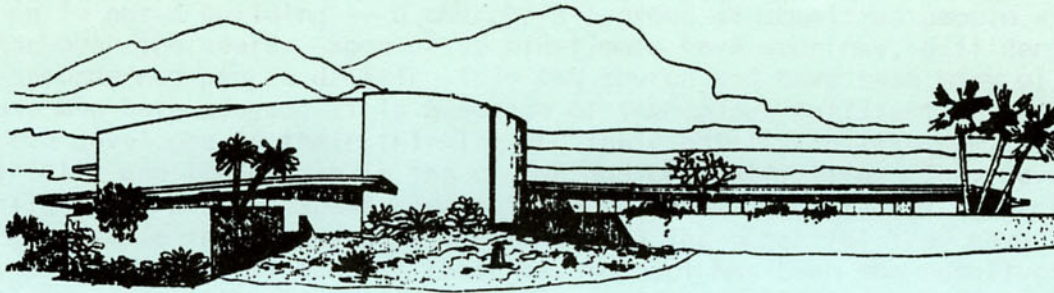


History
of
The First
Unitarian Universalist
Church of Phoenix

1947~1972

V H DeMarco



compiled by
Frances J. Bishop

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The First Unitarian Universalist
Church of Phoenix

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Foreword

A church is not a building -- a church is a group of committed people who work together over the years. Some of us old-timers have seen new, diffident, apparently unconcerned people drifting into the church and have seen many of them stay. To those who have stayed, it is a source of tremendous satisfaction to see how they have developed in their thinking and their ability to take positions of responsibility and leadership in the church and community life. They have brought a multitude of talents, ideas, new thinking and new ways of meeting problems. It is very possible that these people already had the potential they have since shown, but we feel that much of their development has been the result of their association with Unitarian Universalist thinking and philosophy.

Over the years we have also been able to watch the development of our children. When we established our church school we took children only over the age of 5, so we now are talking about our young adults, between 30 and 40. Our children have turned out well. We have a disproportionate number of our youngsters in the so-called "helping professions". We have social workers, psychologists, teachers, sociologists, medical doctors and others in the medical profession.

Our particular pride, however, is Marshall Grigsby, who grew up in our church school and became a Unitarian Universalist minister. It is customary in the Unitarian Universalist Church for a young minister to be called to a church and to be ordained by that church. When Marshall was ready for ordination he chose to return to his home church to be ordained by this congregation. This is not only a first in the Phoenix church, but a very exceptional situation within the denomination. Marshall was formally ordained by this congregation on June 21, 1970. This was an extremely emotional Sunday for all of the congregation. The old timers who had seen Marshall grow up in the church were openly weeping with joy. Newer members who didn't remember Marshall as a child embraced the older members with such remarks as: "What a satisfaction to know that one of our children loved his church enough to 'come home' for ordination." In speaking with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Grigsby, their remarks were to the effect that this was not only a tribute to Marshall for his feeling of loyalty to the church but also a tribute to the church which inspired his desire to be ordained in his own church.

Much as we love our church building, church plant, statuary garden and surrounding grounds, these are just the shell that really contains the church -- the people. It is to these people that this history is dedicated.

I cannot begin to thank the many friends who willingly and in great detail have provided me with information on various facets of our church life and growth. Being a founding member, I felt that I knew everything there was to know about the church, but when it came to writing a history I found profound gaps in my information. I will not attempt to name the people who have been so helpful for fear of omitting some persons. There is only one exception to this rule: I extend special thanks and appreciation to Eileen Ryder, who has given so many Saturday afternoons to typing, retyping additional information, and then re-typing the revisions. Without her patience and long hours of work I could not have written this history of our church.

Frances J. Bishop

FRANCES J. BISHOP (Mrs. William B. Bishop)

The First 25 Years

In 1946, before the days of the fellowship program, Rev. Lon Ray Call served as Minister at Large for the Unitarian Association. He was sent by the association to spend 3 months in Phoenix to organize a church. If at the end of that time 50 families indicated a desire to become contributing members, the American Unitarian Association would send a minister and pay a large part of his salary the first year. This aid decreased each year until the church was self-sustaining. In our chaotic first years aid from A.U.A. was withdrawn, and reinstated again and again according to the fortunes of the church.

Isabelle Johnson, to whom the Isabelle Johnson Room is dedicated, and who had known Lon Ray Call in the midwest, was contacted by Rev. Call and asked if she would act as an appointed secretary and handle the "leg work" for the initial meetings and newspaper publicity. She has been regarded as the founder of the church, but, of course, without the cooperation and backing of the Unitarian Association she would not have been able to accomplish this. She announced early to Rev. Call that she would like to be the first secretary of the church. She had a strong feeling that the success of a fledgling organization depended very largely on the efforts of the secretary, and she wished to assume this responsibility. Her association with new movements went back to the early days of the women's suffrage movement, so she was well aware of the types of problems that might arise.

Rev. Call arrived in January 1947 as Interim Minister. Mrs. Johnson had already arranged for a meeting place at the Westward Ho but before Rev. Call arrived in town there was a general strike at the hotel. Rev. Call and Mrs. Johnson were reluctant to ask potential Unitarians to cross picket lines. The meeting was held in a private home which has since been demolished. Thirty-seven people were present at that first meeting and only four of those present had met previously. Many of those had lived in Phoenix for several years and for the first time had a chance to talk with other Unitarians.

Regular Sunday Services and Church School were held at Kenilworth School, Fifth Avenue between Moreland and Culver Streets, beginning early in January 1947.

The local school board was willing to rent us the auditorium at Kenilworth School but was not able to rent any classrooms for a church school. Accordingly, we investigated the possibilities and arranged to have three classes meet out of doors: The kindergarten-aged children were to meet at the sandbox; first and second graders would occupy the steps of a fire escape; third and fourth graders were scheduled to meet on the baseball bleachers. Without classrooms available, each teacher was provided with a cardboard carton with handles, containing text books, crayons, papers, plasticine, scissors and any other equipment that she felt she might need.

In suggesting a tentative budget for the church, Rev. Call suggested a substantial amount for the church school budget and advised us to spend every penny that was allowed to the church school, because otherwise the budget might be cut back by subsequent planners. Since 15 or 20 children can use only a limited amount of crayons, paper, paste and clay, the balance of the church school budget was allotted to starting a good church school library.

