

# America

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Journey thru America, October 1978

## Contents

<b>October 1978.....</b>	<b>1</b>
Journey to America .....	1
From Cambridge UK to New York .....	1
New York! New York!.....	2
New England .....	4
Martha's Vineyard.....	5
Boston and Cambridge Mass.....	5
Adirondacks .....	6
Saranac Lake Prophecy (15 October 1978).....	7
Mount Ampersand .....	8
Washington DC.....	9
The White House, New York and home... ..	10
Circle Line Boat Cruise around Manhattan Island, New York .....	12
Circle Line Boat Cruise around Manhattan Island, New York .....	13
Columbus Day, New York.....	14
Columbus Day, New York.....	15
View from Empire State Building and United Nations Building, New York.....	16
View from Empire State Building, New York.....	17
New England, Mass.....	18
Falmouth and Woods Hole, Mass.....	19
Martha's Vineyard.....	20
Boston, Mass.....	21
Boston, Mass.....	22
Saranac Lake, Adirondacks NY .....	23
Saranac Lake, Adirondacks NY .....	24
Mount Ampersand, Adirondacks NY .....	25
Saranac Lake, Adirondacks NY .....	26
Washington DC, Capitol and White House .....	27
Washington DC, National Air and Space Museum .....	28
Washington DC, Potomac River and Burling Wood.....	29
Washington DC, Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument.....	30

**October 1978**

## **Journey to America**

### **From Cambridge UK to New York**

Heathrow Airport, Saturday 7 October 1978 – here again, at last. But this time I am very, very tired. After a tumultuous week during which my feet hardly touched the ground – Friday evening, 100 kg worth of tender documents for Mauritius ready for air freight on Monday; Thursday evening, Arabic lesson with Farnham and Janet, read about their ‘Tangier Trek’; Wednesday, Beth and Sue to dinner at the Ark, liver casserole, orange flan etc., amazing evening talking about USA, the East (coast), the Mid-West – America: what is good – openness, warmth, freedom, open-air, what is bad – affluence, waste etc., impressions of Europe: France, England, Winnie-the-Pooh readings with David – Entirely surrounded by water, Pooh’s party; the Ark – a family circle of so many different people. From then on, Journey to America...

Train from Cambridge to Liverpool Street – fabulous morning, sun rising over the early mist shining in fast-moving patterns through the trees, farms silhouetted in the empty fields against the rising sun. Why go all the way to America to see beautiful things? Ephesians – letting the word of Christ dwell richly in me, letting it fill my being: “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places” (Ephesians 1 v 3); “Therefore be imitators of God, as beloved children” (Ephesians 5 v 1).

I caught up with Brian, back from Sri Lanka – coffee and apple-pie in the City, explaining how his camera (which he kindly lent me) worked, and enthusing over his summer in Ceylon.

Heathrow Terminal 3 – will this be the first of many trips – Somalia? Saudi Arabia? Indonesia? But this is a holiday – to the United States of America! Time for ‘getting away from everything’ – stimulation, rest, recovery, perspectives, the past year: from Greece onwards, the future – overseas, MMP, ANCC... “If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, Even there thy hand shall lead me, and thy right hand hold me” (Psalm 139 v 9).

Somewhere over the Atlantic... Hey, this is rather fun, isn’t it? Beginning of University term; everyone else just back from their travels – settling down to work again. But where am I? About a thousand miles from Cambridge, and getting further away every minute! The big, wide, beautiful world at last! Like a window which the Lord has provided, a kind of prelude to the ‘open door’ to service overseas – “Behold, I have set before you an open door, which no man is able to close” (Revelation 3 v 8). So it’s come at last, the moment I’ve been waiting for so long – ever since the return flight with Syrian Arab, from Delhi and Damascus in September 1976. So much has happened since – a very colourful chapter (or two) in many ways – Cambridge third year, romance, the Mission and a calling, Ireland, Tripos, Greece, Crete, Corfu, Venice, Inverpolly (Scotland); a year at 60 Victoria Road with MMP, Barmouth North Wales, ‘The Real Africa’, Edinburgh, the Ark – AMERICA! The first sun of 1978 filtering through the windy clouds in golden shafts (“*Ky-rie ele-i-son*”). How can I possibly know where next year will lead?

Prayer: the Adirondacks – a chance to be alone with the Lord, to seek his face in important decision choices: “Therefore do not be foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is” (Ephesians 5 v 17) – like Nauplia, like Corfu. Feelings of tiredness, exhaustion – refreshment through Ephesians: “and be renewed in the spirit of your minds... and put on the new nature, created after the likeness of God” (Ephesians 4 v 23, 24); “for once you were darkness, but now you are light in the Lord. Walk as children of light” (Ephesians 5 v 8), with the innocence and freshness of childhood, oblivious of sin and darkness because our sins have been obliterated and God has chosen us, holy and blameless before Him. Therefore “Awake, O

sleeper! Rise from the dead” (all that is bad and unredeemed), “and Christ shall give you light” (Ephesians 5 v 14).

Through Ephesians I felt encouraged, in the Departure Lounge of Heathrow Airport. I had been feeling sort of ‘not quite me’, just going off on holiday, rather than overseas service – especially after the gigantic peaks and valleys of Africa – the cataclysmic events which have laid the foundation to a calling overseas. Here I am with my gin & lemon & peanuts, a free gift from British Airways owing to their late departure! Then I read a line from the W’s letter: “Andrew and I have read together your epistle ‘The Real Africa’ – it has moved us considerably and we feel privileged to have been given our own copy of your insights and felt we were reliving it with you as we read. We know the Lord will bless you through this.”

