



Annie, Becky, Carolyn. 1956.

***The Jonestown Letters***  
***Correspondence of the Moore Family***  
***1970 - 1985***

**Rebecca Moore**

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*I have written as clay writes,  
nothing immortal or sage, but simply  
letting you know how I have seen some  
of the things you have experienced, and  
we have all experienced together.*

-- Letter from John Moore  
January 1975

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

List of Illustrations .....	ix
Acknowledgements .....	xi
Preface .....	xiii
Chapter 1    BEGINNINGS .....	1
Chapter 2    CAROLYN .....	59
Chapter 3    ANNIE .....	73
Chapter 4    GOOD MONTHS .....	107
Chapter 5    COMMITMENT TO CHANGE .....	133
Chapter 6    THE BURN UNIT .....	147
Chapter 7    EXODUS .....	165
Chapter 8    LIFE IN JONESTOWN .....	209
Chapter 9    THE END .....	249
Chapter 10    BECKY .....	287
Chapter 11    REMEMBRANCES .....	333
Chapter 12    THE SURVIVORS .....	361

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Annie, Becky, Carolyn. 1956. ....	Frontispiece
John V. Moore marries Barbara Ann Covington	
August 29, 1943. ....	3
John, Barbara and Carolyn. 1949. ....	4
The Moore family. 1954. ....	4
Becky, Carolyn and Annie. 1954. ....	4
John V. Moore. ....	10
Barbara C. Moore. ....	40
Carolyn Moore, high school graduation. 1963. ....	61
Carolyn en route to honeymoon with Larry Layton.	
July 1967. ....	64
Carolyn Moore marries Larry Layton. July 1967. ....	67
Ann Moore, high school graduation. June 1972. ....	76
Annie and Willie. 1973. ....	83
Barbara and Annie. ....	91
Carolyn and her son, James John (Kimo) Prokes.	
1975. ....	122
John and Kimo. 1976. ....	123
Carolyn and Kimo. 1976. ....	126
Former manganese mineworks, Matthews Ridge,	
Guyana. May 1979. ....	166
Bar in Matthews Ridge. Mike Prokes and Barbara	
Moore in group's center. May 1978. ....	167

Street scene in Georgetown, Guyana. May 1979.....	176
Jonestown nursery and schoolroom. May 1979. ....	195
Carolyn with cutlass bean plant. May 1978 .....	195
Pet anteater on Jonestown walkway. May 1978. ....	195
Typical Jonestown house. May 1978. ....	217
Jonestown piggery. May 1978. ....	217
Barbara and Kimo in Jonestown. May 1978.....	230
Carolyn, Annie and John in Jonestown. May 1978. ....	239
Kimo Prokes and John Victor Stoen. Jonestown. May 1978. ....	250
Carolyn and Kimo in Jonestown. May 1978.....	263
Annie at Jonestown's medical bond. May 1978. ....	274
Annie and foster child at Cal Aggie Camp in Davis, California. August 1972.....	339
Annie, Patricia Cartmell, Barbara and Carolyn in Redwood Valley, California. 1973.....	352
Jim Jones with children of many races. From a photograph.....	358
John, Becky and Barbara. South Dakota, 1980. ....	391
Graduation program for nursing class of 1975, Santa Rosa Junior College. Designed by Ann Moore. ....	394

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks go first of all to my parents, John and Barbara Moore. They provided most of the letters and photographs for this book. Their own correspondence with me provides unique insights into themselves, our family and Peoples Temple.

In addition, many individuals wrote to us in the aftermath of Jonestown. Their letters and comments, which comprise an entire chapter, paint a complex picture of a community in grief. Thanks are due them for sharing their thoughts.

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## PREFACE

After the mass suicides of November 18, 1978 in Jonestown, Guyana, the news media quickly shaped the common vision of Peoples Temple and its members. For the most part, it was a vision which focused on the bizarre, and upon the leader, Jim Jones. It was a view which ultimately denied the humanity of over 900 individuals.

Subsequent books reinforced this view and made it impossible to understand why so many people gave up so much to be part of a group like Peoples Temple. Many first-person accounts concerning both Peoples Temple and the tragedy at Jonestown concentrated on what was called a "cult." Most of these books presented the viewpoint of journalists, investigating the events leading up to the tragedy; social scientists, analyzing the organization; and critical ex-members. Only one book, Awake in a Nightmare, told the story of a Temple member who did not defect and who shared the goals and ideals of Peoples Temple.

A large, and unfortunate, gap exists in the literature concerning Peoples Temple. This is the story of believers. Part of the great mystery surrounding Jonestown comes from a simple lack of understanding. Who were these people? How could they, or anyone, do what they did?

Part of the answer comes from this volume of letters. This book gathers together the letters of my sisters, Carolyn Layton and Annie Moore, and of my parents, John and Barbara Moore. From these, a picture of Peoples Temple, and the people who joined it, emerges.

Our own letters to Carolyn and Annie are unavailable. Although the Federal Bureau of Investigation has informed us that over 200 documents exist relating to Carolyn and Annie, the agency will not release them until all investigations into the death of Congressman Leo Ryan are concluded.

As an editor, I decided not to exclude any of the mundane details which either provide information about life in Peoples Temple and in Jonestown, or about my sisters and my family. It is as important to know Annie's feelings about grades, and justice, and nursing, and sex, as it is to understand her feelings about Jim Jones. Her opinions on these other subjects create a portrait of a person who happened to belong to Peoples Temple. Similarly, Carolyn's descriptions of the agricultural project and of the group's plans for the future are included along with her opinions about Richard Nixon and anecdotes about her son Kimo. Everything goes together to make a picture of Carolyn and of Peoples Temple.

This book is personal, and as an historical document, incomplete. It is not a history, although it does include historical information. Nor is it an analysis, although some of the letters analyze events from a member's perspective. Some comments made in the correspondence are untrue, and I have noted these items in the chapters in which they occur. However, added to the large body of other works on Peoples Temple, this book helps fill a tremendous lack in the literature.

My intention in editing these letters is to supplement existing works by annotating primary source material. Therefore, this book should be of interest to historians and others wanting to study Peoples Temple. At the same time, I have tried to provide sufficient information in each chapter for a lay reader to understand the references in the letters.

"What the real truth is," wrote Carolyn in the summer of 1978, "we are just out of due season. We are a community that is just too caring and just too much conscience for the 20th Century." Whether that is the real truth or not, it certainly was the truth for members of Peoples Temple. This book presents the Peoples Temple reality. At times, of course, it wasn't the actual reality. But it was the one in which Carolyn and Annie, and many others believed. It is time that we learn what that reality was.

## Chapter One

### BEGINNINGS

The history of the Moore family provides no answers, no reasons for Carolyn and Annie to choose to die with 900 others. And yet, we ransack the past, searching for clues that will let us understand. "Why did they join Peoples Temple," Barbara once asked. "Were they unhappy at home?" My immediate response was "No. It was just the opposite. They had a good time at home and they found in Peoples Temple much that they loved in our family."