We were fortunate in having a very good religious education committee of liberal and professional educators. One of our troubles was in educating our teachers. Some felt that they weren't "teaching Sunday school" but the R. E. Committee tried to impress on these new Unitarians that our basic philosophy was a respect for each child and the necessity for finding a place where each child felt at home. We also tried to emphasize the need for improvising whenever necessary. In short, what we tried to instill in our teachers was a feeling for children, rather than a dependency on curriculum. Fortunately, this philosophy has continued to be operative throughout the history of our church school. Two early examples can be cited: At our first church meeting we expected 15 children ranging in age from 5 to 9. We divided these into 3 classes and although 17 children showed up, the two additional children fell neatly in the classifications we had designed. And then came Carol! Carol was 12 and arrived beamingly happy. Her father explained that both he and his wife were atheists but that Carol had wanted to go to "Sunday school" ever since she had entered the first grade. He then explained: "We brought her here because we felt that you would do her less harm than any other church." But what to do in our neat little program with a 12 year old who was rather large and very mature for her age? At that time we had a brief worship service during which 2 hymns were sung. During the worship service, we decided hastily to make Carol the secretary and treasurer of the church school. She was responsible for taking the roll and counting the collection. At the end of the service she stated that she was taking piano lessons and that if we would give her a hymn book and tell her which hymns we would use the following Sunday she would practice and be our pianist. From time to time we apologized to Carol for not having a class for her, but she always happily said: "I just love it here. I just love to come to Sunday school and have something to do."

(It was only a matter of months until both her parents joined the church and probably became the first "card carrying" atheists in our history. They not only became members of the church but were very active and valued members until the time they left Phoenix.)

Our second need to improvise came about the following year when, suddenly, we had 4 sixth-graders enroll. We had no place for them to meet and could not find any Beacon Press material at that time that seemed to be suitable for the group. We devised one of our most valuable courses to meet the needs of this group. It was called, "Americans All". Our meeting place was the back of the station wagon belonging to one of the teachers. Johnny, a member of the class, had read in Horizons about the course of study and came armed with a copy of John Gunther's "Inside America", which at that time was a best seller, and contained a chapter on Phoenix. He took the first class session reading and explaining the material in this chapter. From then on our curriculum sort of grew with the children's interests. We visited the Indian ruins on East Van Buren and several weeks were spent by the children researching on their own initiative information about the prehistoric settlers of this valley. In our station wagon we traced out the old canals as far as possible and the children made maps.

To the eternal shame of Arizona, mandatory segregation of the schools was written into the state constitution adopted in 1912. At this time our schools were still segregated. Through the influence of one of our white members who was a social worker in one of our Negro schools, we were invited to attend an evening Christmas program which the children gave for their parents. Our 4 sixth-graders certainly

stood out in this all Negro school but they accepted the Negro children completely and were equally accepted by them. Our children were carried away by the musical abilities of the Negro children who, obviously, were taught from early childhood to "blast it out" when they sang.

We also attended a Cinco de Mayo Festival, and it was arranged through the director of the playground in a Mexican-American neighborhood, that our children would be seated among the Mexican-American children rather than being seated as a group. The children, again, were moved by the musical and dancing abilities of the Mexican-American children. Also, they were tremendously impressed by the fact that most of the children were totally bilingual, "My friend would talk in Spanish to her friend on one side and then would turn to me and talk to me in English."

In the intervening weeks we made tours of the south side. That was in the days before there was any public housing and most of these Mexican and Negro children came from one room shacks with dirt floors and facilities consisting of outdoor toilets and a water pump for every 4 or 5 families. Our children were amazed, after seeing the kind of housing the Negro and Mexican-American kids came from, that they were so clean and well groomed for their celebrations and festivals.

To continue our history, after the brief digression about the church school, we were a busy group for the next few months.

The weeks that followed were marked by enthusiasm. Committees were formed and the Women's Alliance was organized. A church bulletin was born but not christened until several months later. A church group was on the desert enjoying a picnic, embellished by one of our breath-taking sunsets with row after row of purple mountains in the background. The bulletin was under discussion and suddenly someone, looking at the beautiful sunset, said: "The bulletin should be called 'Horizons'". Thus, Horizons was formally christened.

Since we were all strangers to each other, the nominating committee had some problems. For instance, a name would come up for discussion and not all of the members of the nominating committee would be able to identify the potential nominee. One name came up for discussion and she was identified as "the woman that wears that hat with the fancy pansies on it". (Yes, back in those days women did sometimes wear hats). She was rejected -- possibly because of the pansy hat -- but it was just as well, because she later left the church and became a leader in the John Birch Society.

Rev. Call found an apartment with a very large living room and we had evening meetings each Wednesday. They were comparable to the orthodox Wednesday prayer meeting except that the subject for discussion was "How I Became a Unitarian" rather than "How I Was Saved". In this way we became fairly well acquainted by the time the church was formally organized. In March 1947 we were formally recognized as a church, with 57 families as contributing members, in our first regular "house of worship", Kenilworth School.

Rev. Call was acting minister until about June 1, 1947.

Lawrence Plank was called as first minister and occupied the pulpit beginning in September 1947. Mr. Plank was a complete Theist, but many Unitarians with Humanist leanings attended because a Unitarian Church was the only place they could go for religious inspiration. It was not generally known at the time, but a group of conservative Theists wrote a letter to the American Unitarian Association asking

by what measures the church could exclude Humanists from membership. The answer from Boston was a loud and resounding "No -- there is no way to exclude Humanists from membership because of their theological beliefs." Mr. Plank, in a board meeting, also added his most emphatic "No" to any theological qualifications for membership in the Unitarian Church.

Mr. Plank was instrumental in establishing a Sunday evening discussion group at the YWCA. This was sponsored by the church, but was non-denominational and completely inter-racial. In the early days of the group meetings some of our white members who had had some experience in inter-racial groups were quite disgusted with the attitude of some of the whites. For instance, one woman said: "Just because we share a cup of coffee and cookies some of these people think that they are doing a great thing for the Negroes" (as they were called in those days). On the other hand, many of us were quite shocked at the bitterness expressed by Negroes in such remarks as: "I have been going to meetings like these for years and what good does it ever do?" Gradually the group became relatively integrated and out of this group we felt that both NAACP and the Urban League were greatly strengthened. The greatest benefit, however, stemmed from the fact that although we did not organize as a lobby, on an individual and small group basis, we felt that we had a large part in influencing the legislature by constitutional amendment to desegregate the schools of Arizona two years before the Supreme Court decision on segregation.

Mr. Plank's major fault was that he was too great as a pulpit speaker. He attracted large numbers of people: some were true Unitarians and some were only "Plankites". When Mr. Plank resigned in the spring of 1949 to devote his time to writing, many of his admirers lost interest in the church.

Up to this time the church had been predominately a theistic church. In the fall of 1949, Mr. John Findly was called as minister. Mr. Findly was thoroughly liberal and tended toward humanism and in his first year he attracted a large congregation and membership which grew to 135 families. Mr. Findly's sermons were primarily on social issues. This alone created some schism within the church but when the United States intervened in Korea Mr. Findly came out strongly against U. S. intervention. This further split the church and we had a list of resignations, referred to by one member as "the class of 1950". Unfortunately for Mr. Findly and for the church, the blight of McCarthyism fell on the country. Our brave little church was still young and weak and we suffered the impact of McCarthyism even more than other established groups. Membership and attendance dwindled. There was persecution of the church from some of the former members who were more conservative. We were openly labeled as a Communist-Front group. Some members firmly supported the church but we had a number of people who were simply dropouts. At least one member lost his job because of his membership in the Unitarian Church. Others came to Mr. Findly and openly stated that their membership in the church was threatening their jobs, and men who had families to support reluctantly stated that they felt that they could no longer jeopardize their jobs by continued membership.

