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C R E D O

Christian Theology 3

Dr. Horton

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11/17/62

C R E D O

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,
AND IN MAN HIS HOLY SON.

I BELIEVE IN THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE COMMITTED,
THE LIFE EVERLASTING,
AND THE UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

I BELIEVE IN, — MAY, I KNOW — THE REALITY AND POWER OF THE SPIRIT.
I CONSIDERATE MYSELF AS A DISCIPLE OF JESUS THE KNOWN ONE
TO SHARE IN HIS TASK OF FREEING MANKIND FROM FEAR AND SUFFERING
THROUGH LOVE.

COMMENTARY

The above original creed is patterned after the Apostles' Creed.
It was written—I might say hammered out—on December 5, after finding
that I could not in good conscience say the Apostles' Creed as a part
of morning chapel. I will comment on each item.

The first phrase, unchanged from that of the Apostles' Creed,
correctly expresses my firm belief in one God who is both creator and
father. To that I need to add that for me he is in his creation as
well as above it; both immanent and transcendent; all powerful and
all loving.

"And in man his holy son." This phrase is put in the place of
"And in Jesus Christ His only Son," and is intentionally provocative.
I do not hereby deny that God was incarnated in Jesus, nor that he was
God's son. I merely indicate that I believe we are all God's sons and
daughters, and that God is in each one of us. It is not a matter of
kind, but of degree. Jesus is far ahead of all of us. But if it isn't
possible for us to follow "in his train," then is his preaching vain.

11/10/71

"I believe in the fellowship of the committed."

This phrase is meant to replace both "I believe in the holy Christian Church," and "I believe in the communion of Saints."

Certainly all the people of the earth are one under God, and we cannot exclude any person or group from our good will. But at the same time there is an inner circle of those who have intentionally chosen to go the divine way. And the fellowship with these is of a specially sweet nature.

"I believe in the life everlasting." This phrase is taken verbatim from the Apostles' Creed. It overlaps, in my mind, "the Communion of Saints." The fellowship of the Church Visible and Invisible includes fellowship with saints invisible; that is, with those of the brotherhood who have gone ahead.

"I believe in the unity of the universe."

One might suppose that this just restates the belief in life beyond death. It does more than that in my mind. As I said in my statement on God and the World: "I believe that God is not limited to the world, though he infuses it, and that God and the world, spirit and matter, man and nature are all made of the same stuff or substance. I believe that the relation between matter and spirit can be faintly grasped by thinking of the analogy of ice, water, and steam."

"I believe in,—nay, I know—the reality and power of the spirit."

It is an innovation, is it not, to put the phrase "I know" into a creed? Yet I must do it. As the man born blind said: "One thing I know, that though I was blind, now I see." (John 9:25) So I say, "One thing I know: A power greater than I has entered my life and made itself manifest in many ways. Some of these manifestations are

within me, and hence not to be transmitted directly to others. Some of the manifestations are external to me, within the realm of what is ordinarily thought of as matter. But the presence and reality of this Spirit is something I bear witness to as being no longer for me a matter of faith or belief, but a matter of knowledge."

As a matter of fact, isn't there more consensus among the different communions when it comes to the manifestation of the Spirit than at almost any other point? Here at Oberlin a number of students have affirmed to me that they believe in the reality of the Spirit's speaking through us, upon occasion. And in national and world gatherings, everyone knows what is meant by the phrase, "It was a pentecostal experience."

O. H. Dodd, in The Apostolic Preaching, says that the early Christians were convinced that the New Age had already begun, and that the "proof that it was here was found in the actual presence of the Spirit, that is, of the supernatural in the experience of men." (Page 55)

I don't feel it necessary to use the word supernatural, since I believe that all manifestations are under law. If certain occurrences seem miraculous to us, it is, I believe, because we don't understand the forces at work. To someone who had never been exposed to our system of getting electricity by wiring, it would be a miracle to watch a light come on at the touch of a distant switch. But we know there's a connection. In the same way, I am convinced that there is connection between the power of the Spirit and us.

There is much about how this power is connected that we don't know. But prayer may be the switch that turns it on—provided the flow is not blocked, short-circuited, nor in any other way cut off from us. I am in favor of experimenting in a spirit of devotion

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and yet with scientific awareness too. It is because I have had evidence of the influx of the power of the Spirit that it is easy for me to accept as factual such miracles in the life of Jesus as the healing of the sick, the feeding of the 5000, walking on the water, and even raising the dead. It appears that Jesus was a walking power-house, or else a wonderful channel for the power. He is not reported as saying much about this aspect of his work. But when the woman with an issue of blood touched him in a crowd and the disciples peck-poked his question, "Who was it that touched me?" because people were pressing on him from all directions, he said in effect that someone had touched him in a special way, "for I perceive that power has gone forth from me." (Luke 8:46)

"I appropriate myself as a disciple of Jesus the Anointed One, to share in his task of freeing mankind from fear and suffering through love."

The question is often asked, "if you don't set Jesus apart from all others as different in kind as well as degree, how then are you different from a Jew or a Mohammedan?"

My answer is that I have chosen to be a follower of this Jesus, because he seems to me to express the essence of all that we are working toward. I listened with pleasure to a man from India who said he was won to Christianity because Jesus lived what he taught. And Jesus' teachings, it is pretty well agreed, represent the highest ethical and religious ideals we have. This is not to throw out the contributions of great religious leaders and teachers, poets, dramatists and saints. I believe that the Spirit can speak at "sundry times and in diverse manners" (Hebrews 1:1). I believe we constantly make the mistake of limiting God. Who are we to say that he can only work thus and so?

"Jesus the Anointed One."

I have purposely avoided the use of the word Christ, although it means Messiah, or the Anointed One. It has also been used as a synonym for Jesus, as a synonym for the inner illumination or spirit in a person, and as a synonym for Jesus as God. Because of this confused usage, I don't like to use it except as a title: Jesus the Christ. In exactly the same way I prefer to speak of Gautama the Buddha, or the Enlightened One. And set in apposition in this way, I see a new reason for choosing Jesus as my Wayshower. The emphasis in Buddhism is upon personal development and enlightenment. The emphasis in Christianity is up on works of love. (Not that personal development is unimportant.)

I accept Jesus' own statement of his mission as recorded in Luke 4:18,19:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
because he has anointed me to preach good news to the poor.
He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives
and recovering of sight to the blind,
to set at liberty those who are oppressed,
to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

And this mission is also the mission of his followers, it occurs to me. Salvation can be thought of in terms of release. Jesus understood the frailties of human nature, and the tendency to "get even." And once the cycle is started, who is to break it up? Why do we have an endless round of war, hatred, cruelty, and hardness of hearts? Because not enough of us have grown to the stature of the fullness of love which Jesus attained. Someone has to break the vicious circle of hitting-and-hitting-back by not hitting back; further, by not even wanting to hit back; further still, by understanding why the other fellow hits, by feeling compassion for him and thus forgiving him. This is what Jesus did. He

break the chain of violence. Others, such as Gandhi and Martin Luther King and Rufus Jones, have demonstrated the power of this understanding compassion. To my mind it is entirely unnecessary to construct an elaborate system of Adam and the fall of man and the Man-God who fulfills the demands of a just God by going to the cross, or a God who comes down to bleed to death so that man may once and for all be "saved." Jesus' whole life, not just his death, was a demonstration of what divine love can do. Although I reject Mrs. Eddy's denial of the reality of matter, I agree with her when she says:

"Jesus of Nazareth taught and demonstrated man's oneness with the Father, and for this we owe him endless homage. His mission was both individual and collective. He did life's work aright not only in justice to himself, but in mercy to mortals,—to show them how to do theirs, but not to do it for them nor to relieve them of a single responsibility..... The material blood of Jesus was no more efficacious to cleanse from sin when it was shed on 'the accursed tree' than when it was flowing in his veins as he went daily about his Father's business." (Science and Health, pp. 8,25)

There is another meaning of Jesus' death which makes sense to me, and this has been presented by Wicman. By dying, Jesus saved his disciples from continuing dependence on him as a person. When they found they could no longer rely upon him, they were first filled with dejection. Then they discovered that they had access to the same power directly. But let Wicman tell it in his own words:

When Jesus was crucified, his followers saw that he could never carry to fulfillment the mission of the Jewish people as they conceived it; hence there was no god in him of the sort that had led them to follow him. They had thought that he would

save the world by making supreme over human existence the good as soon in the perspective of Jewish culture. Now they saw that he could never do anything of the sort. He was not the messiah they had expected, and, so far as they could see, he was no messiah at all. The depth of devotion and the glory of the vision they had possessed made their disillusionment all the more bitter and devastating... They reached that depth of despair which comes when all that seems to give hope to human existence is seen to be an illusion...

