

## **Chapter 6: St. LUCIA: October 1977 – March 1990**

Coming to St. Lucia gave us a wonderful chance to get to know Esther Evans. She was a Knight of Bahá'u'lláh for the Windward Islands. She came in October 1954 with another Bahá'í woman, Lillian Middlemast, who however, had to leave the next year. This left Esther by herself, but it did not deter her at all. What a great lady she was, charming, gracious and totally dedicated to the Faith. Her story is remarkable. There were three interviews with her which I consolidated into one, bringing all this information we had about her from the interviews into one document. This is a link to it:

[http://www.bahaihistorycaribbean.info/A\\_Chat\\_with\\_Esther\\_Evans.pdf](http://www.bahaihistorycaribbean.info/A_Chat_with_Esther_Evans.pdf)

I love this photo of her with Rúhíyyih Khánum taken in June 1970;



L to R: Violette Nakhjavání, Martha Hocker, Esther and Amatu'l-Bahá Rúhíyyih Khánum:

St. Lucia has been blessed with many visits of Hands of the Cause of God. Each of their visits was memorable. Before they came, the friends and institutions were galvanized into action arranging for their activities. While on the island everyone was anxious to be part of the planned activities. Visits were arranged to communities not visited in a while. I, who was not working and had a car, was asked to drive them. Wow! What a bounty. But I am still embarrassed by the memories of them driving around in that old beat-up car we had. But none of them ever complained.

One drive I remember well is when Mr. Khadem visited. Ruth Pringle, our Counsellor was here as well. I had traveled many roads together with her before in service to the Faith. However

I was not particularly known for having cautious, slow driving skills. Indeed, the youth in the back of the van would chant "Go, granny, go". But when driving a Hand of the Cause of God, one changes one's style. Ruth and I picked up Mr. Khadem at the airport and drove him to his hotel. I had adopted my "Hand" style of driving and when we arrived at the hotel, Mr. Khadem commented "You are such a wonderful safe driver", Ruth gave me a look that shouted "huhh"; but she didn't give me away. I love Ruth Pringle.



This photo shows Mr. Khadem, Ruth, Esther and I at National Convention in 1983.

It should be explained here that as Frank was hired while on another island, he was officially listed as an overseas teacher. This entitled him to government housing and a bonus once a year. At the time the bonus seemed great, however in the end it meant that he was not being given a pension which local teachers are entitled to and that meant we would have no financial support on St. Lucia after he retired. This is what precipitated the move to Trinidad twelve years later. A fuller explanation of this comes at a later point in the story.

As the government had not expected us so early, there was not any housing available at that time. They put us in a guest house, Planters Inn, in the middle of Castries. It was also right across from the Catholic Church which ran its bells at all hours from early morning on; oh my, that takes a bit of getting used to. We were able to teach the Faith to lots of new persons while staying there and those who lived at the guest house did become Bahá'ís.

We were eventually moved to a nice house in an area called San Soucie. It was quiet, *sort of* safe and close to the town

area. I say "Sort of safe" in that we did have two break-ins at the house.

The first one was when I had been in town shopping and arrived home to see the back door open. OH, OH, not good. I stepped carefully inside and coming down the hallway carrying one of my pillow cases full of my goodies is a "Thief". We both moved slowly to the living room facing one another.

I wasn't sure what the best thing was to do. However I somehow remembered that very recently Karate movies had been introduced on the island. Every kid you saw was practicing moves. I saw out of the corner of my eye my broom leaning against the wall. I ran to get it, took the stick part in my two hands, jumped forward at him and shouted "**Ah hah**". His eyes got big, his mouth dropped open and you could see he was not at all sure what this crazy white woman was going to do to him. He took the best action he could probably think of; he dropped the pillow case and ran like the thief he was.

The second one did not turn out as nicely. This thief came and was gone by the time I got home. He took all the jewelry he could find. This included my Grandma's Bahá'í ring. That was not nice! This ring had originally been made for me by my spiritual mother, Maxine Roth and given to me during one of my trips to see her in Colombia where she was a pioneer. When I got home I went to show off my new ring to Grandma. Her face lit up, she slipped it on her finger, saying "Oh this is so pretty". OK, what would you have done? Probably the same as I did. I said "You can have this ring Grandma, I see you love it so much already"; and she wore it happily ever after. It's no wonder I hated so much to lose such a precious item as this ring. I confess, I did not wish that thief a smooth life.

