covering all bases and contingencies.

Secondly, what was God telling me? It became increasingly clear that my vocation, my calling, was to my family, then to my profession, always inspired by my Church and my God.
For it was through my professional position that I could ask my fellow professionals, “What are you doing with the gifts, the talents you have been given? Are they for yourself, alone? Or are you a steward of these gifts to pass on to others or to use for others?”

Finally, what will I do with this information, with this call? Quite simply, keep following the path that I have been called to, but always pray that I continue to find the road or “make my way by going.” And I ask, as before, what are you doing with your gifts?

Postscript on “Finding the Missing Persons”

The cover story of the July 30, 2004 issue of the National Catholic Reporter is entitled, “Bones Don’t Lie.” Here is a story of a world-renowned forensic anthropologist, Clyde Snow. It is a very insightful story, especially for all those who have some interest in human rights. Among other features, it tells of the excavation and identification of the disappeared in Argentina. Here is part of the story.

In 1983 (two years after our visit), the new President of Argentina, Raul Alfonsin, initiated a commission to investigate the thousands of leftist “disappeared” by the right-wing military government. Shortly after its inception, Eric Stover (part of my team and now Director of the Human Rights Center at the University of California, Berkeley) received an invitation from the head of the commission, asking him if he would assemble a forensic team to come to Argentina and look into the graves of the disappeared. Eric called Clyde Snow. He accepted, and a team was assembled. And so began the first investigation of its kind. There had been very little grave work, except for archaeological digs of battle scenes or collective burials. This science with strong archaeological and computer support is continuing to unearth these bones (that don’t lie) to tell the story of the disappeared, not only in Argentina, but in places of many atrocities up to this day.

A Postscript Reflection

Can you imagine how I felt when I read this story? I placed myself into the scenes of discovery, the identification of the Noriegas, the Melabovskys, and so very many others. I placed
myself in consolation with those families after the resolution and finality of the evidence. I wept with them!

Lord God, grant me the grace to stand up and tell the story, to influence the old and, especially, the young on the abuses of human rights. To some, the concentration camps of the 1930’s and 1940’s are only a myth. Lord, grant me the grace to tell them that they are a reality. We know, for Betty and I visited Dachau in 2000.

And, finally, I am pained almost daily when I read of the continual desecration of human rights. In a recent retreat given by Fr. Daniel Berrigan, S.J. and Liz McAllister, I heard, “When war is in process, justice and peace are declared null and void.”
Chapter 12

China and South Korea

Background

I was fortunate to make two trips to China, the first of which was sponsored by the American Statistical Association Committee on International Relations in Statistics and the second was a consequence of the earlier trip. The trip to Korea was an extension of the first China trip.

Recall that this committee had as one of its purposes a broadening of the scope of the ASA and a strengthening of our communications globally. Recall also that we had about 1500 international members at that time.

Several years after President Nixon reestablished relations with China, the committee considered a trip there. Our team of six was made up of two professors (Ralph Bradley of Florida State University and the President of ASA and Jim Press of the University of California); Marvin Mueller, the director of the section on computers at the World Bank; Martin Frankel, a Vice President of a Survey Research Organization; Victor Tsu, a member of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and Fred Leone. Four of the members received full support from an ASA grant. Three members had their spouses with them. The role of Victor was primarily that of interpreter, beyond his statistical competency at the Department of Agriculture.

The Trip

Our time in China (1981) was a combination of business and touring. We were guests of the Chinese government. We had two interpreters, one of whom accompanied us, while the other prepared all the necessary logistics for our next stop. We did not need to check through customs, nor did we worry about our bags. When we left one city, a crew picked up the bags, and when we arrived at our hotel in the next city, our bags were waiting for us. When we boarded a van or small bus, we always had one or two guides with us. For some reason, I knew that I could never get that kind of assistance at home! So, I never asked.
Our first stop was Victoria, Hong Kong. We were on our own for three days. We had an opportunity to see this overcrowded city, bustling with shops, eager to attract customers. There, we saw many extensions of U.S. products and fast food places. One team member purchased a custom-made suit. He ordered it on one day, and it was delivered on the next.

I took the opportunity to visit the Hong Kong Christian Life Community. Directions were simple; I had to take a ferry,
and two of them met me at my destination. That evening, we shared our experiences in our group of twelve members. It was a delight to visit with other members of my CLC family in Hong Kong.

Reflection

What a feeling when I entered this land with such a different culture from my own! I had encountered many different cultures, in Latin America and in Europe, for example. But in these cases I had some ties. My ancestry was Latin, and I had made an acquaintance with many Europeans. But here I knew virtually nothing about China, its customs, and its language. Even in Africa, all educated people were able to speak some European language. Japan was also different, but I was quickly taken under the wing of someone I knew.

What am I trying to say here? Simply, we have a choice of rejecting this culture, new to us, that is, different, or we can make these differences a source of enrichment. We can look at their factories or their tea farms and scoff with, “Boy, are they primitive!” Or, we can take them as they are and dream of what they can be in 20 years or longer. And we can be a positive inspiration in our discussions. Which shall we choose? I am not asking which will be easier. Rather, I ask, “What does the Lord want us to do?” The ASA and I, in particular, had the resources to help them to grow, not financially, but in so many professional ways.

Finally, I ask the reader whether she or he has been in such a situation, possibly at a totally different level, and what action was taken? We have these opportunities. Let us recognize them and take some positive action, regardless of whether it seems too small or too large.

Into China

We now went to mainland China. There, we were at a hotel where they served only Chinese food, but would serve American if requested. However, I could claim, after my time in China, that I had eaten 21 consecutive Chinese meals. For me, that was a record with which I would never compete. We visited six cities in mainland China. I will cover just four: two of the touristy type and two for lectures and visiting with
professional and government personnel. Let me first mention Xian (Shian). Its only attraction was discovered by a farmer when he ploughed his field in 1974. Since then, the Chinese government has unearthed 7,000 terra-cotta soldiers and horses in armor. Each figure was beautifully colored, and there were a number of different styles, probably designating different levels or functions of the soldier. The dynasty and the reigning emperor have been identified. The size of the figures is larger than human size. The entire area is under one “roof.” We were able to walk around the perimeter. The background, as told to us, was that an emperor had a master architect plan this and, after the project was completed, the master was executed. There is a claim that all of this is an entrance to the tomb of the emperor, but I do not believe that the tomb had been located at the time of our visit.

Our next stop was Guangshou where we visited with regional government officials and viewed their famous pagoda. I do not remember the number of steps to the top, but I am sure that it was well over 100.

We continued on to Shanghai, a city on the seacoast with a great deal of traffic in the harbor — large tankers down to small private boats (with sails). There is a famous boardwalk near the coast. One day, after a session at a university, one
of the graduate students asked if he could come to my hotel room to talk. I agreed, and he came about 9 p.m., as planned. He said that he wanted to walk along the boardwalk as we talked and to acquaint me with his academic situation regarding continuance of his studies. As we walked, he stated that his father was branded a subversive and his books on agricultural statistics were publicly burned (as were others). A consequence of such a status then prevented this student from going any higher than a Master’s degree. He wanted to go on to his doctorate. I listened and told Jim Press about the conversation. Jim met with him, and a year later, he was accepted as a doctoral candidate at the University of California at Riverside. Three years later this same person applied for and received a post-doctoral fellowship at the U.S. Bureau of the Census. This was a program of visiting professorships and fellowships which I initiated as a program sponsored by the ASA and supported by the Bureau. As soon as he arrived in Washington, he asked for an appointment. He wanted me to write a letter to the appropriate agency, probably INS, stating that his work at the Bureau was a continuation of his education in the U.S. I had him draft such a letter, since he knew what points had to be covered. He did this, and I rewrote it and sent it on ASA stationery to the appropriate office. As far as I know, he returned to China after his four- or five-year experience here.

Another interesting point on Jim: He was aware that there existed a number of Jewish settlements in and around Shanghai. His attempt to track them down was fruitless. All he could determine was that these settlements were wiped out due to political and religious persecution.

Every morning, as some of us walked, we would notice that there were fixed exercise groups in the park, doing tai chi. They had a leader and music blasting to accompany them. I also noticed that one member of our team was stopped by a group of young adults. There he was, speaking to what later became a crowd of 15 to 20 young adults, very eager to listen in English. So the questions kept coming, and he enjoyed every bit of the time he spent with them.

One last point on Shanghai (and also Beijing) is that we saw very few automobiles, but the streets were crowded with
bicycles, and all the men and women riding them wore drab tan or battleship grey suits. A few of us team members were considering a business whereby we would manufacture baskets for the bicycles. We joked that we could sell millions of these. But no one ventured on this grand plan.

**Beijing**

We went on to the capital, which was called Peking at the time. There, we gave some lectures and met with some high-ranking government officials. I recall a meeting at the Great Hall. Our host was the Minister of Science and Industry. We spoke in English, and he spoke in Chinese. However whenever his interpreter translated his words into English, the Minister usually corrected him. The message is clear. It would be demeaning for him to speak in our language at this official function and in the Great Hall. I recall a question he asked Mervin Mueller, who was in charge of the Computer Section at the World Bank. In other words, since his Section reviewed and approved any sizeable loans in the area of computers, the Minister asked Mervin why the U.S. does not allow China to purchase software for the computers. It was clear that the U.S. would not allow any transfer of technology at that time. Merv’s answer was quite polite and the Minister accepted it gracefully.

During our lectures, each of the other team members spoke on a particular area of statistics, while I spoke about the ASA. But my colleagues urged me to be more specific and give details on the structure and qualifications for membership in the ASA. The audience was amazed that the ASA was a private organization, not controlled by the Government, as was the case in China and many other countries we visited.

One evening the team was invited to dinner. There were also some representatives from the U.S. Embassy. The dining room was in a five-story building made up only of restaurants, many equipped for private dinners. I do not know whether it belonged to the Chinese Government. There, I was seated between two Chinese gentlemen. There was a large, circular, rotating serving tray, which they reached for to get food and more food for me. I also realized that these Chinese gentlemen were capable of putting a large shrimp in their mouths,
devouring the shrimp and spitting out the casing very gently. I wondered if it is equivalent to the Sicilian who knows how to wind long spaghetti on one fork without getting the entire plateful on the first attempt. We were having a wonderful time, chatting until an embassy official whispered to me that they will not leave until we leave. So, I had another lesson on Chinese etiquette. We thanked the local committee and promptly departed.

There was another very simple incident that I will never forget. As we walked to the elevator at one of the universities, there was a crowd of about fifteen students waiting for the elevator. When the doors opened, the waiting crowd just moved aside, and we preceded all of them, and the few of us had the elevator to ourselves. Though I wanted to say something like, “There’s room for more,” I put aside my American habit of invitation and didn’t say a word.

I had one other lesson. In an official conversation, we must choose our questions carefully. Even a simple question took no less than five minutes to interpret either from English to Chinese or vice versa before we started on the answer. Most of the time, there were several interpretations before they could agree on one of them.
I cannot conclude this section without saying a few words about the Great Wall. A short distance from Beijing is an entrance to the Great Wall. The specific avenue leading to the Wall has large sculptures of animals and Chinese motifs. I climbed up the steps and walked a short distance on this Wonder of the World. The Wall was planned to protect the Chinese from invasions. It has a small wall along both sides of the top of the Wall itself, allowing a width to accommodate six mounted horses. At intervals there are small bunker-like structures. It was quite moving to realize that I was stepping into the history of China many, many centuries ago.

Another Visit to Beijing

A few years later, the ASA was asked to collaborate on the “First Sino-American Symposium in Statistics” to take place in Beijing. The ASA Board of Directors was pleased with the prospect of this joint program. All the arrangements and logistics would be handled by the host country. We accepted and had a call for papers from the ASA candidates. The Chinese contributed papers that were handled by the Chinese committee.

The ASA planned a tour in China before the meeting. Betty, our son Charles his wife and older daughter went with us. We had a few other couples on the trip. Among the tour locations visited were Xian, Guangshou, and Shanghai. During the formal meeting, the guests had a program planned for them. There was always ample free time in the evening and at the beginning of each day.

Many of the Chinese, some with very limited facility in the English language, presented their papers in English. They were to be complimented, not for the quality of each paper, but for the tremendous effort it must have taken to translate and present the papers in English.

It was a good meeting, and we planned to have a second symposium in two or three years. However, the disastrous incident of student demonstrations and military might (with tanks) in Tiananmen Square certainly was a discouragement for the Chinese committee even to consider such a meeting.
Reflection

Here are examples of men and women from two different worlds coming together with the bonding strength of their profession. Professions, at least in the sciences, should not be restricted by race, creed, or color. There should be no boundaries. Beyond that, I, as Executive Director, had the authority to bring these worlds together. I am appreciative of the fine team that accompanied me.

Thank you, Lord, for giving me these opportunities to use my talents for others. I do not know my full range of talents and find some of when called upon to serve others. I truly believe that you, Lord, called me to this work and then prompted me to use my talents.

Let us ask ourselves, “What talents do I have and how do I use these for others?” A very useful exercise for those readers who share their experiences (in trust) is to examine each other’s talents and state these before the group. It has helped me.

South Korea

Prior to the first trip one of the ASA members from Korea learned that our team was going to China. So I had a call
from Seoul around midnight. It was a member of the ASA. He asked whether the ASA team would be willing and able to put an add-on to the China trip so that he could go to South Korea. All of the additional expenses would be paid by the Koreans. I first checked with the President of ASA and then contacted the team members, who all agreed, except for Victor Tsu, who feared too much difficulty, because of his Chinese heritage. So, off we went.

Besides the actual lectures at Seoul University, there are a few noteworthy experiences in our visit there. First of all, we noted that some of the audience came from long distances to attend a series of five lectures followed by a panel discussion.

One afternoon, we had lunch with our hosts in the center of the city. As I looked at the billboards, the street lights, traffic signals, and the very busy city as we sat outdoors, I was reminded of Atlanta, GA. I felt that, if you changed the language on the signs to English, we could be in Atlanta.

We were housed at what may have been the most luxurious hotel in Seoul. I recall that it had a nightclub and many other amenities. The hosts held a reception for us on a Friday night. I had contacted a Jesuit, Fr. Parke, S.J., whom I had met in Rome a few years earlier, and invited him to the reception. He did not come.

One evening, I watched the news on TV in English. To my amazement, the newscaster was a U.S. Army sergeant. I wondered about the U.S. military presence in South Korea. I later learned that the U.S. had a sizeable force in the country.

Since Fr. Parke, S.J., did not come to the reception on Friday evening, I called him at the Jesuit Residence on Saturday. I told him of my disappointment. His response was that the place was “just not his lifestyle.” He asked me if I could come out to his place. When I said that I was leaving the next day (Sunday) in the early afternoon, he asked me to come early, have breakfast there, then Mass. We would then share some information privately. He assured me that he would take me to the airport on time.

So, I was up early Sunday morning, finished packing my bags, and took a taxi to the Center. He met me, and, during breakfast, he introduced me to several of his fellow Jesuits,
some of whom had extensive experience in other parts of the world. Afterwards, we walked in the garden and talked for about an hour. He verified the strong presence of the U.S. Armed Forces and the repression by his government. Those who were suspected of speaking against the government could be reported and imprisoned. He told me of the case of a young Jesuit scholastic (preparing for the priesthood) who was teaching in their sigh school. He may have been somewhat vocal in his criticism of the government, but not what we would call subversive. One student reported the teacher to his father, and the scholastic was picked up and taken to jail, with no questions asked. A few days later, they were able to obtain his release, but not without a great deal of effort. Now the Jesuits there have a policy of never discussing a topic in public relating to the government, even remotely, certainly not before young ears.

And so conclude my travels to China and South Korea. They were wonderful experiences, and I benefited much.

Reflection

Our Korean hosts were very good to us. They put us in the best hotel in town and wined and dined us. They had a small elegant reception for us. Of course, they felt that we should have the very best.

Before we departed, they gave each of a very fine ceramic vase and small covered dish made at the university, and some special ginseng tea. Though we may have been awed, I was somewhat embarrassed, but we all were very gracious. Further, I learned the magnitude of the U.S. military presence there, both from the TV newscast and from Fr. Parke.

Have you ever been in such a situation, where your host or hostess feels that it is imperative to really “splurge”? Or sometimes, they spend beyond their means? How did you handle it? How do you respond at the time or later? Do you face it directly, or do you look for a better time to talk about it? Or do you just not say a word, in order not to embarrass the host?

I am sure that you and I have faced such instances, perhaps in very different climates. I wonder how much we have prayed and even discerned regarding a proper response.
Chapter 13

The Road to India

As Executive Director of ASA, I was privileged to attend each of the meetings of the International Statistical Institute (ISI). These were held in such cities as Paris, Warsaw, Amsterdam, New Delhi, Tokyo, Manila, Amsterdam and a few others. In traveling to these meetings, I sometimes included in my trips some stops along the way. Let me concentrate on the ISI meeting in India in 1977 and the stops in Nigeria, Ghana, Egypt and Saudi Arabia and finally India. I will follow this with my second trip to India. This second trip was sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In each of the stops I expected to be met by my host on arrival.

Nigeria

My first stop was Lagos. I arrived in the late afternoon. I had sent letters to ASA members at Lagos and Ibadan, but no one was there to meet me. Quite early, I realized later that Ibadan was 80 miles from Lagos. I had taken with me the address of a Jesuit Provincial House, where the name of the resident Jesuit was Fr. McKenna, S.J. (similar to Horace McKenna of Washington, DC, who was a peace activist for many years). I also had the names of professors at the University of Lagos and at the University of Ibadan. They were both ASA members.

For the second time in my life, I felt completely helpless. (The first occasion was at the hospital in Honolulu in 1946 when the twins did not survive at birth.) What to do at the airport? Some kindly employee of the airline noticed my predicament as he saw me waiting for over an hour. Fortunately, English is the primary language, after one of the 150 or so other languages spread about the country. He called a cab for me and asked the cab driver to take me to the address of the Jesuit House. Well, we went round and round, but the driver could not find the street. We even asked a “store front” police station. This station actually looked like a store front compared to what we would expect here, even in the smallest towns. Finally, we went to a Catholic Church. But they were baptiz-
ing about 60 babies, sequentially. We couldn’t wait, so we did some more wandering. Still no success, so we returned to the Church only to see that they were baptizing the last dozen (stragglers). When I caught the priest’s eye and, very briefly, I told him my dilemma. He said that he knew where the place was. Someone would take me there after the baptisms. He had someone escort me to the one living room of their rectory that had an air conditioner. They also gave me some lemonade. It was really hot. So I dismissed the cab driver and paid him. I do not know how much, but he seemed satisfied.

We arrived at the house. It was dark, no light inside. We waited and rang again. Finally, someone surfaced from a house in the back of the property. Evidently, it was the car taker. He said that Fr. McKenna was gone for a week. As my knees were about to buckle, he said, “I can put you up for the night. Have you had any dinner? No! Let’s look in the refrigerator.” So, for dinner I had a big piece of cheese, some bread and a beer. That night I slept well in an air-conditioned room.

Somehow, I did get some breakfast the next day and found my way to the university. When I entered the professor’s office, he saw me and said, “You must be Dr. Leone. I got your letter two days ago.” It was sent about two months earlier. He took me to my host, the Director of the Bureau of the Census of Nigeria. We had a chance to chat and discuss a number of items. The Director said that he would see that I would get to Ibadan the next day. Another adventure was in store for me. Hence, I knew that I would not be abandoned. I was to be met at 8:00 a.m. and off we would be for the 80-mile-trek.

That night I did not sleep well at all. The air conditioner in my room, and probably others, was not working. Finally, at about 3 a.m., I heard the air conditioner go on. It worked! Hence, I did have a few hours sleep, before being picked up. It took about nine hours to cover the distance. Just picture the Washington, DC Beltway I-495 during rush hours or when one lane was taken out for road repairs. It was worse than that. Evidently, many cars were on the road, people were on their way to their annual holy day visit. A number of cars rode on the shoulder to cut ahead of the traffic. The Nigerian police
nabbed some of these. They didn’t take these drivers to jail, but punished the car — a most unusual method of punishment. There was “much weeping and gnashing of teeth” as the police lashed their windshields with a strap with metal ends. You could hear the loud, “No, No, No.” (I recall another method about fifteen years earlier when the family spent about a few months in Mexico. In Mexico City, when a car was illegally parked, the police would remove the license plates. That certainly got the attention of the car owner!)

After arriving at the University in Ibadan, my host professor took me to his home where I had dinner with his family. He was a PhD in statistics from the University of Wisconsin. We had a wonderful conversation, sharing stories about the U.S., his experiences at Wisconsin, mutual acquaintances and his professional work at the University. I had a good night’s sleep in a guest room, while the driver slept in the car. Later the next day, I was able to meet with some mathematics and statistics professors at the University of Lagos; then the next stop was Ghana

**Ghana**

My reception at Ghana was much different. Several hosts met me at the plane, not at the gate but out on the field. I certainly was not about to get lost. We had lunch at a local restaurant and discussed their programs. Several played leading roles in their professional statistical association. We decided to continue this conversation with a larger group at dinner at a Chinese Restaurant. A Chinese restaurant? That seemed to be a contradiction. Then I realized that it is no more a contradiction than a Chinese restaurant in the U.S. We were about ten people, so we could have one discussion of the entire group.

They presented me with two problems of their emerging professional association. One was that the last election for president ended up in a tie. So, they were trying to decide how to break the tie. That was an easy one. I offered a number of suggestions, some of which they had pursued. The other problem was finding a name for their statistical organization before it became an officially recognized professional association. In a rather friendly manner, I decided to act as chairman of this deliberation. We looked at the name “Ghanaian Association
of Statistics”, but that was GAS. Then, “Statistical Association of Ghana” would be abbreviated as SAG. We finally settled on the “Ghanaian Statistical Association.” On the next day we had an elegant lunch and I was off for Egypt.

Several months later, I received a copy of a newspaper from Ghana which stated that the Statistical Association of Ghana was established and it named the president.

Reflection

What a contrast between the two receptions at these countries. The first was a mystery and the second was calm and self-assured. On the plane to Ghana from Nigeria, I prayed to the Lord and asked, “Why, God, did you put me through all that. It was a great adventure, but I was completely helpless at times.” In response, I think I heard God say, “Fred. You just must learn that you can’t always call the shots. You need to rely on others, especially if you are in their territory.” There is no question that I learned that lesson. It was very clear, and it made my life easier. On this Ghana visit, it was easy to put myself in the hands of the host committee.

In noting the contrast, I am reminded again that life is full of surprises. If we can stand these surprises, we come out ahead and we have grown from them. How often have you been faced with surprises at home, in the neighborhood or at work? Of course, some may be very unpleasant. But shouldn’t we ask ourselves, “What have I learned? How will this affect my future? What will I do about it? And “How can I transfer my lesson to others?” Among other lessons, I learned that there are times when we are required to put ourselves in the hands of others. I also learned again and again that my hosts were pleased that I had taken the time and effort to be present to them. There is yet another question namely, “Have you ever realized that you provided that gift of presence to another?”

Egypt

My plane arrived in Cairo quite late, but I was met by a small delegation. They took me to a hotel and called on me early the next day. My host, who was President of the Egypt Statistical Association, a member of ASA and ISI, provided a guide who took me to see the Sphinx and the pyramids. I
was breathless to see all of this. The Sphinx has deteriorated somewhat due to air pollution. In viewing the pyramids, I was reminded of the level of science that existed in Egypt millennia earlier. Just to deliver the large blocks by means of canals with slaves pulling the load was mind-boggling. Add to this the precision of placing one block over another and one realizes the superiority of Egyptian science a few millennia ago. That evening we had a special dinner of the Egyptian Statistical Association in my honor. Some people came a long distance. The climate was very congenial. I thought that I had better be prepared to give a speech. I jotted down some notes in the middle of the conversation. After two hours during which everyone seemed to be pleased to get into varying discussions, the host arose and left as did all of the others. No, I was not left stranded, but I felt rather flat.

There were a few interesting occurrences. Let me mention them briefly. While we were stopped at a light in busy Cairo I saw a very crowded open air street car, so much so that a number of people were literally hanging onto the outside. As one person was hanging on, another walked behind and quickly snatched his wallet, unknown to the passenger. Even after he could realize the occurrence, the other was quickly out of sight. In another case, at the airport, the agent was talking to me in Arabic. That continued until he saw my passport. Another concerned the purchase of some jewelry with my host in old town Cairo. We went into a small shop. After I selected what I wanted for my daughters, he asked for the price. The proprietor said, “For you, there is one price. For him, there’s another.” You can guess what my host said. Actually, after he had purchased the earrings for my two daughters, he refused to let me reimburse him.

Now, this is what I learned from my stops in Ghana and Egypt. (1) The presence of representatives from the ASA was a tribute to them, which was well appreciated. (2) They had much to offer me. (3) I was honored to be their guest and to learn about their cultures and the marvels within. (4) As we hold hands within the scientific community with no national boundaries, we can experience the harmony and peace that can exist in the world.
Saudi Arabia

I arrived at Riyadh quite late and was met by Bob Cassidy, a member of ASA who was on leave from the Bureau of the Census to the Bureau in Saudi Arabia. He had received his Ph.D. at the University of Iowa, while I was a professor there. I was invited to stay at his home with him, his wife and their two young children during my stay in Egypt.

The Cassidy family lived in the American compound. All foreign nationals, who need housing for an extended stay in Saudi Arabia, were required to live in their national compound. This was by no means an incarceration. Their inhabitants could come and go without restrictions. Mrs. Cassidy, however, was required to have a chauffeur provided by the Saudis. Whenever she needed transport, it was necessary to use her chauffeur. There was another restriction on the Saudis themselves: no alcoholic beverages. However, whenever the Cassidy adults had their Friday evening “happy hour,” their chauffeur joined them. The privacy of the compound residence was strictly observed.

To continue the no-liquor observance, I might add that whenever a Saudi was outside the country, that rule could not be enforced. The Egyptian Census Director felt quite free to join us for cocktails in New Delhi, India. His wife was not Egyptian. So the usual restrictions on Saudi women did not affect her completely. She seemed to have more freedom, at least outside the country.

In my first visit with the director of their Bureau of the Census, he explained some of his work and remarked that Bob was there to assist in their major census. When he heard of my itinerary, he collected my plane tickets and had one of his employees make adequate changes. My modified tickets were returned as I was entering the gate for the plane. His stamp of approval seems to have helped avoid a delay of hours or possibly a day on my plane connections. Since he was going my way, we went together to the next stop, King Saud University.

At the university I presented a lecture. I noticed that there were both men and women in the lecture hall. The women were properly attired (Western style) and sat in another section several rows behind the men. After the lecture I joined the
Director and others for a very small cup of Turkish (or Saudi) coffee. I’ve had café expresso and special Brazilian coffee, but this was in another stronger class. I politely turned down the invitation for a refill. Then we had lunch. It was an elegant lunch and it took a great deal of time. I recall the incident, since I told him that it was getting late and we might miss the plane. His reply was, “Don’t worry. They will wait for us.”

I was off to India with yet another lesson and much the richer for the experiences. In Saudi Arabia I saw no signs of poverty. It was just hidden from me. I know for a fact that the Saudis import many men and women for their labor force. For manual labor, the supply came from Yemen. For intellectual assistance, the supply of physical scientists, engineers, social scientists and university professors came mainly from Egypt and, of course, many other countries. Many Egyptians came to earn a great deal of money in Saudi Arabia, and then return to Egypt to “enjoy” life.

