



Larry Baker #35021,
O.S.P. Correspondent

Behind the Wall

Julius D. Snowden #38013
Poetry Editor



Once Again

Can't sleep tonight
The voices are too loud
And the recurring need
For self recognition
Stirs the air like fog in
San Francisco — thicker
More in some places than
Other

And loneliness has so
Many faces . . . walking with
Head bent low down empty
Streets of known unsmiling
Faces in a strange yet known
City

While a farce detain a number . . .
And you have no name . . . false
Smiles, voices yelling look at me!
Look at me!

While seeking secretly
The answer to the inevitable
Question — who am I?
Who the hell am I?

by Julius Snowden #38013

To P.J.K.

I wanted
to write
a
love poem
and then
I
thought of you.

by Julius Snowden #38013

Contemplation

there are
many
things
I
could
be
doing
but
for
now
i'll
continue
to
think
of
you.

by Julius Snowden #38013

ONCE AGAIN WIND DRIFT

How are we, mere mortals in the scheme
Of life, to learn?
If not through pages of history
Spread out before our eyes.
Or do we dare to question
And leap toward beckoning fates?
Where is this challenge to be turned?
Away? —
Or imbibed by future generations, —
To think?
Yet like the dust motes of infinity are we all
Our thoughts to Wind Drift
And gently fade as light of day.

MORE WIND DRIFT

Can this really all just be
That we as spirits are not free?
Free to roam o'er rapturous beauty
Alone within oneself to find
Nor flit amongst the vale and misty shadow
Till we touch a kindred mind.
Beauty IS within, without,
To hold or share, to laugh,
To cry, to whisper — yet to shout.
Or while we ponder, in sibilant bliss
Of ages and a day, lose consciousness
To still the dust motes of all time
Lest they Wind Drift, and fade away.

by D. MacLean Law

The most important hour of the
day at O.S.P. (4:00-5:00 p.m.).



ODE TO THE LIGHT

Chicago 1973

I sit here and wait —
Time becomes an extravagance of solitude
Seconds stir into minutes
minutes melt into months
I am not a virgin to those doleful days
Yet

looking back
I preclude from my disaimful demeanor
That which does not become me
Though the wretchedness
and the weariness
will not overrule my apprehension
As I sit here and wait
days drag into months.

by Herbert L. Caywood #39798

Light energy has
a way of cleansing my soul,
lifting up a sagging spirit.

These visible hues
that tantalize and tempt
me, sometimes shatter my
conscious mind . . . what
are they dear God?
Never dare I forget
the ultra and infra
that hide from me,
but burn, break down
and rearrange my world . . .
where, sir, can I buy
and bottle them?

by Julius Snowden #38013

It was night
when they
came. The stars
hid while the
moon covered
it's eyes, and
meeting the morning
sun was a cross,
burning on the
front lawn.

DON'T LET A FRIEND PASS BY

Two lonely people far apart
Each one with a broken heart.
Brought together by a love lorn letter,
Each hoping things could work out better.
One is waiting for new love to begin,
The other's heart is still walled in.

Will they ignore what could be there
Or both turn and leap in the air —
One is afraid to take the chance,
The other wants a new romance;
Each is filled with love in his heart,
Each must grow or stay apart —

Will they, like strangers passing on a road
And though their loneliness be untold
Pass each other with a wave of their hands,
Not caring to fulfill their own demands —
Or will they realize, by and by —
The friend they need, is passing by.

by Daniel Richard Deaver

Bombard me with this
phantasmagoria of enlightenment,
don't stop the flow
because then I would
cease to exist
in the darkness
that would follow.

by Robert F. Reeves

Embryo

Care free space
it was

warm
and peaceful
within
the dark
side of
the moon.

by Julius Snowden #38013

Bishop returns to Uganda

(Continued from Page 1 Column 6)
dreds of other refugees who fled to
other countries.

During this time also, Festo has
led missions in many countries where
he has preached previously: Kenya,
Egypt, Ghana, Nigeria among
African countries, Asia, the South
Pacific and Latin America. He has
ministered in World Visions
National Pastor's Conferences and
was awarded the 1977 International
Freedom Prize in Oslo, Norway.