Actually there was a small third robbery at this house. One night the friends were gathered for a Bahá'í meeting and I had baked a cake. It was sitting in the kitchen cooling before being frosted. After a bit I went into the kitchen to frost the cake

parts that had been cooling on separate plates. I looked and lo behold only one plate of cake there. Wow, where did the other half go? We came to the conclusion that a thief must have smelled the cake, took a peak through the open door, helped himself, but graciously decided to share and left us one half of the cake!



In January 1978 the National Assembly received notice that a Jamaican Bahá'í, Beverly March was coming to our area as a pioneer. This is great news! After consultation it was decided that she should go to St. Lucia. More great news, she is to stay with us. Working with local Bahá'ís is always an asset if not close to a necessity. She was also close to Judy's age, even better. She arrived in January of 1978 and stayed until 1981.

Beverly was a school teacher and obtained a job teaching in a secondary school close to where we lived. She had a great outgoing personality and attracted people wherever she went and everyone she met, sooner or later, was taught the Bahá'í Faith. She ended up bringing several Bahá'ís into the Faith. Probably the most notable contact she made was Moses Henry. It was she who started his enrollment. She had hitched a ride from him one day when returning from one of the villages. It was still safe to do that in those days. At any rate, she, of course, started to tell him about the Faith and ended up giving him a Bahá'í book.

He later tells the story of how the book sat on his shelf for a long time. One day, he said, the book seemed to call him. He took it down, started reading and realized right away he had to get in touch with the Bahá'ís. He had heard that there Bahá'ís living in Gros Islet, drove right out there, found Marjorie and Larry Clarke who were pioneers, just as they were about to leave this village to go to another one on the island. They referred him to Stephanie Bloodworth who lived closer to him.

This is Marjorie Clarkes' story of Moses Henry's enrollment:

"The day we moved from Gros Islet to Castries we moved our few possessions out to the green van while we finished cleaning. Larry and I were busy scrubbing the last room in our second floor apartment, about to lock up, when there was a knock on the door. A man we had never seen before stood at the top of the stairs, out of breath, and asked, "Is this the Bahá'í bookstore?"

"No, but we are Bahá'ís," and we introduced ourselves. He wanted to know if we had any books he could buy. The only things left in the apartment were a mop, a scrub pail and a plastic bag of books belonging to the LSA! So we offered to lend him two books and he gave us his address so we could retrieve them in two weeks time. We were happy to find that he lived just around the corner from the Paccassi family in Castries.

Moses Henry was his name and he had given a ride to a young Bahá'í pioneer ten years before. We never met her but I think she was African-American or West Indian and pioneered elsewhere in the Caribbean. [Pat's note: this was Beverly March from Jamaica]

She had given him a leaflet about the Faith and he'd remembered it all this time. After a brief conversation Moses left and I ran over to the window to look down on the street. "Larry, he is driving away!" I accented the driving part since there were almost no cars owned by Bahá'ís in those days.

Two weeks later Stephanie Bloodworth and I went to his home to get the books. Moses greeted us and invited us in. I remember that his home seemed full of

various young relatives who seemed to be students. One of them served us juice and made us welcome.

There was a very positive conversation about what Moses had learned from the books. Then he asked if he could make a contribution to the Bahá'í Fund. Stephanie thanked him for the offer but explained that only Bahá'ís could contribute to the Fund. Moses said that, in that case, he would like to be a member and what did he need to do to enroll as a Bahá'í? I remember exchanging glances with Stephanie - after all, who had ever heard of someone enrolling so that they could give a donation to the Fund?

From that day forward Moses was a devoted member of the Bahá'í community of St. Lucia."

Beverly and I put a lot of miles on our old-run-down car traveling to the villages around the island. One trip however stands out in my mind. It was getting dark and we were going up a steep hill next to a Ravine. It had rained, the roads were slippery and the brakes were not working properly. They would slip and we would slide backwards and sideways. I was driving and it was nerve-wracking, made ever so worse by Beverly being extremely nervous. When Bev was nervous, she laughed, a high shrill laugh and she couldn't stop doing it. Even now, I'm not sure what was worse, sliding around this hill or listening to her maniacal laugh.

Bev and I have remained good friends and to this day we both consider her my "Jamaican daughter". She tells everyone we are her pioneering parents.

