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Exodus/Bay Shore: How an Idea Became a Reality

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EXODUS/BAY SHORE:

How an Idea Became A Reality

Freda Elliott Baker



Exodus/Bay Shore: How an Idea Became A Reality

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Yahweh said to Abram, “Leave your country, your family and your father's house, for the land I will show you.”
Genesis 12:1

Perhaps it's in our blood, maybe it's just in our history, but surely it's in the American vein to head out for some other place when home becomes intolerable, or merely even when the distant side of the beyond seems a lure we can't resist.

Blue Highways

Revisiting A Special Place

Driving eastward along Montauk Highway, on Long Island's South Shore, on the way to the 50th Anniversary Celebration of the West Islip Church of Christ held during the summer of 2013, we passed through quaint, historic villages that were once centers of commerce for the wealthy "old families" who lived there—as well as affluent New Yorkers seeking a respite from the city or relaxation on the white sand beaches of the Great South Bay or the fishing villages of Fire Island.

A little more than 30 miles from Manhattan, lies the Village of Babylon, purchased from the Sumpwam Indians in 1670 and first known as Huntington South because the farmers came down from Huntington to the South Bay area to harvest “salt” hay for bedding and feed for their livestock. Since it was a journey, they would stay a period of time before returning home. Later it became a stopover for travelers on their “three-day trip to South Hampton from New York City, creating the need for stores and services.” One might wonder why this village acquired such a notorious name as Babylon. In 1803, Nathaniel Conklin foresaw Babylon as a thriving town and built a home for his mother on the northeast corner of Main Street and Deer Park Avenue. Legend has it that his mother was unhappy with her home across from a tavern and compared the town with the biblical Babylon. [<http://www.villageofbabylonny.gov/history>]

Beyond Babylon, to the east, lies Bay Shore, in Islip Town. Bay Shore is one of the older hamlets on Long Island. Sagtikos Manor, in West Bay Shore, was built around 1697, and almost 100 years later, on August 27, 1776, it was used as a British armed forces headquarters, at the time of the Battle of Long Island during the Revolutionary War. President George Washington stayed at the manor during his tour of Long Island in 1790. The land that would become Bay Shore proper was purchased from the Secatogue Native Americans in 1708 by local school teacher John Mowbray for “several eel Spears”. In the late 19th century, Bay Shore became popular with affluent New Yorkers for its shopping district and resorts. The Long Island rail system began its expansion from New York City eastward during the 1930s and 1940s. Then, the demands of World War II brought rapid growth to the aircraft industry on Long Island, with such companies as Sperry, Sikorsky, Curtiss, Republic and Grumman. By 1945, more than 100,000 people worked in the industry. Housing developments and shopping centers sprang up seemingly overnight. In the late 1970s, due to a lack

of local government, as well as several other factors, the businesses along Bay Shore's Main Street suffered a sharp decline. Work to restore Bay Shore has been ongoing since the 1980s, and today Bay Shore continues to support greater socioeconomic, religious and ethnic diversity than many other Long Island communities. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bay_Shore_New_York].

Between these commercial districts, at the border of the townships of Babylon and Islip and just west of lovely Brightwaters, sprawls the unincorporated community of West Islip. According to evidence gleaned from the unearthing of an Indian burial ground north of West Islip beach, the land upon which this present-day hamlet sits was first settled more than one thousand years ago by the Secatogue Indians. But over time the face of this area would change. In the early 17th century, it came under the influence of the Dutch. In 1664, it came under English rule, when the Duke of York claimed Long Island with the permission of King Charles II. In 1692, Thomas and William Willetts, like the Native Americans before them, recognized this area as well-suited for farming and hunting and the many waterways abundant with fish and shellfish. The Willetts purchased it "through an agreement" with the Secatogue. In the mid-18th century, the La Grange Inn was established by the Higbie family, and "the completion of the Long Island Railroad in the mid-19th century brought travelers to West Islip and helped make the La Grange Inn a popular attraction." During the 19th century, West Islip became a popular haven of wealthy estate owners, such as Magoun, Udall, Gerek and the Smith families. But it was later, from 1940 until 1970, that West Islip experienced most of its population growth. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/West_Islip,_NewYork]. Modern day West Islip is made up of residential dwellings on quarter- and half-acre lots, a library, schools, diners, restaurants, a shopping mall, as well as a few strip malls, service stations, medical clinics, a major regional hospital, and, along Montauk Highway, a church.

At 600 Montauk Highway in West Islip, on the south side of the road, a tall, simple cross rises beside a high shake roof above a plain, windowless, red-brick wall bearing the name Church of Christ. The imposing roof covers a high-ceilinged chapel, and educational wings extend behind and to the west. From a bird's eye view this structure strongly resembles a tabernacle in the wilderness. A wooded area once filled the southwest corner of the property and provided welcome shade for outdoor congregational dinners. Now, a chain-link fence marks a large play area for the day care center that served area children from 1969 until it recently became a nursery school. Set well back from the road, on four acres, the building seems small. A vast grassy area lies to the east, joined to the south by a substantial parking lot. A residence for a minister now stands on the southeast corner, facing Tahlulah Lane. The placement of the church building on the property seems incongruous, but if you were to ask why it is situated there, only a handful of the contemporary church members could tell you about the original, ambitious plans for the property. The vast majority of the Christians who now worship with the Church of Christ on Montauk Highway—and who helped host their 50th Anniversary Celebration in June, 2013—are completely unaware of their congregation's colorful history and their humble beginnings in Bay Shore during the summer of 1963. This is perhaps as it should be, for it reflects the extent to which an ambitious mission succeeded in becoming an indigenous church.

Even so there was a time when every member of the Church in West Islip was a stranger in a strange land, standing out in the culture of suburban Long Island like a cornstalk or cotton plant in a carefully cultivated flower bed. Born of the landmark 1963 movement first known as Exodus/Bay Shore, the West Islip Church of Christ quickly became so well known among the Churches of Christ that, when referring to it, people just called it "West Islip." This unique congregation became a magnet for the adventurous spirit, as seen in the case of Tom Kemp, a student at Harding College

in Searcy, Arkansas. In 1965 Tom joined West Islip's newly organized Faith Corps and went to Sao Paulo, Brazil for two years. On his return in the summer of 1967, Tom spent some time at West Islip helping train new recruits. Soon after returning to Harding, he longed for another taste of West Islip. In September, Tom wrote a letter to Dwain Evans, sharing an idea for "how I can get back up there." Of his conversations with a college friend, Tom wrote, "West Islip is always the topic of discussion—we have to hold each other down from verily floating as we think about all of you."

Telling the *whole* story of West Islip would require the testimony of everyone who made the remarkable Exodus journey, beginning in the spring and summer of 1963, and continuing with the subsequent waves that followed—many single people and many families with husbands, wives, children, and the occasional in-law. Telling the whole story would also require the perspectives of converts, and most of them are out of the loop. A relative few, pilgrims and converts, stayed the course, but over the years many left, some perhaps returning to former places of worship, others moving on to other callings and ways of believing. Some who went with the Exodus wholeheartedly embraced their new culture and declared it their own. Others, for one reason or another, returned quickly to their former roots. No one knows "the whole story," but some of us "know in part," and parts of the story of the Church in West Islip can and will be told here.

The Founding Minister

The story of Exodus/Bay Shore and the church it gave birth to begins with Dwain Evans, for he is the one who first imagined the concept of an exodus and strove to make it happen. By the time Dwain Evans conceived of this idea he was not your average, run-of-the-mill individual. Information gleaned from his memoir reflects that a marked change of character began when, as a young college student in Texas, he suffered a personal crisis that changed his life. With a scholarship provided by the Texas Crippled Children's Society, Dwain (who was born with a club foot) was attending North Texas State College, in Denton. His life was a "constant round of activities." He went to school during the day, worked at A&G food store in the afternoon, and enjoyed social activities in the evening. Everything was going well—or so he thought—until a fortuitous circumstance forced Dwain to slow down and come face to face with himself. He didn't much like what he saw.

One night, Dwain came home to a dark, empty house, and waiting for someone with a house key to show up gave him lots of time to think. Dwain later wrote of that life-changing experience, "I sat down on the front porch and reflected on my life. I could see my life before me in Technicolor, and it was not a pretty sight. I was a regular church-goer, and I ran with guys who were Christians, but none of us was living up to our calling. I was suddenly filled with remorse. In tears, I asked for the Lord's forgiveness." Dwain decided to make a dramatic change in the direction of his life and resolved then and there to somehow, some way go to Abilene Christian College.

Dwain might have continued merrily on his way indefinitely, never experiencing that spiritual crisis, if not for significant events in his life which molded his character coupled with the powerful influence of his mother, Mazie Epps Evans, who not only passed along her faith in the Lord but also her drive and energy. While Dwain remembers his dad, Festus Fincher Evans, reading stories from the Old Testament to him and his sister, Faye, by the light of a kerosene lamp, he has no memory of his father ever going to church. On the other hand, he said of his mother, "...without fail, every Sunday morning, my mother saw to it that we five children got loaded up in the Model A Ford Phaeton and headed to the Trumbell Church of Christ." His uncle, Rufus Epps, was the Bible class

teacher, song leader, and from time to time the preacher. Ironclad determination on his Mother's part saw to it that, "Come rain or shine, we were going to church. Not only on Sunday mornings, either. We attended church every time the doors opened." When it rained, getting there took a bit of doing, but Dwain said that their Model A was an ideal mud car. Despite its 18" wheels and high wheelbase, the black mud would bog up on the wheels until they would not turn. When that happened, someone had to get out and dig the mud from the wheels before they could go on. Dwain's youth helped him escape the mud-digging job.

Mazie Evan's devout prayer life left an indelible imprint on young Dwain's mind. "My mother had a stainless-steel faith. She believed in the power of prayer and spent a lot of time at it every day." When Dwain was four, circumstances forced the family to move from the status of humble but respectable tenant farmers on the "Home Place" to the unthinkable—dwelling in an unpainted hand house, a place where field hands were normally housed. To his credit, Festus Evans worked hard at farming, but he lacked good management skills. In the fall of the year he always held out for a higher cotton price, and when prices plummeted and he was forced to sell, he could scarcely repay the loan he had taken at the bank to put in the crop. During these hard times, in addition to farming, Festus took jobs with the Works Projects Administration (mostly road work).

Things continued to go downhill until one day Dwain's mother felt so desperate that she went into Ferris, the closest town, stood on the street corner and prayed, "Lord, don't let my children starve." Mazie's answer to prayer came in the form of a job offer when a town lady asked her to help out with the housecleaning. Mazie was not too proud to accept the job, and the whole family moved from the tenant farm to the lady's two-story house. How Mazie persuaded Festus to move into town was, and still is, a mystery to Dwain.

Dwain and his sister, Faye, took an annual trip in to Dallas on the Interurban (a glorified electric street car) where his unmarried aunt, Ollie Epps, met them and outfitted them for the coming school year. For Dwain, this included a visit to the Health Spot Shoe Store where his ungainly feet were shod with a new pair of high-tops. He could not wear a low-quarter shoe because of his rocker-shaped feet. Wearing these necessary but ugly shoes embarrassed Dwain, since no one else in his class wore shoes like that.

The structural problem with Dwain's feet worsened, and his pain increased. The orthopedist, Dr. Felix Butte, advised Mazie of the necessity of surgery on both Dwain's feet. The family had no health insurance and no money to pay for surgery. Dr. Butte directed Mazie to take Dwain to the Texas Crippled Children Society, and they agreed to pay for the operation. Dr. Butte fused certain bones and gave Dwain more comfortable feet. He spent the entire summer at St. Paul's Hospital, with casts on both legs from the crotch down. Dwain graduated to walking casts just in time to start school that fall.

As if economic struggle and physical pain were not enough, Dwain was in for a major emotional upheaval. With the war coming to an end, the defense plants started laying workers off. Dwain's father lost his good-paying job as a night watchman. Even before the lay-off, his father had experienced occasional episodes that involved talking under his breath and times of explosive anger. The family had become accustomed to these "fits" and learned to accept and get through these times with Pop—as Dwain called his father. One evening, while Dwain's sister, Marcreta, and her family were visiting, Festus arrived home unexpectedly; he was not due until the next morning. Dwain went out to greet his Pop and walked with him into the house. As soon as they entered the

house, Festus set down his lunch box, and without warning took out his pistol and shot his son-in-law, Jack, five times in the back, killing him instantly. Dwain had the presence of mind to run next door and call for help. His brother, Ralph, took charge of hiring Maury Hughes, a good criminal attorney in Dallas, to represent their father. Festus was found to be suffering from paranoid schizophrenia and was remanded to the State Hospital in Terrell, Texas. Dwain visited his father in the county jail (then at Terrell) and later, when they transferred him to Rusk. "We did not discuss the killing," said Dwain, "we talked only of our love and affection for each other."

The death of her husband, Jack, left Marcmeta in a desperate financial situation. She sold her house in Grand Prairie, and, along with her two young sons, moved in with Dwain and their mother. Suddenly, Dwain became a big brother, and he loved it. Another real bonus was the use of Marcmeta's 1941 Chevrolet. Dwain said, "I worked out an arrangement with her to use it if I kept it serviced and waxed." Dwain went before the county judge and succeeded in getting a hardship driver's license. After school, he delivered groceries for A&G food store, driving their Chevrolet panel truck. He also stocked the shelves, swept the store, and filled telephone orders. Now he could pay for his own clothes and entertainment. When the time came, Ralph arranged for Dwain to receive a tuition scholarship through the Texas Crippled Children's Society to North Texas State. Dwain found a part time job to cover his other expenses.

After "wrestling with God" that night on the front porch, deciding to transfer to Abilene Christian College was easy for Dwain. The hard part was figuring out how he could afford a school with a much higher tuition and in a town where he had no job. The same determination that drove his mother kicked in, and Dwain found a way. Taking it one step at a time, he first asked his brother, Dell, and his sister-in-law, Jo, who lived in Abilene, to provide him temporary room and board. They agreed. Next, he approached his uncle, D.A. Epps (who had previously helped Ralph) for a tuition loan. Dwain said, "Uncle D.A. agreed to do this each semester at only a nominal rate of interest." Dwain succeeded in landing a job and was even able to buy his first car—a 1936 Chevrolet club coupe. "The body was not much," said Dwain, "but the motor ran good."

From the moment that Dwain stepped foot on the campus of Abilene Christian, he sensed that everything was different from North Texas State. At A.C.C., it seemed that the clothes one wore, one's family status, where one was from—none of that mattered. In 1950, all the men were housed in U.S. Army surplus barracks, and the teachers were underpaid. But Dwain sensed that no one minded that much. He found his "band of brothers," overcame his shyness and learned that relationships were of utmost importance to him.

According to Dwain, being at ACC was a "coming of age" time for him, and the best way to describe his college experience was that he had *fun*. He and his friend, Jasper Howard had a contest to see who could date a different girl every night for the longest period of time. Dwain said, "The news got out and it nearly destroyed our social lives for a while." When he was a senior, Dwain was dubbed, "JOE COLLEGE, DEBONAIRE" when the *Abilene Reporter-News* featured him striking a jaunty pose while modeling the latest smooth look for collegians, complete with a brimmed hat. [The *Abilene Reporter-News*, Abilene Texas, Sunday Morning, August 16, 1953.]

As an undergraduate, Dwain faced the tough decision of what to do with his life. He knew the answer had to do with service to others in one of two fields, either as a medical doctor or as a minister of the gospel, and he felt pulled between the two choices. Dwain said that he felt confident

of his ability to become a doctor, and he had serious doubts about his ability to become a minister—although he felt a strong calling in that direction. He settled on premed.

The church continued to play a dominant role in Dwain's life, and although he dated a lot in college, he never dated girls outside the Church. In 1951, during the spring of his freshman year, Dwain met the girl of his dreams, Barbara Bass, at the 14th and Vine Streets congregation. After their initial meeting, Dwain telephoned Barbara. "When I identified myself and asked her to the Catclaw Picnic," he said, "it was clear that I remembered our introduction better than she did." Nevertheless, Barbara accepted the date, and that was the beginning of their relationship. Dwain proposed marriage and gave Barbara an engagement ring. They talked about his becoming a medical missionary in some locale where their services could be used, such as the northeast.

A Turn of Events

Then, a friend of Dwain's invited him to preach at the small church in Truby, Texas, and Dwain jumped at the chance. He worked up a sermon and invited Barbara and another couple to go with him on this preaching assignment. Although the experience convinced Dwain that there were very few students at Abilene Christian less suited for the ministry, by that time he had a "burning desire to preach." Apparently, Dwain was not the only one who questioned his strengths in the pulpit. After hearing one of Dwain's early attempts at preaching, Dr. Carl Brecheen told a friend of Dwain's that he wanted to come to Dwain and say, "There are a lot of things you can do in life, but preaching is *not* one of them.

Dwain's desire to preach did not go away. At mid-semester of his junior year, two years after first meeting Barbara, he switched from premed to Bible. Dwain said, "That shook my relationship with Barbara to the roots." From a young girl, Barbara had pledged herself never to marry a preacher. The preachers she knew did not impress her, and she certainly had no interest in marrying one. Such a tremendous strain developed between them that Dwain broke off their engagement. They were both miserable apart, though, because they were genuinely in love with each other and knew they wanted to be married. Dwain said, "Barbara told me she had decided she *could* be a preacher's wife." Although they gave Barbara's mother very short notice to plan a wedding, a classic double ring ceremony took place at the College Church of Christ on the evening of September 5, 1953. Following a reception in the Bass home, the honeymooners spent a few days in New Mexico.

Dwain Begins Preaching Career

Dwain's career as a preacher took off even before he completed all his requirements to graduate from Abilene Christian. He was taking 18 course hours, filling the pulpit at Shields, Texas on Sunday, speaking on a radio program in Coleman, Texas, and serving as the night manager of the Hotel Wooten Drug. Still, he lacked an English course and a French course to have enough hours to graduate with his class. On the other hand, Barbara had completed her degree requirements at mid-semester, taught school in Abilene the spring semester, and was graduated with honors. Dwain had switched majors so late that he had taken only the minimum number of required Bible courses and had not even been able to squeeze in the course on "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons." Nevertheless, he began looking for a church that would employ him as their minister.

Dr. Overton Faubus arranged a try out sermon for Dwain with the church in Coolidge, Texas. They hired him. Dwain said, "For me, preaching was an incredible experience. It was fearful,

exhilarating, and challenging to the core. I had just turned 21, and I could hardly believe that I had the responsibility of communicating a word from the Lord to His church." He knew he needed more training but could see no way to get it.

Dwain said that he loved everything about being a preacher—the pastoral work, visiting the sick at home and in the hospitals, offering a word from the Lord and a prayer for healing. He especially loved the preaching. He had not been a preacher very long, though, before he caused his first ripple of controversy in the church. The issue centered on race relations—something that Dwain was developing a passion for, especially after a personal experience raised his consciousness level.

It was early 1955—less than a year after the Supreme Court, in the landmark civil rights case, *Brown v The Board of Education*, declared segregated schools to be unconstitutional. One of the local schools lost a teacher, and they asked Barbara to fill in for the spring semester. Their infant daughter, Lisa, had been born in December. If Barbara were to return to work, they would need to hire someone to come to the house to care for Lisa. The Evans hired a black lady, and this propelled them into a practical but shocking introduction to southern culture right in their own home.

The lady they hired was accustomed to going around to the back of a white person's house and would not come to their front door. Dwain said, "When I tried to persuade her, she was horrified at the idea, and I, too, was horrified, but for the opposite reason." Neither would she sit down at the table and eat with them. When Dwain tried insisting, she became very anxious, and he had to give up his efforts.

Although desegregating schools was a step in the right direction, it did not abolish segregation in other public places, such as restaurants and restrooms—or in the churches. Dwain said, "I decided this would be an appropriate time for a word from the Lord to the church where I preached." He prepared an article on James 2 for the church bulletin (which he edited and published weekly) substituting the words "black" man for "poor" man, and "white" man for "rich" man.

It created quite a stir but only one man quit the church. To win the farmer back, Dwain paid him a visit. The man saw him coming, and by the time Dwain got up to him, the man was red in the face. He doubled up his fist and shook it in Dwain's face and said, "Preacher, don't you never mention Nigger again." This same man would rejoice when a black man came to the Lord; he just didn't want to worship with him. Dwain calmly replied, "Gus, I think you know me well enough to know that if I think it is in the Bible, I am going to mention it." Within a few weeks, the farmer was back in his pew as if nothing had happened.

Augusta, Maine

Dwain's next preaching job broadened his geographical and cultural horizons and stretched Dwain spiritually. At the Abilene lectures in February that year, Dwain and Barbara heard J. Harold Thomas urge young men and women to come to the northeast to be involved in church planting or strengthening small works that had already begun. This had a strong appeal to them both because they had already talked about New England. The Skillman Avenue Church of Christ in Dallas was looking for someone to go to Augusta, Maine to work with a small church there. The elders interviewed Dwain and Barbara and asked them to go.

In August 1955, Dwain, Barbara, and eight-month-old Lisa moved to Augusta. "At the ripe old age of 22," said Dwain, "I felt responsible to the Lord—and the Skillman elders—for a mission point, and I wasn't sure how to proceed." The tiny band of Christians graciously received them, and Dwain experienced spiritual growth during their three years in Augusta. For one thing, he came to realize that he preached a legalistic message.

J. B. Phillips was writing a modern speech, one-man translation of the Scriptures. His translation of *Letters to Young Churches* came out, with the book of Romans being the first letter. Dwain said that he devoured it, and that's when things began to change. "It was one of the most exciting things I had ever read, and the message called for a radical change in my preaching," he said. He had been excited before, but this humbling, new insight into the gospel filled Dwain with a much greater excitement and made him eager to share the good news with everyone he met. He now had a message of grace that rested not on good works but on the blood of Jesus. Dwain said, "And to think that this poor, fumbling, inexperienced and unprepared preacher had the privilege to proclaim it was mind-boggling." Gone was Dwain's prior mindset to get his internship in preaching finished in a small congregation and then go back to a large Southern congregation with a "cushy lifestyle."

An Exodus Conceived

It was in Augusta that Dwain first conceived the idea for an exodus. He concluded that the most effective way to plant a new church and reach those who need Christ could be accomplished if perhaps ten Christian families would band together to move into a new community, find jobs, and become a part of the life of that community. With this express purpose in mind, Dwain and Barbara decided to go back to Abilene, Texas where Dwain could finish the six hours he needed for his bachelor's degree—and hopefully where they could find ten families that would move with them to a new city. Since Barbara was expecting their second child, they moved in with her parents that summer to await Stephanie's birth in June 1958. Dwain completed his course work, received his degree, and began looking for a church.

James Willeford recommended Dwain to the elders at the Lamar Street Church of Christ in Sweetwater, Texas. From all appearances, Dwain provided the spark they needed to help them move forward. For one thing, there were a lot of baptisms—which Dwain said is always helpful to a minister in his career. Then too, they built a 1,000-seat auditorium during the 18 months he was there. However, Dwain and Barbara did not find the climate there that would support what they had come back for. In fact, Dwain said that one of the elders there seemed downright adverse to missionaries and would describe any missionary who came through as a person who was exploiting the church—taking advantage of the church, raising money for things they ought not to be raising it for. "It just killed me," said Dwain, "that he thought of our missionaries as exploiters."

The elders of the Parkway Drive Church of Christ in Lubbock invited Dwain to be their pulpit minister. After scouting ahead and deciding the ground there seemed much more fertile for what they ultimately wanted to do, in January 1960, Dwain, Barbara and their young daughters moved to Lubbock. Robert Qualls and his wife, Annette joined them as associate minister. At Parkway Drive, Dwain had further occasion to speak his mind on an unpopular subject.

At that time, the civil rights issue was rapidly coming to the national forefront. Virgil Trout, who was preaching for the Sunset Church of Christ in Lubbock, led Dwain and another minister in a weekly discussion of their responsibility to speak the truth on this issue. In addition to Trout's

exhortations, Dwain came across an enlightening sermon in *The Pulpit Digest* by Will Campbell, a Southern Baptist minister in Nashville, Tennessee, in which he began with a quote from David Lipscomb (for whom the local Church of Christ college was named). Lipscomb stated that it is a sin to have both a black church and a white church in the same community.

Shortly after this, Dwain announced a Sunday evening sermon topic, "Is Segregation Scriptural?" One of the elders who had been especially generous to Dwain and Barbara came to Dwain privately and told him if he preached that sermon, he would refuse to attend. "I told him that I had no choice but to preach it," said Dwain. He used the Lipscomb quote in the beginning of his sermon and went on to say, "One day soon black Christians will ask to be members of this church, and we must be prepared to accept them into full fellowship." Undoubtedly, David Lipscomb would like knowing that today Parkway Drive is one of the most integrated churches in Lubbock.

At Parkway Drive, Dwain found several people who were indeed interested in his mission idea, and soon there was a nucleus of a dozen families. Besides Dwain and Barbara, there were Alfred Holeman, an irrigated cotton grower and elder at Parkway Drive, and his wife, Clellie; John Tanner, assistant manager of Veazey Cash Lumber Company, and his wife, Evelyn; Dail Griffin, who was working on his Master's Degree, and his wife, Maxine; Jim Hicks, a student at Texas Tech who was employed by Pioneer Natural Gas Company, and his wife, Delores; Emmitt Gentry, who worked for the State Highway, and his wife Lily; Doyle Love, a certified public accountant, and his wife, Jean; and Parkway Drive's new associate minister, Robert Qualls and his fiancé, Annette Davis.

Implementing the Idea

Like Abraham, the spiritual patriarch, this little band of believers felt called. Now, what they needed was a destination, a Promised Land, as it were. They formed a committee and, without benefit of the yet-to-be invented internet, studied the cities of the nation. In the Northwest, they could not find a single city with a population of more than 10,000 that did not have a congregation of the Church of Christ. In the Northeast, however, there were numerous cities with populations of more than 100,000 that had no Church of Christ. They set their sights on the Northeast.

Next, they developed a list of 22 Northeastern cities and gathered all the information they could find about them. They mailed questionnaires to 26 ministers in the greater New England states, asking for recommendations of seven prime locations that could benefit from the immigration of a mission group. They came up with Lowell, Lawrence, and Haverhill, Massachusetts; Waterbury and Middletown, Connecticut; and Albany and Bay Shore, Long Island, New York. [Loveland, page 5] Using an adapted paper survey, which had been originally designed by industry when contemplating a move to a new city, the committee gathered all the information they could find on the seven cities. Walter Rogers, Alfred Holeman, Robert Qualls, and Dwain Evans visited each of the seven cities and brought the information back to the planning group. Finally, after prayer and fasting, the group selected Bay Shore, in Suffolk County, Long Island and officially named their project "Exodus/Bay Shore."

Suffolk County, Long Island had a reputation for being agriculturally fertile since the 1600's and held records for production in New York for potatoes, cabbage, and broccoli. Long Island duckling was prevalent on the menus of the "finer" local diners. But what caught the attention of the planning

group and led them to believe the area to be a "field ripe unto harvest" was the huge population explosion on Long Island, with which existing churches clearly had not kept up.

Beginning in the 1930s, Long Island became the site of large-scale suppliers to the U.S. defense and aerospace industries. Grumman Aircraft Corporation played an important role in developing high-technology jet planes, such as the Navy F14 fighter, as well as the lunar module (LEM), which first landed men on the moon in 1969. During the 1950's, new job openings changed the face and the pace of historic Long Island. Seemingly overnight, potato fields metamorphosed into housing developments, and Island parkways connected the villages. In much of Suffolk County, travelers could drive their cars from one village to another without leaving inhabited areas. Larger vehicles, such as pickups, vans, station wagons, trailers, and school buses were required to use I-495 (Long Island Expressway, or L.I.E.), and traffic usually moved at a snail's pace. For this reason, it was dubbed "the world's longest parking lot." [The Genesis Of An Exodus: The Documentary Basis For A History Of The Exodus/Bayshore Movement, Erma Jean Loveland, essay, page 5]

The Exodus planners took comfort in knowing that the new congregation would not be totally bereft of a wider New Testament fellowship. Nearby Churches of Christ were: Manhattan (in New York City), East Side (in Queens), Malverne and Bethpage, (in Nassau County), and Huntington Station, Commack, Patchogue, and Riverhead (in Suffolk County). An independent Christian Church (Church of Christ), called the Bayshore Road Church of Christ, a congregation that used the piano in worship, was overlooked in the survey but would be discovered—with some embarrassment—by a small contingent of the new arrivals after settling in.