There were five of us. John, a United Methodist minister in Northern California, and his wife Barbara, a volunteer worker in countless service projects and mother to numerous foster children. Carolyn, the oldest daughter, born in 1945, Becky, born in 1951, and Annie, the youngest, in 1954.

We moved about every four years because young pastors in the United Methodist Church tended to move more frequently than established pastors. John and Barbara lived in Rochester, New York while he attended seminary. They served a church in Youngstown, Ohio,

where Carolyn attended an all-black nursery school. The first Santa Claus she knew was black. I was born when they worked at a church in Del Paso Heights, California, a rural, working-class community on the outskirts of Sacramento. Annie was born in Hayward, and came home to the newly-built parsonage we had just moved into.

We lived in rural environments, academic communities, and big cities. We visited our grandparents in Southern California every summer, and in 1961 we all piled into the Dodge Sierra station wagon and drove across country and back. In Springfield, Illinois, Carolyn stayed in the car and refused to tour Abraham Lincoln's home. After four weeks on the road, she didn't want to see "one more damned monument."

One thing we learned early was the biblical imperative of serving others. Going to church on Sunday was not sufficient, in our house, for one to be a Christian. John and Barbara showed this rather than said it. Foster children, foreign students, ex-convicts, trooped through our home, sat in our kitchen for days, weeks, months, and years. We walked with our parents in human rights demonstrations in the 1960's, and in anti-war protests in the 1970's. John accepted the draft cards of men resisting the draft. Barbara served the homeless and the hopeless at soup kitchens and help centers. It wasn't a big deal. It was just the way life was.

This made it hard to just work at ordinary jobs, or to live unthinking lives. Most children feel they can never live up to their parents' expectations. It was no different for us. Both John and Barbara are well-educated, competent, and productive adults. They were always busy, and they seemed to be busy doing good.

Each of us handled our parents' lives in different ways. Carolyn, the most insecure, was eventually



John V Moore marries Barbara Ann Covington. August 29, 1943.



John, Barbara and Carolyn.  
1949.

The Moore family. 1954.

Becky, Carolyn and Annie.  
1954.

drawn to a strong father figure: a married minister who was ultimately unobtainable. Annie, the most secure, pursued her interests--music, nursing, art--under fairly unusual circumstances. Wherever she went, whatever she did, she was still the essential Annie Moore.

I probably land somewhere in the middle. I was never secure enough to be completely myself. At the same time, after separation from my first husband, I challenged the patriarchy of the family home. I confronted my father directly and accused him of squashing my mother's hopes and dreams.

Ironically, Barbara came to his defense. She wrote in March of 1975 that:

...In our family I feel everyone heaps stuff on Dad. I mean his brothers and sister and his wife (little ol' me). I wonder sometimes why you felt he did not respond to your separation from Pat. Actually he did. He is very reserved and shy and extra-pressured on the job. Perhaps he didn't write often or something of the sort. I am sure he was trying to be cautious after feeling he had goofed with Carolyn during her divorce. (You should see ol' Granddaddy with little J.J., the cherub. He is willing to feed him, change diapers and babysit. So far, so good...)

Actually, John often wrote me during my first year of living by myself. His letters provide insights into our family history. They don't discuss why Peoples Temple attracted Carolyn and Annie, nor do they explain why it did not attract me. But the themes that appeared in John's early letters returned in 1978, if not as prophecy, then perhaps as threads running throughout our lives.

The letters that follow are arranged in chronological order. The first letters are from John and they show his analysis of our family history. He wrote me while I was living alone, truly on my own, for the first time in my life. They show the kind of father John is.

The second set is from Barbara. I selected these from many hundreds she wrote me, my first husband Pat, and my second husband Mac. I could have selected any letter from any year: all of them describe the work she was doing, all are filled with love for my father, my



sisters, and me. They indicate the kind of mother Carolyn, Annie and I shared.

May 26, 1973

Dear Pat and Becky,

...I find Watergate fascinating and frightening. I tried to help the students yesterday deal with Watergate from the perspective of scripture, tradition, experience and reason, the four guidelines for doing theology in our tradition. I just read an essay in the current New Republic looking at Nixon and Oedipus. The king brought the plague upon the land.

Idolatry always comes to my mind when I think of the people and the president, the nation. Passages have come to my mind. I read again "The Grand Inquisitor" in Dostoyevsky's Brothers Karamazov. I hear the Grand Inquisitor's chorus chanting their justifications for the abuse of power and the arrogance of the powerful. John 3:19-21 describes the judgment in terms of the people rejecting the light, choosing darkness because their deeds are evil. We choose darkness also because we're afraid of what the light will reveal.

I read again [Dietrich] Bonhoeffer's "Of Folly," page 7, in his Letters and Papers. He says that folly is more dangerous than evil. It's provocative.

This morning I read Luke 12:13...  
"...what you have whispered behind closed doors will be shouted from the house tops..."

[James] Reston's article this morning was right on--King Richard has always pulled the cloak of national security about himself whenever the chips were down...

Love, Dad

Children are always writing their parents to ask them for money. In 1974, however, I was in the awkward position of trying to refuse the money my parents wanted to give me. I was trying to be independent. At the same time, my parents were trying to be helpful.

September 27, 1974

Dear Becky,

...I can see that I should not have gone to the Credit Union. I'm sorry I did and I apologize. I've sensed that my checks have been both needed, in one way, and yet have not been helpful in another way.

You'll have to lead us out of the present dilemma. I'll follow your suggestions, and wait until I hear clearly how you'd like us to be helpful. We want to be helpful, and we want you to define what you find helpful and what you don't find helpful. We can relate to this without any problem.

You girls have always worked. All three of you have provided funds for your education. We have given you less than Carolyn and Annie for college. As I said on the phone, helping now was more of a way of helping with your college than for a car. I can see more clearly how putting yourself through

college has been important to you, and we don't want to do anything to take away from this. It would be hard for me to imagine how we could have more confidence in your ability to make a go of whatever you try...

I look upon the resources of the family, human and financial, as available for the whole family, and not the family only. We are able to help now. I wouldn't be surprised but that Barbara or I will be in need of your help and Annie's and Carolyn's sometime. R.N.'s begin here now at more than \$1,000 per month. If Annie goes to work next year, I anticipate that she will take over the payments on her car. If she goes on to school for a B.A. or B.S., then we'll continue to help. I expect that within five or ten years each of you three girls will have greater incomes than we will. This is a common experience of pastors.

The depression and inflation in Germany in the 20's wiped out the middle class. That could happen here. I'd rather have a rug on our floor than those dollars in the bank, assuming we need the rug.

I often think of what we want to leave you girls. I hope that we can share in passing on to you strength to live fully in whatever circumstances you find yourself. I don't know what the future will bring. I do have forebodings about the world, which is another way of saying I do not find security in dollars nor things. I think of Paul's words expressing confidence in the resources

within himself, and he is not talking about rugged individualism, which enabled him to live fully in all circumstances.