I saw Concorde (on the ground), just before we boarded. At last flight BA177 got into the air at 17:30 local time. We flew out over the Bristol Channel (north Devon hills and Lee Abbey down on our left), Ireland – beautiful cloudscape of sea and land.

We came in over Long Island, after long hours flying against strong headwinds and listening to Beethoven at 35,000 feet. Lights spread out in patterns – turnpikes, freeways – as we came in low over suburban street with huge cars stopping at lights hung from cables across the freeway, low buildings, trees, ‘Dixieland’... We landed at JF Kennedy Airport – trucks, cabs, buses, police cars with sirens ‘whooping’ and lights flashing, “I will be with you, I will not fail you”. Into New York City through Queens – endless apartments, dark blocks with rows of lighted windows. I chatted with a friendly chief of police (who had sat next to me) until the incredible Manhattan skyline suddenly appeared beyond East River – Brooklyn Bridge to the left, the top of the Empire State Building, garishly floodlit, towering above East Terminal.

Once out of the airport terminal, I phoned Cindy (friend of Pete, at the Ark) on Riverside Drive, and then took the 104 bus from 41<sup>st</sup> Street. This bus seemed to take me through the worst of New York: down 42<sup>nd</sup> Street and through Times Square at 10.30 pm on a Saturday night – the reddest of red light areas: a street full of live shows and porn shops; then we turned into Broadway and a notorious crime area: “That was the shop where a gunman held 10 people hostage for hours this morning! You can read all about it in the New York Post!” Scenes from ‘The Cross and the Switchblade’ came flooding back to me, as I realized this was a dark city – perhaps one of the darkest places in the (western) world. As I told the man who gave me an introduction to the vices of New York, what men need is a spiritual revolution through Christ – a miracle that only God can provide...

I arrived at Cindy’s apartment at last. Hospitality, a soft, deep carpet – and a long, cool orange and grapefruit drink! We chatted till after 11 pm (which seemed like 4 am) – the end of a long, long day. So wonderful to have arrived at last, after a long and tiring journey, and hard to believe that in just one day I had stepped out of the Ark in Cambridge, crossed the Atlantic and stepped into an apartment in New York!

### **New York! New York!**

Sunday 8 October 1978: NEW YORK! NEW YORK! – to church with Cindy. We took the Subway (express, hurtling through the darkness, daubed with graffiti) to Greenwich Village; then walked along terraced streets with trees – blue sky, clear cold air (a part of New York which reminded me of London). Grace Church – very Anglican, and sermon preached by Professor Sir Norman Anderson (from London)! Coffee and chat afterwards – it could not have been more like All Souls, Langham Place! Young executives in suits, career girls – “OK chaps, where shall we go for lunch?” It was really nice to meet American Christians, and to talk about America (and Britain), and so see a completely different side of New York. We had lunch at the ‘Three Zees’ (3 Z’s) – hamburgers – with a group of friends, who then kindly drove me to the Circle Line Terminal.

America’s favourite boat ride – down the Hudson River, past the fantastic sky-scraper complex of Lower Manhattan – the twin towers of the World Trade Center soaring skywards;

the sun filtering through grey storm-clouds catching the glass summits of tower blocks; the Statue of Liberty, Brooklyn Bridge, and then up East River to Mid-town Manhattan, the beautifully sculptured UN Building; past Queens and the Bronx; and round into Hudson River again. Down through George Washington Bridge, with the sun setting over New Jersey, turning the Riverside church and buildings to gold and pink. Suddenly I had the feeling of being 'somewhere' again – the big wide world outside Cambridge: as if the land had at last broadened my vision, widened my horizons, and enlarged my borders. (I remember one of the passengers remarking, "Oh, you are from England? Say, you have such a cute British acc-ent!")

The Empire State Building by night – incredible views over myriads of lights from skyscrapers, apartments, streets, cars: the vastness of New York – beyond the huge city of Manhattan, over to Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, New Jersey and Staten Island. I watched the QE2 sail down the Hudson River on her way to England, on her first journey since her ordeal in the Atlantic storm. 34<sup>th</sup> Street was a bit creepy at night, but it was a welcome relief as the 104 bus drew up and took me back to Riverside. Game of Scrabble with Cindy and friends till late.

Monday 9 October 1978 – bus to Fifth Avenue, passing down the eastern side of Central Park. Beautiful morning – clear blue sky, white buildings on left, park on right, reminding me a little of Bayswater Road coming into Marble Arch. We passed the Guggenheim Museum and Jacqueline Kennedy's residence on the left, the Metropolitan Museum on the right...

I loved the pedestrian signals that go 'DONT WALK' and 'WALK' – so direct! And the notice on the front seats of New York's buses: 'Wont you please give up this seat to someone who is elderly or disabled?' Out at 42<sup>nd</sup> Street admiring the spectacular Empire State and Chrysler buildings soaring up above the streets, glittering in the sun. Street vendors selling hot dogs and bagels; NYPD police and crowds gathering for the Columbus Day Parade down Fifth Avenue. From opposite St Patrick's Catholic Cathedral, I watched the procession of police cars, military bands (Edinburgh Tattoo style), high school children dressed in uniform – a real jamboree, very informal and relaxed (in contrast to a Soviet Russia parade in Red Square, or even UK opening of Parliament). I also shook hands with Vice-President Walter Mondale (a real good guy, friendly and enthusiastic and very much 'on the ball') and Governor Carey, who just happened to be passing along the crowds of Fifth Avenue on some kind of political campaign. Not bad really – my second day in the USA to shake hands with the Vice-President – you can't go much higher, and he's in Washington anyway!