Enter Walter Burch

With their target city chosen and seven families already committed (though two would later drop out), Dwain acquired the help of Walter Burch, who was at that time a New York public relations executive and member of the Commack Church of Christ. Burch, who was working with Abilene Christian College as director of development, came through Lubbock and visited Dwain. Walter became so excited about the Exodus plans that he encouraged the Group to raise their goal to 30 families and offered his services.

Using his excellent planning skills and knowledge of promotion, Burch prepared an ingenious plan that detailed everything, right down to the size of envelopes that would be needed for the mail-outs and the census takers' dialogue. According to this plan, the group would, before November 1, 1961, develop promotional materials such as a filing system, mailing list, visual presentations to sell the attractiveness of Bay Shore, and statistical data about the ten Northeastern states. In his "Outline of Master Plan of Action for the Northeastern Missionary Group," Burch pointed out procedures, needs, plans, and questions that needed to be addressed.

Some of these questions pertained to the nature of the group as a new congregation: Does a congregation have to be weak at the beginning or can it be strong? Can the group be organized with Elders and Deacons from the start? Can the group move into its own church building within one year? Can every member be totally dedicated from the beginning? How soon can the congregation become self-supporting? Can a group moved out of one culture into another abound with faith, zeal, love, and grow to 1,000 members or more?

Part of the plan included cultivation of programs that had been generated during the group's meetings. One of these was a standard of religious orthodoxy: *Anyone straying from a form of religion like that of Churches of Christ would be excluded from the group's fellowship and social activities.*

Other plans were less exclusive: A program of benevolence will be encouraged and initiated on Long Island as soon as possible. A mission program will be begun within the first year. Newcomers in Christ will be actively shepherded in their faith, zeal, and love. Every member, new ones included, will be trained to be personal teachers for Christ, so that each can teach Bible classes to friends and neighbors. A defined curriculum will be selected or written, and teaching assignments made. Each member will have a project assignment. Publicity will be planned to announce regular worship services. As early as possible, the Elders and Deacons will make selections and assignments to share the work of the church by way of a committee system.

At some point, the planners drafted a tentative organizational chart, which was to be revised July 26, 1963. It covered the projected major functions of the new congregation—Evangelism, [missions] Congregational Welfare, Educational, Benevolence, Building and Grounds, Finance, Personal Evangelism, and Worship.

Burch recommended that participants of Exodus/Bay Shore, in order to magnify their influence, plan to move to the Northeast permanently. Each family, with the exception of the Ministers and possibly the Elders, would need to be self-supporting and able to finance their own moving expenses. He encouraged people to buy or build homes as quickly as possible. Burch diligently researched Long Island schools and basic living expenses and provided copious data to thoroughly inform the Exodus participants. He compared Long Island's supermarket prices with Houston's for ordinary staple items such as bread, milk, sugar, coffee, and detergent, as well as for larger household appliances such as washers, dryers, stoves, and televisions. Burch also provided information about heating, water, and sewerage. His report revealed: "There are three types of heating available on Long Island—gas, oil, and oil-hot water. Gas is the most expensive, oil or oil-hot water is less expensive, but oil-hot water is the most efficient. County water is available in most areas, but many houses have their own wells. All development houses have county water. There is no public sewer system, and all houses have septic tanks." [Loveland, page 7, Center For Restoration Study, ACU]

Promoting the Project

Walter suggested that they ask the elders of the Richland Hills Church of Christ, in Ft Worth, to sponsor the project. With vision and courage, the elders readily agreed. With the hope that Exodus/Bay Shore might inspire other such movements, the group raised the goal of 30 families to 60. The first official public announcement of Exodus/Bay Shore went out at the February 1962 Lubbock Christian College Lectureship. After that, news releases were sent to commercial periodicals inviting others to "Come, follow us to Bay Shore."

Walter asked Larry Cardwell, a gifted artist, to prepare a special brochure carrying the theme, "Advancing A Bold Idea in Evangelism." Cardwell came up with an attractively illustrated purple and white fold out brochure that covered the "what, why, when, where, and how" of Exodus/Bay Shore. Dwain had been inspired by a quote in Dietrich Bonhoeffer's, *The Cost of Discipleship*, "When Christ calls a man, he bids him come and die" and he thought that perhaps asking people to

leave their job, sell their home, and move across the nation to help plant a new church might be as radical as Bonhoeffer had in mind. [Bonhoeffer, *The Cost of Discipleship*, New York: The Macmillan Company.]

To promote Exodus/Bay Shore, Cardwell and Burch designed and cleverly constructed professional graphics on heavy 4X5-foot art board that packed inside a wooden box. The materials were so large a special trailer had to be built to carry them behind the car. When the box containing the graphics was set flat on the floor, or on a strong table at the front of the church auditorium, the hinged lid opened and was leaned back against a piece of furniture. All the cardboard pieces were stood up against the lid and, as the narrative progressed, they were flipped facedown into the storage box. [Richard Salmon, email, July 25, 2006]

R.C. Blevins, T. Berlin Cummings, Wilson Hunt, and Don Mc Ham, Elders of Richland Hills, decided to advance the planning and promotion costs up to \$2,500 over a 16-month period and agreed to manage all financial contributions made into the Exodus/Bay Shore accounts. The Elders and the Committee for Exodus/Bay Shore co-signed a mission statement published in a letter of agreement:

...to establish a self-supporting congregation and New Testament Church in the city of Bay Shore, Long Island, New York on or about August 1, 1963. The congregation is to be made up of families desiring to move to the Bay Shore area to fulfill the purpose of the project. It will be the purpose of those concerned to have at least 60 couples of unquestioned Christian character [to] make up the nucleus of this congregation.

Selecting the Site

Ralph Spencer, a local Lubbock architect, and Don Osborne, a local realtor, agreed to serve as the site location team for the Exodus. The two men traveled to Long Island and, failing to find suitable real estate in Bay Shore, they broadened their search. About three miles west of Bay Shore, they found a beautiful large tract of land on the thoroughfare of Montauk Highway in West Islip. They made an offer of \$52,000, and the landowners accepted it. Ralph Spencer went back to Lubbock and began designing the building, which was to be constructed in two phases. First, a chapel and educational plant would be built to meet the immediate needs of the group. This was to be followed by a large auditorium that could seat 2000. With an estimated cost of \$100,000 for the initial building and furnishings, ambitious fund-raising would be imperative.

To launch an individual solicitation fund-raising program for the Exodus/Bay Shore project, Richland Hills hosted a kick-off dinner and set a goal to raise \$20,000. The project volunteers at Richland Hills alone, with an average pledge of \$8.00 per month (above their regular contribution) committed over \$6,000 toward the goal—to be paid over a three-year period. By then, under current plans, the new congregation would be self-supporting. Richland Hills encouraged other churches to do the same and offered their assistance.

With the conviction that mission work is in some way everybody's responsibility, they produced an informational brochure called, "A Test of Your Vision and Faith," challenging Christians to get involved, make a sacrifice, and help the Exodus congregation overcome the handicaps of a mission field, such as inadequate personnel and facilities. Campaigns began in other Texas cities. To simplify the mechanics of individual contributions, a post-dated check plan was established. It

worked well, and the first funds they raised paid off the land in West Islip. Although Bay Shore would not be the permanent home of the mission congregation, promotion went forward using the Exodus/Bay Shore materials. By now, they were too far along in the project to change them. [Promotional materials, "A Test of Your Vision and Faith," Dwain Evans email, date not noted]

Dwain and Barbara moved from Lubbock to Fort Worth, and on June 1, 1962, Dwain was placed on fulltime salary at North Richland Hills. The strategy called for a year of visiting churches across the South and Southwest presenting the Exodus/Bay Shore plan. Dwain persuaded Rodney Spaulding, a recent graduate of Abilene Christian College, to join the team as Minister of Personal Evangelism, and Richland Hills added him to the payroll on July 1. Spaulding was born in Wichita Falls, Texas in 1938 but grew up in Bend, Oregon. After moving back to Texas, he graduated high school in Hamlin, Texas and then went on to Abilene Christian. In 1961, he married Patricia Ann Phagan.

Dwain and Rodney traveled separately and covered ten states, each pulling a special trailer with a set of promotional materials. Rod, who had never seen Long Island, drove his Volkswagon Beetle approximately 35,000 miles around the country talking to people, showing them slides, and telling the story of Exodus/Bay Shore. Someone said that the trailer he pulled was longer than the VW he drove, and that it looked like the trailer was pushing the car. [Joe Holley page 9, Exodus Newsletter No. 8]

Dwain said that they presented an "experiment in evangelism." People were asked to sell their houses, quit their jobs and move to the Bay Shore area of Long Island to serve as the nucleus of a new church. The zeal was great and the commitment was high. [Exodus Evangelism, by Dwain 1967?] "The response we saw was greater than our wildest dreams," Dwain said. Indeed, the times were ripe for such an idea as the Exodus. John F. Kennedy, in his inaugural address, had challenged the entire nation when he said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." Young people were volunteering for the Peace Corps at subsistence salaries. This new spirit in the nation penetrated the lives of church members who could easily ask this same hard question about their spiritual lives. Clearly, many Christians were tired of a spectator religion and were ready for something more. Wherever the two recruiters spoke, they passed out commitment cards, and more than 1,500 families signed these cards, pledging to support the Exodus in some way. Dwain said, "This was not a hard-sell proposition. We would leave the church that evening and go on to another city, another state. The interest of these families had to be strong enough to follow up on their own." When Howard and Margaret Hodgson made a verbal commitment to move with the Exodus, they then "put their actions where their mouth was." [Loveland, p. 6]

Press Coverage

One Sunday morning in November 1962, the *Lubbock Avalanche-Journal* ran an article titled: "UNIQUE EVANGELISTIC PLAN: Texas Families Will Move Across Country Next Year." The Exodus/Bay Shore project was purported to be "conceivably the largest single exodus of Christians for the purpose of evangelism in this century." [Lubbock Avalanche-Journal, Sunday Morning, November 4, 1962, 2-F.]

20th Century Christian devoted their entire January 1963 "Silver Anniversary" issue to articles about Exodus/Bay Shore. Those who contributed articles were: M. Norvel Young (Editorial), Walter Burch, Guest Editorial, Dan McHam, Ralph Evans, Forrest Wells, Ruth McClain, Dan Mallow, Dwain Evans, Forrest Odom, Rodney Spaulding, Alfred Holeman, Dail Griffin, and D.L. Reneau.

This publication inspired many people to request more information on Exodus/Bay Shore and to make gifts in the form of checks to support the project. The Elders of Richland Hills placed an order for 10,000 copies and urged others to get their orders in, "at the special price of 12 cents per copy." [Exodus Newsletter, Number 7, Oct. 26, 1962 and LATE NEWS (Exodus Newsletter), undated]

Getting Acquainted

Prior to the move to Long Island five retreats were held in Texas. An initial, rather unstructured retreat was held in Athens, Texas, southeast of Dallas, in the spring of 1962 for about 25 people, including the elders of North Richland Hills. After that, open public retreats were planned with the purpose of providing opportunities for the committed to get acquainted, or better acquainted in some cases, informing the undecided, with particular emphasis on additional information about employment and housing on Long Island, and inspiring all who attended.

The first retreat was held August 3-5, 1962 at Camp Arrowhead, a beautiful and secluded location on the Brazos River between Cleburne and Glen Rose, Texas. This retreat drew 154 people. The fee for adults was \$5.00, and \$2.50 for children under seven. The day began with a large-group devotional, followed by breakfast. Scheduled presentations, breaks, speeches, meals, and recreation provided structure throughout the day. Dwain reviewed and analyzed the Exodus/Bay Shore concept. Jim Hicks, Archie Tomlinson, and Don Osborne gave tips on job opportunities, consumer goods and housing on Long Island. Virgil Trout spoke on "The Meaning of Commitment." In the evening, Robert Qualls, Rodney Spaulding, and Alfred Holeman discussed preaching and evangelism. A riverside devotional wrapped up the day. Those gathered on the banks of the Brazos entreated the Lord in song: "Lord, lift me up and let me stand, by faith, on heaven's tableland, a higher place than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

A second retreat was held at Camp Arrowhead October 5-7, 1962, with 183 people present. The retreats were such a success that a third one was held on December 2, 1962, this time at the Bedford Ranch, in the Fort Worth suburb of Bedford, Texas, with 184 people in attendance. Finally, by popular request, a fourth and last retreat before the big move was held May 4-5, 1963, also at Bedford Ranch, with 106 people in attendance. These four public retreats featured such well-known speakers as, A R. Holton, E. W. McMillan, Virgil Trout, Norman Gipson, and others, all passionately encouraging the mission.

Dwain went down to Port Arthur, Texas to recruit Richard Salmon as director of education for the Exodus congregation. Richard, being born in Trenton, New Jersey and raised in the area, was a reverse transplant. At the age of 13, he was baptized by Clinton Rutherford and later began preaching in Mendham, New Jersey. After his move to Texas, he of course continued his career in the ministry. Richard, his wife, Carolyn, and their four young children were living in Port Arthur, where he worked as educational director for the Proctor Street Church of Christ. In addition to that, he was the music director and youth director. While working there, he also took on the position of choir director for a weekly program called, "The Living Way," produced by the Proctor Street church and aired on the local NBC station.

While still working at the Proctor Street church, Richard began putting together a pictorial directory to help the committed families become better acquainted. Soon, 34 families had either submitted pictures for the directory or had Richard photograph them. In order to expedite the completion of the directory, Richard mailed a questionnaire to each family with a request for a quick return. After

finishing up with Proctor Street, the Salmons moved to Nocona, in North Texas, to stay with Carolyn's parents while Richard raised his support.

Movement Becomes National News

Exodus/Bay Shore began receiving a wider press. On January 2, 1963, Frances Edwards, editor of the Religion section of the *Fort Worth Star Telegram*, interviewed Dwain. She explained that an article regarding the Exodus/Bay Shore project would appear the following weekend. Dwain said, "You can imagine our astonishment when we saw the story on the front page of the Thursday evening, January 4 edition. In fact, the Exodus/Bay Shore story was given the most prominent position that could have been given—even above the headlines.

A few days later, on a Saturday afternoon, *Time Magazine* called. They wanted to get a complete story for their "Religion" section, on Exodus/Bay Shore specifically and the Church of Christ in general. Moreover, they wanted to have a photographer and a reporter in the worship services at Richland Hills the following morning. With such short notice, the elders requested that we contact some of our leading preachers and ask for their assistance. Batsell Barrett Baxter, Carl Spain, and Walter Burch furnished us with some wonderful suggestions in preparing for this interview with *Time*. Several of the committed families were present for the service, and photographers snapped many pictures. Then, everyone waited to see whether the outcome of the *Time* article would be good or bad. Dwain said, "From the beginning we have not sought such publicity. Rather, we have endeavored to eliminate any national publicity so we might not create any prejudice in the minds of the people on Long Island before our move. But, since it has happened in the way it has, we feel that it is God's will. Let us pray that this publicity will be used to the glory of His kingdom." [Exodus Newsletter, Number 8, January 11, 1963.]

Employment Conference

As more and more people committed to the move, Dwain said that the enormity of the undertaking began to settle in. "It was indeed a journey of faith, but I confess my faith trembled at the prospect of all these people selling their homes, quitting their jobs and arriving on the south shore of Long Island in August." These people would need jobs once they got there. Dwain called on his brother, Ralph, for help in planning an employment conference. Ralph agreed to serve as coordinator and chairman and made arrangements with the Baker Hotel in Dallas for a conference to be held February 2-3, 1963. They collected resumes from people committed to the Exodus—most of which were professionals.

Dwain, Ralph, and Ralph's wife, Sue, traveled to Long Island to talk to major potential employers. They went to employment centers where they showed the resumes and simply explained that these people were coming in August out of a faith commitment. They requested that employment counselors come to the conference—at their own expense. Republic Aviation, Sperry Gyroscope, Grumman Aircraft, Airborne Instruments, Long Island Lighting Company (LILCO), 16 school districts, and a representative of the New York State Department of Labor pledged to be there. A team of ministers at the church in Commack provided invaluable assistance in coordinating this project.

Dwain sent out a special (undated) edition of the Exodus Newsletter providing thirteen suggestions for interviewing, including the optimistic: "Avoid accepting more than one offer." He included a

reminder that arrangements could be made to stay in the home of area Christians, free of charge, if one did not wish to stay at the Baker Hotel (\$6.50 for a single room) while attending the conference. Not all the Long Island employers who had promised to attend the conference showed up, but those who did were pleased with the outcome.

Representatives from Republic Aviation, Grumman Aircraft, LILCO, Cowin Associates, and three school superintendents representing a total of eight school districts traveled from Long Island to Dallas for the conference. Additionally, in cooperation with the New York State Department of Labor in Bay Shore, the Texas Employment Commission had from two to six persons on hand at all times to interview all interested applicants. 157 people were interviewed during the two days of the conference, and solid ground was laid for future employment. Long Island interviewers expressed commendation for the quality of applicants. Mr. George Hickman, of Republic Aviation, made this statement: "If we could staff our entire corporation with this kind of personnel, we would make several million dollars more each year." On the night following the employment conference, a five-minute televised news report was aired on Channel 5. Dwain said, "All of us became aware that there was a power greater than any of us at work here." [Exodus Newsletter, No. 9, Feb. 23, 1963]

On February 15, 1963, just a couple of weeks after the employment conference, the anxiously awaited issue of *Time* hit the stands, announcing to the world, "The Campbellites Are Coming." The piece was quite informative, but Dwain said, "Unfortunately, the reporter used some phrases that we did not use." According to the article, Bay Shore "was chosen for what the migrants conceive to be a novel blend of wholesomeness and godlessness." Concerning Churches of Christ in general, the article stated: "The Churches of Christ may well be the most Biblebound of all American religious groups. 'Where the Bible speaks, we speak; where the Bible is silent, we are silent. ...' The churches accept only the authority of Scripture—but they leave each member free to interpret Scripture as he chooses. Their five "avenues of worship" are singing (but always *a cappella*: the Bible does not authorize instruments), praying, communion (taken every Sunday), preaching and giving."

The article included other distinguishing characteristics about Churches of Christ, such as their refusal to celebrate Easter and Christmas (because there is no explicit New Testament authorization for it), their form of government (having neither bishops, presbyters nor any central authority, with each congregation autonomous), and the disapproval of most of the older members for smoking, drinking, dancing, and political liberalism. They also threw in the fact, "Nine-tenths of the churches are white-only, a few are integrated, and the rest are Negro-only." On the whole, Dwain believed that the press treated the Exodus/Bay Shore project fairly and objectively.

The *Time* article led to even more press coverage for Exodus/Bay Shore. *The Dallas Daily Times Herald* gave the Exodus project a front-page story. Long Island's *Newsday*, and *The Long Island Daily Press* each ran a story, and an Associated Press release went out over the AP wire and appeared in many places throughout the U.S. (Later on, *Newsweek*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *The New York Times* featured the new congregation.)

Following the publicity releases, many people on Long Island contacted the Richland Hills church office offering their houses for sale or rent. E.L. Boothe, Inc., of Fort Worth, representing the Kings Van and Storage Company, provided moving rates, broken down by weight and mileage. This information was sent out through the Exodus Newsletter, and everyone was invited to share additional information or tips about moving through the newsletter. Many people planned to rent a U-Haul truck or trailer van to pull behind their car. Suggestions for ways to save money were made,

such as packing one's own things, or going in with families planning to rent a rail boxcar. [Exodus Newsletter, Number 9, February 23, 1963.]

Purchasing the Land

In mid-February, the Elders of Richland Hills met with Sam Grimes, an attorney from Long Island, to finalize purchase of the building site on Montauk Highway in West Islip. The original intention was to purchase only 4 of the 7.7-acre tract for the church, and a building contractor wanted to purchase the remaining 3.7 acres. Dwain said, "The deal with the building contractor fell through, and it became necessary for us to purchase the entire 7.7 acres and then try to sell part of it." Purchase price was \$100,000, with \$25,000 down and the remainder to be paid out over a five-year period of time. The first three years would be interest free.

A planning conference was set for March 1-2 in Dallas to formulate building guidelines. Representatives of the Exodus/Bay Shore group, along with the elders of Richland Hills met with architects to develop plans. As soon as Dwain saw the novel building designs, he wrote: "I believe we will have one of the best designed buildings in the brotherhood with which to accomplish the work of the Lord in this mission area." Breaking with traditional arrangement of pews, seating in the West Islip chapel would be V-shaped, allowing congregants to see one another. One whole side of the chapel would be floor to ceiling window, with a slider opening to an outer landscaped courtyard, which in turn would open to the expansive grounds of the property and wooded area beyond. The focal point of the chapel would be the pulpit and a low-standing baptistry pool with a brick backdrop. Classrooms on either side of the V would have accordion doors that opened to become part of the chapel.

By this time, churches in Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Tennessee had arranged fund-raising dinners for Exodus/Bay Shore, and a total of \$90,000 from individuals and churches had been pledged to purchase the site and erect the building. [Exodus Newsletter, Number 9, February 23, 1963]

In March, Mrs. James W. Nichols (Bettye), editor of *Christian Woman*, asked Barbara Evans to write a story for their July, 1963 issue, which would feature the theme, "The Transient Life." They wanted Barbara to cover the purpose of the project and the practical plans for carrying it out. Barbara wrote an article called, "Moving For The Lord: Exodus/Bay Shore," in which she not only gave the requested information, but she also provided a delightful glimpse into her personal life.

Beginning with a creative image of how things might be after their arrival on Long Island, Barbara wrote: "By the time the school bells ring this fall, scores of packing crates will have found their way to incinerators, dozens of automobiles will have shucked their southwestern license plates for yellow ones bearing the legend, 'The Empire State,' and a lot of weary husbands will be rearranging the household furniture for the umpteenth time while their wives try 'just once more' to decide if this combination looks best in their new houses."

Barbara confessed, "Things have never been dull since Dwain Evans and I were married. We were at Abilene Christian College when we became engaged. Dwain was a pre-med student; I was planning to be a doctor's wife. One night, Dwain sprang it on me: "I want to preach, and I want to go where the church is weak. I was dumbfounded. Dwain hadn't given me any inkling of what he had been thinking, and I still remember what a shock it was when he announced his calling. After

our marriage, I joined him in carrying out his ambition." Barbara said that the goal and purpose of the Christian can and is being practiced in their home congregation, but "There is the blessedness of making a bit more sacrifice; the comfort of having to depend more upon God, and the thrill of experiencing a deepening of faith."

That spring, Dwain promoted Exodus/Bay Shore at several lectureships: Oklahoma Christian, February 11, Lubbock Christian, February 21, Fort Worth Christian, March 11, George Pepperdine, March 18, and Abilene Christian, April 21. At Abilene Christian, all the committed families wore badges bearing the words: "Exodus/Bay Shore—I'm going." Dwain and Rod traveled to California to raise support for the ministers and received a great response. Pat Boone agreed to contribute to Dwain's personal support. Dwain wrote, "There is a great deal of excitement all across the west coast about Exodus/Bay Shore, and the brethren there are watching carefully the progress of this effort." His concluding words read like a benediction: "Time for departure is rapidly approaching. May God's richest blessing be with you as you make your final preparations. Only eternity will reveal the amount of good that will be done by this great example of faith that you are manifesting. Remember, the word 'failure' must not occur. With God's help, all things are possible. We are determined that victory will be ours!"

The Time Is Drawing Near

By April, the list of committed families had grown to 68. Dwain filled his Exodus Newsletters with updates and encouraging words intended to bolster the faith of families on the verge of making the big move. On April 12, 1963, he wrote: "THE HOUR IS UPON US! Our faith trembles at the magnitude of this undertaking! And now, we face the real test. All of the uncertainties, the perplexing problems, and our fears are beginning to weigh heavily upon us. We will have *the courage* to follow through! We will be *so determined* that we are going to win with God that we will launch out on our faith! We are *so resolved* that we are going that we will immediately proceed to sell our houses, cut loose the remaining ties that bind, and prepare to make the move! In a very real sense you have received the call of Abraham. ...Whether you and I realize it or not, we are conscripted by God to 'march off the map' with Him, even as Abraham did so long ago. Here are some words that have been encouraging to me. May I share them with you?"

A hundred hindering trifles hang to the coattails of every great undertaking.

A hundred thwarting details threaten the fixity of every great undertaking.

A hundred interloping interests assail the stability of every great determination.

A hundred wilting doubts and discouragements menace every great enthusiasm.

Determine; then spurn the irrelevant—to keep your eyes on the main purpose.

Dwain reported that some of the teachers who interviewed at the employment conference in Dallas have already received definite job contracts. The Long Island school superintendents at the Dallas employment conference in early February had indicated that even teachers who were *not* qualified could receive teaching jobs somewhere in that area of Long Island, because the need for teachers was so desperate. They had also indicated that, due to the religious nature of our effort, they would receive some reaction if one school district hired too many from the Exodus/Bay Shore project. Nevertheless, the Bay Shore superintendent, Mr. Ralph J. Elliott, heard Walter Burch speak and indicated that he was willing to hire any teacher from the Bay Shore project that he had a position open for.

Dwain also said that Dan Mallow had recently flown to Long Island and while there received three job-offers. Paul Hart had arrived on the island, and in the space of half a day had gotten a job with Grumman, located a house to live in, and bought a car. "We will have to go some to beat his record!" Dwain quipped. While at Grumman, Paul Hart overheard Mr. Charles Towers say to one of his subordinates, "Any of those Bay Shore people who come along are to be hired if there is any position at all available for them."

During the spring of 1963 several Exodus "early birds" migrated to Long Island, joining Ken and Martha Russell and their two children, Teresa and Mark, who had arrived in the fall of 1962 to take advantage of a job opening at Idlewild Airport in Ken's field of expertise. (In 1963, the airport would be renamed John F. Kennedy Airport, in memory of the slain president.) Joe and Joyce Romanic arrived in early March 1963, Paul and Emily Krippner got there toward the end of March, and in April, the following people had either joined them or were on their way: Joe and Sally Hunnicutt, Emmett and Lillie Gentry, Paul and Virginia Hart, Forrest and Kay Wells, James West and Don Armstrong. With the exception of Ken Russell and Joe Hunnicutt, they moved without definite assurance of employment before leaving.

Dwain made another trip to Long Island in April and arranged for the rental of some modest vacation facilities known as the George Wolffe Cabins at 196 River Road, in Great River, an unincorporated part of the south shore of Long Island. These cabins were part of a large property on which sat one of Long Island's former great mansions. Later the lawn area was platted for land lease, turning a maintenance liability into an income-producing asset. The "city dwellers could lease the land, build a cabin on the land, spend what time of the year they pleased (bearing in mind that they had no heat and no air-conditioning), and the Wolffe could rent these furnished cabins to other people during those days when the lessee did not plan to use their cabin." [Dan Mallow, July, 23, 2010.)

Dwain optimistically reported that the cottages were "complete with all that was needed to set up housekeeping, with the exception of linens and cookware." Perhaps best of all, there was a large wooded area in which the children could safely play without need for parental concern. Dwain encouraged people to pay the \$25.00 per week for their cabin if they could afford to do so; otherwise the cost would be absorbed by the project. He said, "The elders of the Richland Hills church are anxious to do everything they can to make it possible for your move to be accomplished with the fullest degree of satisfaction.