I'm at that point in my life where my first concern is with passing on to the young the strengths of the heritage, the resources of faith. This explains why I found the campus ministry worthwhile, and why I enjoy being with the PSR [Pacific School of Religion] students. I don't see this as a one-way street. I need them as much as they need me and my generation. There are resources for living in whatever conditions we find ourselves. I want to help people lay hold of these resources.

All of this helps explain why I feel so good about your call. It was one more sign of strength within you.

Whereas our relationship with you three will always be different, our concern and joy are with all of your generation.

I'd better turn to a sermon which I must finish this morning. I'm preaching at a homecoming (church) on "In Defense of Impracticality" using Matthew 26:6-13. The only thing wrong with it is that I am so practical and reasonable that I make impracticality sound practical.

Have fun and we'll see you in several weeks.

Love, Dad

I had lived in Washington, D.C. since 1970. I spent the Christmas of 1974 with my parents in Berkeley, California. I don't remember much about the visit: Carolyn was pregnant with Kimo; I brought a friend from Washington and showed her the San Francisco Bay Area; we saw a terrible car wreck on Highway 101; and my father chauffeured me around to various job interviews.

He drove me to one at the Oakland Tribune. He stopped the car and waited for me to get out. I couldn't. I was too afraid. He drove me to Sacramento and we had a discussion which I don't remember very clearly. Nevertheless, our time together elicited a remarkable series of letters from John.

Sunday morning, January 5, 1975

Dear Becky,

You've been on my mind night and day since you left. I'm so grateful for our time together to and from Sacramento.

Please, please, please don't carry such a burden of pain again without sharing it with us! Sometimes we might help lighten the burden, and at other times help carry it. Especially when we, or I am, are involved in the cause, cry out. Give me, and Mother, a chance to



John V Moore.

respond, first to listen and then respond.

It hurts to know that you felt rejected by me. The hurt is in knowing how those feelings hurt you. I am conscious of rejecting you and Carolyn and Ann in one way. I have rejected those drives within all children to be first in Daddy's or Mother's life. Call it oedipal or electra. In another letter sometime I'll write something of my own relationship with my mother, and some observations of the relationships of you three girls with me. This rejection of which I write is rejection only of a relationship; it has not been a rejection of you girls. How this has been experienced by each of you is still a different matter.

I am not as expressive as Mother. I'm sure that one of the characteristics of Barbara which first attracted me was her freedom of expression, spontaneity, and guilelessness. Early in our marriage I resolved to resist anything within me which would try to change her...to make her more like myself. I was conscious of being "diplomatic" and of her candor. Thirty years experience in relating with all kinds of people have not changed her much, some but not much, in this regard. Her spontaneity and candor have caused her pain sometimes, but she is still Barbara. I have tried to be supportive of her in being who she is.

My lack of expressiveness can be heard as indifference or rejecting. I love you,

care about you infinitely. Love is indispensable, but love is not wisdom. Loving you I still am asked "How can I respond or relate in this situation?" Love does not tell me how aggressive to be in relating to your desire to get a car. Nor does it make clear whether I should encourage you to come home or back to California or to stay in D.C. Nor does love inform me as to the time to encourage you to move ahead with divorce action. I know that love means to respect you and to support you in your decisions.

I want you to come back to California. This is not a paternal command. Rather this is my desire. I like to have you close, to be able to see you and talk with you. I miss you. We both miss you. We've dealt with your sense of loss by your decision to marry and live in D.C. by encouraging and supporting you as best we've known how. Whatever I've communicated about where you live and work has been rooted first in supporting you as you make your decisions. My clear preference, which is altogether selfish, is to have you live near us.

I would like, as would Mother, for you to live with us if you would want to do this. All of you girls have chosen to leave home. Parents expect this. At the same time, home is still home whenever you or Carolyn or Ann want to make it home for a time. Given the other options, Carolyn chose to live with us at this time. If

now, or sometime in the future you want to live with us, just say the word or else just come.

If ever again you feel the pain you've known especially during these last months, please tell us. If it means my coming to be with you, or Mother, or your coming here, please take that action which offers hope for relieving the pain and working through to lighten the load.

When I come to D.C., I am willing to plan to take time with you and a counselor, if you feel it would be helpful. If you come to California, I'm willing to work with a counselor and you until we've all worked through our feelings to such a point that our relationship will be a source of strength to all of us, and less a source of anxiety and pain.

I would imagine that you would remember when you came downstairs to talk with me in the kitchen. It was in Chico, I think a Saturday night as I was working on a sermon at the kitchen table. You stood by me, put your arm around my neck. You climbed up into my lap and began to cry. You said "Daddy, I love you and Mommie. Sometimes I say I hate you, but I love you..." I said that we understood and that we knew that you loved us. I told you that all boys and girls have feelings of anger and hatred toward their parents. You told me that you could not go to sleep at night unless you faced against the window, inward toward the wall,



and unless your teddy bear, or rag doll, was in your arms. I went on to say that even with your anger toward us, we knew that you loved us. Furthermore, I said "that there was nothing you would or could ever do that would cut you off from our love." I hugged you and kissed you. When you were ready, you went off to bed.

Every night I walked into your room before I went to bed. I saw you clutching your doll and facing away from the window. Then one night I saw you sound asleep with your head and body toward the windows. Days or weeks later I saw you sleeping with your doll or teddy bear on the floor. Surely you can imagine how I felt. The fear which had filled you making sleep difficult had been undercut by our talking together and by our life together. Somehow and in some way you were assured of Mother's and my love--that it was great enough to handle any anger or hate you felt toward us.

Write me whatever you like. As I said, I will read and destroy the letter--to make it more like a conversation. Or phone. Or at times let me know, and I'll come so that we can talk face to face. Don't ever let the pain become as great as it has been--when the possibility of our talking together or being together could relieve it a little or overcome it with understanding and caring...

Love, Dad

January 7, 1975

Dear Becky,

...When you decide you want to do something about a car, let me know how you'd like us to help.

If you need to borrow, or some help, in between jobs, let us know. Our understanding of family is that what is ours is everyone's, especially the individual(s) who need it at the time.

I'd like to talk of dignity and respect of women, and women's consciousness, and men's consciousness. I understand our time and myself as involving continuous consciousness-raising.

For a generation, professionalism in psychology intimidated mothers and fathers. Parents were made to feel inadequate. Their gifts and resources were minimized. We're moving beyond that now.

My principal argument with some in the women's consciousness movement is with those who in word and deed belittle homemaking. No one should be forced to be a homemaker who does not want to be one. On the other hand, men and women who feel called to homemaking, who enjoy homemaking, should be honored. There is no calling, in my judgment, which is more important than the calling of raising children. No career, nor creativeness, no professional task, nothing is more important than the love and nurture of children. I won't argue that this must be done as it has been in USA for past

generations. I do respect your mother for doing what she has wanted to do most--be a mother, care for other who have needed caring. As the farmer works at the basic task of the human family, so do those men and women who give themselves as parents. No human labor is more respected nor valued by me.