After about the third day, however, when the numbness of the shock had worn away, something happened. The life-transforming creativity previously known only in fellowship with Jesus began again to work in the fellowship of the disciples... Some thought they saw him and touched him in physical presence. But what rose from the dead was not the man Jesus; it was creative power. It was the living God that works in time.¹

So far as I am concerned it was also, in all probability, the risen Jesus as well as the creative Spirit.

And so we come to a mention of the parts of the Apostles' Creed which I left out in my revision. I don't necessarily reject each item. Jesus certainly suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried. I believe that "The third day He rose again from the dead." But I don't subscribe to his coming at a particular point in time to judge the quick and the dead. Judgment is continuous, from day to day. But if God is God and Love, He certainly will make it possible for everyone eventually to "come to salvation"—to reach the heights of character development which are our goals. I believe intensely in universal salvation.

1. Weiman, Henry N., The Source of Human Good, p. 44

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As to the Last Days and apocalypticism, however, I beg to be excused. We may indeed get all blown up at once, though I doubt it. But even if we did, I believe we would go on living and learning in some new situation.

I regard our sojourn on the earth as time spent in school. The schoolmaster is loving, but he also slaps us down when we need it. In spite of two world wars and the atom bomb, I think there has been great advance in the social scene. However, I didn't look for a near-at-hand nor for a distant coming of heaven-on-earth. Neither do I anticipate a life of unmitigated hell or unalloyed heaven after death. Just graduation to another grade, with different conditions and new problems.

I said I didn't look for a coming of heaven-on-earth. I meant that in the apocalyptic sense. In what could be called the context of realized eschatology, I believe, —yes, I know, —that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand and waiting to break through in particular places and to individuals whenever they will permit it. Frank Laubach has described what happens, from his own experience:

I think more clearly, I forget less frequently. Things which I did with a strain before, I now do easily and with no effort whatever. I worry about nothing, and lose no sleep. I walk on air a good part of the time...Everything goes right.¹

That last sentence sums it up: Everything goes right. This includes having the right persons, letters, events, and material things come your way with split second precision. Timing is of the essence, but there is neither hurry nor drag. It's a kind of breaking into time of eternity. But since we are still human, and

1. Frank Laubach, quoted in Kepler's Pathways to Spiritual Power, p. 39

have a long way to go on the path toward perfection, this state of living in the Kingdom comes only in flashes, or lasts at the most for a month or two. But it can come again and again.

In my short Credo I have not used the words sin; only sin and suffering. It is my conviction that as part of evolving, man goes from a state of unselfconscious membership in his family or clan through a period of painful awareness of himself as separate from others to a still larger awareness of both himself as an individual and of himself as an integral part of the life around him. Most of us are still in the middle state. Even though we recognize intellectually that we are vitally connected to others, we may not have the feeling that should go with it. From the feeling of separateness comes a host of ills or evils, such as loneliness, fear, frustration, anger, struggle to cut-off others, -to obtain recognition. But even while we suffer from this sense of separation, we also feel ground down by what our parents and peers and society say we must do. We strive to belong by pleasing. Or we rebel and feel guilty when we do.

I don't object to using the word sin for this feeling of guilt. But salvation comes through knowing and feeling that one's place is secure, and that it is possible to be connected with others without being tyrannized by them. Salvation comes through the loving concern of another human being and through the Paraclete, who works through humans and in more ways than we can conceive of.

Since I plan to be a hospital chaplain, it is very necessary that I have a working theology. As to my concept of good and evil in man, I agree with Khalil Gibran:

Of the good in you I can speak, but not of the evil.

For what is evil but good tortured by its own hunger and thirst?

Varily when good is hungry it seeks food even in dark caves,
and when it thirsts it drinks even of dead waters...

You are good when you strive to give of yourself.

Yet you are not evil when you seek gain for yourself.

For when you strive for gain you are but a root that clings
to the earth and sucks at her breast.

Surely the fruit cannot say to the root, "Be like me, ripe and
fall and ever giving of your abundance."

For to the fruit giving is a need, as receiving is a need to the root...

In your longing for your giant self lies your goodness:

and that longing is in all of you. (The Prophet, pp. 70-72)

What Gibran calls "your giant self" I have called selfishness to God.

I don't wish to leave the impression that I am indifferent to evil. It
is very real, and it has to be met by stern measures at times. But the
overall frame of reference is that of a great and good God, our Teacher
and Ruler, whom we worship; of our glorious Brother, the Master Jesus,
still alive and continuing his work of bringing release and life more
abundant; and the everpresent, everpervading Spirit, always ready to
help, comfort, and sustain.

So you see I can be called a Trinitarian as well as a Unitarian.
But I wouldn't stop at three. I'll say I'm an Infinitarian. Who knows
of what or whom the Holy Spirit consists? Does it include our loved
ones, angels, advanced teachers? Isn't the key to maturity the combina-
tion of individual fulfillment and uniqueness with unity and oneness?
"Therefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of
witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin (since of separation)
which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that
is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

(Hebrews 12:1,2)

#

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Mon. Dec. 10, 196

Dear Ruth,

Well, I really hit the jackpot on family mail today. A check from Dad mailed from Columbus with no date in the corner confirmed what you said about his being back.

A letter from Sylvia (copy enclosed, with my reply) contained the surprising news that she is pregnant again. Did you know this? Also she sent a couple of very cute pictures of Frankie and Bonnie, as indicated in her letter.

In view of the tone of Sylvia's letter, perhaps it would be just as well to let the matter drop, at least for the present. What do you think? I appreciate your thoughts, and it doesn't pain me to read them.

Also today came your fine fat letter, with the \$10 present and the letters from Dad. Thank you very much for everything. I'm sorry to hear about the loss of house and paintings of Arthur's father. I will certainly pray for him. And I'll write Ruth Young a note tonight.

I approve of anything for Lynn that you and she like. I'd like to see the candy stripe dress. It sounds very gay. I'll let you know what I get with my present from you.

I'm sure John Chaney would be very grateful to get a \$10 donation from you. It's most proper. I gave him a \$5 bill when I went over and stayed overnight. I'm glad Lynn continues better on b.m.'s.

I'd like to see her dancing around. Rachel and I did some impromptu dancing when I was over in the summer. I'm glad the Folk Dance weekend went off well.

The answer to my bid for an invitation to go to Yellow Springs on Christmas day was a phone call from Carl with the counter proposal that I go on his birthday. This no doubt means that Dad will be there on Christmas, as he was last year. I don't like it, but I just have to accept it.

This last weekend I wrote two papers—the only ones due before vacation starts on Dec. 19. So now I have a little time to write letters and send Christmas cards. By the way, Dell's address is
718 Fourth Street
Canton, Ohio

Her phone is Glendale 2-6067. Her mother's name is Mrs. Gertrude Hager.

Say hello to Lynn and Chris for me, and give them a good hug.

With much love and thanks,

Mom

I'll return Dad's letters after I've read them a couple more times.

The feather is for Lynn to remind her of the times we looked at birds together.

Mom.

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
A. F. (After Finals)
Fri. Feb. 1, 1963

Dear Ruth,

Another semester under my belt! I had my last examination yesterday. I don't know all my grades yet, but I got my paper in History of Religions back today, and it has an A on it. That A means more than you might think. I've had three courses under Dr. Lee, who teaches this course, and he and I haven't hit it off well at all. I got B- in both the other courses, and darn near got C. I liked what I said, but he obviously didn't.

I am returning Dad's general letters, and the negatives you so kindly loaned me. What do you hear from Dad?

The service at Columbus went very well, except that I got mixed up and gave the benediction too soon. But nobody seemed to mind. As you see from the enclosed, ^{my sermon} it was mimeographed. And after the service I was asked to sit in on a meeting of the pulpit committee. I went on the bus, and stayed overnight Saturday with the Nielsens.