In the April 12 Exodus Newsletter, Dwain encouraged participants who would need temporary housing upon their arrival on Long Island to contact the North Richland Hills church office in Fort Worth and indicate their expected arrival date so that one of the Wolffe Cabins, in Great River, could be reserved for them. In addition to the cabins, families who were already established would be making their homes available to help take care of incoming people. Ken Russell and other early arrivers kept a list of houses for sale or rent and offered their assistance in helping newcomers find housing. E. J. Summerlin, of the Commack church also agreed to assist people after their arrival, so Dwain provided Summerlin's address and suggested writing to him a week before departing for Long Island so that he could expect them.

Dwain happily reported, "The Fidelity Investment Company of Abilene, Texas had agreed to supply the financing for the new building through the sale of church bonds to interested individuals, giving the mission church a guaranteed amount of draw each month. Dwain wrote: "The long-awaited day

is upon us! Praise God for the marvelous blessings that He has given us. Surely the Bay Shore project is a wonderful demonstration of His powerful providence. Let us pause frequently and thank God for the avenues He has opened!"

There was a current of excitement in Dwain's words written on June 5, 1963: "This is the last newsletter to come out of the Fort Worth office. As this is being written, all of the office supplies are packed and many of them have already been picked up for shipment to Bay Shore. The next newsletter you receive will be from the Bay Shore office." Dwain said that he hoped to be able to get one out by the first of August. By then, things were happening so fast they could hardly keep up. "We send orchids to E.J. Summerlin and the Long Island crew who have been 'snowed under' for the past few days with people who have been up on the Island seeking appointments." With the help of Summerlin's crew, thirty-two families now had jobs or definite assurances of one, and ten new families are on Long Island making their final job arrangements.

Besides Dwain Evans, Richard Salmon and Rodney Spaulding, who would be on staff, those who had recently obtained jobs include: "the Joe Parrishes, Virginia Brack, Carleta Roberts, Shirley Campbell, Don Wright, Paul Krippner, Jim Kite, Forrest Wells, Dennis Conaway, Carl Phagan, Ken Russell, Emmet Gentry, Vera Jean Petty, Doris Newhouse, Dan Mallow, Joe Hunnicutt, Paul Hart, Carolyn Fawcett, Jackie Thomas, Don Armstrong, Joe Romanic, Waymon Moore, Elizabeth Kimberlin, and Virginia Coffman..." [Exodus Newsletter, June 5, 1963]

Just before the Evans's departure for Long Island, Dwain and Barbara took a trip to New Orleans for some much-needed time alone. Dwain said that Barbara and their young daughters, Lisa and Stephanie, had made a great sacrifice while he traveled on behalf of Exodus/Bay Shore. Then, they loaded their furniture, packed their car and headed to New York.

A Pilgrimage

Throughout the summer of 1963, but primarily during a period of about six weeks, the vast majority of the 215 venturesome pioneers made their way northeast along the two-lane highways still prevalent then. There was but a handful of Interstate highways and only 23 U.S. Highways. Some folks traveled in relative style; others barely made it. Then, there were a few who sort of stumbled upon the transplanted church, liked it and stayed. To get a clearer picture of who went and why, it would be good to have an account of everyone's journey; but we do not. Most of the following stories are from those who were recruited by Dwain and Rodney, and others are from people who decided to go to Long Island with the two subsequent waves, based on word of mouth, job opportunities—or even the close proximity to New York City. Interestingly, some of the latter are still there, guiding the church, over fifty years later. Indeed, God moves in mysterious ways.

Ken and Martha Russell and their children, Teresa and Mark, were the first to make what would become a mass Exodus to arrive on Long Island. In the fall of 1962, before even hearing about Exodus/Bay Shore, the Russell family flew to Washington D.C. to visit Martha's sister and her family living in nearby Maryland. Their daughter, Teresa, said, "When Sunday came, Dad put the four of us in our rental car and drove to the nearest Church of Christ, in Baltimore, about 40 miles away. He was shocked that the drive to the nearest church would take more than an hour's driving time."

The Sunday evening following their return to Irving, Texas, Ken heard about the Exodus movement at the Northgate Church of Christ. This was followed by another long car ride out to visit Rod and Pat Spaulding, and their daughters, Sybil and Sandy. After that, Ken and Martha began talking about moving to Long Island. Ken worked for Braniff Airlines at Love Field Airport, and learned there was an opening in his specialty at Idlewild Airport (now John F. Kennedy Airport). Within six weeks their household goods had been loaded into an old Red Ball moving van, which Ken had purchased for the move, and they were off to New York.

Ken arrived on Long Island ahead of Martha and the children, and stayed with Rusty and Martha Bolton. (The Boltons would later start the Patchogue Church of Christ in the basement of their house.) When Martha and the children arrived, the family moved into a two-bedroom rental house in Lindenhurst. Teresa said, "Thus began a huge change from life as we knew it." They started a school with split sessions. They quickly discovered they couldn't always understand or be understood when speaking a common language. Milk was delivered to the house every morning. The weather was cold, and there was snow and ice. Because of Ken's work schedule, and the distance to the church in Commack, they only went to worship services on Sunday morning. Teresa said that she played with friends from school who were Catholic, whereas in Texas she had only played with children from her Bible class. My new friends on Long Island had different ways of doing things, and it was hard to fit in."

In December, 1962 Martha took the two children back to Texas for a few days, and they attended the weekend retreat at Bedford Ranch, along with others who committed to the Exodus. Martha was on the schedule to speak about life on Long Island. Her daughter, Teresa, said, "This was very much out of her comfort zone, and she was scared to death!" They met a lot of the families who would soon be part of their new church family. Teresa remembers making friends with Kathy Davis and counting the days until her family arrived on Long Island.

Ken and Martha purchased a house on Brentwood Avenue, in Bay Shore, but before moving into it they shared the rental place with Paul and Virginia Hart and their two sons, Marvin and Leslie for about two weeks. Paul came to Long Island on his own first, to find housing for the family. Ken sold him the Red Ball moving van, and Paul soon returned with his family. Then, at Easter time, the Russell family moved into their new house, but the Harts stayed on in the rental for several more months. Soon other members of the Exodus began arriving. Some of them had reserved a place at Wolffe's Cabins, but until they could get into a cabin many of the single people stayed with the Russell family for at least one night. Teresa recalls, "I finally had my own room in the new house, but I didn't get to enjoy it very much that summer. Many nights I went to bed in my own room, only to find myself on the rollaway bed in the basement the next morning."

James and Vi Hance and their seven children, Mark, Steve, Barbara, Betty, Doug, Robbie, and Clyde (an eighth child, Sheri, would be born later on Long Island), left behind bewildered friends and family who could not understand why they would do such a thing as move to New York. "Our neighbors in Fort Worth thought we were crazy. Our kinfolks thought we'd lost our mind, and they still do." Vi's aunt said to her, "It looks like somebody that didn't have seven kids could go way off up there instead of you. And besides, it's damn Yankee country!"

James and Vi had wanted for some time to do more for the Lord than they were already doing there in Fort Worth. After reading a note in one of the brotherhood papers asking for families to move to the northwestern part of the country to work in the church, they answered the ad. "We never heard

from them," Vi said, "who would want a family with seven children to move in?" In the spring of 1962, while James, a successful Fort Worth builder of homes and church buildings, was working on a job in Bovina, Rod Spaulding spoke about Exodus/Bay Shore at the Ridgelea West Church of Christ, where the Hance family worshipped the Lord. Vi heard the presentation and wrote a letter to James, who wasn't planning on coming home that weekend. The news from Vi changed his mind, and when James met Dwain, he immediately knew this was what he wanted to do. Before going back to Bovina he told Dwain, "We'll be ready to go."

James knew what "being ready to go" would entail, and he also knew that it would not be easy. "I told the Lord if we were to come to the Northeast in July of '63, we'd have to save some money, you know." By February of '63 he and Vi had managed to save about \$1,500, above living. But from February 1 until July 15, they managed to put together another \$6,000. "So, we had plenty to come," James said optimistically. [Joe Holley, Exodus-Bay Shore: An Experience in Evangelism]

On the evening of July 13, they were loaded up and ready to leave Fort Worth. On their way to eat supper with friends, their family dog suddenly leaped out of the truck, ran underneath it, and came out looking like a grease monkey. The inconvenient episode led James and Vi to rethink the wisdom of taking the dog all the way to New York. Some friends took in the dog and found him a good home. In a classic understatement, Vi said, "Of course this didn't do much for the children, having to say good-bye to him." The departure delay gave James and Vi time to realize that they would also have to get a luggage carrier for the station wagon. Vi had tried to arrange things in the back so that the five children riding with her could be relatively comfortable. The next morning, James went out and bought a carrier. When he got back, he attached it to the station wagon, stashed thirteen bags up there, secured his tools and the family's basic housekeeping needs under a tarpaulin in the back of the pickup truck, picked two kids, and they were once again ready to head out.

On July 15, 1963, the Hance family began a journey that would take them 1500 miles northeast, to Long Island, New York—a place they had scarcely heard about, let alone had seen. After leaving Fort Worth, they traveled until late afternoon, found a motel with a swimming pool for the kids to enjoy, and spent the night. Vi said that the next four days were basically the same: Rolls and milk and fruit for breakfast, a nice rest area and picnic lunch, or a good shade tree with room for the children to run and stretch—a friendly church yard provided that one day. Vi said that the last day was the hardest for her. "I do not like tunnels, and I do not like to have to keep my eye on the car in front of me for days on end. I told James, 'Whatever you do, don't lose me.' Going through Manhattan in mid-day usual traffic and following that green pickup and not paying any attention to the traffic lights was just loads of fun."

Vi remembers worrying about where a family with seven children was going to live. They had called Dwain before leaving Fort Worth and asked him to keep an eye out for a house for them. Dwain told them that he knew of a possibility for a house, but they were to let him know by a certain time if they wanted it, because there was another family coming that also wanted it. "We wanted it all right," Vi said, "and we called to say so." Once on Long Island, the Hances finally got to the Commack church building around 4 o'clock in the afternoon and found Dwain. "We hadn't had any lunch," Vi recalls, "all this carload of kids, and we'd driven all over trying to find where we were supposed to be." They learned from Dwain that their message had not been relayed, and the other family had gotten the house. Vi said, "We wound up out in Great River where they had these cabins, and we stayed there for three weeks." Then James and Vi found a good house. "We never even had to sign a lease," she marveled, "never even had to meet our landlord. We really figured

we'd have to buy a house. Anyone with seven kids wouldn't be able to rent one. But we rented that house from the man over the telephone; he was down in Florida"

Richard and Carolyn Salmon were, as previously stated, living in Port Arthur, Texas, and Richard, a native of New Jersey, was working for the Proctor Street Church of Christ when, sometime in December 1962, Richard was hired to be the Educational Minister for the proposed Exodus/Bay Shore congregation. According to Carolyn, Richard was an excellent educational director, and Dwain wanted him. She said that they had dreamed of being missionaries to Nigeria, but with four young children, they decided they couldn't do that. They were happy there in Port Arthur, though, and at first had not been the least bit interested in Exodus/Bay Shore. But, when they heard about the October retreat at Camp Arrowhead, they decided to go "simply to get out of Port Arthur for the weekend." Carolyn said, "It was so exciting that, before we arrived back in Port Arthur, we had made the decision to go with the Exodus." They also attended the December retreat at Bedford Ranch and then began getting involved with the Exodus project. [Joe Holley, page 20] Richard said that they bought a station wagon, got New York car insurance and license plates and finished up with Proctor Street.

They left Port Arthur in the spring of 1963, as Richard needed to raise his support. He said, "We moved to Carolyn's parent's home in Nocona, Texas, and I did contact work and drove to speaking opportunities from there." Carolyn's dad was a preacher and long-time leader in the Nocona Church of Christ—which served as Richard's coordinators. For his presentations, Richard used a display which had been artfully crafted by Larry Cardwell. Made of heavy artboard, the display measured 4 feet high by 5 feet wide and packed neatly inside a wooden box. When the box was set flat on the floor (or a strong table) at the front of an auditorium, the hinged lid opened and was leaned back against a piece of furniture. All of the cardboard pieces were stood up against the lid, and then flipped facedown into the storage box as the narrative progressed.

After lining up various pieces of the support, the Salmons, along with their children, Ricky, Timmy, Stephen, Julie, and Danny (Jeffrey would be born later) moved to New York in July 1963. They visited Richard's mother in New Jersey for a week, and then rented a split-level house in Commack. Richard said that Toler and Ella Ruth Brannon and their kids also moved into the lower level, while they looked for housing on the south shore. In September, with financial help from Richard's mother, they purchased a split-level house in West Islip. Richard recalls it as, "Quite a beginning!"

Barbara Ahtelik had grown up in Berlin, Germany and was known as Berbel by her family. In 1960, Otis Gatewood published a small book, "Preaching in the Footsteps of Hitler." On page 124, he recalled that a missionary named Richard Walker and his family moved to Berlin to begin their work there. Soon he visited Frau Otto Achelik, taught, and then baptized her in the family bathtub. She was the first convert for the Churches of Christ in Berlin. Otis recorded that her daughter Berbel (Barbara) Ahtelik was at the time of writing, attending Lubbock Christian College.

In 1962 and by then graduated from Lubbock Christian College, Barbara persuaded Dwain Evans, then at the Broadway Church of Christ, in Lubbock, that the proposed Exodus/Bay Shore project should include singles as well as families in the movement. She attended the first of the two retreats held at Camp Arrowhead and both retreats held at Bedford Ranch. Then, she moved to Long Island, NY in 1963 to be part of the Exodus church planting. [Email from Hubert Gibbons, Saturday, February 13, 2010]

Denzil and Lisa Porterfield were at a transition time in their lives when they first heard Rod Spaulding speak about Exodus/Bay Shore at the Central Church of Christ in Norman, Oklahoma, where they were members. Denny had already completed his three-year service obligation in the Navy back east, living first in Norfolk, Virginia and then in Bainbridge, Maryland. While living there, they made their first purchase as a married couple. The Volkswagon, a car that was just coming to the United States, were shipped twenty at a time to Baltimore, Maryland, so Denny and Lisa had to go to there to pick it up.

With Denny's Naval duty behind him, he and Lisa returned home to Oklahoma to pick up their lives and finish their college work at O. U.—Denny his Master's program and Lisa her undergraduate degree. With their coursework and career counseling completed, they interviewed several school systems before making their decisions and signing contracts to teach school in Longmont, Colorado. Lisa said, "We were pretty much set to go, very happy with our choices and looking forward to moving to that area of the United States. Then, we heard Rod speak again."

Lisa doesn't recall any long, searching discussions that she and Denny had about this call which they each felt to go with the Exodus. Both of them were rather introverted and prone to doing their thinking internally. Lisa said, "My recollection is having had an intuitive sense that this was an opportunity to, perhaps, find a presence—a spiritual presence—stronger than I had known." Both Denny and Lisa were raised in the Church of Christ in Oklahoma. Lisa remembers hers as a conservative, rather constrictive church tradition, one that was focused primarily on the things that we should be doing, and which did not have a lot of emphasis on spirituality. She said, "I can recall thinking to myself as I grew older: This is all there is to it." So, when Rod came through the second time, it seemed to Lisa as if he were "going through the country, calling us all one by one." She and Denny both felt open to a larger frame of reference. They were both seeking meaning and becoming more fully alive, in spirit, in a way that they had not known growing up.

They had a very brief conversation with Rod in the church foyer. He told them that folks were going, they were targeting a particular time to have everyone there, and they had contacted employers in the Long Island area around Bay Shore so that those who arrive would be able to find gainful employment. Rod said he felt confident that finding a job would not be a problem and that he could help them set up interviews with school systems. He added encouragingly, "Come on, if you need to, you can stay with us when you get there."

Since Denny and Lisa had been living in a garage apartment in Norman while in school, they didn't have much in the way of furniture. But they gathered up what little they had and stored it in Lisa's parents' garage. Then they looked at each other and said, "Let's do this." They packed as much as their little Volkswagon could hold, called Rod and said, "We're coming," and headed for Bay Shore. When they got to Long Island, they did as Rod had suggested and called him again for directions to his place. Rod, his gracious wife, Pat, and their two little adopted girls, Sybil and Sandy welcomed them into their small, already crowded apartment, where they stayed for the first week or so. Rod arranged with the Bay Shore school officials for interviews, and both Denny and Lisa immediately had jobs. In 1965 their daughter, Amy, was born in Bay Shore. Jeffery came along in 1966, and Tara was born in Norman, Oklahoma while the Porterfields were on study leave.

Roger Tate always attended the Wednesday night Mission Forum meetings at Abilene Christian College, and during his senior year there, in 1962-63, he said that he somehow heard about Exodus/Bay Shore. Dwain Evans had spoken at the A.C.C. lectureship, and Roger attended some

dinner meetings and learned more about Dwain's idea to start a church on Long Island. After he graduated, he wanted to find a job, so he left for Long Island immediately—the next day, in fact. He drove his car to New York and gave rides to three other guys who were also students at A.C.C. and needed a ride, but were not part of the exodus movement.

Roger remembers being one of the first few people to show up with the exodus, and he saw people drift in all summer long. He said, "I stayed at Wolfe Cabins; oh, did I ever!" After running into a problem with the place he'd first rented in Levittown, he went out to the cabins in Great River and told Dwain he didn't have a place to stay. Dwain took it upon himself to say, "Well, you can sleep right here on the couch." Roger said that he doesn't understand how they ever made it together for three weeks in a cabin as small as those. After that, he went over to Patchogue, and for the whole month of August he stayed with Rusty Bolton and his family. Rusty was also starting a new congregation, and they worshipped in the Bolton's basement.

Roger could not find what he considered a decent job. He said that he had majored in general business in college and that he had "never felt cut out to be a teacher." So, every time he applied for a job in the field of business, he ran into the problem of prospective employers saying, "We'll see you in two years—when you get back from your military obligation." After four months on Long Island, Roger decided that he might as well get his military service behind him, so in September 1963 he went back to Texas and joined the Air Force. While in the military, Roger kept in touch with the Exodus church and received their *Exodus Milestones* through the mail. (Roger later returned to Long Island and became part of the Faith Corps group that went to Sao Paula, Brazil.)

Howard (Howie) and Margaret Hodgson, a young, newly married couple, heard Dwain Evan's plea for families to join the Exodus at the Highland Church of Christ in Abilene, Texas. They visited Long Island during the 1962 Christmas holidays and stayed in the home of E.J. Summerlin, who was away for the holidays and had offered their home for Exodus visitors. Howard and Margaret used this time to look for teaching jobs. They had heard that Long Island was commonly called the "Gold Coast of Public Education," and they found that to be true. In fact, they had their choice of four to six good-paying teaching jobs. Howard said, "We returned to Abilene very ready to go and get busy."

As soon as Margaret graduated from A.C.C. in May 1963, they left Abilene, bound for Long Island. Howard remembered arriving there with exactly \$6 in his pocket. Within the week, they both had signed contracts. Howard's contract was for a new school in the South Haven Consolidated District, further east on the south shore. This particular school offered an above-base-pay salary to get teachers who would teach in a system with two and three grades per room. Howard said that he started out at the highest pay level for teachers on Long Island.

Until they could find an apartment, Howard and Margaret lived with Ken and Martha Russell and their two children, Teresa and Mark. There was a housing shortage, and landlords were charging high rents. Howard and Margaret found an upstairs two-room apartment, with an unfinished attic, in North Babylon. Since the place had no stove, they cooked on a hotplate. When visitors or other new arrivals needed a place to stay, the Hodgsons put them in the attic—unless the guests were elderly, in which case they themselves took the attic and let their guests use their bedroom. [Loveland, p.11, original draft]

Don Haymes, having recently dropped out of Abilene Christian College, desperately needed a job. And he wanted “to get as far away from Abilene as I possibly could.” Don figured he had no academic future, especially in Abilene. He had some journalism experience and training. He had reporting experience, but as he said, “I didn’t have a college degree, of course—anything close to it.” In Abilene he had shared a house with John White, and John was going up to Long Island to interview with some school systems, to see if the salaries were good. This provided Don a good opportunity to go along and see what his possibilities were there.

In late May 1963, they traveled from Texas to New York in John’s 1954 four-door Chevrolet Bel-Air, turquoise and crème. Three young women, June Daniels, Gwen Creel and Liz Kimberlin, who were also interested in teaching jobs up there, accompanied them. Don remembers the first morning they were there, driving along the Northern State Parkway, and the announcer on the car radio said, “It’s going to be a hot one today—79 degrees!” He said that they all laughed and laughed and laughed, because that temperature was nothing compared to Abilene in April and May. During their brief time on Long Island, John, who had teaching experience in both Arkansas and Abilene “got offers right out of the box.” Don said that he looked at jobs in several places, but when they went to *Smithtown News*, on the north shore, he didn’t connect for an interview. It was late in the day, and they were already gone.

Upon returning to Abilene, Don turned right around and began making preparations to go back to Long Island. First, he went to Arlington and got his 1954 Morris Minor. Then, he managed to put together about \$20.00. Don knew that this alone would not get him to Long Island, but he had a connection with Ernest and Mildred Summerlin, whose daughter had been one of his classmates at Abilene Christian High School before moving back to Long Island. Ernie staked Don’s trip by loaning him his Mobil credit card. So, he collected his clothes, his books and the rest of his possessions and piled it all into his car, which he described as “extremely economical.” Gasoline was about 25 cents a gallon—in the low 20s at the Cut Rate in Texas—but it was 30 cents as he got further north.

Don drove around the clock, stopping to nap for a little while. I-44 ended at Joplin, Missouri, and it was there that his car broke down. One of his two transmission rods had broken, so he had no transmission. He recalls, “And there was, by God’s grace, a Mobil station.” He pushed the car into there and told the man of his problem. He explained that he didn’t have any cash, but that he had the Mobil credit card. The man said, “Okaaay.” Don went along with the man to a salvage yard. And, lo and behold, there was a Morris Minor. Recalling this event, Don said, Praise God! Thanks be to God, there was a Morris Minor!” The man put a \$90.00 charge on the credit card—which, at the time was a lot of money to Don. Looking back on the event later, Don realized that the man probably did the labor for \$60.00 or \$65.00—the whole thing. He made the calls, he found the salvage yard that had one, we went over there, got the part, came back, and he put it on and checked it out to see if it would do what it was supposed to do.

With his sights set on Long Island Don resumed his journey. He said, “I drove and drove and drove.” He remembers, in the night, coming up toward New York City on U.S. 1 in New Jersey, and being surrounded by trucks in that little tiny car. He said “I kid you not, I was prayin’, because these trucks were *moving*. It surely kept me awake.” He had been up for 72 hours or more, he figured, and he just drove until he got there. He said, “I didn’t stop for nothing. I filled that sucker up, and when it was getting toward dry I’d start looking for another Mobil station.” Don had been used to living without food, so that was not much of a problem. But he said that he *walked* into

Kings Park...with 17 cents left. He tried to get to the Summerlin's place without having to use the credit card again, because he just knew there was already a ton of money on that card. But the car ran out of gas. Don said, "I gave Brother Summerlin his credit card back, and he was just sighing, 'cause he knew that he wasn't gonna see that any time soon." They went to get a little gas so Don could go on his way.

Don first saw Dwain Evans out at Wolffe Cabins. He said, "Dwain came marching over, 'Who is this?' he said." He recalls Dwain was wearing a striped tee shirt, and that he towered. And he looked at Don with "those eyes." Don explained that he was looking for a job with a newspaper, hoping that Dwain knew an editor. But, of course, he didn't. Don said, "This was the first time I'd met him and it was the first time he had met me. And neither of us was particularly amused with the other." [Of that first meeting with Don, Dwain later said, "Behind this modest exterior there was a razor-sharp mind. Little did I know at the time just how deeply Don would influence my life." [Dwain's Memoir, original draft.]

Don stayed at Wolffe Cabins a couple of nights and then he found his way back to the *Smithtown News*, and this time he had a conversation with the editor, Bernard R. Paley. Bernie hired him immediately and said, "Well, you can start today, if you want to, sixty dollars a week." And Don said that he was ready to go to work. He would be doing reporting, editing, and whatever else had to be done. Even though Don would not be taking home sixty a week, he said, "I was never more glad in my life. That was more than had been coming in or quite a while. (It was later raised to \$70.00, and when the differential went out on Don's Morris Minor, Bernie loaned him the \$300.00 to get another one.) Don continued writing the Exodus/Bay Shore press releases for the Christian Chronicle, and these pieces were voted top stories in 1962 and 1963 [Loveland, The Genesis Of An Exodus, original draft]

Stuart and Cecilia Jones and their young daughter, Dana, and infant twins, Melanie and Virginia, lived in Port Arthur, Texas when, in early March 1962, they heard Dwain Evans speak about Exodus/Bay Shore at the Broadway Church of Christ in Lubbock. Stuart and Cecilia decided to use their significant tax refund that year to buy airline tickets to Lubbock so they could introduce the new babies to both sets of grandparents. Dwain's ambitious plan for families from all over the country to move to Bay Shore, Long Island for the purpose of finding jobs and establishing a New Testament church in that area impressed Stuart and Cecilia, and they decided they wanted to be a part of this movement.

To increase his ability to hire into a company in the Northeast, Stuart would first earn a Master's degree in Chemical Engineering. This began an intensely busy 18 months for the Jones family. They sold their house in Port Arthur and moved to Lubbock, where Stuart studied at Texas Tech. Somehow, they found the time to attend a hiring weekend in Dallas and also a retreat to meet other interested families.

In the summer of 1963 Stuart spent the proceeds from his published Master's thesis to buy a train ticket to New York and a plane ticket back to Texas. His mission was to interview with Brookhaven National Laboratory, in Upton, Long Island. Stuart thought he had a good interview, but no job was offered. He returned to Lubbock and continued working at Texas Tech College, where Dr. John Bradford, Chairman of the Engineering Department, encouraged him to continue his education and get a doctorate. Cecilia said, "One day in August a moving van appeared at our duplex in Lubbock to take our household goods to New York. I was extremely surprised. I called Stuart at work, and he

was puzzled.” A phone call to Brookhaven confirmed that Stuart had indeed been hired, but someone had failed to tell him, either by telephone or in writing. Cecilia said, “No amount of scurrying around on my part could accomplish staying ahead of the movers.” Consequently, when the movers unloaded the van in Port Jefferson, the Joneses found all kinds of odd things that had been indiscriminately stuck in the van—even a large, heavy rock that had been used for a door stop.

Stuart and Cecilia bought a new Nash Rambler station wagon before beginning their journey to an unknown culture. Along the way all three children became ill. They stopped in Tennessee to see a physician, who confirmed that they had severe cases of chicken pox. Cecilia said, “We infected a motel or two, I suppose.” Upon arrival, they had yet another surprise. The housing provided by Brookhaven Lab was in Army barracks, with the bathroom way down the hall, and, of course, no cooking facility. Cecilia said, “Pat and Doris Reaser, also from Lubbock, were gracious enough to house us for a few days, even with our contagious disease.” They rented a house in Port Jefferson, on the north shore, in order to be close to Stuart’s workplace. When the movers arrived with their stuff, they took one look at the Jones children and refused to enter the house. Instead, they dumped the furniture and boxes on the driveway. They were taking no chance of catching the little girls’ infectious disease—which Cecilia said “looked much more severe than chicken pox.”

After a few months, the Jones family moved to Islip, on the south shore. It didn’t take them long to realize that, even though Port Jefferson was closer to Stuart’s work in Upton, they wound up making more trips to Bay Shore than Stuart made to work. They quickly integrated into the group which had preceded them. They knew Richard and Carolyn Salmon from Port Arthur, and Cecilia knew some of the ACC graduates, including Wallace and Marion Collier. New people moved in almost every weekend, and the men helped them get settled. Many of the families had small children, so childcare was sometimes traded. Besides new jobs and new schools, there was abundant church activity in the rented storefronts in downtown Bay Shore. Cecilia said, “Sundays found us in one another’s homes for lunch. We called it our Jerusalem Experience.”