Barbara must choose and decide and act for herself as she does other things, and gives herself to tasks other than parenting. Parenting is by no means all of her life, but it has been central. I hope that she will continue to risk in other ways, as she desires, and as she will be doing Sunday [she was asked to preach on "Peace"].

Parenting is a calling. Not all are called. Your mother and I were called and are called. I don't regard parents as superior to men and women whose primary calling is elsewhere; nor do I regard parenting as inferior to the work of others. The community relies upon the variety of gifts and labors of all. I resist any implication which diminishes parenting or takes a sense of worth from those who have given themselves most fully to parenting.

Later p.m.

Becky, I respect and value your sensitivity and your perspective. I take these as seriously as I take my own sensitivity and perspective. It's only by hearing one another that we come to see where we have

been blind and insensitive, and to see from a perspective different from our own.

I have seen our family life from a different perspective. I have seen Mother from a different perspective. I have seen her offering her unique gifts to the family. I have offered my strengths. Our gifts and strengths are different, but those of each have been important for the family.

I take seriously Barbara's judgment about people and issues and situations. My work, or the way I work, and what I say is different because of her views and experience. Saying this, I do not respect and value her because she makes a difference in my work. I love her, and value her for herself.

There are many areas of my life where I rely upon her. The entire area of the fine arts and literature--she is more knowledgeable than I. She knows her own mind in these areas better than I do. In other areas of life, I have more competence. I keep the books, and struggle to get Barbara to keep a checkbook. I feel that our relationship is mutual.

I'm sure that culture and custom have closed doors to her that have been open to me. In the same way they have influenced me unconsciously, so that I have not been as respectful of her as I wish I might. "Forgive us for we know not what we do..."

I think, have a hunch but do not know, that there is a symbolic head of a family.

If that symbolic head is lacking or weak, the family is weak. On the other hand, the unity of the family gives strength to, or legitimizes the symbolic head.

If I have been the symbolic head of our family, I have functioned with a sense of the constraints upon the symbolic head and the possibilities of it. For example, no major decision has been made to which both Barbara and I have not consented. We have sensed in each other what the limits of the other's tolerance have been. We have sensed how far we could go in family life and decisions and be supported by the other. Some major decisions she really has made, because she has felt most strongly. Others I have made because I have felt most strongly about these. It may at times have appeared that I made decisions, when I was doing no more than confirming and affirming decisions Barbara had made.

I know that San Francisco was hard on Mother. Moving in our family has been primarily my decision, but I have tried to sense where the family has been with these moves. I knew that we had to leave San Francisco. I made up my mind to leave, first because of Mother and second because I wanted to leave. When the time came to move, I could honestly say that I wanted to move, and that it was right for me and the church that I move--as well as right for our family.

If your mother had been as free as you in choosing a career, she might have chosen

differently. Still, she might have chosen homemaking and parenting as first in her life.

I encourage her in new experiences, and in trying things which she wants to try but hasn't done before. For her reasons she has resisted going back to school or working. She has preferred to have our children and other youth and young adults in the home, to entertain, to be free to do what she likes to do. She has not wanted to be tied down to five days a week, or three days a week, thirty or fifty weeks a year. She has liked and still likes her freedom. Freedom to do what she enjoys has had as much to do with the choices she has made, and her reticence to get the book written, or articles, as lack of confidence. Both are factors.

This letter is much longer than I had intended, or imagined.

As you look at us from your personal perspective, and the perspective of a new consciousness of women and their dignity, also look at us from the customs and consciousness with which we grew up, which have influenced our lives.

It is possible to live full lives even in spite of gross limitations of custom and culture. Indeed, how else can one live fully. Every generation has its strengths and limitations. The full life has not awaited your generation, nor will it wait for your children's generation. I

say this believing that life can be fuller for more people, especially women, because of the breath of fresh air which you and others bring. Nevertheless, each must live in her own generation, and each can live fully. If it is impossible to live fuller lives now, who ever can live more fully?

It's past time to stop.

I love you. I care for you more than I can say. I have written as clay writes, nothing immortal nor sage, but simply letting you know how I have seen some of the things you have experienced, and we all have experienced together.

Love, Dad

January 18, 1975

Dear Becky,

Glad to know that you are working, and that you are not carrying the heavy responsibility which was yours...

You've said that you feel that you can't live up to Mother's and my expectations of you. At some point you need to say "To hell with their expectations! I must and will do what I want to do and feel good doing."

[John's father] Pops had a difficult time with my choice to enter the ministry. I think that he was totally puzzled that a child of his would even think of such a thing. Mother once mentioned me as a preacher, when I was pre-adolescent. I thought she

was out of her mind. Mother and Dad both wanted me to go into the chaplaincy during the Second World War. The ambiguity was too great for me. I could have gone sooner as an infantryman than as a chaplain. Good friends in school did not feel the ambiguity as I, and some of them made good chaplains, I'm sure. Mother also wanted me to go on for a Ph.D. or something. I never really seriously considered that. I imagine that Mother and Dad had some problems explaining to their friends that I was in school or serving as a pastor when their friends' sons were all in the service. It must not have been easy for them.

In the early days of the anti-Vietnam movement, while we were still in San Francisco, so it must have been 1965 or early 1966, I participated in a peace vigil at the Pentagon. I stopped by Long Beach on the way home. As usual, Dad took me to the Lions' Club. When he introduced me he said that I had just returned from Washington where I had participated in an anti-war demonstration. He said it with a kind of sense of pride. I don't think I would even have mentioned the matter.

Dad had had a bad time with the Baptist Church in his youth. The Baptist minister had told Grandma that she was going to Hell because she turned to Christian Science. I was concerned with his soul at one point in my adolescence. I was kind of like Annie when she first became a part of Peoples



Temple. She wanted Mother and me to become a part too. It was an experience of anguish for her.

Dad worked through his feelings about my choice of work. He worried less about me than the other three. Louise's marriage was not happy. George died. Manning really struggled to find himself and produce in work. No one really carried on the business. Dad never laid that on me, although I was probably the one most suited. Louise could have, but really had no desire. Mom thinks [Manning's wife] Lucia would have been great in that business.

All of this is my way of saying "Becky, you persist in doing the work and seeking the jobs you want." Whatever our expectations of you may be, or whatever you imagine them to be, we can work through whatever choices you make. If there is any way I can lift the burden of my expectations from you, I would. Tell me how, or ways to be helpful, and keep telling me as long as I need to hear. The other side depends upon you throwing off these expectations.

We will feel good as you feel good about where you are and what you are doing.

We may call before you get this letter. We do miss you. I miss you. Call us any time you feel like it. Dinner time is best. If helpful, we can send a check to help with the calls. It is more than worth it to us...

Love, Dad

"Carolyn went to the hospital last night," John wrote in his next letter. Pregnant with Jim Jones' child, she lived with John and Barbara before and after Jim-Jon was born. The baby had not yet arrived when John continued.