I got a letter from my renter, Jean Jolliff, last week. Guess what! She has heard from Jo Rogers, and Jo is in Dallas! I'm not really asking you to look her up, but if you are moved to do anything, her address is 4400 San Jacinto Street, Apt. P, Dallas 4. She phoned Jean twice, but so far doesn't want to come back. From what Jean tells me, Jo sounds like a pretty disturbed person. If I decide to write her, I'll send you a copy for your information.

Thank you for your letter of January 16, with its excellent picture of Chris. It is indeed a prize.

I got a letter from Essie enclosing some ^{picture} they took Christmas. She also said you had sent her When the Chimes Rang and Other Stories. I told her you had the book. She says, "I am very glad to have this book for a time. Rachel fell on it and was lost in it as soon as I unwrapped it!"

Essie has also asked me for a liturgical calendar, which I got from my homiletics prof. who is rector of the local Episcopal church. She also expressed interest in my homiletics sermon on the three wise men, so I sent it to her to read! So you see the channels of communication are working well between us at present, even in matters of religion.

I enclose the check for February. We don't have any vacation between semesters, except this weekend. Registration is Monday, and classes start Tuesday. Also, the comprehensive Bible examination which was to have been held last fall was postponed till sometime this month. In the fall I was too pooped to think of studying for it. But now I'm going to give it a try. If I flunk, I can take it again next year.

Tell me about the visit with the Youngs. And how are you and Lynn and Chris and Michael?

Much, much love
Mom

11/5/63

Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Monday, Jan. 7, 1963

Dear Ruth,

I was happily surprised by your letter sent to the Hager's.
Glad the fruit cake arrived in due season. I had a taste of it at
Carl's and Essie's when I was there.

I'm glad the big party went well. You certainly ^{are} outstripping me
when it comes to ease of entertaining. More power to you!

How did Christmas go? And the wrapping of the children's presents?
I should think that such a rendezvous would give Michael ideas above and
beyond wrapping Christmas presents!

Your Christmas cooking sounds yummy. Gertrude Hager baked a lot of
cookies. Dell and I are still stocked up.

I managed to send most of my 50 USC cards, all with individualized
notes. Then I quit, all my Christmas-card-sending-energy used up.

As it turned out, I did drive Little Blue as far as Canton, after
all. Our ride fell through, and the weather was good. Then it got bad
again, so I left the car there and went to Columbus and Springfield by
bus. I was made so welcome at the Hagers' that I felt like one of the
family. In Columbus I phoned a raft of people, saw several more, and
slept three nights in my own house. Reason: One of the two girls who
rented the place has taken gone AWOL. Her name is Jo Rogers. She also
walked away from her job. Nobody knows where she is. I solicit your
prayers. The other girl, Jean Jolliff, will try to carry the place alone.

At Yellow Springs I had the best visit I have had in years. When
I left, Essie hugged me and said, "I'm glad you came." And they gave me
a present of a polished stone on a chain. Very pretty.

Now the end of the term and finals are closing in. Yesterday I wrote
my sermon for Sunday, so that's done. Check enclosed. Love to all.

From Yellow Springs I went back to Canton, and Dell
drove ^{us} back here on Jan. 2. Again the weather was good.
Little Blue

11/10/63

Yes, I saw your letter. It would be nice to have them all on size,
but it's not at all necessary.

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Sat, Dec 1, 1962

Dear Ruth,

Here's the December interest check.

Guess what! I have been invited to preach at the Columbus Unitarian Church on January 13, for \$50 and traveling expenses! I'm jubilant.

You see, John Evans is leaving the end of this year to take a church in New Jersey. So there will be an interim period when supply preachers will be needed.

How is Lynn now as regards to this?

I have just written Carl and Essie putting in a bid to be invited to Yellow Springs for Christmas day. Dell and his mother have invited me back to Canton for the whole 2 weeks' Christmas vacation, and I'll probably accept, at least for the bulk of the time. But, I would like to spend Christmas day with my own kids and him.

What, if anything, do you hear from Dad? Any postcard that you could pass on to me?

One comment of Essie's I failed to tell you, I think. (re Michael). She was very indignant at his casual behavior, and said, "In Ruth's place I'd want to go as far away from him as possible, and never see him again."

How are you?

All my love,
Mom.

mom.

What are the chances of my borrowing the magazines of No. 3 and No. 7 of the last vol you sent me prints of? I'd like to send a few for Christmas.

Canton, Ohio

Sunday-morning

Nov. 25, 1962

Dear Ruth, (Whoops! Got the wrong hear.)
Hear me. I started to write, Here it is almost
2 weeks since I got the 2d of your good letters.
I was so much relieved by your responses
that I turned my attention to other urgent
matters in Oberlin.

First I settled what I would do on
Thanksgiving. I phoned Essie to get a final
word on whether or not they would take
up my invitation to come up to Oberlin on
Thanksgiving and eat at the Inn as my-
guests. The answer was a loud no.
Carl had just been ordered to bed with
some bug, and all the children had colds.
So I told Essie I would accept the urgent
invitation of Bill Hager to drive home with
her to Canton for the 4 day vacation. I
also asked Essie if they would like another
fruit cake, and she, like you, was en-
thusiastic. So that night I wrote up
the order (this was Tuesday, Nov. 13) and
found it psychologically impossible not to
order one for the Hagers too!

But I don't feel my letter to Sylvia as
ambivalent. Let me condense and rephrase
it: My mother made me feel I had to
give her a certain kind of attention. I yielded,

mom.

but begrudged what I gave. I feel that Sylvia has done a very similar thing — responding to me when I nagged her, and in times of crisis, but saying at the same time, "I wish Mom would just go away quietly and not bother me." If Mother had ever said, "Now Carol, don't feel that you have to write me every week — or whatever, then I might have been freed to write occasionally because I wanted to. So I was trying, in my letter to Sylvia, to say, "I take the pressure off. Don't feel that the amenities and common courtesies of gift acknowledgment must be fulfilled with me. I have been pressing you to be polite. I hereby ask nothing more from you."

However, I appreciate all your suggestions, and particularly the one which includes your driving me over to Washington from Paoli next summer. I would like that.

As to my feeling about you and Michael, it is perfectly true that the weight of my desire is on the side of reconciliation. But I would hope that you would not be swayed unduly by what I feel.

I understand completely your not wanting to bring John Chaney in on the problem. I have cut him off from the problem of reconciliation between Bill and me because, among other things, he was pressing too hard in the direction of what I felt as manipulation of Dad (at a

mom.

Thanks for returning the many items which had been accumulated. No, you didn't keep them too long, but I'm glad to have them back. I read reports from my horse to Elvira when she came up to visit. She has a job now.

distance, and thought thought-powers, but manipulation just the same.) I'd rather never have a reconciliation than to feel that I had pressured Dad into it.

So you see I agree 100% with your position of looking for what is God's will. He has a way of knocking the pins out from under us, and making things happen that we rebel against and cry "ouch" about. But in the end, if we have really asked to go the divine way, we discover that He has known what we most deeply wanted better than we have, and has acted to bring this into our lives. In other words, His will and our deepest will are not at cross purposes. At the same time we have to learn the lesson of letting go, of releasing, both persons and situations: You with Lynn, for instance, and I with Sylvia. And the pain and the anger the pain causes are apt to show through, as you well know.

Excuse the sermon.

How did Thanksgiving go for you? I have had a fine visit here with Nell, her mother, and a few friends.

I thank God for you continually.

All my love. Mom.

Have you any word from Dad?

Mom.

The Gr. drangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Sun. Nov. 4, 1962

Dear Ruth, ordination
I got some prints from a different place
and they turned out better. So I enclose the
2 you wanted. The other prints you may
throw away or send back to me.

Enclosed is a check for \$20.00. Fifteen
is for the November interest and five is
for Lynn's birthday. I'll send her a card
too in time for her birthday.

I was pleased to get the announcement
of Ruth Young's exhibit from her. I would
have enjoyed seeing it. I haven't acknowledged
it yet, but I will. I've practically stopped
letter writing. Papers and exams seem to use
up all my energy.

Have you heard from Dad? I wish
he would relax enough to send me a
postcard.