The school board precipitously denied us any further use of Kenilworth School and in January 1950 we moved to the Valley Garden Center. The Garden Center not only provided an ideal auditorium but, also, we had the advantage of being able to use a nearby nursery school for our church school children. The children met at the Garden Center with their parents and then walked, with their teachers, the block to the nursery school where we had quite adequate facilities for the children for the first time.

In the fall of 1950 our arrangements with the Garden Center were abruptly terminated on the basis that the children were too destructive, although a week previous to this announcement, the resident manager of the Garden Center had commented to the Religious Education Director that she had never seen such well mannered and well behaved children.

We then moved to the YWCA auditorium where the only facilities for the church school were bleak basement rooms. (Shades of the past when the Sunday school always met in the basement). Yards and yards of white canvas were purchased and the children then made delightful wall hangings to cover the unpainted brick walls.

It soon became apparent that we would be asked to terminate our arrangements with the YWCA. Definite reasons were not given but probably it was due to the fact that we were too liberal a church even for the YWCA.

We were desperate! A special congregational meeting was called to consider disbanding the church. A motion to that effect was made and heated discussion followed. One of our older members, Frank Wilson (deceased 11-55), stood up and, with tears in his eyes, stated that he had never had anything worthwhile in his life that he had not had to fight for and go in debt for. We had at that time a nucleus of a building fund amounting to about \$1100. This was the amount left after dissenting ex-members had withdrawn their money and/or pledges. It was also suggested from the floor that the \$1100 be refunded to the donors. After much more discussion, ("discussion" is much too mild a word to describe the verbal encounters that followed), a vote was taken and by an overwhelming majority the group voted to continue the church and investigate the possibilities of investing the \$1100 in some kind of property that would be our own. Mr. Findly, particularly, was adamant in his conviction that this church must not be allowed to die.

Mimi Muth and her daughter, Erika Michaud, still active members of the church, owned property at 800 East Pasadena, and for a nominal fee of \$10.00 for transferring the title, they "loaned" this property to the church. With our paltry sum of \$1100 we erected with our own hands a temporary but adequate building. A total of 87 men, women and children, virtually the entire membership, labored to build our first church home. During this period we did not try to have a religious education program because the children came with their parents to help on Saturdays and Sundays. Even little children as young as 4 and 5 raked the grounds and pulled weeds.

On Sunday mornings we would meet at 9:00 A.M. for a work period, each family bringing a picnic lunch. At 11:00 o'clock we took a brief break for a short service of worship, sitting on planks supported by bricks. Of course, all of us were in working clothes and one member, wearing a carpenter's hat and canvas work gloves, remarked that it was a long time since she had worn a hat and gloves to church. After another hour's work we gathered to share our picnic lunches, and then went back to work again until dusk. Mrs. Muth and her daughter were later paid for the property at a properly appraised price. Although during this building period we were unable to have a structured religious education program, we felt that the children's participation in the building of our church was probably the best religious education that our children could ever experience. It was strictly a family project and even babies in play pens were scattered around the grounds and, of course, got attention from all of the adults.

The church was dedicated in March 1951 and Mr. Findly arranged that the Annual Conference of Unitarian Ministers of the Southwest District be held in Phoenix and that the dedication of our church be a part of the proceedings. Probably never in the history of the church have we had as many illustrious ministers occupying the pulpit. The night the church was dedicated one of our starry-eyed 9-year-olds who had worked on the church building stood outside the church as people were walking in and said: "I think this is the most beautiful church I have ever seen". This remark convinced us that the children's participation had been a "religious education program".

In spite of Mr. Findly's dedication and effort, by the late summer of 1951 we were forced for financial reasons to accept his resignation. By this time the church was split not only by the McCarthy persecution but also by a schism within the remaining membership on the question of theism vs. humanism. In spite of this schism within the church, we carried on for the next year as a lay church. Our Sunday average attendance that year was 35 adults with a total active membership of 42 families. Our attendance was so small that we were reluctant to ask qualified outside speakers. We operated on the assumption that every Unitarian has at least one sermon tucked back in his mind -- so some Unitarians volunteered to give a sermon and others were "drafted". The sermons were certainly varied, covering subjects all the way from architecture to zoology. This plan did little for the growth of the church but at least it held us together. It is significant, however, that based on the pre-inflation incomes our per capita giving to the church was the highest in the history of the church, and without a "Fund Drive" we over-subscribed our modest budget.

That was the year we also built a small church-school building on the Pasadena property. Again, the work was done entirely by the members, with the children helping. The building consisted of 4 school classrooms, with the kitchen and minister's office doubling as classrooms and, at long last, restroom facilities on the property. When this church school building was dedicated it was dedicated by the children. Before the service, which was held in the church auditorium, the Director of the Religious Education program talked with the children in the church school building and asked if each could remember something that he had done to help with the building. Every child present had some contribution to make. Even three-year-old Richard, who was not, properly speaking, a member of the church school, (as, at that time, we took in children only over 5), raised his hand in the middle of the service, stood up proudly and said, "Well, I helped my daddy plaster the walls".

By the fall of 1952 we had enough money to call our next minister, Mr. Charles Donaldson. He was not happy in this pioneer atmosphere and resigned in the spring of 1953. It was at this point that one of our members suggested that the name of our church be changed to the "First Church of Crisis".

In the fall of 1953 we reaped our reward in the person of Dr. E. Burdette Backus. He had retired from a long and successful ministry and was willing to accept the challenge of the Phoenix Church as an interim minister. Those of us who had been, for years, reading Dr. Backus' articles in the Christian Register, forerunner of the Unitarian Universalist World, were well aware of the fact that Dr. Backus was one of the original signers of the Humanist Manifesto. The matter of theism vs. humanism was still a point of considerable controversy within the church and those of us who wanted Dr. Backus because of his outstanding background as a minister

carefully soft-pedalled his humanist interests, and Dr. Backus was called as our interim minister. He and his wife, Irene, came to us as eagerly as newlyweds to their first church.

Dr. Backus, in his first sermon in our church, proudly proclaimed that he was one of the original signers of the Humanist Manifesto. In spite of this, he united our church. Dr. Backus was a great preacher and a great spiritual leader. He and his wife, Irene, loved us and we loved them. Our church prospered and grew. In January 1954 he was called as a permanent minister but shortly thereafter had to leave because of illness which became fatal. His lasting contribution to our church was his faith that that little group could and would succeed. He wrote a letter, for the church to use as it saw fit, recommending this congregation as a group of people who could create and maintain a viable church. Those who knew him and his wife, Irene, during his brief ministry in this church, will always cherish deeply the memories of our association with them.