January 31, 1975

Dear Becky,

...You ought not feel diminished that Carolyn is teaching and that Annie will probably move into a job as soon as she passes her state exams. All three of you have worked to support yourselves. Except for Carolyn's first year with Larry [Layton], you have carried a heavier load than Carolyn and Annie. Insofar as I know, you have performed well on every job from painting and cleaning bottles to jobs in D.C. Writing jobs are tougher to come by than nursing or teaching a few years ago. So long as you are enjoying your work, and pursuing possibilities which interest you, we're not uptight about your employment situation.

Paul wrote "We have this treasure in earthen vessels..." The treasures of life do come in earthen vessels. All mortals not only have clay feet, but clay bodies as well. All of this is prompted by your words about dumping garbage on us at Christmas time. I didn't feel that way. You expressed your hurt, and frustration and anger. The trap is to be caught with feelings of guilt. Throw off whatever guilt you may feel for your feelings toward me. Guilt immobilizes. Accepting the clay in

yourself and in me, in others and all relationships, the treasure is still there.

I said that I'd write something about oedipal attachments in our family history. These are my observations and hunches, for whatever they're worth. I remember during my adolescence putting a distance between myself and Mother. No more kissing or embracing. I suspect that my attachment to her was so strong, and my sexual maturation so powerful, that I dealt with it by distancing myself from her. I suspect too that this adolescent experience has something to do with my reluctance today to hug and embrace easily except with those of my family.

When Barbara was critically ill, Carolyn lived with the grandparents for almost six months. When Barbara and Carolyn came back to Youngstown, Carolyn was terribly anxious. She was two, or perhaps three. She cried whenever separated from us. The only way she would go to sleep was with me lying on the bed with her. Gradually she trusted. I rocked her. I put her in her crib and held her hand while I was lying on the bed. Then I'd sit in the room with her until she went to sleep. We left the hall light on. It was weeks, perhaps months, before she could go to bed without me. I was the one close to her in those months, because of Barbara's recovery from her illness. Carolyn was so distraught that we consulted a pediatrician. He had the good sense

to recommend that we continue doing what we were doing, reassuring Carolyn of our presence, reliability and love. I shudder when I think that the alternative was to put her in a clinic where she would be observed. That's exactly what she did not need. She needed what we had the common sense to give.

Of you three girls, Carolyn is the only one who never embraces me. I wonder if that early physical relationship established a bond, and if in her adolescence the unconscious attraction for father, made her relate to the way I related to my mother in those years. The difference is that I grew beyond that with my mother, or I think I did. Carolyn still does not put her arm around my neck as you and Annie.

It is interesting that Carolyn is deeply attracted to and in love with a minister. I wonder if her resistance to marrying Jim is related to her feelings for me. The oedipal overtones are present. At least...I wonder about it.

Girls and boys need to work through these relationships with their parents. It's more difficult for some. I don't know what this means for you and Annie. I'm sure that it means whatever treasure there is in Dad and your relationship with Dad, it comes in an earthen vessel. Of course the same is true for you, and all other mortals.

I don't know whether these reminiscences and reflections are interesting or

helpful. What I would hope would be that by demythologizing the oedipal relationship, you girls would have greater power over your own lives.

We'll let you know when the baby comes... probably call before you get this letter. Glad that you are under less pressure and that you can take time to do some things that are just plain fun. It's good to have a job and some bread too during these days.

Thanks for your letters.

Love, Dad

March 22, 1975

Dear Becky,

...I'm glad that we got to talk. I hope that our talking helps with understanding, working through, dealing with issues important to each of us.

I am not disappointed in your job. I understand it to be a source of bread and butter, while you write and do other things which are fulfilling for you. If you feel that you do not want to be a reporter, that you'd rather write articles which call for more reflection, thought, research, that's OK. I expect that you'll work as a compositor as long as necessary for bread, or until you find it too boring. You are not one to stay at a task which bores you, unless you just need the money. I hope that the job out here will open in June. If it doesn't, you might then keep

your eye open for another bread and butter job, rather than waiting until the composition job bores you and you quit. Neither Barbara nor I is hung up on jobs, dollars and prestige. So long as we have the sense that you are doing what you want to do, including putting up with uninteresting work for the sake of doing what you want to do, that's fine with us.

The job pressure will generate within you rather than from us--pressure for change. Naturally we do hope that it works out for you to return to California where we might be with each other more often.

I meant to tell you after dinner last night about the older woman at the next table. She ordered a pizza. When the waiter brought it, she poured, and I do mean poured, sugar all over it. She ate half and took the other half home, sugar and all.

The check is for phone calls to Calif. When I called from the airport, your line was busy. I called again, and still busy; so I figure that your call was more expensive than a dollar.

I will not be giving you large sums as we have a couple of times in the past. I do wish that we might help a little with your financial load. Carolyn came out of school without any debts. She worked hard, as you did, when married to Larry, working at C.A. [Cal Aggie Christian Association], practice teaching, classes and cooking.

Annie will finish school without debts. If we can help with your debt, or if we can provide some cash that you might take night or summer courses, let us know. We would want to encourage you to take courses which interest you. 'nuf said...

I have wondered about putting so many eggs in the basket of your feelings toward men. What's in my mind is my perception that it has always been difficult for you to express anger and negative feelings, not just toward men. Perhaps it was most difficult for you to express these feelings toward me, more than anyone else.

Until the second grade or so you were a dancing, aggressive little girl. Your kindergarten teacher told Mother that you would take over the class if she had let you. I suspect that you learned early in life that not everyone responded positively to your aggressiveness. When I say aggressive, I mean your out-goingness and your brightness. At some point you pulled inward, as though you were not going to put yourself out front where teachers and others might respond with negativity.

I remember as a boy when I mentioned "our maid." The other boys looked at me and said, shocked, "Do you have a maid?" I never again mentioned in any group that our family had a maid. I wonder if something similar happened to you, namely that the response of people to your brightness was so uncomfortable for you that you

pulled back resolving unconsciously never to put yourself out that way. I sensed that people treated me differently when I mentioned our maid...

A word about "brightness." First, there are many varieties of gifts. I put less store in IQ tests than many, because they measure only certain qualities of the mind, particularly ability to deal with abstractions. What I'm saying is that those who are "bright" or are told they are, ought not to put too much emphasis upon this, because it really is saying very little about intelligence, wisdom, judgment, and nothing about the human spirit.

Second, I think that I value most of all, certainly more than intelligence, that quality of the human spirit which persists in affirming itself in spite of limitations, humiliation, pain, failure, struggles, injustice, and evil. For instance, when Blacks want to affirm their greatness, they most often point to intellectual leaders among Blacks, or to original Black music. For me the quality which I most deeply respect in Black Americans is that quality of the spirit which has persisted within them for more than three hundred years, affirming their dignity, claiming their inheritance as humans and as members of this society.

When Mother and I went to the Christmas service where the holy family lighted the advent candle, the family all of whom were victims of cerebral palsy, the same



feeling came over me. I wondered, marveled at the affirmation of the human spirit. What is intelligence compared with the quality of spirit which I saw within them, one a boy of nineteen who had lived since infancy in a state hospital, judged mentally retarded. We talked. He tells me I'm his friend every time I see him. Here is one like Helen Keller.