Would you like another Korin's fruitcake
for Christmas? Or pecans? Or something still
different?

How are you? I wish I could see
you and have a good visit.

Much love as always
Mom

I'm waiting anxiously for your comment on my letter
to Sylvia.

Love,
Mom.

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Sunday, Oct. 28, 1962

Dear Ruth,

I keep thinking about you and wanting to know how you are making out.

I inclose a check which I think squares our accounts through October.

Your welcome loan	\$100.00
Less air fare one way	61.66
	<hr/>
	38.34

Plus interest for Sept. and Oct.	30.00
	<hr/>
	\$68.34

Many thanks both for the loan and for the money for my fare to Columbus. And for the \$10 present. I still haven't decided what to use it for. Let me know if your figures don't agree with mine.

I sent John Chaney a photo of Sylvia, and he picked up from it her hostility toward me and her tendency to try to be the number one female in Dad's life as opposed to me. He says she is secretly pleased with the divorce and is now riding high. At least my little to her is by way of saying that I find it too painful to make all the advances. I know you understand the feeling. How are Lynn and Chiv? And Michael?

All my love, Mom.

17 1 --- y ---
Mom.

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio

Wed. Oct. 17, 1962

Dear Ruth,

Somehow I got the courage Sunday to write the enclosed letter to Sylvia. I cried a little. But I do feel that it's better to clear the air. I solicit your comments.

We heard a man named Ruel Howe in special assembly this morning. He talked on communication and dialogue. He defined dialogue not just as two-way speech, but also as non-verbal two-way response. He emphasized that in applying the principle of dialogue a person (minister, parent, wife, husband, friend, etc) will state his own convictions, and then help the other person to say a responsible No or Yes; to say what he means and mean what he says. Often the No is a means of establishing the one who says it as a separate person. Then, having thus spoken, he often is able, and wants to, turn around and say yes. It's very hard, said Howe, to get people to realize that No is part of a process, and not a conclusion. Dialogue, he went on, doesn't obliterate polarity; it brings it out. "Dialogue is to love," he said, "what blood is to the body." How about that? I think these ideas apply to relations between God and me, and between Michael and you, as well as between Sylvia and me. How are things going with you? Much love,
Tom.

I am irritated right along with you at Michael's humming attempts to discourage your interest. But it may be merely the little boy in him repeating everything, including singing because he likes to be alone, and he- cause something has been decided.

Tell Lynn and Chris I often hear bluejays here.

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Sat. Sept. 29, 1962
9:15 a.m. EDT

All my love,
Mom.
Dear Ruth,

It was wonderful to get your phone call and talk to you. And your invitation I shall treasure, whether or not I use it. Nothing is quite so therapeutic as feeling much loved by your own beloved ones.

Yesterday afternoon I looked and looked at the pictures, and they gave me a lift, too. What wonderful children you have!

I got up enough energy to write a birthday letter to Sylvia yesterday afternoon. Copy enclosed. I hope I didn't say anything I shouldn't see Michael. Actually, I feel that he may need to be built up, like me. My theory on his feeling inadequate is based on my own experience. I didn't feel I could love Bill as I ought to (that terrible word, ought) so I shoved other girls at him. This isn't new to you, but I believe it may apply in Michael's case.

In John Chaney's last letter he says "I enclose Ruth's letter. Please tell her I am praying for them. I know that I could help with their family problem if I could talk plainly with her for an hour, and she would cooperate. I don't know what he has in mind. If I am honored that you want to copy my Cresto paper and share it with Dick Taylor. Tell free!

The Cadranle

Oberlin, Ohio

Sun., Sept. 23, 1962
11:20 a.m.

Dear Ruth,

Right now I feel lower than a snake's belly. I almost phoned you, but decided to write instead. My last letter was deceptively cheerful. "All set for another year." One free day so I can rest up and get my breath. One day indeed!

As I started my classes, and one after another (I have 5) threw reading and paper assignments at me, I felt more and more overwhelmed.

So yesterday I drove over to get help from John Chaney. He gave me a treatment, with laying on of hands, but confirmed my worst suspicions. He said I was so energy and vibration depleted that it frightened him. He is going to give me 15 minutes every night special absent treatment 9-9:15 EST, which is 10-10:15 Oberlin time. I felt the surge of energy last night at that time. Then I am going back this coming Saturday to see him again. Maybe I'll go there to stay over the Christmas vacation. One thing I know for sure: unless I improve, I'll never make the grade here this year. I feel completely worn out, and as though I'd been running like crazy ever since ^{the} spring of 1960. Which I have. I had to prove I could drive a car to Oberlin and back every week the spring term of 1961, even while the divorce was still being worked out. Then I had to study and write papers all last year, 1961-62, taking 16 1/2 units in the spring because pressured to do so, though it

Dell is a comfort. But she's walking a thin line herself.

2
was against my better judgment. Then the ordination, and the clinical training class, and the trip to Texas, and the final scrubbing of the house and looking everything over and putting things away. I did rest and relax at your place, but it just wasn't long enough, and was followed by more hard work.

Now the tears have come, and I feel a little better. I've known for several days that they were just under the surface.

I want to know how you are, too. John Chaney said he had got a letter from you (he never did get around to writing you) but that you talked only about the little girl. (And by the way, how are the b. m.s? I took the liberty of mentioning Michael's taking an apartment, and outlined the situation briefly. He said he was sorry to hear it, but that sometimes a very little thing can make a big change. He didn't say what such a little thing might be.

The crux of my feeling, I think, is that I have to prove my competence to Dad and Carl and Syl and everybody else (not you, thank God!), and that this feeling puts me under terrific and constant strain. I have felt as though I were walking a tight rope. I've had a great deal of invisible help all the time. But there's such a thing as trying to do too much. What are your thoughts? John Chaney said I had the energy level of a woman of 80.
Love, love, love. Mom.

4400 Lennox Ave.

VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO

in flight  AMERICAN AIRLINES

ROUTE OF THE  ASTROJETS

10:50 CST Mon Sept. 16
1962

Dear Ruth,

I just finished looking at a copy of LIFE, pulled out what I thought was another magazine, and lo and behold! an "in-flight" secretary! So I got out my pen, and here I am.

We have already had a cup of coffee (no cookies). My submarine gets off at Louisville to change for Cincinnati. I'll try to copy the window seat then. Time to Louisville was announced as 2 hours and 2 minutes.

Could you see me waving? I think it you could, since you waved to me. But did Chris or Lynn see me in the plane? Just as well you decided not to stay till takeoff, altho we were practically on time. Quite unexpectedly, I shed a few tears after you-all disappeared - just as I did when I first saw you at the Columbus airport.

All my love - Mom

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Love Mom

and eternal

4400 Glenhurst Ave.

D. S. D. S.

VIA AIR MAIL • CORREO AEREO

in flight  AMERICAN AIRLINES

ROUTE OF THE ~~ASTROJETS~~ 

I was really sorry to leave you. The visit was most pleasant and meaningful for me, even though timeful things were in the air.

I forgot to tell Michael goodbye. You can convey my farewells next time you see him.

I'll repeat my final admonition to keep fighting. But instead of the usual "Keep a stiff upper lip," I'll say, "Keep a soft upper lip, and no matter if it trembles once in a while."

Can ground at Louisville, but in plane.

Arrive in Louisville at noon. 11 AM. Had to break through thick layer of clouds. Dallas storm must have moved north. I have my window seat. They say 31-mph. W. - 1.55.

In air again. They served us 3 laminated sandwich triangles, 1 cookie & coffee at 11:30. Fillings were 7 thin layers of beef, cheese, chicken. Too dry for my taste. No carriage chair.

1:30 CST, 2:30 EST. In Colo. Right on time.

Gene is here. I'll mail this at the airport. Much love and thanks. Mom

God bless. Mom

una

All my love - Mom

4400 Lennox Ave.

Columbus 24, Ohio

Fri., July 27, 1962

Dear Ruth,

I tried to phone Rev. Chaney last evening, but got no answer. I remember now that he told me he was to be one of the leaders at a summer camp. That may be why you haven't heard. I enclose a copy of his publication which he sent me sometime ago. The underlinings were for my benefit, not yours.