In the fall of 1954 Dr. Edwin Brooms was called as our next minister. He and his family were never happy in Phoenix and he left at the end of the year.

Again, distress signals went out to the American Unitarian Association in Boston. In September 1955 they sent us Mr. Charles Wing, another retired minister who was serving churches on an interim basis. Mr. Wing stayed one year while our pulpit committee was engaged in trying to find a permanent minister. As their work was progressing we received word that Mr. Arthur Olsen, successful minister of a large church in Toledo, was interested in our church. We were incredulous! What would a man of Arthur Olsen's stature see in us? For one thing, we were at least durable and likely at this point to survive and even prosper. It is likely that Dr. Backus' letter regarding the future of the church was one of the crucial factors in Mr. Olsen's decision.

From the beginning there was doubt in many people's minds about calling Mr. Olsen as our minister. Probably back of this was a feeling that he must have failed in some way in the church at Toledo--otherwise, why would he consider a small church at a considerably reduced salary? The pulpit committee consisted of 7 members with the president of the board acting ex officio. After countless meetings the pulpit committee was divided irrevocably 4 to 4. A congregational meeting was called to present the problem with the idea of the present pulpit committee resigning, a new pulpit committee being formed and negotiations started from scratch. The split in the pulpit committee arose over, mainly, 2 points: First, that Mr. Olsen was not well regarded by the Jewish community in Toledo. (One of our previous ministers had been regarded, rightly or wrongly, by the Phoenix community as being somewhat anti-semitic). Since in our leanest days the Jewish community had been our strong supporter, it was a matter of great importance that we have a minister who could work amiably with the Jewish community. The second criticism was that although Mr. Olsen considered himself a Humanist, he was not in the best standing with the Humanist Association.

One of the pro-Olsen members of the committee, William Bishop, at his own expense and making it very plain to everyone concerned that he was acting not as a member of the pulpit committee but as a member of the congregation obtained the name of the leading Reformed Jewish Rabbi in Toledo and also the President of the American Humanist Association and made personal, long distance calls to both of

these individuals asking that they send collect telegrams regarding their evaluation of Mr. Olsen. The Rabbi sent back a 2-page telegram praising Mr. Olsen's excellent relationship with the Jewish community in Toledo and citing examples. The President of the American Humanist Association also replied with a full page telegram giving Mr. Olsen the finest of recommendations in his association with the Humanist organization.

It was agreed that there would be a spokesman for the anti-Olsenites and a spokesman for the pro-Olsenites. When the 2 telegrams were read the congregation broke into applause, a vote was taken and it was unanimously voted to call Mr. Olsen to candidate for this pulpit. There were 4 abstentions.

After Mr. Olsen had candidated here a week, a subsequent congregational meeting was held and Mr. Olsen received a unanimous call and became the minister of our church in September 1957, and we welcomed equally his lovely wife, Catherine.

It appears that this was a turning point in our growth. For the first time when there had been dissension within the church no one "picked up his marbles and went home." We did have a few people who lost interest in the church but their places were rapidly taken by the new people who were attracted to Mr. Olsen. In any case, there was no bitterness and no friction.

Within weeks we had outgrown our small church plant and we moved to the Jewish Community Center, which provided not only an auditorium but classrooms for the children. Soon we outgrew even the Community Center's auditorium and had to move into the Center's gym and more classrooms were provided for the children.

It soon became apparent, as we came to know him better, that Mr. Olsen was a man of tremendous "drive" and this church was a challenge he had to meet. He began by talking about a large church to be located on 10 acres on Lincoln Drive, which at that time was not even a through street, although a committee had reliable information from the city that Lincoln Drive would, within a year or two, become a thoroughfare.

Horizons, after we purchased the property, gave directions so that members could go out and view their new purchase. The directions read somewhat as follows: "Tatum Boulevard to Lincoln Drive; turn west and when road ends walk to the fourth telephone pole. That is the eastern boundary of our church. A few hundred yards away you will see an outcropping of rock which is the western boundary -- look for an arroyo that seems to run between the two boundaries and that is the location of the church. (We paid \$4,000 an acre; similar land is now selling for \$10,000 an acre.) Of course, when Mr. Olsen proposed a church on Lincoln Drive most of us knew that it could not be done! However, we liked Mr. Olsen and the men who were backing him and so we humored them. Joe Wilson (now deceased) and R.P.E. ("Dick") Dickinson were among the most active laymen in working out details, researching future growth of the area and activating a committee of experts to determine the topography of the site as suitable for our projected building. This simply aggravated the condition. Many ministers have an Edifice Complex: Mr. Olsen had an Edifice Obsession and the more he talked the more we began to share his dream.

Under Mr. Olsen's leadership, gradually the dream became a possible goal and then a reality. In 1959 we purchased our present church site and the first service

was held in the building in March 1961. Although our building, when it was started was the only building for blocks around, Mr. Olsen had talked about Lincoln Drive becoming the new "Church Row." (Did he have some private word from God?) All that is needed now is to drive along Lincoln Drive and observe the number of churches. This church plant stands as a memorial to Mr. Olsen's faith in this congregation and to the courage of our members which justified his faith.

For some time previous to 1959 there had been discussion in both the Unitarian and the Universalist churches regarding the advisability of merging into one denomination, which, it was finally agreed, would be called the Unitarian Universalist Association. There were congregations in both denominations which, for various reasons, objected to the merger. Fortunately, in our church there was never any serious question regarding the advisability of union. When the plan was submitted to the various churches in 1959, our congregation voted overwhelmingly for merger. From this point in history we should be referred to as the First Unitarian Universalist Church of Phoenix.

Mr. Olsen left Phoenix in January 1963 to become the Executive Secretary of the Southwest District of the Unitarian Universalist Association. Mr. Olson is still Minister Emeritus. Mr. Olsen jokingly stated that the most successful Minister Emeritus is the one who goes the farthest away and visits as seldom as possible, so we do not see as much of Mr. Olsen and his wife Catherine as we would like.

In addition to the Pulpit committee it was necessary to have a Pulpit Supply Committee. By this time we had a large enough congregation that we could command some of the best speakers in Phoenix. The Pulpit Supply Committee noted that the Passover that year preceded our Easter by one week. Since Rabbi Plotkin's Passover responsibilities would be over by that time, it was decided to invite him to be the speaker on Easter Sunday. Rabbi Plotkin was delighted to accept, stating that it was the first time, to his knowledge, that a Jewish Rabbi had been asked to occupy the pulpit on Easter Sunday in a Christian Church. This was at the time of the most violent and vicious persecution of Blacks and pro-Black people in the deep South. To give a most inadequate resume of a magnificently eloquent sermon, it can only be said that Rabbi Plotkin's topic concerned the "crucifixions, persecutions and murders in the deep South." His plea was to the effect that we not celebrate the crucifixion and resurrection of two thousand years ago but that we concern ourselves with the plight of the persecuted and murdered in the deep South. Spontaneously, there was a standing ovation. Later, Rabbi Plotkin told one of the members that this had disturbed him to some extent because he felt that possibly his sermon had not been sufficiently "religious." When we explained to him the spontaneity of our response, he accepted this act as another "first" in his career as a Rabbi.