"I Love Idi Amin" is the startling
title of the third book authored by
Festo Kivengere. He described this
one as a story of how God uses "pain
and suffering to build a new man and
a new church for His glory."

Festo has drawn upon all this great
and broad experience to originate a
program called "RETURN" (Relief,
Education, and Training for Ugan-
dan Refugees Now), which is
currently operated by dedicated
committees in several countries.

Kabale, Uganda was Festo's home
town. After he completed his educa-
tion at Bishop Tucker College in
Uganda, he returned to Kabale to

teach high school. Later he married
and took his wife, who is also a
teacher, to Tanzania. There, for six-
teen years, together they taught high
school.

Further study, this time in Lon-
don, produced for Festo, an
A.V.L.I.E. degree from the Univer-
sity of London. Following the London
experience, Festo came to America.

Here in the states in 1966, Festo
was granted his B.D. degree with dis-
tinction from Pittsburgh Theological
Seminary and was ordained a
Deacon in the Episcopal Diocese of
Pittsburgh. The year of 1967 saw
Kivengere back at home in Uganda
taking his vows in the Anglican
priesthood. Five years later, in 1972,
Festo Kivengere was consecrated as
Bishop in the Anglican Church of
Western Uganda. There are, current-
ly, eighteen bishops in the country.

Festo and his wife, Mera, are the
parents of four daughters whom they
have named: Peace, Joy, Hope and
Charity.

Bishop Kivengere expects to keep
most of the pre-arranged schedules
laid out for him earlier in the Diocese
of Oregon. The five days (and

evenings) he will be here are filled
with engagements to preach and to
teach.

According to the Oregon Episco-
pal Churchman, Bishop Kivengere is
expected to meet first with the Epis-
copal Churchwoman in Eugene at St.
Mary's on April 18th and 19th. On
April 20th, he is to address the Epis-
copal clergy of Oregon in conference
at St. Paul's, Salem.

On Saturday, April 21st, Bishop
Festo will attend a youth conference
at St. Bartholomew's in Beaverton
and will be the preacher at a Folk
Mass there that evening.

Sunday morning, April 22nd, he is
scheduled to be preacher at the 10:00
a.m. service at Christ Church, Lake
Oswego. At 4:00 p.m. Bishop
Kivengere will be the preacher at a
diocesan celebration at Trinity Church
in Portland.

Return flights to Uganda are
already being arranged for the dis-
tinguished visitor to reunite with the
"suffering church" of his homeland
soon as the present mission here is
completed, Bishop Festo Kivengere
will be entering a "new sphere of
productivity."

PUBLIC NOTICE

The City of Portland is submitting to the Employment and Training Administra-
tion, U.S. Department of Labor, an application for Federal Aid under CETA, Title
IV. The requested grant of \$1,657,950 will provide employment and related ser-
vices to economically disadvantaged youth ages 14-21 through the Summer
Youth Employment Program.

The grant, if received will support approximately 2,000 persons with job training
and work experience from June 18, 1979 to August 31, 1979. This application is
subject to approval by City Council.

The grant application will be available for review between 8:00 a.m. and 5:00
p.m. in the Training and Employment Division of the Human Resources Bureau
located at 522 S.W. Fifth Avenue, Eighth Floor, Portland, Oregon 97204. Tele-
phone 248-4141.

Written comments on the grant application are to be submitted to the Training
and Employment Division within 30 days of this publication.

Comments may also be directed to:

James A. Wehmeyer
Associate Regional Admin.
Employment and Training Admin.
Region X
U.S. Department of Labor
Rm 1145 Federal Ofc. Bldg.
909 First Avenue
Seattle, Washington 98174

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APRIL 1979

A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR OF EXODUS

THE BETTER WAY

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;
I'd rather one should walk with me, than merely
show the way.
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than
the ear;
Fine counsel is confusing, but examples always
clear.
And the best of all the preachers are the men
who live their creeds,
For to see the good in action is what everybody
needs.
I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let me see
it done.
I can watch your hands in action, but your
tongue too fast may run.
And the lectures you deliver may be very wise
and true,
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what
you do.
For I may misunderstand you, and the high ad-
vice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act
and how you live.