Dorothy Faust mentioned a way of praying which I first read about in a pamphlet by Louise Eggleston. It is to whisper to the child (or person) when he is asleep certain words ^{calling him by name}. This is to be done without telling the child. What words to use must be decided through prayer and guidance, since this is dynamite. The important principle is not to use it as a tool of personal power. In one instance a ^{prayer} group prayed for a young man in a coma who was 1000 miles away. He responded, and in 2 weeks he called up Louise Eggleston and fed her back the very words. If, after prayerful consideration, you want to try it, I should be interested in ^{knowing} what words you ~~of~~ used each night. The message beamed at a given hour each night to the young man was long, but it included the words, "Just let go, be still, listen and follow where God leads. Always remember, John, that LOVE is constant and eternal."

All my love - Mom

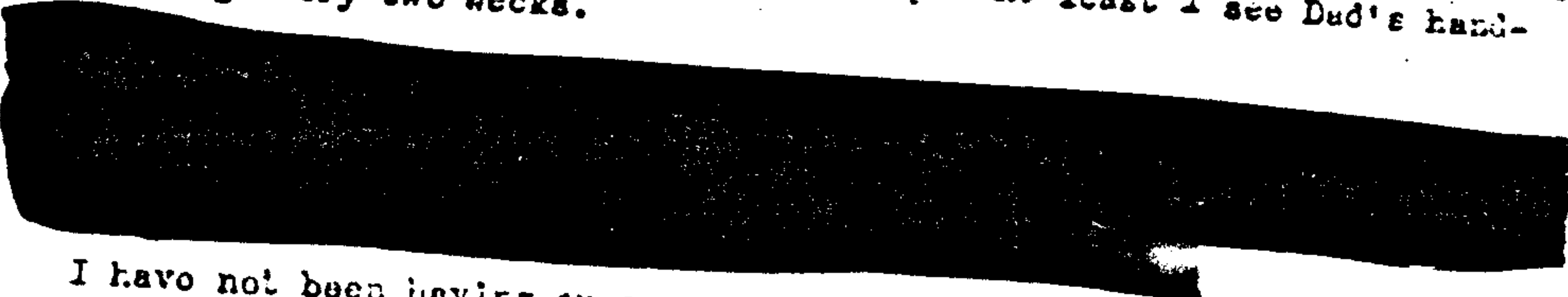
4400 Glenmore Ave.
Columbus 24, Ohio

Dad's letter inewith.
What does he refer to when he
says "my medication?" Medication for what?

Sat., June 30, 1962
4400 Glenmore Ave.
Columbus 24, Ohio

Dear Ruth,

Another month is almost here! Check enclosed. Regular payments insure regular contact of some sort, don't they? At least I see Dad's handwriting every two weeks.



b7c

I have not been having an easy time. I didn't know in advance that part of the clinical training course was an hour of personal counseling with Dorothy Faust. She's been probing, and I have felt pressured. I have called on Elvira, Dell, and Lyndell McCandless to offer counter-support, which they have done. For instance, Dorothy used the word rigid as applied to me, and I was angered. Dell, who has known me only this past school year, said she considered me the most flexible, adaptable person in the dorm. We were able to talk at length because we went up to Cleveland June 17 to be at the ordination of the other member of our Oberlin dorm who was ordained this month: Mrs. Thelma Ellart. She is a trained nurse, as is Dell. She had white hair, so we have been classed together as the grandmothers of the seminary, although she is only around 47, and has never had any children. She has a husband who is an epileptic, and who has been and is a trial to her. But she carried this burden alone for the most part because of a feeling of shame. I was the first person (and only one, I guess) she told at Oberlin. So I have been the confidante of both Dell and Thelma this past year. And I have called on them from time to time for support.

But I am constantly grateful that I have a daughter like you who is able and willing to be the same kind of friend--giving and receiving support in the deepest things. I realize how rare it is between mother and daughter. Dell, for instance, can't tell her mother what she has told me. And I am also grateful that I am being led into a ministry which makes it possible for me to meet people in times of crisis, and be a channel for spiritual and human support. I believe very firmly that people need to receive love in more than one way--direct from the Invisible Heart, but also through human understanding and sharing.

I ordered new drapes for the front windows of the living room, and they were delivered and installed day before yesterday. I think they're very handsome. The cost is around \$45. Thanks for your contribution toward that. I had another unexpected windfall. Ludlow Merrill, for no reason, has sent me a check for \$125.00! So I have funds not only for fixing up the place, but for my travel expenses to visit you!

When do you expect to leave Irving for your vacation trip? Please give Sylvia, John, and their three my love if and when you visit them. And of course I'll be happy to hear your report of such a visit. It's not easy to be cut off from one's grandchildren, as you may discover some day. At least I am looking forward to my visit with Lynn and Chris. And of course, with you--more than I can say.

How are you?

Much, much love
Mom.

4400 Linnaea Ave.
Columbus 24, Ohio
Thurs., June 14, 1962
6 a. m.

Dearest Ruth,

I can't begin to write you all the wonderful things that have been happening. I'll tell you when we see each other. But now I'll just say that the ordination service was beautiful, and everything went well. I enclose an order of service.

And your \$25 check arrived as a most welcome present ^{And Dell brought your beautiful card from the} on Saturday. The \$10 went to buy the outfit I wore at the ordination. It was a navy blue dress with plain skirt and figured blouse, and a matching short jacket. It was just perfect for the occasion, and it cost just exactly \$10, marked down from \$15. I got it at the Boston store branch at the Northern Lights shopping center. At the close of the service, the church, three John Evans, presented me with a dozen red roses. Carl and David were both there, and Carl took notes on Jack Hayward's talk, which was out of this world.

Monday I went down to the Probate Court (!!!) and got my minister's license. It cost all of \$1.00. Who should I see there but Diamond, my lawyer at the trial! There are three ^{permitted} ~~entered~~ down there now: commitment, restoration to competency, and minister's license. Three down and one to go? The fourth would be a marriage license. Same floor.

4400 Jack Hayward phoned Dad from
Glenman's Sunday afternoon. It was
obvious from the spontaneous warmth in
Dad's voice, ^(as reported by Jack) that he was glad to hear from
Jack.

Guess who, among many other special
people, was at the service. Dr. Nilson,
my doctor at Hardings! His wife was
there too. He had to introduce himself.
His face was familiar, but I couldn't place
it. I didn't invite him. I don't know how he happened
to come.

Dorothy Faust told me Monday that she
saw two doctors from the State Hospital
there, too. Not Karty. She's still trying to think
up their names.

And without anybody's planning it (none
is in the flesh) it turned out that my
ordination took place on Pentecost, the day
the rushing mighty Spirit filled the waiting
apostles until it was as if each head
was topped by a living flame. (Acts 2)

So now I am in business legally, available
for baptisms, marriages, or what have you.

Right after I talked with you by phone
I made a reservation on the 6 p.m. flight
to Dallas, American Airlines, for Aug. 31. It
seems they now have 2 classes, and I asked
for tourist.

More another time. All my love and thanks
Mom

Mickey Vernallis (has a third girl. Arrived on Mother's Day? Name: Anna Beatrice. Did you get word of her arrival?)

4400 Glenmawr Ave.
Columbus 24, Ohio
Monday, June 4, 1962
~~7:45 a.m.~~
8:10 a.m. EST
(after phoning you)

Dear Ruth,

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THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF COLUMBUS
Sunday, June 10, 1962

CAROL ELIZABETH HYDE

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Mickey Vernalis
has a third girl. Arrived
on Mother's Day! Name:
Anne Beatrice. Did you get
word of her arrival?

4400 Glenhurst Ave.
Columbus 24, Ohio
Monday, June 4, 1962
~~7:45 a.m.~~
8:10 a.m. EST
(after phoning you)

Dear Ruth,

Talking with you released me enough so I'm
now shedding a few tears. And now I won't
have to do a lot of writing to bring you
up to date.

You're right that the physical danger was slight.
You asked in your letter about Nell. She
is all right, though she has had one further
short period of depression. She's driving
down from her home in Canton for
the ordination Sunday.

I'm taking advantage of this day free from
hospital work to get a permanent.

Do you want Dad's letter back?

The TV set and the air conditioner still
work. That's something. And I came back to a
few beautiful peace roses - a climber in the back.
Have you seen Rydman? You said you'd
give your impressions.