After the Pulpit Committee had reviewed the resumes of several possible candidates recommended by the Unitarian Universalist Association and listened to countless taped sermons, Raymond Manker was unanimously chosen to candidate. Although there were ministers who, in the opinion of the Pulpit Committee, could adequately fill our pulpit, there was an overwhelming opinion that Mr. Manker had the greatest potential for growth. (After all, he was just a "kid" of 38!) The congregation called him unanimously and he became our minister in September 1963.

The judgment of the Pulpit Committee has been sustained. It has been a delight to observe Mr. Manker's maturing and the consequent maturing of the church.

The church, under Mr. Olsen's ministry, had grown so fast that people had not become integrated as members of a "family." Gretchen and Ray Manker were "naturals" for this assignment. Their warm, out-going personalities and their empathic feeling for people broke down many of our personal reserves. And also, it was gratifying, after many years, to have some "preacher's kids" around.

To go back and do a little reconstructing on the history of the church, there were two factors which kept the church alive during our most difficult years. As stated previously, the Women's Alliance and the Horizons both antedated the formal organization of the church.

In the early days of the Alliance they met in the evening and it was largely a social group. After 2 or 3 years, however, and when our membership declined, the Alliance was largely responsible for keeping the church alive. They participated in many fund-raising activities, and this money was not used for such refinements as carpeting for the foyer but rather, in many cases, went to paying the utility bills and even part of the minister's salary. When the Alliance attendance reached its low point we welcomed the men of the church in order to have meetings large enough to justify calling in outside speakers. There were two abortive attempts to organize a Laymen's League but this never actually became an official organization of the church. Among other fund-raising plans, the Women's Alliance held rummage sales at the cold crack of dawn on East Washington at about 5th Street. It was usually barely daylight when we arrived with our rummage. We needed the men to form a cordon to keep people from stealing things from the various station wagons and cars which brought the material down for the sale. It was about this time that the men were most active in the Alliance and in other projects and they were known as "the Men's Auxiliary to the Women's Alliance."

In the early days of the Alliance, including the Men's Auxiliary, we did have some study programs. For instance, one year we spent the entire year on the mental health problems in the State of Arizona. This antedated by several years any organized mental health programs in the State. Whether or not this small group had much influence in organizing the mental health association is questionable, but many of our members did volunteer work at the State Hospital.

The second factor which did much to hold the Church together was Horizons, edited by William Bishop. The Alliance was usually instrumental in planning programs, and we had study groups, square dancing groups and other social functions at the church on East Pasadena. These events were covered in great detail in the Horizons and reading the Horizons one would assume that this was a very live church with an extensive program. What was omitted from the Horizons was the fact that usually it was the same 25 or 30 people that attended all the meetings.

Some time shortly after we moved to the Jewish Community Center in 1957, a group of the younger Alliance members started a mother's study group. They met in the homes of the members. The hostess mother did the babysitting and served refreshments. Later, the name was changed to the Morning Study Group and when we moved into our own church babysitting services were provided. The mother's study group included arts and craft projects and discussion on current books. Usually, the books to be discussed were announced in advance so that members could familiarise themselves with the subject matter.

Peg Gooding was among the early attendants and became volunteer head of the Religious Education Department. Later she qualified herself as an Accredited Religious Education Director and became a member of the salaried staff. She carried on and extended the basic principles we had set as a goal for our religious education program: the worth of every child as an individual and the advantages of improvising when advisable or necessary. Another outcome of the mother's study group was the non-denominational cooperative nursery school which was housed at the new Unitarian Universalist Church. It is reported that this was the second cooperative pre-school group in the State and certainly the first cooperative pre-school in the Valley.

About 1968 another women's group took form, the Broad Circle. This was and still is primarily a discussion group. From the above information it might appear that there are 3 Alliance groups in the church. Such is far from the fact. Although each is autonomous they maintain a cooperative working relationship. The fact is that with such a large membership it is necessary to provide special interest groups. There are those who feel all these groups should be "under one umbrella"-- The Women's Alliance -- but since most members of all groups maintain membership, if not actual participation, in the Women's Alliance it seems a secondary question whether or not we are all "under one umbrella". The three groups represent three different interest groups.

It became apparent that we would have to have additional classrooms. The problem was discussed thoroughly as to whether we should add a second story to the original building or add an additional building. It was decided that the additional building would be less expensive and more suitable, particularly for younger children. The present Church School wing was added in 1965.

In 1964 we had a baby! It was decided that Tempe should have a separate church. During their organizational stage they remained an integral part of our church and finances were carried through our books. Tempe members of this church were urged to attend the Valley Unitarian Universalist Church of Tempe. They met at 9:30 with Mr. Manker preaching. Mr. Manker then raced back to our church to preach at 11 a.m.

In November 1966 the Valley Unitarian Universalist Church of Tempe was officially recognized as a fullfledged church. By this time they had purchased a small but adequate plant with church school facilities. This plant had been built by a small denomination which evidently could not support it.

Although Unitarian Universalists, traditionally, have participated as individuals in most civic and socially oriented programs in the community, at a Board meeting held in October '67 plans were formulated to involve the church as a group in helping in the Inner City. The Booker T. Washington Community Council, predominately Black, was suggested by LEAP as the most likely community council to benefit from our help. The work, "help" is misleading. Actually, when the plan was presented to the congregation for adoption it was made very clear that we were not going in to help people but rather to work with people. A committee from our church met with a committee from the Booker T. Washington Council. They outlined their needs very clearly and the Unitarian members accepted their statement of needs rather than making any suggestions from our church. The council stated that its basic needs were: employment opportunities, vocational education, better housing and more opportunities for self help. The congregation

voted to participate on this basis: We would do what was asked of us but not impose our ideas. Mary Dunten of our church acted as Public Relations Coordinator and it was largely through her organizational abilities that we were so well able to meet the expressed needs of the Booker T. Washington Council. The upshot was that 60 members of our church attended regular training sessions with a total of 135 Unitarian Universalists participating as volunteers. The report of the Committee in June '68 states that 25 of our members had acted as tutors to 37 young men whose skills in math and reading were insufficient to qualify them for apprenticeship in various occupations. The tutoring aimed at a one-to-one participation but this was not entirely possible although the tutoring sessions were limited to 3 persons for each tutor.

Twenty-two teachers worked on a regular basis as teachers-aides at the day care center which, at that time, was held in most inadequate quarters in the basement of the First Institutional Baptist Church. Although 10 of these teachers-aides were or had been professional educators, it was made plain that, whatever their skills, they were reminded that they were teachers-aides and they were not to assume administrative responsibilities. Five volunteers took groups of children from the Booker T. Washington District to attend a circus.