One time while still living in Sans Soucie we received an enrollment card of a new Bahá'í youth named Juliana Auguste. She lived in the capital town of Castries but had been visiting friends in one of the villages. A Bahá'í travel teacher was there

and had attracted a crowd on the road. Juliana listened and signed her Bahá'í card right there. We went looking for her, found the house and invited her to our house for further study.

She arrived the next Sunday with her younger brother Moses. Bev and I then started the youth classes. We would study, then Bev would teach Juliana embroidery and I gave guitar lessons to Moses. I was the proud owner of a guitar given to me by a travel teacher. I taught Moses every note and cord I knew; C F G and for fancy stuff D minor. I did not find out until years later that their older brother Denis had brought them to the classes and stayed outside the house "Just in case".

Moses progressed very quickly on the guitar and I ended up letting him take it home to practice. He got so good he ended up being able to earn his living at it.



These two, Juliana and Moses remained Bahá'is. Later when we had moved to our next house at Vigie, there was a nice little group of youth consisting of their cousin and some friends. We studied the book "Release the Sun" every Sunday. We did not have to give crafts anymore, but we had a ping pong table downstairs which they loved. By this time Denis no longer had to bring them.



A lot of interesting and instructive things happened in the Sans Soucie house.

By this time Lynn had finished high school in the United States, married Richard Berry and had a son Ian. They also were now pioneers in St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands. Rick had a job as a factory manager but for some reason was not happy with it. During a visit to St. Lucia they met one of our new Bahá'is,

Lennox Jerome, who owned a business and he grandly told Rick "You should come work for me".

Unfortunately Rick had not been in the Caribbean long enough to be able to separate politeness with genuineness. Rick quit his job in St. Croix, moved the family to St. Lucia expecting that a job was waiting here for him.

Lennox, the new Bahá'í, was gracious about it; he let Rick come to the office. But it became clear that there really was no opening for him at all. So they were now living with us in Sans Soucie.



The month before Lynn and Rick arrived a young family from Canada Keith and Stephanie Bloodworth and their 9 month old son Ruh'u'llah came



to St. Lucia to pioneer.

I had first met Steph at Planters Inn in Castries when she came on a teaching trip. She was young, pretty and pregnant. The National Assembly also had a travel teacher Frank Fernandes from Barbados working in Vieux Fort and had wanted a male companion for him there. But Keith couldn't come so he sent Steph instead.



I put her on the plane to Vieux Fort for the 20 minute ride and Frank met her at the airport. It wasn't more than 5 minutes after she got there that I got a phone call from Stephanie. "Hello" she says slowly and sweetly, "This is Steph calling. I um, am not really sure but, um, Frank here says I should stay with him in the house he rented. Now maybe, um, they are different here, but um, in Canada it would not at all be proper for me to stay with him alone in the house." "What, of course



it's not proper!" I said "Put Frank on the phone". I had soon straightened out that little issue and they did end up being a good teaching team but not staying in the same house. Those two are some of the best teachers of the Faith that I have had the pleasure to know.

It was from this teaching trip that the Bloodworth's had decided to pioneer here. What a bounty for our island. However they had not gotten jobs yet so they stayed with us for a while in Sans Soucie at the same time as Lynn and Rick and son Ian.

So we have now grown to 10 in the house including two boys under a year old. In spite of my loving each and every one of them I must confess at this point that I was not all together thrilled at so many in the house at one time. We also had been informed that a travel teacher, Jaitun Abdul, from Trinidad was arriving and would we please pick her up. I had made her a reservation in a modest guest house near us and invited her to lunch at our house first. She is lovely and charming. She walks into the house, chooses a chair, sits down and states "When you got a place to sit, you got a place to sleep." OK, now we are 11 in the house. And I gain another life time friend.

By this time Emily Kramer had moved from Barbados to St. Lucia. She did live at the other end of the island but was a frequent visitor to the house. It was in this time frame that the story of her "tires" took place. This story will be told during the second St. Lucia visit, Chapter 8.

We had a fellow from the country side who took care of our yard. He was steady, polite and cheerful. A few years later after we had moved and no longer needed a gardener I read in the paper that he and two others were to be hanged for murdering someone. Wow!

In November of 1978 our spiritual Father, Wayne Hoover and Paul Rourke came to St. Lucia on their teaching trip through the Islands. Wayne had cancer but seemed to be able to function

very well with all the meds he took. Several meetings and media events were planned. Wayne with his usual style charmed everyone he met and he was a dramatic Bahá'í teacher.