I know, or I think, you feel pressure from me because of your abilities. Mother and I identify with each of you girls. We want fulfillment for you, and I'm sure that we enter vicariously into your lives. But we don't want you to be handicapped by this, nor prisoners nor victims of our dreams.

It is imperative for you to know that far more important to me than the gifts and skills of you girls, is this quality of the human spirit about which I've been writing. When I stand before the human spirit, I know that I stand on holy ground. I don't know what you will do vocationally. I do see within you the same affirmation of the spirit that I've seen in others. I feel with you in your struggles. It is this quality more than any other which I cherish.

Everyone's here this weekend. Annie is studying at Mom's desk. It's showering off and on...

Hope you have a happy holiday.

Love, Dad

April 5, 1975

Dear Becky,

It's cloudy, and probably we'll have more rain today. Had rain, lightning, thunder and hail yesterday, and cold weather.

Your letter was one of the best you've written in a long time. It summarizes what you've been saying to us, and helps us hear more clearly.

Our first concern is with you, your feeling about yourself and your work. The letter made clear that you're feeling much better about yourself. You're doing the kind of writing you like. You've good friends. Your letter certainly has helped me feel better about your situation. We really don't want any more than to know you're doing what you want to do, you're with friends, and that you feel good about life. I got more of this sense from your letter than from you in a long time.

A friend said of the church, 'You can't be neutral. Like the weather, you'll either be a high pressure area or a low pressure area. Either way, you influence the weather.' Sometimes we've been high pressure, and at other times low pressure. We are not neutral. We are for you, and you are the one who decides what being for Becky really means. We'll support you in this, whatever decisions you make.

Frankly, I've had some uneasiness about the Sacramento job in terms of your long range goals. I encourage you to make your decision in terms of your own needs, desires,

and long range goals. We can live with and feel good about whatever decision you make...

I'm sure you've reflected on your relationships with Carolyn and Annie during the early years of life. I'm not sure whether some of my functioning is related to sibling rivalry or my relationship with Dad, or both. I remember playing tennis with [John's brother] Manning. I had never defeated him. That particular day I was way ahead of him. It made me laugh. I should have won the match, but I didn't. In high school when I was on the third string football team (they called it the 'shit list'), I was moved up to the second string. At a game the coach called for the second string to go in. I hesitated, and the player whom I replaced went in with the second team, when I should have gone. I've had a sense throughout most of my life, until a few years ago, that when I would come within reach of a goal, I would defeat myself.

There were political reasons, concerns for the process, involved in my running for bishop three years ago. The internal reason, as best I know it, was a conscious refusal on my part to do what I did in that football game and many times later. I would be defeated, but not by default, nor by defeating myself. Even so I always doubted that I would be elected, because I thought I didn't want it that much. People who stand still or step back when their name is called simply are not elected, or do not achieve whatever goal they've set their mind to.

All of this is, I guess, a way of saying that there is a self-defeating quality within me as well as within most of us. Growing up is overcoming this power. There will be plenty of defeats in life. We don't need to defeat ourselves...

You're not a victim, Becky. You are in charge of your own life. None is omnipotent. You've known overwhelming experiences. Nevertheless, you are in charge of your life. Each one of us is.

Hugh Bell meant a lot to me. He commented once that Jesus did not say toward the end of his life, 'I have transformed the world.' Rather, he said: 'I have overcome the world.' I think too of his words, 'No one takes my life from me ... I lay it down.' Those were the first words, along with Isaiah's suffering servant, to come to me at the time of Martin Luther King's death. I believe this is a possibility for all of us...

Love, Dad

June 8, 1975

Dear Becky,

Just a note to say that I feel good about your decision. We want you to do what you want to do, and so long as you've got a roof over your head and bread for body and soul, that's good. I really hated to think of your taking the particular job offered.

Thanks too for the artistic creations -- for the you in all of your communications.

I've always felt that there was a counter-culture strain in me, although younger people, and perhaps others, do not see it. Within the institution, but hearing 'a different drummer'. The church in its beginnings and methodism in its beginning were in significant ways counter-culture.

We leave in an hour or so for Annie's graduation. We feel good about this, too.

See you in a week.

Love, Dad

October 5, 1975

Dear Becky,

...I feel good that you have accepted Mom and me as we are. We have to take responsibility for our lives. Many of our choices would not be your choices, nor Carolyn's nor Annie's. The quote from Bonhoeffer is about the church, but the same thing could be said of the family or of friendships. The stuff of which families and friendships are made is clay and spirit...

I am not anxious about your career, nor do I wish that you were doing something else. You talk sometimes as though we were disappointed in you. We are not; rather, we are proud of you, have confidence in you, and love you. Having chosen writing, I do expect you to write and to mail your manuscripts. In the spirit of your group, I'd say, 'No B.S. about this.' Do what you have chosen. In doing, you will gain strength to keep writing and sending your writing to publishers.

We hope that Gerry [Wurzburg, Becky's roommate] is doing okay. We trust your judgment of our own capacities and limitations, as well as your observations and perceptions.

We saw Carolyn and Jim Jon, Annie and Jim this week. JJ is sitting up, and is cute as a bug.

We look forward to seeing you.

Love, Dad

'If we do not give thanks daily for the Christian fellowship in which we have been placed, even where there is no great experience, no discoverable riches, but much weakness, small faith, and difficult; if on the contrary we only keep complaining to God that everything is so paltry and petty, so far from what we expected, then we hinder God from letting our fellowship grow according to the measure and riches which are there for us all in Jesus Christ.

'This applies in a special way to the complaints often heard from pastors and zealous members about their congregations. A pastor should not complain about his congregation, certainly never to other people, but also not to God. A congregation has not been entrusted to him in order that he should become its accuser before God and man.

'Christian community is like the Christian's sanctification. It is a gift of God which we cannot claim ... Just as a Christian should not be constantly feeling his spiritual pulse, so, too, the Christian community has

not been given to us by God for us to be constantly taking its temperature. The more thankfully we daily receive what is given to us, the more surely and steadily will fellowship increase and grow from day to day as God pleases.

'Christian brotherhood is not an ideal which we must realize; it is rather a reality created by God in Christ in which we may participate.

--from Life Together

by Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Barbara lived in John's shadow. At least it seemed that way at times. One of her jobs was as a professional minister's wife: a fulltime, unpaid responsibility to church members who believed she should attend certain functions and belong to certain groups.

But her work encompassed much more. She took care of us, and of numerous people who lived with our family throughout our childhood and beyond. At one time, she counted over twenty foster children she had had in her care. Eventually, she lost count.

She talked about her dreams, about a book she wanted to write that would describe all the characters who had passed through her life: check forgers, manic-depressives, suicides, people who turned out okay against the odds.

She never found time to write her book. Her life was, and remains, committed to others. They fill her days and her thoughts. The letters which follow show how.

March 15, 1977

Dear Becky-boo,

In order to save myself a bit of time, I called your number a few minutes ago as I thought you had mentioned that your phone would be in by Tuesday ... maybe. Anyway, this is the first time I have sat down longer than 20 minutes since 7:00 A.M. and it's now 7:00 P.M. plus.