(I remember, after shaking hands, the news reporters came up to me, all excited, and held a microphone up to me: "Hey, so you've just shaken hands with the Vice-President! So, how do you *feel*?" "Er, good, thank you." "Well, sir, can you *describe* your *feelings*?" "Er, good, thank you...")

I then did an architectural photographic tour of Mid-town Manhattan, concentrating particularly on the group of skyscrapers on Park Avenue (Pan Am building rising up out of Central Terminal at the end), starting with the Lever Building, as I can remember writing an essay on it at school! I then went on to the United Nations Building on the banks of the East River – appreciating the beautiful curve of the roof of the General Assembly Building, sweeping gracefully towards the entrance; the slender tower of the Secretariat Building soaring skywards against the sun, to complete the picture; the famous sculpture "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares" (Isaiah 2 v 4), flags of every nation, trees with 'fall foliage', skyscrapers along the skyline behind...

Empire State Building (again), this time by day with visibility 'unlimited' – I was struck again by the sheer size and scope of New York City – stretching out towards clear horizons, on islands separated by rivers, harbours and waterways. Long Island sweeping away to the north-east, separated from the mainland by the widening Long Island Sound; the Hudson River, flowing under the George Washington Bridge, past the Statue of Liberty and under the

Verrazano Straits Bridge into the Atlantic. New Jersey, Newark, and the hinterland leading to the Great Interior – New York, Gateway to America and the West...

I was amazed by the 'depth' of the streets below the skyscraper summits – Fifth Avenue, Central Park, Park Avenue, and – the other way – the incredible skyline of Wall Street and Lower Manhattan in the evening sun. Then the huge buildings turned to gold, then to a gentler pink, as slowly the colours faded, and the sun, a huge orb of gold, set over the Hudson River and New Jersey. Finally, as the red sun slipped below the horizon, lights began to shine all over the city – on the streets, in apartments and buildings, as slowly the 'greatest city in the world' sailed into the night...

Dinner with Penny and Don – we collected Cindy from a dancing class 'Down-town' and drove via Central Park, seeing the 'Met' with the Temple of Dendur visible through the glass extension, and the world's biggest Gothic cathedral in the making. I very nearly featured on Channel 5 TV News, with the Columbus Day Parade down Fifth Avenue, and Walter Mondale!

## New England

Tuesday 10 October 1978 – bus up into New England. Across the river into the Bronx, seeing the famous Manhattan skyline from a distance (as in 'Midnight Cowboy'); out into Connecticut and Rhode Island – beautiful New England towns and villages with white wooden houses and churches; fantastic 'fall foliage' colors – red, orange, yellow, brown – and glimpses of the sea on our right. (I remember, at one place where the bus stopped for a break, an elderly man came up and chatted with me – he was a local, and very proud of his New England heritage, boasting that his ancestors had come over to America on the Mayflower!)

We crossed over some spectacular coastal bridges, through New London and New Port; finally through Fall River and on to Cape Cod, West Falmouth and Woods Hole. The sea at last, as we alighted at the Steamship Pier, and watched the ferry leave for Martha's Vineyard. Bob and Helen came and met me; we drove to their home via Nobska Lighthouse – a rocky promontory with sunlit waves breaking on to the beach. Beautiful pinewood house (huge), in an ideal setting of woodland and more well-to-do houses. Dinner, remembering that the last time we had all sat down together for a meal was at 62 Scotland Road, Cambridge – that famous weekend of clearing up 60 Victoria Road! Now, at last, America...

We took an evening trip to the shopping centre in Falmouth, via the coast road, stopping along the shore to see the afterglow of sunset line the horizon of the sea. An introduction to the American way of life – huge shopping arcades, with acres of car parking (space no problem), drive-in banks etc. This really is an automobile-bound society. Everything seems geared to the motorist: an American must be lost without his automobile! Also, the capitalist society – basic income tax is only 10%, but there is no free health service, social security etc. What is worse is the terribly materialistic attitude this engenders: "Yes, of course I'll help the blind old lady in the top apartment with her letters, *for a few dollars...*"

Wednesday 11 October 1978 – into Falmouth by bicycle along a superb cycle track running along the coast, with the sea on one side and salt marshes ('cranberry bogs') on the other, against a background of autumnal colours in the trees and the Clarke building of the Oceanographic Institute. Falmouth – 'village green' with a perfect setting of a white 'clapperboard' church, and historic fashionable New England houses set amid golden trees, with an American flag in the middle.

Woods Hole, where I met Bob for lunch. I had a look round 'Atlantis II', one of the Institute's research vessels, just due to sail, but looking rather ancient and untidy. Not a patch on our survey ships (HMS Herald, HMS Hydra etc.) of course, but I couldn't help enjoying the picturesque scene of a small Massachusetts harbour in a town almost entirely given over to scientific oceanographic research. Islands, including Martha's Vineyard, out to sea. I also

looked at 'Alvin', the world's deepest diving vessel, now in pieces being overhauled, with its pressure bell (sphere) detached from the superstructure.

I bathed at Nobska beach, my first swim in the Atlantic! I floated around a rock where a group of tiny sea-birds were sitting – bright sun, cool wind, and water very cold but just bearable. I had a Quiet Time walking down the road and along the cycle track among forests of trees in 'fall foliage', along to a jetty jutting out into the Atlantic. I prayed for those at home and in 'the Ark', for Bob and Helen, Stuart and Sue. There was a feeling of 'Africa' – quiet, empty forests of another continent. I saw a large country house with a lawn and garden leading to a private beach, attractive in the clear October sunlight – the summer residence of a prosperous New York banker perhaps?