A transportation committee was set up to help council members keep medical and other necessary appointments. We collected at the church a donation of toys which were very much needed at the day care center. A group of our women sewed dresses and shirts for the pre-school children. In addition, a sewing group for the B. T. W. mothers was set up at the Center. Thirty-five of our people attended legislative sessions on matters regarding the welfare of Inner City residents. The pre-school's greatest need was adequate classroom space. A vacant lot on East Adams Street, owned by the city, was donated for use with the city retaining title to the property. A building at Park Central which had been designed as a nursery center was to be moved. The neighborhood council accepted the responsibility of raising the first \$2,910 toward the purchase of the building. The Council, by Federal legislation, could not own the building but they could pay rent. The balance due -- \$8,000 -- was borrowed, with some of our members underwriting the loan. The Council was to repay this loan out of the rent funds allotted to it. When the loan was paid off a transfer of title to the non-profit organization was automatic.

The story of our involvement with the Booker T. Washington Council cannot be told without mention of Julian and Isabelle McCreary. In 1968, 1969 and 1971 the McCrearys, both professional musicians, proved that they were as much beloved by the musical community as they are in our church. With volunteer talent they put together over these 3 years, 3 variety show types of programs. Some help was given by the members of our church with publicity, programs, talent, handling tickets, etc. In 1968 the show cleared \$1,500; in 1969 the show raised \$1,000. In 1970 a program was sponsored by the Booker T. Washington Council and the Unitarian Universalist church. It was a rescheduling of one of our creative Celebration of Life series. Mr. Manker compiled the service based on some of Langston Hughes' poetry as a memorial after his death. Mr. Manker read the selected poems and Charles Lewis composed the music and arranged some for singing. The Charles Lewis Trio also contributed to the program. The program added another \$1,280 to the Booker T. Washington funds. This does not imply that Unitarians were responsible for the successful programs. Without the complete cooperation of the Booker T. Washington Council, this could not have been achieved. Lucy Allen has

been and continues to be the "liaison" person between the church and the B.T.W. Council. We have always had Unitarian Universalist members on the B.T.W. Board and this is a precedent which will probably be followed.

Later the Booker T. Washington Council put on its own show, using as they said, the "know how" given by the McCrearys and other Unitarian Universalist members. Gradually, B.T.W. mothers took over as teachers-aides volunteers, local young men took on tutoring responsibilities. In short, we gradually worked ourselves out of a job, which, of course, was the goal we had hoped to achieve.

During the years of Mr. Manker's ministry, another of our high points has been the acquisition of the statuary group by John Waddell, nationally known sculptor and a member of our church. This statuary group, entitled "That Which Might Have Been, Birmingham, 1963", had a temporary home on our church patio for some time. Fortunately for the church and the community, an anonymous donor purchased the statuary group and it was installed, with a beautiful reflecting pool, on the south side of our property. Another unknown donor gave the money for the landscaping. The statuary group commemorates the death of 4 girls killed in a church bombing in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1963. This group symbolizes the unfulfilled maturity of these 4 young girls and is dedicated to the understanding of the beauty of human differences. Already a number of weddings have been performed in the statuary garden. As the landscaping matures this will become one of the beauty spots of the valley area. In addition to the beauty of the surroundings, with the accompanying mountain background, this statuary group has a deep religious significance. The statuary group was dedicated in November of '69. Our church should be eternally grateful to the two donors who made this statuary garden a reality.

Harry Wood, nationally known artist, and a member of this church wrote and published, at his own expense, a book, Soul, which is an interpretation of the Birmingham statues -- an interpretation by an artist who sees more perceptively than most of us the true beauty and meaning of the figures. All proceeds from the sale of the book, Dr. Wood has donated to the church.

Each year before the Christmas season we maintain a UNICEF table at the rear of the Church with appropriate cards and other UNICEF materials. Of course the proceeds from these sales go directly to UNICEF. We also provide UNICEF boxes for our children at Hallowe'en. (Unfortunately we urge parents, or an adult, to accompany children with the UNICEF boxes because of too frequent rebuffs from the public.)

We promote an annual food collection each Christmas to be distributed to migrant families.

On Friday nights the Classical Film Society meets at the church. It shows a very discriminating sense in choosing old films of proven merit -- whether serious or comic.

Recently we have sponsored family camp-outs on long week-ends. We come in trailers, campers, tents and tarps. These trips fill a real gap in our church life. Very few of us have any "extended" family in Phoenix, and since the group is relatively small (35 to 50 people) we have the experience of surrogate extended families -- brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins and even grandparents.

Little mention has been made of Liberal Religious Youth -- LRY. For the first year or two there was no LRY because we had only two youths. When we finally got six, the LRY was organized. The fortunes of the LRY have risen and fallen with the fortunes of the church. Since we have occupied our present church the LRY has been consistently active. Their activities vary from year to year depending on the composition of the group and the type of leadership of the sponsors. It is encouraging to see them participating more in the life of the church. In recent years we have had an LRY representative on the Board of Directors. While other board members serve for three years, the LRY member serves for only one year because he, or she, is usually a high school senior and after a year leaves to go to college or to take employment away from Phoenix.

In recent years Mr. Manker and Peg Gooding inaugurated a "growing up ceremony." Many of the members have long wanted to see some kind of puberty rites which are observed in all religions and cultures. Our sixth graders meet at the church Saturday evening in their "growing up" clothes and equipped with their sleeping bags to spend the night at church with their advisors. The evening discussion is a closely guarded teen-age secret but, whatever the content, the next morning, our junior members are solemnly impressed as their names are called and they come to the front of the church to be greeted by the minister, R. E. Director and the Chairman of the Board. After the service the junior members form a receiving line in the Isabelle Johnson room and, happily, most of the adults go through the receiving line congratulating each junior. A typical remark was made by one junior, (age 12): "I'll never forget this day as long as I live."

The history of this church is totally incomplete without a description of the Annual Bazaar, planned and implemented by the Women's Alliance. The Bazaar is held on a Saturday early in December, but the work starts early in April, when small groups of Alliance members meet at the church until summer and, during the summer months, meet at various homes. At these meetings the women produce beautiful Christmas decorations, hand-made household and personal articles from pot holders to aprons, and baby clothes and decorative items which become the stock in trade of what has come to be one of the Valley's most bizarre bazaars.

On the day of the Bazaar, by some human miracle, the church is transformed -- this is not only a Bazaar: it is the greatest festival of the year.

One enters the foyer and finds the walls festooned with Christmas decorations. Tables are laden with more decorations, candles, beautiful jewel or treasure boxes. On into the main auditorium: the periphery of the building is lined with tables displaying "white elephants", electrical appliances, needle work, books, clothing, jewelry -- well, you name it, they have it. There is a food bar and attractively decorated tables for a quick snack or a full lunch. In the center is a table of take-home baked goods, jellies, jams and pickles. The LRY gets into the act with entertainment for the youngest children.