**Bombay, India**

My first stop in India was Bombay. This was not a professional stop, for I was to visit some of my Christian Life Community friends. To my surprise, my bags were among the first into the baggage area. My hosts were not yet there. A young boy came along to ask if he could help me. Of course, he wanted to carry my bags and receive a handsome tip. He took my negative response well and was willing to help me if I needed him. What a far cry from the Nigerian reception. Soon, my friends Florie Frietis, her daughter (a young single lawyer) and Fr. Anthony de Sousa, S.J. found me. Their first question was, “Do you want to stay at a hotel, or at Florie’s house or at our Jesuit center in town, called Sevi Niketan?” I knew that I could stay at a hotel anytime and that I do not want to put one of her daughters out of her room. I responded, “Why don’t I stay at Sevi Niketan,” not knowing what was ahead.

We arrived at the center rather late that evening. I met a few people, socialized a bit and we saved our stories until the next day. My room was a very large multipurpose room often used for retreats, workshops or seminars. It had all the necessary furniture, namely a large number of chairs and enough mattresses for all of me. I went to sleep on “my bed,” a mattress
on the floor. And I did not feel abandoned. I felt that it was my room for a few days. There were a number of Jesuits from India and other parts of the world living at Sevi Niketan. Of course, my closest “companions” that evening were my suitcase and a couple of chairs.

I was on the second floor and my window was open. Early the next morning, I could hear the busy street below. What impressed me most were the vendors. In particular, I saw a man with a huge cluster of bananas (like a branch off a tree). He was carrying as much as he could and was selling them one or two at a time. His customers were business men and women on the way to work.

That day Florie took me to a home for orphans established by Mother Teresa. In it were perhaps forty to fifty children, all very happy. They were being cared-for by several of Mother Teresa’s Sisters. There seemed to be such radiant smiles on the Sisters’ faces. They were caring for God’s children. The children were abandoned and left to die in the streets or were deposited in “safe” places so that a kindly person would eventually find a way to care for them.

After I was introduced to the superior, we exchanged some experiences and how I came to their Center. Then she told me about their adoption procedures. They maintained a pro-bono lawyer who assured that all of the legal documents were carefully adhered to. Most of the children were adopted by French families. The child had left the only home that she or he ever had. So, it was very common to have exchanges of letters between their French and their Indian families. Each letter to the Indian home would bring great joy to the child’s brothers and sisters. Just to think of this marvelous mission would bring tears of joy to my eyes, even now.

I visited two other places, namely, another home and a study-care center. The former was for battered or abandoned women. Here, one on the ladies chided Florie for not showing up more often. The residents stayed for a few days, or weeks, or longer. I could tell that some were in very bad shape, some hardly spoke. This was very difficult work that took much patience, prayer and love. And there were those happy Sisters,
always smiling and always friends and companions to their residents.

The study-care center, as I called it, was really not a center, but a program. Volunteer women (mostly) would work with school children, supervising their studies, assuring them that their parents were supportive, though not able to assist them in their homework. Their centers were in the volunteer’s homes, or the child’s home or where ever was best for the particular situation. Here I could see the love and dedication of the volunteers. The reward went both ways in this win-win situation. The child learned and was the recipient of so much love. The volunteer was richer for the experience.

I had many opportunities to socialize and share with the Indian Jesuits at Sevi Niketan. I had met 2 of the 15 residents, at World CLC Assemblies. I recall Fr. Pujol, S.J. who was the Jesuit Assistant of their National Christian Life Community. With Florie Freitis, her husband and two daughters I spent a couple of evenings and spoke alone with her lawyer daughter one afternoon. She was sharing her goals and her dreams. She was a beautiful, woman in her twenties. I never asked her, but I wondered if she often said to God, “Why me?” Why what? She was a very pretty young lady and her sister was very plain and, I believe, slightly mentally disadvantaged. For years I wondered if she asked why she was the one with many talents and her sister was without these. But I am sure that she recognized her sister’s talents. They were so different from hers. After three days in Bombay, they took me to the airport for the plane to New Delhi.

Reflection

This experience in Bombay was very enriching to me. I learned a new dimension I knew about but had never experienced (still in a sheltered way). I could “touch” the poverty. I felt that I was taken into their family, the Freitas family and their extended family of the Sisters, the other volunteers and those being served. All this was truly a healing household and I felt healed. In fact, this was a very positive spiritual experience of my inner journey.

We often say that we, perhaps middle-class people, know what poverty is. Other than those who work directly with the
poor, how can we know? How many of us have tried to rate ourselves on this issue? Would we give ourselves an A grade or a D grade, or even lower? Have we taken the opportunity to visit the poor and be present to them?

**New Delhi, India**

In the late morning of my departure date for New Delhi, I was left at the airport, expecting to take the plane an hour later. That plane was late and finally cancelled. I inquired about the next flight. Little did I know that this would be a mysterious day of uncertainty and helplessness. I finally boarded a plane which arrived in New Delhi just in time for me to make the grand opening of the International Statistical Institute. At this session we usually have, as speaker, a high government official. We have had prime ministers, even a crown prince in Spain. I left my baggage at a safe place and knew that the Housing Committee would get me to my hotel after the session and reception. You can guess just how attentive I was that evening, worrying about my next steps. It was necessary that I remain at the reception and exchange greetings with a number of members and hosts. I left as early as I could and went to the desk of the Housing Committee. I was informed that my selected hotel did not have any room that evening, nor were there any rooms at hotels that were designated for the meeting. I should check with my hotel, around nine in the morning. They arranged for a taxi to take me to a motel for one night.

I went into the taxi with much apprehension. This was a completely un-chartered course for me. I did not know the country and the driver did not know me. After riding for about twenty minutes, the driver stopped and said he had to get some gas and he did not have the money. He asked if I could give him some money. What could I do? I was completely in his hands. Of course, I prayed and prayed for the rest of the ride. I could disappear and no one at the Assembly would know about it for days. It was common for attendees to take a few days off for touring, since the meeting was eight days long and excursions were frequent. Finally, we arrived at the motel, miles from nowhere. The driver was very courteous, I paid him properly and we parted friends. I must add that the motel seemed new and was very clean.
That was a rather sleepless night. Breakfast was unimportant the next morning. I called the hotel at 7:00 a.m. “Yes, we have a room for you” were the sweetest words I could hear. So, I rushed back to claim my room. I gave the clerk my name. I could see him going through his ledger book (all in pencil) and erasing the name of Margaret Martin. Margaret was sitting across the hall, having breakfast. Margaret was a good friend who later became president of the American Statistical Association, of which I was the Executive Director and she (and the ASA Board of Directors) would be my boss. I may have waved to her across the hall, but said nothing, knowing that she would get someone else’s room later that day.

The meeting went well. There were many formal sessions. I had some official and social meetings with other members. I was beginning to know many statisticians from all over the world. During the meeting, we had several excursions. The greatest of these was the visit to the Taj Mahal in Agra. Walking among the gardens and along the pools was just breadth-taking. I felt that I was being transplanted into the dates of 1628 -1666 when the Muslim Emperor Shah Jahan had this built in memory of his dear wife and queen, Mumtaz Mahal.

To describe this I feel it better to use the words of two art researchers who wrote an entire book on this in 1990: “It is
regarded as one of the eight wonders of the world, and some historians have noted that its architectural beauty has never been surpassed. The Taj is the most beautiful monument built by the Mughals, the Muslim rulers of India. The Taj is built entirely of white marble. Its stunning architectural beauty is beyond adequate description, particularly at dawn or sunset. The Taj seems to glow in the light of the full moon. On a foggy morning, the visitors experience the Taj as if suspended when viewed from the Jamuna river.”

All told, this journey into India presented me with a new culture. In Bombay, I was entirely with friends in my CLC family. There I experienced wonderful Christians, the minority, working with the poor and destitute. I still feel that spiritual experience of twenty five years ago. On the other hand, in New Delhi I shared with statisticians throughout the world, not only their scientific accomplishments, but I shared our awe of what amazingly beautiful works of art and architecture can be produced. The Taj was first considered as a tribute to one man’s wife, but on a larger scale it is a tribute to women (Was the mausoleum built to honor them?) and to the hand of our Almighty Creator, working through us creatures.

Still, while walking on the outskirts of a village, I could see the other extreme, the poverty of India, the poorest of the poor. Certainly, we can see poverty in the United States, especially in large cities. But the poverty here (and in a number of Third World countries) seems to me as that of a different magnitude.

Another New Delhi, India

Several years later, I was asked by the Chair of a committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) to be one of two U.S. representatives at an international meeting on the theme, “The Role of the Professional Association in Development.” The other representative was the past president of AAAS. We were about forty attendees in New Delhi. It was a very fruitful four day meeting. A book, covering the major presentations and the workshop reports, was published several months later.

On my second day there, I was approached by an Indian professor who was attending the meeting. I had met him at
an ISI meeting a few years earlier. He asked me if I would speak before his students at the graduate school of the Indian Agricultural Institute on a subject of my choice. When I said that I did not want to miss any part of our meeting, he said that he could arrange the time. He suggested that I speak at 8:00 a.m. Then we could be back to our meeting on time. The next morning he picked me up at 7:30 a.m. As I walked into the auditorium, the students, all in formal attire of suit, shirt and tie stood up at their places. I was introduced. I did not say that their rising to attention embarrassed me, since that would only offend them. They sat and I proceeded. At the end of the talk, as I was preparing to leave, they all stood up again. I said good bye and was back to the meeting.

This second venture provided me with still another opportunity. Not only was I asked to use my talents to speak before some graduate students, but I showed them that I cared, that I wanted them to advance and work for others to the best of their abilities. It also told me in the sessions, that the professional associations wanted to listen to each others’ experiences and learn from each other. They wanted to encourage members of their organizations to work not only for themselves but for their communities, small or large.

Reflection

The God of Surprises was working again in my first trip to New Delhi. As I was riding in that taxi, did the Lord want me to have more trust? Was God asking me to start my participation in a meeting with a little more humility? Have you ever been in a situation where you had to rely completely on some stranger, especially in a completely new environment? How often have we reflected on a past event and ask ourselves, “Was my work there of value to those before whom I carried out a task, gave a talk or explained a program?

On my second visit to New Delhi, that same God invited me to speak before some adult students. Again, how ready are we to accept challenges, for which we feel we are not fully prepared? What trust do we have that all will work out according to the Lord’s plan? Often, it is our willingness to respond, to be present, that is the greater gift for them and for us.
Chapter 14

Two Holy Lands

The Inspiration

Our Christmas 1997 letter from Fr. Tom Clarke, S.J. sounded very convincing. We knew Tom well and admired his work. He was a close “traveling companion.” When Betty was Program Co-Chair of the National CLC Assembly, she used his book on social justice as a basis for the entire meeting. We had visited Tom in New York City when he was stationed there. Later, during one of our travels we visited with Tom and stayed overnight. At that time he was at Bethany Retreat Center, about fifty miles from New York City. That evening we had a wonderful sharing as we exchanged views of where we are on our life journeys.

In his 1997 Christmas letter, Tom inserted a flyer concerning a trip to the Holy Land. Many years earlier we had completely dismissed such a trip. We had done much traveling and felt that the Holy Land was too much to add. We were not unhappy about our decision. However, on seeing this flyer and realizing that Tom, a rather frail person, was part of the team leading the trip, we were leaning towards going. We arrived at the answer after very little discerning. This was, “If Tom can do it, then we can do it.”

We were ready for the trip. When Betty mentioned this trip to our extended family son, Diab Almhana, who is from Syria, he said quite emphatically, “You cannot go to the Holy Land without going to the other Holy Land.” Of course, he meant Damascus. His home was there just a few minutes’ walk from the ancient city of Damascus.

But how can we make the trip? Israel and Syria are not on friendly terms. If, for example, a citizen of Syria goes to Israel, then he/she is not welcome back home. We were concerned that if we went to Israel first, we probably would not be allowed to go to Syria. We finally had a solution: Go to Syria first for a week with Diab’s family. From Damascus we would proceed to Aman, Jordan. There we were to go through airport customs first, then another customs check. Then followed a
bus trip into Israel. We continued with a cab into Jerusalem and finally another cab to the Seven Arches Hotel to meet our pilgrim group, which came from New York Kennedy Airport.

It sounds so simple when you make a map of the journey and there are no apparent possibilities for glitches. No glitches, but our (my) patience was strained severely, and there was much uncertainty from step to step. We knew absolutely no Arabic. Fortunately, however, there was always someone who spoke “Arabic-English” quite clearly as we ventured out from the Almahana home. So off we were for Damascus on May 11, 1998 (which was exactly five years before Betty returned Home to the Father in Heaven).

The Trip

We left Dulles airport at 6:45 p.m. and arrived at Damascus at 11:45 p.m. the next day. This flight included a three-hour stop at Amsterdam, where we were able to visit with Nicholas Roorda von Eisenga and daughter Mieka. We had not seen Mieka since 1967, during which time she spent several months with us in Iowa City. Nico was Treasurer of the World CLC when I was Vice-President. I had visited him and wife Marriet in Amsterdam three times in the past, and Betty was with me one of those times.

In Damascus, it took over an hour to get through the airport, not due to inspection, but to inefficiency. As we exited we were greeted by ten members of Diab Almhana’s family – father, Mafrej, two brothers, two sisters, and several cousins. Betty was presented with a beautiful, large Easter lily. We went directly to the senior Almhana apartment, where we met mother, Yasmine. We chatted until 1:30 a.m. Mafrej and Yasmine gave us their bedroom, and they slept on two sofas in the living room. The bedroom was so crowded that we kept most of our clothes in the suitcases. But one thing was obvious, namely, that the home was filled with love. Living in the relatively small apartment were the two sisters and a niece. We felt that we were adopted into their family.

Damascus

We were up later that morning at 9:30 a.m. There was always plenty of food available. We sometimes felt that they
sneaked in two extra meals a day beyond the usual three. Meals had a certain similarity — usually plenty of pita bread, rolls (probably for us Americans, but that changed after a couple of days), delightful and new dishes of small eggplants marinated in olive oil for several days, string cheese, hard boiled eggs, a provolone-type cheese, plenty of olive oil, a homemade apricot jam, and sometimes humus. Mafrej would go to the bakery daily and pick up fresh pita bread. At the market his favorites were carrots for his daily carrot juice, artichoke bottoms about three inches in diameter, eggplant, peas to be shelled, and more. The quantities purchased were not the amount we would buy, even for a large family, but large sacks.

At 10:30 a.m. we were off to Maalula, the site of the Churches of St. Tekla and of two martyrs, St. Sergius and St. Bacchus. Many houses were built on the side of the mountain, somewhat similar to the beehive structures of the cliff-dwellers among the Native Americans. It was a glorious experience. As we walked through a mountain divide, we felt close to heaven. We felt we were tracing the steps of the young girl Tekla as she fled her pagan persecutors. There are many legends about St. Tekla, like the attempts at torture that failed miraculously. We went to Maalula by public transportation. We could hear many speaking Aramaic, the language in Jesus
Christ’s time. This is one of the few places where this language still exists.

Around 1 p.m. we met the head of the Mar Sarkis Monastery. He was there alone. That day he had already hosted twelve groups from all parts of the world. Since he had no more coffee to serve, he offered us small goblets of homemade wine. We returned about 2:30 p.m. for our main meal of vegetable soup with chunks of carrots, parsnips, and a couple of other ingredients. Tiny green eggplants were stuffed with ground meat, probably lamb, freshly obtained from the butcher. We had cheese, carrots, tomatoes, and cucumbers, and more.

4:00 p.m. was nap time; then we were up at 5:30. By 6:30 p.m. we were off with sister Amani and uncle and walked to the inner city of Damascus. We walked on Straight Street (Remember St. Paul’s walk to the house of Ananias) and through the East Gate of the outer wall. Old Damascus reminded me of crowded Harlem in New York when I was a child, but here were streets filled with “wall-to-wall” people. Cars would go by, never hitting people, but always very close. There were many little shops with fine mosaic-inlaid tables and chairs, with clothes and rugs, with fine tablecloths, and other items. We stopped at Azen Palace, a privately owned mansion of sixty rooms, all paneled in fine wood. All of the wood had delicate carvings. I had never experienced anything like this. When we returned home at 9:30 p.m., we were guests of more relatives — an uncle and aunt and more cousins. Brother Suliman soon followed with wife and three children. Suliman is a university professor and urban planner. He had received his Ph.D. about ten years earlier.

No, we did not want another meal. So, at about 11:00 p.m. we had a “light” meal of more of the same. We were getting adept at using pita bread in place of a fork and spoon, which were no longer set on the table for us.

The next day, Wednesday, May 13, began a little differently from Tuesday. We had about ten minutes to get dressed and off to Mass at 7:00 a.m. We arrived at church at 7:15, early enough to hear the Sanctus, we thought. Our knowledge of Arabic is hardly better than zero. We did not understand a
word, but we did receive Holy Communion. This was in the form of toasted sanctified bread (1/4” x 1/8” x 1”) dipped in the Sacred Blood.

We returned home for breakfast at nine. On the way we met a young lady, a cousin who was a first-year law student in the class of 2000, I think. I believe that the University of Damascus was one of the few fully accredited universities in the Arab world at that time. It was very highly regarded in the Arabic community.

Later Amani and her father Mafrej took us to the market. We only purchased two shirts for me and a pair of pajamas for Mafrej. We then went into the Omayyad Mosque. We removed our shoes and left them outside, expecting them to be there when we returned. Of course, they were. To enter the mosque, Betty and Amani had to wear a brown outer garment with hood.

Following that, we went to the house of Ananias, whom St. Paul visited after he was blinded. There was no horse in the Biblical accounts (Acts 9, 22, 26), but only in medieval paintings of the incident. We proceeded to a lower church where we saw on the wall a narrative of Paul’s journey, finally ending in Rome. He remained there for two years and was
allowed to preach and have visitors. Essentially, he was under house arrest. Finally, Paul was beheaded under the rule of Nero. The story continues to say that St. Peter was killed on the same day. On the wall of the Church of St. Paul there are two pictures, namely, (1) Paul’s conversion and (2) Paul being lowered in a basket outside the walls of Damascus. A small portion of this wall remains.

Then, we returned home to dinner, of course, and were off to bed a little earlier than the past evening. The plan for the next day was to go to Palmyra.

Thursday didn’t quite go as we expected. Instead, we visited the National Museum. We saw some models of ancient cities built by the Romans as well as some archeological treasures. What certainly impressed me was the influence of the Roman Empire on this part of the Arab world. It is difficult to realize that its Eastern thrust had extended this distance, considering the modes of transportation and communication at that time. When the Roman armies were out to acquire new territories, a very large contingent would be away from Rome for well over a year. That evening we did some more shopping with Amani and Mafrej.

On Friday, May 15, we visited the city of Palmyra, which
now stands in ruins due to plundering and the use of its structures for other buildings. It is sometimes called “Oasis” in the desert. It was an ideal stopping place for the caravans moving from Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, the Holy Land, and Jordan. This strategic location made Palmyra prosper in a well-established kingdom from the second century B.C. (I should note that the information on Palmyra was taken from some pamphlets which we obtained from a travel agency in Damascus.).

After the Romans conquered Syria, Palmyra flourished and became known as the city of palm trees. When Emperor Hadrian visited Palmyra, he declared it a free city. Later, Emperor Caracalla declared it a Roman colony, which made it a luxurious city. New constructions, streets, arches, temples, and statues were built, making Palmyra one of the greatest cities of the Roman Empire. This was its status in the Roman Empire as declared by the Emperor, after the Syrian army assisted the Romans in defeating Persia. Queen Zenobia assumed the title of Empress. She was renowned for her intelligence, ability to rule, eloquence, and political knowledge. She had a new coin with inscriptions of her and of her son, ignoring the official coin of Rome (with the likeness of the Roman Emperor). Her ambition and skill allowed her to conquer the whole of Syria, Egypt, and other territories in 268 B.C. Finally, she was defeated by the Roman army. Following her overthrow the city was sacked and left in ruins.

That evening we were guests of Diab’s aunt and uncle. Several of their children were there, as were Amani and Mafrej. It was an elegant feast. Most of the group could speak English.

On Saturday morning Amani, Betty, and I visited the home of Myrna and her husband Nicholas. In 1982 Myrna was a recipient of the stigmata. There we joined about 30 people who were saying the rosary (a daily occurrence). It was a simple home, and several times, one or another child about ten years old came into the room and sat or talked with Myrna, their mother. In the next room was a large picture of Our Lady of Soufanieh. Here is the story that had an initial setting in the Christian neighborhood of Soufanieh, as taken from an account on the internet and modified by Diab.

The first miraculous event started on November 22, 1982. Myrna was praying with other members of her family while
visiting her ailing sister-in-law, when suddenly she felt a strange and indescribable phenomenon: all her body was shivering as if some force was coming out from inside her (her own expression). Oil had just started to exude from her hands for the first time.

The second event took place in the home of Myrna and Nicholas in Soufanieh. It started on November 27, 1982. The oozing followed the rhythm of the liturgical cycle of the Christian feasts and lasted until November 27, 1990. Only one time was it interrupted for a period of one year. “Oil exudes from Myrna during prayers or while speaking about the phenomenon or during ecstasy.”

Oil has exuded from Myrna during her visits to many cities. In the U.S. she visited 25 cities (on five trips). These include Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit, New York, and Boston.

This was a very moving encounter for us. Betty and I had an opportunity to speak with Myrna and take a photo with her in front of the picture of Our Lady of Soufanieh.
That evening we visited with Amani’s Christian Life Community. We had a fine sharing session. Their Ecclesial Assistant was Fr. Zyghunt Kwaitkowski, S.J. He had been to the World Assembly in 1998. Of course, the members had many questions about our CLC experiences. We also got into some politics, but handled it quite carefully. After the session, Betty, Amani, and I stopped in a nearby park and talked for two hours. There was so much to share about our personal lives and our lives in CLC. On the remaining days there we were able to go to Mass and just relax. To get to Sunday Mass we took a taxi, because Yasmine was not too mobile due to leg surgery. However, she decided to walk home. It took a half-hour or more to get home, not because she had trouble walking, but she met so many cousins and friends along the way.

Jerusalem

On Tuesday, May 19, we left for the Damascus airport accompanied by Yasmine, Mafrej, Amani, Manan (sister), and Suliman (brother). The plane left Damascus at 6:00 a.m. rather than its scheduled time (6:30). It arrived at Amman, Jordan, at 6:50 a.m., with a long but eventful day ahead of us. It took us about an hour to get through customs, but it seemed much longer. There were no fixed lines, just a bunch of people outside and two clerks inside. It appeared as if the first clerk handling the passports was using some random process to select the “next” person in the crowd of people to clear.
We then took a bus to King Hussein Bridge and then into Israel. This was followed by another cab to get to the Seven Arches Hotel in Jerusalem. We arrived around noon. Though the lobby was almost empty at that time, it took us a half-hour to get our room. This was a fine hotel, rated in U.S. standards at about a “4.” While we were waiting, they served us some cookies and orange juice (just part of their hospitality). We explored the hotel thoroughly and met our pilgrimage group coming from New York at 6:00 p.m. before dinner at 7:00 p.m. Since the group had already been at the Basilica of the Nativity, before arriving at the hotel, we would have a chance to see it the next day.

Our breakfast was in buffet style. Our tour organizer had suggested that we provide ourselves with an adequate lunch snack from the buffet table for our tour day. This seemed to be a standard practice. This was usually a roll or two, hard-boiled eggs, and/or lunch meat. We bought our own bottled water along the way. It cost $4 U.S. at the hotel, but the price decreased to $1 as we went further from the hotel. We then proceeded to Bethlehem and to the Basilica of the Nativity. As we approached the Basilica, we came to Manger Square, where merchants sell carved olive wood crèches and mother-of-pearl jewelry. Here is one of the most ancient churches of
Christendom. Originally, it had a spacious door, but this was reduced to a smaller one, with the result that one must stoop low to get in. We were told that the reduction was done to prevent looting invaders who would come in by horseback.

We then proceeded to the Church of the Visitation which had been built atop an earlier crusader church. The gates around the Church open to a peaceful courtyard where the Magnificat is inscribed on ceramic plaques in many languages. The lower church is said to mark the home of Elizabeth, Mary’s cousin. The fresco over the sanctuary recalls the different religious orders named after Mary and the major shrines throughout the world dedicated to her. The frescoes on the side recall moments of church history concerning the Mother of God. In a painting of Mary, her robe was pink on the outside to denote divinity since she was pregnant with Jesus. The outside of the robe was blue to signify her humanity. On the walls and ceiling were paintings and names of Old Testament women. These included Sarah, Ruth, Rachel, and others.

We went to Shepherds Field. There we saw the caves of the shepherds. Legends abound concerning these, some plausible, and some merely nice legends. For example, a legend states that, at the birth of John the Baptist, an angel guided his mother.
to hide him from the “Slaughter of the Infants,” the first martyrs of the Church. We saw typical caves where Jesus was born in Bethlehem.

On Thursday, May 21, we left Jerusalem via Samaria for the Galilee basin. We passed through an area which is totally Palestinian. We stopped at Jacob’s Well. By dropping a stone in the well, one could estimate the distance (120 feet) before there was a splash.

Our group had Mass at the top of Mount Tabor, the site of the Transfiguration of Our Lord. Paintings on the wall of the church depicted four major events in Jesus’ life, namely, (1) Birth, (2) Transfiguration, (3) Crucifixion, and (4) Ascension. Cabs with experienced drivers were necessary to take us to the top of Mount Tabor. The road was narrow and steep and had 22 curves. (I counted them.) In the picture of the Transfiguration one sees the anticipation of Christ’s Ascension.

On the following day we drove along the Sea of Galilee (also known as the Sea of Tiberias and other names). It was in this area that Jesus performed many of his recorded miracles, such as curing the centurion’s child, casting out the unclean spirit, and multiplying the loaves and fishes. The Jordan flows from the Sea of Galilee. We passed the village of Cana. There were ruins of ancient synagogues, some of which had been unearthed in the early 1900s. Our first stop was near the shores of St. Peter’s Primacy, where Jesus asked Peter three times, “Do you love me?” In the Church of St. Peter’s Primacy there was the rock where it was stated that Jesus cooked the fish while waiting for his apostles to come ashore. Jesus had asked Peter and his companions (all fishermen) to “toss their net on the other side,” and their catch was so large that it was necessary to have two boats haul it in. We visited Tabgha, the site of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. We had Mass in its church.

At the Sea of Galilee, a lake 5 miles wide and 12 miles long, we (34 people) boarded a boat similar to Peter’s fishing boat. This excursion was followed by an elegant lunch at a Palestinian restaurant. Included in this were some familiar Arabic foods — certainly loads of pita bread and hummus. But the hummus was not served as a dip in a small bowl as we know it, but
on large platters (as we would serve a meat loaf) with plenty of olive oil. Because of the area, we had ample “St. Peter’s fish” taken from the Sea. It was fried, and my memory tells me that it had a lot of bones.

A delight for the three married couples in our group was a Mass in the village of Cana. It has three churches: one Greek Orthodox, one dedicated to Nathaniel whose home was there, and the Franciscan Wedding Church. The former two are rarely opened. At the Wedding Church, during the Mass, three couples had a brief ceremony repeating our wedding vows. Betty and I had been married 53 years earlier.

We visited several other churches. Each had a story to tell, some regarding the life of Jesus and others of his apostles or a particular event. And each had unique features.