Back from looking at a car at Hatchville, we stopped at the Clarke's building, and went up on to the balcony just after sundown, and looked at the moon through powerful naval binoculars – craters distinct, long shadows in the twilight areas, and a wonderful sense of 'solidness' – the moon is not just a pale disc hung up in the sky, but a real, solid, shining sphere!

### **Martha's Vineyard**

Thursday 12 October 1978 – Martha's Vineyard. I cycled to the ferry from Woods Hole – it was a clear sunny morning as we steamed toward the Vineyard, reminiscent of Greek ferry journeys, such as from Athens to Crete. Vineyard Haven – boats at anchor in the morning sun, bicycles for hire. I cycled towards Oak Bluffs, and then on to Edgartown, following the coast road along causeways between marshes, lagoons and the open sea. Edgartown was a classic New England coastal settlement with white houses and churches. Embarkation for the world-famous Chappaquiddick ferry (= a raft), to the long, low island lying across the water, still and peaceful in the warm October sun. Then south along hot, straight roads to Katama beach, where the full Atlantic came in breakers rolling on to the shore. Picnic lunch and a meditative walk along the beach, where a young man sat and gazed upon the open sea.

Then I cycled inland and to the west, following a rugged dirt track through the woods. Here was a real 'bit of Africa', plunging off into the bush, wild and featureless, possessing a beauty of its own, undiscovered and remote. I followed the cycle trail through forests of scrub oak (browns and reds), and through dark, cool forests of pine. The Interior – open fields, farm-houses, like a clearing in the jungle – bright sun, cool breezes, openness. I sensed a confirmation of the promise "Behold, I have set before you an open door, which no man can close" (Revelation 3 v 8). And so I returned to Vineyard Haven – strawberry ice cream, watching the boats in the harbour. The ferry back to Woods Hole – a white-sailed boat passing through the reflection of the sun setting over the Elizabeth Islands – the end of a long, hot day; the end of summer's heat.

Evening at Hatchville for Bible study and fellowship. Charlie's house – elegant, spacious, luxurious, with a garden leading down to the lakeside at dusk. Beautiful meal (chicken, scones) with full family circle around the table. Study on Matthew 12 – one or two rather strange folk, and somehow the meeting felt a little bit cold and solemn ("Don't you think that's neat? I thought it was..."), but there were exciting opportunities for outreach among the local residents.

### **Boston and Cambridge Mass.**

Friday 13 October 1978 – Boston and Cambridge. Journey through Massachusetts, with brilliant fall colours, to Boston. The Common – bright golden leaves set against the pale blue glass of glittering skyscrapers, with greenness and an autumnal feel, like a London park, with older buildings. I phoned the 'Community' Peter knew in Cambridge, Martha answered and said I was welcome to join them for the evening and to stay the night! Praise the Lord – such an amazing sense of welcome everywhere I go in America! I started out on the Freedom Trail: golden-domed State House, to Old South Meeting House where a certain

spirited meeting adjourned to become the 'Boston Tea Party'. A marvellous sense of history, as I followed in the footsteps of the protesters to a replica of Brig Beaver II, one of the British ships boarded. The protest was 'Taxation without Representation equals Tyranny', and the additional hardships imposed upon the Colonists as a result of the Boston Tea Party led to the War of Independence. On to Franeuil Hall, the 'Cradle of Liberty' and the colourful Quincy market; finally to Paul Revere's House – from which Paul Revere made his desperate ride to Lexington in 1775. Sadly it was a rushed tour, and I would have loved to have spent longer following the Freedom Trail, but what I did see gave me quite an exciting glimpse of America's past – enough to kindle the imagination – for those desperate steps leading to eventual Independence, and the Constitution in 1776...

I discovered the Boston subway system, which is very simple: trains are either 'INBOUND' or 'OUTBOUND', and in the city centre operate rather like buses, almost queuing up at the stations, passengers crossing the tracks. And so to the Harvard Campus, where I set foot in the 'Cambridge in America' – beautiful 17<sup>th</sup> Century buildings, classical library, a New England church with white steeple, some modern buildings. I talked to a few of the 'inmates' – some graduates, a 'professor', a 'fresh-woman', all of whom seemed to be very happy there, and many of whom appeared to have some connection or other with Cambridge UK! Somewhere, in a set of rooms, rock music was being played at full volume; some lads were throwing Frisbees on the campus lawn; a party for 'fresh-men' was about to begin...

Dinner with the fellowship: Martha and Conrad, discussions about where we should go for the evening. A friend who dropped by heard I was going to the Adirondacks – he called his friends and obtained the addresses of two families working with the Young Life Camps up at Saranac Lake. This enabled me to go to Upper Saranac Lake – the Lord was surely going before me! Eventually we decided on the movie 'Heaven can Wait', preceded by strawberry, honey and nut ice cream: light entertainment in Arlington featuring American football. We came back to watch a Monty Python episode (which is now popular in America). Then a time of sharing with Martha and Conrad, before going to sleep on an amazing water-bed.

## **Adirondacks**

Saturday 14 October 1978 – up at 05:30 to catch the 07:00 bus to Albany, bound ultimately for Detroit and Chicago. We left Boston in twilight on a cold and rainy day, with the tops of the tower blocks lost in the clouds! A rainy and uneventful journey west. I contacted Tom (T-J) at Albany – he said the Young Life Camp was actually about 20 miles from Saranac Lake, but "don't worry, we'll fix something!" And after a long journey winding up into hidden mountains Tom and Ruth met me at Saranac Lake, drove me on to the Lambs (half-way) – very cold, 'fall' almost over, rain turning into snow. An all-timber house, almost a log cabin up in the mountains, the unforgettable smell of pine logs burning (or was it T-J's pipe?) I watched my first baseball game, semi-final in the world series, the Yankees vs the Dodgers – I had it all explained to me! Pizzas galore, apple-pie and ice cream. Up to the Camp, with Chris. Accommodation in a timber hut that coincidentally was called 'the Ark'.