I'm smelling a delightful non-physical
perfume (at least so far as I can ascertain it).
Maybe it means the fragrance of your
love. I do love you very much.

Thanks for everything.
Mom

Chick enclosed as we said on the phone. This
I feel much better already, as I finish writing this.

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Fri., May 4, 1962

Dear Ruth,

I was very happy to talk with you Monday and to give you my good news. I enclose the information sheet which was handed out to the congregation Sunday evening.

I am busy from now-on to the end of the semester with Term papers, reading, and study for finals.

As soon as I know definitely about when I'll have occupancy of 4400 Glenman I'll let you know. I am content (resigned) to your being with us in spirit only at the ordination.

Here's the monthly check. Dad came through with the money for the income tax I had to pay without my saying a word. This was according to our agreement that what he sends me is to be net. But it made me happy to have him do it. He sent me a total of \$645.⁰⁰, which covered the tax on the alimony.

Much love to all

Mom

The Arangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Tuesday, April 10, 1962

Dear Ruth,

Thanks for your good letter.

The interviewing went well, I feel. At least John Evans and I got as far as discussing tentative plans for the ordination service. I haven't had time to hear the result of the Board meeting of last evening.

It seems that it is customary to have a reception (informal) after the ordination service, complete with receiving line. And besides those taking part in the service, members of the family may be in the receiving line.

So I ask you now to be in the line. John Evans and I mentioned Sunday, June 10 as a possible date.

I have read your letter carefully, and noted your various plans. You ask for my preferences. Here they are:

1. Have you come to the ordination in June. (Assuming that it comes off.)
2. Go to Texas to visit you and the family the last week in August. (My summer course is from June 4 to August 24.)

Actually I think I'd like to have both 1 and 2 come to pass. They are not the same, and both important.

I'm doing what I can to get the use of the house for the summer, but things are still hanging fire. I shall probably be able to move in at least by the middle of June, and perhaps before. But I too would prefer to visit you in your home base, if the visit includes the children. The summer course will be an 8-hour-day 5-day-a-week affair, and I don't expect to have any energy left. Finals are over here June 5. I don't know yet which will get shorted--Oberlin or the Council for Clinical Training--because of the overlap. But I do know that I'll be one busy person. Now that I think about it, I'd like to have you with me a few days to help me around the critical time, if the ordination goes through. After all, I spent a week with you in preparation for your marriage!

Of course I'll let you know as soon as I know whether the congregational vote is favorable on April 29. (You see I'm assuming that the Board of Trustees gave me the green light last night.)

I include Michael in the invitation to be family at the reception. I am writing to Carl and Essie tonight to give them advance notice of the possibility of having the ordination service in June, and to ask them to come and take part in the reception.

Did Lynn get all over her ear trouble?

Much love
Morn

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio

Mon. April 2, 1962

Dear Ruth,

Here's the April check.

How's Lynn? (April 8)

Next Sunday I meet with a committee at the Unitarian Church in Columbus to discuss possible ordination (4:30 p.m.). If they approve of me, they will present the proposal to a board of trustees meeting the next evening. If the board votes favorably, the matter will be presented to the whole congregation for a vote at the annual meeting on April 29. If all these hurdles are jumped, then will come plans for the ordination service, possibly in June. I'm telling you now, so you can be thinking whether it would be possible for you to attend. Of course, I'd like my whole family present, including Daddy. But I'll settle for what I can get! But I'm not saying anything to anybody but you yet until it's sure one way or the other.

Love, love, love.

Mom.

The Qua angle

Oberlin, Ohio

Fri. March 2, 1962

Dear Ruth,

Here is the monthly check. How time does fly!

I'm well started on the spring semester. My program looks like this:

Christian Education	2 hours or units
New Testament	3 "
Christian Theology	3 "
Philosophy of Religion	3 "
Homiletics (Preaching)	2 "
Practicum	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
	<hr/>
	16 $\frac{1}{2}$

I'm glad Christopher liked his card. I'd like to see the plastic hexagons. They sound fascinating.

I'm glad to know of the books you got for Lynn, too.

I hope you and all the family are now free of colds. Flu has been going around here, but it hasn't struck me. I had 2 free flu shots in the fall. Either the serum or my faith in it or both seem to be protecting me. I'm preaching my first sermon Tuesday in homiletics (each class member gives 2 sermons for the semester). My subject is healing prayer — very controversial. I just can't seem to keep from sticking my neck out.

Much love, Mom

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1962

Dear Family, - Ruth and Michael -

This won't be a long epistle, but I am moved to write you because of two items of good news. They are connected.

First, my grades for the past semester are as follows:

Personal Creed, development of, Dr. Horton,	B+
Group Psychotherapy, Dr. Maxfield,	A-
Later New Testament Writings, Dr. Kruepler,	A-
Pastoral Leadership, Dr. Owen,	A-
Old Testament History, Dr. May,	A

I am particularly pleased with the A from Dr. May because it represents a real triumph and an about-face. I had to memorize many names and unfamiliar words and be able to identify them. I have long looked down on this kind of rote work, and have not applied myself to it except in learning the names of real persons around me. So I had to swallow my condescending attitude, and then do a lot of real drilling.

Second, as a result of my good record last semester, I have been given a scholarship which reduces my tuition by half. I just found this out today. I had heard a rumor that such tuition reduction was available for those who maintained a certain grade average, and I was about to investigate the rumor. But this gift came to me unasked. The reduction is for the spring semester, and is just for tuition, not board and room, but it amounts to \$123.75. My total bill is for \$667.50 (before deduction). Board and room come to an even \$400, incidentals to \$20, and tuition for 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours at \$15 per hour, \$247.50, (which is now out of my pocket).

By budgeting carefully and putting all the rent money on tuition, I have been able to pay my Oberlin College bill in monthly installments. With the scholarship boost, I shall be able to pay for a summer course in Clinical Training under Chaplain Dorothy Faust, under whom I worked informally last summer. The course costs \$150. I have already applied and been accepted. It will run from June 4 to August 24. Finals end here June 5, so I'll be a day or two late, but Dorothy says that won't matter. We'll be in the new building at Grant Hospital.

Thank you, Sylvia, for your letter and information. I too am interested in the psychology of persons under stress. I did some reading in the area under Maxfield. I'm still looking for the pictures you promised.

How's the new house seem, Essie and Carl? Has the wonder of it continued?

Thank you for your latest letter, Ruth. It arrived today.

Love to each one of you and to the nine grandchildren.

Mom



I did get through all my 5 term papers and my (only 2!)
examinations. But it was a near thing as Daddy would say.
Now the spring semester is under way. More on this next time.

Check enclosed

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Monday, Feb. 5, 1962

Dear Ruth,

Thank you for your note of Dec. 30 and your letter of Jan. 24.
I'm glad you liked my round robin letter. No, you hadn't mentioned
it before. I don't know whether I'll have enough energy to do it
again or not. Sylvia finally wrote. See enclosed. Please return.

The day after I got your last letter I got one from Mrs. Kunkler
saying that she had found a home for Fifi, and hoped that she had done
the right thing. I wrote giving my approval, and making her my kitty
agent, as Mr. Fisher is my house rental agent. I sent her a check for
\$15.00 for her trouble. That, with the \$5.00 cash I gave her Christmas
day, should cover Fifi's care. Mrs. Kunkler built Fifi up with vitamins,
she said. And she told the woman who took Fifi to be sure to let her
know if anything went wrong.

Again I'm glad I have a rental agent. The present tenants have
bought a house, and were to have moved out Feb. 1. I'll probably hear
from Mr. Fisher as soon as he gets a replacement. I wrote him and
said if it was too hard to find someone that wanted the place just from
Feb. to June to rent it for longer. So I don't know where I'll be next
summer.

I do know, however, that Dorothy Faust is counting on having me with
her at Grant Hospital again, and I am planning on it. This time I'll
probably take a formal training course. I have also applied to the Columbus
Unitarian Church for ordination. They can do it, if they so vote, before
I get my B. D. Maybe they will, and maybe they won't. We'll see.

Glad you had a good visit with the Youngs. What does Daddy write?

Love to all.

Mon

The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Jan. 1, 1962

Dear Ruth,

Happy New Year!