On our last afternoon in Jerusalem, our group went to the home of the owner of the tour company, a Palestinian Christian.
The outside of the building was rather plain, but inside we were entertained in a delightful drawing room. He and his wife, who was from England, had prepared a simple reception for us. To each of the tourists, he then presented a certificate commemorating the tour, a picture of all of us on a replica of St. Peter’s fishing boat and a medallion which he had designed. On it are the loaves and fishes.

Finally, in the early morning of the last day there, before breakfast, the group went into Jerusalem to say the Way of the Cross (Via Dolorosa). The large (and light) cross was carried by 4 people at a time as we went through the 14 stations. As is customary, we had prayers and song for each station. The early start was necessary because we wanted to complete the Stations before the busy city life began its day.

And so, our pilgrimage concluded that day with very fond memories and lessons. It was not all walking, visiting churches and other places, and prayers. We did have enough time to talk and share with each other at the hotel in the evening. This conversation was informal, and it gave us enough time to reflect on the day past, listen to each other’s experiences, and learn about who we are. Two of our fellow pilgrims were in Christian Life Community in Detroit, and one couple came

Renewing our Wedding Vows at Cana, 1998
from my former parish in the Bronx, where I lived until I went to graduate school at Georgetown.

**Reflection**

As stated earlier, here is a trip, no, a pilgrimage, which we had already placed in the realm of “not achievable.” But providentially the pieces came together. First, we received the invitation from our good friend, Fr. Tom Clarke, S.J, then the insistence from our family member, Dr. Diab Almhana, that we “cannot go to one Holy Land without going to the other Holy Land” and finally our belief that we were physically in good enough shape to make this twofold pilgrimage. So, what was achieved and what did we learn? How did this pilgrimage affect us? One word is appropriate — “breath-taking” — and it certainly was a gift from the Lord — not a tour, but a pilgrimage. Specifically, here are the benefits as I look back seven years later.

First, we learned the definition of Arabic, Arabic Christian, and Arabic Catholic Christian hospitality. Diab’s family wanted to host us for the one week that we planned for Damascus. They wanted to show their gratitude for “adopting” their son and inspiring him to take the correct steps to where he is now. When we realized that he was “lost” in this greater Washington area, we asked him to be a member of our family. At that time he was single, with a medical degree from a university in a foreign land, searching for a residency. It was not easy for him. He had already spent almost a year in his quest. Now he is a psychiatrist, based at a good community hospital; he is married, with a lovely wife and three beautiful children, living in Avon Lake, Ohio. And so, for one week we were “adopted” by his family. This episode tells me very clearly the answer to our daily prayer that we use the gifts granted us for others. We are just the stewards of these gifts. These gifts are multiplied as we dispense them. With Diab’s family we literally walked in the footsteps of St. Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles.

Let us go to Jerusalem and the remainder of the Holy Land. I am reminded of a famous weekly television series by Edward R. Murrow, entitled “You Are There.” In these programs, he chose a particular historic event and placed us right in the middle of it. We were not participants, but observers.
We were at the scene of the event, the planning, the execution. We may even have identified with a particular person or a group of people. And so it was with Jesus, and Peter, and James, and all the other apostles and people he touched. We “listened to” his sermons, we “witnessed” his miracles, we “were present” at his crucifixion and his ascension. And so this visit to the “Two Holy Lands” has left its imprint on our thinking, our decisions, and our actions. We have been given a new dimension for the future.

Ever since this pilgrimage, as I read the Bible or listen to a homily during Mass, I can relate to it in a deeper way. I am there in the middle of the action. I am not proposing to you a pilgrimage to learn more about the Old and New Testament, at least not at this time of wars in the Middle East. Rather, I do propose that we try to place ourselves into the scenes and make them more a part of our lives, and try to take from them a message, a real message.
Chapter 15

Celebrations (2000-2002)

Introduction

These were the three years of celebrations. In fact, they were the last three years that Betty celebrated with me before returning “Home,” The year 2000 was our 55th anniversary year, 2001 was a year in which CLC in the United States had its first multi-regional meeting, and 2002 was celebration time for my 80th birthday. Now let us begin our “walk” through these years.

Europe 2000 - Germany

For some time I had been eager to revisit Hildegard and the German CLC Secretariat at Augsburg. The last time we visited in Germany was at the Frankfurt airport en route to India in 1977. That was for the International Statistical Institute meeting. Now seemed like a proper time — the celebration of our 55th wedding anniversary. We planned a trip which also included Rome and Wales. When we arrived in Munich, we were met by a German CLC member. The German Secretariat has just one car that is rotated on scheduled times. We proceeded to a house that was rented from a national shrine. There was one permanent occupant, whom we joined. Shortly we went to the daily 6:00 p.m. Mass at the Secretariat. On the second evening, we had several more attendees. After the Mass we had a very light snack of bread, cheese, and drink (not alcoholic), and spent about one-and-a-half hours in sharing our experiences, answering questions, and engaging in discussion. We had met several of these members on earlier visits or at an international meeting.

On the first day, our guides were a retired couple who took us to the Bavarian Alps. We rode on a tramway over an extensive valley to a shop that includes guidebooks, maps, and other souvenirs. On the second floor was a delightful restaurant. We had lunch by the window and could see the beautiful Alps in autumn. From the observation tower we were able to view, not only the German Alps, but Austria and Switzerland. We later visited an old country church and then returned to
Mass at the Secretariat. That evening we had dinner at our residence with a few German friends.

On the next day our host, who knew very little English (and I knew less German, and Betty enough not to get lost) took us on a two-deck crowded train to Munich. The one sad sight was a group of fourteen-year-olds drinking beer on the train. As we left the train, there was waiting for us our English-speaking guide, also a CLC member. This was Oktoberfest time, which goes from September until the middle of October. First we visited a church which had a very high tower. We were able to take an elevator to its top and view the very large pedestrian square below. It was a good example of “wall-to-wall” people that you see in downtown Washington, DC, at noon as people rush off for lunch. We entered some historic churches and were awed by the beautiful baroque art masterpieces. On the return train trip, there were a few boisterous teenagers — not dangerous, but a bit influenced by the beer they had consumed. Soon they realized that there was an African family with a baby. They offered the mother a seat, and Betty took the baby for a while. Then she gave the baby to our guide to hold briefly. Our guide just beamed with such a beautiful smile. She was a single lady.

Betty had suggested (as only she can) that a visit to Dachau must be part of our anniversary pilgrimage. Of course, I agreed. This time we had another CLC guide for the day. Dachau was the first concentration camp. Earlier it had been a munitions plant during World War I. We saw the original crematoria, the gas chambers, and the living quarters. The barracks, each of which was planned for 200 prisoners, actually reached a peak of 1600. I believe that we felt a stronger sense of the atrocities against the jews and other ethnic groups by being there. Of course, the Holocaust Museum in Washington is quite dramatic and well worth a visit, but here was the original. Today there are a few shrines or churches on the grounds. We were able to get to Mass in English. Of interest was a group of college freshmen from the University of Minnesota who were on a tour of Europe at the beginning of the first semester. Some joined us at Mass.

On our last day, Saturday, we had more time with Hildegard. At her apartment we had lunch. Hildegard always wants
the latest news about Lucy, her godchild, and her family. Lucy is our youngest. We had so much to share. In the afternoon Fr. Lefrank, S.J., a dear friend in CLC for over twenty-five years, came there to spend some time with us. He was able to spend about one hour with us, since he had so many commitments before and after. His travel time was two hours each way. His visit meant so much to us.

That afternoon, we had Hildegard promise to spend one evening with us for dinner out. We asked her to bring a couple of CLC friends. What an enjoyable evening we had at a 500-year-old Hofbrauhaus in Augsburg! The next day, we were off to Rome.

Rome

We arrived at the Rome airport and took a train to our destination. Its stop was about three blocks from the pensione, very near St. Peter’s Basilica. At the pensione, where a room had been reserved for us, we asked if there was any message. They said no, but later the clerk said that a phone message had been left for Leone. And so, the frustration was beginning. We called the number provided in the message, but there was no response. We walked to the CLC office, which was just two blocks from the pensione. There was no sign of life. We decided to have some dinner and then return to the pensione. Still no sign, no phone call! We waited in the lobby. It was almost 9 p.m., and we had set a deadline of 9 p.m. to go up to our room. In the meantime I foolishly had thoughts of a “non-reception” by our supposed hosts. But I was so wrong. Then came the phone call. “Didn’t you get our message?” I heard from Gilles Michaud, the World CLC Executive Secretary. “We will be right over,” was his response to my answer of, “You may have left a message but no one answered the phone.” Evidently, the pensione clerk had copied the phone number incorrectly.

At the arrival of Gilles and his wife Leah, we then went to their apartment, had some coffee and cookies, and shared our stories for one-and-a-half hours. Thus began a friendship that has been ongoing. The next day we met them and Fr. Fernando Salas, S.J., the World CLC Vice-Ecclesial Assistant. (The Ecclesial Assistant is officially the Superior General of the Jesuit order, Fr. Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, S.J.) Again, we continued
talking about our journeys in CLC and our personal lives. I then told them of a planned Multi-Regional CLC Conference in the U.S. and asked if one or more were interested in participating in this meeting as guests of the U.S. National Christian Life Community. Leah and Gilles said, “We can plan it on our way to Canada (their home) for our yearly vacation.” Fernando added that he had been in the States, and in fact had studied there for a few years, but had not been at an Assembly. He too would welcome the opportunity. So, I had wonderful news to take back home to the planners of our Multi-Regional Conference.

At noon we attended a Mass in the beautiful chapel of the Jesuit Curia (world headquarters), where the WCLC office is housed. We met a couple from the NY Metro CLC Region and later Roswitha Cooper, former Executive Secretary of the World CLC. For health reasons, she resigned from her post several years earlier, but at this time was working with an international Catholic organization that supported social action and peace activities. Then, Roswitha, the Michauds, Betty, and I had dinner that evening and lunch and dinner the next day. The following day we were off for the last part of our anniversary pilgrimage.

Wales

In all of our travels, Betty and I had never been in Wales. Before we planned the journey, she said, “On both sides of my family, mother and father, I have Welsh roots, and I have never been to Wales. In fact, I am half Welsh!” We decided that this would be the third part of our journey. The closest airport was at Manchester, England. Unfortunately, our flight from Rome to Frankfurt, where we were to change planes, was very late, and we missed the connection. Lufthansa representatives were very helpful and took us to their special passenger lounge. We had the address and phone number of our host, Fr. Tony Horan, S.J., at our final destination, but not in Manchester. We finally were able to contact the Jesuit residence in Manchester and were told that he was aware of our changed flight time.

This was not an auspicious start, but the next morning, after a hearty and simple breakfast, we were off for a three-day
excursion to Wales. We took only that portion of our baggage needed for these days. Our first stop was at a Jesuit vacation and retreat center in Wales that was used primarily for young Jesuits from the United Kingdom who were studying for the priesthood. It was a four-story building overlooking the sea on one side and rolling hills on the other. (There, I learned that Welsh sheep have two legs shorter than the other two. How else could they stand on the side of a hill while grazing? I was sure that, over the millennia, evolution had taken its course and developed this two-short-legged, two-long-legged breed of sheep.) This was our base; we had the whole place to ourselves and had purchased provisions along the way. Each morning, we would have a quick breakfast, prepare and pack our lunch, and we were off for our adventure. We visited the main Jesuit retreat center and the university nearby. We went to Mass in their beautiful chapel. One evening we stayed at an old, but elegant Welsh hotel. I recall that we had dinner at their bar – a simple fare, but delightful. We also visited a very old Welsh church and saw a large statue of Winston Churchill. After a joyful and rewarding three days we returned to Manchester on Saturday evening.

A meeting of the National CLC Leadership of the United Kingdom was planned for the next evening and Monday. They had planned it to intersect with our visit. On Sunday evening we had an informal sharing and discussion, where we made an initial presentation and then answered many questions. They wanted to learn about our lives and journey in CLC. Besides Tony Horan, we knew two of the attendees. We had met them at the World Assembly in Manila in 1976. One of these was an older woman about our age and the other was 42 in 2000. In Manila, the second had been eighteen and had just completed high school. Betty and she were present at the military arraignment of Benigno Aquino, a prisoner of the Philippine dictator Marcos. So, after these wonderful days we were headed back to the United States.

We had a two-hour stopover at Frankfurt. Susanne and Ernst Schmaunt met us at the airport bus as it came from the arriving plane. What a way to complete our memorable pilgrimage! They were members of our Whisper of God CLC and had arrived in Frankfurt from the U.S. just the day before. We
had some delicious sweet pastries, coffee and tea, as we shared for about two hours. Then, we were on our way home in Silver Spring, MD.

**Reflection**

This pilgrimage was very blessed. We were going into some of our roots. First we enjoyed our continued relationship with the German CLC Secretariat and our visiting with our first extended family member, Hildegard. The Germany experience had such extreme contrasts — the love extended to us by our German CLC family, the awe of the beautiful Alps and Neuschwanstein Castle (which looked as if it had the Disneyland spires), and the horrors of the Holocaust. We felt that we were part of this history and were treated as members of their family. They were so good to us. Not only housing and tour “guides” were provided, but they even gave us 200 marks in spending money so that we need not cash any US dollars. And we gave them all that we had: our love, our sharing of our experiences.

This is another case of our receiving more than we gave. In a recent homily in my parish (Nativity) in Washington, the pastor spoke of the grace of God’s presence. As stewards of this gift of presence, we were able to pass it on to others. It has been part of our gift to family and friends and even professionally in my visit to some of the 73 chapters of the American Statistical Association. In discussing this homily with the pastor as I was leaving the Mass, we agreed that both the recipient and the donor are blessed.

In Rome, we reestablished our relationship with our world headquarters. We were able to get a commitment from the three key people of CLC to participate in our upcoming Multi-Regional Conference. Finally, in Wales, Betty looked at her roots, and we appreciated her ancestral ties. We were thankful for the lines of both our ancestries that brought us into our world today.

I wonder how many of us look carefully for the grace of presence in our experiences. How many of us ask ourselves, “What did we hear and learn from the use of this gift? How did it affect me? And others?”
Celebration 2001 in Pittsburgh

When the World CLC Executive Council changed the interval between Assemblies, and National Christian Life Community did likewise, many of us in the Mid-Atlantic Region were very disappointed. To us a five-year interval in the United States can cause a lack of continuity and create other problems in communication. So, what do we do about it? Several of us developed the idea of a multi-regional meeting. We had the approval of the National Coordinating Council and were ready to move. A group in Pittsburgh found the place. Three of us, Betty, Fr. Jim O’Brien, S.J., and I, formed the initial Program Committee. Later, there developed a subset of the committee from Pittsburgh. In fact, not only did these members develop a program about the evolution of Pittsburgh, its social and economic changes, but they researched its beginning with Native Americans and the early settlers.

The program was quite outstanding with three speakers from the World Office, theologian Monika Hellwig, several other good speakers, and plenty of time for small group meetings and wonderful liturgies. Added to that, most of the members of the National Coordinating Committee and the Executive Council were there, since they set the time of their annual meeting at the end of the assembly. When asked how this multi-regional meeting differs from a national assembly, my answer was, “In quality and content, not at all. But the burden of finances, registration, and arrangements is all in the hands of one region with two others supporting it.” With about ninety attendees we were able to achieve a small net favorable balance, and the cost to participants was about half that of a national gathering.

Reflection

The assembly in Pittsburgh sent a message that the membership wants a national meeting more frequently than once every five years. If not, a multi-regional meeting is necessary and appropriate. But there is another personal message here. If we are convinced that an action is necessary, then, after discernment, we should take the appropriate action. We needn’t circumvent the structure. We can cover the necessary approvals, but we must also ensure that the people who are affected
by the action take ownership of the action. By this I mean that they support it in some way.

Have you been in the position where you need to take some steps that you feel called to, in order to facilitate this action? This may be within the home, workplace, or community. How have you responded? Have you considered the alternatives? Did you feel that you were the only one to act? Or, in contrast, did you conclude that it could not be done? Here is a case for discernment.

Celebration 2002 – Birthday Boy

It started in early spring, probably much earlier. Over the years I had given Betty surprise parties and albums related to her birthday or a special event. She was a good “recipient,” since she was really surprised. But parties were not her style. Her English and Welsh background just didn’t quite go for them. Even when she was a teenager, she was disgruntled, but did not complain, that the Catholic children could go to the movies on Sunday, but she was not allowed to go. So, I started grumbling as we were progressing in the year 2002. My 80th birthday was coming at the beginning of August. The best she could do on my 75th was a visit to our older daughter and son-in-law and help them start packing for a move from New Jersey to California. Then we concluded with a dinner at an Italian restaurant. That was fine and we all enjoyed it. But for a 75th birthday!

However, Betty went into action. It was to be a busy summer ahead, and we would be out of town on my birthday. First there was a Conference on Ignatian Spirituality in St. Louis. This was followed by a gathering of Small Christian Communities in San Antonio, a wedding in Kansas, and the North American Conference of CLC in Guelph, Ontario. She would be at all of these, except the last.

Betty felt that she could not keep the Silver Spring (our home) party a secret. So she asked Kathy Hubbell if she could help her. “No,” said Kathy. “I want to do it all myself at a time when you will both be home.” Then Kathy asked me for a list of those she should invite. Next, Betty called Marie Schimelfening, a dear friend in CLC who knows all of our
children and is very close to us. Betty said, “Marie, you are in charge of the Midwest.” She may have made a few other calls.

The St. Louis Conference took place towards the end of July. Unfortunately, Marie’s brother was extremely ill (he died during the meeting), so Marie had to cancel her trip. But as a committed CLC member and with a commitment to Betty, she saw that the task would be completed. During the conference, the CLC members had two meetings. There were about sixty members. At the very end of the second session, the facilitator of the meeting, Pat Carter, announced that there was one more item on the agenda. Then she signaled those at the door, and a large rectangular birthday cake with birthday greetings was rushed in with a “Happy Birthday.” I was surprised. Then, with a few assistants, we cut and distributed more than 60 portions. Ray and Dorothy Zambito, loving friends since the sixties, provided the cake.

We went directly from St. Louis to San Antonio with a few days to spare before the Gathering of Small Christian Communities. We enjoyed San Antonio, especially along the River Walk. Including ourselves, there were five CLC members at the meeting: Fr. Paul Kenney, S.J., who concelebrated at Betty’s funeral Mass; Pat Carter, a friend since her school days and the editor of this book for formatting and doing the layout of the pictures; and Carol Zieba, a close friend in the Mid-Atlantic Region of CLC. Friday evening was free time, so the five of us had a delightful Italian meal along the River Walk. Towards the end, I had another surprise when we heard a “Happy Birthday” and received a small symbolic cake. But that was not the end of the San Antonio activity.

On Saturday evening, August 3 (my birthday), we had an open fun time with some additional people from the local area. There were songs and a skit on community. Then Fr. Paul Kenney, S.J., after asking me how long Betty and I have been in Sodality/CLC, sneaked a note to the Master of Ceremony, who then announced, “There is a person here who has been in a Small Christian Community for over 40 years, and today is his birthday.” So we had a chorus of over 600 singing the song. Wow!
The summer had still more surprises. Back home in Silver Spring, Kathy gave me a catered buffet dinner. There were over 30 people there. We also had an interactive fun time, with guests telling tales about Fred Leone. When I later asked her why she did all this, her response was that she wanted to do so because of all that Betty and I have meant in her life. Again, I say “Wow, these are committed companions!”

Then we attended the wedding of grandson Tino and Liz. Betty and I and several of our children and grandchildren were there. We decided to have a buffet lunch, provided by son Larry. This was on Sunday, the day after the wedding. The bride and groom were also at the buffet. This was to be a surprise 80th birthday celebration. However, on the evening before the buffet, the bride’s mother said as I was leaving for my room alone, “I hope you have a good party tomorrow.” Oh, now my task for brunch time was to appear very surprised. I think I put on a good act and we all had fun.

The final event took place in Guelph, Ontario. Each U.S. CLC region was represented, as were representatives of English and French Canada and the Vietnamese Community. On the second evening after our last session, I noticed some “Happy Birthday” banners on the large rectangular table and figured that someone had had a birthday a few days earlier and did not bother to remove them. Then there followed another birthday cake and “Happy Birthday.” Marie was at that meeting, so she was determined to have her own birthday party for Fred. Another interesting note at this meeting – I met three members from Canada who had attended the 1976 Assembly of WCLC in Manila. They remembered me and vice versa.

But there was more — a Maryland (where son Peter is a professor) and Notre Dame (son Charles’ alma mater) football game and a visit to Ellis Island. As part of my celebration, my son Peter invited some brothers to a season opening football game in Rutherford, NJ, the New York Giants’ home field. Larry and family came. I was to be their guest. Just two weeks before the event Betty said that she would like to join us, but she was not interested in the ball game. Neither was Larry’s wife, Carolyn. When we determined that the game was in the evening, we decided to visit Ellis Island, through which my fa-
ther and mother and grandmother and two uncles entered the U.S. Earlier, I was able to determine the ship and time of their departure from Sicily. It was a wonderful tour. I really felt the anxiety of my family as each member arrived at Ellis Island, expecting a world of opportunity, but realizing the uncertainty ahead of them. Incidentally, the University of Maryland did not win the game, but we had a wonderful time as I celebrated my birthday for the seventh time.

**Reflection**

What does all this mean to me? What do I do with what I have received? I won’t suggest that you wait until you are 80 for the purpose of having several birthday parties. God may have other plans. But this was an expression of love from many dear friends. They really showered me with gifts, not just the gift of the parties and the many “Happy Birthdays,” but the gift of their love for a fellow voyager in the family, in CLC, in the parish, and in the many worlds that Betty and I belong to. So I say, we must take the opportunity to express our love. There are so many ways we can do it. I am sure that you can think of some. Well, what are you waiting for?
Chapter 16

Always Room at the Inn

A Few Words of Introduction

St. John Chrysostom stated, “Find out how much God has given you and take from it how much you need. The remainder, which you do not require, is needed by others.” Further, in a commentary on the Gospel story of the rich man and Lazarus, we have this remark: “Today’s Gospel challenges our complacency. How do we use the riches God has so abundantly blessed us with? Do we hoard them for ourselves or willingly share our bounty with the less fortunate?” When we speak of riches, we should not mean riches in the form of the material — money and possessions — alone, but of the talents of mind and body as well.

Unfortunately, many of us consider this as an either-or situation. Should we not consider this as both? Why, for example, does a relative of mine decide that she would rather coordinate the science fair for her grade school child, rather than help in the fashion show? Why does a father not join in the Men’s Club for his son’s high school, but prefer to consult on the school curriculum? The answer is that they discerned that they had a greater gift (one, with a science background, and the other, a university professor) which they could use for others. For many, many years I have concluded my morning prayers with, “Lord, grant me the grace to use your gifts for others.”

The Inspiration

The inspiration for this chapter came by a rather interesting route. In early April, 2004, I was visiting Wheeling Jesuit University to explore the possibilities for studies at the University for Hubert Ngueha, a new member of the Living Water CLC from Cameroon. With us was Nestor Ymeli, another Cameroonian, also a CLC member who was a former classmate and close friend of Hubert. While there, we had dinner one evening with several people who included members of my family, Fr. Jim O’Brien, S.J., Marilyn Barton, and Alain Makola (more on him later). Fr. Jim and Marilyn are also CLC
members. At dinner Marilyn, chairperson for our next Regional CLC Conference, asked if the Living Water CLC would present a session on a multicultural community. Living Water presently has eleven members, six of whom are from other countries – two from Kenya, one from Cameroon, others from Argentina, Bolivia, and Chile.

At the next meeting of Living Water CLC, I presented Marilyn’s proposal. The response was immediately, “Yes, we will do it; now let’s plan it.” At the earlier part of this meeting the scripture passage chosen for reflection was the Good Samaritan story. How appropriate! We decided to use it for our centerpiece. Recall that the Good Samaritan was a foreigner to the injured Jew, helpless on the road. In fact, there was little love between these two cultures. We then began to put together the scripture, our own cultural ancestry and our own individual stories. We decided to call this presentation, “The Wealth of Cultural Diversity.” Needless to say, it was a very successful presentation, and I had my title for this chapter – “Always Room at the Inn.”

In the past almost sixty years of Betty’s and my life together here on earth, we have had a number of “Inns.” The first two were hardly inns. One was in Honolulu, Hawaii. The war was over, and Betty and I rented a bungalow. Since I did not have enough “points” for early discharge, it was required that I remain in the Navy for up to one year. Our only guests were two Navy friends with whom I had served for about two years. They were frequent dinner guests. Our second Inn was leased for two years. This was an apartment in West Lafayette, IN, where I was studying for a Ph.D. Our first out-of-town guests were Betty’s parents. Before them came our oldest infant son, Charles, who was born ten months earlier. Of course, he was the temporary manager with his many demands, needing “immediate” attention.

Since then we have had six Inns — first, the “leased” Inn in which we lived during our first year in Cleveland. This was followed by the Inn on Berkshire Road in Cleveland Heights, OH, for 17 years. We then purchased a newly built Inn at 12 Princeton Court in Iowa City, Iowa, for seven years, minus one year in which we leased an Inn in Sao Paulo, Brazil. Our next
Inn was at 5915 16th Street, Washington, DC, for eleven years. We were just about three miles north of the White House. Finally, the present Inn is at 201 E. Wayne Avenue, Silver Spring, MD. All of the above show that Betty and Fred Leone have had a great deal of background to be qualified innkeepers.

Let me conclude this section by stating that my definition of “Journey” includes not only those places where I have gone, but those people who have come to us, both from our own country and, of course, from foreign lands. Together, they provide the beautiful, enriching pieces of an elegant and meaningful mosaic framed by our lives here and in international stations.

Background

Several years ago one of my granddaughters remarked, “Grandpa, every time we come here, you and grandma always have another person living with you.” To remind me of the frequency of visitors at times, I came across a guest book we had in Washington in 1981. This was the Inn on 16th Street, just 15 minutes north of the White House and the Mall. During this year we had many who came in for a rally or a few days of sightseeing or just for a visit. In that year we had 23 different visiting parties.

Our many visitors have “rented” for a day or two, a weekend, or a week. The “rental cost,” of course, included meals. A few of these have become part of our “extended family.” These family members are our children and consider themselves as brother or sister to our seven Leone children.

We call this housing a “gift of hospitality” which has been given to us by the Lord. We have been fortunate enough to be able to apply such hospitality. Let me first say that we have been given much more than we have given. We firmly believe that we have learned a great deal from them, even though a few situations were quite difficult. I will also say that both of us, Betty and I, have inherited this gift of hospitality from our parents, and yes, our ancestors.

In my own case, my mother and father came from small towns in Sicily. They migrated to the U.S. shortly after the turn
of the 20th century. My mother came at the age of nine with her mother; my father came as a young man in his mid-twenties. My mother and grandmother worked in a dress factory, while my father had a small shop in which he sold hand-made cigars. In each of their home towns, there were no strangers. Education was minimal. In fact, my brother and I are the first members who went beyond high school. In these Sicilian towns, the children were always safe. It was as if the children had many parents looking after them. If there was an accident, there was always a neighbor to take care of the situation.