Soon, construction on the new building in West Islip began. When Cecilia’s parents and teenage sisters came to visit, bringing only a few changes of clothes, her dad, a finish work carpenter, got involved with the cabinet work. Even with a very limited wardrobe, the visitors wound up staying for about six weeks.

Carl and Martha Phagan (now **Mia**) were living in Albuquerque, New Mexico in 1963, when they heard about the Exodus. For a couple of years, Carl had directed the Christian Student Center (“Bible Chair” in the strange terminology of Churches of Christ in those days—maybe still) at the University of New Mexico. His new brother-in-law, Rod Spaulding, came with Pat, dragging a trailer with a box of giant flip charts, to stay a few days while he visited some churches in the area to tell the Exodus/Bay Shore story. Carl said, “I went with Rod to one presentation, and recall being vaguely impressed by the ‘do something different’ character of the project but did not, at the time, see it as something to which I was personally attracted.”

Carl said that shortly thereafter, in the process of teaching one of his university classes, he made the statement, “You know, it’s probably in the bible because it’s true, and not true because it’s in the bible.” He thought this might be a bit unorthodox but certainly not heretical for the situation. “Within the week, Carl learned in no uncertain terms that the responsible elders felt otherwise, that they feared for his future in the church, and that his tenure there was likely to be abbreviated unless he made some major changes. “In all honesty, he said, that was just the straw that broke the camel’s

back." He had previously been found guilty of such obvious wrongs as marrying a young couple who had somehow gotten themselves pregnant, and performing the wedding of a Christian girl to a "non-Christian." Carl said, "Being temperamentally disinclined to make the major changes suggested (surprise), I began to consider other employment options."

Some seriously thoughtful moments followed concerning his future as an employee of the Church. For Carl, 'the ministry' had never had any appeal. He said, "I was a teacher; I enjoyed teaching." Carl knew that there were not many job opportunities for teachers within the Church, and it seemed that he would not be able to land one, absent appropriate references, even if there were some sort of opening. "So, within this new context," Carl explained, "I began to think that perhaps the Exodus/Bay Shore thing might hold some appealing possibilities: a new place, some technical help in returning to public school science teaching, and a social/religious support group that might have enough latitude to include a near heretic." In early October, he and Martha attended a retreat at Glen Rose to explore the idea a bit further and decided to take the opportunity. Martha (Mia) said, "There was a bit of sadness, and I was a little hesitant about leaving my parents behind, but I always wanted to come to the northeast, and thought moving here with the group was ideal." [*Newsday*, Thursday, September 12, 1963.]

In the early summer of 1963, Carl, Martha, and their two-year-old son, Philip (a daughter, Tiffany, would be born later), traveled from Albuquerque to Long Island, with a brief stop in Oklahoma. Carl said, "We were pulling the largest U-Haul available at the time behind a '55 Chevy straight six with a standard transmission and no air conditioning." They spent three extra days in South Bend, Indiana, getting a blown head gasket fixed and going through most of the cash stash that was supposed to last them until their first teaching payday. "Then, we hit the Lincoln and Holland tunnels and the Long Island Expressway about mid-afternoon on a Friday, and with World's Fair construction in full swing, and immediately, the realities of our new situation began to set in."

The Phagans had a summer rental lined up somewhere near the north shore. Carl found an open slot for teaching biology at Deer Park High School, and Martha had a job with East Islip High School, teaching Home Economics. At his teaching job, Carl detested the New York Regents system and said, "I'd certainly not have made it through that year with (1) knowing that Verna Lee was taking good care of Phil while we were at work, and (2) the daily lunch time chess games with Bob Goodrich, whom I'd known and appreciated much earlier from his graduate school days in Oklahoma, and who was teaching Chemistry at Deer park. I rarely beat him, but trying was greatly therapeutic." [undated account from Carl Phagan to Freda Baker]

Jim and Verna Lee Compton, and their children, Kim, Kerry, and Keith were active in the same Fort Worth congregation as were the Hances. Jim said that they attended one of the Exodus/Bay Shore retreats in Glen Rose and liked what they heard about the planned movement. At the time, Jim was committed to his job as editor/business associate of a small publishing company in Fort Worth, owned by an Aggie buddy of his. But, in July 1963, he and his associate parted company amicably, and Jim needed to look for a job. Jim said, "The sense of adventure in the Northeast appealed to us as did the idea of being involved in the development of a new congregation in that area." He believed he could get a job on Long Island with one of the country's defense contractors.

They flew to New York, were met by Rod Spaulding, and then were hosted by Carl and Martha Phagan. Jim interviewed at Grumman, Republic, and Gyrodyne and was offered a job as a technical writer at both Grumman and Republic. Jim accepted the Grumman job. "In August," he said, "we

packed the station wagon, sent the furniture and larger stuff to Long Island via a moving company, and headed for Oakdale, where we had rented a house close to the bay." Once again, the Comptons were not far from the Hances—who had arrived in New York about a month earlier—and Ruth McClain, Doris Newhouse, and Carolyn Fawcett lived right next door. After a few days at Grumman, Jim was assigned to the Research Department (an affiliation that lasted more than fifteen years). Jim said, "Despite the satisfying job at Grumman, the more important work in our minds was that of helping to develop The Church in West Islip."

Roscoe and Betty Grant had the idea that they and their three children, David, Bill, and Susan, could move to a place in the U.S. where the church was not strong to contribute their time and talents to the Lord. Betty, accustomed to speaking her mind but always with a sense of humor, told her husband, "I am quite willing and would move anywhere you want to go—except New York." She said that she had never wanted to even *visit* New York. When they drove out to the Seattle World's Fair, they Grant gave some consideration to the western states that they traveled through and had pretty much decided on Wyoming. Figuring that teachers would be needed wherever they went, Roscoe went back to the University of Houston, where he had received his accounting degree, and enrolled in education courses to get a teaching degree.

Then, Dwain came to McGregor Park Church of Christ, where the Grants were attending, and told them about Exodus/Bay Shore. Betty said, "It just seemed to be an answer from God." They attended the October retreat at Glen Rose and the December retreat at Bedford Ranch and decided they would go to Long Island. "Our families thought we had lost our minds. They knew why we had decided to go. They also knew that we were determined, so they didn't try to talk us out of it—although they did try to point out some ideas about why we shouldn't go.

Roscoe continued working on the educational courses and sold his businesses—an insurance agency and a cemetery. They put the house on the market and began to prepare for the move. Betty said that their children, who were 14, 11, and 8 at that time, never voiced any objections or fears about this family upheaval. They went right to work helping to pack and dispose of their unnecessary belongings. The Grants had lived in the house for over ten years, and since it was paid for and they loved it, they had never really planned to move. Betty said, "Do you know how much "stuff" you keep when you have the room and you don't worry about having to move it? We gave it away, hauled it off, sold it, and burned an enormous pile of it."

Over the 1963 July 4th weekend, Roscoe flew to Long Island to meet with Helmer Peterson, the superintendent of schools in West Babylon (one of the unincorporated areas in Babylon Township). He signed a contract to teach Distributive Education in their high school and then returned to Houston to finish the last required course at the University of Houston.

"It was now the last week before they were to leave for New York in order to be settled before school started," Betty said, "and the house was not yet sold." Thinking through their options, they decided that, if necessary, Roscoe would go to Long Island ahead of Betty and the children and buy a house. Betty and the children would stay behind until their Texas house sold. "We *really* didn't want to do that," said Betty.

"At that time, there really was no such thing as a motor home, but we had one," Betty said. They had converted a 54-passenger school bus for travel several years before and had gone to Seattle in it and on several shorter trips. Since this was the second bus they had converted, they had some extra

tires—eight of them. Betty said that the bus was loaded with spare bus tires, along with the things they would need, such as their dishes, and heavy things like boxes of books.

For the move to Long Island, Roscoe had a trailer hitch put on the back of the bus and enclosed an 8/16-foot trailer to pull behind. In this was a 20-cubic foot freezer loaded with frozen meat and vegetables that they had raised and processed, plus boxes of clothes, linens, etc. They had a generator which they could run an hour or so a day to keep the freezer cold.

Should Roscoe need to go ahead of the others, he would take the bus and trailer when he went. Of course, Betty had to keep out the things they would need until she and the children could join them. When it was time for them to go, they would hire a mover to haul the bulky things, like furniture. Betty hoped they were keeping the right furniture for whatever house Roscoe found for them. They would need to get a house quickly so they would have an address in order to know which of the many school districts in the area the children would attend. Betty said, "You can see this was not a very coherent plan. If God had not intervened, I shudder to think what would have happened."

On the Saturday before Roscoe was to leave on Monday, the church honored them with a farewell picnic. Just as they were about to leave for the picnic, a man interested in buying the house came. Roscoe explained that they couldn't discuss it at any length right then because they were guests of honor at the picnic. They asked the man to come back Monday morning and then went to the picnic. "I guess we did;" Betty quipped, "everyone says we did. I have absolutely no memory of that picnic."

Meanwhile, the interested party went to the real estate agent and found out how desperately the Grants wanted to sell. He came back Sunday afternoon with a counter offer, and they agreed. Betty said that they decided it was worth the loss to be able to go together. On Monday morning, they found a mover, and Betty began to clean house. She had pulled the refrigerator out from the wall and was cleaning behind it when the buyer came by to look at the house again. He said to Betty, "I know just how you feel because my wife wouldn't leave a dirty house for anything either." He explained that he planned to remodel and everything was going to be a mess anyway, so she didn't need to clean. Betty said, "So, I got up, pushed the refrigerator back against the wall and didn't clean another thing."

The final packing of the bus, trailer and car went on. In those days, Betty didn't drive, so they needed someone to drive the car up to New York. Some friends of theirs had a son named Ronnie who had just graduated from high school. Roscoe and Betty knew that Ronnie was a good driver, so they asked his parents if he could drive the car to Long Island for Betty if they paid his airfare back. Their friends agreed, and the Grants were all set. The movers finished loading the truck about noon Wednesday, and Roscoe and Betty decided to leave that afternoon and go as far as Betty's mother's house in Lufkin to spend the night. They had a flat before they got out of the city limits.

Bright and early the next morning, they were finally on their way. Betty said, "We made a state a day for the first seven days because we either had a flat or the trailer hitch broke. The second flat was before we left Texas. The hitch broke three times because the trailer was just too heavy. The last repairman used extra heavy welds, and they didn't have any more trouble with it. On about the third day, Ronnie asked Roscoe, "Are you sure this is what the Lord wants you to do?" We were.

On their ninth and last day they were in New Jersey, about to approach New York City, when suddenly, Betty and Ronnie got separated from Roscoe. Roscoe had made a quick swerve at a Y, and when Betty and Ronnie caught a glimpse of it, they didn't have enough time to follow. Somehow, they got back to the Y and followed the street on which they had seen Roscoe turn. He was nowhere to be seen. They stopped at a little store and asked some men who were standing around if they had seen a green school bus go by. "Oh yes," one of the men recalled, "that funny looking rig. They went that way." Betty and Ronnie went that way, too, and soon caught up with Roscoe. Betty said that he was moving very slowly.

Leaving New Jersey, they went through the Holland Tunnel and made their way across Manhattan to one of the bridges spanning the East River. After crossing the bridge, they were finally on Long Island. Roscoe led the way out of the city by way of the Long Island Expressway. They had been told to go east on Montauk Highway, and they knew that it runs the length of the island on the south shore. Betty said, "It was one little town after another, with no break in between them. We drove and drove and saw no signs saying Bay Shore, Babylon, or West Islip—the only names we knew." Finally, they stopped and called their good friends, Kay and Forrest Wells, who were already in their house, to ask if they were terribly lost. Betty said that they laughed and said, "Everyone calls from where you are to ask that question." Forrest gave them directions to a parking lot in a shopping center near their house and met them there. After pulling in, the Grants discovered yet another flat tire—with no spares left. Betty said, "Luckily, it was on one of the rear dual wheels, so we followed the Wells *very* slowly to their house."

When the Grants arrived on Long Island, it was the Friday before Labor Day weekend. They stayed with the Wells for a week while looking for, and purchasing, a house. There was a list of available houses posted at the West Babylon High School, and on Saturday they found one they wanted. On Monday, they met with the owner and the realtor. The realtor assured them it would take only about two months to get all the paperwork done. Roscoe had some prior experience in real estate, and he explained how it could be done right away. The owner was eager to sell, as he had already been transferred to another city. They finally agreed to one week. Betty said, "They were terribly concerned that we didn't have an attorney, but Roscoe held out, and everything was completed."

They had brought a cashier's check from Texas to open a bank account. When that was completed, Roscoe in turn asked for a cashier's check so they could pay for the house. The bank said that first they would have to send the Grant's cashier's check out for collection, which would take about a week. Roscoe explained that if they sent that cashier's check for collection, they would get a cashier's check back from that same bank in Texas. Betty said, "They were dubious, but when reminded that the church already had a nice account with them, as did several of the other members, I guess they decided not to risk losing it all and agreed to issue a cashier's check payable to the owner so we could close."

Bob and Carol Goodrich were living in Edmond, Oklahoma, where Bob was teaching at Oklahoma Christian College and trying to finish his PhD thesis. Carol was—before the phrase was coined—a stay-at-home mom for their four active sons, Dirk, Brent, Daniel, and Bradley. Carol said that they were happily settled there in Edmond, except that Bob did not like the discrimination against blacks that existed at the college. Also, there was something in their hearts that made them both want to experience more of the Lord. They were, as Carol put it, "in a rut."

Then some college friends, Roger and Avanelle Powell, invited Bob and Carol to a meeting in Texas. There, Carol remembers Rod Spaulding telling a story about a man crossing Niagara Falls in a wheelbarrow. "Now don't ask me how," she said, "but, after much prayer, the next thing I knew we had put the first house that we were buying into the hands of a real estate agent—and prayed for money for the trip. On a day's notice and with borrowed money, Bob flew to Long Island, interviewed for a job teaching high school, and was hired. Now there was no turning back. As they loaded all their worldly goods into a U-Haul trailer, Bob's college chemistry advisor and his wife came by and asked if they needed any money. Carol said, "That was University Life 101: Say yes to God, and He will make a way where there is no way!"

“With four boys in the back of the station wagon and tearful kisses,” Carol said, “we left behind family—who never understood—friends, home, and church for, as it turned out, the most wonderful adventure we could ever have imagined.” The Goodrich family arrived on Long Island just before school began in September. Later, they bought a house in West Islip, a few blocks from the church property, and Bob found employment at Brookhaven National Laboratory. Two daughters, Joy and Kay, were born to the family in subsequent years. Carol recalls, "I can remember saying in my youth that I would never live in New York. I didn't even know if there was land east of New York City.

D.L. and Juanita Reneau heard about Exodus/Bay Shore when Dwain brought Rod Spaulding down to Waco and persuaded the Richardson church to support Rod. D.L. said, "I remember that finances were close, and there was some talk about cutting this support. One of the deacons surmised that that wouldn't work because Dwain would just come back and sell us again." The idea of being a part of this made D.L. and Nita, as he called her, think a lot and pray about making a commitment. They attended four retreats planned for those who were committed or who wanted to know more about the exodus. It was Nita that was the first to be ready to make a commitment. At the Seventh Day Adventist camp on the banks of the Brazos River, D.L. remembers there being the biggest pecan tree he had ever seen in the large clearing next to the river. The whole group could be seated under about half of that shade. D.L. said, "These were some of our high times, and we felt really called to be a part."

The Reneaus were one of 23 families that had just started a new congregation in Richardson, called Water View. D.L. said that Richardson was full of committed Christians, and it seemed to him and Nita that Dwain and Rod were calling a group to venture into an area and culture far more in need than where they were. D.L. said, "I was working with the education committee, had been teaching home Bible studies, as well as Sunday Bible classes in the congregation, but there were many able and willing in Richardson."

D.L. recalls visiting the Richland Hills congregation on the Sunday morning that photographers for *Time* came to take pictures for their story on Exodus/Bay Shore. "All during the worship service, they would stick a camera out of the curtains next to the baptistery, or from the side of the rostrum, or of us as we took the grape juice during communion, and every place else. Dwain asked the *Dallas Morning News* to interview the Reneaus in their home. D.L. said, "I still don't think they understood why we would commit to give up life in a 'great area and a job' in Richardson to go to Long Island to start a 'church.'"

At that time, D.L. said that no one at Collins Radio knew anything about his commitment to go with the exodus. On Monday morning, several asked him what was going on. That morning they all went

to coffee and his boss sat with a group of them. Clemmie Dee asked D.L. if he planned to stay, which prompted his boss to ask, "What is this all about anyway?" D.L. hadn't given this a thought, but he was not yet prepared to turn in his resignation. As it turned out, Collins had a "deadwood layoff" later that spring, and D.L. was partly responsible for choosing the ones to be laid off. D.L. said, "We had some very good young engineers, and I couldn't see them going when I intended to leave in August. I turned in my name to be laid off." His division director called him in to talk about the layoff. He asked D.L. when he had intended to leave. When D.L. told him of their plans to leave in August, his director said he could still count in the mandatory layoff but for D.L. to just let him know when he was ready to move. They even hired D.L.'s replacement the last of June so he was able to bring her up to speed on the projects they had going.

Selling the house was another problem. The Reneaus had a good little house, but D.L. explained that the newer houses "came with no down payment, your choice of dessert, Hawaiian, or traditional sodded décor yard. Just move in and we will close when the approval comes through for the mortgage. What could we do when we wanted \$1500 equity, and our air conditioning was a built in through the den wall?" When the time came to leave, they had no offers and were short of money to move. They left the house with a realtor, rented the largest trailer they could find, and packed the most essential items—about 3,000 pounds.

On Saturday, August 10, D.L., Nita, and their three children, Bruce, Cheryl, and Jeffrey left Richardson with their 55 Buick Special, the loaded trailer, and great excitement. All went well until they hit the hills near Turner Falls, Oklahoma, which wasn't all that far. D.L. said, "The old Buick's fuel pump just about played out. Several times we had to back the trailer down the hill to a wide spot set for emergencies. This was pre-I 35 days, so there were just two lanes." They finally made it over the hill and on into Norman, where they spent the night and enjoyed the church there the next morning. On Monday, they got a new fuel pump and off to Long Island they went.

But Newark was in the way. D.L. describes it this way: "High winds made it impossible to have a trailer on the toll ways, so we had to drag it through Newark, light after light till a motor mount broke while getting up speed at one of the lights. It was really exciting. The motor would rise because of the torque, and a cover would short out the starter cable, killing the motor. I finally mastered a slow start and made it to a truck repair shop." They rented a car and made it on to Roger and Ava's house. D.L. had to report for his job at Grumman the next day. Then later that same day, he returned to Newark and got the Buick and trailer (obviously taking someone with him.) D.L. said, "I remember stopping for a light at 43rd Street, right beside the Empire State Building, thinking, 'What is this crazy Texan doing pulling all my belongings onto this island?'"

After the Reneaus got to Long Island, they received word from the realtor in Texas that their house was rented, and the moving company was on its way to New York with the furniture, COD (cash on delivery). They "camped out" in the Powell's basement for the first few weeks and then bought a house in the same neighborhood. The bank in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn first turned them down for a mortgage. D.L. said, "I made a trip in and explained that we were here to help start a congregation of the Church of Christ and that I had a job as an engineer at Grumman. With that, the man said, "It gives me great pleasure to use this"—and he pulled a large hand stamp out of his desk and stamped "Approved" on our loan papers."

Their first Saturday on the island, (D.L. thinks it was August 17) he and Nita went down to Bay Shore to see where they would meet on Sunday. There, they discovered that everyone was busy

getting the storefronts ready for their first worship service. (The first two Sundays of August, the new congregation had met in the educational wing of the Bay Shore Jewish Temple. Somebody said there was a need for someone to preach at Malvern, in Nassau County, so D.L. agreed to fill in. When they got back home, he prepared a sermon to give the next day. D.L. said, "Nita and I arrived at the church building in Malvern early the next morning. Finally, a lady showed up, and a little later, Brother Perkins—I think I have the name right—opened the building and asked me if I would teach the Bible class, also. I said I could, and then he said they normally had an opening song, and would I lead the song. Not my strong suit, but I agreed, since he stated for sure the regular song leader should be there by the end of the class. Well he didn't make it, and Brother Perkins asked if I could lead singing as well as preach, and since I would already be up at the front, could I preside over the communion, two young men would be helping. It went OK, I guess, and then we retired to Brother Perkins home for lunch and an afternoon of talk and visiting."

Wallace and Marian Collier, a young couple at Abilene Christian College, dreamed of doing great things—of making a difference in their world. They spent many hours talking things over as they walked the campus. They talked about their marriage plans and even about possible names for their children. Yet, they had another desire; they both wanted to go somewhere to do mission work. Wallace said, "It was a desire we shared, and we knew in God's time a door would open for us." It was Wallace's cousin, Barbara Evans, who opened the first crack. Barbara and Marian were both pregnant, and they walked together each day. Wallace was a willing companion to the two women. They knew that Barbara's husband, Dwain, had come up with the idea of taking a group of people with him when he went to the northeast again. One day, Barbara said to them, "The next time, we want you to go with us."

Five years later, the Colliers had two small children, Stephen and Karen, and were living close to Marian's parents in Nashville. Wallace said that Marian had done what most good Tennessee girls were supposed to do—find a man and bring him back to live in "God's country." For Wallace, life consisted of teaching art in the high school, performing some extra jobs, finishing his degree at Peabody College for Teachers, and enjoying their children with what little spare time he had. Marian's mother was happy to fill in for him.

A call came from Dwain asking Wallace and Marian if they would come to hear a presentation of Exodus/Bay Shore. Wallace said, "Knowing the niche we had settled into, I was sure that Marian wouldn't want to leave family and friends." Yet, they decided to go and hear what Dwain had to say. It sounded good to them, and the timing was perfect because Wallace was to graduate in the summer of 1963 from Peabody (where he had already been advised to leave the state of Tennessee to earn a living wage.) Wallace said, "Things kept fitting together so well that we could see our decision was built on that desire made years ago. Marian agreed, and I was thrilled." Of course, Nana was crushed, and she said, "Everything I ever loved has been taken away from me: my mother died, my husband died, and now you are taking my only daughter and two grandchildren away." Wallace said, "In spite of her pleas, we knew this was our call to adventure and change; a risk we chose to take after seeing so many things coming together at the same time."

Wallace and Marian packed their belongings and their two small children, Stephen, and Karen, in their used station wagon, filled the luggage rack and set off. Their other belongings were already on a moving truck headed for New York. Nearing their destination, they stopped at a Howard Johnson's to eat. Wallace said, "The first thing we noticed were these strange accents. These people talked too fast and had a harsh nasal quality in their speech. As we approached New York City, the

traffic congestion was overwhelming. As we emerged from the Lincoln Tunnel, a policeman impatiently directed us—uptown or downtown, take your pick. We just wanted to get across. As it happened, we found ourselves on 42nd Street with the middle of the road under construction. We could have walked across faster. It was hot, the children were crying, and we were almost crying ourselves." Wallace found that the Long Island Expressway was no better. He said, "Seeing Lefrak City off to the left of the expressway didn't help. How could people live in such cramped quarters? Had I come to teach in 'Blackboard Jungle?' Would Brentwood look like this?" Wallace said that after passing through the World's Fair construction, things got better. "It was green and open and more promising."

To their relief, Brentwood was residential, with development houses all in a row. Wallace said, "Ours was just like all the others, yet we had found our home and were grateful." Little Karen wanted to know when they were going home, but when she found the blue potty, she was intrigued and decided to stay. Stephen found another Steve next door, who was his age. They were friends from the start and spent hours playing in the Collier's back yard. Wallace said, "We looked around our empty house, no furniture, no gas for the stove. We were hungry and tired. After a quick trip to the grocery for charcoal, I turned the garbage can lid into a grill and made hamburgers for our sixth anniversary meal.

The next day, to the Collier's surprise, they had company. Friends from Nashville with their two children walked up to the door. Of course, Wallace and Marian had issued a blanket invitation to their friends to come and visit. Wallace said, "Who knew the blankets would be on the floor, and we would put a piece of plywood on a cot frame for dinner?" Their first family outing was to Sunken Meadow Beach. Wallace said that coming from Nashville to this open expanse of water was exhilarating. They waded in the water, collected rocks and shells, filled a box with sand for a sand box, and then returned home with their treasures. Karen arranged her rocks on her bed, gave each of them a name, and used them as her imaginary friends. Later, two more sons, Alan and Brian, were added to the Collier family.

Jim and Delores Hicks were part of the original nucleus of interested families in Lubbock. Delores recalls how the group started out small and grew after Dwain and Barbara moved to Fort Worth under the sponsorship of the North Richland Hills church. They had not attended any of the retreats held in Texas, so the only Exodus people they knew, prior to their move, were those from West Texas. Delores said, "I was a little bit fearful of making such a move, but Jim has never been afraid of change." A fairly new Christian at the time, this was something that kind of excited Jim. He was young and wished that he had a stronger background of teaching. "Jim just expressed something one night," Delores said, "and Dwain kind of hopped on him." For a time, Jim and Delores were kind of half committed—could they or could they not—make the move? They had two little kids, one five and one three. Jim was still in school there at Texas Tech. They did not have a job lined up in Long Island, whereas a lot of the others they knew had already been hired. "But we went up kind of poor and without a job," said Delores.

Jim, Delores and young Elaine and Chris left Lubbock in a '59 Chevy and pulling a 5x8 U-Haul containing everything they took with them to Long Island. Delores said that they really didn't know what they were going to do when they got there. Upon their arrival, they moved into the Wolffe Cabins and lived there about two weeks, during which time Jim was hired by LILCO (Long Island Lighting Company).

Delores recalled that the Powells and the Mallows were at the cabins during the time they were there. She said that the Evans family lived there for about six weeks, while waiting for a house to be built, and that they had the only cabin with a shower (though no hot water). Delores speculated that, because of the shower situation, Barbara probably got well acquainted with everyone else. She thought that the George Wolffe family seemed both glad to have them there and favorably impressed by the group. Delores said, "It was kind of inconvenient to go into town to do my laundry and to shop, and cooking there at the cabins was not easy, but we made it fine." The Wrights had moved into some apartments on Penataquit Avenue, so the Hicks applied there, and as soon as Jim got his job at LILCO, they were able to move into the apartments. Jim worked for LILCO a couple of years before he started a career with Grumman Aircraft, where he would work on the Lunar Excursion Module, LEM, which landed men on the moon in the summer of 1969.

Roger and Avanelle Powell married shortly after Roger got out of the Navy and Avanelle graduated from high school. Since Roger had dropped out of junior college after one semester to join the Navy, he was eager to resume his schooling. In between having two children, he went to Oklahoma University and Oklahoma State University where he graduated with a two-year Associate Degree in Electronics Technology. He later wound up at Texas Instruments in Dallas, now with three children and one on the way.

Then Roger heard a preacher who changed his life. Dwain Evans was looking for 80 families who would move to New York, take secular jobs, and plant a church. Roger was convicted. He asked his Dad what he should do, and his dad said, "If the Lord is calling you to New York, you'd better go." So, in the summer of 1963, Roger moved his young family, David, Ava Lynne, Teresa and Ruth Ann, in a small car with no air conditioning hooked to a U-Haul trailer—to New York. It was then Roger took his love for electronics and his two-year associate degree, and got a job at Grumman Aircraft for \$100 a week. [Roger Powell Eulogy, Roger Powell's Story, by David Powell, January 28, 2006].

John and Evelyn Tanner were also part of the first nucleus of committed exodus volunteers in Lubbock. Evelyn said, "I was raised in the church—even though I was not as faithful as I should have been." When their firstborn, Dale, was about three, Evelyn decided to go back to church so he would be in a Bible class. She said that John was not a Christian (he had been raised in the Baptist Church), but he would go to the Church of Christ with her sometimes. Evelyn said, "I started praying that God would touch John's heart. I had seen lots of people start going to services and then stop. So, I prayed very hard that I'd wait a longer time for John to be a strong Christian, never realizing what that might involve. John was baptized in 1959, and in 1961, he had decided we should move to Long Island to help Dwain start the new congregation."