Sunday 15 October 1978 – an inch of snow on the ground! A stormy day, a cold grey lake, trees laced with snow, sub-zero temperatures – and to think that just two days ago on Martha's Vineyard it was high summer, and I was swimming at Nobska Point! Church with Joe and Cathy – the Adirondack Community Church at Lake Placid. Sermon about 'I come to you with empty hands and a full heart', as opposed to 'full hands and an empty heart'. We came out of church to a raw, cold day – a scene reminding me of Kitzbühel, Austria. Lake Placid – location for the 1980 Winter Olympics – we drove around and saw the ski jump and sporting arena under construction. Hot chocolate (and marshmallows) and sandwiches with Tom and Ruth in Saranac Lake. We talked about American politics, Congress, the Executive Government, Presidential Elections, the work of the CIA, America and her international role. As we talked the cloud broke up and the sun began to shine.

Joe took us on to the lake in a high-powered rescue boat. It was incredible speeding away over the water rushing past – cold wind, an unsettled sky, outbreaks of sunshine, distant



mountains clear on the horizon, small islands with tall trees off the shores of the lake. We came in close to a church built on one of these islands – in the summer it is full, attracting visitors of every denomination, who are all ferried across by boat. In from the cold, to a cup of tea, then dinner in Joe and Cathy's timber cabin (with verandah still being built). We chatted about differences between USA and UK (and Europe), particularly the educational systems – schooling and university courses.

### **Saranac Lake Prophecy (15 October 1978)**

Setting – Upper Lake Saranac, from the point, by moonlight. Islands with trees, the shoreline, and distant mountains reflected in mirror-calm moonlit waters. A scene of incredible beauty and stillness. Scriptural basis – Ephesians 1, 2 and 5:

*I am the LORD of Heaven and Earth; I am the LORD who created you, and who redeemed you. I have loved you, and I have called you – do not be afraid. And I have called you to this place, as a token of my love to you, and as a herald of the beauty and reality of all that is to come. For you have received undeserved blessings throughout your journey (the things you have seen, the people you have met) as a sign – that you may be confident of my unceasing love for you, that you may be sure that I will never fail you or let you down.*

*I have called you out of the darkness and delusion and despair of this present world, from following their blind traditions and values and fashions – to freedom in the Spirit, to a realm of light and love where you have the understanding and knowledge to see things as they really are. For I have destined you in love to be my son, chosen before the foundation of the world to be holy and blameless before me, that you might walk as a child of light, that you might walk in love as I have loved you. As the Father has sent me, so I send you – to live to the praise of my glory, glory that you can see around you (the reflections of islands on a moonlit lake), that you may also reflect glory, beauty and love.*

*For you shall go out in wholeness and freedom as my Spirit works in you to make you whole, to heal you and transform you and so prepare you for the work I have for you. For you are my workmanship, created in me for good works which I have prepared that you should walk in them. I heal you now, and take away your fears, healing you from the sins and wounds, and healing your emotions which were hurt in childhood – so that you may not be afraid of love and relationships, of the one you will love, the woman whom I am preparing for you that you may walk with her – for I have healed you and taken away your fears that you may have confidence and freedom.*

*I am the LORD who created and redeemed you. I am the LORD who heals you. I am the LORD who has loved you and blessed you richly. I am the LORD your God, your Master. Go, for I have sent you. Go for me to the uttermost parts of the earth where I shall send you.*

*If I take the wings of the morning  
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
even there your hand shall lead me,  
and your right hand uphold me. (Psalm 139 v 9, 10)*

*I am sending you to places for which I am preparing you that I may use you to the full. To those in great darkness and bondage, that through your witness and testimony they may be brought into light, and that as my disciple, you may make disciples in other nations of the world. They may be places and situations you did not expect, places you never dreamed of going to, but trust that I am in control of everything, and I open and no man closes, and I close and no man opens (Revelation 3 v 7). This will involve Sacrifice – leaving Cambridge and the friends who mean so much, and your home and family. Be faithful in this, and suffer the loss, and I shall bless you far more richly and abundantly than you could ever imagine – family, loved ones, places, fulfilment – both as a single man, and with the wife with whom you walk.*

*Go then, with a full heart, confident and mature, filled with my Love and Joy and Peace. And I shall lead you by my Spirit step by step. And I shall help you to see who you are in my Son, seated with Christ Jesus in the heavenly places, blessed with every spiritual blessing. And I*

*shall help you to walk worthy of the calling to which you have been called, to walk as the person you are in Christ, in light and love – and to live for the praise of my glory, to reflect my love and my glory.*

*Therefore be imitators of God, as beloved children. And walk in love, as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us, a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God. (Ephesians 5 v 1, 2)*

*I sought the LORD, and he answered me  
and delivered me from all my fears.*

*Look to him and be radiant,  
so your faces shall never be ashamed. (Psalm 34 v 4, 5)*

## **Mount Ampersand**

Monday 16 October 1978 – morning walk around the lake and up the hill. Fall colours almost finished, alas – but the birches were still out, sudden flashes, streaks of pale gold on the mountain sides – now dark with trees in winter, or silver where the tops of trees were laced with morning frost and snow.