Hospitality, when I was a child, was just taken for granted. “Stay for dinner,” was a common invitation by my mother or grandmother when we had a guest in the late afternoon or early evening or on Sunday afternoon. We knew that this meant that Mom would put more spaghetti in the pot and there was always plenty of the primary ingredient. If it got too late for that long subway trip back home, we just took the extra mattress off a bed put it on a clean floor. We added the required sheets and pillow cases and blankets. Everyone was happy, and the guests would often stay for breakfast. There was always room at the inn. Incidentally, our dog Daisy was always a dinner guest. But dog food did not exist, at least for our household. Her setting was on the floor in the corner. She loved spaghetti with tomato sauce. However, she was rather Sicilian. When we forgot to add grated romano, locatelli, or ricotta salata cheese, she would stand there, with an expectant look and not eat until we supplied that essential ingredient.

As learned from our parents, ours was not a master plan according to which we would say, “Whom should we have this week or this month or this year?” We believe that in each case there was a particular need and we were being called to respond to this need. This will be apparent as I recall the “guests” at the Betty and Fred Leone Inn.

**Honolulu, Hawaii**

Here were Betty and Fred, a recently married couple expecting our first child. We were very fortunate to lease this Inn, as noted in an earlier chapter. Let me just mention two noteworthy occurrences. I shall call these, “How to make baked papaya” and “Lady, where is your husband?”
The owner of the Inn was a Hawaiian with wife and child and father-in-law. He was very kindly and responded to my request to paint the interior with an affirmative. He would provide the paint and brushes. When my two Navy buddies, Victor Corbaley and Ted Trump, and I accomplished the task, I prepared a special spaghetti-and-meatball dinner with salad and acorn squash. When I purchased the food from the Navy commissary, I asked a lady if “this” was “O.K.,” pointing to the squash. The response was affirmative. I prepared the food, and we were ready to dig into the spaghetti and meatballs with plenty of tomato sauce and grated cheese. And wine, of course. We saved the acorn squash till last, since we wanted the full flavor of the first part without distractions. As we bit into the “squash,” we were shocked. Unfortunately, when I checked with the lady in the commissary, I failed to tell her how I was planning to cook it. She would have told me, “Oh no, that’s not acorn squash. It’s papaya!” And so was created the only baked variation of papaya with butter and salt. I didn’t try it again.

Since Betty and I often had Vic and Ted over for dinner, they decided to take us out to dinner. We took the jeep into Honolulu and had a short walk to the restaurant. There we were, three naval officers and one very pregnant lady. We were quite a sight, or rather, quite a conversation piece to the passerby who must have thought, “Lady, who is your husband?” or “Lady, where is your husband?”

The several months we spent in Hawaii were filled with joy, and then capped with sorrow, but concluded with the faith that told us that we now had twin baby angels, named John and Michael, who would be the guardian angels of the Betty and Fred Leone family.

**West Lafayette, Indiana**

I continued my studies at Purdue University after World War II. We had an efficiency apartment in a community of young families. In our particular complex of eight apartments, we purchased a washer and dryer, with each of the families owning a one-eighth share. When one neighbor moved out, that share was sold to the next couple. Our only “guests” at this Inn were Betty’s parents and my parents.
Cleveland Heights, OH, and Berkeley, CA

Wilma

Wilma was a single lady who wanted to rent a room while working in Cleveland. She had been referred to us by a friend. We needed the extra income. At that time we had three children, and my nine-month salary did not seem sufficient. In fact, Betty did some part-time work as a social worker in a home for girls. Wilma seemed to be quite social; we had a few conversations, but nothing substantial. However, she was a chain smoker and her smoking in bed made us very uncomfortable. I believe she was with us about seven or eight months; then she moved on.

Phil

A very close friend, Fr. Henry Birkenhauer, S.J., asked if his nephew, Phil Murawa, could rent a room to include board. Fr. B. was our guide to help us find our first house. He joined Betty’s folks for many Thanksgiving dinners at our home over the years. His family lived in Toledo, and he could not take that long a break from his faculty responsibilities at John Carroll University. Phil was in his early thirties.

The risk was minimal, and still we needed the money to balance the budget. Phil was a good guest and related well to the children. I recall a very important incident that took place during his stay. One evening I was giving a talk at Newman Hall, just off the campus of Case Institute of Technology and within three blocks from University Hospital. During the talk, Phil called Newman Hall and told me that Betty was on her way to the hospital for the delivery of our fifth child. There was no time to waste. I handed my notes to Fr. Hallinan, the director, and said, “Here are my notes, you take it from here.” In no time I was off to the hospital. And so, Joseph Anthony Leone, was born that evening, and all was well.

Phil stayed for almost two years, then moved on.

Dolly

Dolly was a teenage neighbor. She was our first babysitter. Dolly’s mother had died of cancer. There were six children at home, the youngest less than two. Bill Smith, her father, remarried a dear friend of the family shortly afterwards. The
children needed a mother. This close friend responded to the need. But Dolly could not accept her, perceiving her as an intruder, and showed her displeasure and hostility by not speaking to her stepmother. This went on for several weeks. One Saturday evening, while I was on a weekend retreat, I felt called by the Lord to help provide a solution to this problem. Dolly was fond of me and considered me sort of a friendly uncle.

My “Inn” annex became the Leone car. Dolly agreed to meet with me every Sunday morning after Mass, just to talk about her, her mother, and life at home. No one was to know about our conversations. We met about six times. I kept playing the tune “What would your mother want you to do?” She was responding well and finally agreed to my speaking with her stepmother. The conclusion was that Dolly came around, and a harmonious, loving house resulted. Shortly thereafter, Dolly entered a religious community of Sisters. We lost contact with her for a number of years, but then made the connection again. We visited her in New Jersey in 1991. She still signs her letters to us as “Dolly,” though she is in her sixties now.

**Hildegard**

Our primary guest at the Inn was Miss Hildegard Ehrtmann. Hildegard had come to the United States in 1957, when we lived in Cleveland, OH. She was a participant in a program entitled, “Youth Leaders Exchange.” There may have been only 20 or 30 in the program at that time, though later it expanded to over one hundred, sent to five cities. Some were professionals working with youth; some were volunteers. They had orientation sessions at some government offices in Washington, and then they proceeded to Cleveland. They were to live with three families, each for two weeks.

We were the third and final family in her program. She wanted to live with a large family. So we were asked to be her two-week family. She had no special privileges. She was just part of our family with chores like everyone else. She was also a self-starter and just pitched in wherever she saw the need. The children loved her. Our youngest son, Larry, was born in 1958; our youngest, Lucy, was born in 1960. Shortly before she returned to Germany, we baptized Lucy with Hildegard as the godmother.
Hildy had completed two or three years at a university in Germany. She took a seminar or two at Western Reserve University (later Case-Western Reserve University). Just before the end of her planned time in the U.S. a professor at Western Reserve offered to provide a scholarship for her to obtain a Master’s degree. Evidently, he recognized that her maturity and capabilities should be enriched, not by undergraduate courses, but by graduate studies towards a Master’s degree. I recall the evening she came home to give us the news. “But,” she said, “I don’t even have a Bachelor’s degree.” “Not a problem! If they think you can do it, go for it,” was my response. I added, “You have a place to stay, and we will supply the living resources.” At the completion of this graduate work, she was offered a job at a Jewish Welfare Agency. She, a German working for a Jewish agency! How was that possible? She accepted, but told us quite adamantly that she wanted to pay rent. After we “battled” over the issue in a friendly manner, Betty and I accepted her offer, but we decided that we would save her rental money and present it to her as a surprise going-home gift. We did not plan her stay; she came to us. We felt quite strongly that we heard the call for hospitality and had no other alternative. She became our “daughter” and big sister to our children. She will always be part of us.

This was a wonderful experience for all of us. We learned so much, and all profited from her 2 ½ year stay. We are still in contact to this date. We are hoping that she will join “her family,” as she always calls it, for a reunion in the summer of 2005.

Kuneo

Kuneo (Dominic) Kikuchi came to Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland from Tokyo, Japan. He was to study for a Bachelor’s degree. He was living at Newman Hall of the Catholic Student Center and joined us on many occasions. When there was a fire at Newman Hall, there was no doubt about his temporary residence. For the next few weeks he was a member of our family, a big brother to our seven children.

He joined our older children for his first sled ride in a Cleveland Heights park. We learned about his culture, why and how he became a Christian, and why he was at Case. Though he did not live at the Leone Inn afterwards, he was a
welcome and frequent visitor, who could drop in at any time. He later traveled from Cleveland to Iowa to spend a few days with us in our new home there.

**Family**

Many family members stayed at the Inn, of course. I must mention, however, one particular case to show that we did not discriminate. Not only did we have guests from many foreign nations, but we had animals at the Inn. No, this is not about such visitors as children’s pets, but dogs or cats who had temporary housing with us. There was Lucy’s huge Alaskan dog, then Peter’s dog, Digbee, whose eyes were always hidden behind his hair, and Eyore, (not the donkey, but a cat). The very best of all was a visit by Haven (Betty’s brother), our sister-in-law Beryl, and their five children and seven dogs. Liebshen, the mother of six, had given birth on the way to Iowa.

In contrast to the situation in Bethlehem over two thousand years ago, there was room at this Inn.

**Berkeley, CA**

After being at Case Institute of Technology for a number of years, Betty and I felt that we needed a change of intellectual climate. Norman Johnson and I had already started on our book, and I could use a year’s leave of absence for auditing some classes and writing the book. When I contacted Prof. Jersey Neyman, head of the Department of Statistics at Berkeley, he said that he would be pleased to have me for the year, but that there was no money available. However, he would provide the office. I then approached the Dean of Arts and Sciences at Case about the possibility of a sabbatical. He replied, “There is no such thing, but we treat each case of a leave on its own merits.” He also stated that Case could grant a full year at half pay or half-a-year at full pay. Fortunately, I had a research contract and was able to obtain the necessary funds for a full year.

This leased Inn did have some local guests. Our main guests were fellow students and two professors for dinner and social relaxation and discussion. These were Jersey Neyman and David Blackwell, who later became the first African-American President of the Institute of Mathematical Statistics.
However, we had two guests from Cincinnati, OH. These were Betty’s parents. Recall that Betty’s mother experienced the San Francisco earthquake in 1906. (This was related with a descriptive letter in an earlier chapter.) There was one required trip, namely, a visit to the house that the Clark family (Betty’s grandparents) had rented. The house was still there, for it had survived the quake admirably. A major activity for our family and grandparents (Betty’s folks) was a five-day visit to Yellowstone Park, related earlier.

**Iowa City (and Sao Paulo)**

**Brenda**

Brenda was a guest at our Inn for several months. Josephine, Brenda’s mother, was a close friend of my mother, who lived in New York. Grandma Leone (to our children) asked if Brenda could spend a few weeks with us in Iowa City. Brenda was in her early twenties and had some personal problems and needed some space outside New York. Perhaps a long visit with us might help her solve these problems. Our number four child, Frank, who was in his late teens, gave up his room. In a short time he became her listener and special counselor. So, at an early age the children were picking up their sense of hospitality, especially for those in need.

She seemed to have found herself and worked out those psychological problems. We helped her, and she taught us how to be more caring listeners and not overbearing advisors. The Inn provided the space, and the “proprietors” accepted the call.

**Mieke**

Here was a visitor with good references. Mieke is the daughter of a couple whom we knew very well through our work in the World CLC. Her father and I were on the Executive Council at the same time. Mieke was in her early twenties. So, when her parents asked if she could live with us as she attended the University of Iowa, the answer was, easily, yes. Everything seemed to be working out quite well for a while. Now our youngest son really liked to drink beer with his friends. It can be harmless, as long as you are of drinking age. He was not. As a boy, I had no limits on drinking beer.
or wine at home. In fact, wine was a common ingredient for a Sunday dinner and at other times. I had no limits when I was in my teens, but all was in moderation. We were not aware that Mieke was buying beer for our boy, until we accidentally caught him with a six-pack. The situation was rather comical. We told our son that we were going to a particular movie. He knew the route. But, for some reason, we changed our plans and went to another place. As we drove along, we noticed him running to hide behind some bushes. So the intended beer party was over. There were a few other minor incidents. So Betty decided to notify Mieke’s mother, who then came to Iowa City and returned home with her daughter.

They left on very good terms, and we continued to be close friends with the parents. In 1998 we met the father and daughter, who had driven him to the Amsterdam airport for about a two-hour stopover visit before we continued on our trip. She is in her fifties now and has a fine family with grown children.

The lesson for the innkeepers was that we could expect many surprises along the way. To put it another way, “That comes with the territory.” We did have a few more of these “surprises.”

Sao Paulo

In 1967, Betty and I made the decision to try for a Fulbright professorship. When we reviewed the appropriate brochures, we realized that Europe and Great Britain probably were deluged by too many requests. So we decided to try Brazil and, after a few hurdles, I did receive the professorship. Details of that one wonderful year are given in an earlier chapter. We leased an Inn (apartment) for a year. Noteworthy guests were rather few. Two guests stand out, one planned and the other not planned.

Let us look at the planned one first. As a wedding anniversary gift, Betty’s older brother offered to finance a two-week trip for his mother to be our guest in Sao Paulo. Betty’s father did not care to take the trip, but he urged his wife to do so. It was delightful for her and us. However, the two weeks expanded to more, since we persuaded her to join us on a ship’s tour from Sao Paulo to Manaus, via the Amazon.
The only point I will make here was that the year in Brazil was part of the growth for all of us — for each of the children with their new experiences and for Betty and me within this new culture and environment among a host of new friends.

The second (unexpected) guests at the Inn were a couple from the University of Sao Paulo. We had met the young lady in Peru, one of our stops on the trip to Brazil. Later we heard from her in Sao Paulo. There was a student uprising at the University, against which the Federal police took immediate action as armored personnel carriers raided the University. However, this couple managed to leave in time and came to the Leones’ for shelter. No time for a “Yes” or “No.” They were at our doorstep. The answer was easy. We put them up for several days until they could return to his home in San Salvador. To complete this episode, I should add that when we took that trip through the Amazon to Manaus, one of our stops was Belem (Bethlehem) at the mouth of the Amazon. The young man met the eight of us at the ship as we hit port. Then he took us to an outdoor café to share stories and enjoy a coconut drink.

The entire family learned much from that encounter in Sao Paulo and even more when we met the young man again. We were called to accept this couple into our Inn. We did not seek it, but the Lord God sent them to us.

**Back to Iowa City**

**José Antonio**

A dear friend and mentor in CLC was José Antonio Esquivel. He was visiting for a few days and decided to “help” with the program of the 1973 CLC National Assembly. In a few short days he framed the whole Assembly, including theme, workshop, and the very first attempt at group discernment. We are so grateful for him for the role he played in our CLC lives — our personal lives.

**Carlos**

Another surprise was Carlos from Cuba. He was a nephew of José Antonio Esquivel. José was rather rotund, and Betty was the only person who could call him, “Joselito.” He would respond to that love-filled call. José asked if his nephew could
stay with us for a week or so. I was on my way to London, where I was to spend about two weeks working on a book with a former Case Tech colleague. This work together in person would help us make some strides towards completion of our book.

I never met Carlos, but heard bits and pieces of stories. Evidently, Carlos was using our Inn as a resting place while he had a fun time in Washington. His priorities did not include a relationship with the family. And so we learned that not all good intentions go the way we expect. While I was gone, Betty terminated his stay early.

Loretta

Another guest at the Inn for about two weeks was Loretta Fitzgerald. She was more than a guest, however. One might call her temporary proprietor, since she was in charge of the place. Betty and I were off to the World Assembly and she had Larry and Lucy (the youngest children) with her. That means that she took care of meals and all necessary household chores. Without her as an assistant, it would have been extremely difficult to leave Iowa City. She was young enough to be able to relate very well with the children and old enough to take full responsibility.

As noted earlier, Loretta’s reason for being at the Inn was to be my “alter-ego” in preparation for the National Christian Life Community Assembly, which was to begin about one week after Betty’s and my return from the World Assembly in Augsburg, Germany. She carried out her responsibility admirably.

Followers of the Way

This was a short but memorable visit in the summer of 1973. “Followers of the Way” was a group of high school and college students from New England. They were to present a play and sing for the CLC Assembly, which was held at the University of Iowa. They were traveling in two station wagons, one of which broke down. Hence they were delayed for several hours. They could not easily enter the Inn (the Iowa House or campus motel) when they arrived, since their reservations began a day after their arrival. At that time the Leone family was to move to Washington, DC, just two days after the
Assembly. The Inn was filled with boxes and crates ready to be shipped to Washington. This was not a problem, as long as the students all had sleeping bags. There was, indeed, room at the Inn.

Here was a case where the entire Assembly could be called the proprietors. Some participants gave monetary donations to cover the cost of repairs to the car. Further, at that Assembly I managed to serve in the dual role of program chair and arrangements chair.

**Ben, Alelli, and Marte**

Fr. Ben Sim, S.J., Alelli Raymundo, and Marte Vinson from the Philippines were invited to participate in the 1973 National CLC Assembly. At that time, Ben was the National Ecclesial Assistant of CLC in the Philippines. Alelli and Marte were national leaders. They wanted to go to Washington to do some sight-seeing after the Assembly in Iowa City. They arrived two days before the Assembly started. We had the room, so we invited them to our Inn. I checked on their rooms at the Iowa House. Alelli and Marte had been booked in the same room. Horrors! Male and female, and both young and unmarried! That was corrected without delay. Later, Ben received approximately $200, the result of the one-dollar donations during our hunger meal. He used the money to help support a newly developed cooperative venture in a poor village in the Philippines. It was quite a chore counting those rumpled one-dollar bills in my motel room, while the Assembly was progressing.

They were our last visitors in Iowa and our first in Washington. Fond memories remain of our informal evening sharing sessions at the Inn, including Betty and Fred, Ben, Alelli, and Marte.

**Washington**

Since we were in the nation’s capital, there were more occasions for guests at the Inn. This sometimes included a group that came into DC for a rally or protest, or sightseers who used the Inn as a base, or people whom we believe the Lord sent to us. Sometimes the reservation would be made by a dear friend in Christian Life Community, or family friends, or just a person in need. But the door was always open at the Inn. It was
not always “peaches and cream,” as the old-timers might say. There were some challenges, struggles, and pain. We “survived” even to this day when Betty has returned to the Home of the Lord. To help visitors to realize that they should contribute to the maintenance of the place, at least stripping the beds and even remaking some beds, we posted a sign which read: “Due to circumstances beyond our control – our butler has resigned – your cooperation in helping to keep this place clean will be greatly appreciated.” Most residents did get the message.

**Grandma Spencer and Grandma Leone**

Both Betty’s and my mother lived through the stream of visitors. In fact, they enjoyed it because there were such interesting and usually lovable characters floating through. Grandma Spencer lived with us for ten years, then we had a two-year respite, then eight years with Grandma Leone. Betty was especially good with them. She attended some seminars on “caretaking.” She was also working on a Master’s degree in theology during part of this time.

During visits of some friends of our oldest son, Charles, I realized where Betty had received her schooling for one of her greatest assets — always challenging others. Her mother was constantly challenging. For example, Charles came home with three friends who were to stay for lunch. They were looking somewhat shabby for those days, according to Grandma. There we were, sitting at a large circular table. Grandma looked at them “straight in the eyes” and asked, “What are you doing with your life?” No introductions, no small talk; she went directly to the heart of the matter. She challenged.

And so it was with Betty. She challenged us, her family, her friends, her CLC family. One of her favorite expressions was, “I want you to be all that you can be.”

**Grandma Spencer’s Casket**

A review of the Inn’s residents cannot proceed without mention of Grandma Spencer’s casket. Betty’s mother, Dorothy Clark Spencer, wanted to be buried in a simple wooden casket. She decided to purchase the casket and have it available for the occasion. So, she purchased the casket in Connecticut and had it delivered to 2987 Berkshire Road, Washington,
DC. It rested in the basement (which we often used for a meeting place), covered with a large blanket. It had wheels. When some curious visitor would ask, “What is that?” we casually responded, “Oh, that’s Grandma’s casket.” It often became an interesting conversation piece. After a few years, Betty’s brother Haven finally transported the casket — on top of his car — from Washington, DC, to Dover, MA. Needless to say, it was a very interesting ride. I’m told that no onlooker crashed while observing the casket-laden car.

**Maurice**

Bishop Maurice Dingman was a special friend and companion. We first met him when, at my invitation, he gave a luncheon talk for the Catholic faculty at the University of Iowa. At that time, he was Msgr. Maurice Dingman, Chancellor of the Davenport Diocese. Betty and I went to his installation as Bishop of the Des Moines, IA, diocese, which includes Iowa City, the location of the University of Iowa. In 1969, when most of the Leone family was in Brazil, we received a late Christmas card from him. Later, when the Board of the National Federation of Christian Life Communities (later National Christian Life Community) was looking for an Episcopal Advisor, his name was suggested among others. I was President of NFCLC at the time. He accepted.

His lifestyle was simple; he visited all of the parishes of his diocese in the course of a year. He stayed overnight in a prison so that he could get a sense of this confinement and other ills of incarceration. He was very accessible to the people, priests, and sisters of the diocese. He had a special concern for the farm workers. When Pope John Paul II was to visit the U.S., a layman asked him if he would send an invitation to the Pope, asking him to visit the heartland of our country and come to Des Moines. He sent the invitation, and the Pope accepted. Then the Bishop’s residence/office was turned into the headquarters for all of the necessary, detailed, and tedious work of the visit.

Bishop Maurice was a frequent visitor at the Leone Inn. Invariably, when there was a meeting of the Catholic Bishops’ Conference or a committee meeting in Washington, rather than stay at the Capitol Hilton, he preferred to stay at the
Leone Inn. We were living on 16th Street, due north of the White House. Once, he brought a guest to the house, a Bishop who had been principal of Regina High School, which two of our children had attended in Iowa City. (Betty and I had been on his advisory board.) Sometimes Bishop Dingman would call on short notice and ask, “Is there room at the Leone Hotel?” You know the answer!

He had his own room, equipped with an extra card table and chair. During the Bishops’ meeting, when he would arrive at the Inn in the evening, after dinner and sometimes a rally. (He was a wonderful listener; he would say that he need not agree with the demonstrators, but he must be able to listen to their cause and, hence, understand them better.) We would first get out the wine, cheese, and crackers. He would come down from his room to the kitchen, dressed very informally. Then he would tell us about the day’s events at the Hilton on 16th Street. In the morning, he and I would take the Metro bus to “go to work.” I would get off two stops after him. On one occasion, he invited Bishop Tom Gumbleton to spend two nights at our Inn, so that they could watch the multi-part television series “Roots,” the dramatic account of a family which began as slaves in the U.S., through several generations to the present day.

Bishop Dingman was indeed a special guest at the Inn for whom a room was always available. We learned a great deal from him, and this affected our lives. We learned from his simple lifestyle, his openness, his humility, and his preferential option for the poor. His openness was apparent in so many ways. As an example, during our Iowa days, when our son Frank and several others were taking a peace walk across the state, east to west, one stop was at Bishop Dingman’s residence. He welcomed them into his Inn, gave them housing, and provided breakfast the next morning.

The Mobile Gang

Prior to a National CLC Assembly at the University of Massachusetts in August 1975, Betty, Grandma Spencer, and I went on an eight-day retreat in Providence, RI. Fr. Bill Kidwell, S.J., had collected a busload (25 to 30) of high school and college students to attend the National Assembly. The plan
was to have them meet host families at the Leone Inn on 16th Street. The hosts would bring them to their homes and return them to the same spot the next morning after breakfast. Good plan, but it did not work. The bus was very late. By the time the bus arrived, the intended hosts had gone home, and the students could not contact them at such a late hour. We asked our son, Charles (Chuck), then living in Washington, to help make the connection between Fr. Kidwell and us. There were many phone calls between Fred and Charles that night. The solution was for the youth to sleep at the Leones’ in sleeping bags wherever they could find a place. The next day at the Assembly, a number of youth went up to Betty or me to thank us for our hospitality and tell us where they had slept — under the dining room table, on the floor in the kitchen, in the hallway, etc. Our neighbor, Fr. Milan Zobenica, a Eastern Serbian Orthodox priest, and his wife gave them a good breakfast the next morning before they were on their way.

**Scranton High School-ers**

On the weekend of the visit of Pope John Paul II to Washington, DC, a group of 15 to 20 students came from a Jesuit high school and from a Catholic girls’ high school. We knew they were coming, so there was plenty of room at the Inn, provided they had sleeping bags. Their primary objective was to attend a Mass celebrated by the Pope. They arrived early in the evening, having already had dinner. After a brief pause for refreshments, we all went to the “Conference Room” in our basement. Then I facilitated a work-detail volunteer process and put the names into selected categories. These included dishwashing and cleanup after specific meals, preparing sandwiches for the next day (Saturday), and a few other chores to reduce the burden on individuals, especially the cook and maintenance people. That morning, with appropriate guides, groups visited one of three locations, a Catholic Worker House, Martha’s Table, and another service group working with the poor and marginalized. They saw the Pope come by Lafayette Park, near the White House. That evening, they had dinner, Mass, and a sharing session in which they reflected on what they had experienced during the day. On Sunday after breakfast, with their lunch bags, they did a little touring, visiting monuments and museums. This was followed by the
Papal Mass celebrated at the stadium. Then they were off, after experiencing a meaningful and memorable weekend “with the Pope.”

What did we learn in these two experiences with students visiting Washington? We learned of the commitment of youth. They understand social justice to a degree, and they work in this area around school and in their cities. We felt their enthusiasm to serve people with the gifts given to them. Hence, for us these were additional links in the chain of service to the marginalized.

**Mary Lou**

Mary Lou Amadio (Lewcan) was a delightful and caring person. She came to Washington to pursue a Master’s degree in music at the Catholic University of America. A common friend (Loretta Fitzgerald) suggested our “Inn” as a good place to have room and board for several summer months.
Her room and board fee was rather minimal. We were not in the business to make money. She did have our piano tuned, so she could practice at home. She was a family member, sharing our meals, enjoying the children, and taking responsibility as needed. I recall one experience when Betty and I were leaving town without the children for a few days. She was in charge while we were gone. The climate was rather tense that morning. So, she came downstairs from her bedroom and just sat with us. Her calm presence was most helpful on many occasions. Literally she was an older sister to all of the children.

At the end of three summer semesters she completed her Master’s degree and asked if she could have a party for a few friends. Her mother and aunt would come in and would prepare whatever was necessary. We said, “Yes,” with no hesitation. She was just part of the family, loved by all of us. Here was another case of a wonderful person knocking at the inn door and “there was room.”

Jim

Jim Rice was a graduate of Seattle University, a Jesuit University in Seattle, Washington. He had completed a year of service in the Jesuit Volunteer Corps and wanted to settle in Washington. Jim was a non-violent activist, working on programs designed not just to serve the poor, but to change the structures that oppress the poor. At one time he was treasurer of the World Peace Tax Fund. What a surprise it was, when he told us how much money filtered through our home.

One major event that he was involved in was the peaceful protest in opposition to the annual Arms Bazaar at a large Washington hotel. I believe it was the Wardman Park or a hotel nearby. Here were displays of the latest military weapons. Large sums were being spent on weapons and all sorts of destruction equipment and this was the place to see them on display. Jim had prepared carefully. He attended a seminar instructing the participants on how to protest peacefully, what to do and how to act if arrested. This was to be a preparation for the non-violent demonstration, where he and his companions were to lie in the street and prevent vehicles from progressing to the bazaar. He was prepared to go to jail. On his way to the hotel, as he was walking across a high bridge over
Rock Creek Park, he witnessed a suicide jump off the bridge. What a way to start his demonstration! I might add that these bazaars ceased to exist a few years later.