Here I am back at Oberlin, after a pleasant round of visiting in Columbus and Yellow Springs. At the last moment the weather decided me against trying to drive, and I'm very glad. Columbus streets were even worse than Oberlin's.

I left by bus Sunday morning. Lillian Desquin picked me up at the Columbus bus station at 6 p.m. I stayed with her overnight and for Christmas day. The big event of the day was the finding of Fifi. She had been shunted around, was thin and dirty. The family who had taken her had disappeared, but providentially a neighbor gave me the address of the man's father, who had taken Fifi, and was going to dispose of her after Christmas. I took her to Mrs. Hunkler's, and asked her to give me a figure for long term boarding. She didn't even recognize Fifi. But I did. And Fifi kissed me on the lips in greeting.

If anything happens to your kittens, or if at any time you feel that you can take on Fifi, (without too great a strain) let me know. But in the meantime my mind is at rest because I know she'll get the best of loving care from Mrs. Hunkler.

Monday night I went over to Elvira's. I spent Monday and Tuesday nights with her, using her spare bedroom, and having a hot tub bath. (Only showers here.)

Tuesday, toward noon, Elvira deposited me at Jane Martin's, where I had lunch and dinner, played a new game (Go to the head of the class) with David and Angela, and had a good visit with Jane. Her Bill took me back to Elvira's that evening.

Wednesday, toward noon, Gene Nielsen picked me up at Elvira's, took me out to her place, fed me a delicious lunch, asked me leading questions, gave me her play to read (she's written a three-act play on the tortures of building a house), and asked me advice on her own problems. Sylvia Nielsen was home for the holidays (she's going to Barnesville), and she and I talked theology on the basis of a course she was taking in the Bible.

About 3 p.m. Wednesday, by prearrangement, Merrill and Mary Barneby, their Frankie, and Mrs. Hartman picked me up at Gene's and drove me over to Yellow Springs. Mrs. Hartman had friends there, and always jumps at the chance to go. Mary and Merrill ~~came~~ ^{had come} from North Dakota. I sat in the back seat with Mary. She seemed cordial toward me, and generally relaxed.

The visit with Carl and company was very fine. As planned, I stayed Wed. night, Thursday, and Thursday night. Carl took me to the Springfield bus Friday morning, and I traveled (on three separate buses) from Springfield to Oberlin, getting back here at 5 p.m. Essie opened the Yoinonia fruit cake while I was there, and we found it unusual and delicious. We celebrated Carl's 34th birthday Thursday, with birthday cake and candles and everything. David and Rachel are now in the board games stage. I played Sorry and Parchesi and a couple of other games with them. I also introduced them to a letter code, and now they want me to correspond with them in it! They showed me Grandpa's Christmas present to his grandchildren: a typed-up copy of "Bertram and the Whiffenpoof." Very nice. Through Merrill I learned that Dad got back from Europe the Friday before Christmas, and, as I expected, spent Christmas at Yellow Springs. From Carl (in answer to a question) I got the opinion that there is no other woman, at least at present.

Check enclosed.

Much love, Mom

How did the visit with Lyman and Freddy go?
Dad also had Swedish sweaters for (I think) each member of Carl's family. Beautiful.
I showed Carl, Essie, David and Rachel a bunch of pictures, including all the recent ones of your family.

or compete blatantly with men. Already one of them said my paper discouraged him from writing me. This was talk, but behind it is the echo of male superiority that is being threatened by a woman daring to invade and move into the territory of men — the Ministry.



Mr. William Hyde
The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio

Friday, Dec. 22, 1961

Dear Ruth,

Thank you for your Christmas card and the check. ^{They came today} Six dollars would have been my guess too. But I went right down to the Religious Book Shop and they had it at \$3.95! So on a sudden inspiration I also got Phillips' Books of Acts and Revelation, both out just this year in a paperback edition at .75 each. So, with tax, I used up your \$6.00, and am very happy with my three new books. I had been wanting to get Acts and Revelation to complete my Phillips' translations of the New Testament. I already have the Gospel and the Epistles — "Letters to Young Churches".

How do you like my letter paper? It's a present to myself. A college student was taking orders at Thanksgiving time, and he delivered the box in person.

blatantly with me. Already one of them said my paper
or compete writing me. This would talk, but behind it is the
Aunt and Rachel sent cards they had made themselves.

I have told both Essie and Sylvia
about the fruit cake, but thanks for
the information. That's the second slip
Koinonia Community has made on an
order.

Essie has already acknowledged theirs.
I expect to spend Wed. night, Thursday,
and Thursday night of next week with
them, in answer to an invitation —
weather permitting.

I'm planning to go to Columbus
Sunday and stay mostly at Elvira's,
but to also visit Lillian, Jane, and
whoever else I can get to see.

I'll also see if I can find out
how Fipi is. The woman who took
her moved, but Jane got the new
address for me.

Merry Christmas again! And to
Lyman and Freddy too. Just got a
card with warm note from them (written
by Lyman) today.

Love, love, love

Mom

Sylvia sent a box of maple candy and some figs.
Essie sent cookies made by her, David, Rachel, & Martha.

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The Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Thurs. Nov. 2, 1961

Dear Ruth,

Here's the November check.

Thanks for returning the correspondence with Gene Bilipitt. I have always been able to speak frankly with her, and she with me.

I'm glad Lynn likes the blue willow tassel. It waited a long time to be used. I bought a birthday card for her today (picture of a cat) but I'll send it and \$5.00 for a suitable present after the next check comes in. Thanks for your kind words as to my budgeting ability.

Do you remember that Rachel went through a period of holding back A.M.'s? She visited us for half a week while the problem was at its height. I very frankly prayed to God for help in her presence. And when she had great success, we were both elated.

Have I told you that I have been able to stop my decatron almost 100%? That's how I can reduce my health budget from \$16 to \$5 a month.

I got back my first exam. Tuesday. It was on Revelation. Got A-, which pleases me. For Dr. Owen I wrote a review of Harry Emerson Fosdick's autobiography, and he had me read it in class. I was both pleased and dismayed. I don't want to be held up as a model,

or compete blatantly with men. (Recently one of them said my paper discouraged him from writing me. This was talk, but behind it is the echo of male superiority that is being threatened by a woman daring to invade one's territory.)

Love,
Mom.

The Quadrangle
Graduate School of Theology
Oberlin, Ohio
Saturday, Oct. 28, 1961

Dear Family,

I see that I start right off with an error in typing. I am reminded that during World War I, Uncle Will Ransom let us read a series of letters written by ^{the} Schauffler boys in the air force. (Uncle Will was a cousin of the Schaufflers.) These epistles were intended to start with the salutation: "Dear Christian Friend." But an error made it come out: "Dear Christian Friend." This is not as ~~irrelevant~~ as you might think.

A division of the Graduate School of Theology is what used to be the Schauffler College of Religious Education and Social Work. It was in Cleveland. But in 1954 it was moved to Oberlin and became part of the Graduate School of Theology. (Hereafter referred to as GST.)

Well, it seems that there are still two members of the Schauffler family around—two maiden ladies. I introduced myself to them at the First Church one Sunday, and that very afternoon they came to call on me at my room.

Their half-brother, Charlie Schauffler, gave me two tiny silver spoons when I was a little girl. I referred to them, and Margaret Schauffler said, "Oh yes. We have fourteen of them. He got them in Mexico." When I was dredging out drawers and cupboards preparatory to renting the place, I found the envelope containing these spoons. On it in Grandma's hand is my name and the date I got them: July 28, '05. My main memory of them is Grandma's caution not to breathe when I looked at them lest they blow away. Each spoon is about an eighth of an inch long.

This is a long introduction to something new. This is volume one, number one of occasional letters to the family—as you wrote here when you went to Surinan, Sylvia. I have no schedule in mind, and if this

turns out to be a single shot, it will be the first and last issue.
Time will tell.

I've been in Oberlin six weeks--long enough to get my feet on the ground, but short enough to still have the vividness of fresh impressions in a new place.

My first impression is that Oberlin is a very small town. By walking across the square from GST I reach the business section, which is some two blocks long on Main Street, and a block down the principal cross street on either side. There is no supermarket, no Woolworth store, and the A. & P. looks like some of the little stores it had when we lived in New York City. There is, however, an excellent Co-op bookstore, and a religious book store in addition.