Drive into Tupper Lake – fabulous view of high peaks clear of cloud. The ascent of Mount Ampersand – perhaps the climax of the entire Journey to America. We left at 3 pm for a three-mile trail to the summit. We approached through woodland, full of chipmunks – tall trees, ice on the puddles and between the roots of trees, scatterings of snow on the branches of evergreens and on the ground as we began our ascent – the rocky summit in full sunshine riding above us through the trees. I sang (to myself) Good King Wenceslas and Bruckner's 6<sup>th</sup> Symphony – through pine forests, ice formations, treacherous rocks covered with ice – up on to the saddle, the sun in shafts striking the rocks and snow-covered evergreens. On to the summit – like Africa, up through the jungle to the top of Ngangao, or Scotland and the top of Cul Mor on an unusually clear day, and yet the heavily wooded hills below us had more in common with Alsace or the Bavarian Alps. In truth, of course, it was unique: North America – the wilderness I had always imagined belonging to Canada – lakes filling the valleys between wooded hillsides, rising up to the snow-covered peaks of Mount Marcy and Mount Whiteface; Upper Saranac Lake with islands spread out like a map below us; frost-covered trees standing in sharp relief against the slanting sun shining bright against a cold clear sky; the whooping of Canadian geese over hills far away on their way south for the winter.

Down from the summit as the sun began to lose its heat, and dark was coming on. A bright orange sunset, with shafts of golden light filtering through the woods, and striking patches of snow and the rock face. Dusk in the lower woods, Dvorak's New World Symphony – this, the New World, the unspoiled part of America, a reminder of the Great Wilderness, the fabulous new continent the early explorers and settlers discovered. We hit the road just as it was fully dark, and the full moon came up on eth pine forests from the east.

Supper of 'cheese dogs' and fascinating discussions on American and European History, the Way West and the War against the Indians; South America, the Aztecs and ancient civilizations; Velikowsky's theory of extra-terrestrial activity in the early days of history, linking the records, e.g. the Children of Israel and the Red Sea, the Flood, the plagues of Egypt, the wanderings in the wilderness, the Conquest of the Promised Land, the destruction of Minoan civilization – the catastrophe at Knossos, the disappearance of the Aztecs' civilization, records in Chinese history that relate a similar occurrence to Joshua's battle (the sun standing still, the Long Day of Joshua) – the theory being that a large body came very close to the Earth (a comet, or Mars?) causing catastrophic disruptions in its rotation (declination and speed) and strain on the earth's crust (volcanic activity, tidal upheavals etc.), to be read in 'Worlds in Collision'...

Out to the point again by moonlight. Slight breeze rippling the water, so that the reflections were not as perfect as the night before. But once again there was an amazing silence and

stillness – of this, one of the most remote and perfect places in the world. Time of thanking the Lord for this incredible trip, for having spoken so clearly to me the night before – a time of commitment to the Lord: my home, Legbourne and the Ark; my relationships, family, Arkites and friends; my work, MMP and going abroad – Somalia? Saudi Arabia? Indonesia? my future, the question of marriage, branching into Christian work, ANCC, Overseas and beyond...

Tuesday 17 October 1978, Saranac Lake – out on to the point again at about 10.00 am, rather regretting not having got up earlier – but still an unforgettable scene of white trees, clear as crystal, sun dancing upon the water; mist still floating upon the lake in the shadows of the mountains; a curious bird whistling like an express train, gliding upon the water out of the mist. Again, by moonlight and morning, this is surely one of the most magical places on earth.

A long walk following a fire truck trail through forests, sometimes flooded underfoot, into wooded hills now clear of leaves and undergrowth, and finally to a lake of dazzling blue – an echo even of Lake Chala – Deer Pond, remote, hidden in the woods in the hills. Ephesians 2 and 3: “So you are now no longer strangers and sojourners, but you are fellow-heirs with the saints and members of the household of God, built upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the corner-stone”. Wonderful meditation on the truth that though once far off (as Gentiles, “for once you were darkness”), we have been reconciled both to God and to each other through Christ. “For he is our peace, who has made us both one” – a sense of belonging, then, to the family of God – and thus follows our privileges and our responsibilities as members of the Body of Christ, as outlined in Ephesians 4. Also prayer for those at home – Mum, Dad, Nick and Eva, V and Bill, and for my spiritual home – St Matthew’s, the Ark, Peter, Lyn, Ruth, Sigi, Meredith.

A last look at the lake – beautiful again in evening light – and then a lift to Saranac Lake with T-J. Magical colouring of sunset on the mountains, golden, pink, mauve, reflected in the still, calm lakes. Evening with Tom and Ruth. Watched the Yankees thrash the Dodgers in the final of the Baseball ‘World’ Series.

## Washington DC

Wednesday 18 October 1978 – 08:45 bus out of Saranac Lake. Sad farewells. Beautiful drive through hills clear this time – Lake Placid, Keene Valley (Gorge), Schroone Lake. I had a seat right up in the front of the Trailways coach, though unfortunately next to a rather irritating woman who would not stop asking me questions or relating anecdotes, until eventually (having failed to find a way of moving), I pretended to be asleep! Meditation on Ephesians 4: “but be renewed in the spirit of your minds, and put on the new nature, created after the likeness of God in true righteousness and holiness”.