On one of the previous islands Wayne had scratched his throat on one of the crushed meds he was taking. This turned out to be a fatal blow to him as his throat became infected and he was not well enough to fight off the infection. He died in our home on 10 November, 1978 and is buried in Choc Cemetery, in a beautiful spot next to the Caribbean Sea. Our Knight of Bahá'u'lláh Esther Evans graciously allowed him to be buried in her plot.

As land on the islands is in not inexhaustible many cemetery plots are built to hold more than one person. When Esther died and was buried in her tomb big enough for three persons, the quiet joke among the Bahá'ís from overseas was "I wonder if it's all right for Wayne and Esther to be sleeping together?"

By now the government finally had one of their houses available for us to move into. It was in the area called Vigie as it overlooked the Vigie Airport with the Caribbean Sea right next to the airstrip. I loved the house and the view. It was built of Green Heart, a wood which is extremely strong, and thus termite resistant, an important element in tropical dwellings. It also had a lovely porch facing the sea. It was on this porch that I strengthened my self control. I was here to serve the Faith not sit on this lovely porch, enjoying the breeze and the beautiful view.

Lynn, Rick, Ian moved to this house with us. Their second son, Sean was born while we all lived in this house in Vigie. Sean still has citizenship status on St. Lucia if he cared to utilize it.



Bev and Sean

Our porch overlooked the airport with a departure schedule that needed getting used to. Every morning at 6 am a crop duster took off to go to work. If you haven't heard a crop duster airplane, it's hard to imagine the roaring sound of its engine as it lifts off the ground. But as all things must, we adjusted to the sound and when travel teachers would stay with us and ask "How can you stand that noise?" We would look blankly and say "What noise?"

Both Stephanie Bloodworth and Beverly March and myself loved giving children's classes. By December 1978 we had five active classes and my youth group going as well. Steph and I taught a class in one of the smaller villages in St. Lucia. We would take the van and travel there once a week. As we started on the road to the village itself we could see streams of children running down the hill to attend the classes. They also were trying to catch us soon enough so that they could ride the rest of the way in the van with us. They counted that as a real treat.

We were never able to have a proper meeting place in the village. We would hold most of the classes inside an abandoned dilapidated house with holes in the floors big enough to get your whole foot caught. But the children loved the classes, and

if they didn't mind the venue neither did we. One of the local Bahá'ís there told me one time that we were the only ones who had ever tried to do something for their children.

In Guyana in 1978 followers of the Peoples Temple cult leader, Jim Jones, committed mass suicide by drinking poisoned Kool-Aid. Over 900 people died at that time. An interesting anecdote that arose in our community from the aftermath of that news is as follows.

As one might imagine the poisoning was all the talk in our area! Years later I heard a story when I was doing interviews with those who had been in my youth class at Vigie during that time frame. I was told that the youth group had consulted among themselves as to what they should do. No one wanted to stop coming to the classes, but one should take precautions Who knows if we would sometime try to get them to do something like that and we did serve Kool Aid. The eventual plan they came up with was to stop accepting anything to eat or drink and one of them should always be seated near the door. That way, one of them could always escape and go for help if necessary. In the end when I heard the plan, I thought it was a pretty good plan; good for them! Fortunately their fears eventually went away and they once again felt safe with us.

In 1979 I was "up" for the award for holding the most National Committee positions in one Bahá'í year; they numbered 6; Public Relations Officer, Photographer, Property Committee, Children's Committee, Librarian and Correspondence Course.

This was also the year I was appointed by the National Assembly to represent the Bahá'í Faith on the National Council of Women's Voluntary Organizations. This group was composed of representatives of all the religions in St. Lucia. I had originally met with them in order to inform them of the Bahá'í religious presence on the island. The women on the Council were all dedicated and hard working individuals.



The President of the Council was Heraldine Rock. Mrs. Rock was an amazing woman, multi-talented, hard working and persistent. Nothing was too hard for her to tackle, including the then male dominated field of politics. She stood for the government office of representative of an area and was vigorously opposed, including someone trying to burn her house down to discourage her. However, she did win the seat. Mrs. Rock is the 3<sup>rd</sup> from the left in the photo.

I was soon elected secretary of the Council, so she, who was its chairman, and I worked closely together and became the best of friends.