Evelyn could see reasons not to go. They were very active where they were. Evelyn's folks were elderly, and her mom depended on Evelyn to take her shopping and to give her weekly injections for a health problem. Evelyn's brother and his wife lived next door, but they were getting their business started and weren't home much. Besides, Evelyn was the youngest and had never lived anywhere else. She said that the thought of their moving was really upsetting to her folks. "We had four of the eight grandkids, and my folks were very attached to them. It was a very emotional time for me." Evelyn said that John was so excited. But she would get angry with him because her heart was being pulled in different directions. One day, John admitted that he, too, hated to leave his family, but at the same time he was excited about going with the Exodus. Evelyn said, "That was

just what I had asked God for. Silly as it seems that made me feel better, knowing we shared those feelings. There were times that I felt like I was attending my own funeral; it was very hard."

John and Evelyn, along with their four children, Dale, Carol, Ginger, and Clellie (named after their friend, Clellie Holeman), and what they had left of their possessions packed into the biggest U-Haul trailer they had, departed Lubbock in August 1963. They made a weekend stop in northeastern Texas to say goodbye to John's family. Three days later, they were on Long Island. They stayed with Jim and Delores Hicks (another original Lubbock family) for several days because it took a while to find a house that was affordable and large enough for their family. Evelyn said, "What a breathtaking fall that was. After living my life in west Texas, I had never seen such gorgeous colors. We got to see the four seasons. My mouth was dry for at least the first year from staying open in awe at the beauty of God."

June Daniels was in her senior year at Abilene Christian College, working on her B.S. in speech pathology, when she heard Dwain Evans present the idea of Exodus/Bay Shore in the home of his mother-in-law, Jo Bass. At that meeting, Dwain asked June if she might be interested in looking for a job on Long Island in speech therapy. She knew that her family would be very disappointed if she didn't return to Maine—and she liked the idea of returning to the Northeast. But she also knew there was *no* special education in the state of Maine. So, she told Dwain she would think about it.

As a young teenager, June had known the Evans when Dwain was the minister for her home congregation in Augusta, Maine. There, she and Dwain had a conversation about colleges, and June told him she was planning to attend either Colby College, in Maine, or Emerson, in Massachusetts. Being concerned about June, Dwain had said, "Oh, but you need to go to a Christian College...don't you?" Chuckling, June replied, "Well, I don't know." The only Christian College she had visited was David Lipscomb, when she was about 15 or 16, and she "wasn't particularly stimulated to go there." She said that if Dwain had not come to Augusta, though, she might have gone to Lipscomb. As it happened, she looked into going to Abilene Christian College.

June listened carefully to Dwain and thought about what he had said about the Exodus movement, but she also applied for a job in Bakersfield, California, San Angelo, Texas and in Colorado. The school in San Angelo made June an offer. Then, when Rod arranged for several school superintendents from Long Island to come down to the Abilene Christian College campus to conduct interviews, June talked with three of them. She got job offers in all three school districts, and for better pay than the one in San Angelo. June made a choice and determined to go to Long Island. "However," June said, "The real reason I went to Long Island was Dwain and Barbara."

After graduation, June planned to work again as a summer counselor at Camp Shiloh, in Mendham, New Jersey. She made the trip from Abilene with John White, Don Haymes, Liz Kimberlin and Gwen Creel, some of whom were also searching for a job on Long Island. They went there first, and June finalized her job with Helmer Peterson of the North Babylon Public Schools. At the end of the summer, June went home to Maine and prepared for her move to Long Island.

She arrived out on the island about 1:00 A.M., pulling a trailer behind her car, which had Maine license plates. Seeing some policemen along the side of the road, just sitting in their cars, June stopped and asked them for directions to where she needed to go. She said, "They were not very polite and weren't going to tell me. They just wanted me to visit for a while! I felt pretty awful and thought it was a little scary." In fact, the incident made her not want to go, and June said that after

that she stayed away from all policemen and never bothered to ask for directions. June first stayed in the home of E.J. Summerlin, until she and her friends could get into their year-round rental house at 64 Ocean Avenue, in Bay Shore.

Lamar Baker had worked on his M.S. in Electrical Engineering at the University of Texas during the summers and taught electrical engineering and physics at Tarleton State College (later a university), in Stephenville. He had just completed his graduate degree and was ready for a new chapter in his life when he heard about Exodus/Bay Shore at the Cameron Road Church of Christ. Lamar was fairly new to the Churches of Christ, having grown up in the Southern Baptist Church, where he was baptized at the age of eleven. At the University of Texas, he took charge of publicity for the Baptist Student Union, and he thoroughly enjoyed spending time with his fun-loving friends at Hyde Park Baptist Church in Austin.

Then Lamar was encouraged by the aunt of one of those good friends to investigate the Churches of Christ. He said, "She gave me the five famous (in Churches of Christ) Jule Miller pamphlets." By then, Lamar had become a little put off by some racial discrimination he had seen at Hyde Park Baptist. A student and up-and-coming Texas politician (who later became a judge) discouraged a black student from attending Hyde Park. "The whole thing was handled quietly," said Lamar, "and I probably wouldn't have noticed it had not my friend, Carl Howard, editor of the university newspaper, pointed it out to me."

On his own, Lamar studied the doctrinal pamphlets and then talked to the minister at the Cameron Road Church of Christ. He said that he liked the idealistic "one church" idea that the C of C pushed. Wanting "to do whatever it took to be a Christian," Lamar underwent a second baptism—this one for the remission of his sins. Still speaking like a Baptist, though, Lamar said, "I joined the Cameron Road C of C, a new group in a new suburb where people were very friendly." There, he got to know Joe Carroll, a pharmacist, and later met Ruth McClain, former secretary to Governor Daniels. And there, he heard about Exodus/Bay Shore.

The idea of participating in an "experiment" appealed to Lamar. He said, "It seemed to have a lot of potential for new beginnings—starting over—both for the institutional C of C and for individuals." In December 1962, he attended a retreat at Bedford Ranch, near Fort Worth, where he learned more about the Exodus, met most of the full-time ministers as well as some of the families that would be making the move. He attended a big employment conference in Dallas but got no job offers.

Lamar sold his MGA and moved to Long Island in his white 1954 Ford station wagon. He said that being accustomed to moving, he could still get all of his possessions in one station wagon (for a while, he owned two). Lamar described his arrival in New York this way: "I drove into NYC in the evening, just after dark. I couldn't see out my back window because my stuff was stacked to the roof. I had only the outside mirror on the driver's side, and it was hard to change lanes very fast. Exits, unlike Texas, could be either right or left, and there was little advance warning. It was an exciting feeling approaching NYC. The big buildings and bridges were impressive. The traffic and parkways and freeways were a little scary and overwhelming, especially as tired as I was, having driven all day."

Lamar knew that the group had a temporary headquarters in some cabins somewhere in Great River, so as soon as he found Great River, he pulled over to the side of the road and went to sleep. Throughout the trip from Texas, when Lamar got tired, he slept on the front seat of the station

wagon. The next morning, Richard Salmon saw Lamar's Texas plates as he was driving by and stopped to see if he was looking for them. He directed Lamar to the group's location at Wolffe Cabins. "I looked for a job for several weeks, living out of my station wagon." Lamar said. In October, he finally found a good position working with Eugene Raka, a physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, in Upton and moved into an apartment in Sayville with Tom Blake, who had just graduated from Harding.

Toler and Ella Ruth Brannon decided to move to Long Island with their son, Rob, after attending an Exodus/Bay Shore meeting at North Richland Hills. They learned about the mission project as well as about Long Island's great need for teachers. Toler said, "I didn't really want to go to Long Island; Ella Ruth was the prime mover." Nevertheless, he flew to New York for an interview with the Huntington Station school officials and accepted a position as a junior high science teacher. Ella Ruth taught music and art there until their daughter, Angela, was born the following year. After that, Ella Ruth stayed home and taught music after school hours, building up a fairly big clientele. Toler said, "Ella Ruth really stabilized the home and did most of the raising of the kids." When they first moved to Long Island, they decided to live in a smaller house—one that wouldn't require two salaries. After the birth of their daughter, they had James Hance build them a dormer. Since they had a pretty big attic, James took out the roof on the back and put in a couple of more rooms.

Dennis and Edwina Conaway attended the first Camp Arrowhead retreat held outside Glen Rose, and there they made their decision to go with the Exodus. Edwina recalls that she had "great expectations" at that retreat. She said that she didn't know what to expect, but when the presentation was made and the call came for those who wanted to make their pledge to go with the Exodus/Bay Shore to Long Island, "Dennis and I had not even discussed it. We were just there listening, and he caught my hand and I was sitting there praying that anything which would make us closer to God, I wanted to participate in it. He pulled on my hand, and we went down front, and it was like the Holy Spirit just led us. We made our commitment, and that was it." Their children, Alyse, Craig, Laura and Julie were all born on Long Island.

Dan and Billye Mallow met on a blind date in 1947, while Dan was in an electronics school in Gulfport, Mississippi and had agreed to help out a fellow student named Richard Glanville. Dan and Richard had both been students at Woodrow Wilson High School, with Richard graduating a year ahead of Dan. Then they had each signed up for the Navy V-12 program, which offered the equivalent of a full college scholarship, at Southern Methodist University. Dan knew that Richard was a Methodist but said, "He took his commitment to Jesus Christ seriously." Although they were not buddies, they were thrown together enough in the Naval unit to know they were both a little morally different from the other guys. At the end of that year Dan was transferred to the University of Texas, in Austin, and lost track of Richard. Then, in 1947, due to numerous circumstances, Dan became a student at the electronics school in Gulfport. Dan said, "Low and behold, there in the next class, Richard shows up. We recognized each other and howdied."

Toward the end of the year, Richard sought Dan out and explained that he was on the spot and wondered if Dan would serve as a blind date on a certain weekend. Richard's fiancée, an SMU student, whom he had not seen for months, was coming to New Orleans for the SMU-LSU football game, and she had an aunt that she could stay with. A condition on her coming, though, was that a girlfriend had to come with her, and Richard needed a date for the girlfriend. Dan said, "I was a prime candidate, because Richard knew I was a moral person, and furthermore, the girl's father—Captain Will Fritz—was a high city official in Dallas and could run a background check on me with

the Woodrow Wilson principal.” Dan said that they had a nice weekend, and he and Billye began corresponding after the girls returned to Dallas. Dan was 22, had no attachments, and was looking for a life’s mate. He said, “I knew one thing for sure, I had no desire to return to my parents’ home after discharge.” By the time the war ended and Dan got out of the service, he had fallen in love with Billye.

Dan said that he still weakly wrestled with a childhood desire to become a Gospel preacher. At the tender age of 7, when the big question of the day was where the next meal was coming from, Dan decided that he wanted to follow Jesus. He wanted to be baptized and took the matter to his parents. They began asking him some of the theological questions that came to mind, and their firm response to him was, “You are too young to know what you are doing. Study your Bible, and wait a few years.” At the age of 15, Dan tried again for baptism. He was allowed to complete his commitment to Christ and was baptized by Frank L. Cox. But, then, when Dan expressed his desire to be a preacher, he said, “I thought my dad would have a cataleptic fit. I believe he would have disowned me if I had attempted to follow that desire.”

Around the same time that Dan’s father squelched his aspirations to become a minister, he also “became enamored with electronics.” He retreated into books, and electrical experimenting that his meager finances allowed. Dan’s Bible teacher at church encouraged him to prepare himself to be an elder. Now, out of the service, he knew there was no way that he could financially manage to study for the ministry at Abilene Christian or Harding College on the G.I. Bill.

Dan was at a crossroads in his life. Billye was in Dallas. He knew jobs were in Dallas. So, he went there, and they got married. He finally got his degree in Electrical Engineering. But Dan had a strong, lingering desire to, as he put it, “implement my personal priesthood.” His first engineering job in California took them to Port Hueneme. In that small congregation, he taught both adult Bible classes. Later, when the sudden departure of their minister created an emergency, Dan was asked to fill the pulpit. By then, he said, “I had a full plate—my fulltime job, Bible class teaching, part time preaching, two children, with a third on the way, and a wife who wanted to get back to Texas.” The Mallows moved back to Texas and wound up in Arlington, where Dan said that he had a leading role in starting two new congregations, taught Bible classes, and functioned occasionally in deacon-like and elder-like roles. And their marital stresses were building. Despite this, Dan was developing a distinct itch to be in the mission field. It was in this vein that the Mallows heard about Exodus/Bay Shore.

It was in Corsicana, Texas that Dan first heard Dwain Evans speak of the Exodus. The family was visiting Dan’s parents in Corsicana, and that Sunday evening, when Dwain was to speak, Dan’s dad was not feeling well and didn’t go to church. Billye opted to not go and stayed home with him, so it was Dan, his mother and the four children who heard Dwain speak. After Dwain’s presentation, Danny, their 13-year-old son, was enthused and asked, “Can we go?” Dan said that he queried the whole family about going, and then put the issue on hold. Some weeks later, Dwain spoke at Park Row, in Arlington, and the issue of the Exodus was renewed. Dan said, “With the whole family’s consent, we made the decision to become part of the Exodus.” They attended most of the retreats, where Dan was very active in the gatherings, and the family’s decision held firm.

Upon their arrival on Long Island, Dan, Billye, Dan Jr., Faye Anne, Stephen and Mary stayed in the Wolffe Cabins in Great River. Dan said that the first cabin they had was barely large enough for all of them to sleep. The bathroom was truly a water closet. He said, “There literally was not enough

room in it to turn completely around, while standing. It was so small that we literally had to decide what we were going to do, standing up, in the open door, face in the right direction, then close the door, adjust our clothing. Then relax.” The luxury of that cabin, though, was that it had a shower. The second cabin they had was a little more commodious, but it had plumbing problems, and there was no shower. They had to go to Dwain and Barbara Evans’ cabin for their evening shower.

Dan’s goal in joining the Exodus was “to help establish a thriving, healthy congregation of a Church of Christ on the south shore of Long Island.” He would become involved in personal evangelism, as he was in Texas. He said, “I was just changing the culture in which I was trying to share Jesus Christ.” And he would use the same 35 mm slide projector material that he used in Texas for home Bible studies, but he would need to develop, expand, and revise the lessons to fit the audiences he would deal with.

Ruth McClain first heard of Exodus/Bay Shore when Dwain came to Austin for a meeting at Cameron Road Church of Christ. Ruth attended small group meetings led by Dwain after the services each night. Her friend, Thelma Stringfellow, in whose home Ruth lived, was invited to attend different meetings. They both volunteered to become part of the movement but were tentative about sharing their plans. Ruth says, “When we did, we were both elated that we would still be roommates, along with Doris Newhouse and Carolyn Fawcett, in a rented home in Bay Shore.”

Ruth was motivated to accept the challenge of the exodus in order to share the good news of Jesus Christ, but for her it was to be a short-term mission. There in Austin she had what she described as “a wonderful position with a marvelous boss” in state government. Still, she wanted to spend six months contributing her administrative secretarial abilities and organizational skills to the program.

At the time, Ruth had a lot of responsibility for the care of her invalid father and her mother, who was supporting them as an Avon saleslady, babysitter and quilt maker. Ruth says that her mother was most succinct with her words and opinions. When told of Ruth’s volunteering for the movement, her mother said, “I never did put much stock in decisions made in a fit of passion!” But if Ruth thought her mother was non-supportive, when her minister realized that his congregation would lose Ruth, Thelma *and* Lamar Baker, he wrote in the church newsletter that no one had to move across the country to find an unbeliever to reach—we could just go next door.”

Ruth’s preparation to leave was to dispose of everything that wouldn’t fit into her little Chevy Corvair, in order to leave room for Leo, her little Pekingese. Since her car was packed so tightly that she could not see anything but boxes in her rearview mirror, Thelma came up with the travel solution: They would convoy (tightly), and they would put a narrow strip of tape over Ruth’s left headlight. The plan was that Ruth would lead, and when she wanted to pass the car in front of her she would turn on her left turn signal and wait for Thelma to show up in her side view mirror. She would know it was safe to pull out and go around and would stay in the left lane only until she saw Thelma’s car disappear from her side view mirror, and she would know it was safe for her to pull over. She said, “Don’t laugh—it worked. And we never needed to have a strip on Thelma’s right headlight.”

Ruth had her very first blowout on the trip to Long Island. She says that fortunately she had barely pulled over when a trucker stopped, changed the tire “since I didn’t have a clue!” and they all gratefully continued on their travels.

Freda Elliott had lived in Enid, Oklahoma four years when Rodney Spaulding and Alfred Holeman came through town, and Rodney presented the idea for Exodus/Bay Shore to the West Broadway Church of Christ. Freda liked her life in Enid, a lively town of 50,000 in the plains of northern Oklahoma. Enid was home to Vance Air Force Base and also Phillips University, which afforded the community many cultural advantages lacking in smaller towns. Freda enjoyed both her church community and her job at Champlin Oil & Refining Company, situated on the town square. She had developed several good friendships both at church and at work. After a younger sister graduated high school and moved to Enid, Freda loved sharing an apartment with her. Finally, after walking to work for four years, in January 1963, Freda bought her first car—a new 1963, white Volkswagon Beetle. Opting for white wall tires and a radio brought the price up from \$1,750.00 to \$1,900.00.

Despite her contentment in Enid, Rod's presentation of Exodus/Bay Shore spoke to something within her that she couldn't resist, and she felt compelled to consider this move. After the meeting she talked to Rod, and he told her about an upcoming weekend retreat at Bedford Ranch, outside Fort Worth, where she could get more information and meet some of the others who were either committed or considering the project. Freda decided to go down for the retreat, and her sister went along with her.

Freda was inspired by the events and atmosphere at the retreat and decided to commit herself to the move. She went back to Enid and continued planning and saving for her move to Long Island. Her mother's acceptance of the idea, with the only caution "The winters there can be very harsh" relieved her mind. Freda interpreted her mother's reaction about her decision to move as an inward pride that her daughter wanted to help plant a new congregation of the Churches of Christ. In late July Freda gave up the apartment she shared with her sister, moved in briefly with her brother's family and gave her notice at work.

In early August, someone put Freda in touch with Jenny Massey, another young woman who was going to Long Island with the exodus. She called Jenny and was invited to come to Ponca City to get acquainted the weekend before they would leave. When Freda got to Jenny's house, she learned that Mrs. Massey planned to travel to New York with Jenny. She wanted to see Jenny safely there and through the transition, and then she would fly back to Oklahoma. Freda remembers this making her wonder, for a moment, about the wisdom of making the trip alone herself, but it did not deter her. Back in Enid, she culled down her possessions to what would fit in a few small boxes, and together with her small, portable black and white TV, placed them on the backseat of her little car and covered them. For easy access, she put her suitcase, containing her clothing and personal items, in the small luggage space under the hood of the car.

On the day of departure, Freda drove to Ponca City to rendezvous with Jenny and her mother. They talked only briefly about the trip before leaving. Freda says, "I didn't even have a road map." To avoid becoming separated the plan was for Jenny and Freda to somehow signal one another if they needed to stop for gasoline, to eat, or to use the restroom. In the off chance that either party missed the signal, she was to pull over to the side of the road and wait. (Pulling over was not difficult on the two-lane highways of the day and indeed was a common practice.) At one point, Mrs. Massey, who was prone to motion sickness when she rode in a car, needed to stop at a pharmacy to buy some pure coke syrup to settle her stomach. Freda says, "On more than one occasion I found myself at the side of the road, watching diligently for Jenny's car to show up in my rear-view mirror. By then I regretted not having my own map!"

In Newark, the weary travelers encountered slick streets caused by a light rain that had not yet washed the oil from the asphalt. When Jenny braked at a stoplight, Freda, traveling behind her, slowed down but could not keep from skidding into Jenny's rear bumper. Jenny's heavy metal bumper suffered no damage at all, but the mild impact crushed the left front fender of Freda's little VW to the point that she couldn't unscrew the gas cap. But if the VW Beetle has nothing else going for it, it does get good gas mileage. With only a quarter tank of gas in Newark Freda made it on out to Bay Shore—and still had a little gasoline left. The whole trip from Enid to Bay Shore only cost her \$16.00 in gasoline.

When with great relief and a sense of triumph she pulled into the storefront church's rear parking lot in Bay Shore, several men who were there working on the facilities took immediate interest in Freda's dilemma and set about pulling the metal back from her gas tank well enough for her to add fuel. This simple act of cooperation provided her with an introduction to the loving spirit of this new group of Christians. She attended her first church service in the storefronts the next day, and on Monday she took her car to a local body shop to be repaired—and was also sold on the "necessary" body work. Making such a rash decision put Freda's cash for living expenses until she found a job and got a paycheck dangerously low. She would pay for that mistake in the days and weeks ahead with skimpy lunches, and even the occasional missed meal. During those times Freda's courage was bolstered when she remembered words spoken by Dwain Evans at the retreat at Bedford Ranch in Texas: "There will be rough times, times when we will wonder why in the world we moved to New York."

Liz Kimberlin grew up in Louisiana but in early 1963 lived in Hobbs, New Mexico and was in the second half of her third year of teaching school there—a personal goal she had set to reach before she could apply to one of the armed forces to teach overseas. She and her housemate had both applied to teach for the Air Force Dependent Schools, and Liz's goal was to go to Germany. While waiting to hear from the Air Force, and getting anxious about what was going to happen, she heard, from Doris Newhouse, about a group that was being formed to move to New York's Long Island, where the Church of Christ was "under-represented." Liz said, "As I had always had an interest in mission work, this sounded like a good opportunity."

She learned that an employment conference in Dallas was coming up, where she could interview with Long Island school district superintendents who were there to recruit teachers. She and her housemate attended the conference. Liz had interviews with three district superintendents and submitted applications to two of them—Commack and Smithtown. Although she favored Smithtown the first offer that came through was in Commack, and she signed a contract to teach there in the fall.

Right after signing the contract Liz faced one of her "crossroads life decisions." Her housemate got an offer from the Air Force to teach in Germany. A week later Liz received a telegram offering her a job in Newfoundland. But she said, "Since Newfoundland had not been top of my list, it was not a difficult decision to make, as I had already set my mind on the Long Island experience." That summer, while Liz was in graduate school at Abilene Christian College, she learned that a friend she had known there before, June Daniels, from Maine, was also planning to live and teach on Long Island. She contacted June about the possibility of living together. June found a year-round rental house on Ocean Avenue, in Bay Shore, that would be big enough for the five young women who planned to live there—the other three being Polly Lowry, from Kentucky, Jenny Massey, from Oklahoma, and Gwen Creel, from Alabama. Liz sent June her share of the money for deposits on

the house lease and utilities, then she packed as many of her worldly possessions as possible in her big Chevrolet Impala and moved to Long Island.

Karen Van Rheenan was the daughter of a preacher and was thoroughly accustomed to moving. The family had moved numerous times in Iowa, and in her senior year of high school they moved from Iowa to Arkansas. Karen said, “Sharing Christ was important in our family, and my Dad modeled evangelism, as he called it, by taking his Bible and the Jule Miller films to homes many times every year.” After graduating from Harding College, Karen needed a job. When she heard about Exodus/Bay Shore in Long Island, she thought that working with a new church would be exciting. Upon her arrival, she took a room at Mrs. O’Donnell’s rooming house. There she met Carleta Roberts, Freda Elliott and Diana Bush, who all needed a more permanent place to live. They teamed up with Kay Burbaum, a fellow teacher in the same school where Diana had just been hired, and the five women formed a household. The first year, they rented a house in Deer Park and then moved to 93 Ocean Avenue, in Bay Shore.

John White did not actually “join” the Exodus to Bay Shore, but, as it turned out he wound up there, anyway. He had worked as a counselor at Camp Shiloh, in Bernardsville, New Jersey, every summer since 1958. In 1963, after completing his master’s degree at Abilene Christian College, he returned to the camp for what he figured might be his last summer as a counselor. Taking one of his days off, he drove out to Long Island to see two of the people he knew from college in Abilene who had purposely arrived with the exodus group and joined them for one of their church services in some storefront buildings on Main Street in Bay Shore. “Without intending to do so,” John said, “I drifted into membership with the newly-arriving Exodus/ Bay Shore church.”

Previously, perhaps during the fall of 1962, John had heard Dwain Evans speak at the College Church in Abilene about the exodus. But, John admits, “Frankly, I was a bit suspicious of the move.” Experience had led him to feel dubious about what he considered “promotionalism” in churches in general. Over the years, John had become somewhat familiar with the northeast. Not only had he worked at Camp Shiloh, in Bernardsville, N.J. for five summers, but he had some knowledge of and experience with Churches of Christ in the area. After working at the Eastside Church of Christ with a door-knocking/revival for Spanish-speakers during the 1956 Christmas break at Harding College, John said that he was appalled to hear the minister (who shall remain unnamed) of the Manhattan Church of Christ going around the country misrepresenting the Manhattan Church of Christ as the *only* one in New York City—not merely and incorrectly the only one in Manhattan. John had heard there was a Central Church of Christ, but he’d had no direct contact with them, and there was a Church of Christ in the Manhattan Heights section of Harlem, made up of black Christians. So, even though John knew a few people who intended to make the move to Bay Shore, he himself made no commitment or follow-up inquiry.

John had some Camp Shiloh connections with a couple of families on Long Island, E.J and Mildred Summerlin at the Commack Church of Christ, and Hence Ferris at the mostly-black congregation in Huntington Station, when he had visited a bit during the summers. During the summer of 1963, E.J. Summerlin invited John and four of his friends who wanted to find employment on Long Island, Don Haymes, Liz Kimberlin, Polly Lowry and June Daniels, to stay with them while interviewing for jobs. All who interviewed for teaching positions were hired. Don, who was looking for newspaper work, got a good lead and was later hired with Smithtown News, the hub of the area weeklies.

John planned to live on the North Shore and worship with either the Commack church, or more possibly the black church in Huntington Station. However, that was before he dropped in for the Wednesday evening service with the Exodus Bay Shore folks in the crowded storefront in Bay Shore and was a bit surprised when Jackie Thomas announced that, “Brother John White has arrived to be with us, and I am asking him to lead the closing prayer.” He did both.

Jenny Massey was from Ponca City, Oklahoma and in her senior year at A.C.C. in 1963 when she heard about Exodus/Bay Shore. She said that the girls in Pandora (her sorority) were all enthusiastic about this exodus and inspired each other to plan to join it. Jenny and Gwen Creel, both transfer students as well as roommates, sang in a trio together and had formed a close friendship. Jenny said, “Gwen and I prayed together every night that we would meet our husbands in New York.” Jenny remembers her father saying, “New York is a very unlikely place to meet a Christian man; Kansas would be much more reasonable.” However, Jenny knew that teachers in New York were paid better than those in Kansas, and by going to New York she could fulfill her desire to do mission work and make good money doing it. She learned that another single woman, Freda Elliott, from Enid, Oklahoma, also planned to drive to Long Island in August. They spoke on the telephone and set a date to caravan together to New York. On the weekend before their departure, Freda drove from Enid to Ponca City to meet Jenny and her mother and dad.

To Jenny every day in New York was exciting. The comradery with the other girls in the household was great fun. Living just blocks from the Great South Bay and seeing those beautiful old homes on Long Island took her breath away. Jenny loved her students and was fascinated with their enthusiasm and brightness. On the first day of the new school year, she met John Smoker, who also taught in her school. He came to Jenny’s place and met the other four girls in her household. Soon, John started asking Jenny to go for a moonlight swim or out dancing. She had to tell him that she didn’t do either of those things. He asked her what she did do—to which Jenny replied “I go to church.” John told her that he had never been to church, but the next night he went with Jenny. He sang loudly and loved it. Jenny asked Dwain Evans to teach John the gospel of Christ. Dwain said that John’s mind absorbed it like a sponge. Late one night, after John had returned from Pennsylvania, where he had gone to break off an engagement, he was baptized. Later, John met a man in his apartment complex named Max Dula. He told Max that he just *had* to come out and meet these five girls who lived together, because he knew that Max would marry one of them. That girl turned out to be Gwen Creel.