I keep thinking that I must be living fiction and that all the people I deal with are out of a TV script perhaps.

Well, today I worked at the Center (campus ministry building) since the secretary and all executives were out of town, except for a new fellow who is a professional money-raiser for universities and other high-flown institutions. His name is Chris Culpepper and he's from Virginia. The rabbi calls him 'colonel'. He is actually a dear fellow. So there I sat on the floor, stuffing 500 envelopes with notices and answering the phone and running up and down stairs to deliver messages to the Coffee House cooks and then Tom, my 21-year-old current ex-prisoner came by and helped me stuff notices and also two junior high boys sitting in the lounge also. And then came Audrey, one of the campus minister's 'regulars', I guess. She said she couldn't stop crying and that woman at the place where she lives is so mean and yells at her and she wants to live with dear old Dad in Minnesota, etc. I bought her a lunch at the Coffee House, poured her coffee, gave



her an ashtray and patted her arm and listened and clucked over her and she finally left after attending mass in the Catholic chapel in our building. She can't stand the priest and refused to share her problem with him. He's deaf, so he probably doesn't know half of what she's saying. He thinks his hearing is okay. Last week, when my lady friend from the county jail ate there with us and the pianist was doing his thing and it was noisy, she found herself yelling out for the entire place to hear that she'd just come from four months in the county jail! It was all very funny.

Tom and I don't talk much about his past. He just got out of Maximum Security at the state prison. He's been incarcerated at various places since he was thirteen. He reads a lot and thinks a lot, but is so freaked out at present that it's just as though he had recently returned from Vietnam, only worse. He doesn't exactly cling to me, as he is quite independent, but he keeps returning each night and lets me know where he is and what he's been doing. His mother was married six times by the time he was thirteen. His brother is a Marine recruiter and he'll be living with him and his wife after this week. His brother has short hair and is very square and 'limited' ... but at least is taking him in. Tom has longish sandy hair which he wears with a sort of band around it like an Indian. He has kind of a James Dean dreamy sort of face and a Nevada

drawl, and wears boots, levis, and a few of his brother's extra clothes. He has nothing to his name, no friends, no possessions. Just a few not too sharp relatives. Well, we'll see what happens when he's on his own. He has been trained to repair electrical equipment and hopes to work for IBM eventually. He should go on to college but is in no condition emotionally to hack it at present.

Today our associate minister had a raving nut in his office, screaming and carrying on. By the time she left, she was feeling better. Saturday I walked a starry-eyed young character over to the bus station and bought him a ticket for Sacramento, as he insisted that he was scheduled to enter the mental hospital there. Lest you get the idea that everyone is nuts in Reno, let me assure you that only half are -- the rest of us are trying to care for those who are.

Dad said he didn't think his arguments opposing capital punishment made much of an impression on the legislators of Nevada, but anyway, he did his best. Tomorrow we'll be going to Sacramento and then on to Stockton where Dad is to speak in Bob Moon's church. Tom will have to stay in a motel, but he'll manage. For all I know, he's on marijuana. I don't ask too many questions.

The snow is falling in the mountains and it's raining in California. I'm not sure we'll be able to go over the mountain tomorrow, but at least we have chains and snow tires.

Hope you and Linda are getting settled and having a good time at it.

Much love, Mother (Whew)

July 11, 1977

Hello, Becky Boo,

Our brief hot spell is cooling off at present with gusts of wind promising a good night for sleeping. Dad is out on the front porch putting down a new outdoor carpet in bright green. Tom McKay, our young former prisoner, is helping him. He stopped by tonight just in time for ice cream and 7-Up as we were finishing dinner. He enjoys his job at 'The Good Earth', a natural food restaurant and has a ten-speed bike to get from here to there. The interesting thing is that



Barbara C. Moore.

Tom looks enough like Dad and me to be our own child except that if he were part of the Moore clan, he'd be a six-footer. He goes to the library regularly but doesn't read heavy stuff yet, and also he follows the progress, or lack of it, of the neutron bomb and other weapons which he deplores. He doesn't talk much, but does a lot of thinking.

We'll be going to the Fine Arts conference next

Sunday. Don't know what Dad will take, but I'll be taking the courses on dance and banner-making. Then we'll probably pick up Grandma and bring her to Asilomar, where we have another conference on World Missions and the scene overseas. Then back home.

Tomorrow night, Dad and I will be touring the Maximum Security Prison, which is a hole. Tom says they probably will not show us the worst part. The Baptist minister at the Indian reservation in Carson City says it will make us very angry. He's been several times.

Well, here's a supply of jokes to give you a chuckle on a hot day. I decided to save one for myself as it sort of sums up some of my own sentiments. Two bums are sitting there with their little old beat-up pit cooking over a little fire. One says to the other, 'I content myself thinking that I've contributed nothing to this world and it's a better place for it'...

Much love, Mother

February 22, 1978

Dear Becky honey,

What's happening in Washington, D.C. these days? The Indians just passed through Reno en route to D.C. last week. The march over Donner Pass in the snow was pretty grueling. They had originally planned to spend the night in our church, but the local colony Indians who are like the rest of Nevada -- backward -- wanted nothing to do

with the A.I.M. group sponsored by Dennis Banks. He marched as far as the California border with them and then turned back as he has taken sanctuary in California.

Dad and I drove all over the town of Wadsworth 27 miles from here but couldn't find their settlement in the dark. Had a carload of cast-off sleeping bags, towels and money for them. The next day I drove the Quaker lady out to the settlement with a carload of her stuff and ours, and found them at a ranch, nursing their blisters and aching joints and preparing for their sweat dance and word from the medicine man as to when he would tell them it was time to leave Wadsworth. We had a good chat with them and they were very appreciative.

The following day we heard that they were having a bad time outside of Fallon, so we sent new socks and medical supplies along via a young Indian lady in a van. And I phoned the Methodist minister in Ely to alert him as to their needs. That day, our church secretary received a call from one of our members whose husband is head of the FBI office here. He was just beside himself when he read in the paper that the Methodists and Quaker Fellowship had aided the Indians of AIM. He remembered the latest Wounded Knee uprising. But I did also and was wishing for a real confrontation with this guy who always has a pained expression on his face around us. Funny thing is that some of our church members had watched the Martin Luther King

story on TV and are convinced that the FBI had something to do with King's death and Robert Kennedy's death. I would like to have conversed with this guy about that and the Wounded Knee episode in which both Indians and FBI agents were killed and why it all happened. Etc. Etc. I would not have been nearly so diplomatic as John V. about it all...

NEXT DAY -- Well, we went to Wacky Wednesday dinner which last night was a soup meal with proceeds to go to Bread for the World or Heifer Project. While the young Bread for the World woman was speaking about the political process, etc., a ding-dong lady from the Quaker Fellowship here tried to take over the discussion. Dad and I finally figured out that she is projecting all of her hostilities toward her former Catholic husband onto everyone and every organization she can think of...