Her work for the betterment of the condition and the rights of women in the country was legendary. This council established the first "Crisis Centre for Women". It also was among the first to honour women for their contributions to the nation. An award ceremony was held at the Official Residence of the Prime Minister who also presented the trophies. 25 outstanding women were chosen from varied fields and received trophies. I do have to mention that the officers of the Council were honoured at this ceremony and my trophy sits nicely on the bookcase.

I think, to me, the funniest thing she ever did was her action taken at a waterfront confrontation with the men who were to be loading hers and other banana growers crop onto a Geest ship bound for sale in the United Kingdom. The men were striking and would not load the bananas. She soon got tired of this and picked up a stalk of bananas, put it on the top of her head and started up the gangplank. The other women on the dock were now galvanized. They all picked up bananas and followed her up the gangplank. Oops, the men now realized if the women could and would do it, they might be out of work and they quickly grabbed bananas themselves and went up behind the women.

The following year Prince Phillip visited the island and during his visit met her. Ah, he said, smiling broadly, you are the lady who broke the Geest strike.

Her overall work was recognized officially by the St. Lucian government and in the end one of three newly built buildings in the capital was named for her. Wow, see what can happen when one goes pioneering; I have never before or since even met a person who had a building named after them.

She also received an OBE. An OBE is a British Queen's honour given to an individual for a major local role in any activity such as business, charity or the public sector. OBE stands for Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

By October of 1979 it had become clear that Rick would not be able to get work on St. Lucia. Even with their second son, Sean, who was a St. Lucia citizen, did not help their chances of staying on the island. They decided to go to Grenada which needed pioneers. They remained there until 1983 when they returned to the United States. It was years later on their second pioneering move that they again came to the area as pioneers to St. Thomas. Richard died there in 2016 from a heart attack. Lynn now serves at the Bahá'í World Centre in Haifa, Israel.

However, their move to Grenada was hard for me. I had grown so fond of my newly-known grandsons. It was with a heavy heart as I watched them going down the stairs on their way to the airport. But at the bottom of the stairs, Ruhi, the oldest son of the Bloodworth's looked up at me and said "I'll be back soon grandma". He had never called me that before! Wow, I still had a grandson living on the island.

We now had to leave our government housing at Vigie as Frank's contract was up and he had been re-hired on St. Lucia, so he was no longer able to receive the perks of the overseas

teacher. I began to look for a house, and seemed much to my puzzlement, driving up the same road in an area I had no interest living in. But I did find a house around there and we moved. After we had moved in I began to become uncomfortable in this house. So I began once again to drive up this same road looking for another place to live. One day I turned a corner and there was a house almost like the one we had at Vigie, and there was a for rent sign in front. Hurrah!

We moved and soon discovered that Moses Henry lived just a few houses away from us. Oh my, you gotta love it when a plan comes together. We became great friends and continued the process of his deepening. Moses ended up performing great



services for the Faith. He served as the secretary of the National Spiritual Assembly for a number of years. The photo shows Frank, Mama Bahá'í, Moses and Gregory Robinson out in one of the villages.

Moses was also a wonderful teacher of the Faith. If you travelled anywhere with him, you best not be in a hurry. He had built the roads in St. Lucia and knew everyone, everywhere. So no matter where you travelled, he would find someone to stop and talk to about the Faith.



A word here about a blessing for St. Lucia was the presence of Mama Bahá'í. In 1979 she came to our area as a pioneer, staying until 1984 living in Guadeloupe. She participated as a team member for the Grandma Snyder teaching project held in 1981.

Mama Bahá'í was a descendant of Mirza Muhammad-Quli, the faithful half-brother and companion in exile of Bahá'u'lláh.  
(From Office of Pioneering Canada)

To have a Baha'í who was a member of the Holy Family as a pioneer was a bounty for the whole area. She was on the project team with Stephanie Bloodworth. I can still see the two of them walking hand in hand up a road in the area where we were teaching the Faith. It was on this road they met and enrolled Cadosia DuBoulay who to this day has remained strong and steadfast, still serving on the National Assembly.

She told me the story of how her family got their last name. The family was living in Haifa. One day she was with Abdu-l' Baha and asked him why she didn't have a last name like all the children did here. She said he smiled at her and said of course you do, it's Baha'i. From that time on the family carried that precious name as their last name.