Prices are higher than in Columbus. Film for my Polaroid camera, for instance, is ~~\$\$~~ \$1.54 instead of \$1.29. I've been back to Columbus once (two weeks ago) and laid in a supply of film then. I find my chief extravagance is playing around with my Polaroid camera.

The Oberlin Inn, which is a modern, high-priced hotel, gives the town class, as does the modernistic Hall Auditorium--named after Mr. Hall, and therefore can't be called Hall Hall. I have found a good place to have my hair done, and there are good small clothing shops. But my mouth dropped open when I saw a placard in one of the stores advertising a free lecture on Technocracy. ~~\$\$~~ Shades of Willie Seabring!

The roads in town are bumpy. When I complained to a councilman who happened to be in a Unitarian discussion/^{group} I attended, I got the explanation that Oberlin had no industry, hence couldn't afford good roads. I wonder.

My second strongest impression is of being completely overrun by bicycles. Antioch doesn't begin to have as many. They are given status, too. In front of the college library (one of the largest in the country)

are concrete forms to hold some of the bicycles. There has already been an auction of bicycles. Cars are discouraged. I had to get a special permit to have a car here at all. But this has one good side result: there's enough parking. My car is parked under some large trees behind the dormitory. No garage, but I've had a local outfit give me a double wax job as a winter coat.

Another impression--time out. The big bell has just rung for lunch. The time is 12:20. In five minutes the second bell will ring. It's a loud gong, used for all important items, like meals and fire and mail distribution. We have one delivery a day, around 9:30 a.m., and each resident has a box or cubby hole with his name on it.

Time in.
12:50 p.m.

The impression I started out on is this: Contrary to my original assumption, GSI is very much a part of Oberlin College as a whole. Oberlin consists of three parts: The College of Arts and Sciences, The Graduate School of Theology, and The Conservatory of Music. There are 11 dining halls, of which the Quadrangle dining hall is one. Food is furnished to all of these dining halls by Saga, a Food Service which is used by a raft of colleges the country over. My first impression of the diet (which I got last spring by an occasional breakfast or lunch) has been revised upward. Every Saturday evening, for instance, we have steak and chicken, take your choice. Breakfasts are cafeteria style. But most of the lunches and dinners are family style, with food served in big dishes, and seconds available. Here the theologs take turns saying the blessing as we all stand at our places. (No regular places, however.) But girls and fellows from other residence halls are assigned here, in addition to those who live here. Not only that, the girls' dormitory at the Quad has 3 single rooms, 4 double rooms, and 1 triple. Since the theologs (female) only number 5, the rest of the space is given to girls

from the college or conservatory. So you see there is a constant intermingling.

Night before last the Quad had an open house. We served cider and hallowe'en cookies, and those in charge worked up a fine variety show. All rooms were open for visiting back and forth. I took advantage of the occasion to visit the apartments for married couples on the floor above ours. They consist of living room, bedroom, and kitchen-dining nook. They looked very cozy and inviting. No children allowed, though. And no pets, / ^{anywhere in the Quad.} / ~~hoo-hoo!~~ Dr. May has an office toward the front of this wing of the Quad building, and he brings a fuzzy little black dog called "Dutchess" / ^{But of course Dutchess doesn't live here.} / Dr. May teaches Old Testament, and manages to make it seem interesting. In reading the story of the Garden of Eve, for instance, he commented: "Adam passed the buck to Eve; Eve passed the buck to the serpent; and the Lord passed judgment on all of them." And he practically says, listen next time for the next episode in this true-life drama. I understand he's tough when it comes to examinations, though. Those who have had him say, "If you write down every name he writes on the blackboard, you'll get by."

I had my first examination under Dr. Kepler, who teaches New Testament, Thursday. I had been apprehensive about that. I don't know what grade I'll get, but at least I didn't leave any blanks. The test was solely on the book of Revelation. I'm glad to have that over with; it's far too symbolic and vindictive for my taste.

I enclose a sample of the college paper, which comes out twice a week, and is distributed free in all the living halls. I wouldn't be surprised to have you say, "I came in here." I never thought I'd live to hear the cry, "Man on floor," again. Not that I have ever heard it as a student. Do you realize that I've never lived away from home, with

the exception of two quarters at Stanford? And then I always went home weekends.

Well, how goes it with all of you? And the grandchildren?

And what do you hear from the European traveler? Willard Rich, my insurance agent, and formerly in the same department as Dad, sent me a copy of the Oct. 20 Dividend, Nationwide paper, with an article by Dad on what it's like to peek across the iron curtain. Ruth and Merrill have also sent me word of Dad's doings. As I told Willard, it's not the same as hearing directly, but it's something to be kept informed.

Tonight we go off Daylight Time, and I'm glad.

Enough for this time.

With love to all,

Mom

Dear Ruth,

As you see, I decided to try Sam's Bielefeld's suggestion. This goes to Washington, Irving, and Yellow Springs. Your comments are solicited.

Thank you for your most welcome letter. I'll answer it when I send the next check.

Much love

Mom

Quadrangle
Oberlin, Ohio
Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1961

Dear Ruth,

Sometimes I don't know how much I have been wanting a thing until it comes. That's the way it was when I got your last letter with its quotes from Dad. I could tell that I had been waiting to hear from you with keen anticipation, and other very nice letters from other very nice people didn't fill the bill. (For instance, I got a very nice letter from Dad's cousin Evelyn. ^{But} She is still in almost constant pain. Did I tell you about this?)

My mind has at last clarified on the matter of finances. I enclose the figures as I just worked them out. As you can see, the budget balances as long as nothing happens to upset it. This makes me very happy. If you have any questions, let's have them.

I drove down to Columbus Saturday. Stayed with Elvira overnight and came back Sunday afternoon. It's my first trip back since I left a month ago. To mention the creature comforts, it was wonderful to have a hot tub bath, and to luxuriate in a comfortable double bed. I had the best night's sleep I've had in a long time.

I also took occasion to go home and meet the new renters. The man wasn't there, but the wife is very pleasant. I also took back with me my winter coat, the poster of Mont St. Michel (which is already hung), and one of the four ottomans so I can put my feet up when I study in my one easy chair. (I have been having a little swelling of my feet and ankles, but I don't think it's anything to worry about.) The name of the renters, which I didn't know until I called my number, is Olney. They are willing to continue the plan suggested by the previous renter of keeping the ~~xxx~~ phone in my name. By doing that I can use my credit card up here and pay them by check when they get the bill. It also saves them money which they would have to pay to start a new account.

I also saw two other friends who both live near Elvira: Lyndall McGandless and Lillian Desquin. I forget whether I have told you much about them. Have I? Lyndall matches up with me in more ways than almost anybody I have ever met. She makes up worship services, for instance. She has done a lot of counselling. She is so enthusiastic over the course I am taking in personal creed under Dr. Horton that she is buying the text and will read it along with me. I have already shared with her my ^{two} ~~first~~ one-page formulations of "The Knowledge of God" and "The Nature of God."

By the way, did you get my birthday note?

The renters have been forwarding any first class mail that came to 4400. Saturday I picked up a pile of third class mail. Nothing interesting except for a first class letter which somehow got buried. It was from Genie Bielefeldt, and was very supportive. I enclose it but I'd like it back.

I haven't answered it.

Much love to you and everybody

Mon

	Monthly At Home	Budget At Home	From Kids Savings	Utilities (26.22)
Maternity	15.00	15.00		
Rent	66.60	66.60		
Amica	18.00	17.00		
Leasehold expense	15.00	15.00		
Sun for taxi, ins, etc.	30.00	30.00		
Chattis	10.00	10.00		
Health	10.00	5.00	5.00	
Reverence	10.00	5.00	5.00	
(Cash) Entertainment	60.00	30.00	30.00	
Phone	15.00	6.00	9.00	
Electricity	12.00	—	12.00	
Fuel oil	22.00	—	22.00	
Misc. (taxi)	2.59	5.59 (misc. books)		3.00
<u>Tuition</u>	<u>286.22</u>	<u>80.00</u>		<u>80.00</u>

Payments to College for tuition
 From Dad's salary 60.00
 From Aunt 70.00

\$ 150.00 / 4 months

\$ 600.00