Incredible view of Manhattan, maybe 30 miles away, a blue silhouette on the skyline. On through New Jersey, the backs of all the buildings seen from Riverside, superb view of Manhattan west side, and under the Hudson River through the Lincoln Tunnel. Into New York, and quickly out again, bound for Washington DC on a Continental Trailways bus bound (ultimately) for Miami, Florida. The New Jersey turnpike – misnamed the ‘Garden State’ – an unending jungle of oil refineries, factories and 12-lane freeways, Newark Airport, the World Trade Center and Empire State Building still visible for miles. Out into the country at last, over a suspension bridge into Delaware and thence to Maryland. Meditation on Ephesians 4: “But grace was given to each of us according to the measure of Christ’s gift... for building up the Body of Christ”. Finally, the shining white dome of the Capitol riding up over the City of Washington. Taxi to Macarthur Avenue, where I was met by Hazel and Sidney. Across the Potomac River into Virginia and their home in McLean. Late supper and evening celebrating Sidney’s birthday.

Thursday 19 October 1978 – morning walk with the dogs in Burling Wood – huge trees with beautiful ‘Fall’ foliage: height, depth and magnificent colouring. Rendezvous with the L’s in

McLean, whose dining room overlooked Teddy Kennedy's residence. I had a lift with Marjorie into the City – Constitution Avenue, Washington Monument, the White House (on our left), 7<sup>th</sup> Street and the International Air and Space Museum. Incredible place! Film 'To Fly' was shown on a screen seven stories high – in a balloon gliding over wooded hills of New England, along a river – “watch out, white water ahead!” – which dropped away dramatically into the Horseshoe Falls – barnstorming and giddy aerobatics, the Prairies and a Wild West train, flying over the Grand Canyon and Arizona, the Rockies, the California Coast – to Hawaii and hang gliding into the setting sun – to the Space Age, Apollo 11 blast off. A sensational display of Space history – the Apollo 11 Landing Module (Eagle), the Command Module (Columbia) – a tiny capsule with barely room for 3 men, Saturn V engines – gigantic! Moon landing – inside of Eagle with recordings of landing commentary, space suits, lunar vehicles – Armstrong's toothbrush – and then the Joint Venture with Apollo (USA) and Soyuz (CCCP), Skylab and the docking operation. All that I had heard about and followed so closely in the late 60s and early 70s, now real before my eyes!

I continued the day with my mouth wide open – as I crossed the Mall (Smithsonian, Capitol, Washington Monument) to the new East Wing of the National Gallery – an experience in architecture, sculpture and modern art – angular shapes of building and structure, Calder Mobile, geometric and abstract structures – impressions visual and aesthetic, involving a great sense of wonder and excitement difficult to put down on paper. More of the City, to Faragut Square, bus back through the CIA! I was able to chat to someone who worked there – it has 15,000 employees! Delicious evening meal with Californian wine, recounting experiences of the day, with Hazel recalling Oxford days in war-time.

### **The White House, New York and home...**

Friday 20 October 1978 – morning walk along the banks of the Potomac River to the Great Falls – my furthest west? Beautiful wild scenery, 'rapids' and the Potomac flowing through a rocky gorge – Fall colouring lovely as ever. Bus into town, went round the White House – an elegant design and beautifully furnished interior, and sense of awe and wonder at being at the home of the President of the United States of America. Now when I read newspapers back at home about Carter's diplomacy, Brzienski, Camp David etc., I can picture the White House Garden, the Reception Hall, the Blue Room and the Oval Office. Views across landscaped gardens to the Jefferson Memorial.

More museums, particularly the Hirshhorn Collection, especially the 'scaffolding' sculpture – otherwise a disappointment after the new East Wing, and the Freer Gallery, full of Oriental Art including the Peacock Room. I walk up to the Washington Monument and to the Lincoln Memorial beyond the reflecting pool.

Bus back to New York, and slightly hairy connection with 104 bus at the corner of 42<sup>nd</sup> St on 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue. But it was a really wonderful time of sharing with Penny, telling how the Lord had somehow 'made my paths straight', given me a superb time, and refreshed me in body, mind and spirit. She encouraged me by saying how I had impressed them (Penny, Cindy, Don) and been a blessing!

Saturday 21 October 1978 – my last day in America. Sad farewells, then bus down 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue to 70 Street for the Frick Collection – which contained some gems: sculpture, furniture, architecture, masterpieces. I was struck by the great 'contrast' in the moods expressed in the paintings. Through Central Park, with high-rise blocks towering ahead, lunch at the Rockefeller Centre – on to East Side Terminal to the UN buildings. Guided tour – fascination with the administrative structure, and beautiful artworks donated by various member countries, particularly the Chinese railway carved out of ivory.

Away from New York at sunset – Manhattan skyline against the setting sun, and the Empire State Building looking more like a space-rocket than ever. And so I left the most incredible city in the world. Airport lights at twilight, the sky a vivid blue-green. Take-off, a very short night, and we landed at Heathrow at 09:15 (= 04:15 New York time) – I helped an Israeli girl

get sorted out. I returned to Cambridge somewhat shattered. I briefly shared my experiences with the Ark (especially Pete), bed, jet-lag... Meredith came up into my room and said, "It sounds as if you had a wonderful time!"