Michael

In the mid-eighties, we received a letter from Patrick O’Sullivan, S.J., Vice-Ecclesial Assistant for World Christian Life Community. We knew Patrick quite well, since he and I were on the World Executive Council of Christian Life Community. He had also spent a few days with us at the Inn. He was stationed at the WCLC headquarters in Rome. Patrick asked if we could be host family to a young Ethiopian called Michael (Abdo Mohammed Hussein). Michael had traveled to Libya, worked there for a while, then somehow went to Spain. While there he was befriended by a Spanish family that wanted to provide a college education for him in the United States. They contacted Patrick, who then contacted us.

We discerned on this unusual, but real, apostolic venture. Could we do it? What does God want of us? What would be the cost? In response to the prayer of St. Ignatius Loyola — “Lord Jesus, teach us to be generous. To serve you as you deserve. To give and not to count the cost.…” — the answer was obvious. Before finalizing our decision, I had a meeting in Rome and was able to discuss this further with Patrick. I was satisfied and told him to proceed. Further, Michael did have a facility with languages and spoke English very well.

Michael’s visa in the U.S. classified him as a “refugee.” He arrived during the time of Betty’s retreat. So I gave him a third-floor room. Our winter weather was very different from that of Ethiopia, Libya, and Spain, where he had lived. For the first week or so he slept late and seemed to be quite depressed. Was this the America that the books at the U.S. Embassy in Ethiopia described? Was this the land of opportunity they described? Streets paved with gold? Very soon, he came out of the depression and finally registered at the University of the District of Columbia. Unfortunately, he inherited some incompetent instructors at UDC. Just to look at his homework assignments made us realize this.

Michael was really part of the family. He was an older brother to the children. He shared all our meals and even went
with us when we had a family dinner. Finally, he had his own apartment in DC. Two quick notes in conclusion: When his father died in Ethiopia, he asked if he could have some Ethiopian friends at the house so that they could come together in mourning and prayers for his father. Of course, it happened. Finally, I should note that he visited Ethiopia, found his boyhood sweetheart, married her, and returned to DC with his bride. They visited us a few weeks later. Unfortunately, we have lost contact with Michael and his family, but the experience of having him with us was enriching. Here was a young man with a great deal of talent, but without the education or training to go with it. Perhaps we supplied the impetus.

Reflection

Mary Lou, Jim, and Michael — can you imagine the effect these young adults had on the Leone family? Each was different, but each provided a great deal of love, as well awareness of the reality that we lived in. The rich education which the two younger children received is hardly describable. Again, we didn’t look for them. They found us through one channel or another. Again and again we say,

“Lord, we thank you for the many gifts, the blessings you have given us. These gifts, of course, were lovable and caring people who gave us themselves for a short period of time.”

The Two Ladies

I chose this title because I could not remember their names. But that’s just as well, since the experience was not a good one, except that we learned much from it. I do not really know how they became our guests, nor was I sure of it at the time. It seems that Betty was told that a young lady (not very young) and friend needed some housing. I am still not sure whether it was to be a short- or long-term residence. Betty felt that we should offer some room at the Inn to them. Could we say no at this time? So they came. Usually, when we invite people into our home, we share our food as well as space. That’s our style. Not so, in this case. One of them could have fitted in quite well, but the other case was a disaster. This person had her own phone, which she paid for. But the phone company technician needed to string a wire from the first floor, up the
stairwell and into her room. Enough? No, she had to have her own food, so some place in the refrigerator was allotted to her, well marked. We had to discern whether we should invite them to leave or for what length they should be with us.

Jim and Michael were also residents at that time. After Betty and I “pushed and shoved” in our own minds and hearts about the two ladies, it was time to make a definite decision and take appropriate action. The four of us, Jim, Michael, Betty, and I had a prayerful discernment to determine the solution. Our conclusion clearly was that the Lord really did not want them at the Inn. By the end of their second month, their stay became history. Perhaps the Lord wanted to teach us a simple lesson, namely, “Check your source of information.” We also found that the position of Inn proprietors was not always a smooth road.

**Judy**

Just a note about Judy is enough. She was an interesting person, but not well adapted to her situation, especially at work. She stayed with us for just a few days while she was to move into a new apartment. She left a fair amount of her baggage and “stuff” in our basement. We hadn’t planned to provide a permanent storage space. Finally, I told Judy that she must have all the packages out within two weeks. If she did not, I would put it all on the sidewalk for people to take as they wished. It did not take long before the unwanted boxes quietly left the premises. But why did we put ourselves into such an unpleasant position? The lesson we were taught is that if sometimes we are put in untenable situation and become aware of it, we should discontinue the setting as soon as possible.

**The Plumber Lady**

I do not know how she got to our place, probably through some reference within the social justice group that Betty was so active in. She was in her mid to late thirties and had spent much of her time working with the poor. She clearly had a mission in life and was in transition. Was she actually a plumber? Sure, she had her own pick-up truck, equipped with an impenetrable metal trunk attached to the frame so as to prevent any break-in. She was with us only about three months.
We were pleased to be her stopping station while she made a decision for the future. She was leaning towards entering a religious community. We did not know her final decision.

Celeste

Celeste Derouche was a young lady from New England who was also in a transition stage. We learned of her through some friends in CLC. She wanted a break while she was discerning her decision for her future. She was very pleasant, always helpful, and a wonderful companion to our children. I recall her working with us as we canned about 40 or 50 jars of apple sauce. She was with us for about five months and then joined a religious community. As far as I know she is stationed in New England and is still active in Christian Life Community.

Todd

Todd Kaplan was in his mid-twenties when he came to us through the recommendation of the social action group in which Betty was quite active. Todd was working with a home similar to the Catholic Worker House. He did much repair work and installation of appliances, serving as a handyman for them. Todd, a college graduate, had a very interesting background before he came to us. He had spent two years at a kibbutz in Israel that included Jewish and Arab members. His parents were both professors at universities, one in social science. They were very concerned about the dangers of his work. Though they seemed displeased and wondered whether he was the “black sheep” in the family, I am sure that in their hearts they were very proud of him. He was, in fact, doing some of the things they were teaching in their courses.

Todd was at our home at a very fortunate time for us. Yes, he was a resident at the Inn at just the right time. One evening we noticed that one basement wall was getting quite damp, no, wet. There must be a large pipe leak or breakage. This was in the front of the house. When I called the DC emergency number, the authorities determined that the leak was within our house boundaries and we, not the city, were responsible for the repairs. They turned the water off for our house. So Todd went into action. He recruited 3 men from the Catholic Worker House who came right out. They worked into
the evening and dug down to the fracture. The next day, he replaced a section of the pipe and obtained an eight-foot “wrench” to turn the water on again. I should mention that this was around Thanksgiving time, so water was a necessary ingredient around the house. Again, no problem! Todd connected our water line to the next door neighbor’s outside faucet until the work was completed. This was the same neighbor who provided breakfast for the “Mobile Gang.”

Todd was with us about three months. Just at the proper time he provided the assistance we needed. It was almost as if he had been called to the Leone Inn. He was a peaceful social activist. We received a letter from him a few months later. He and others had defaced some government missiles and had to serve jail sentences. He was in a “low security” prison where some inmates have special privileges. There, Todd had a number of very interesting conversations with the Reverend Moon, who was in for tax evasion.

**Big George**

For want of a full name, this one is all I can recall. George was a tall, handsome young man in his early twenties. George just fell into our laps, to put it rather oddly. One evening in the early eighties, I returned from work about 6:15 p.m., a bit later than usual. There was this young, tall African man standing at the door of the Uganda Embassy, just two doors from us. There was no answer when he rang the door bell. So I walked over to him and asked, “May I help you?” After a brief response, I invited him to have dinner with us. This was a rather pleasant meal where we exchanged information, and he left shortly after dinner.

However, that was not the end, but the beginning of our adventures with Big George. The next morning he was at our door with suitcase in hand, saying that he had no place to stay and that he really could not go to the Uganda Embassy, because the personnel were from a different tribe in Uganda. Little did we suspect that this stay would last about three months. He said that he wanted to study engineering in college. When he answered my question about his knowledge of mathematics in the affirmative, he was responding to the wrong person. I had taught mathematics in college earlier.
His answer to a simple mathematical question told me he had minimal knowledge of the subject.

Betty had him tested at the National Catholic Mission Service (where she knew the director), and he ranked in the lower grades in mathematics. To make matters worse, he was the son of one of the generals who had deposed the dictator, Idi Amin, and he had an uncle as a representative of his country at the UN. (Or so he told us.) To make matters even worse, he got into our meager liquor section and was slowly reducing the content of some of the bottles. And more — when I received my first phone bill after his entrance into our home, there were several phone calls to Uganda. He had been calling home in the middle of the night.

I had to take action. “If there are any more phone calls, you are out. No questions, no discussion!” A week later, I gave him a deadline for moving within three weeks. He moved on, but kept his contact with us, as we served as his advisors. The last time I saw him was when he (we) purchased a ticket to return home. He received this money from his father and, on my advice, put it in a bank until he purchased the ticket. That was the last we heard of Big George.

**Pauline and Jean**

Probably, the person who has been with and made more trips to our Inn is Pauline Katshie. She and her former husband, Jean Mbuyu, were coming to Washington in the early nineties. He was to be a researcher for an international human rights law group. The only person she could contact in Washington was Sr. Maureen Healy. Pauline asked Maureen if she knew any members of CLC in the DC area. “Yes, I know Betty Leone, who was a fellow student at the Washington Theological Union,” was Maureen’s reply. Within a week Jean and Pauline were at our Inn for dinner. Also present were Kathy Hubbell and Daryl Domning, dear friends and companions in CLC. It did not take very long before we were Mama Betty and Papa Fred. Without any doubt, our children and grandchildren enjoy them as family members.

Jean, a lawyer, was a political refugee from Zaire (now Democratic Republic of Congo), and Pauline had her own pharmacy until it was ransacked by Dictator Mobutu’s men.
Jean’s job was to report on the crimes of the Zaire government. In their second year here, Jean worked on and received a Master’s degree in Human Rights Law at Notre Dame University. He then returned to Congo and became a minister in the new government of President Kabila. He was in the hallway outside Kabila’s office when the assassination took place. Jean has now assumed three different offices of Minister, sequentially, of course.

Pauline

Pauline remained in South Bend for a short time; then she began work towards a Master’s degree in pharmacy at Purdue University. A serious car accident was almost fatal. Shortly thereafter she moved to Connecticut, where she now resides. While living in Connecticut, Pauline was able to return to Congo and procure a divorce from Jean. They remain good friends, but their paths are now divergent. Pauline has joined us on many family trips and special gatherings — in Ontario, Canada, in Syracuse, at our granddaughter’s and grandson’s weddings, and numerous holiday reunions. She, like Hildegard Ehrtmann, is truly a member of the Leone family. Jean remains a member of the family, though our contact with him is impeded by his responsibilities in the Congo and distance.

Since Betty has gone home to the Lord, I have been in frequent communication with Pauline. Her future certainly promises to be very rewarding. She is now married to Arnould Ngame, and in November, 2004, they were blessed with a baby boy, Jonathan.

Diab

Another member of our extended family is Diab Almhana, a psychiatrist who did his first medical studies in Damascus. He phoned us just one day before the Christmas gathering of CLC groups in the Washington/Baltimore area in 1995. So I said, “Come on out to our home (Inn) for the pot-luck dinner and don’t bring anything but yourself.” He came, and we learned about the pathetic single room he had been renting. That evening, after dinner, Betty and I asked ourselves, “Does the Lord want us to invite him into our home?” Again, the answer was obvious and he moved in about December 29.

Diab was in the United States to secure a position at a hospital as a resident in psychiatry. He must have sent out about
100 applications. As many know, there is a “pecking order,” or an order of preferences, for positions at hospitals, as follows: First come those U.S. citizens who have a medical degree from a U.S. medical school; then, U.S. citizens who studied abroad; then international people who studied in the U.S., and finally internationals who studied abroad. The Medical School of the University of Damascus graduated about 600 students that year. His letter of recommendation from medical school virtually said no more than, “He was here!”

Diab lived with us one full year. Our doctor son, Larry, suggested that he do some volunteer work at the hospitals. Then he could get references from U.S. doctors. He chose this route, and for his applications he received several sterling recommendations. As a result, and following interviews, he had six possible choices. He accepted a position as resident at Case-Western Reserve Hospital in Cleveland. He is now in his fourth year as the psychiatrist at Avon Lake Hospital, just east of Cleveland.

While with us, he became just one of the family. When we visited our son Peter and wife, Diane, and family, she remarked in private, “You always bring such wonderful people here to dinner.” Diab had played soccer with the children for an hour just before dinner. He felt at home and enjoyed them as they enjoyed him.

Alain

Pauline and Alain Makola, her nephew, visited us in May 2002. We had met him once before. Since her visit with us was quite short, she asked if he could stay with us for a couple of weeks. Well, the Inn accommodated him for about three months. But this was not a problem, since Betty put him to work and he did many useful chores while here.

In June we asked him if he had made any plans to enter college. Through some unfortunate occurrences he had not begun his college work for over three years. He had prepared application forms for several schools in Connecticut close to Pauline’s and his residence. We suggested Wheeling Jesuit University as an alternative. WJU ranked quite well in the college and university ranking published annually. He proceeded to obtain all the necessary information and forms for
registration. These included the translation of his grades into the U.S. system, necessary records, and visa status. Since Pauline is also Alain’s legal parent, and she is cleared for work in the U.S., he had no visa problems. Finally, he was able to get a WJU Presidential Scholarship and other support. He is now completing his third year. This forward motion was initiated during his stay at the Inn. The fact that he regained his motivation and moved forward was a great gift to us. His goal is to become a doctor. We believe that God will provide the way.

**Henry**

In 1999 we received an email from Henry Vega of Ecuador. He had been awarded a Fulbright Scholarship for a Master’s degree and was studying at Clemson University. He had a spring break to look for summer work related to his practicum in agricultural economics. Through his Jesuit contacts he went to a residence for students. We knew the place and were sure that it was not the right place for him. I picked him up after the first night, and he spent the rest of the week with us as he found a position. That summer he lived at our Inn.

The following year he received a job at an agency. Our agreement was for him to live a few months with us, then move on to his own residence. That worked out very well. We still keep in contact, and he visits occasionally. Now he is working for a Ph.D. at George Mason University.

**Roxana**

Roxana Loaiza, who is in her mid-thirties, is the present full-time resident at the Leone Inn. She is a member of Living Water Community, our CLC group. She contacted us before she came from Bolivia to the U.S. to study English at Catholic University. She had a full-year scholarship, though she had to work at the university part-time. Her next move was to find the appropriate graduate school for study in international economics, especially in relationship to non-profit organizations in the developing countries.

More will be related about her in a later chapter. She joined us in May 2002, and still remains with me as a companion and assistant in maintaining the Inn.
Hubert

A report on the Leone Inn would not be complete without a word on our latest visitor. Hubert Ngueha from Cameroon is not a resident, but is seen here quite often. He might be attending a meeting of CLC at the Inn or assisting Fred in some chore or doing some yard work. He seems to feel that he cannot do enough for the Inn. Rather than relate any more about Hubert, let me refrain until a later chapter. It seems to me that the Lord has sent this honorary member of the Inn dwellers into my life at the right time. He has provided much voluntary assistance, and perhaps I will be able to steer him in the proper direction towards his goal, which is to become a doctor.

Functions at the Inn

In a large Inn one would expect full-day or weekend programs. The Leone Inn is no exception. Here are some of programs that have taken place at the Inn.

(1) For about fifteen years, the annual Christmas season potluck dinners of the Washington/Baltimore CLC members and guests were held at the Inn. Most of the work has not been done by us, though we all share in the chores.

(2) Over the years, about ten workshops and seminars of the Mid-Atlantic Region of CLC have been held at the Inn.

(3) On about five occasions the Executive Council of National CLC has held their weekend meetings at the Inn.

(4) The Inn has served as a lodging for visitors to Washington for purposes such as rallies, demonstrations, visiting museums and memorials, etc.

(5) On several occasions, guests stayed at the Inn when the proprietors were away.

(6) The Inn has served as an infirmary, just as a Samaritan left a Jew until he returned.

What has the Inn meant to us and others?

Again we give some examples as follows.

(1) The Inn has provided a focal point for activity in the CLC Region.

(2) The Inn has allowed the Leone family to use their gifts to serve others.

(3) The residents have provided a broad concept of diversified cultures. Hence the children, especially, have grown
in understanding of social issues over the years and from varying cultural perspectives. Models came from all continents: Africa, Latin America, Asia, Australia, Europe, and USA.

(4) Some residents have become role models and companions not only to Betty and me, but especially to our children, at least for a short time, and some, for many years. All have lived a simple life style and this has influenced all of us favorably.

(5) We have grown closer to members of our extended family and others – Hildegarde, Pauline, Jean, Diab, Roxana and, possibly more to come.

(6) We know that over the years, Betty and I have learned much. We have become richer by their presence, and we hope that our association with them has been a benefit to them. It is difficult to measure the wealth of all these experiences, but the results are here, glowing in our children and grandchildren.

Postscript

I would like to apologize for omitting some of the guests. I’m sorry that the register was lost several years ago and it has
been difficult to reconstruct it. But I know you will forgive me. It has been a busy Inn. The guests have been gifts to all of us. I know that we received much more from them than they have received from us. We have always known that we have such an extended personal and CLC family that we could go to any continent and there would always be room in your inns for us.

**The Registry Located**

One of our former employees at the Inn reminded me of our motto “Minha casa é sua casa” (“My house is your house”), a motto which I learned from a former department head at the Universidad de Sao Paulo. Since this employee at the Inn stated that she was aware of many other guests, I decided to try harder to locate the registry books. I found them in the basement of the Inn. As I reviewed these lists, I decided to identify some of the guests, but have placed them in categories.

**Infirmary and Rehabilitation Center**

Our Inn served as an infirmary and rehab center on several occasions. One occupant was already mentioned, namely Brenda in our Iowa City Inn. There were Betty and then Anthony, who were recovering from surgery. Betty was diabetic and needed minimal care, but she could not stay alone. There was also Sister Josephine of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres.

Betty was a neighbor and friend near our Washington, DC, Inn. A diabetic, she had just undergone cataract surgery. The surgery was of limited success, and she needed to spend two weeks at home. Since she was alone, Betty and I invited her to the Inn at the “usual” price. She was a very good guest, and the additional rest without house chores helped in her recuperation.

Anthony also had surgery and needed a little extra care. If he were too active, he could easily suffer a relapse. He spent a great deal of time in my comfortable lounge chair. I felt like Archie Bunker of TV fame who insisted that no one, absolutely no one, was to occupy the “throne” (his lounge chair in front of the TV) which belonged only to Archie. We all survived and, again, the rehabilitation was somewhat painless.
The Sisters of St. Paul were teaching at Nativity Academy and were also in hospital ministry and social services. At one time, several rooms of the convent were being painted. Since Sr. Josephine was allergic to paint, she asked if she could board at the Leone Inn. We enjoyed having her with us for a few weeks.

The fifth rehabilitation activity had Mike and Sandy Splaine as the caregivers at our Inn in Washington, DC. Their “patient” was Eyore. The occasion was as follows: Betty and I and our two youngest children were to leave town. Shortly before, Mike and Sandy called to say that they were coming to Washington with five teenagers on their return trip home to Massachusetts. Could they stay for a few days to tour Washington? The teenagers had been in their care for a special program for the past six months. “Sure,” was our response, “if you clean up and lock up before you leave the house.” They would arrive the day before we left. Now, where does Eyore come into the picture? He was not really a guest, but part of the family. However, just prior to their arrival, Eyore tangled with a bee and was bitten in the mouth. Poor Eyore with swollen mouth and no ability to eat! I must say that that was a fortuitous visit. Who else could nurture a cat the way they did? Before Mike and Sandy left, he had fully recovered.

**Rallying Point**

The Inn served as a base for individuals and groups attending rallies in Washington. Most of these were members of CLC. There was a group from New York, headed by Fr. Dan Fitzpatrick, S.J.; one included Dan and Linda LeBrun of Massachusetts; another group came from Kansas; and still others from Indianapolis, Cleveland, and Detroit. From St. Louis we had Pat Carter and Fr. Paul Roy, S.J.

**Meetings of the NCLC Executive Council, Workshops, and Special Occasions**

On six occasions the National Christian Life Community Executive Council met at the Inn. The names are just too many to mention here. We charged them double the usual price, since they were special. There was only one dilemma, namely, that even with my mathematical and statistical background, I could never get twice zero to come out different from zero. They enjoyed the simple homemade meals, and we had ample
time for sharing our experiences. For Betty and me, there was much more to gain than to give.

The guides’ meetings and workshops always brought interesting people to the Inn. These included Debbie from Wilmington; Lee from Philadelphia; Fr. Jim and Susie from Wheeling; Marilyn, Ann, Pam, Susan, Al, and Kathy from Pittsburgh; Mary from Malaysia (visiting Pittsburgh); Nestor from Cameroon (presently living in Arlington, VA); and numerous participants from New York and New Jersey — Dorothy, Ray, Joan, Lois, Marie, and others.

**International Guests**

Guests from most of the continents spent time at the Inn. Usually, they were in the Washington area for several purposes or combined their visit with a stopover for a few days, but some made a special point of visiting with us. From Australia, we had Fr. Patrick O’Sullivan, S.J, and Fr. Tim Quinlan, S.J. (both World CLC Vice Ecclesial Assistants), Sr. Myree Harris, and Fr. Noel Bradford, S.J. Misses José Gsell (France) and Roswitha Cooper (Germany) were World CLC Executive Secretaries. Enrico and Lina Laviola came from Bari, Italy. When I checked the directory of the American Statistical Association to see if any members were from Italy, Lina said of one member, “I know him. He was my student in grade school.” One member of the World Executive Council from Sri Lanka made a trip to Washington to visit Gallaudet University, a renowned school for the deaf. Fr. Joe MacFarlane, S.J., and Fr. Frank Drolet, S.J., came to the Inn in conjunction with a meeting of the Executive Council of NCLC.

**During the Meeting of the National Council of Catholic Bishops**

On one occasion, our group decided to invite some bishops who were coming to Washington for their annual meeting to stay at homes and other accommodations, rather than the Capitol Hilton Hotel. Here we used some annexes, namely, some homes, a rectory, and a convent. I recall that in one family, Jim and Eloise Clayton had as their guest Bishop Flores from San Antonio. The first evening their five-year-old, Jason, decided that the Bishop might be lonely. So he took him a cookie. The next day, when the Bishop had some break time, he joined
Betty and me for tea and sharing experiences. When we served the cookies, he asked for an extra one for Jason when he returned to the Claytons.

I have mentioned earlier that Bishop Maurice Dingman was a frequent guest at the Inn. On one occasion, Bishops Maurice Dingman and Tom Gumbleton came during a Bishops’ meeting in Washington, DC. In the evening, after the sessions, they returned to our Inn to watch some of the mini-series “Roots,” which traced the experiences of an African-American family from the time of the kidnapping in Africa, the slave ship, and sale at the slave market, to today. Shortly before the meeting, Tom was in Iran, speaking with the Americans who were being held as hostages. He spoke on his experience at George Washington University.

Vacation Time

Finally, let me mention several who spent time at the Inn for vacation. Jim and Julie Donovan and two young children from Minnesota came when the innkeepers were gone. We left them a key. Also, we had our grandson, Nico, and a daughter of CLC friends, Teri Brown, spend a summer with us. Mary Lou Amadio (mentioned earlier) and Mary Sue Harm spent a summer. There are a number of other experiences, but let me stop here.

Concluding Reflection

In a Christmas 2004 card I read, “We don’t realize how much light and darkness we shed on others.” I would like to modify this as follows: “We do not realize how much light we shed onto others, nor do we realize how much light is shed by others onto us.” In my preparation of this book, I have re-lived much of my life and have witnessed this light, again and again.

But why do I state all these names and circumstances above? To drop a few names and signify my “importance” in having people like this in my life? Absolutely not! By recalling these, which appear in the guest book at this time, I have come to realize how much God has blessed me. It seems that he has placed these people and events before me on my journey. Each has helped shape my journey, some in a small way and some in a very decisive way. Even the bitter experiences have become positive forces in my journey.
Chapter 17

Our Journeys in CLC

Introduction (Fred)

This chapter is divided into four parts. Parts 1 and 2 review our personal journey from the original days in The Sodality of Our Lady in 1956 to Christian Life Community in 1998. These are taken from an original article in Harvest. In this, we tell our story, which differs, we are sure, from that of many who have been living this way of life in or before these early days. We divide this narrative into two sections, namely, the external or physical change (outer journey), within which the spiritual change has been nurtured and has grown, and the spiritual change (inner journey). Fred covered the first part and Betty, the second. These were originally published in Harvest, the CLC quarterly. Then, I continue with Part 3 - an Addendum covering 1999 to 2004. Finally, I conclude with a Reflection.

The early days in the Cleveland Men’s and Women’s Sodalities

In 1956 Betty was introduced to the Women’s Sodality at Gesu Church (in Cleveland) by Belle Murtagh, who later became National Secretary. “Betty, I have found what you have been searching for. You must come and see.” So Betty took the first step and then, a year later, was joined by Fred, who joined the Men’s Sodality. Those were the days when there were formal training programs, formal daily rules, a personal guide for each “Sodality candidate,” and a sequence of steps before acceptance into a Sodality. Each Sodality was large, and its vitality depended upon the core leadership of each group.

In 1954 the National Federation of Sodalities had been established with Bob Graffe of Cleveland as its first President. His office was his briefcase. There was a Council of Moderators and Promoters, made up almost totally of priests, some diocesan and some Jesuit. Theoretically there were hundreds of sodalities throughout the U.S., practically all parish-centered, many adult groups and many school groups. These
existed in grammar schools, high schools, and colleges. The Federation was composed of adult sodalities, and the major decisions were made primarily by this Council of Moderators and Promoters. Also in 1954, there was held in Rome the first Assembly of the World Federation of Sodalities.

A strong force in the U.S. Sodality movement was The Queen’s Work (St. Louis), a national center which had a number of publications and ran several meetings per year for the youth movement (the SSCA - Summer School of Catholic Action). Although neither of us attended any of these, we are aware of their strong influence on spirituality and mission in the Catholic Church. The Queen’s Work was headed by Fr. Daniel Lord, S.J., and later by Fr. Joe McFarlane, S.J. At one time there was a staff of 80 people working in two adjacent office buildings in St. Louis.

In Cleveland the Sodalities had such major projects as “The Saint Augustine’s Guild,” which later became the Catholic Interracial Council, affiliated with the National Catholic Council for Interracial Justice. Another program was the “First Friday Club,” patterned on a Detroit program where prominent Catholic laity would present a monthly talk and discussion at a luncheon meeting. Then there were educational programs for minority children. There was a program on fighting pornographic films and literature, and one on “bringing Christ back into Christmas.” This last program included religious billboards from six countries displayed on the main squares of Cleveland. So there were a strong spirit and activity in “apostolic action.” This last project was proposed by a British Jesuit, Fr. Bernard Basset, S.J., who was the Sodality Promoter of the United Kingdom. Betty and I were key participants in this program. I wonder, sometimes, if our action had some effect on the initiation of a religious stamp for Christmas.

Missing, however, were a strong bond of community and a realization of the role of the Spiritual Exercises in the Sodalities. Even though the National Council of Catholic Bishops had encouraged the development of Sodalities by requesting the ordinary of each diocese to appoint a diocesan moderator, a good many of these appointees had no concept of the true meaning of Sodality, and many parish groups were merely a show of numbers.
At the second assembly of the World Federation of Sodalities in 1959 at Seton Hall University, it was determined that each National Federation should study the present situation and explore the true vision and mission of Sodality. We may not have used these terms, but we wanted to get back to our true roots. What was intended by the early Sodalities in the 16th century? In the U.S., within each region, we attempted to examine the true meaning of Sodality. Within the Cleveland Diocese we had a Diocesan Sodality Council, and we worked on this study for several years.

In the meantime, Fr. Bernard Basset, S.J. appeared in Cleveland. In our own group, now the Cleveland Men’s and Women’s Sodality, Bernard Basset introduced the “small unit technique.” Eight of us asked permission for a leave of absence to experiment with this new technique. Betty and I were very fortunate, during a professional trip, to visit a “small unit” in Paris which was a sub-unit of a larger Sodality. It was called “La Vie Chrétienne” or “Christian Life Community.” The Holy Spirit was moving within many of us. So, when the World Federation met in Rome in 1967, there was a “new beginning, a new name,” by a final tally (8 to 7) of National Federations of Sodality present at the Assembly. There was a decision to go back to our roots, develop small units and explore our spirituality. In 1970 at its World Assembly in Santo Domingo, the World Assembly adopted the title of “World Federation
of Christian Life Communities.” Three years later, the first version of the General Principles (GP) was approved by the Assembly. At that Assembly, I was elected Vice President of NFCLC. Within a short time the GP received papal approval, which was necessary since we are an international Catholic lay organization.

**Christian Life Communities — What are they?**

The General Principles explained the three basic charisms of CLC, namely Community, Spirituality and Mission. What did these really mean? What about the role of Mary in the So- dality? Has this been changed? So, for a period of several years we struggled, both nationally and internationally, to understand just what these charisms meant.

In the U.S. and throughout the World Federation, a major task was to acquaint our membership with the real meaning of CLC. We were all learning together. We made many mistakes. The large number of groups dwindled. Diocesan directors, except for a few notable exceptions, were no longer meaningful. Were we floundering? Would we survive? Again the Holy Spirit took charge. (Betty addresses this further in Part 2.)

We did have a structure, in fact changing structures. We had a core of committed leaders with vision and the energy to devote a great deal of time in the renewal of the movement. Just to mention a few names in the fifties, sixties and seventies, there were Ray and Dorothy Zambito, Fr. Nick Rieman, S.J., Fr. Frank Drolet, S.J., Dorothy Willman, Jack Milan, Sr. Mary Ann Foy, RSCJ, Tim and Maryanne Rouse, Fr. José Esquivel, S.J., Marie Schimelfening, Bishop Maurice Dingman and a host of others whose names I omit with apologies. There were crises and times of joy. We went through two almost totally destructive financial crises. But, by the grace of God, we survived. Betty and I played a role in this evolution.

We developed workshops, training courses, a series of publications and some formation programs. Still, it was not until the last eight to ten years (from the time of the *Harvest* article) that we, as a way of life, as a movement, began to recognize fully the dynamic role of the Spiritual Exercises in CLC. Again, Betty will explore this from the viewpoint of the Leones.
Our CLC Family

Sometimes Fred would say jokingly, “We’ve been there before.” I refer to the various roads that the CLC movement in the U.S. and in the World have journeyed. I say this as past U.S. CLC President (1967-71) and as a member of the World Executive Council (EXCO) for nine years (1970-76, 79-82). We have gone from National Federation of Sodalities, to National Federation of Christian Life Communities, to National Christian Life Communities, to National Christian Life Community. In the U.S. we have gone from Board of Directors, to Leadership Community, to EXCO, and from Delegate Assembly, to National Coordinating Council with EXCO as a sub-unit of it. Sounds confusing, doesn’t it? It was! Finally, we are beginning to understand One World Community. It is like the concept of St. Paul in that we CLC members are all parts of one body - from our individual communities to our regional and national communities — all part of one world community.

And where were Betty and Fred Leone in all of this? To put it in a few words, CLC has been our life, our extended family. CLC has given us joys and sorrows, pain and reconciliation, and especially a vision of Christ in the world. CLC has brought to us in our home and local groups many CLC members from various parts of the United States and the World — meetings of Boards and EXCO, of high school groups, and of visitors for a march or rally in Washington, or for just a casual visit of one or more days. Some of our visitors were from outside the U.S. — Germany (Hildegard Ehrtmann), Holland (Nico and Marriet Roorda von Eysinga), Colombia (Dr. Jose Pineda), Brazil (Sr. Carolyn Moritz, MM), Australia (Noel Bradford, S.J., Tim Quinlan, S.J., Fr. Patrick O’Sullivan, S.J., Sr. Myrhee Harris), United Kingdom (Tony Horan, S.J.), Zaire-Congo (Jean and Pauline Mbuyu), Syria (Diab Almahana), Italy-Rome (Roswitha Cooper, Luigi Laviola), Philippines (Jose Blanco, S.J., Ben Sim, S.J., Aleli, Mart, Aurora, and others), Ireland (Sr. Mary Grant), and several other countries. We have been guests in many homes and participated in community meetings in all continents — many of these trips in conjunction with my professional activities.
Chapter 17

As CLC contacts multiplied, we found that our vision expanded. From 1995 to 1998 we were part of an international CLC within our own home including Jean and Pauline Mbuyu from Zaire (Congo) and Diab Almhana from Syria. We laughed, celebrated, and wept together as we shared our experiences, our hopes for the future, and prayers for God’s guidance in our lives. Many members of CLC have been our teachers. CLC has permeated our family and professional lives, and we have experienced the reconciling purpose and vitality of being Christ’s women and men in mission.

Introduction to Inner Journey (as told by Betty)

The formal renewal of the Sodalities began in 1967 when the World Federation of Sodalities, meeting in Rome, accepted renewal according to their founding vision. This included a strong emphasis on the spirituality of the Ignatian Exercises, the development of small communities, and mission. We now continue the story and look more closely at our journey.

The Quest for Spirituality

In Part 1, Fred’s brief history from the Leone vantage point has made clear that renewal in the Sodalities was taking place in significant ways before Vatican II. What attracted Fred and me in the first place were Catholic lay people involved both in mission and in deepening their relationship with God. Guiding this development in Cleveland was Fr. Nick Rieman, S.J., an assistant pastor at Gesu Church. He was enthusiastic about Bis Saeculari and other Vatican documents, encouraging renewal of the Sodalities.

Nick Rieman talked quite often about the Spiritual Exercises and the importance of retreats — at least an eight-day retreat once a year. My personal reaction was that this was quite unreal for Fred and me. At this time we had five small children, no household help and a carefully managed budget. However, I had no doubt that it was a good idea. The topic of retreats became an ongoing debate between Fred and me and our resident foreign student, Hildegard Ehrtmann, who was a member of the Alumni Sodality (young adults) at Gesu parish. When Hildegard returned to Germany she became a founding member of the Secretariat of CLC in West Germany and one of the first lay guides for the Exercises.
When the English Jesuit, Bernard Basset, S.J. visited Cleveland in 1959, he gave a seven-day preached retreat at Gesu parish. Fred participated and felt that it was very worthwhile. Later, when Fr. Basset was a dinner guest at our house, he shared with us his process with small groups. They shared scripture, prayed, and reflected together on social realities that needed to be challenged. Each member would choose a small task related to a larger group mission. At the next meeting they shared what they had done. The method was “See, Judge, Act.” Today in CLC we might describe this process as “notice, discern, do something about it and report back to the community.”

In our experiment with small groups we found the approach very helpful. We were beginning to integrate our daily lives with our faith. Our small group became involved in the Catholic Interracial Council and developed small projects promoting the racial integration of Catholic High Schools.

I was finally able to make an individually guided eight-day retreat when we were living in Iowa. The children were older and Fred was the babysitter. I took a bus to St. Louis and stayed in a friend’s vacant apartment when she was on vacation. Every day I walked to St. Louis University for Mass and a conference with my retreat guide. It was a marvelous experience and a turning point in my life. By some miracle of circumstances I was able to make two more eight day retreats in the 1970’s. CLC was offering this opportunity in conjunction with our biennial conventions. However, I kept on asking myself, “Is this practical for most people?” How do we form lay people for the challenge of their lay vocation in the world — lay vocations such as raising a family or working at a job or a profession? For me, these questions remained unanswered until 1983. By that time we had moved to Washington, DC.

The answer came when a Jesuit friend of mine called and said, “Betty, the Jesuits at Georgetown have started an Ignatian Spirituality Center at Holy Trinity parish. They are giving the Spiritual Exercises the way that Ignatius originally gave them. It is called the Retreat in daily life. It consists of making an individually guided Spiritual Exercises retreat over seven to eight months while living at home, setting aside a daily
time for prayer, journaling and meeting with the retreat guide (or director) once a week.” I jumped at the opportunity even though I knew it might be a lot of work on my part. It was what I had been looking for!

I was able to develop some sort of discipline in my spiritual life. I began to know myself better and, best of all, I really began to know Jesus as a real friend. The retreat is a marvelous help towards finding God in every aspect of our daily lives — in painful experiences as well as joyous ones. I have also been learning what discernment is all about — consulting God in my decision-making, learning to make choices in my life. Still a long way to go, but much better than before.

In view of my early resistance to the Spiritual Exercises, it is worth noting that now, more than 40 years later, I have made the complete Exercises three times: once in a thirty day enclosed retreat, once in daily life and once in the context of my CLC community. I went back to school, studied theology and spirituality, have taken a retreat directors’ workshop at Guelph, Ontario, and am now a guide for the Retreat in Daily Life. All I can say is that God has been very patient with me and that he understood my objections. The Retreat in Daily Life is really the most accessible form of the Spiritual Exercises for many lay people. This form of the Exercises became available in the Washington area in the early 1980’s.

The Challenge of Community Development

The search for community has been a struggle, too. Fred and I have been founders of, or part of, many communities. An early group in Iowa, established before the Spiritual Exercises were available locally, became a good social action group, but definitely not CLC. Our group process improved when, with the help of other early participants in the renewal, we discovered faith-sharing. We recall that, at the National Convention in 1973 in Iowa City, faith-sharing was a key ingredient. Fred was program (and convention) chair, but José Esquivel, S.J., really took hold of the program and introduced the participants to faith-sharing and group discernment. So, slowly we began to realize that there was a significant connection between our personal prayer, examen, and our meetings. We were struggling with a workable format and we needed
to make faith-sharing a part of our meeting and not the whole meeting.

We have discovered that the internal process of a group is very delicate and needs careful guidance. Trained guides are very important because they can give an authentic direction to the group. The development of CLC formation material has been a great help.

We have found that many, perhaps most of us, have difficulty with the discipline of a listening group which constitutes the spiritual and faith-sharing portion of our group meetings. Several deeply ingrained tendencies get in the way. We tend to want to stay in our heads and discuss things. This tendency, unconscious and unrestrained, can undermine the growth of a community. Discussion is appropriate for the second part of the meeting when mission is the focus. Group process has a clear connection with the dynamics of the Exercises. Fred and I believe that learning to be a group guide and training group guides is one of the most urgent needs of CLC today.

Our experience of community formation makes a clear connection between new members who have made the Spiritual Exercises in some form and those who have not. The more people in a group who have made the Spiritual Exercises, the more smoothly it develops and coheres and grows into an authentic CLC community. The Spiritual Exercises have a marvelous ability to help us focus on what is really important in our lives. Hence, we feel that it is urgent that prospective members understand our CLC expectations early. These include acquiring an experience of the Exercises within a reasonable period of time.

I would like to add that as we struggled with the development of CLC as a community I began to see more clearly my own family as a community. The parent-child relationship is changed. We are all adults now. I still challenge certain situations occasionally but our beloved grown-up children have a clear sense of self-responsibility. I encourage them to reflect on their life-experience and ask them what they have learned. I inquire about the religious and social development of their families as well as their academic achievement. I share what I have learned and I learn from them. Sometimes they amaze
me with their developing parental skills. Best of all, we are good friends. Sometimes Fred and I are asked to offer guidance for difficult decisions and we teach them about discernment. They all know that God is in control of our lives. Incidentally, Fred and I are good friends, too!

**Mission**

Those who have attended recent CLC national and regional conventions and who have read Harvest and Progressio are familiar with the recent emphasis on mission. We have all heard, “Without mission a community is not CLC.” Reflection on mission has been a recurring concern of mine. Sometimes we think of it just as something personal that we discern and do in our individual personal lives. Mission includes my personal response to God in day-to-day living, but it also includes much more. Our mission ranges from concern for dysfunctional local governments and inadequate schools as well as for a distorted economic system which is more concerned for profit than for human well-being. Mission even extends to world affairs: human rights, peace-making efforts in many countries, and development which is humanly and ecologically sound.

In 1975 the World CLC became a non-governmental organization (NGO) accredited to the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations. This came about when I insisted that Fred (then on the World Executive Council submit my request for WCLC representation at the UN. With unanimous approval of the World EXCO, Jose Gsell (World Executive Secretary) carried the ball and after two years the status was granted. Hence, together with other NGO’s, we (WCLC) can influence public opinion on issues of global concern.

How does this awareness of mission grow? I believe it has to do with learning to reflect on our social experience as well as our personal experience. If we consciously or unconsciously screen out our social experience (because it is so painful), we really neglect a way in which God speaks to us. Of course, we can’t take on the whole world, but we can pray for government, civic leaders and peace-makers. Pope Paul VI recommended that God’s people pray with the Scriptures in one hand and the news in the other. If we ask God to show us
what we can do he will guide us. It may not be spectacular but our efforts can be significant.

I find myself continually challenged by God’s dream for the world, which is expressed so clearly in the liturgies for the Christmas season: “Lord, every nation on earth will adore you.” All of God’s people are to participate in the Incarnation. Christ is to be born in us and is to be revealed in us in the way we lead our public as well as our private lives, and in the way we develop our social and economic institutions. Today more than ever God is asking us to think and feel the way God does about people in their needs. The opportunities and challenges are constant. God knows that we cannot change the world unassisted — but we are to reach out, to discern God’s leading and to do whatever we can in our local situations. Our personal growth in Christ is closely related to the generosity of our response to God’s initiatives. We are to be people for others, a light to the nations, called to the victory of justice.

**Continued Journey (1999-2004)**

Our continued journey in CLC encompasses the NCLC National Assembly in 1999 at Fordham University in New York, the World CLC Assembly in Nairobi, and the NCLC National Assembly in Miami (without Betty). These were outstanding, prayerful, experiences, enlightened by the Holy Spirit. In this short span, we had grown from Sodality to CLC, then from CLC Communities to a One World Community. Parallel to this structure, we have grown from searching for our apostolates in our community, to examining and clarifying our charisms as a community of apostles, and finally to an apostolic community. We have seen the world dimension grow.

Let me tell you what has happened in our development of communities. As noted above, in Iowa City we did not have a CLC. But we did have an apostolic body, which did not evolve into a CLC. When we first arrived in Washington, we tried, unsuccessfully, to establish communities. Working with other committed Sodalists, turned to CLC, we finally had a group of two couples and three or four others. That lasted about eight years, until we decided, after discernment, to discontinue this community, because some members moved and the true spirit of the community had been lost. Two years later the Whisper
of God CLC developed, thanks to the efforts of Kathy Hubbell and Fr. Joseph Sweeney, S.J., of Georgetown University. On the world level, we have had Susan and Ernst Schmandt (Germany), who returned home after almost three years, and Nestor Ymeli (Cameroon), who is still with us. Susan and Ernst have begun a CLC in Germany. We have started two other groups, Emmaus (presently not active) and Living Water CLC. Living Water CLC is truly an international community. Of the eleven members, six are international with three from Africa (two from Kenya and one from Cameroon), three from South America (Argentina, Bolivia, and Chile), and five from the U.S. At the Mid-Atlantic CLC Regional Conference, Living Water offered a presentation on “The Wealth of Cultural Diversity.” On the National CLC level, we now have Korean and Vietnamese communities as separate entities in their own cultures and fully affiliated with the NCLC of the U.S.

Finally, we (Betty and Fred) have participated and helped organize regional meetings and workshops. Some of the latter have taken place at our home.

Reflection (Fred)

Just as Betty has been the core, the integral part, of my life, so has CLC been an essential ingredient in our lives. Just as I
cannot imagine my life without Betty (though God has now
called her Home), I cannot imagine our lives without CLC,
which entered our lives almost fifty years ago. The journey de-
scribed by me (the outer journey) and especially by Betty (the
inner journey) brings back so many joyful and some sorrowful
memories. We have made mistakes, we have stumbled, but we
have always asked ourselves, “What have we learned?”

How many of us, after a particular experience or event,
have asked, “Where do we go from here? What lesson takes
us to the next steps, the next level? Can we pick ourselves up
and go on? How has God entered these situations?” We have
walked a long, glorious road in CLC. It has been blessed by
God through all of our CLC family. Have you had an oppor-
tunity to look back at the road you have traveled? Have you
taken it to prayer? Try it, you’ll love it!
“Here we are Lord. We’ve come to do your will.” These words keep coming to my mind as this book unfolds. Now I ask, “Have I done God’s will within my parish?” In the preceding pages of our journey I have said little about those elements of the journey within and through our several parishes. For, in these parishes we kept searching for God’s call. Most often, it was Betty who heard the call first and told me. In our early years of marriage, when Betty’s primary mission was the development and enrichment of our “domestic church,” in many cases I appeared to be the responder to that call. However, it was Betty who provided the initial and continuing impetus.

In this chapter I am asking you to visit these parishes with me. I will mention a number of names with apologies for omitting others.

**Youth and Young Adult Years**

We begin with the parish of my youth, St. Augustine Parish in the Bronx, New York City. I recall often walking about fifteen minutes to early Mass, sometimes in the dark. At that time, the strongest influences were those of my mother and of my grandmother, as well as of several grade school and high school teachers. I was only twelve when I started high school. In a way, Regis High School (1934-38) was a partial parish, since I went to an early Friday Mass each month. That is when I encountered Sodality, though I did not realize it fully until I was in an adult Sodality. Sodality, in my early years, provided me with some sense of community, spirituality, and mission.

At Manhattan College (1938-42) I grew especially in mission with my enriching participation in the Catholic Students’ Mission Crusade. In this I was working in St. Cecilia Church in Harlem, as I described earlier. During my senior year St. Cecilia was, in part, my adoptive parish, as I went to Sunday Mass to “monitor” the children who were there for religious instruction. Then I was at Georgetown University, where I lived one block from Holy Trinity Church. My housemates,
Allen McDonald and Paul Pickar, were almost daily communicants, as was I.

Then Betty came into my life, and I am now convinced that God was setting the path for me. Her spirituality and mission were much stronger than mine, and we grew together. She was relentless in her search for social justice and human rights. I picked up the banner, and we walked with it together.

Graduate studies were interrupted by military service. Then my parish was the aircraft carrier USS Ticonderoga in the Pacific theater of World War II. At that time, a project in my mission was the instruction of six sailors in preparation for entrance into the Catholic Church.

Betty in My Life

We were married in 1945. However, I was required to return to Honolulu to complete my military service. During the six months there, we did not participate in any extraordinary activities in our parish. The time was short, and we were expecting our firstborn.

I continued my graduate studies at Purdue University in W. Lafayette, Indiana, and was a faculty advisor of the Newman Club, a Catholic student organization. Our parish was at the Newman Center. In part, this became Betty’s and my mission activity.

Cleveland

When I obtained an appointment at Case Institute of Technology, we joined our first long-time parish, St. Ann’s in Cleveland Heights, OH. We were there from 1949 to 1966. It was in the Cleveland area that Betty found Sodality, which later evolved into Christian Life Community. At St. Ann’s, I was the first “principal” of the CCD (Confraternity of Christian Doctrine) program. This involved instruction of grade school and high school children who were attending public schools. They were also being prepared for Holy Communion and Confirmation. I assembled a very fine faculty made up of an editor of the diocesan newspaper, a university professor, and other very competent people. We asked the Bishop of the Cleveland Diocese to approve a prayer, which Betty and I had prepared for the faculty. Each week, before classes, we would
have a brief meeting of the faculty to exchange experiences with the classes and to say this prayer together.

In Cleveland, while in Sodality, Betty and I were asked to join the Catholic Interracial Council (CIC), since its leaders wanted someone with our expertise to develop a program of lectures in the high schools. In taking this to discernment before our group, the conclusion was that the whole group would join as a unit. On the evenings when there was a time conflict between Sodality and CIC, we would have our meeting in the Leone microbus during the long ride to the CIC meeting. In a short time we developed a program of talks, and encouraged the Catholic high schools to offer scholarships for at least two black students each year. Some schools responded favorably.

Our commitment to social justice was real. When we were asked if our house was available, as we prepared to move to Iowa City, IA, our immediate response had to be yes. The request came from a black professor. But these were scary times, as there were a few racial disturbances in the area, and such a transaction was not looked upon favorably by many. We knew, however, that the Lord was smiling upon us, and the result was much more favorable than we could have imagined.

One year after beginning this period at Case, we were in Berkeley, CA, where I was a senior research fellow at the University of California. We participated in many activities at the Catholic Student Center, our parish. We found our mission there.

I should note, again, that from 1945 to 1966 Betty’s mission was involved with our domestic church, as she instilled into the children a sense of mission and independence.

**Iowa City, IA**

In 1966 I received a faculty appointment at the University of Iowa. Both the university and Iowa City provided a very different climate. We were in St. Thomas More Parish. The parishioners were mainly families of university faculty and staff. It was a very progressive parish, and many changes in the Church were initiated there at an early date. I recall my invitation to become a eucharistic minister. It was about 1970. The associate pastor was walking down the aisle to say Mass.
He nudged me and asked if I would assist him at the time of Communion. I gave him my usual reply, namely, “Sure.” My inner self told me that if he thought I could do it, I could. To this date (2005) I am still a eucharistic minister.

Several parishioners formed a community to pray, share, and ask ourselves, “What should be our mission?” So, there was born “United Action for Youth,” which I described in Chapter 6. We also had a Lenten program of speakers at Regina High School. We had as many as 250 attendees from the three local parishes as well as guests.

In 1968-69, I received a Fulbright Professorship at the University of Sao Paulo, Brazil. I have covered this in detail in Chapter 7, but said very little about our parish in that chapter. This parish, the name of which I have forgotten, was considered the American parish. Here Betty and I had some minor achievements and a few major ones. On the minor end, we introduced more song into the liturgy and encouraged the pastor to initiate the “greeting of peace,” as we now have it. A major achievement was a men’s weekend retreat. This was a silent retreat, but had two evenings of open discussion. I still recall the question of mechanized efficiency versus employment of more people with less efficiency. For example, is it better to have large lawn mowers to cut the vast lawn of a manufacturing company or to hire a large crew who would use sickles and scythes? This was posed by a retreatant, who was a vice president of a firm, and who was in charge of employee hiring.

We started a men’s club. Though I insisted that I did not wish to be president, since I was leaving in six months, I agreed to do so. Finally, we started an adult Sodality, affiliated with the U.S. Federation. This Sodality continued for eleven years after our departure.

**The Laity and the Parish**

During our married life, Betty and I were searching for the role of the laity in the Church. It certainly was not a passive role. Betty was much more articulate in expressing her thoughts on justice, peace, and human rights. Invariably, I agreed with her. She also took action when and insofar as she was able. For example, when the commencement speaker at
the graduation of our son Larry (at a Catholic high school) was the Director of the CIA, she initiated and helped organize an appropriate expression of protest. She, her mother, and our daughter Lucy were protesting outside the National Shrine in Washington, DC.

In the mid-1980s, Betty wrote an extensive paper on issues relating to faith and culture. Among the five references was the following statement entitled, “What Is the Spirit Saying?” She states, “This is a theological reflection which I wrote and distributed to our parish council in 1980. (See next section on “The Church of the Nativity, Washington, DC.”) As of this writing, there is still no parish council and the parish is largely passive and uninvolved in mission. It is also getting restless!”

**What is the Spirit Saying?**

We, the people of God in NW Washington now known as the “Amen Community,” have a growing sense of alienation from the church as we have experienced it in parish life. In our efforts to take seriously the call of Christ in our own lives and in the life of the church, we have found ourselves excluded from ministries, denied participation in parish life, and silenced. Most painful of all is the refusal of our pastor to enter into dialogue with us and to discuss honest differences. Our efforts to function as responsible adults and to foster mutual accountability in parish life have met with varied responses from our pastor: hostility, evasiveness, manipulation, silence, and shunning at the kiss of peace during Mass. This negative relationship has even been experienced by our children in the parish school, and we have been obliged to send them elsewhere.

In our search for honest dialogue we have desired neither to dominate nor to be dominated. We are learning, to our sorrow, that the clerical state can be a controlling, specialized culture which renders its members incapable of listening to the “cry of the people.” We are searching for our ministry as lay people, and we feel that it goes beyond being a lector and assisting the priest at Mass. We sense that lay ministry is not understood by our pastoral leaders and is threatening to them. We feel like the exiles but are consoled when we recall that Je-
sus, also not of the priestly caste, was rejected by the religious leaders of His time.

We are beginning to sense that being is more important than doing. St. Paul put it well when he said, “If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels”... and have great knowledge and do great works and don’t have love, I am nothing ... I gain nothing. We believe that a community that rejects dialogue (and the caring for the “other” that is implied in listening) cannot be an authentic sign or sacrament of God’s love. The quality of relationships makes or breaks community.

In our struggle we have been learning much about love and prayer. We have shared meals together, we listen carefully to each other, we pray for each other and for our pastors and are searching for God’s guidance and leading in our experience of exile. We feel as though we have been excommunicated (driven out of the community) by our pastor, yet we still consider ourselves as members of our parish. We were here before he came and will be here after he leaves. However, we disclaim responsibility for any parish indebtedness which he has incurred as a result of his unilateral decision-making and undiscerned priorities.

Our struggle has brought us closer to each other and to God, who promised to be with His people even in the desert. During this third summer of our struggle, the daily Mass readings have portrayed the slavery of the Jewish slaves in Egypt and God’s liberating action. We can identify with that story just as we can with the liberation of black people in this country. Most of us are black. We know that we must remember God’s saving action in human history and that He continues to save His people today. Such reflection strengthens us in our exile and wandering and gives us hope that He will lead us Home in His good time. “We have come this far by faith, leaning on the Lord....”

Our desert experience is deepening our identity as God’s people. We know that we are called to be a community with a mission and that it has to do with justice in the Church and in the world. We are concerned for our children. We doubt that the experience of exile which they have shared with us will lead them to choose church vocations. However, they may
very well discover that they share with us a concern to build a more just and caring world. We wonder if they will see the Church as preaching justice but denying that justice in its inner life. Will they follow the exodus of so many young people from the Church, or will they choose an authentic Christian community regardless of the denominational label and so preserve their faith?

Our sense of being exiled is deepening. We meet to worship together but we have no one to say Mass for us. We do share meals together, pray together, and keep in touch. We want to grow and develop an adult understanding and practice of our faith. We feel a call to ministry but feel rejected and misunderstood. We feel we have been given stones instead of bread. Our greatest sorrow is that we have not been able to develop a listening process with our parish or diocese. We believe that such an experience is urgently needed so that together as Church we may read the signs of the times and allow ourselves to be guided by the Spirit. What is the Spirit saying to the Church and to the churches?

The Church of the Nativity, Washington, DC

My next appointment was as Executive Director of the American Statistical Association, beginning in 1973. Its headquarters were in Washington, DC. We were looking for a parish after we first decided on the house we would purchase. Nativity was the closest to our future home. On a Sunday morning, as we peeked through the back door of the church, we noticed that it was a largely black parish. We know now that it was the best choice we could have made. Since we have been in this parish for over thirty years, I wish to go into more detail about this, our spiritual, mission, and community home. Together with our family and Christian Life Community, our parish is our life.

If I were to describe Nativity in one word it would be “heart.” Yes, the parish has heart. This heart is the people. Their individual hearts opened up to us, as soon as we arrived and began our relationship with them. I have never been in a parish with the kind of heart that exists here. Surely, this heart has been broken a few times, but it has the ability to repair itself. It is not unusual for Betty and me to have gone to
a meeting of a committee or a prayer group and be the only non-black persons there. We are very comfortable in this atmosphere. When the parish was going through its darkest days in the mid-to-late 1980s, the parish council members had a meeting with Bishop Marino, Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese. The council members wanted me to be in their contingent, and I was the only white person there.

Over our thirty plus years at Nativity, we have had eight pastors, namely, Fr. Tepe, Fr. Gosaloff, Fr. Andre Bouchard, Msgr. William Curlin, Fr. Joseph Sileo, Msgr. Raymond East, Fr. Javier Aracil, SDB, and Fr. Stephen Schenck, SDB. Each provided a different model of leadership. Within this group, we have had the whole spectrum of pastoral capability and evangelism. We had our glorious days and our dark days. Now we have a clearly multi-cultural parish, and this is part of its richness. We love the parish and especially the parishioners. And now, since Betty has gone home to God, I feel an even deeper closeness to its members for I am representing Betty, as well as myself. At Sunday Mass time, I receive many hugs and questions about my health and my activity. They care.

Betty would often remark about the parish, “We were clearly in the minority, but we felt no discrimination against us.” In fact, whenever I am out of town and go to Mass, it just does not feel right unless there are a fair number of African Americans present. Now, let me mention several memorable occasions.

Very early, we formed a community of twelve people, who would meet biweekly to share our walk with the Lord – our joys, our sorrows, and our dreams. In it were Cecelia Campbell, Eloise and Jim Clayton, Art and Brenda McKinney, Theresa McNair, Ann Minor, Fr. Bill Talentino (associate pastor), Colleen Witherspoon, Betty, her mother, and I. On one weekend, we had a retreat at the Leone Inn.

Another group activity one year was hospitality to bishops attending the annual Bishops’ conference in Washington. This meant that we were inviting them to live in our homes and the rectory rather than the Capital Hilton, where their meeting was taking place. Six bishops accepted the invitation.
One family we have known since about 1973 is that of Kitty and Frank Borris. We went on a *Marriage Encounter* with them, Fr. Talentino, and the sister who was principal of the Nativity grammar school. Further, with Kitty, Frank, and their youngest we spent a week at Camp Maria. Joining us were Fr. Talentino, our two youngest children, Larry and Lucy, and Gretchen, our dog. It was a grace-filled and fun time.

One of the joys in the parish is the prayer groups, also called “Small Christian Communities. They were initiated at Nativity Parish about 1985 by the International Renew Movement. Our group, which we now call “Community of Hope,” has continued since that time. In our meetings, the sharing is very deep, for we are invited into each other’s experiences. Over the past twenty years there have been some changes in the group, and most of the time we were the only whites in the group. Three members of the group have died, and we all shared in the sadness and in the joy that they have returned home to God.

When a former pastor of Nativity Parish decided to join one-third of the archdiocesan parishes in the Renew 2000 program, he asked Betty and me to coordinate the program for the parish. Then, I realized more clearly that Renew has the charisms of Christian Life Community and a number of Catholic lay organizations, namely, community, spirituality, and mission. Of course the titles of the charisms differ among the organizations, and the interpretations vary. In adding new groups, we built on the original twelve groups, we had a well-organized set of committees, and we succeeded in establishing a total of 33 groups. About the end of 2002, a number of groups remained intact with about 15 groups still active.

Before Betty returned Home to God, she and I were in a group with two other original members, Amelia Mebane and Barbara Thomas. Others who have joined since 1985 and are still in the community are Ellswe Barham, Elaine Ellis, Catherine Hubbard, and Edith Mebane. Over the years we have had the following in our community: Hannah Gyasi-Adenton, Betty Foye, George and Jennie Henderson, Ann Hymes, Nate Randolph, Grace Shaw, Virginia Sloyan, Connie Texiera, Carmel Washington, and Richard Washington. Some have started
their own groups. Though some of the above have left the small community, we feel that we all benefited by the richness of their sharing. After 15 years, I still recall the guideline which Betty used for decisions, namely, “If it leads me to God, it is good. If not, it is not the proper decision.”

One byproduct of our efforts was following up on a particular request, which I had heard many times. I was urged to help set up a parish pastoral council (new name). Several of the members of our operating committee joined me, and our team developed bylaws, a mode of operation, and a representative slate of positions, categorized according to age. We had a place for a married couple, seniors, young adults, and youth. The effort brought about outstanding results, namely, there was a total of 108 nominees for the council. Election procedure was set and all steps were carefully monitored. It so happened that Cardinal James Hickey said Mass that Sunday. We told him that he could vote since he was an ex officio member of the parish.

The parish prayer groups were encouraged to develop a mission (or project). The results varied — from special prayer activities, to visiting the sick, to a major project. Such a major project originated within the Community of Hope. Its concern was the “epidemic” of AIDS in the U.S., especially in the Washington, DC, area. This program has now gone beyond our group and is now on the verge of becoming a significant program within Ward 4 of Washington. Its board members have professional backgrounds in pertinent areas. There are now statements of support from a number of social service and medical agencies, as well as two local universities. It is now searching for financial support. A member of the present pastoral team is the treasurer, and the pastor is in full support.

Its final product will be several kiosks, strategically located, where users will be able to obtain information on the most common diseases affecting the black and Hispanic populations.

One other significant, but brief, “project” of the Community of Hope concerned our present pastor. The first year of transition from a parish administered by diocesan priests to one administered by a religious community was somewhat
difficult. There were many causes for this, including many misunderstandings. However, in the second year, a new Salesian pastoral team arrived. The Community of Hope was so pleased with the new leadership that it sent a letter of support of the pastor to both the Provincial of the East Salesian Province and the Cardinal of the Washington Archdiocese.

On the parish structural level, Betty and I were members of the parish council. She was president of the council around 1978, and I became president in 1982. The council was dissolved twice under very unhappy circumstances. I, together with others, framed a new constitution each time. Betty and I were very much in the heart and pulse of the parish.

In about 1987 we became members of the 6:30 club. This is made up of people who regularly attend the 6:30 a.m. Mass. With some exceptions, we do not meet socially as a group, but we do have a certain community sense. When one is missing for a few days, we check up on him or her. I have been chided

Fred and Betty making lamb-burgers, April 2003
for not telling anyone that I would be out of town, especially since Betty is gone. The club members are quite diverse. Besides the pastors there are a clinical psychologist, two university professors, Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, several parish leaders, and some graduate students. Occasionally, the Principal of Nativity Academy drops in. I have great admiration for those really early birds, who are working full-time and make this visit part of their daily life.

We have served in other roles. In the early 80s Betty became a lector while I continued as Eucharistic Minister. We were instructors in the RCIA (Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults) program. In 1998 we were appointed co-chairs of the Renew International program in the parish. Two years later, we were part of the Nativity Centennial Organizing Committee. In 2004, after Betty returned to the Lord, we were given the first Award of Merit for Nativity Parish. This was initiated by Cardinal Theodore McCarrick shortly after he became Archbishop of Washington. The following year, the recipients of this award were Kitty and Frank Borris, our dear friends since we first joined the parish.

**Evolution at Nativity**

For you to know more about the heart of the parish, I must write a few words about the evolution of the parish membership. Up to about fifteen or twenty years before our arrival, Nativity Parish was almost completely white. These people were primarily of Irish and Italian ancestry. Then, there came the great migration. When we arrived in 1973, the parish was about 85% African American with a smattering from the Indies. Following this, there arrived parishioners from African nations. Cardinal James Hickey, then Archbishop of Washington, established the first Nigerian Catholic Community at our parish. It had its Sunday Mass in the lower church. The Cardinal developed a financial plan to assist in parish support. Though there were some difficulties, this worked for several years. Then the Community was moved to another parish, though some Nigerians remained at Nativity.

A large Filipino Community was welcomed to Nativity. In 2005 we probably have parishioners from about 30 different countries. During the Nativity centennial (the Parish began in
1901) we reviewed the demographic profile and were amazed at the diversity of our multi-cultural parish. To me, this is a richness of the parish.

**Reflection**

What a gift we received from God, as we were placed in this sequence of parishes! Somehow, we felt that we were being called to these parishes to serve and to offer the gifts which we had received. Though the time in our first several parishes was somewhat brief, still within these parishes we were enriched, and they served to prepare us on the road to fulfillment.

In our last three parishes, St. Anne’s in Cleveland Heights, St. Thomas More in Iowa City, and now the Church of the Nativity, in which we were for 17, 8, and 30 years respectively, we were given the grace to use these gifts. Just as love is not fulfilled unless we pass it on to others, so also we are asked to treat these gifts from God as stewards would handle their responsibilities. They do not belong to us, but to God. As the Lord’s servants, we must pass them on. We do so to the best of our ability. And so, I pray this prayer for you and for me:

*Gracious God, you place us in our different parishes for a purpose. You have a plan for us. It certainly is not to just sit in church for about an hour, then move on. You give us the capability to use whatever graces you have showered on us. So, dear Lord, give us the will and the drive to use these for others. And, Lord, we also pray that you continue sending us collaborators who will make us grow in love of You and the love of others.*
Chapter 19

Fulfillment

In the Letter to the Hebrews, Chapter 6, we read “We earnestly desire each of you to demonstrate the same eagerness for the fulfillment of hope until the end.” It is with this desire that I take the lessons learned in the past journey with Betty as my companion and tutor, and utilize these as I continue into the future. My ongoing journey began on May 11, 2003 (Mother’s Day), the day that Betty returned Home to the Lord.

On that day the family had already gathered, and more were on their way - children and spouses, grandchildren, extended family, and many friends. Betty was on a life support system for a few days, and we (they and I) had to make that final decision to remove the artificial support. There was no doubt in our minds that she did not want to go on in a vegetative state for a long time. And so the final part of my journey began as Betty went Home to God. By Mother’s Day, the children were drawing up a detailed support system for me. This was a rather “professional” session, for they were all professionals – a lawyer, a linguist, a few academicians serving different educational levels and cultures, a doctor, a physical therapist, and an artist mom. No social worker or nurse, for this role was being filled by some of the daughters-in-law.

“How can we best assist Dad to keep doing what he wants to do, and do this with love, enthusiasm, and an assurance of support for him?” was the focus of their private deliberation, without me. Later, they asked me to join them and listen, yes, even approve, their master plan. All the children had a role in this endeavor.

However, at this time, as can be expected, there were many questions. These included the usual “Whys” and “Hows.” I believe that my best description of the situation was expressed in my Christmas 2003 letter to my family and friends. It is as follows:
Dear Family, Relatives, and Friends,

2003 has been a tumultuous year. On Mother’s Day, May 11, Betty went Home to the Lord after a sudden major stroke. On this day, though in a coma, her last action was to be primary participant in a Mass celebrated by Fr. Jim O’Brien, S. J., for her in her hospital room with 25 members of our family and friends. She received the Sacred Body and gave her very last breath at the end of the Mass. She was ready to return Home.

At that moment I lost my dearest companion and unconditional lover, whom I have known for 60 years (we met in May 1943), and my married companion for 57½ years. Though I feel a great sense of loss, my joy is in knowing that she is now happier than she has ever been, and that she is constantly praying for all of us.

My hopefulness for the future, though lonely, is strongly bolstered by the unfailing support of family and friends. Each of my children and spouses and families has been wonderful. Every time when we part company, I hear, “I love you, Dad,” or “I love you, Grandpa,” or “I love you, Fred.” My support structure is now my family, my many, many companions in Christian Life Community, and members of my parish. They have been so outstanding.

And now I enter the third of my life’s three journeys: (1) before Betty came into my life, (2) life with my beloved Betty, and (3) life without Betty on this earth. She has entered her eternal home, but is in my heart, my mind, my whole being.

Betty was no ordinary companion. She was my guide, my loving critic, and, in a sense, my mentor. She had an unwavering passion for social justice and solidarity with the poor. Together we opened our home and our lives to people throughout the world. Many of these people have become an integral part of our extended family. They are our children and we are “Betty and Fred” or “Mom Betty and Papa Fred.”

And now I wish you all a most joyful and delightful Christmas season with hope and peace and reconciliation in your families.

Fred
I began first by asking myself, “What am I doing here?” Have you ever been confronted by this question? Two incidents stand out in my memory. The first was the time the family went to the University of California in Berkeley. I had felt that I was stagnating at my position and needed some stimulus to develop in my profession. Betty was in complete agreement that I take a one-year leave from my position. I asked the Dean of Science about a sabbatical. He said that they could give full-time support for one semester or half-time for a full academic year. I was able to get half-support from an ongoing government research grant that I had. So I had full support, and we were on our way.

Still, after we had been there a few months, the question resurfaced, namely, “What am I doing at this place?” The answer did not take long to arrive: (1) I sat in on a couple of graduate courses, (2) I continued on my book, coauthored with Norman Johnson, and (3) I was very active, working with the Newman Club, a Catholic student organization at this state university.

I recall the advice of a mathematics professor as I was completing my graduate work for a doctorate and choosing my first professional employment from several possibilities. He said, “Fred, we know that hindsight is usually 20/20. But you must decide on the information before you, and act with your mind and heart. And above all, do not spend the rest of your life asking, ‘What if? What if?’ It will make you miserable.”

The second time that question, “What am I doing here?” arose was in the first few months after our move to Washington, DC, from Iowa City, Iowa, a university town. I had accepted the position of Executive Director and Secretary of the American Statistical Association. Life was miserable for our two teenagers, 13 and 15. The older one was going into his sophomore year, and the younger one was an eighth grader. There seemed to be one crisis after another. All their friends were gone, and now, new friends? Poor Larry, when his new classmates learned that he was from Iowa, famous for its corn production. And Lucy: she had learned too much independent thinking in her Iowa school. Her worst “crime” was to set off
from the group in the playground so that she might spend time with a close friend who was grieving over the illness of her father. So she was confronted by her teacher and asked to write a 200-word composition on “Why I must obey the rules.” Unfortunately, two of her older brothers helped her write the response. The result was a disaster with the invitation to have her withdraw from school just a few weeks before graduation.

For the first few months at home, life was very difficult. I would awaken at 4:00 a.m. and go downstairs, asking myself, “Why am I here?” Prayer helped, of course. Finally, crises came less frequently and finally vanished.

I now ask, “What am I doing here on this earth?” since Betty and I had believed that she would be the one left behind. Did God call the wrong Leone Home? Why not Fred? I could not get insurance, but Betty could. I had survived a malicious skin cancer and congestive heart failure, and was now wearing an implanted defibrillator. In fact, just three months earlier, the defibrillator provided me with not one, but ten shocks. Son Larry, the doctor, said that the instrument saved my life. So, it was illogical for Betty to go first. We did not figure on God’s plan, but ours.

In a response to the alumni award committee of Marian College, Betty was asked to write a 2-page statement before receiving the Justice and Peace Award. (Marian had gone from a women’s college to a coed in the late forties.) In her statment she claimed that she had no great honors, was not a CEO or Director, and just led a plain life. This essay concluded with, “Here is the story of my years on earth. I’ve lived 82 years. God isn’t finished with me yet.”

But, God said, “Betty, I am finished with you. Now come Home to me.” This causes me to realize that God isn’t finished with Fred yet. But what does God want of me?” My journey continues in phase three, as noted in my Christmas ‘03 letter. Let’s take a closer look at this ongoing journey. I continue with my work in the parish and in Christian Life Community, but on a more limited basis. Unfortunately, I have had to reduce my pace physically, since my right knee has decided to slow me down.
What sustained me

First, let me tell you what has sustained me since May 2003. Before the funeral, some of my children and grandchildren scoured through our photos and other memorabilia. From these, they were able to construct three 20x30 posters made of photos. They entitled the posters, “Betty Leone,” “Mom and Grandma,” and “Betty’s Church and CLC Friends.” Some pictures were enlarged, including her college graduation picture. Some observers remarked, “That’s Donna Reed,” of movie fame. It is a gorgeous picture. They also had a picture of her giving Pope Paul VI a card, which they entitled, “The Pope has an audience with Betty.” A major effort was to ask family, friends, and CLC members to continue the statement, “I remember Betty, when …” Of these, 13 pages of the Summer 2003 issue of the CLC quarterly publication, *Harvest*, were devoted to Betty. From these responses we all, including myself, learned much about Betty, the dreamer, the prophet, the social justice advocate. All of these are now in a large album and in a similar-size album of pictures with captions.

Another step I took was to join a bereavement group for women and men, 60 years of age and over, who had lost their spouse within the past year. Eight of us attended a session once a week for eight weeks. We had in common what is rarely part of a group: We were there. This group has continued to meet for about a year with a social evening once a month, either at a potluck at one member’s home or at a restaurant. Here we enjoyed each other’s company, shared our stories, and often laughed and cried together.

Another sustaining and unexpected occurrence is the discovery of a small book of “Poems and Compositions,” written by Betty Spencer from 1930 to 1933, when she was 12 to 15 years old. Even then you could see the Betty I know. I have sent a copy of these to each of my children and the older grandchildren. Let me present two of them here: (1) “Sensible Thrift” and (2) “Geneva.”

*Sensible Thrift* (1931)

“No gain is more certain than that which proceeds from the economical use of what we have.”
There are several kinds of Thrift. Perhaps foremost in people’s minds is the economic use of money. But that is not all. There is Thrift of time that means using time wisely, not idly wasting it. There is Thrift of health that means saving one’s strength, not breaking all the rules of health.

When one uses wisely what he has, he is Thrifty.

_Geneva (1933)_

God speaks to me
In the shining crystal waters
Of Geneva’s lake, in the song
Of wavelets lapping on the shore.

God speaks to me
In the song of wind in trees,
In the gentle rustling noise
Of leaves in harmony.

God speaks to me
In the misty dawn o’er the waters
Bright with memories, in sunsets
Rich with visions of the future.

God speaks to me
In the silence of the vespers
On the Hillside close to Heaven
And Him, at close of day.

God spoke to me
Through friendship at Geneva
And I saw light.

God speaks to me.

Another find was my letters to Betty over a four-year period. Most of these were written while I was a naval officer in the Pacific theatre of World War II. Betty had saved all of my 200 letters to her. Unfortunately, we could only find about 25 of hers. The logical solution is that they were in my navy footlocker which arrived in Lafayette, Indiana, on Thanksgiving weekend (1946). When we returned from Cincinnati, we found that there had been a fire in the depot that weekend, which had destroyed our footlocker.

Finally, let us look at the two major items that have sustained me since Betty went Home to God. This book entitled,
Journey, is one, and the other is my conversations with Betty. Yes, conversations. I know that she is here with me, listening and somehow communicating. This conversation is in the form of letters to her several times a week. I tell her how I am feeling and what is happening in my life. I tell her to pray for her family and for others. In my heart, I know she is listening. And she is answering me! Every morning, as I say my prayers, an integral part is thanking God for his gift of Betty in my life.

You might ask, “What about your relationship to the family?” I would say that mine is stronger than ever. I feel that I must play two roles, not only Fred, but Betty and Fred. I have visited with all of my children and their families in the first ten months after Betty went Home. My bond to each of my children has grown stronger, and I see a greater bonding among them.

But what about that continued journey, that inner and outer journey to which I refer in this book? What has happened since May 2003? Well, I said that God is not finished with me yet, and neither is Betty. I see this ongoing journey in two categories: (1) Betty’s dreams, and (2) hospitality and empowerment. Betty was a dreamer, and I was rather slow to get into these dreams. Perhaps she was the visionary and I the implementer — after she calmly and carefully convinced me that her dream could become a reality, if God so wishes. Let me take three of these visions, namely, (1) the Leone Family Foundation, (2) an Ignatian Spirituality Center in Washington, DC, and (3) the CLC-NGO Fund.

The goal of the Leone Family Foundation is to provide partial financial support for groups whose goal is consistent with Betty’s and my vision of social justice and spiritual development. We plan to provide modest assistance for such endeavors. The recipients of grants need not be of any particular faith.

At the biennial family reunion, I formally presented the concept of the foundation to all of my children, as well as spouses and older grandchildren who cared to listen and voice their views. They had received some notice on this earlier. They all seemed to agree that it could, and even should, be a reality. This plan involved a limited amount from their inheritance and the remainder to the Foundation. They approved
this action unanimously. They all play a part in the formal Board of the Foundation. At the time of this writing, the Foundation exists, and we are in the stage of application for status as a not-for-profit corporation. Already, one of my children has stated in the will that a majority of the inheritance will be allocated to the Foundation. To clarify, even though the Foundation will be in place, it does not provide grants until after I return Home to join Betty in her happiness.

The second of these visions is somewhat more difficult and may not be possible. My answer to this uncertainty is, “If God wants it to happen, it will.” One of my communities (Living Water CLC) has already spent six sessions in communal discernment over a period of about two months. It has now made a set of proposals to a regional committee of CLC members with a broad background in the charisms of CLC.

The third involved a fortuitous incident. There is no question that Betty had a hand in this. I begin by restating that the World Christian Life Community is an NGO (non-governmental organization), affiliated with the United Nations. It was at Betty’s instigation that I, as member of the World CLC Executive Council, asked that the World CLC apply for status as an NGO. So this was one of Betty’s dreams.

When a member of the working group for the New York CLC-NGO Center reported on its last meeting to the members of the Living Water CLC, she concluded that the Center would like to build up a fund for extraordinary work by the Center (not covered by its operating budget). The question in my mind was, “How can this get a jump start?” Betty answered in two weeks. While rummaging through old papers and cleaning up some files in the basement, I came across a $500 life insurance policy, which Betty had taken out in 1942. I asked Betty what she wanted me to do with it. Her answer was immediate: “Put it into the Fund.” She must have known that this $500 had already grown to over $4000.

The present status of the NGO-CLC Fund is that it is indeed becoming a reality, and the present amount will be supplemented by all the proceeds from this book, *Journey*.
My Personal Journey

Finally, what has been my personal journey — with whom do I walk? Where are we going? Betty and I have always felt that our mission of relationship, hospitality, and empowerment is part of the heritage that we received from our parents, grandparents, and ancestors. In almost sixty years of married life, this has been a call before us always. In fact, in preparing the memorial prayer card for Betty, our children found this prayer of St. Ignatius Loyola. They did not ask me whether I wanted this prayer on the card. They knew it was the most appropriate prayer. It is called, “Doing Your Will”:

Lord Jesus, teach me to be generous.
   To serve You as You deserve.
   To give and not to count the cost.
   To fight and not to heed the wounds.
   To toil and not to seek for rest.
   To labor and not to ask for any reward,
   save that of knowing that we do your will. Amen.

This theme permeated our married life. And the Lord sent many rewards our way. Let me relate the latest that God has sent. The first of these is Roxana Loaiza from Bolivia. Her purpose in the US is to learn English and then obtain a Master’s degree in International Public Economics. She had financial support for her first year, but this was far from sufficient. In discussing her situation with a dear friend of ours, he suggested that what she needed was a live-in situation with a family, where she could provide some assistance. He was not suggesting that we enter into it. However, it did not take Betty and me long to discern on the situation and invite her to stay with us, providing for her the cost of housing.

Roxana is an unusual person with some exceptional skills. In Bolivia she had worked with leaders in farmers’ groups, where she developed seminars, courses, and even a radio course to assist the farmers to maximize their meager resources. She taught primary and secondary school teachers the facts about the contagion of AIDS. She helped implement the necessary condition for a major loan from the World Bank to Bolivia. The key was participation by the local people, the intended recipients. On May 1, 2004, she had been with us for exactly
two years. Though she is working very hard to complete her assignments and hold a part-time job, she has managed to maintain about a B+ average and will receive her degree in May 2005.

On Saturday, March 6, 2004, at 6:30 a.m., there was a phone call from a sister in Bolivia. Roxana’s mother had died in the hospital at 2:00 a.m. I said to her, “Roxana, you must be there. Your father needs you, your sisters need you. I will pay for the travel.” By 6:45 p.m. she was on a flight to Bolivia. Her mother had severe problems with diabetes and had been to the hospital five times in the previous year. Before she left, I gave Roxana a personal letter to her father. Essentially, it said, “I have been there, and I share your grief. Let me tell you how I feel about Betty and my circumstances.” Then I proceeded to tell him how happy Betty is with God in Heaven, that I know she is here with me, and how I have communicated with her.

Several days after Roxana returned, she gave me a letter from her father, one from her mother’s sister, and one from her three sisters. Here are a few words from her father’s letter: “Your letter brought me words of consolation to diminish my suffering and sorrow. After many years of marriage, my recollections are infinite.... Fred, I am crying while I write this. Since your Betty went to Heaven, I mention her blessed name in my prayers to the Almighty.” Then he thanked me for all of our support of his daughter.

What role did I play in all of this? It seems rather minor, but I feel that I was being called to see both that Roxana participated in the funeral and that she was present with her family. Also, my letter, perhaps in a small way, helped prompt Roxana’s father to complete a promise he had made to his wife — to read the Bible daily and go to Mass and Communion more frequently.

Let me say a few words about my newest treasured friend, Hubert Ngueha from Cameroon. He is a political refugee in his late thirties. He had lived in Houston, then Dallas for two years, then came to Silver Spring, MD (my home town) in 2003 (He never met Betty, though he felt he knew her through sharing about her in his former CLC community.). He was a member of a CLC in Dallas. I received an e-mail stating that
he was coming to the DC area. In fact, he lives just 20 minutes from my home. He came to our CLC meeting and was immediately welcomed into the community. Hubert has been very helpful to me, volunteering for as much work as I have for him around the yard and more.

Hubert, though in his late thirties, wants to go to medical school. But his academic background, with a Bachelor’s and a Master’s degree from Cameroon, is in business and computing. His plan is to take some pre-med courses at the University of Maryland, then attend medical school. We do not know what God’s plan is for him. However, at this time, Hubert feels that this route is God’s calling.

I still get requests for the Inn. For example, in October 2004, Fr. Jim O’Brien, S.J., the principal concelebrant of Betty’s funeral Mass, called and asked if it was convenient to stop at the Inn overnight. He would be coming in quite late on Friday and had an important function in CLC in the Washington, DC, area on Saturday morning, and then had to go on to Philadelphia. Now, I could not say, “Let me see if there is any space.” For, there is “always room at the Inn.”

My latest request was from Miss Silke Hermes from Germany, whom we had hosted for dinner about two years earlier. She had returned to Germany and came back to continue graduate studies. She did not have a residence and asked for some room at the Inn until she found housing. After a two-week stay, she located a place. Of course, while here she participated fully in all activities, such as cleaning up, cooking, and eating.

**Journeys to the Inn**

At this point I must add that each of the journeys to the Inn was unique. Some were rather brief, but some were in a developmental stage for some time. However, all of these journeys had one common element. They were a response to a call. Betty and I, in turn, felt this call and often were able to receive our guests rather quickly. Evidently, they had reservations which were framed in God’s plan for the guest and for us, the Inn keepers. For example, Hildegard Ehrtmann was a volunteer director of youth programs. She was selected for the “Youth Leaders Exchange Program.” Michael traveled from Ethiopia
to Libya, to Spain, then Rome, Italy and the United States (the Leone Inn). Along the way, he met a wealthy Spanish gentleman who saw his potential and was prepared to sponsor his college education. Finally, the Vice-Ecclesial Assistant at the World CLC Office contacted us. In about a month we had a new guest.

Jean and Pauline Mbuyu (now Pauline Katshie) were here in the USA because he had a fellowship with an international law organization for human rights. The contact person was a classmate of Betty at the Washington Theological Union, where Betty was studying for a Master’s degree. Henry and Hubert were advised to contact our Inn by e-mail. Henry stayed for two periods, and Hubert is a neighbor. Most of the guests were members of Christian Life Community in different corners of the world.

Let me now provide some more detail on Roxana Loaiza’s journey. It will give you an idea of the intricacies of God’s plan, and the people whom the Lord uses to carry out the plan. At the time of this writing, she is still at the Inn.

Roxana made several eight-day (Spiritual Exercises) retreats and joined an “Ignatian Action” group. During that time, she began to recognize her call as a Christian. She was being asked to work for her fellow country people (Bolivia), especially the poor and vulnerable people. She wanted to learn English and study in the United States. Her Bolivian bishop contacted the provost of the Catholic University of America, who provided a scholarship. Her supervisor in Bolivia persuaded her to join Christian Life Community. She also contacted a German friend, who in turn contacted the German CLC Secretariat. (Earlier, we had been guests of the Secretariat.) Our name was provided, and she contacted us by e-mail.

She did not come to the Inn directly, since she had some support for living expenses. Her ultimate goal was to obtain a Master’s Degree in Development Management. When Fr. Paul Kenney, S.J., who was in our CLC Community (Living Water), realized that Roxana did not have finances to spend two years working on her degree, he said, “What she needs is someone to bring her into their home.” Independently, we prayed on this for a few days. When we came together to consider Rox-
ana’s situation, the response was immediate: “We should accept her into our home.” There is so much more to say, but let me stop here. In short, Betty and I have been blessed by God, through all the people sent to the Inn and those who were guides for the journeys to the Inn.

Recently, Roxana told me what her stay at the Inn meant to her. She spoke of how she felt like a member of our household, how we steered her to the proper university for her studies, and how Betty assisted her in reviewing her reports, sometimes taking a great deal of time explaining or clarifying some of her work. Betty was her mentor, her guide. Since Betty returned to God, I have assumed that role, but not as well, and Roxana has assumed the role of companion and carried out many necessary tasks without any required guidance. On a final note to her, I am about to tell her that she is now a member of our extended family with Hildegard, Pauline and Jean, and Diab.

**In Conclusion**

I embarked on this “Journey” venture about one and one-half years ago. It has been difficult at times, especially when I tried to recall dates and sequences. However, I have thoroughly enjoyed this labor of love. First, it allowed me to realize how much God loved Betty and me. It gave me the opportunity to step back into these many wonderful experiences. It also helped me to recognize once more how much I was loved by Betty and our family, by our extended family, by many members of the Christian Life Community family, near and far, and by my Parish family.

I conclude by praying,

*My dearest Lord, You have showered me with so many gifts of people and events. I know that I did not earn their presence in my life here on earth. At times, I was not even aware of them. With this in mind, I humbly pray that I have been a gift for them and, in your grace, continue to be so. Amen.*

and by adding a very liberal translation of the Twenty-Third Psalm, since I feel it is speaking to me. (Does it speak to you?)

*The Lord is my pace-setter, I shall not rush.*
He makes me to stop and rest for interludes.
He provides me with images of stillness which restore my serenity.
He leads me in the ways of efficiency through calmness of mind.
And His guidance is peace.
Even though I have a great many things to accomplish each day,
I will not fret, for His presence is near.
His timelessness, His all-importance will keep me in balance.
He prepares refreshment and renewal in the midst of my activity.
By anointing my mind with His oils of tranquility.
My cup of joyous energy overflows.
Surely harmony and effectiveness shall be the fruit of my hour.
For, I shall walk in the peace of the Lord.
And will dwell in His house forever.

Translated for the Japanese by Teri Migashima

I thank you for listening to my stories. My wish is that, in traveling on this journey with me, there has been raised in you at least a glimmer of hope and challenge to use your many gifts for others. I leave you now and ask for God’s blessing for you. May God be with you!
Thanks for what has been, YES to what will be.
No reader of Fred’s narrative can fail to perceive his and Betty’s journey as a dynamic embodiment of Gospel values and perspectives in daily life. This overarching theme radiates from every one of his descriptions of the widely diverse situations and companions entwined in the Leones’ story. Especially striking is the congruence of the Leones’ priorities with the qualities described as “blessed” in Matthew 5:3-12 (the Beatitudes); in particular, their hunger and thirst for justice, their compassion, and their purity of heart reveal their closeness to the heart of Jesus.

Whatever the situation, whatever the role to which they had been called—whether as parents, professionals, or parishioners—Fred and Betty always found a way to subvert the prevailing currents of injustice and societal indifference to human suffering. By no means did they look like subversives, with their conventional appearance and demeanor, but underneath that conservative exterior beat the hearts of counter-cultural revolutionaries. Images come to mind: Fred and Betty visiting the favellas of Brazil and subsequently raising awareness of the extreme deprivation that they had steeled themselves to observe; Fred spearheading a movement of academic statisticians to protest oppression; Betty challenging the Church by her outspokenness against marginalization of the laity in the parish; both of them supporting the sons who had burned their draft cards during the Vietnam War; and both of them braving harassment from racial bigots in order to sell their house to the first African American couple ever to move into their neighborhood. Blessed indeed are the Leones, who have always hungered and thirsted for justice.

Their tough-minded activism on behalf of a just global society was conjoined with a soft-hearted compassion for individuals whom they encountered along the journey. Works of mercy were almost a knee-jerk reflex for them. As a neighbor and parishioner, Fred found time to give gentle paternal attention to a young girl heartbroken by the loss of her mother and wounded by the remarriage of her father. As a mother, Betty encouraged and supported her children’s
generous instincts, from making sandwiches on short notice for her son to distribute to anti-war protesters, to standing by her daughter who had been punished for transgressing a school regulation in order to comfort a grieving classmate. As renters and then homeowners, Betty and Fred were always willing to stretch their resources (including their patience at times!) to add new members to their large household, and to assist these folks in searching for employment and educational opportunities. Blessed indeed are the Leones, who have acted as powerhouses of compassionate energy.

Such justice and compassion can issue forth only from hearts purely set on a single focus: the love of Christ. Fred and Betty made no decisions without consulting, through prayerful discernment, the Lord of their lives. Every action, every relationship, every pleasure, and every experience of suffering were always held up to the light of God’s immense love, or, as Betty used to express it, “God’s dream for the world.” Whenever they considered any new professional opportunity in Fred’s career, they discerned through prayer and Scripture whether this option was an item on God’s agenda. And after each step of the journey had been taken, they asked, in essence, “What has been communicated to us through this experience? How might God be equipping us for a closer relationship with him and for more effective servanthood?” Even their marriage was sustained not merely for its own sake—that is, not only as a two-way mutual benefit association—but, more importantly, as a channel of divine love in a multi-faceted relationship binding Fred and Betty to each other, to their fellow human beings, and to God. It was this shared focus on God’s will that empowered them to perceive the tragic deaths of their newborn twins as a gift, namely, the addition of two loving intercessors in heaven. Blessed indeed are the Leones, because their pure, undiluted receptiveness to God’s guidance throughout their journey will someday culminate in their shared vision of God, face-to-face with him and together again.

Lest it seem that I have invested Betty and Fred with illusory halos of perfection, I must add that neither of them has been entirely immune to the limitations of strength and understanding that are intrinsic to the human condition. In fact,
I can readily recall moments when nerves snapped and annoyance flared. It cannot be denied, however, that the Leones, though not icons, are profoundly inspiring models for future generations of lay Christians. Unlike many of the saints of yesteryear, they did not renounce property or marriage; rather, their mode of Christian discipleship has been one of affirmation, of “finding God in all things.” To them the world has been a feast of abundant opportunities for advancing God’s justice and compassion with hearts always open to his instructions. God has blessed them with opportunities, and they in turn have been a blessing to others.

Carole Burnett
Living Water CLC
February 2005
Appendix

Betty Lives On

This book is not complete without a separate Appendix on Betty, for she lives on within me and within many of the people whom she encountered. Let me first present a letter addressed to Senator William J. Fulbright, member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. This is followed by a letter of thanks from Fr. Anthony Bellagamba, IMC, Executive Secretary of the United States Catholic Mission Council. I add four prayers, namely, “Our Father in the Context of the USA,” “Credo,” “Prayer for Conversion – Personal and Social,” and “Eucharistic Prayer for Human Unity.” I conclude with an article by Betty entitled, “CLC and Peace.”

These papers express some of the mind and the heart of Betty. Our reflection on them may be an opportunity for us to examine our own mind and heart regarding the essence of the material presented here.

Letters

July 3, 1973

Senator William J. Fulbright
Senate Foreign Relations Committee
Suite 4229, Dirkson Senate Office building
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Senator Fulbright,

The proposed appointment of William Sullivan to be U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines seems to be opposed to the best interests of our friends, the Philippine people, and of peace in Asia. Mr. Sullivan’s record of undercover, military involvement speaks for itself. I am enclosing a description of Mr. Sullivan’s Southeast Asia experience as it appears in the June 25 issue of Nation magazine.

Our costly, bitter and destructive experience in Southeast Asia should lead this country to redefine its relationship with developing countries everywhere. In the process of supporting military and narrowly-defined economic interests in a given...
country, we have given the lie to our American dream of human freedom and self-determination.

Please reject this appointment. A non-military mentality is needed to develop peaceful relationships in Asia.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth S. Leone

Unfortunately (according to Betty’s thinking), Mr. Sullivan did receive the appointment, and four years later he moved to Iran. (This information was obtained from the internet.)

United States Catholic Mission Council

May 23, 1980

Mrs. Betty Leone
Chairwoman – Lay Mission Committee
5915 16th Street
Washington, DC 20011

Dear Betty,

I am sorry I did not have time to thank you personally before you left CARA*. With this letter I wish to make public and official my thanks to you on behalf of the entire Council.

Your presentation at the Assembly was sincere, honest and beautiful. Your witness to the domestic Church and to the larger Church was moving. Your faithfulness to both these churches impressed all of us to the point of tears.

You are a beautiful person, a committed woman, a loving mother and a prophetic Christian. And since your prophetism is calm, soft and free of anger, it does not destroy people, but invites to reflection and to action.

Let me also congratulate you on your appointment as chairwoman of the Lay Mission Committee. I know that the Committee, under your leadership, will revitalize itself and will perform well in the Council. The future of the Church depends very much on the laity as does the future of mission. I won’t be surprised if your committee becomes one of the most dynamic committees of the Council.

* A Catholic social science research center.
Be assured of our cooperation and of our support in all you want to do with the Committee.

The enclosed check is only a small token of appreciation for your input at the Assembly. Please accept it as a sign of love from us.

With renewed thanks and the best wishes for your work as chairperson of the Laity Committee, I remain

Gratefully in the Lord,

(Rev.) Anthony Bellagamba, IMC
Executive Secretary

Prayers

Our Father in the Context of the USA
Betty Leone

Our Father —

You are Father-Creator to all peoples — Arabs and Israelis, black Africans and white Africans, Vietnamese, Chinese and Russians. We consider ourselves your children, too, and members of the human family.

Who art in Heaven —

You know us all and see our serious inability to get along with each other. We ask forgiveness and healing of our self-righteousness.

Hallowed be your name —

We say these words but in our actions we really reverence money, power and pleasure because we have enshrined them in our American way of life. Do you listen to our liturgies while we fail to acknowledge and reject these ideals?

Your Kingdom come —

What are we doing, as your people, to further your kingdom? If we love you, our lives and the institutions we create will reflect kingdom-values.

Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven —

Help us to understand that our will is not necessarily
your will. What do you think about our wars against our sisters and brothers and our failure to find alternatives? Teach us discernment, Lord.

*Give us this day our daily bread -*

Thank you for our abundance — but do we squander it in our consumer society and in the arms race? What about the needs of the homeless and the unemployed? Is Lazarus at our gates? What is God asking of us, his people?

*And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors -*

Your forgiveness depends on our mutual and fraternal forgiveness. Forgiveness is not easy, Lord. Help us to become aware of your unconditional acceptance and love for us, and help us to extend this acceptance and love to others.

*And lead us not into temptation -*

Lord, we make choices daily. Some lead to death, others to life. Help us to make choices that lead to life and to human wholeness — for ourselves and others.

*But deliver us from evil -*

Lord, free us from our self-centered ways and give us clean hearts. Help us, your people, to discover your will for us in these times.

FOR YOURS IS THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER AND THE GLORY FOREVER, AMEN.

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**CREDO**

Betty Leone

*I believe in Christ as Savior and Liberator.*

*He came to prepare a place for us in heaven,*

*but He also cares about our human existence*  

*and He urges His followers to share this concern.*

*I believe that He is calling us*  

*to be co-creators of His kingdom on earth.*

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He has given us free will
and He does not interfere with our freedom –
even our bad and blind choices.
He lets us take the consequences of our actions,
yet welcomes us with open arms when we turn to Him,
asking Him to replace our hearts of stone
with truly human hearts.
I believe that as Christians we are called
To be co-laborators and co-liberators with Christ.
I believe that the Christian presence in the United States
calls us to be a sign of contradiction
to our materialistic, manipulative society.
Our mission is to create a Christian counter-culture
With alternative personal attitudes,
Alternative life-styles,
And alternative institutional models
Which reflect more clearly
Our secular and religious ideals of human freedom.

Prayer for Conversion – Personal and Social
Betty Leone

During the retreat* I have been hearing Your call to repen-
tance and conversion. Today in particular, I have been asking
for the grace to understand the disorders in my personal life
and how these disorders and sins reflect and give support to
the institutionalized social disorder of the world.

I wish to acknowledge and ask forgiveness for my partic-
ipation in the seriously unjust structures of American society
and culture. I also wish, personally, to beg forgiveness and
healing for the way I have institutionalized these structures in
my own life.

For being too busy and distracted to sustain loving human re-
lationships with those nearest and dearest to me —
I beg forgiveness, Lord

* 30-day retreat directed by Fr. Clem Petrik, S.J., at Loyola Retreat Center,
Faulkner, MD, in the mid-1980s.
For my uncritical support of an educational process which domesticates its recipients in an unjust society —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

For my sins of acquisitiveness and consumer life-style — an idolatry of things —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

For my sins of apathy, my self-centered blindness and my insensitivity to the suffering of the poor, the aged, the lonely —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

For my acquiescence in personal and social sins of racism and sexism — external expressions of my seriously flawed love of neighbor —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

For my destructive overuse of world resources —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

For my participation in the physical destruction and pollution of Your beautiful world —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

For my uncritical acceptance of an economic system which puts profits first and people second —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

For my uncritical acceptance of weapons-sales, US military might, and the CIA — external expressions of my interior self-righteousness and hidden violence —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

For my passive acceptance of a Church that dominates rather than liberates and which is so often on the side of the rich —
*I beg forgiveness, Lord*

My deepest sorrow is the awareness of what these individual and collective sins do to my relationship with You and with my sisters and brothers everywhere. My understanding of and response to Your Good News is indeed distorted by social environment.
*Lord, I beg forgiveness and healing*
Eucharistic Prayer of Human Unity*

Leader:

We thank you, Almighty Father of all, for sharing with us the love that makes you God. We praise you and thank you for calling us through faith to share your gift of love with the world and so to hasten the fulfillment of your promise of liberation for all people. Joining in the chorus of creation, we celebrate your presence with this hymn of praise:

All:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts…

Leader:

Blessed are you, dear Father, for from the beginning you made us all sisters and brothers to one another, born in your likeness and sharing a common destiny. It was our pride, though, that made us deaf to your voice and blinded us to the beauty of your plan. You created us to live in harmony with our sisters and brothers, but we preferred alienation, racism and violence.

Assistant to Leader:

Nevertheless, in your loving kindness, you did not allow our house to be divided against itself. Rather, you prepared us for the coming of One who would gather together again the broken fragments of Adam and Eve throughout the world and forge them into a new and far greater unity than we had ever known. Thus, in the fullness of time, you sent your only Son into the world to call by name into one fold the scattered children of your flock, to mold the diverse gifts of your people into the members of one Body, which is his Church.

Leader and Assistant:

We now recall that on the night before he died, he called together his friends for a final meal, and made with them a new and everlasting covenant of love, by sharing with them his own body and blood. Giving thanks to you, almighty Father, he took bread into his hands, blessed it, broke it and gave it to us with the command to become his body, broken and passed around for the liberation of the world. (pause)

* Composed as a class exercise in the mid eighties.
Leader and Assistant:

Merciful Father, we beg you to send the Holy Spirit among us in a new Pentecost of understanding and harmony, so that whoever speaks the truth in love will be heard by each person in his or her own tongue. For in sharing one bread and drinking from the same cup, we profess our faith in the power of the Spirit to bend our pride into love and our selfishness into unity.

Leader:

Grant us concern for our fellow men and women, even for those we have never seen or called by name. May we suffer with the victims of hatred and oppression, of starvation, war, and racism. Grant us a selfless love for each other, so that our unity may be the genuine sign that it claims to be, heralding that final and blessed union of all people in Christ Jesus our Lord.

All:

For through Him, and with Him, and in Him, all honor and glory is given to you, Almighty Father, in union with the Holy Spirit today and every day into eternity.

AMEN

Article

CLC AND PEACE
Betty Leone
(1975)

As many of my friends are aware, I — as chairperson for Peace and Justice of NCLC — have been struggling for some time, with an increasing sense of urgency, to communicate the message of social justice to our renewed and renewing national CLC movement. I have been stimulated in many ways — by my social science background, by civil rights, women’s and peace movements, by a year in Brazil, and by contacts of CLC-ers from around the world at two World Federation Meetings: Santo Domingo in 1970 and Augsburg in 1973. Within the USA my primary source for encouragement and creativity has been José Antonio Esquivel, S.J. From my first encounter with him in Santo Domingo and during many contacts throughout
his seminary years at Bellarmine, I have found in him continuing inspiration, unfailing support, integration of social consciousness and Ignatian spirituality, and a sense of community in sharing a minority viewpoint. At this time I want to acknowledge José’s influence on my personal growth as your Peace and Justice chairperson.

I hereby take time out to award José Antonio a personal NOBEL PRIZE for all that he has meant to me and to the CLC movement in the USA. He really has been a missionary from the Third World to the First World — both in his creative contributions to the renewal of CLC in this country and in his unfailing understanding and support of a very inexperienced and isolated American homemaker who has evolved into your social justice chairperson.

José, I have just said publicly and in print what I have expressed to you many times in private. I think it is high time to unravel the secret of this “different” American housewife whose whole life has become increasingly involved in social justice. Thanks for being you and for being a channel of God’s grace and inspiration to me.

As NCLC Peace and Justice chairperson I am still growing and changing, and I hope, deepening. My biggest asset is my mini-lab in which I work every day — my family. The peace and justice issues written so large on the world’s agenda are also my personal agenda as I struggle with God’s help for better human relationships in my daily life. “If I give everything I have to poor people, and if I am burned alive for preaching the Gospel but don’t love others, it would be of no value whatsoever” (1 Corinthians 13:3).

Increasingly I have come to realize that loving others means respecting them as persons, not using them. I have made a real discovery in my mini-lab. The manipulation and exploitation of people, that is so obvious in large social justice issues, exists in my private life and relationships as well. My inner blindness to my own shortcomings has been a real handicap and source of pain to myself as well as to those I love best. As I grow older, and wiser — I hope, I am putting together the imperative of personal growth as a Christian with my efforts in social justice.
As a parent I am learning to reject the role of a controlling authority figure. There is a certain violence in controlling others for their good or my convenience and I have been struggling with the possessive, controlling parent in me as my children grow into teen-agers and young adults. There is also a very real oppression in allowing oneself to be controlled and manipulated by others for their convenience — and as a woman - daughter, wife, mother. I have had experience in being “used.” In fairness to my family, I must point out that most of us Americans are part and parcel of an historical and cultural environment that sanctions manipulative and oppressive relationships. We are just beginning to realize where we are, where we have been, and where we hope to go in the area of relationships. In addition to searching out new relationships within the family, I personally look at the educational process in a new way. What kind of relationships do children and teen-agers experience in schools? Are the dominant relationships those which control the student from outside? Is it possible for education to become a process of personal growth and the practice of freedom — involving a sense of community on the human and environmental levels?

Sanctioned manipulative relationships are even clearer in our economic life where profit seems to come first and people, second. Right now, it seems as though our economic system is becoming a king-size monopoly game in which there are many losers and a few corporate winners. An outstanding example of socially accepted manipulation is the wide-spread use of advertising to sell people things they do not need and which may even harm them. Is our economic system becoming increasingly incompatible with “liberty and justice for all”? Our deteriorating environment reveals our exploitative attitudes written large. I reflected on this during a recent trip through West Virginia and southern Ohio where there was widespread evidence of clear-cutting of timber and strip-mining for coal. Poor earth – it is the only one we have – and we need to share it with future generations.

We cannot fail to be aware of how our political system has suffered enormous damage from manipulative attitudes. It has been painful and humbling to acknowledge the revelations of Watergate, unjust and unlawful CIA and FBI surveillance.
of US citizens, and CIA interference in the internal affairs of Chile and other foreign countries. Have we reflected enough on what this means? As Americans we have for a long time been aware of the manipulations of atheistic, materialistic Communism in countries where people seem to exist to serve the State. I think we need to become equally aware of the manipulation of our own lives by atheistic, materialistic capitalism which undermines our democratic ideals. Our marvelous dream of freedom was flawed even at the outset by an existing economic system in which Christian businessmen bought and sold and used human beings as slaves — commodities to be sold and tools of production.

Let’s face it. Our human environment is permeated with manipulative and exploitative relationships, many of them unconscious. Between individuals such relationships create conflicts and alienation, and destroy the possibility of community. On a societal scale in political and economic systems these relationships become institutionalized as political and economic domination. Without any formal intention on our part, we have evolved a way of life in this country which increasingly contradicts Christian love of neighbor. At the same time we have suffered a dimming of our American vision of human freedom.

So far, I have discussed peace and justice, in terms of relationships — in our normal lives, our schools, and in our economic and political life. What does the Bible have to say about peace and justice? The Old Testament has some profound insights. God was continually raising-up prophets to correct and warn His chosen people:

“Who wants your sacrifices when you have no sorrow for your sins? — even your pious meetings are frauds — for your hands are those of murderers: they are covered with the blood of your innocent victims—” (Isaiah 1: 10-15)

“Come let us talk this over — no matter how deep the stain of your sins, I can take it out and make you as clean as freshly fallen snow — if you will let me help you, if you will only obey. But if you keep on turning your backs and refusing to listen to me, you will be killed by your enemies.” (Isaiah 1: 18-20)
Isaiah goes on to point out the specific things God is displeased with — defrauding the poor, oppressing widows and orphans, luxurious living, real estate speculation, bribery and perversion of justice, idolatry in many forms. (Is. 3,5) At one point Isaiah recounts a vision which we would probably call a nightmare: the devastation of war as the whip of God’s anger. There is no need to describe it; we have all seen it on TV. Perhaps we need to remember Vietnam as a lesson of how we must change. We still have not — as a nation — acknowledged our violent and expensive “mistake.” You can’t heal a wound by saying it’s not there. Another passage reveals God pleading with the people who are “enslaved, imprisoned, trapped:

“Who in all the world is as blind as my own people who are designed to be my message of truth — I am the Lord and there is no other Savior. Whenever you have thrown away your idols, I have shown you my power — But O my people, you won’t ask my help — O, remind me of this promise of forgiveness, for we must talk about your sins. Plead your case for my forgiving you.”

Somehow, there is a familiar ring to God’s concerns, to His people’s failings, and to their blindness and inability to turn to Him. The book of Isaiah was written hundreds of years before Christ and yet it has a contemporary meaning and challenge. For me, Isaiah speaks very eloquently to all those who “have received, as the people of God, the mission of being witnesses to Christ in our attitudes, words and actions among men and women.” (CLC General Principles 7)

Let me conclude with a brief reflection on a picture in my guest room. It is a photograph of a painting by Marc Chagal: God’s hands are shown as giving Moses the Ten Commandments on Mt. Sinai and Moses is looking down in the valley at God’s people who have lapsed into idolatry. Somehow, the photographer caught President Nixon in the foreground among the idolatrous people. He is looking up at Moses as though receiving an admonition. In my own mind I would like to include all of us along with President Nixon. It is becoming clearer that his unlawful actions were merely the first to be discovered in a wide-spread web of human and political manipulation — the idolatry of power.
Dear Lord, we need to become aware of our violence and our personal and collective idols which keep us from hearing Your message. We are powerless to free ourselves. Help us to turn continually to You. As American Christians we believe that we are free. We see the unfreedom in others but fail to recognize the cultural chains that bind us and blind us.

Jesus Savior, You came to set us free. Increase our faith in You, our hope in Your promises, our love for You and for human beings – Your image and likeness all around us. We especially need to love those who disagree with us and who threaten us. This kind of love is both Your command and Your gift. We believe that we are called to be a creative minority and a sign of contradiction in our society which has made egoism an idolatrous way of life.

Mother Mary, you responded to God’s invitation with an affirmative act of faith. As a community which involves your special protection, we ask you to sustain and nourish us as we struggle to become a more Christian presence in our families, our society and our war-torn world.

Reflection

I begin by asking myself and all of you, “Does Betty live on in our lives?” By this I ask, “What part of Betty’s vision do we carry with us?” A careful look at a few of her writings can give us the framework for our response. First, we can ask ourselves how we respond to crises like the selection of an Ambassador, or a Supreme Court nominee, or a local official. Do we grumble and so satisfy ourselves? Do we try to influence public opinion?

When we look at Betty’s “Our Father…,” do we ask ourselves whether we fit into the pattern presented? For a number of years, I have been struggling with the phrase, “And forgive us our debt as we forgive our debtors.” For most of us, this is very difficult. But are we looking at forgiveness as God looks at it? Or in the framework of vengeance for the other person’s crime and totally reject God’s relationship of unconditional love? Finally, let us ask ourselves, “What does the Our Father mean to me?”
We can look at her “Credo” and ask whether we believe as Betty did. If we were to write out own personal credo, after a careful discernment, what would we say? We can go to her next prayer, but let me now focus on “CLC and Peace.” Let us ask ourselves how we would walk as we consider the issue of peace. Though this article was written thirty years ago, does it still hold, especially in the context of the many wars, mini-wars and undeclared wars, peace enforcement and peace-keeping?

Each time I read the above sections, I ask myself if I have done enough in my over 82 years of life here on earth. It looks as if God isn’t ready to take me Home yet. Evidently, God wanted her Home. I am seeking what new journey God may be calling me to and wondering how long it will take before I join Betty.

Finally, let me say that there is much material above for use in sharing and discussions in our CLC communities, as well as in other Small Christian Communities. And now I conclude, “Here is my story, and may your journey and my continued journey be fruitful in God’s eyes.”