Of course, the whole enterprise is planned and engineered by the Women's Alliance but by the time the last table is taken down and the last chair put back in place, it is a safe estimate that probably 90% of the friends and members of the church have participated in one way or another, if only donating a pie, cake or some home made pickles or jelly.

The Bazaar represents hours upon hours of work from many people but it is truly a church festival. But the greatest human miracle of all is the fact that on Sunday morning the church is in condition for our usual Celebration of Life.

In January, 1971, Mr. Manker was granted sabbatical leave until September of 1971. Unfortunately, he had a very severe illness during his sabbatical, which he spent in Spain, and by this time we were enough of a family that there was a concern for Mr. Manker that can be only felt by people who have a deep feeling of family commitment. We were, actually, so closely knit that many of us attended church, in some cases, only to find out "how Ray is doing." We were like superstitious children -- afraid to verbalize our thoughts for fear that the words might become a reality. No one said verbally, "What if Ray should die?" but that thought was always present. But we didn't say it and Ray came back, a little puny-looking to be sure, but he came back. In the meantime we also worried about his wife, Gretchen, who had to take, in a foreign land and without close friends, the responsibility of a family and the worry of a very sick husband.

Fortunately, Mr. Manker improved sufficiently that the family was able to tour several other European countries.

During Mr. Manker's sabbatical and his illness, Mr. Wilbur Johnson, a Black ordained Methodist Minister, who had been committed to U. U. principles, was our minister. Although we had grown considerably as a congregation in our feeling of warmth toward each other, Mr. Johnson contributed immeasurably to this feeling. In fact, more than once he "scolded" us as a congregation for being so cold and undemonstrative. He recognized that there was a deep bond of affection within the membership but he remonstrated with us for not being more willing and able to demonstrate this feeling of affection toward each other. We have become what is probably the "kissin'est" congregation in the denomination. Those of us who knew him and his beautiful wife, Elinor, will treasure our memories of his brief interim ministry.

Shortly after Mr. Manker became our minister, the Sunday order of service was no longer entitled "Worship Service" but was changed to read, "Celebration of Life" which is certainly more descriptive of our services and our attitudes.

Gone are the days when the minister, Sunday after Sunday, got up in the pulpit and "preached" to his congregation. Among the special services, we have had political discussions with both major parties participating, talks by Indians depicting Apache, Hopi and Chippewa religions, jazz festivals, (which brought out every jazz buff in the county, work Sundays when we come in work clothes and do the seasonal chores necessary to maintain our church grounds. We have also had several panel discussions on a variety of subjects and most years we have had a Youth Sunday with the LRY planning and conducting the service. One year we had a Seder dinner celebrating the Passover. We have had numerous outside speakers, including a Catholic priest. One Sunday was given over to transcendental meditation. There have been several dramatic and dance programs. The most notable dance program was held on an Easter Sunday in the statuary garden to an accompaniment of stringed instruments.

The Youth String Symphony which has played several times is a great delight. First the junior Youth String Symphony plays two or three numbers. These are children under about 12 years. They then retire to one side and turn their chairs around to watch the Youth Symphony which produces a magnificent program but it is equally rewarding to watch the juniors who are enthralled and the faces which plainly say, "Do you suppose I'll ever be that good?"

One of our most emotionally moving services has been our celebration of Hana Matsuri -- the birth of Buddha. The local Buddhists loaned us a miniature statue of the boy Buddha (who was, according to Buddhist tradition, born at the age of seven) with the accompanying canopy or altar. The Buddhist ceremony calls for the faithful to bring a flower to offer to Buddha and to pour a small amount of sacred tea over the boy Buddha. Many parents bring their children early so that the children can participate in this ceremony before going to their regular classes. On one occasion local Japanese Buddhist girls performed in costume the traditional and sacred Buddhist dances. Mr. Manker then gave a resume of the life of Buddha and of the Buddhist philosophy.

In the early days of the "grape boycott" three Sundays were devoted to the problems of the migrant laborers. Mr. Manker spoke the first Sunday giving some historical background. A spokesman for farm managers spoke the second Sunday and the head of the local Farm Labor Union (in levis, work shirt and boots), spoke the third Sunday. Although he had a slight Mexican accent, his English was fluent and forceful. It was generally agreed at the time that the labor leader made the best presentation, Mr. Manker came in second and the representative for farm management came in a very poor third.

When Mr. Manker left for his sabbatical, we initiated a Credo series -- possibly to soften the blow of his temporary departure and possibly to convince ourselves that we could be self-sustaining. We met in groups for three consecutive Sundays and after two intervening Sundays with outside speakers, we spent one Sunday on a summation of the Credo series by recorders from the various groups.

People were asked to sign up in advance, and a committee assigned each participant to a group. Every effort was made to make the groups as representative as possible of the church membership. No spouses were assigned to the same group. Age range, occupational and other interests were taken into consideration in order to make, so far as possible, each group of about 20 people, a microcosm of the church membership. Broad topics were assigned for discussion each week but otherwise there was no structuring. One person left the group when the subject was "What I believe about God" saying, "I didn't come to the Unitarian church to talk about God!" In the main, however, the groups became very closely knit and a few of the groups continued for a short time meeting at the homes of members.

All the above account of our recent activities sounds very serious but there was plenty of gaiety involved in all these activities but we also had our purely "fun" times.

One such time was our "Kite Flying Sunday." There was a previous notice in Horizons, so many people made elaborate and ingenious kites and brought them to church to festoon the walls. Marie Walling gave a short talk on the symbolism of the kite to mankind -- a symbolism which goes back through centuries in all cultures. Then our kite fliers took their kites out to our lovely ten acres and, although the wind was not fully cooperative, it was quite a sight to see people, from youngsters to grey haired grandmothers, running down the slope to get their kites air-borne.

Another purely "fun" Sunday occurred when we had a Sharing Sunday when members brought things and/or ideas to share -- food, poetry, art work, creative writing and ceramics.

One of our best "fun" Sundays was Mr. Manker's brain child. It was entitled Humor and Religion. We started by singing the old time hymns (and judging from the fervor of our singing, it was apparent that most of our people had come up from orthodoxy). Mr. Manker then launched into his sermon, completely confounding his congregation. He looked so sanctimonious as to be scarcely recognizable. He first reminded us of obligation to concern ourselves with the plight of our black brothers in darkest Africa. As he spoke he gradually moved closer to home, losing his sanctimonious attitude, and seemingly growing more and more angry until he shouted, "but as for the people in that church across the street!", pointing skyward as if to bring down the wrath of heaven upon our conservative neighbors. "The church across the street" shuns affiliation with the National Council of Churches, considering it a 'Red' organization." And the fun went on from there.

Truly, our service is no longer a Service of Worship but a Celebration of Life, and our Celebration of Life extends far beyond a Sunday service and attempts to reach all facets of life.