## Circle Line Boat Cruise around Manhattan Island, New York



*Scenes from Circle Line boat ride around Manhattan, Statue of Liberty*

*Above: World Trade Center Twin Towers*



## Circle Line Boat Cruise around Manhattan Island, New York



*Scenes from Circle Line boat ride around Manhattan (including QE2 and Brooklyn Bridge)*



### Columbus Day, New York



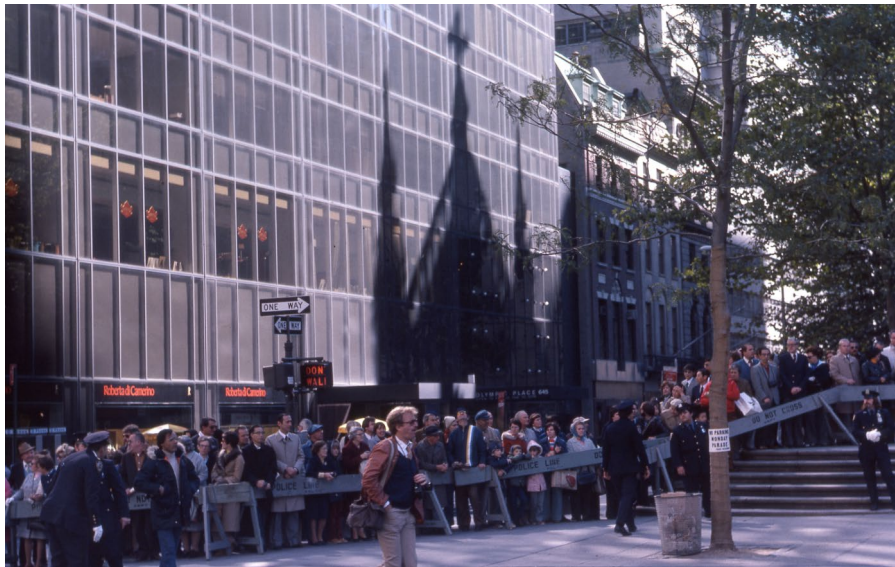
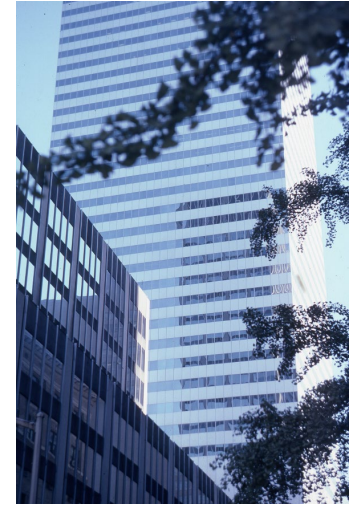
*Scenes from Manhattan during Columbus Day Parade*





## Columbus Day, New York

*Scenes from Manhattan during  
Columbus Day Parade*



**View from Empire State Building and United Nations Building, New York**



*Above: view from Empire State Building*

*Below, right: United Nations Building*



View from Empire State Building, New York



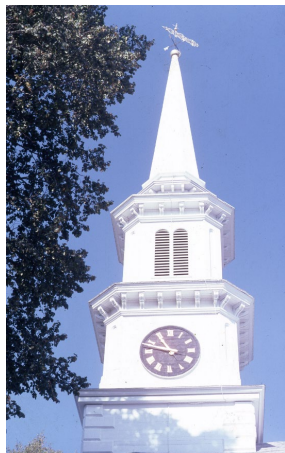
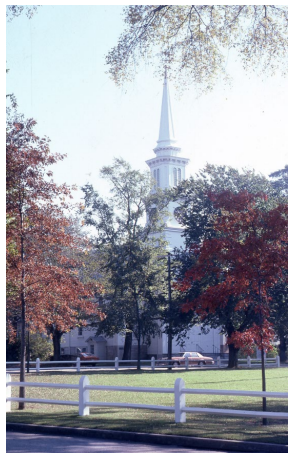
**New England, Mass.**



*New England, around Falmouth*



**Falmouth and Woods Hole, Mass.**



*Falmouth (left)*

*Woods Hole (right)*



## Martha's Vineyard



*Vineyard Haven, Katama beach, Martha's Vineyard*



**Boston, Mass.**



*Boston Common, State House*



**Boston, Mass.**



*Brig Beaver II (above), Paul Revere's house (below), Harvard Campus (right)*





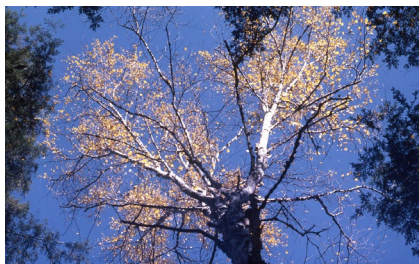
**Saranac Lake, Adirondacks NY**



*Scenery around Saranac Lake and Lake Placid*



Saranac Lake, Adirondacks NY



*Saranac Lake*

### Mount Ampersand, Adirondacks NY



*Mount Ampersand...*



Saranac Lake, Adirondacks NY



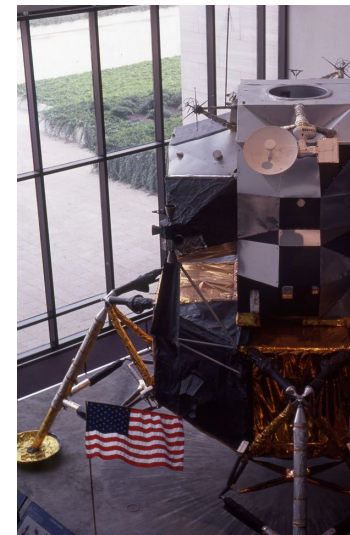
Washington DC, Capitol and White House



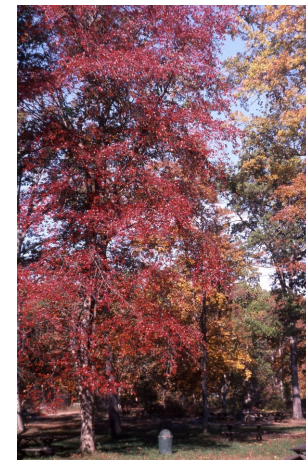
*Capitol (above), the White House (right)*



## Washington DC, National Air and Space Museum



Washington DC, Potomac River and Burling Wood



## Washington DC, Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument

