

# WASHINGTON MONUMENT MEMORIES 40 YEARS LATER

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HOW WE BROUGHT THE MOST BUSES FROM THE WORST POSSIBLE AREA –  
NORTH PHILADELPHIA IN 1976



# ARRIVING AT MY AREA IN NORTH PHILADELPHIA “WHERE SHOULD I BEGIN?”

160


NADYA NEAL



# THE OFFICIAL FLYER TO REACH OUT TO OUR AREA OF NORTH PHILADELPHIA

**BUS TRIP TO WASHINGTON D.C.  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th  
GOD BLESS AMERICA FESTIVAL**

## Let's Go To Washington!



Buses depart from 20 different metropolitan area locations.  
Departing from Philadelphia 11:00  
Departing from Wilmington 12:00

Special Transportation Fee (includes one free meal)  
\$4.00 per seat  
Special reduced rate for families and groups.

**AT THE MONUMENT:**

3:30 International entertainment by over 200 singers, dancers and musicians from around the world.  
6:00 Official opening of the Festival  
6:15 Festive chorale by the New Hope Singers International  
6:30 Music by the folk-rock ensemble, Sunburst  
6:45 International dance by the Korean Folk Ballet  
7:00 Address by the Reverend Moon  
7:30 Grand Finale by all performers  
7:45 The World's Greatest International Fireworks

September 18th,  
**RAIN OR SHINE**

**Bicentennial  
God Bless America  
Committee**

19 East Schoolhouse Lane  
Philadelphia, PA 19144  
(215) 843-4600

600 West 10th Street  
Wilmington, DE 19801  
(302) 656-2560

The Bicentennial God Bless America Committee is a project of the Unification Church in celebration of America's bicentennial.

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### Bus Transportation Application Form

Please print and return this application to the Bicentennial God Bless America Committee nearest you.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

For office use only:  
Bus No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Bus Captain \_\_\_\_\_  
Pick-up location \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to reserve \_\_\_\_\_ seats.

Registration fee: \$4 per seat.  
Included in this fee is one chicken dinner.

Unfortunately, if you must cancel your reservations the registration cannot be refunded.

**Meet Us At The  
Monument  
Sept. 18**



**Reverend  
Sun Myung Moon  
Presents:**

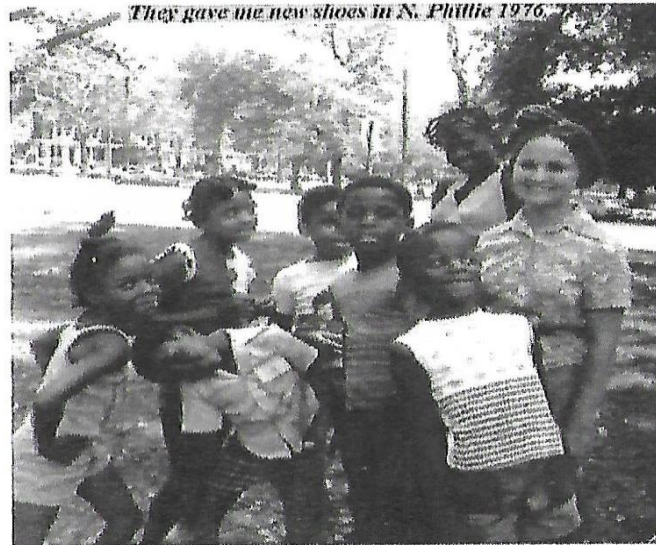
**God Bless America Festival**

Washington Monument, Washington D.C.

**INSIDE: "God's Hope for America"**

# MY TEAM





My freinds and I in North Phillie - 1976 - Organizing the  
Washington Monument Event

## Black Canvas Shoes Never Worn

Inside a neatly wrapped newspaper parcel, I find a pair of little black canvas shoes, the kind with a strap across the top like Mary Janes. I never wore these shoes. They are the most precious ones I have ever owned.

The children of the North Philadelphia community noticed that my tennis shoes were full of holes. Somehow, they managed to put enough money together to present me with these shoes. What more could they say to me to let me know that they loved me. They have no idea how deeply honored I always would be.

Destitution and poverty  
Gape open  
To devour the soul.  
The child forgotten  
Waits –  
Like an orphan  
Receiving new shoes  
My spirit rejoices  
To be found  
And to be given  
Such joy.



## Journal Entry—Washington Monument Rally

Images of fading American flags melting in the heat of asphalt and car exhaust while going door to door to sign up travelers for the bus ride to Washington D.C. will forever remind me of the intensity that my team and I applied to our efforts to get as many people to the Washington Monument as possible. In the end, we had a lot more people signed up to go than there were buses available to take them. We ended up being escorted away in a Philadelphia police car—ironic considering that they had applied every effort to get rid of the “Moonies” during the entire summer campaign. A team member and aspiring cartoonist drew several scenes of my experience for my journal. Below is the scene that I call “Not Enough Buses!!!”

# UNITY NEWS

## WHY ?

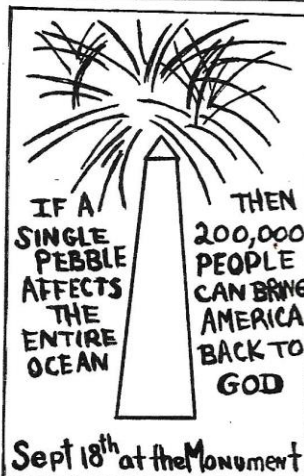
The life of a free people in a free land depends upon the free interchange of creative ideas. Therefore, the North Philadelphia Block Association offers this newspaper as a voice to communicate positive solutions to our most serious problems, to speak truth leading toward a noble freedom for all, and to inspire a neighborly concern and love for one another that will make our community a light to the nation and the world.

The Editor and Staff,  
"North Philadelphia  
Unity News."

## Ministers Make History

History was made last Thursday, Aug. 19, at the Holiday Inn in Phil., when ministers from different churches and areas gathered in peaceful discussion and unified concern over the problems plaguing our city. Everyone present was agreed that spiritual men must go in the lead, showing their people the way through the corruption which is trying to destroy our families and communities. America is being ripped apart by

cont'd on p. 3



## Hampton Hotel

by NADYA NEAL

In a time when people are looking to the government or nationally established corporations and organizations for employment, it is inspiring to see someone with the individual determination to succeed and keep the community alive. I met Mr. Hampton, the owner of the Hampton Hotel, while looking for a room for community volunteer service. I was amazed upon walking inside and finding a bright and rather vogue entrance which led to a lounge and restaurant of similar style.

cont'd on p. 5

## Silence Shattered

NORTH PHILADELPHIA STARTS IT'S OWN NEWSPAPER!

The great silence is shattered. The voice of the people will be heard. This is your community and your community newspaper. Today it seems small, but it's ideal is the highest: to encourage the builders and show the destroyers a higher stan-

cont'd on p. 3

"If my people..."

Recently, the God Bless America Committee has been involved in summer projects here in the community. As their public relations representative, we asked Mrs. Stephanie Huber to tell us what its all about:

The purpose of the Bicentennial God Bless America Committee is to respark the highest spirit of America's history. America was founded by men who were willing to sacrifice themselves for the right to worship God as they wished and to preserve the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The members of the GBAC are motivated by that original desire, centered on God, to stimulate the spirit and pride of America during this 200th

cont'd on p. 4



## BLOCK BUILDERS A Crisis in Education

A mind is like a neighborhood block. A block is made up of groups called families. When the families in the block are concerned about one another and want to help each other, when they work together to solve block problems and to make a beautiful place to live, everyone feels happy. We say, "We have very nice neighbors," and we feel proud of our block.

The families in our mind are called ideas. Big ideas are made up of smaller ideas, like individuals. Each group of individuals makes up a family, and many idea families make a mind. When all the ideas in your mind are friendly, then your mental neighborhood is happy and powerful. But when the ideas in your mind criticize and attack each other your mental neighborhood becomes dark and low spirited. Soon whole families must be silenced to avoid war and crime. Houses are boarded up. Mental rats move in. Other ideas become sloppy. They lose a clear light. They become shadowy and uncertain in meaning. To people passing by we seem confused, unhappy, full of trouble. Sometimes we 'lose our mind.' Just like a block where no one wants to help his neighbor is demolished and turned over to new tenants.

We want to know why children learn. That is, when do children invite new idea families into

their mental neighborhoods?

We're created by love. Love is the power to unite. So our life comes from love. In order to continue to live we can't be stationary. Either we grow and live or we decline and die. Therefore love is like air, essential to life. Children learn because of love.

### ANNOUNCEMENT

from the  
God Bless America  
Committee

We are organizing  
a special block  
leaders' dinner  
meeting city-wide,  
to discuss the  
Washington Rally  
at the Monument.

R.S.V.P.  
849-4600  
for Thursday, Aug. 26  
at 7:00

To a young child the father and mother are like an eternal spring of love. They give physical nourishment, shelter, and comfort. And they nourish the child's mind by offering ideas to populate his mental neighborhood. These ideas make friends with each other, form higher ideas, like Checker clubs and neighborhood societies, and the child's mind becomes lively,

healthy, delightful. We say, "This is a bright and friendly child," and the child grows quickly because everyone loves this child.

Today in the world of the mind, there are two basic types of idea families. There are positive or good ideas which always seek to unite with other ideas and raise the spirit of the whole mind, and there are negative or selfish ideas that like to separate and 'do their own thing.' Negative power comes from ideas that break down and destroy the happiness of others so 'I can feel great.' Negative energy can make things happen but its like a dead end street. Sooner or later it fails miserably. But positive energy comes from ideas that unite and create new ideas, new existences. Positive energy builds new life and continues forever.

Human beings have two natures. The first is like the earth, coming into being, growing, decaying and returning to the earth. That's the flesh body. It's eternal nature is one with the physical universe. The other nature is the spirit. The spirit comes from the eternal well-spring of life, that which is and ever has been, the origin of everything that is. This nature is not subject to decay but is ever increasing, ever learning. This nature is a direct reflection of the universal spirit. When a child is born on the earth he's like a visitor from another planet. He must grow and develop his "univer-

And on the streets of his mind ideas will sing and reach out to meet, unite, and create new, good ideas. His mental block will be an ideal block, and his physical block will be the physical reflection of his internal mental life.

How do we restore our mental neighborhoods? Through following truth and forgetting lies. At first its as hard as fixing up the worst block in the city, because we've let so many false ideas move in. Some people think black is good, or white is good, or white is poor. But only goodness is good. Every moment gives us two choices and one decision. If we choose truth, we grow, if we choose lies we die. Everyone wants to live and to live is to be filled with joy. So begin now to choose truth. In the soil of life your child will learn like a flower grows in rain and sun.

NORTH PHILADELPHIA  
UNITY NEWS

Editor  
Dondi Caldwell

Staff  
Judith Faust  
Yolanda Newson

Advisors  
Elder Bernice Bentley  
James Harrison  
Joan Petersen  
Dan Lange

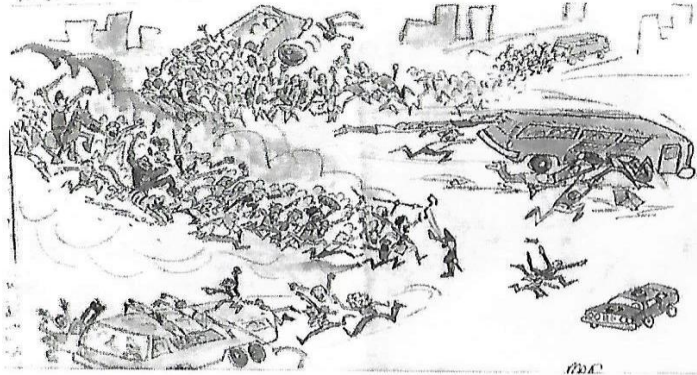
This is a project of  
the  
NORTH PHILADELPHIA  
BLOCK ASSOCIATION



# POLICE ESCORT AND THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

166

NADYA NEAL



ON SILENT CLOUDS OF BUTTERFLY WINGS

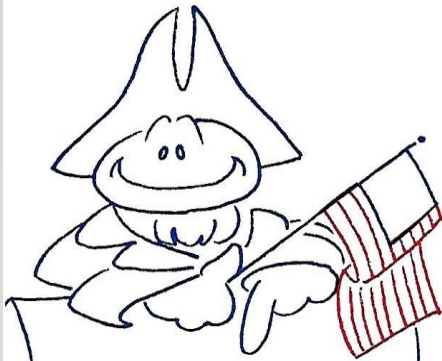
167



300,000 people together



Every those opposed were engulfed  
in the intense beauty and peace.



#### BUS CONDITIONS

While en route from Penna.  
or Delaware to Washington,  
each passenger:

- ☆ Shall not consume alcoholic beverages;
- ☆ Must conduct himself in a reasonable fashion;
- ☆ Obey instructions of the bus coordinator and bus driver; and
- ☆ Shall be solely responsible for personal property.

*The God Bless America Committee  
is a  
Bicentennial Project of the  
Unification Church*



*Thank you for your support of the God  
Bless America Festival.*

*September 18 will truly be a day of joy,  
when all of us can join together as Americans,  
as one people under God, to celebrate the  
original American ideals.*

*This spirit of unity can bring new hope to  
you, your family, and America.*

### Your Bus Location

is Richard R. Wright  
School  
27th & Susquehanna

## A Letter from Philadelphia

In a real sense all life is interrelated. The  
 Agony of the poor impoverishes the rich.  
 The betterment of the poor enriches the rich.  
 We are inevitably our brother's keeper  
 Because we are our brother's brother.  
 What affects us directly affects all indirectly.  
 MLK Jr.

Dear Jackie,

I found this printed on a bulletin board at a church here. I am living in North Central Philadelphia. On one side of me lives an aging woman by the name of Clara Baldwin. On the other side lives another elderly woman named Theresa Jackson. Across the street is a storefront church that rocks from morning until night every Sunday. The Islamic Nation has a mosque on the next block.

Our work is focused around creating a network of volunteers from each city block. They are already organized in a fashion. With the block leaders, community centers and churches, we create a bi-monthly event for the children and teens living in the area. They are invited to share their artistic talents, drawing, painting, writing and music. We find ways to assist and encourage their ideas. They are invited to compete with other groups throughout the summer. Awards are given from local judges that include summer camps, art supplies and college tuition.

At first, it was impossible to break through the distrust. They were speechless to open their doors to find a very small, very young (they think I am 16) woman – white no less – standing in front of them in an area that they don't walk alone in. When I

explain to them that even my grandparents were persecuted in this country and they were white, it begins to create a bridge of commonality. Their hearts soften. Now I don't think that skin is as important an issue. We have connected on a deeper level.

When I have a chance, I like to help Clara with her flower garden. Anything that grows out of these cement streets is worth spending time on. She is like a flower herself – an exotic one. She is tall with graceful movement and a noble face. Her eyes are large like a doe. She was one of Martin Luther King Jr's chief organizers in the 1960's. Photos of their group cover the walls. She can tell stories for hours. She was very skeptical of me at first but I knew we had progressed past that on the afternoon she began to tell me about her life.

Clara was raised on a two-acre farm with no father and six siblings. She wasn't educated because only men needed an education in those days. She said that they wrapped newspapers around their heads and asked the whites to explain the letters and pronunciation while they worked in the field. When she had a chance, she started a business selling roasted pork and chitlins. She used the money to create educational programs and community centers.

Theresa Jackson is also a woman of rare beauty but in a different way. She is half Cherokee. A crippling disease attacked her legs that twists them backwards when she stands up. When she speaks, her eyes have a way of misting up with the sorrow that she holds inside.

She loved her mother and talks about her constantly. Maybe she senses how much I miss my own mother. "There is nothing like a mother's love," she says. She must be as old as my grandmother. Her mother died a long time ago.

We sit on the stoop for hours doing what everyone else does – not much. It is a joy to be with her. She explains that the area used to be bustling with shops when she was a child. There were theaters, doctors, lawyers, Jewish, Irish and Black but mostly Jewish lived here. Trees and gardens were planted everywhere. The buildings, like Harlem, had been built in the late Victorian era and still retain small traces of their past glory.

Here and there can be found stained glass windows, ornamental eaves, bay windows, lattice-work porches, circular staircases and richly carved mantels.

Her mother was a maid for a wealthy Jewish German lawyer who hated blacks. Theresa was her only child so the mother forbid her to come to the place that she worked. She didn't want Theresa to see how humiliating it was. When Theresa's mother suddenly fell seriously ill, the landlady, who was much kinder than her husband, insisted on taking Theresa in. She sent her to school and loved her like a daughter.

This wonderful woman, despite her suffering, has the soul of an angel. She says that it is because, God sent an angel to take care of her and her mother – and the angel was white.

I think she senses that I am embarrassed to be white. I feel so alien in a world that is imbued with something I have never known before – soul.

Bye for now and love ya!  
Nan

LATE

## NIGHT VISIT

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Round-trip transportation  
Pennsylvania or Delaware to Washington, D.C.

**God Bless  
America Festival  
Sept. 18, 1976**

# NOT ENOUGH BUSES !!!!

166

NADYA NEAL

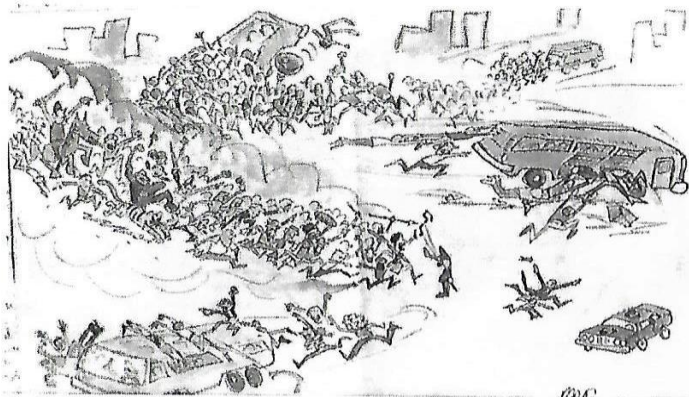




# ESCORT FROM PHILLIE TO THE MONUMENT

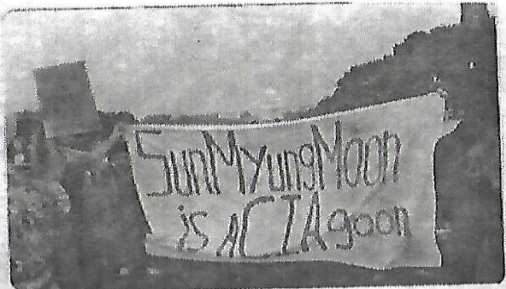
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