The story of our church should certainly mention the various peripheral activities. Some of these activities are carried on both in the daytime and in the evening but most are evening programs. We have had classes in beginning, intermediate and advanced Spanish, pottery making, classes in French and also, some years, courses have been given in extension from Arizona State University. These can be taken for credit by those who wish or they can be audited. From time to time we have had folk and square dancing classes and guitar lessons. There also have been classes in interpretive dancing.

We have had a continually active art committee which arranges frequently changing art exhibits by many valley artists. Our beautifully textured walls make an ideal background for the display of all kinds of art forms.

A very active Singletarians group offers a varied social program in which children are often included. Their big family affair comes at Thanksgiving time, when the organization takes over the entire church plant. The women prepare the huge Thanksgiving dinner, with the men helping, while the youngsters have the run of the play facilities.

In 1961 the Pacific Southwest District of the U.U.A. acquired a conference property at De Benneville Pines near Redlands, California. There is a constantly changing program, suited to all ages and interests. Although it is quite a distance for Phoenixians to travel for a week-end, many of our people have participated in these programs. Most of the building has been done by church groups who spend long week-ends in manual labor.

Conclusion

I proudly state that I am a birthright Unitarian--and am also one of the Super Snobs (see Appendix #3). I love my church. I have lived through the moments of exaltation when our church was growing toward true UUA ideals. I have suffered during the poignant periods of divisiveness and persecution of my beloved church.

Bill, a Unitarian from the midwest, and I met at the organizational meeting of our church and grew together in our common interest in our church. We were married in the little church on Pasadena Street in February 1952. (We were under lay leadership at the time and had to "import" a Unitarian minister from California to conduct the marriage ceremony).

My daughter was the first president of the LRY. She and her husband were also married in the Pasadena Street church. (At that time both she and her husband were members of the church).

Most of our intimate and beloved friends are people we have met through the church. To me this history has been a labor of love.

For older members I hope this story will recall the joys and the anguish of our lives together. For newer members I wish that they will realize, as they enter our beautiful grounds and church, and as they participate in our Celebration of Life, that this church was not, like Athena, born in full bloom from the brow of Jupiter. Rather, we went through "post partem neurosis", early emotional problems, the uncertainties of puberty, the anguish of adolescence and have finally reached maturity.

Two examples demonstrate our level of maturity. In the past when a highly controversial subject came up, there was a split in the church. Mr. Manker has been a long time pacifist and as our military intervention in Vietnam escalated Mr. Manker spoke out plainly about his convictions. There was no split in our church and very little unpleasantness, although we missed a few familiar faces in the congregation.

As for the theological beliefs of the membership of this church, apparently no one knows, or cares, whether his associates are humanist, theist, atheist or agnostic. Happily, the time has passed when such differences seemed to be important, and as our church has grown in wisdom and in strength we have learned to treasure the values of individual intellectual differences.

This maturity can be maintained indefinitely as long as we have a minister of the emotional and mental stature of Ray Manker. Equally, we must attract new members who want to grow as individuals, and who have the capacity to respect -- even cherish -- individual differences. This capacity is the basic ingredient for full mental and spiritual growth.

Board Presidents

| BOARD PRESIDENT | YEAR (S) SERVED | LOCATION OF MEETING |
|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Milton J. Shear | 1947 | Kenilworth School |
| Taylor Smith | 1948 | " " |
| E. B. Myrick | 1949 | " " |
| | | Valley Garden Ctr. |
| James Stewart | 1950 - Jan. to Sept. | " " " |
| Isabelle Johnson | 1950 - Oct. to Jan. | YWCA |
| Frances (Locke) Bishop | 1951 | YWCA - Jan.-Mar.'51 |
| | | 800 E. Pasadena Bldg. |
| J. D. Filson | 1952 | " " " " |
| Frances Bishop | 1953 - Jan. to Feb. | " " " " |
| Charles Purtyman | 1953 - Feb. to Jan.'54 | " " " " |
| Vernon Robbins | 1954 | " " " " |
| William B. Bishop | 1955 | " " " " |
| Roy Gaintner | 1956 - Jan. to Oct. | " " " " |
| Lee Binna | 1956 - Oct. to Jan. | " " " " |
| Lee Binna | 1957 | Jewish Community Ctr. |
| Joe Wilson | 1958 | " " " " |
| R. P. E. Dickinson | 1959 | " " " " |
| Christ Olsen | 1960 - Jan. to Apr. | " " " " |
| Ed Heler | 1960 - Apr. to Jan. | " " " " |
| Agnes Ericson | 1961 | 4027 E. Lincoln Drive |
| Hiram Davis | 1962-63 | " " " " |
| Christ Olsen | 1964 | " " " " |
| Wilson B. Wood | 1965 | " " " " |
| Floyd McCracken | 1966-67 | " " " " |
| Archie Walker | 1968 | " " " " |
| Bill Gooding | 1969-70 | " " " " |
| Harry Hobart | 1971-72 | " " " " |

Ministers

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| LON RAY CALL | June to June 1947 |
| LAWRENCE PLANK | September 1947 to August 1949 |
| JOHN K. FINDLEY | September 1949 to August 1951 |
| (Lay leadership) | August 1951 to September 1952 |
| CHARLES DONELSON | September 1952 to June 1953 |
| DR. E. BURDETTE BACKUS | September 1953 to April 1954 |
| (Lay leadership) | April 1954 to September 1954 |
| DR. EDWIN C. BROOME | September 1954 to June 1955 |
| CHARLES WING | September 1955 to June 1956 |
| ARTHUR W. OLSEN | September 1956 to January 1963 |
| (Lay leadership) | January 1963 to September 1963 |
| RAYMOND G. MANKER | September 1963 |

Super Snobs

(Yes, we have snobs in the Unitarian Universalist Church)

SUPER SNOBS (those who attended the first organizational meeting in December 1946 and who call themselves "Founding Members"):

Frances J. (Locke) Bishop
William B. Bishop
Isabelle M. Johnson
Frank Salmon

GARDEN VARIETY SNOBS (those who signed the charter list in March 1947):

Frances J. (Locke) Bishop
William B. Bishop
Frank S. Crehan
Agnes Ericson
Marion V. Glover
T. Jefferson Glover
Evelyn A. Martin
Roger E. Martin
Phoebe (McPheron) Reed
Frank E. Salmon

AND A SEMI-SNOB (who joined the church on November 23, 1947):

Sarah Ingersoll

In Memoriam

CHARTER MEMBERS

Lydia Beck
Victor H. Clements
Mrs. Charles G. Cunningham
Walter C. Day
Isabel F. DeFrates
William C. Eliot
S. E. Hege
Isabelle M. Johnson
Milton J. Shear
Pearl H. Williams
Robert Hill Williams
Frank B. Wilson
Lulu P. Wood
Jay Egbert
Josephine Egbert
Carl Ericson

Typist: Joanne Michael
Calligrapher: Ellie Murphy