Hazel Buice had always lived in Texas, but after putting her daughter, Dorothy, through college Hazel was advised to “do her own thing.” So, Hazel set her sights elsewhere. At the age of 50, she applied to the Peace Corps, but nothing came of that. Then, according to her daughter, Hazel somehow heard about a movement called Exodus Bay/Shore and began going to meetings where people were being recruited to move to Long Island. Hazel made a job-seeking trip to Long Island and went back to Dallas and told her daughter she had a new job at Southside Hospital in Bay Shore and would start work there in July. Subsequently, her good friend and next-door neighbor finished getting Hazel’s house in Texas ready to be rented until a buyer could be found. Hazel began her life on Long Island at Wolffe Cabins and later roomed with friends, one of which was Thelma Stringfellow. Hazel encouraged her daughter to join her on Long Island, and in December 1965 Dorothy did just that. She found work at the Suffolk County Department of Social Services as a case worker.

Jack and Mary Lois Thomas were engaged to be married when Dwain Evans came to the A.C.C. campus in 1963, recruiting for Exodus/Bay Shore. Mary Lois's sister, Doris Newhouse was already dedicated to the project and was planning to move to Bay Shore. So, Mary Lois and Jack decided after their wedding that if they could find jobs on Long Island, they would "join the bunch" and do their part to "spread the Lord's kingdom."

Jack flew to Long Island to interview in person for the Northport Public Schools as Assistant High School Band Director. He got the job. Mary Lois had a telephone interview with the Connetquot High School principal and was hired, too. Modestly she said, "He probably liked my accent."

Shirley Campbell, a native of Abilene, Texas, had decided to postpone the completion of her degree in psychology at Abilene Christian College and was working in the field of social work when she heard about Exodus/Bay Shore at a missions group meeting on campus. The idea of doing some type of mission work appealed to her, but what sold her on the idea was learning that both Virginia Brack and Rodney Spaulding, whom she had known from the school's a cappella chorus, were going with the Exodus to Long Island.

When the time came to set out for New York, Shirley, her mom and a friend who didn't have a car but really wanted to attend an art school on Long Island, made the trip together. Shirley said that she had heard that New Yorkers were not very friendly, but she found out differently. When they got out on the Southern State Parkway and didn't have a clue where they were going, they pulled over onto the shoulder—something they didn't know at the time was illegal. A man who was also traveling east pulled over, too. He asked them where they wanted to go, and when they told him, he said, "I know where that is; follow me." To them that was about as friendly as you could get.

Shirley and Virginia had previously decided that once they got to Long Island they would room together. For the first year, they shared a five-bedroom house with Vera Jeanne Petty and Ginger Coffman on Concourse East, in Brightwaters. But the singles' households wound up being of a very fluid nature, and, after the first year, Sharon Hillman and Carole Humphries were part of their group.

Polly Lowry had taught high school in Kentucky for two years and was "enjoying some confidence." Then, while working as a summer counselor at Shiloh in 1963 she met many people from church colleges. Through them she heard of the mass exodus to Bay Shore and thought it sounded exciting. She and some others took a trip to Long Island with John White to interview for teaching jobs. Polly says, "We were fed (my first hero sandwich) and driven to interviews by our new friend, Dwain Evans." Polly went back to Shiloh and thought about her possibilities. The World's Fair in Flushing, N.Y. was going on at the same time, and people were discussing their N.Y.C. experiences. She got a teaching job in Deer Park and planned to stay a year. [She retired from there in June 2001.]

Diana Bush was from Port Huron, Michigan and had not heard of Exodus/Bay Shore at all when she moved to Long Island during the summer of 1963. She had completed her four years at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and was offered a job in California, but she decided to stay on an extra year in Michigan to take advantage of a new master's program in Guidance and Counseling. When asked how she wound up in Long Island, Diana said, "In hindsight, I have to say that, after a couple of years, I could clearly see that the only way I could have gotten to Long Island was that God pulled every string." While taking her last graduate summer class, and exploring job

possibilities, she spoke to a female classmate, a teacher from Long Island, who said to her, “Why don’t you write to my superintendent in West Babylon?” It was just three weeks before the fall school term was to begin when Diana called him and was told, “Fly out; I might have a job.” she flew to New York and went out on the island to interview in both West Babylon and West Islip. Interestingly, the job possibility in West Babylon didn’t pan out, but she was hired in West Islip. Then, she flew home to Michigan to prepare for her move to Long Island.

Before going for the job interviews, Diana had known nothing whatsoever about Long Island and had only been in New York City once with a couple of girlfriends during college. She says, “I didn’t have a place to stay. I didn’t have a hotel reservation. I had a suitcase, a typewriter, and my winter coat, and that was it. I didn’t know one soul on the east coast.” The woman at the information center at the Newark Bus Stop got her a reservation at what turned out to be a “quite seedy” Times Square Hotel. She took the train out the next morning to Babylon. Ahead of her on the train was a young woman reading a book. As she might have done in Michigan, Diana leaned over and said to the young woman, “By any chance, are you a teacher?” The young woman said that she was, and the two of them learned that they were going to the same school district. They shared a taxi from the Babylon station to West Islip, which was the only way they knew to get there.

During the lunch break of her first day of orientation, Diana met some other girls, one of which was Jenny Massey, from Oklahoma. Jenny told her about a big three-story rooming house on Ocean Avenue, in Bay Shore, reputed to be one among many homes of millionaires, where she herself had stayed before moving in with a group of girls who had rented the four-bedroom but relatively smaller “retirement” house next door. Jenny took Diana and the other teacher to meet the proprietor, a Mrs. O’Donnell. Perhaps to pay the considerably high property taxes, the O’Donnell family had turned what was once a huge private home (and possibly only a summer place at one time) into a rooming house. The O’Donnells themselves occupied the first floor and leased out the second-floor rooms on a “bed and board” basis to former patients of Central Islip State Hospital who were capable of living on their own and eating with the family. Diana decided to take a third-floor room there on a temporary basis.

The rooms on the third floor had no accommodations for cooking and were, therefore, desirable only to people who needed temporary lodging. After moving into what came to be called “The Big House,” Diana met three other girls who were also staying there: Carleta Roberts, Freda Elliott, and Karen Van Rheen. Diana got to know these girls a little better and, although she was raised as a Presbyterian, she quickly began going to church with them. The place of worship was a three-block walk down Ocean Avenue to the Main Street storefronts, which the church was renting until a permanent building could be built. Diana said, “That’s how I came in contact with the church; unbeknownst to me, I was living with them.” Sometime in October, a fellow teacher from Diana’s school, Kay Burbaum, heard about a house for rent, and the five of them formed a household.

Exodus II (some who came on the second wave in 1964)

Lloyd Cameron, part of the second wave, was a senior at Abilene Christian College when Gary Hood, with whom he had worked in college theater, convinced him to go to Long Island with the Exodus/Bay Shore group. This was not a difficult choice for Lloyd for a few reasons. Even though he had a job offer in Abilene, he didn’t want to stay there; it seemed like a dead end to Lloyd, and

he wanted to expand a little. He knew two things about Long Island—a lot of people of his age group were heading there, and the pay for teachers was better in New York.

Lloyd says, “I called Rod Spaulding to ask for permission to come and to request help with job-hunting.” Before his senior year was over, Lloyd took a Greyhound Bus to New York City. Rod Spaulding picked him up in Manhattan and drove him out to Bay Shore. There, he met Ruth McClain and Dwain Evans. Lloyd said, “That first night I slept in a house in Brightwaters, along with another newcomer. The next day I had a job interview as a junior high school art teacher, starting the following September.” Straightaway, Lloyd took a bus back to Abilene to finish his senior year at Abilene Christian. Then, at the end of the semester he loaded up his 1953 Buick and drove back to Long Island, camping in national parks along the way.

Larry Nye, from Springfield, Missouri, was another young man who came with the second wave. Larry attended Harding College for two years, before deciding to drop out in 1964. During that summer, he worked as a counselor at Camp Happy Hollow, along with some of his Harding friends, Weldon Callaway, Sharon Phillips, and Karen Mock. It was through these friends that Larry heard about the exodus. They were all going up to Long Island, and some had already found teaching jobs. Larry said to them, “Oh, what the heck, I’ll go up there with you all.” Since Larry wasn’t planning to go back to school it was his understanding that “if you weren’t in school, you weren’t at home.” So, the idea of heading out with his friends meant adventure and a good opportunity to start another phase of his life.

Larry didn’t intend to live out on Long Island; his plan was to live in the city. After arriving on Long Island, he went into Manhattan to look for a job. But Larry said, “The city was overwhelming because I was a little farm boy. It was just more than I could take. I didn’t understand how to deal with the city, and so I went back out to Long Island, where I had friends.”

Larry, of course, didn’t have a job arranged—or even a roommate, since Weldon was planning to live further out. Larry had to rely on the church to help him find both a job and roommates. He said, “There was a *porch* available in Lamar Baker’s household on Fifth Avenue, so that’s where I started out.” Fortunately, Larry didn’t have any trouble finding a job. Since he didn’t have a college degree, Dwain Evans guided him toward some nice department stores, such as Abraham & Strauss and Macy’s in Babylon. He was hired at A&S. Larry remembers, “Lamar gave me a car to drive around in. Well, he let me use *his* car—I think it was an old, white car. But Lamar didn’t even *think* about it; he just did it. And he also didn’t tell me that the gas gauge wasn’t right, so I ran out of gas on Southern State Parkway once.”

Sara Smith had not heard of Exodus Bay/Shore, but in April 1964 she started working at the World’s Fair, in Flushing, New York as what she thinks was called a hostess at the booth representing the Churches of Christ. After finishing a degree in Home Economics at Pepperdine University, Sara didn’t really know what she wanted to do, and she had thought about returning to Pepperdine for her Master’s.

As it happened, Rod Spaulding, the minister of evangelism for the Exodus church in Bay Shore, worked at the same booth as a host. Sara became acquainted with Rod, and he said that he could set up appointments for her at various schools near West Islip for a teaching position. Rod knew that Sara didn’t have a teaching certificate from Pepperdine, but he took her around for several interviews. Sara said, “Evidently the schools were rather desperate for Home Economics teachers,

because I think I was offered a job at all of them.” With the potential for several choices, Sara decided to sign on with the first school that sent her the employment paperwork. She said, “I just filled them out, sent them back, got the job, and moved to Long Island.” Sara also didn’t have any plans about where she would live, but three other young women, Liz Kimberlin, Leta Albritton and Carolyn Hale invited her to live with them on Ocean Avenue, in Bay Shore.

Dave Meadows, a part of Exodus II, was raised in Detroit, Michigan but was teaching school in Arkansas in 1964, when he heard about Exodus/Bay Shore. The Harding Placement Office arranged an interview for Dave with Helmer Peterson, superintendent of schools from West Babylon, and he was hired in the Little Rock airport. Dave traveled alone to Long Island, and he remembers stopping in Brooklyn to ask a policeman for directions. Dave said, “He was very nice, even repeated the directions, but I could not understand him and left wondering if everyone spoke like him.” (Dave did not say how he managed to get on out to Long Island.)

When Dave arrived, the congregation’s new building at 600 Montauk Highway, in West Islip, had already been completed. Dave moved into a rather fluid household on 5th Avenue, in Bay Shore, which then consisted of Tom Blake, Lamar Baker and Rodney Rickard and his wife, Marilyn. Before individuals from the exodus movement began renting this house, it was reputed to have been occupied by a family with numerous cats—which had subsequently been abandoned—leaving a horrific odor for a long time. One of the young men in the household said, “We were always prompt with our rent, because we heard that the owner was a member of the mafia.”

Karen Mock became a part of wave two, after hearing Dwain Evans speak about the Exodus in Little Rock, Arkansas. A group of her friends from Harding College: Rayma Bailey, Sharon Phillips, Anne Bentley, Sandra Towlett and Doris Barrett all decided to go to West Islip. Karen told them, “Well, okay, I’ll go, but I’m not getting involved in that stuff. I will teach Sunday School, and that’s all.”

After graduating, without a job or even the promise of one, Karen went up to Long Island to search for a teaching position. She said that, apparently, most of those who had written a letter of recommendation for her had stated that she was a “fine Christian girl,” because the superintendent in West Islip, with whom she interviewed, said to her, “I don’t give a damn what kind of girl you are, I just want to know if you can *teach*.” With that, “Dorothy knew she wasn’t in Kansas, anymore!” Karen was hired, though, and began teaching right away. (And, as it turned out, Karen ended up getting so involved “in that stuff” that her friends who had talked her into going thought she has become a bit of a fanatic!)

Charlene Babb received her undergraduate degree from Harding College—although her high school superintendent in Bradford, Arkansas, population 720, had, after several conversations with Charlene, challenged her choice of schools. Mr. Webb was not from the area, nor was he a member of the Church of Christ, but he had gained some insight into Charlene’s mind and advised against Harding. This surprised Charlene, but she hadn’t considered any other choices. She said, “Harding was the school aligned with my church, and, besides, they were the ones giving me a scholarship and making it possible for me to go to college at all.”

Born the second of eight children, Charlene’s earliest formative years were spent in Benton Harbor, Michigan—where she either took a city bus or rode her bicycle to school. She was in the fourth

grade when she moved to Bradford, Arkansas, thirty miles from Searcy. She said, “I was a poverty-stricken country girl living six miles out of town on my parent’s forty acres of wooded property set a quarter mile off the gravel road.” Since Charlene had lived in both the North and the South, after graduating college she desired a completely new experience. She turned down two offers to teach in Arkansas and Missouri high schools and “jumped at the chance” to teach in a one-room school in Leavenworth, Kansas. Her plan was to take the job for only one year, as a sort of “topping off” of her education. She enjoyed the year very much.

As she was nearing the end of the school year in Leavenworth, she wrote to schools on the west and east coasts, neither of which she had experienced. In 1964 her brother at Harding was in Chapel when Dwain Evans spoke there and handed out a sheet with his contact information for people who might want to move to Long Island with “Exodus/Bay Shore.” Charlene’s brother sent the sheet to her, and she wrote to Dwain. He wrote back and invited her to come, and to let others know of the opportunity. Both Charlene and her roommate, Kathy Finch, let Dwain know they were interested.

In late summer, Charlene and Kathy flew to New York. Upon their arrival, Dwain met them at the airport and took them to Jim and Verna Lee Compton’s house, where they spent the first night. Dwain had arranged for them to stay with a household of young singles for the week they were to be there. Rod Spaulding took Charlene around to interview at area schools. She landed a job at South Huntington Schools—her first stop with Rod. Kathy got a position in the Connetquot school district. They rented a house in Brightwaters and invited three other young women, Lydia Binkley, Pat Binns, and Sandi Taylor, a new Baptist friend, to join them.

Gary Hood was part of the second wave to migrate to Long Island, in 1964. He was born in Marlow, Oklahoma, southwest of Oklahoma City, not far from Lawton. During the Dust Bowl his family moved to Tulare, California to be migrant workers. Gary left home when he was seventeen and spent three years in the Navy. Then, he started putting himself through school, beginning with two years in a junior college in California followed by two years at Abilene Christian College, where he got a degree in history and speech. He thought he would teach school and had no plans other than that.

Since Gary had done a hitch in the Navy, he was already quite a bit more diversified than most of the kids from church schools like Abilene Christian. He said “They all thought I was pretty crazy, anyway, because I was from California—woo, woo!” He figured that back in the ‘60s, being from California was kind of weird in Abilene, Texas. During the summer of 1964, after completing his senior year of college, he toured with A.C.C.’s a cappella chorus. They travelled all through the South and ended up performing at the World’s Fair in Flushing, New York. The well-known exodus church out in Bay Shore was also on their schedule.

Gary didn’t really know anybody in this new congregation and had only heard about it through the publicity about the movement. But he was quite impressed with the group and thought there were a lot of nice people there. Gary had been pretty interested in theater at A.C.C. and had done the leads in several of their popular musicals, receiving a lot of awards for both acting and singing. So, he liked the idea of staying in the New York area, possibly with kind of a half-baked idea of, “Eh, do I want to try to make a living in theater?” Here was an opportunity to be around the theater scene and also find a real job—that paid almost double what he could make teaching school in Texas. Gary didn’t have any place else he needed to go and figured he could handle some time out here” Central Islip High School hired him on the spot, and he taught world history and American History.

Carol Vaughn, from Carlsbad, NM, was part of the second wave of newcomers to Long Island. Carol was a junior at Abilene Christian College in the fall of 1962, when she went back to Lubbock Christian for their annual Homecoming event. There, her good friend, Barbara Achtelik, told her all about Exodus/Bay Shore and her plans to join the venture to Long Island. Carol had other possibilities to consider, though. She was working toward a B.A. in music, with an emphasis on piano—which she figured didn’t exactly fit the teacher mold a lot of people were doing on Long Island. She said, “I also had an aunt who was holding out a carrot of living in the Los Angeles area over my head. Who wouldn’t want to live near a beach in California?” However, Carol learned that other A.C.C. graduates and families were already going to Long Island, and it all sounded intriguing to her, as well as doable.

Carol decided to do the preliminaries: she talked to Richard Salmon when he came to A.C.C. during her senior year of ’63-’64. She talked to others who had already gone to New York. She said that she was “going crazy with indecision.” The only thing in New York that Carol could honestly envision was the possibility of a job working at the Church of Christ office for the New York World’s Fair, with her good friend, Barbara. But she had no way to get up there and no place to stay. She said, in retrospect, “It didn’t occur to me to ask God to help me choose; we were taught in church that He doesn’t work that way.”

However, within days Ginger Coffman called Carol from New York saying that she was going to Houston for the summer to take a graduate course and asked if she would like to take her part of the rental in Sayville for the summer. Then, the next day Kay McCorkle called her from Lubbock asking her if she would like to drive to New York with her and some others who were going. So, before Carol scarcely knew it, she had a job, a place to stay, and a way up to Long Island.

Richard and Esther Scott had been married for two years and were living in Odem, Texas, a small town near Corpus Christi, when they heard through their next-door neighbor, James Gandy, about Exodus/Bay Shore in 1964. James had also been a student at Abilene Christian College and had heard about a job fair on the A.C.C. campus. School superintendents from the area of Long Island, where the church had been established a year before, would once again come to A.C.C. to conduct interviews for people interested in teaching positions there.

During college, Dick had spent the summers of 1959 and 1960 working at Camp Shiloh, in New Jersey, and had felt extremely positive about the greater New York City area. So, when Dick heard about all those people from various southern states moving to Suffolk County, Long Island, an area close to New York City, he immediately decided—for both himself and Esther—to join the movement. As was her demeanor, Esther went along with her husband’s decisions. Dick called the private airport in Sinton, about ten miles north of Odem, and located an airplane owner/pilot/instructor willing to fly him and Esther to and from Abilene for \$100.00. Dick said that the plane was a Cessna single-engine, 4-seater, and the owner was combining their need to be in Abilene with a cross-country instruction flight with one of his advanced piloting students. During the flight to Abilene, the owner of the plane served both as instructor to his student pilot and onboard tour director to Dick and Esther.

Their neighbor, James, did not succeed in getting a face-to-face interview. Helmer Peterson, superintendent of schools in West Babylon, told him during a phone conversation that the only way he could get an interview would be if he could change his gender. They already had too many male

P.E. teachers. Dick said that Mr. Peterson had a good sense of humor. Dick himself got an interview with Mr. Peterson, who was there not only to represent the West Babylon school district but also the Amityville school district. Dick was hired to teach chemistry at Amityville High School. Esther did not try for interviews—she was just along for the ride. After she and Dick arrived on Long Island, she went to work at Franklin National Bank in Bay Shore. Later, Dick and Esther had a son, Richard Jr. and two daughters, Rhonda and Roxie.

Hubert Gibbons, part of the second wave, actually had what he calls his “first introduction” to Exodus/Bay Shore in Naples, Italy. In June 1963, while still in active duty with the Navy, Hubert’s ship had come into home port in Naples. He visited a friend who handed him a copy of *Time Magazine* and pointed him to the religion section where there was an article called, “The Campbellites Are Coming.” The following year, in April 1964, Hubert returned to the U.S.A. and left active duty with the Navy. When he called his mother in Padukah, Kentucky and asked more about the Exodus, she told him that Polly Lowery and Leta Albritton, a couple of young women from their congregation, were already on Long Island with the Exodus.

While out-processing from the Navy at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Hubert says that one Sunday morning he visited the Manhattan Church of Christ and inquired about Exodus/Bay Shore. Burton Coffman, the minister, pointed him toward a young lady who could tell him how to find this place. Hubert introduced himself and learned that her name was Gwen Creel. It turned out that Gwen was most helpful. Hubert said, “She told me which train to catch, where to get off, and gave me a telephone number I could call.” That evening he took the commuter train and called the number he had been given. His hometown friend, Polly Lowery, came to the train station and picked him up. She also gave him a ride to church that evening—his first introduction to the new congregation.

Peter McInnes, received his PhD in Electrical Engineering from the University of Sheffield, in England, and moved to the United States and to Long Island in March 1962 because he wanted to benefit from the opportunities in the Electronics Industry that existed in the States at that time. He was hired at Airborne Instruments Laboratory in Melville and worked there for the next 4 ½ years. Prior to coming to America, Peter had never heard of the Churches of Christ. He had been brought up in the Church of England, and for about nine years he had sung in church choirs, as did his father and two brothers. On Long Island, Peter had attended Episcopal churches in Huntington, Northport and Bay Shore. Then, through a colleague at work he met some girls attending a Church of Christ in Commack. He said, “This led to more contacts, and I eventually took Ginger Coffman, from the Church of Christ in Bay Shore, out a couple of times.” Ginger went back to Texas to take graduate courses, and Peter started dating Carol Vaughn, who had just moved to Long Island from New Mexico and had taken over Ginger’s lease obligation. Through Ginger, Peter had met John White, Don Haymes, Dee Colvett, Hu Gibbons and others in the exodus congregation and found them to be very well read and stimulating conversationalists. He liked that they were very willing to listen to his views—even if they disagreed with him.

Peter accompanied several of them on a trip to New York City to hear sermons by Paul Tillich and other theologians at Union Theological Seminary. He soon surmised that the contingent of the exodus group that he had gotten to know didn’t represent the more traditional wing of the Churches of Christ. He said that it wasn’t until many years later (after reading Richard Hughes’ book) that he even began to understand the tradition they were coming from. Peter remembers being intrigued by the cultural differences between the exodus group, which were primarily Southerners from the Bible Belt, and the largely Roman Catholic and Jewish inhabitants of Long Island. He had great difficulty

understanding both cultures as well as the way of life they all shared as Americans. In England, they were still suffering from the aftermath of WWII, but in America they seemed to be way ahead in their prosperity. Peter said, “It didn’t take me long, though, to see the racial divisions that existed in the Churches of Christ—particularly after visits to Louisiana and Florida—but he thought the West Islip group seemed to have a sound attitude toward racial differences, despite there not being many minorities among them.

Barry Pidcock was living with his parents in northern Kentucky and working at the bank in Cincinnati, Ohio when he decided to make a change in his life—to try a new locale. He said, “I had been interested in mission work, and an opportunity presented itself.” Barry had been a student at Abilene Christian and received the *Christian Chronicle*, and that’s where he read about the Bay Shore movement. In November, 1964, Barry drove to New York in his Volkswagon. He didn’t have that much to carry, anyway, and figured he could buy things, such as furniture, when he got there. He said, “It was quite a drive, but I found the recently-constructed church building in West Islip with no trouble, because I had the address, and possibly a picture of the building, in the materials I had taken with me.”

Barry found a job way out east, in the Riverhead school system, teaching accounting, record keeping, typing—what he called “commercial stuff,” which was his background in college. He lived with Gary Hood and Lloyd Cameron. Briefly, they also had a young fellow from Mississippi, who was making a change, living with them. Barry said, “I was on the roster for cleaning the kitchen, buying groceries, preparing the meals and all that.”

Long Island had more ethnic groups than Barry had dealt with before, but he said, “My new environment wasn’t too much of a culture shock, because I wasn’t from Tennessee or Texas, where the Church of Christ was strong. In the Cincinnati area, the church was very weak.” Barry was amazed that the West Islip church had 80 schoolteachers and five ministers. He considered the large number of singles in the congregation very unusual but “a great opportunity.” He knew that most churches, even those in Texas, are community based and made up of a heterogeneous mixture of all kinds of people and from different levels of society. He found the West Islip congregation to be “a select type population, which was kind of artificial,” and that this made it an unusual place.

Both of Barry’s parents were deaf, so he wanted to put his special skills working with the deaf into practice on Long Island. He organized a “movie night” at the church building as an outreach effort to the deaf community, using regular 16-millimeter Hollywood produced films, with captions—which were not then widely available on television, but were available out of Washington DC. Barry said, “We drew a lot of deaf people because of offering a cultural thing that they wouldn’t normally have in their own homes. We made the church a kind of center for the deaf to get together and socialize, providing a bridge to their community and a way to show that we were interested in them.”

Exodus III (some who came on the third wave in 1965)

Nina Moore was part of the “third wave” of young people to join the exodus during the summer of 1965. Nina was one course short of her B.S. in Home Economics when she returned to her home state of Arkansas, after interviewing for a teaching job on Long Island, but she held in her hand a teaching contract from Central Islip. What’s more, the promised salary stunned her father. She

would earn \$6,500 per year while her father, who had taught school in Arkansas for more than twenty years, had never made that kind of money. But Nina wasn't quite ready to return to New York and begin her teaching career. Having failed Western Civilization at Harding College, she had registered for a five-week course at Arkansas State in order to have her degree by August. She was also committed to work at Camp Happy Hollow outside Springfield, Missouri after finishing her course work.

Upon arrival at the camp she discovered that there were three others working there that she knew from Harding: Ken Mills, Michael Moore, and Jenette Buchanan. At some point, she and Jenette found out they were both going to New York at the end of the summer and made plans to travel together. At the time Nina was driving an old foreign model car that her dad had given her. Jenette had recently purchased a Dodge Dart, so they took Jenette's car to New York. Although Ken Mills was still a student at Harding, he decided at the last minute to join them. Nina said, "We didn't know where we were going to stay." Nor does she recall who they stayed with while looking for a place to rent.

Kathey Dorow heard Dwain Evans preach at the Church of Christ that served the Oklahoma State University (OSU) students in Stillwater. As a result of Dwain's encouragement Kathey, Bob Otey and Phil and Diane Traylor set off for Abilene, Texas to interview with school administrators which had flown down from Long Island. Kathey said that while in Abilene they stayed with Barbara Evans's parents, J.W. and Jo Bass. That evening, Jo entertained them with a story about their honeymoon. It seems that J.W. took his grandfather with them—along with some hound dogs with which to go hunting. Jo was so angry that she was smoking a cigarette when the men returned. After relating the story, her husband's only comment was, "You don't know what love is until you've loved a hound dog."

Kathey said that they all had several job-offers, but Rod Spaulding advised Kathey to accept the offer from Islip. She said, "That was good advice for me. When I accepted Mr. Cosman's offer, I took him a cupcake because I had learned it was his birthday. He was a friend after that." Then, in the summer of 1965, Kathey, her mother and the Traylor's, along with some friends who drove a U-Haul for them, caravanned to Long Island. Kathey said, "We lost them on the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, and didn't know that a truck was not allowed on the Southern State Parkway. Some very kind New Yorkers from Brooklyn helped get them back on a truck-allowed road and out to West Islip."

David Gauntlett was another one who came in on the third wave, but he didn't make the pilgrimage to Long Island the way most of the others had. He grew up on the island of Jamaica and came to the United States on August 4, 1957, seeking opportunities—exactly what he didn't know at the time, though. David remembers feeling like a rich immigrant, compared to many. He brought with him a few changes of summer clothes and the "princely" sum of \$300.00 with which to begin his new life in a strange country. David said, "For about the first six months I slept on my aunt's living room sofa in Brooklyn." Then, his uncle introduced the idea of college to David, and a minister told him about Harding College, in Searcy, Arkansas.

After working his way through college, David graduated in 1962. He moved to Dallas, did a stint in the Armed Forces, and then went to work as an accountant for Mobil Oil. In December of 1965 Mobil Oil transferred him to New York City. After he had lived in Manhattan for a while, David heard that a fellow he had known at Harding College three years previously, Dave Meadows, was

living not far away, out on Long Island. He gave Dave a call, and Dave told him that at the church where he attended there were “300 single women” and that he should come and see for himself. By the time David got out there, some months later, Dave and his wife, Sara, had already departed as missionaries to Brazil. David met a couple of girls at the church, which by then met in West Islip, though, and that’s where he decided to settle.

Marjorie Norton arrived with the third wave in 1965. Her daddy was a preacher, so she’d had a lot of experience with churches. Marge said she must have still been in college at A.C.C. when she first met Dwain Evans and his wife, Barbara, who came to her grandmother’s ranch to solicit money for the Exodus/Bay Shore project. When Marge finished college, she did not join the mass movement to Long Island. Instead, she and some friends set their sights on a place even farther away than New York—Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Marge lived in Ottawa for nearly a year and a half, and while there she continued to enjoy a close friendship with Mary and Ron Zavitz. Marge and Mary went back a long way. They had been good friends at Abilene Christian, and Marge said that she considers Mary her favorite roommate, especially when they shared a “dinky little apartment” in one half of someone’s garage in Abilene. Their relationship proved invaluable in Ottawa, when Marge made the mistake of visiting a different type of church where there were more young adults in attendance. When it came to the attention of her home congregation, it resulted in problems for her. Mary and Ron supported Marge through this difficult and painful period.

When Marge left Ottawa, she was kind of at loose ends. First, she went out to Denver, Colorado but only stayed there a month before deciding to go to Ohio and stay with her sister for a while. There, she got a job as a substitute teacher until the end of the 1964-65 school year. That summer, Marge decided to take an art class for teachers out on the east end of Long Island. It sounded interesting to her, because it would be taught collaboratively by NYU and MOMA (Museum of Modern Art).

With an inheritance from her grandmother she bought a new Volkswagon Beetle. It had a stick shift, of course, so she had to learn how to drive it. Marge’s sister told her that she was worried about her driving to Long Island alone and that she was going along with her. Of that experience, Marge said, “We called it turnpike surfing—driving along the Pennsylvania Turnpike, with huge trucks zipping past us.” Marge had arranged ahead of time to live with some other graduates of Abilene Christian College in a rented house on Ocean Avenue in Bay Shore. She had a wonderful summer hanging out with friends and taking the art class, which Marge called “the most fabulous art class I’d ever taken.”

Marge also enjoyed the West Islip Church of Christ and noticed that people from all over the world tended to show up to visit their services. As it turned out, rather than leaving Long Island at the end of the summer, she decided to stay. This time, she moved into another house full of young women. A good job opportunity presented itself when Doris Newhouse, who was leaving her job and getting married, recommended Marge to her boss, an internal medicine doctor named Stanley Tyler. Marge got the job and worked there until she married Lewis Wood, a city planner from New Jersey. Marge and Lewis settled in West Islip and had four children, Ted, Kate, Martha and Charlie.

Holly Brannon was a senior at Harding College in 1965 and was rooming with Carmen Camperell when Dwain came there to recruit for Exodus III—as those who made the move to Long Island that year were called. Though the idea appealed to Holly, and she had talked Carmen into making the move, she herself did not commit while Dwain was at Harding. She knew her father was not well, and she felt strongly about returning to Georgia to be with him. Holly said, “But after spending the

summer with no direction at my parents' home, I remember my father's exact words to me: "If I were a young person, I would move to New York. Of course, you will need to get snow tires." So, with her father's blessing, Holly decided to move to Bay Shore that fall.

Holly shared a large, drafty old Victorian House on Ocean Avenue, in Bay Shore, a few blocks from the Great South Bay, with her cousin, Mary Ethel Bales, Anna Belle Climer and Anita Green. According to Holly the only time the house got warm that winter was when they had a Valentine's Day party with a huge crowd of other young people from the church. Holly had known all these women at Harding College, so, as she said, "Living in such a household was in many ways like a continuation of dorm life--only we did not have the stricture of a 10 P.M. curfew!" Their new environment offered them the freedom of first-time "adult life," with the relative safety of their Christian College existence. At that point in Holly's life, "Continuing to live in a community which shared similar values was important to me. Connection with like-minded people was significant in my making the transition from college to adulthood."

Unfortunately, just six weeks after she made the move to Long Island, her father suddenly died. Holly said, "I grieved the loss of my very precious Dad. Fortunately, she received immediate love and compassion from specific people from both her church family as well as her own extended family, some of whom had moved to Long Island many years before she did. Holly returned to Georgia for the funeral and then felt torn about what to do—should she stay there, or return to New York? After being in Georgia for a month, Holly's mother convinced her to return to New York and to go on with her own life. Holly said, "It must have been hard for her, as she had great difficulty letting go of her children."

Phil and Diane Traylor lived in Stillwater, Oklahoma when Dwain came by in 1965 to share the story of the Exodus. By then, the Exodus church had been in existence for two years, and exciting things were happening. Phil had just finished working on his Masters at Oklahoma University and was very excited about the idea of going with the Exodus, though it would not be an easy transition. Phil and Diane also had a 3 ½ year old son, Bart, and Diane's 12-year old brother, Jack. Also, Diane was in the throes of caring for her mother, who suffered from Huntington's Disease. Finally, they made the gut-wrenching decision to have Diane's mother cared for in a mental institution in Oklahoma until they were financially able to bring her to Long Island to join them. Diane said, "Moving away was very hard for me; it was awful."

They traveled to Long Island in August, 1965, and Diane described the move itself as "unremarkable." They had a friend who was considering moving up there, too, after he graduated the following year. So, he and his wife drove a big truck to Long Island loaded with all the Traylor's stuff. Diane said that they "landed at Bob and Carol Goodrich's, who had just left for Oklahoma on vacation." She figured they had probably passed them on the way. Nine months later, the day before Mother's Day, 1966, they were able to bring Diane's mother to Long Island to be with them. As time went by, they would add more children to their family through adoption on Long Island.

Paula Bray, also with Exodus III and Sandra Casey were teaching at the same school in Fort Worth when they, along with Judy Ogletree, from Olton, Texas, decided to join the Exodus. That summer, while working at the New York World's Fair in Flushing, Paula and Mary Ethel Bales, another young woman who was planning to move to Long Island, borrowed someone's Volkswagon Beetle and went out on the island to look for rental houses for their prospective households. Since Paula

could not drive a stick shift, Mary Ethel had to do the driving. Their searches were successful. Mary Ethel found just what her large household would need in Bay Shore, on Ocean Avenue, close to the Bay Shore Marina. For her smaller household Paula found “a cute little white cottage with blue shutters and a white picket fence” in the heart of Babylon. She learned that the place belonged to a doctor from New York City who only came out on the weekends during the summer.

In September, 1965 Paula, Sandra and Judy, all driving 1964 Chevrolets, caravanned from Texas to New York, arriving the weekend before school started. Paula said, “I was the head car because I was the only one with a road map.” They managed to get past New York City and out on Long Island, but they got lost on the Southern State Parkway and could not find an exit for West Islip. Finally, they decided to just get off somewhere. (Paula thinks it must have been Brentwood.)

In a residential area, the three of them pulled over and stopped by the side of the road and got out of their cars. Paula said, “There we were with our Texas car plates, and I had a stereo, a big console thing, in the back seat of my car.” A young policeman stopped to ask them what was going on and offered to help. They told him that they were trying to find West Islip, and in particular the West Islip Church of Christ. He told them how to get there, and then, when he found out these attractive young women were going to be teachers, he said, “Oh, well, I will see you girls at The Villager (a bar in Babylon Village). The teachers from all the schools hang out there every Friday night.” Paula said that if he looked for them there, he didn’t find them. “We just laughed about it later, because, of course, we didn’t drink—we were tee-totalers.”

That night they stayed in what Paula described as, “that awful motel behind the Peter Pan diner, right off Sunrise Highway in Bay Shore.” Before going into the diner to eat, she said that they had to stop and get sweaters out of the trunks of their cars because it was cool at night—something they certainly were not used to in Texas. Paula said, “When we went inside it was all just so *foreign* to us. The owner of the diner was Greek, and he had such hairy arms.”

The girls purposely planned their arrival on the island close to the beginning of the new school term in order to avoid having to crash on someone’s sofa and floor. But that is just what they wound up having to do. Whereas Sandra’s sister, Mary Sue and her two roommates had been able to get into their rental house on September 1, Paula, Sandra and Judy discovered they had to wait until the day after Labor Day to move in. So, they were invited to join the others for the few remaining days.

Paula recalls, “So we rented this house—which we later found out had absolutely no insulation. It was a summer cottage, and we nearly froze to death in that house!” Paula couldn’t remember if it had central heat, but figures it had those Dearborn gas heaters. She recalls, “But it was *so* cold, and when it snowed, it snowed in the closet! In the bedroom where Judy kept her clothes, there would be snow on her clothes, so I guess it was coming through the roof some way. Oh, we had some experiences in that house!”

Mary Ethel Gale (called **Methel** by her friends) became a part of wave three. She said that she probably heard Dwain Evans give his “pitch” at Harding College for moving to the Northeast to plant the church of Christ in an area where it was relatively unknown. However, being “a little young at the time to be making life plans,” she was probably more moved to consider coming to Long Island after receiving a letter asking her to consider such a plan in about 1964 from her friend, Dee Colvett, who was already in West Islip. Mary Ethel already had aunts, uncles and cousins in various Long Island locations and other friends like John White already in West Islip, so it wasn’t a

foreign land to her. That year some of the Long Island school administrators again made trips to Christian colleges to recruit teachers, so while Mary Ethel was doing her student teaching in Little Rock, Arkansas, she was interviewed at the local airport by superintendent Helmer Peterson. There, she was hired for a job teaching elementary music in West Babylon.

After graduating in June 1965, Mary Ethel traveled to the northeast with the Harding College a cappella chorus, singing at churches along the way. After arriving, they sang at the World's Fair in Flushing, New York. Mary Ethel had made a commitment to work at the Church of Christ booth for a month, so the chorus trip for her ended there. She said, "The Harding bus left me off near the sponsoring Queens Church of Christ, and I felt totally bereft as I saw life, as I had known it, drive away. I was alone, without community, without support and security."

The feeling, however, was only temporary because others were involved with the church's booth and were also going to live and work in West Islip. Mary Ethel and Paula Bray made the trip out to Long Island to secure housing for their respective groups of housemates. Holly Brannon, Annabelle Climer and Anita Green would join Mary Ethel and form a household. They found a summer rental to begin with but discovered that, since it was not winterized, they spent as much for fuel per month to heat the house as they paid for rent, which was \$150 divided four ways. During her second year, Mary Ethel, Donna Wright, Carol Coldwell and Karen Nelson were the first group to rent the carriage house situated next to the church building on Montauk Highway--which would later host a class for young adults and others interested in a non-traditional discussion of matters related to biblical or cultural matters. Mary Ethel recalls being "on the periphery of the Carriage House activities." At that time, she had been dating Walter Gale for about a year and was busy writing to him at William and Mary, where he had gone to get his Master's degree.

Sharyl Jo Lee Thayer, another part of wave three, grew up in Davenport, Nebraska, a town of 450 people. For two years, she attended York College, in York, Nebraska, where her mother had been a Dormitory Supervisor for 25 years. Then, Jo Lee transferred to Harding College, where she participated in a cappella chorus and also Belles and Beaux, a choral group that toured the country for Harding as well as the Defense Department. While Jo Lee sang with them, they toured military bases in the Caribbean. Being an accomplished musician by then, Jo Lee was a favored entertainer at banquets and other special events around campus. Through these two choral groups Jo Lee became good friends with Mary Ethel (Methel) Bales.

During the summer of 1965, after her friend, Methel, had lived on Long Island for a year, she came back to Harding for a visit and told Jo Lee that she would like it up there. So, Jo Lee decided to go and see for herself. Jo Lee said, "I had no trouble getting a job, because as soon as Dwain had my name, he set up four job interviews for me." Harding loaned her the money to fly to New York for the interviews, and later, while singing with the Belles and Beaux in Miami with Pat Boone, JoLee decided she would accept the position at John F. Kennedy Junior High School in Deer Park.

After completing her work at Harding at the end of the summer, Jo Lee returned to Nebraska to see her family. From there she took a Trailways bus to Pennsylvania Station in New York City, where her friend Methel picked her up. JoLee already had a place to live. Pauletta Verett, Betty Royal and Kay Elmore were planning to rent the Porterfield's house while they were away for a year, and they needed a fourth housemate. She rode to work in Deer Park with Betty for a while, and then she purchased a Dodge Dart. She had just gotten her driver's license before moving to Long Island, but

within a month she was driving to the upper west side of Manhattan for private voice lessons. When Jo Lee first decided to move to Long Island, she intended to stay for two years; she just wanted “the New York experience. Still residing on Long Island, I would say that she got that, and much more!

Donna Wright was part of wave three, was nearing graduation at Abilene Christian College in the early spring of 1966, with no prospects of employment lined up. She said, “I think I had postponed any preliminary job search because I didn’t really want to be an English teacher—just an English student.” Essays and books that Donna read while in junior high school had caused her fall in love with the New England region from afar and had given rise to a dream of one day living there.

Earlier that year, Donna heard Dwain Evans speak in chapel about the Exodus. But, since she was in the process of examining her faith and had decided not to remain in the Church of Christ, the nature of Dwain’s presentation held no appeal whatsoever to her. Therefore, she didn’t even consider attending the special hiring fair that several Long Island superintendents, under the coordination of Rod Spaulding, were presenting at ACC.

However, on the big day of the job fair, Donna’s friend, Glenn, who was aware of her desire to move to the Northeast, called and urged her to go for interviews. She said, “I told him I’d prefer to continue sleeping.” Undaunted, Glenn came to Donna’s house and, as she put it, “bullied me into getting dressed and shamed me into washing my hair before dragging me to the interviews.” At the job fair, when Donna met with Rod Spaulding and told him that she did not plan to be part of the West Islip church, he pragmatically suggested that she should not take one of the jobs which he had intended for those who were committed to the Exodus. Now, she had a dilemma: what if she were offered a job? Amazingly, Donna was offered a job by Helmer Peterson, superintendent of the West Babylon School District. She told him that she was not prepared to make that decision, but he insisted she take his telephone number and call him collect in New York, if she changed her mind.

In May, with no other job prospects, and on one of her last days of student teaching, Donna went to a pay phone by the girls’ gym and made that fateful call. Her friend, Sybil, who planned to drive to New York City to live and to teach in New Jersey, had told Donna that she could ride up with her at the end of August. Donna figured she could work on Long Island for a couple of years and then move on to the “Vermont of my dreams.”

Donna said, “As the time to move drew nearer, my attitude toward the church softened, both because of some deep inner spiritual shifts and because, if I were leaving Mom and Dad behind in Texas, I at least needed the security of Mother Church.” When she arrived on Long Island with \$200.00 and a new teaching wardrobe, she headed straight for the West Islip Church of Christ. There, the secretary, Ruth, found Donna temporary lodging with Nina Moore and Jenette Buchanan. Donna immediately discovered that other friends of hers from ACC had arrived earlier in the summer and had secured the rental of a converted carriage house on Montauk Highway, in West Islip, next to the church building. In October, when the renovations on the house were completed, Donna and the three others moved in.

Art and Babs Miley were not part of the original exodus movement or its subsequent waves; they wound up there four years later, in 1967. Both Art and Babs grew up in Vincennes, Indiana, a small, historic town on the banks of the Wabash River, in the rural southwestern corner of Indiana. Following a three-year courtship during college they married, as Art began a business career. Art

said that during the 1950's and 60's, a large corporate business career meant frequent geographic transfers, and his took them first to Detroit, then to St. Louis, and then to Chicago.

Sometime in the early 1960s, Art first read of West Islip in a front-page article in the *Wall Street Journal*. "Beyond that," he said, "I read various Church of Christ publications touting the Exodus, but we never considered joining it." In 1963, the Mileys lived in a Chicago suburb and were active members of the Wilmette Church of Christ, where Bob Marshall was ministering, and they heard him talk about the Exodus. Art said, "Bob had majored in journalism in college and was good with the pen. He was a writer with a group who wrote publicity pieces for the Exodus."

In 1964 Art, Babs and their oldest son, then seven years old, attended the New York World's Fair. They visited the Church of Christ exhibit where they met a couple of West Islip men who were working the booth that day. Art said, "I probed them with several questions about West Islip." The following Sunday morning the Mileys drove out to West Islip, and heard Dwain preach. After church, they hung around and talked with several people. Art said, "We were quickly hooked—both on Dwain and with the dedication and contagious enthusiasm of the members of West Islip."

When they returned to Wilmette, Art was so "hyped-up and energized" about the Exodus that Bob Marshall asked him to give a verbal report to the congregation the following Sunday. "Thereafter," Art said, "I closely followed the Exodus and read every morsel I could find." Art called Walter Burch, whom he knew through Bob Marshall, and picked Walter's brain to explore how he and Babs might partner with the Exodus—but from Chicago. From time to time, business trips took Art to the New York City area, and he was able to drive out to visit West Islip. He continued to find the congregation and its vision and mission challenging. However, their actual participation with West Islip was limited to financial support.

Then, in September, 1967, Art and Babs had an unexpected opportunity to move to the New York City area when Art was offered a job as a Vice President of PepsiCo, Inc. By then, their family had grown to include four children, with the youngest being one month old. They purchased a house in Manhasset, Long Island, because it was a brief ride on the Long Island Rail Road's direct line into the city. But being members at West Islip meant driving about thirty miles each way, involving 50 minutes or more—on a good day. And they always wanted to attend services at West Islip Sunday morning, Sunday night, and Wednesday night. Art said, "We did not consider any other congregations but West Islip. We believed God was calling us there."

Bill and Jean Spindler were born and raised in the northeast, rather than in the south and west, where the Church of Christ is strong, so Bill said that his church experience was somewhat limited. In late 1967, Bill heard of the Exodus movement that Dwain Evans was promoting on Long Island and was "immediately attracted to the idea of importing Christians!" He realized that starting a new congregation in the northeast was not easy, let alone nourishing folks along toward maturity and the appointing of elders. Bill said, "In my imagination this transplanting idea could speed up church growth here in the northeast by leaps and bounds!"

So, with expectations running high, Bill and Jean, with their six children, headed from Allentown, Pennsylvania to Brightwaters, New York and located about a mile from the new church building in West Islip. (For decades, Bill was a rock of support in the congregation at West Islip, before moving back to Pennsylvania.)

Bob and Carmen Riggs first heard an Exodus presentation while living in Memphis, Tennessee, where Bob was on staff with the Union Avenue Church of Christ as song leader and youth worker and where their four children, Sylvia, Beth, Bonnie and Kevin were born. He said, “While I wouldn’t say I was hooked, at least I was interested.” But they wouldn’t make their way to the West Islip church until 1968. After eleven years in Memphis, Bob was hired by a church in Red Bank, New Jersey to do “personal work” This was a new experience for Bob, so he made a trip out to Long Island to see how the Exodus church did it. While at the Red Bank church, Bob replaced Ed Rockey as pulpit minister—something he “was not cut out for.” So, when friends from Memphis, who had moved to Dover, New Jersey, approached Bob about moving there, again to do personal work, the Riggs decided to take the position.

Dale Castleman, a guy Bob had known in Memphis, was the minister in Dover and was pursuing a graduate degree in religion from New York Theological Seminary. Bob said that when Dale felt obligated to let the congregation know how his thinking about certain theological points, including ecumenicity, was changing, “the egg hit the fan.” Their response was, “But Bob Riggs doesn’t think that way!” Then, of course, Bob had to admit that he did. So, for the Riggs, “Moving to West Islip seemed pretty inevitable.”

Now, neither Bob nor Carmen had any previous experience teaching in a public school, but Dwain made phone calls to several school superintendents, and, to Bob and Carmen’s amazement, they both quickly had offers to teach in Connetquot, a very good school district. At first, they rented Carolyn Hale’s house, and then later were fortunate enough to be able to buy a Dutch colonial on Windsor Avenue, in Brightwaters, and their children attended school in Bay Shore.

Settling In

As the original people with the exodus arrived on Long Island during the summer of 1963, some went directly to Wolffe Cabins in Great River, a temporary place of lodging which had been previously arranged by Dwain Evans while on a trip to Long Island and was advertised in the April 12, 1963 *Exodus Newsletter*. Among the cabin dwellers were Dwain and Barbara Evans and their two daughters, Lisa and Stephanie, who lived there until they found a house, just before school began in September. Others included Jim and Delores Hicks and their two children, Elaine and Chris; Pat and Doris Reaser and their three children, Trina, David and Lura; Dan and Billye Mallow and their four children, David, Faye Anne, Steven and Mary; Roger and Avanelle Powell and their four children, David, Ava Lynne, Teresa and Ruth Ann. While searching for a house during the month that the Powells were at the cabins, Avanelle got the impression that no one wanted to rent a house to them, since they had four children, ages six months to seven years. But she loved living in the cabins, despite the fact that they had no hot water. To her the best part of it was the way everyone shared what they had. She said, “I’ve told folks many times that, at the cabins, we truly had all things in common. If we couldn’t get to our blankets in the trailer, we used yours. If you couldn’t get to your towels, you used ours. What a wonderful time of sharing.”

James and Vi Hance, along with their seven children, Mark, Steve, Barbara, Betty, Doug, Robbie and Clyde (Sheri would be born in New York and make eight) came to Long Island thinking they had a house to rent. When they arrived, they discovered that, due to a breakdown in communication, the house had already been snapped up by another family. So, the Hance family ended up at Wolffe Cabins and stayed there for about three weeks. Then, they found a good house to rent. Vi said, “We

never did meet our landlord or even sign a lease because he was down in Florida, and the agreement was handled over the telephone.” [Joe Holley, *Exodus-Bay Shore: An Experiment in Evangelism*] Vi recalls, “The best things about our time in Wolffe Cabins was hearing Dwain early in the morning singing at the top of his lungs just across the field from our cabin, and the evening singing and praying out there on the lawn.” But, Vi also admitted, “It was a real hassle trying to find a Laundromat, and taking the two smaller children with me, and the frustration of all the exits coming off to the right, when I knew I needed to go left.” However, despite any hardships which Vi experienced during her family’s time in this primitive but temporary place of abode, she must have felt the presence of God very strongly, because she later described Wolffe Cabins as her “Ebenezer.” (See 1 Samuel 7:12) [email from Vi Hance, September 22, 2005]

Dan Mallow said that the first cabin their family stayed in “was barely large enough for all of us to sleep. The bathroom was truly [what is sometimes called] a water closet. It was so small, that we literally had to decide what we were going to do standing up, in the open door, face in the right direction, then close the door, adjust our clothing, then relax.” He said that the luxury of that cabin, though, was that it had a shower—even though there literally was not enough room in it to turn completely round, while standing.

Dan described their second cabin as “a little more commodious.” They enjoyed the extra floor space, but they had to go to Dwain and Barbara's cabin for their evening shower. During the first few days the drain of the kitchen sink began to leak. An investigation revealed a drain connection that had been repaired by multiple layers of duct tape. Not only that, but shortly after the Mallows moved in the water line in the yard sprang a leak, and water bubbled up through the soil. To add to Dan's woes one evening, when leaving for worship, Dan slammed the cabin door shut and a hornet stung him on the forehead. He looked up and spotted one of those bag-type hornet nests under the eave, just above the door. Dan said that this was something he had never seen before, except in the comic strips. “Suffice to say, these conditions expedited our process in purchasing our house in Oakdale.” [emails from Dan Mallow]

Cooperation among Exodus families was remarkable. Many of those who were already established in a house or an apartment extended gracious invitations to newcomers to stay with them until they could find their own place. Carolyn Salmon remembers that “from the middle of July until the first of September our four-bedroom house was filled with people coming in. Most of the people came during that period of about six weeks, wanting to get settled before school started. It was the most exciting experience. We called it the honeymoon period. Everybody had moved in, and we were just getting acquainted.” [Joe Holley, *Exodus-Bay Shore: An Experience in Evangelism.*]

Some of the families who shared homes or apartments in the beginning were already acquainted or had been friends prior to moving to Long Island. For example, John and Evelyn Tanner and their four children and Jim and Delores Hicks and their two children all came from the same congregation in Lubbock, Texas and had, in fact, been part of the original nucleolus of families committed to the Exodus. The Hicks arrived first, and after the Tanner family arrived, they stayed with the Hicks temporarily. When D. L. and Juanita Reneau and their family arrived, they stayed with the Powells, who by then had found a place to live. The Powells also extended hospitality to Bob and Carol Goodrich and their four children until they found their first temporary residence, a rented duplex in Deer Park.

Not only married couples with children, but numerous single people began arriving. Most of the singles formed households and shared living expenses. Some who had committed to the Exodus decided before making the trip to New York to form a household once they arrived on Long Island. Various eclectic households came together after the individuals had arrived, as in the case of Carleta Roberts, Freda Elliott, Karen Van Rheenen, and Diana Bush who were, of necessity, renting temporary rooms on the third floor from a Mrs. O'Donnell in one of Long Island's former private mansions near the Bay Shore Marina. The girls had quickly become acquainted and, teaming up with a fifth woman, Kay Burbaum, who taught school with Diana, rented a house in Deer Park for the first year.

Undoubtedly, there were several other households thrown together in a similar way. The single contingent of the exodus church would swell to 85 young women and 12 young men—a unique phenomenon not found in your garden variety of congregations of the Churches of Christ, and, according to Don Haymes, one “fraught with complications.” Where would all these single women find a nice Christian man to marry, and just how many of these nice Christian women could these nice Christian guys possibly date? We would soon learn that a few of the guys made a good attempt to find out. As it turned out, several of the young women actually found their husbands within the Exodus congregation, and some of the young men found their wives. Some would look elsewhere for a spouse, or marry after leaving Long Island.

The Commack Church of Christ generously provided temporary office space out of which Dwain Evans and some of the others could work, organize, and plan for the new congregation. Many of the earliest Exodus families attended worship services at the Commack Church of Christ. A few others attended services temporarily with the Churches of Christ in Malvern or Bethpage. In a special article for the *Christian Chronicle*, Don Haymes quoted Dwain Evans as saying, “Hospitality has been the keynote of the welcome of fellow Christians on Long Island...our reception on Long Island has been exciting, people who are not members of the church have gone out of their way to help us get settled.” Don also wrote that as a result of the *Time* magazine article several ministers have contacted Evans expressing interest in the church and its work. [*Christian Chronicle*, The International Weekly Newspaper for Churches of Christ, Abilene, Texas, July 26, 1963]

On July 1, 1963 Dwain mailed a detailed progress report to the Richland Hills Church of Christ in Fort Worth, and on July 18 Don McHam replied to Dwain for the elders and began by saying, “I hope you are eating again.” Evidently there had been a lean period during which Dwain possibly began to wonder about his livelihood. McHam reiterated their understanding of the agreement whereby they would wait until Richland Hills received the support checks from the various other congregations and would then send a check representing the total amount received. McHam inquired of Dwain about the amount promised by the Central church in San Jose, California, which had not come to Richland Hills for either the month of June or July, and wondered if it was being sent directly to Dwain.