In November of 1980 we had our first Bahá'í wedding. Tim and Helen Delphus who had been brought into the Faith by Steph had become firm believers and wanted to formalize their union. At that time the National Assembly did not have the authority to legally perform weddings in the country. It was arranged for me to take them to a government office where the legal ceremony could be held. The Bahá'í ceremony took place at Esther Evans home that evening.



When I picked them up to go for the government ceremony I had to smile. Helen was wearing her hair in curlers and Tim in a T-Shirt and pants. They knew which ceremony was the real one! They have remained strong devoted Bahá'ís.

For me, the really memorable event held on the island was the Grandma Snyder Teaching Project. It was summer of 1981 when Steph came to me with an idea she had in a dream. This was the source of this project! Steph had never met my



Grandma but of course I had told her lots about her. I was also enthusiastic about the idea. We took it to the National Assembly who approved it and began the planning stage. I was appointed as the coordinator. We knew it had to be an international team effort. This was the time frame in which teaching projects were in progress everywhere, so it was easy to get people to come to St. Lucia and participate. The photo below reflects the diversity of this beautiful team.



L to R: Steve Horn, Pat Paccassi, Edith Johnson, Helen Delphus, Alison Vacarro, Sara Jane Lee, Keith Bloodworth, Moses Auguste, Russell Lee, Julien Alphonse, James Auguste, Richard Berry, Frank Paccassi, Child, Badi Bloodworth, Stephanie Bloodworth, Shirley Yarbrough. Kneeling: Sammy Delphus, Susan Felker, Juliana Auguste, Nancy Cole, Soraya Golbarani.

Small Insert showing the St. Lucian teachers: \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, Helen Delphus, Sammy Delphus, Moses Auguste, Julien Alphonse, Juliana Auguste, Martin Devaux, \_\_\_\_\_.

The project was set for 27 July to 17 August. Teachers arrived from everywhere. An extensive orientation was given and teams set. The teams were to cover the entire island having certain villages chosen as teaching sites. St. Lucians were

asked to be the team captains. Children's classes were started during the project. There was a huge response; the classes were fun, "outsiders" were always an attraction and it was summer time, all the children were out of school.



It was a great project. Everyone got along so well and were enthusiastic teachers of the Faith. It also was a good time frame for introducing a new religion in the country. St. Lucia has been predominately a Catholic nation. To give a good example of their influence, when the government first decided to bring legalized gambling into the country, the Church was very much against it and urged everyone to take to the streets in a protest and it brought thousands to the streets and the government had to back down.

But now people were open to changes. The Bahá'í teachings and principles were very attractive to St. Lucians and they embraced the Faith in large numbers. The stories coming from this project were wonderful and inspiring.

The National Spiritual Assembly did everything it could to help these large numbers of new Bahá'ís to become deepened. Conferences were held. As many visits as possible to each area were made. 500 newsletters were published each month, collated and mailed. It sounds like a lot of work and it was but it was also fun and a chance for a lot of us to get together and serve the Faith as well.



Unfortunately it wasn't enough, there were too many factors lacking. No local places to meet were available to us and we could not afford to build any. The concept that the followers were to be in charge and help was totally alien, everyone knows that is the job of the ministers. There were not enough people for good and productive follow up visits to all the areas.

Hindsight is always good of course, but it probably would have been more productive to teach and concentrate in one area and then move to another one at a later date. Oh my!

One of the other problems created was that with so many Bahá'ís in so many areas at Ridván, Local Spiritual Assemblies had to be elected. The first year was not such a problem. The following years were. By that time, there was very little interest left so we had to help with the process of electing the assemblies. Frank and Keith became our "speed team". On 21 April, they hopped into the van, drove to all the relevant areas, found some of the believers, had them vote to form the Assembly and promptly drove to the next village to do the same thing.

It was not until later when the Universal House of Justice said that from now on, an area had to elect its Local Spiritual Assembly on its own. This reduced the number of assemblies drastically, but when they elected their own assembly, they functioned.

One of the fun things that happened was as a result of our mailing of so many newsletters to so many villages in the island. Steph and I got talking about it one day and we decided what we would do is drive around the island to every post office with a small gift for the postmaster/mistress for their trouble and cooperation. As there were lots of post offices the gift could not be anything expensive. It was at about the time when apples from the United States were first brought in into the country and were a huge success. I saw a man I knew spend money he was supposed to use to get something for his child buy an apple for himself instead.