Congregational Life Begins

On Thursday, August 1, 1963, Volume 1, Number 1—the very first *Exodus Milestones* publication went to press and was titled, SERVICES BEGIN. It stated: “The day has finally arrived!! This Sunday, August 4, 1963, the congregation formulated from the Exodus/Bay Shore movement will begin to meet for worship services for the first time. Let us join in thanksgiving to God for making a reality of this long-sought-after dream. We will meet during the month of August in the Hebrew

School Building of The Jewish Center of Bay Shore, 26 North Clinton Avenue, Bay Shore. Since these quarters are not available after August, we will move to another location for the remaining time until our new plant is completed.” The publication expressed gratitude to the Jewish congregation for their generosity in opening their doors to us and their refusal of any remuneration in return and urged us to be considerate to not deface their property in any way and to be grateful for their kindness in inviting us in. (Due to unforeseen special circumstances, the new church only met in the Hebrew school building the first two Sundays of August.)

Dwain's editorial for this first *Exodus Milestones* was called, “Shades of the First Century.” He wrote, “There is an aura of excitement in the air as the day for the first meeting of the Bay Shore congregation approaches. The experiences that we have shared in the first few weeks will no doubt be related to our grandchildren with certain embellishments. Talk about the first century—not only have we 'had all things in common' (including a rather unique shower), but we will also be preaching in the Jewish Synagogue!

“All the petty frustrations of house-hunting, job-seeking, and initial adjustment plus the trials of showerless cabins will melt under the warm glow of Christians united together dedicated to a single purpose. The task to which you have committed yourselves has attracted the interest of a curious nation, *THE NEW YORK TIMES*, (perhaps the nation's most prestigious newspaper) called for a story just this week. The most difficult portion of the road is yet before us, but with our trust in God we will not fail! The spirit of Exodus families is well expressed by Denny and Lisa Porterfield as they make preparations to leave Oklahoma: 'As of now, we are both jobless and penniless, but never faithless.' With God's grace, we will conquer.”

The first official business meeting of the Bay Shore Church, with 21 men in attendance, marked the start of the congregation as a functioning group. Dwain began the meeting with an inspirational statement of what God has done among us to date. A calendar of tentative events for the church's first six months was presented, followed by the presentation of an eight-committee organizational plan to include evangelism, congregational welfare, education, benevolence, building & grounds, finance, personal evangelism and worship. One man from each committee was asked to arrange a first committee meeting within ten days for the purpose of selecting a committee chairman and outlining financial needs.

The committee discussed what type of oversight the congregation might have prior to the appointment of elders. It was decided to put major decisions in the hands of the general business meeting and leave minor decisions to the committees. Dan Mallow was selected to serve as chairman of the general business meetings for the first two-month time period—August and September. Tommy Wright gave a financial report, and we were reminded that a \$10,000 mortgage payment would be due on the church property January 1, 1964. A tentative calendar for the rest of the year began with a picnic for all at Heckscher Park and included a census campaign, a tentative date to break ground on the new plant in West Islip, the start of the fiscal year budget, the start of the fall quarter Bible classes, a tentative moving date into the new building (which was not to be realized) and a business meeting to consider elder appointments.

The second *Exodus Milestones* publication, published August 8, 1963 described the thrilling experience of 136 people filling the auditorium of the Hebrew School and singing hymns from memory (the hymnals arrived late), praying, communing, giving of our means, and studying from God's Word “at the feet of Brother Evans.” Dwain's lesson focused on the life of Elisha and

emphasized our need for spiritual eyesight to see not only the forces of evil about us, but also the hosts of God who stand ready to carry out His bidding.

This edition of the *Milestones* also included an announcement from *The Richland Hills Echo* back in Fort Worth: “Our fledgling is out of the nest. For nearly two years, the planning stage for the Exodus/Bay Shore Project has been under the direction of this church. This month will mark another milestone in this pilot missionary effort. It will be the initial meeting of that group as a church of the Lord. To the new Bay Shore church we send our love and admiration. And to God we give praise and thanks for opening doors of opportunity that we may better serve Him.”

That week a temporary location was found, and a lease was signed for 144-148 East Main Street in Bay Shore. With much work, these adjoining storefront spaces would serve the church for congregational worship services, classrooms and office space. The *Milestones* encouraged men of the church to “drop by with tools and work clothes anytime days or evenings and become a part of transforming the store buildings into a suitable place of worship and study.” The ladies would be counted on to design and make the curtains and drapes for our new temporary home. Dwain wrote, “Lord willing, we hope to begin worshipping there Sunday, August 18.”

The men “put their shoulders to the wheel” and quickly made a noticeable improvement. James Hance served as the carpenter for the renovation and then gave his evenings supervising the work crews who painted, wired, and cleaned up the area. The large double-store area would serve as an auditorium for worship and would seat some 250 people on metal folding chairs. The next store would house classrooms for infants, nursery department (2-3 year olds), beginners’ department (4-5 year-olds), primary department (grades 1-3). The fourth store would be furnished as an office complex which could be converted for classroom use for the junior department (grades 4-6), junior high department (grades 7-9) and senior high department (grades 10-12). The adult class would use the auditorium.

Canvassing the Neighborhood

The new congregation expected thirty-four young people and their chaperons from the Southside Church of Christ in Fort Worth to arrive by chartered bus on Saturday, August 17, and to be there for ten days in order to assist in a census of the community immediately surrounding the church property in West Islip. Arrangements had been made for the census workers to be housed at Wolfe Cabins. As this day drew nearer and nearer, reality hit. What if the still unfinished storefronts could not be ready in time to receive the census workers? Someone made a frantic phone call to the Texas church to see if they could postpone the group's departure. It was too late; the bus had already left. There was no other choice but for the men of the church to work even harder—and they met the deadline. According to Brother Don Holton, Associate Minister of the Southside church in Fort Worth, they could have brought three bus loads. Many interested young people had to be turned down, and they all indicated interest for the next year.

The *Milestones* stated, “The area is being mapped out, and materials are being printed for the 10-day campaign. Our purpose in the census is to find out who lives around us, to enroll children in our Bible classes, to offer correspondence courses and tracts, and to gain contacts for cottage classes (a term used to describe Bible classes in the homes of prospective converts). Families of the congregation were urged to assist in the census effort by making calls during free hours. Also, those willing to keep individuals in their homes and bring them to the building each day were asked to

provide their names. The church would provide all the meals for the census workers and their sponsors. Lily Gentry offered to prepare breakfast at Wolffe Cabins each morning. Other women of the church would bring sandwiches to 144 East Main for lunch. At the end of each day, the workers would go home with host families for dinner. On Saturday, August 24, the Texas young people would take a bus tour of New York City,

A rather ambitious schedule for the census workers and their host families was planned:

7:30-- Breakfast at Wolffe Cabins in Great River
8:30-- Leave for 144 E. Main St., Bay Shore
9:00-9:15-- Devotional
9:15-9:45-- Disperse for calls [i.e. canvass neighborhoods]
9:45-11:45-- Make calls
11:45-12:00-- Pick up workers
12:00-1:30-- Lunch
1:30-5:00-- Make calls
5:00-5:20-- Pick up workers
5:30-- Workers go home with members for dinner
7:00-- Workers and families arrive back at building ready to make calls
7:15-7:30-- Disperse workers
7:30-9:00-- Make calls
9:00-9:15-- Collect workers and take them to the cabins in Great River

Dwain reminded us of the risks that men such as Gordon Cooper, John Glenn, and Alan Sheppard were willing to make for science, and of the risks people take with their fortunes in the business world and urged us to be equally as brave in our relationship with God, by saying, “You have taken your first few steps on the water. You are demonstrating a rare kind of courage in today's world. Our Lord is waiting; our brethren are watching to see whether we will drop our eyes to the wind and the wave or keep them trained steadily on Jesus our Lord.”

Continuing his appeal, Dwain said, “Monday evening, we face a new test of our spiritual courage. We will be going from house to house *with* the census workers from Texas in our first census. We must set the pace for these workers who are giving up vacations to come help us. Let us demonstrate the reasons for our coming. Has not our Savior said that all things are possible to those who believe? Do we not enjoy the power of the indwelling presence of the Spirit?”

The visiting census takers and those from the new congregation who participated in canvassing the neighborhoods received mixed receptions from the locals who answered their door—and perhaps one of their first lessons in the nature of many New Yorkers: They want their privacy. Many people had seemed downright annoyed that complete strangers would knock on their door, and their response was to simply but firmly shut it. When this happened, the census takers might have breathed little sighs of relief that they didn't have to try to start a conversation with that person and then bravely mustered the courage to move on to the next house on their assigned street. A few people, when they opened their door, politely suggested that the census takers focus their efforts on those who do not already have a church home. Probably surprised and unfamiliar with the terminology of this response, the census takers had no choice but to move on, although they knew in their heart that the person still “needed to learn the way of the Lord more perfectly.”

Personal Experiences of Canvassing

Jim Compton recalls that people usually canvassed in teams of two. He and Ather Ellis were two of the adult church members who volunteered in the evenings—and had doors slammed in their faces. When this happened, they just tried to lick their wounds and proceed to the next house. Jim and Ather had agreed to take turns being the one to step up, knock on the door, and if someone answered the door, start a conversation and make their pitch. But Jim soon discovered that Ather didn't feel so stoic. Jim described Ather as being “an open and affable individual” but said that he found it very difficult to start cold call conversations with local residents. So, Jim agreed to do most of the talking.

On one occasion, though, after Jim had been the one to do the talking, Ather bravely announced that he was “ready to take the lead.” As they knocked on the door of the very next house, Jim moved back so that Ather could open the conversation. No one answered his first knock. Ather knocked again. Still, there was no answer, so he knocked a third time. Jim reported that, all of a sudden, he heard an upstairs window open noisily, and a woman's voice—definitely irritated—scream, “*What do you want!*” Jim looked up to see a woman leaning out the window, and while doing so his eyes left Ather. A couple of seconds later he glanced back to where Ather had been standing, and he was gone. Jim looked down the sidewalk, and there was Ather, hastily seeking the safety of the street. Jim cannot remember if he said anything at all to the woman leaning out the upstairs window; he was too busy commiserating with his skittish friend. According to Jim, with practice Ather overcame his fear of cold calling enough to set up study classes with a number of individuals. [Email to Freda Baker from Jim Compton]

However, there were many from the community who for one reason or another listened to the appeal put forward and agreed to a Bible study in their home. Maria Brewer and her husband were a young couple with children who consented to a Bible class, though without enthusiasm. Maria later admitted, “Being Catholic, we really had no interest in talking to them. In my background, we are Catholic forever; there is no other religion. But because they kept on coming back, we couldn't say no anymore. They were very sweet, loving people, and they *insisted* so much that we felt obligated to let them in.” Maria said that she thought the movie they were shown (the Jule Miller film strips) was very interesting, but still they “just did it out of kindness.” Dwain Evans went to see the Brewers as well, and Maria was extremely impressed with his commitment. She grew to love James and Vi Hance and was inspired by the young people and the “magnificent” church that was soon built in West Islip.

Charlie and Lou Durr were a West Islip couple who was initially contacted by the census-takers. Lou, who soon discovered she had cancer, did not personally remember the event, but it's obvious that whomever answered the door must have been courteous and not dismissing. When the follow-up, second knock on the door came, Lou was not at home but her sister from out of town was there and told the visitors to be sure and call again. Lou herself answered the third knock on the door, and “two sweet women came to call. I was impressed.” But the visits did not stop there. With the fourth knock came “two sweet women with a cake.” Lou said that she promised to visit their church, because she felt she owed them this courtesy. The Durrs did visit, and that was the beginning of an important relationship with the congregation.

The August 22 edition of *Exodus Milestones* stated that eighty-one correspondence courses and twenty cottage Bible classes were the results of the first three days' census work. More than 1,000

homes have already been contacted. (Oliver Burns, who lived in Fort Worth and later moved to Long Island for a period of time) served as one of the chaperones for this group of young people.) In the August 29 edition of the *Milestones*, a final report stated that the census has brought results that are greater than could have been expected and has proven the opportunity before us. 4,000 homes accepted a tract entitled “Neither Protestant, Catholic, nor Jew.” In addition, 206 of these enrolled in a Bible correspondence course, and 46 others agreed to let one of our Bible teachers come to their home to teach a Bible survey. Appreciation was expressed to the young census workers, their supervisor, Don Holton. to Brother Rod Spaulding in planning and supervising the entire effort, and to all who had a part.

Now, the big challenge would be revisiting those 206 people who had enrolled in a correspondence course and the 46 (or as was stated in another account 53) who had agreed to a personal Bible class in their home. Did we have enough experienced men who could do this? For a quick survey of the gifts and interests of the congregation, “Service to Christ Information Forms” were sent to every member, and the information would be used for planning sessions to be held the following week aimed at lining up definite assignments for every person now there.

In the meantime, another important moment in the life of the early Exodus/Bay Shore group occurred on September 8, 1963, with the groundbreaking service for the congregation's \$230,000 classroom/chapel complex at 600 Montauk Highway in West Islip. *The Christian Chronicle* featured a picture of the event with members James Hance and Forrest Wells, along with Fred van Gaasbeek, architect of Weidersum Associates, each with a foot to the shovel, digging up the earth, while children of Bay Shore families watched closely.

With this milestone acknowledged and joyously celebrated, further personal follow-up and scheduling began with those interested in home Bible classes. Thirty-nine men of the church were divided into four teams, meeting weekly on differing nights. Ray Bynum headed up the Monday night team, Roy Mathis the Tuesday night team, Wallace Collier the Thursday team, and Jack Thomas the Friday team. [Wednesday night was reserved for the congregational mid-week Bible Classes.] An experienced teacher was teamed in each case with one who needed training. The teams would meet on their designated night each week at 6:30 for 45 minutes of devotional, progress reports, instruction and further assignments. The *Milestones* article added, “Any others, men or women, wanting to participate should see Rod Spaulding, and he will assign you.

At this point, Lisa Porterfield said that she and Denny decided to do their part and volunteered for this “cold calling”—going around knocking on doors in neighborhoods and saying something like, “We're here, and we'd like to talk to you.” Lisa said that being a little bit more introverted, the notion of stepping up to a stranger's door and knocking on it was not something with which she felt entirely comfortable. But since everybody was doing it, she found there was a kind of courage in knowing that in many separate neighborhoods that kind of thing was going on, and so on their appointed night of the week they began to go out.

Sharing her personal feelings about meeting people of different religious traditions and trying to communicate with them in this way, Lisa said, “It was startling that something I had grown up with and taken for granted all my life—which was the doctrine of the Church of Christ and the truth of the presence of God and His son in our world and in our lives—it was startling to be faced with trying to *explain* that to folks who had no notion of what our experience of it was. With us, it had never been questioned. We'd been taught this was the way, period.” Lisa soon realized that to be

able to come up with a way to explain that, and to begin conversations with others about something that was so unfamiliar to them, was not nearly as easy as one would think. She said, “I found that, not that I questioned my own faith, but that I was really challenged as to where to begin.” Lisa said that the church provided materials, although she doesn't remember what they were, just that they were booklets, and that there were things for them to read—a sort of a discipline in terms of “here's how you go about it.” But she quickly found that the materials only went so far. After you followed the script for the initial part of the conversation, you were on your own, engaged in responding to whatever followed after that, and it was challenging and difficult.

In this vein Denny and Lisa became acquainted with Charlie and Katherine Kramer and their two young girls. They knocked on the Kramer's door and were graciously invited inside. Lisa thinks it was surely out of a “great deal of curiosity and not wanting to seem rude, because the Kramers were very genuinely gracious people.” Lisa said that Charlie and Katherine listened politely, and that over the course of the weeks and the months they went back on a regular basis. Lisa found that she was having to come to terms with Charlie's New York City cop stories, which was a real learning experience for her. In Charlie's line of work, he had a lot of questions, such as how can a God let this or that kind of thing happen, or what he was to think about a certain thing. And so, what was supposed to have been a conversion process—of converting the Kramers—really became a two-way conversation between four people who were exploring the experience of living together and the meaning of who we were and the importance of life, what really mattered, and what did not matter.

Jim Compton said that he was canvassing homes in West Islip one day when a woman with two young children agreed to a weekly Bible study. She explained that she was Catholic, but didn't attend Mass regularly, and that she thought the study would be good for her kids. In the succeeding weeks, they met for two or three sessions, and she and the children seemed to enjoy the study. Jim said that, on the next visit, however, when the woman met Jim at the door, he could tell something was wrong. “She told me that she had been visited by a Parish priest, and that she and her children could no longer study with me.” With those words, she shut the door, and Jim found himself standing there alone.

Jim also tells about a cottage class that he and James Hance set up with a West Islip family from the Seventh Day Adventist Church. He and James agreed that, as an elder, James would lead the discussion, and Jim would be his “mostly silent” assistant. Jim was impressed with the eagerness of the couple to study with them. On the day of the first class, however, James called Jim and said that he needed to attend a meeting concerning the new church building (since he was the contractor) and asked Jim if he would go by himself and teach the class. Jim said, “Sure, no problem.”

With his Bible and slides in hand Jim drove confidently to the family's house. Jim relates, “As I began the study, with all my favorite Bible verses and 'proof texts' readily available for presentation, it became quickly apparent to me that this was not a family that did not have a relationship with God. Whenever I offered a favorite verse or Bible story to help convince the family why membership in the Church of Christ would benefit them, the couple offered me similar 'proof' to convince me that I should be a Seventh Day Adventist.” Jim said that he is not sure if he had ever even met an Adventist, much less studied with one. The class ended amicably but as a stalemate. Jim said, “I learned a good lesson; Forget proof texts and other 'instruments of persuasion' and just present God's word and let that work in the hearts of the recipients.”

Jim related another experience he had which taught him that humility is sometimes learned at significant cost to one's pride. Dwain Evans had asked Jim to go with him to teach a cottage class to a Hispanic family that spoke little or no English. Dwain must have heard that Jim spoke a little Spanish, because he had worked for a few years in the 1950s at the King Ranch in Texas, where Spanish is spoken regularly. Dwain wanted Jim to translate his message to the family as he presented it. Jim said that things worked out fine until they got to Dwain's first words in English. "At that point," Jim said, "it dawned on me that I knew some Spanish about things like horses, cows, pastures and barns, but essentially nothing in Spanish about God's Word, His plan of redemption and His saving grace, and these were the things that Dwain was talking about." Jim said that he hemmed and hawed and generally made a fool of himself trying to translate words and phrases that he did not know. Dwain and the family members were gracious with regard to Jim's poor translation efforts, but Jim said, "My reputation as a 'linguist', at least in my mind, suffered irreparable damage that night."

Although there are notable exceptions, the majority of those who answered the original Exodus/Bay Shore call, as well as many of those who made up the second and even the third wave of respondents, learned about the movement through either Dwain Evans, Rodney Spaulding, or they had attended a job fair at one of the Christian colleges. And possibly most, though definitely not all, were motivated by a desire to help establish the church on Long Island. However, many who made their way to Long Island, and to the West Islip Church of Christ, had heard about the Exodus through friends and had possibly never considered getting personally involved in evangelism. Paula Bray was one of those who discovered she definitely was not cut out for cold-calling. Paula and Judy Ogletree arrived during the summer of 1965, and Paula worked at the New York World's Fair that summer. Whenever someone stopped by the Church of Christ exhibit, she always asked them to fill out a little index card, though she had no idea of the purpose of the cards. Much later, she found out the cards were sent to the Church of Christ closest to the visitor of the fair (providing they were in the United States). Thinking that most of those people were not interested in being visited, Paula resented the expectation for young people to participate in the visitation program that Rod Spaulding organized at West Islip.

At first Paula and Judy reluctantly went along with the program. Then came the night their assignment took them to a house where, after a woman invited them in, they noticed a little boy lying on the living room sofa. "Ooooh." the child moaned. Now, Paula and Judy were naïve and assumed he was just "putting on", so they did not leave immediately. Even when the mother told them that the child was sick with a virus, they didn't take it seriously. Two days later, both Paula and Judy came down with the worst stomach virus they had ever had. After that unfortunate experience, they were turned off to the idea of going into a stranger's home and began to blow off their assignments. Paula said they did one thing that was "terrible." Judy had this '64 Chevrolet with a 409 engine and a big spotlight on the front, because it had belonged to a cattle farmer down in Texas who used it to feed his cattle at night. As they drove up to someone's house, they would put that spotlight on and whip it back and forth like the police just to try to scare people, then decide no one was there and go home to watch television.

Nina Moore, was a single woman who arrived during the summer of 1965, with the third wave of recruits. She said that she knew she was expected to be involved, but she said she "had some trepidation" due to her spiritual experiences at Harding [which diplomatically remained unexplained]. Nina admits that she felt rather intimidated by Dwain's piercing blue eyes, which made her feel like he could see right through her—that he could see every sin she had ever

committed. “I remember being scared to death to go door-knocking,” she said. She and Jenette Buchanan were assigned to go out together on Tullelah Lane, the short street that ran along the east side of the church’s property in West Islip. At some point Nina and Jenette had a discussion, and they both decided that door-knocking was not what they were cut out for. She recalls hearing a sermon that Dwain preached about how each of us as Christians are different parts of the body of Christ and have different gifts. She was so relieved to find out that a “toe” doesn’t have to do the work of an “eye.” Nina said, “And, that’s how I ended up being a Bible teacher in the Sunday School program, “which is something I *could* do.”

Carolyn Salmon humorously recalled the new congregation's concerted effort to respond to all the home Bible classes as a type of contest. She said, “The *Exodus Milestones* came out on a Friday, and we would grab it to see how many people had been converted that week and how many home Bible classes had been set up.” The records show that one week there were 191 Bible classes conducted. Jim Kite and Bob Goodrich were leading the pack. They were out five nights a week teaching home Bible classes. [Joe Holley, *Exodus-Bay: An Experiment Evangelism*.]

For the first year, while the building that would soon become home to the West Islip Church of Christ was under construction just a few miles to the west, at 600 Montauk Highway, the new Exodus congregation met joyously in the four rented and refurbished storefronts, starting at 144 East Main Street, in Bay Shore. The work was a joint-effort among many of the men and women of the congregation, and here friendships were forged that would last a lifetime. In consideration for the nearby businesses and the limited parking on Main Street, when we had reason to work on the storefronts or attend to church business during business hours, we used the rear parking lot. The storefront walls also physically adjoined an establishment to the east—the Nautilus Bar. Jim Compton remembers that, after services one Wednesday night, he walked out to his car and encountered one of the bar's regular patrons also heading out to his car. Jim struck up a conversation with the man, and, out of curiosity, asked him if he could hear the church services through what Jim figured was a fairly thin wall between the two facilities. The man admitted, “Yes, you can hear some of the church service, and that isn't too bad—but did you ever try to enjoy your beer as “When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there” is booming from next door?”

A Church Alive and Well

The central goal of Exodus/Bay Shore was to give birth to a congregation that would bring Christ to Long Island. We arrived with a bold plan to go out to the masses, and, if they were already Catholics, Protestants or Jews, to “teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly” and bring them into the fold, as we knew it. We had good intentions, but we made mistakes. One mistake was not learning enough about the culture of an area predominately Catholic and Jewish before moving there. For example, one aspect of culture pertains to food when showing hospitality. An exodus household of young women once invited visitors to their house after church on Sunday and pulled out the makings for bologna sandwiches. The Long Island Italian family, in turn, showed their idea of hospitality by serving them a multi-course dinner and offering a glass of wine with the meal. Perhaps our core group was too big, and we brought our culture with us, and therefore had no great need to assimilate. (We even brought our Dr. Peppers.) Maybe we were in too big a hurry to make converts, and we didn’t take the time to nurture them until they were stronger in the faith. It’s possible that many of us were so busy with church work that we didn’t spend enough time with our families, and many fell apart. Probably, we started sending out missionaries too early in the life of our congregation, even before we became financially independent, which made paying off the bond

payment within the expected three years a hardship. But despite our early, valiant efforts—or possibly because of them—we soon lost steam and had to regroup. We had to learn some things. And some of those things took years. But through all the struggles and setbacks, God had His hand on the West Islip Church of Christ. It is still a congregation which, by its very nature, draws people in, as witnessed by the following “new people.”

Michael P. writes about how, as a baptized Catholic who attended mass sporadically but stopped because he didn't feel like he was getting anything out of it, began a search for a new church. He said, “We were not sure of what we were looking for, but we knew we had found it when we walked in that first Sunday. We soon realized that this was home.”

Barbara V. had been attending worship at West Islip for about a year when she said, “I am so very grateful for my church family. I am so blessed to have been led to become a part of this beautiful Christian congregation. Love, caring support, spiritual encouragement and inspiration abound. I believe it can be felt by all who walk through the doors. I don't doubt that strong leadership was one of the building blocks of this church, and it continues today.”

Laura Watt said, “I think of the West Islip Church of Christ as “The Little Church that Could.” In her opinion, although the group is relatively small and are all human and faulted, they are able to accomplish so much because “one common thing that we all share is that we are all striving to walk in the Spirit. This desire and commitment to allow His Spirit to work through us can see so much more accomplished, so much more forgiven, so much more tolerated and so much more accepted than would ever be possible by our own abilities. We all are so conscious of the fact that it is not by our own power, but by the power of Christ in us, that we are able to accomplish anything of value. And, any time we find ourselves forgetting that, we can count on the fact that another member of our church family will remind us. God is able to work in this church, because we want Him to. The tolerance, acceptance, encouragement, support, humility and hands-on work ethic that I have seen evidenced in this church...have been a constant source of inspiration to me. And, not a day goes by that I do not thank God for the West Islip Church of Christ.”

West Islip Ministers:

Mid-1963-mid 1971—Dwain Evans
For the interim—Men of the congregation
Late 1972-mid 1974—Warren Lewis
For the interim—Men of the congregation and visiting speakers
1980—Phil Johnson
1980-1986—Jimmy Hulsey
1987-1992—Bob and Carmen Riggs/Harold Straughn
1992-1999—Paul Casner
Mid-1999-mid 2005—Katie Hayes and Lance Pape
Mid-2005-December 2013—Jesse Pettengill
December 2013-to present (as of October 2019)—Patrick Ford

Deceased members and friends of which we are aware, June 2019

(In alphabetical order)

May they rest in peace.

Sylvia Aday
Doris Atkins
Judy and Bill Baker
Lamar Baker
Robert Barrett
Vernadine Batcha
Bruce Beechley
Tom Blake
Virginia Brack
Ella Ruth Brannon
Hazel Buice
Walter Burch
Dennis Cahill
Larry Cardwell
Rachel Carruci
Marion Collier
Dee Colvett
Dennis Conaway
Bennie Cook
Charlie Durr
Lou Durr
Angela Fermin
Bruce Freeman
Verna Garrett
Emmit and Lily Gentry
Barbara Gibbons
Bob Goodrich
Roscoe Grant
Betty Grant
Bryan Hale
James Hance
Vi Hance
Don Haymes
Nina Johnson Hayes
John Heard
Jim Hicks
Howie Hodgson
Alfred & Clellie Holman
Don "Pete" Johnson
Rhonda "Penny" Kelly
Gulen Keoteklian
Jacob Keoteklian
Knar Keoteklian Apelian

Anahid Keoteklian Dimidjian
Kathryn Kramer
George Kriss
Gertrude Kriss
Billye Mallow Hamilton
Dan Mallow
Jenny Massey Felkins
Dickie Masters
Magnolia McCall
Dave Meadows
Shirley & Mary Belle Morgan
Larry Nye
Judy Ogletree Guden
Jo Ann Papa
Nick Papa
Braulio Perez
Doris Pidcock
Linda Plankenhorn
Denny Porterfield
Ava Nell Powell
Roger Powell
Jan Ragland Klinzing Benedict
Doris Reaser
Pat Reaser
D.L. Reneau
Juanita Reneau
Bobby Robinson
Don & Mildred Rowe
Phil Roseberry
Martha Russell
Ken Russell
Teresa Russell Nystrom
Mark Russell
Dora Saenz
Carolyn Salmon
Mary Alice Scott
Ruth & Pierce Scott
Rod Spaulding
Sandy Spaulding
Ronnie Stokes
Thelma Stringfellow
John Tanner
Herman Van Dyke
Forrest & Kay Wells
Paula Wells Costa
Larry Withowski