We figured how many apples we would need, bought them and set out on our journey to all post offices in the country. I don't remember the number but it was substantial. When we made our little presentation, the responses were really varied. Most thought it amusing, but were happy to get the apple. The most

memorable presentation was to a gentleman in his mid 50's, well dressed as a businessman and was most courteous. After we explained what we were there for, he got up from his chair, put on his suit coat, straightened his tie and graciously accepted our little gift!

By August of 1983 we now had 8 active children's' classes and

a Children's Conference was held in an area called the Morne. There were children present from 9 communities around the island. The venue was on a hill top with a large meeting hall. Each class had prepared a presentation and



short classes were given. All went smoothly while inside the building. Afterwards, outside, it was a different story. Imagine that many children now free from being inside and fortified with sugar-filled refreshments running around without enough adults to properly supervise everyone's movements and activities.

When we got home that night, Steph and I were thrilled. We went on and on about how great it was. Frank and Keith who had been there helping were trying, very hard, not to groan.

In 1985 our youngest daughter, Judy had a serious mental illness come upon her. She did get some help here, but it became obvious that she would need more extensive help and support. We decided to take her back to Carmichael/Sacramento, California area. She was eventually enrolled with an agency that was able to provide her with the full time help she needed. Bahá'u'lláh takes care of His own!

Many years later when we were living in Trinidad she had a serious setback. We decided to go and help her through this period and remain with her in the U.S. if necessary. After she was better and once again settled, it was her choice that we not

remain there with her so we returned to Trinidad to continue our pioneering efforts.

In the mid-eighties an endeavor called "The Bahá'í Encyclopedia Project" was commissioned by the Universal House of Justice. The National Spiritual Assemblies in our area were contacted and asked to submit articles with an historical prospective. Each of the islands, except for St. Lucia where John Kolstoe, a published author, lived, asked me to write the articles. It was a challenging endeavor, but lots of fun, digging through all the material I had already gathered. The articles I did were done in the mid-nineties and sent to project managers. The project was eventually put online, but in a much reduced manner than had been originally thought, and did not include these historical articles. I will insert my articles onto my Baha'í historical web site. This is link to the articles on my web site:

[http://www.bahaihistorycaribbean.info/photo\\_galleries\\_and\\_more/island-history-articles/](http://www.bahaihistorycaribbean.info/photo_galleries_and_more/island-history-articles/)

This coming story ended in Trinidad, but it had a lot of action in St. Lucia, so I am telling it here. I call it "The Bowling Ball" story. It really doesn't have anything to do with pioneering as such, but in one way it does. I'll tell it and let you judge.

When we left California in 1965 with our worldly goods, for some reason, my bowling ball was packed as well. It's not that I was such a good bowler. I did belong to a woman's league, but it was for fun and my average was only 138. Not too shabby for a "girl", but still not really memorable, but the ball did have my name on it. It travelled all the previous islands with us into St. Lucia. None of them including St. Lucia had a bowling alley, but that didn't seem to bother me and it was brought with us for every change of island.

One day in St. Lucia after we had been there for several years I decided to get rid of the ball. We were then living in Ciceron. I didn't want to just "throw" it away. I decided I would put it out at the top of our drive way, knowing that it wouldn't be long

before someone picked it up. A little while later I looked out and sure enough, it was gone. Later that day, I drove up to the gas station at the top of our hill. The manager came right over to me and said "Oh Miss Pat, I saw the man who took your ball and I got it back for you. Wait a minute I'll go get it."

Alright, it's now back with me. I thought a bit and thought we are never going to live where there is a bowling alley again. I needed to get rid of it. I wrapped it up, got in the car and found a dumpster and dumped the ball in it. Whew, it's now gone.

During our time in Sacramento, California with Judy, we became good friends with Charyl and Keith Thorpe. They had been pioneering in Trinidad and still owned a house there. During one of our talks Charyl said to me in effect that as we had no job in St. Lucia and no income except for our Social Security, why didn't we move to Trinidad and live in their house, rent free. There were also two apartments downstairs renting and we could use the income to maintain the property and ourselves. Wow, talk about an offer you couldn't refuse!

So in 1990 we were again moving, this time to Trinidad. Everything once again was packed up and shipped. We moved to the Thorpe's house and settled in.

We needed to get groceries and some supplies. We drove to a big mall; we parked, walked in the main door and the first thing that hit my eye was a "Bowling Alley". Somewhere, someone was having a good laugh on me. Our Trinidad chapter had begun.