This afternoon I'll fly to Ontario to visit Grandma for a week. I have a two-hour layover in Las Vegas and hit Ontario at 5:55 and rent a car and arrive in Redlands whenever.

The money that Dad sent is to be spent partly on a new pants suit or skirt and jacket or something spiffy for you to wear. I almost bought you a beautiful suit here but thought you might prefer to pick out something for yourself. If you spent the money for something else, I will send you some more.

Say hello to Mac.

Much love, Mother

P.S. Annie and Carolyn send their love to you from Guyana.

April 12, 1978

Dear Ms. Becky -- and you too, Mac -- if this doesn't bore you spitless!

Dad and I hope that all goes well in ol' D.C. these days and that the cherry blossoms are in bloom.

I'm not certain the Methodist Church is turning the state of Nevada around (Reno's mottos are, 'Greed and Corruption'), but some changes are taking place. I guess I told you the prison system is improving following our social concerns letter and interview with the Director of Prisons.

Last Sunday, Dad preached on Issues and the Social Creed of the Methodist Church and told of his years in San Francisco and involvement in the sad plight of homosexuals, etc. The folks took it well. During the talk-back, one couple from Maryland was very upset. The man was a judge taking a course from our College of Judges. Dad had said that Methodists take the Bible and its truths seriously but not literally. (He had quoted that portion that says, take your naughty kids out and stone them in the public square.) Well, one high school girl named Tika, one of 7 adopted kids from one of our families, was ecstatic. 'Gee,' she says, 'it's great we are a radical church!' Then she said John was a mixture of Edmund Burke and Henry David Thoreau. Those are pretty heady words. Also the

dean of the College of Judges and a woman teacher were very appreciative. A week from Sunday, the subject will be the ERA. He usually slips in a bunch of war and peace stuff, capital punishment, etc.

Folks in our church do not seem to know what hit them and do not argue much because Dad is always there when they're sick or need help.

Last Sunday, we expected 75 for our pancake breakfast to raise funds for a cooperative nursery for low income families. We served 150! We didn't run out of food, but the service was slow. It will be an ongoing project. We made \$375 for the nursery. One of our members just started it on a shoestring. The city of Reno does not support good stuff like that. There's no profit. Also it's not a nice middle class white folks project.

Well, with all our money-making projects, we need the remodeling project. Just for a new kitchen and good bathrooms for the old folks who will be coming in the fall to our Care & Share lunches. And also so that the poor old building will not fall down. Of course you remember our gorgeous parlor, Becky, with its stringy carpet and wrought iron patio-type furniture. Hope we'll replace that, too. Many a down-and-outer has reclined on it, had a cup of coffee, or passed out there.

A week ago Monday, Dad and 2 other clergymen spoke to the Rotary Club on the subject of Tourism and the Churches of Reno.



You can imagine what Dad said about our tourist 'clientele'. Well, actually, I had written the first part for him -- all about the 'tourists' sleeping off their drunks on the floor between the pews, etc. The fellows liked it. Then Dad got in his licks on city planning and the environment by quoting from a text from Isaiah -- all about Israel in labor as a woman about to bring forth a child and all that issues forth is the breaking of wind. Only Dad likened Isaiah to Reno and said it and its labors brought forth only a large fart! Well, the old boys liked it and didn't quite get the connection with themselves, the city fathers. But they haven't kicked him out -- yet. Funny thing is that the members all said that the 3 clergy gave the best program they'd had and that the outside speakers were a bore. Well, what can one expect, when the Nevada sheep lobby sends out one of its representatives (the usual fare).

I'm supposed to be writing up the Peanuts Charlie Brown script for my Junior Highs. They all threw their ideas into the hopper and I'm to put it together. They get very fired-up over it and the 'type-casting'. We borrowed one sixth-grader to be Snoopy. All she has to do is sing and laugh like a dog.

I'll never be ready for our trip [to Guyana]. A letter from Annie says, wear this, do not wear that, bring boots, etc. Can you imagine boots in our luggage? And also a list of stuff for her. So we'll carry an extra

suitcase of supplies for Guyana, including a little engine for Kimo that lights up and goes toot-toot!

Much love, Mother

P.S. See you soon, I hope. I hate to fly. I wish we could drive to Guyana or take a boat.

P.S. #2. I am reading the book, My Mother, Myself. Very good. I hope you girls did not feel quite as negative toward me as Nancy Friday did toward her Mom.

April 19, 1978

Hello there, Becky honey,

...Last week I went through a hair crisis. In fact, I am thinking of writing my own play called, 'Hair: The Mid-Life Crisis'. Anyway, I thought it was time to return to the real me, mousy gray-brown! So I tinted my hair gray-brown. Well, everyone hated it, including Dad. Said he was used to me as a blonde. (Can't you just see me at age 80, tottering about with platinum hair and vowing in a quavery voice, 'It's my natural color, dearie!')

So I immediately tinted it back to its own unnatural color. Just great for one's hair, of course. Just kills it dead on impact. But I did restore it a bit with conditioner and it should recover after about 2 months -- with vitamins, rest, and 'a sensible program of exercise and diet.' This traumatic experience led me to compose the

following -- with apologies to Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Lewis Carroll, Ogden Nash, Rudyard Kipling, and others too numerous to mention.

The Crisis

The time has come,  
The housewife moaned,  
To talk of vital stuff,  
Of wrinkles, bags and sagging boobs,  
Of skin that's always rough!

Of squinty eyes  
And wispy hair  
Of muscles that are droopy,  
Of dates forgotten,  
Engagements shunned,  
Unless they're making whoopee!

Oh, it's only fun, fun, fun  
That'll make this old Ford run, run, run!  
Helena Rubenstein, Elizabeth Arden, here  
I come!

How about a new bod  
New personality, new face job!

B. Moore

Did you watch 'The Holocaust'? Mary McGrory was very critical of it. I still feel it was important to present it. Yours and the present generation need to know what happened in Nazi Germany and the death of conscience and for many Jews, the death of God.

Well, time to eat a bite and trot off

to a low-cost housing meeting and buy a suitcase for our trip!

Much love to you and Mac -- hope your schedule is easing up and that you'll feel good about your class.

Mother

P.S. Dad is preaching on the ERA Sunday. So far it's an Open Pulpit (no rotten tomatoes) and he presents the issues from capital punishment to sex to labor laws, and the folks do not even know what hit 'em!

April 24, 1978

Dear Becky,

Here is my last word before arriving in Washington, D.C. next week.

Yesterday was ERA day at church, and no one seemed particularly incensed, other than a visiting man with a kid. I imagine he has been recently dumped by his wife and was feeling very hostile. At any rate, he went into the class on Nevada Petroglyphs instead of the Talk Back. Said he didn't want to start a fight.

The only chauvinist who opened his big mouth during the Talk Back was 'taken on' by one of our black lady members who really gave him 'what-for'! He retreated -- chastened and properly cowed by all of the women present.

I've almost finished my Charlie Brown play and will type up the mess soon so that the Junior High kids can begin learning their parts.

During their last encounter at our house last Tuesday, we began practically in a shambles. One 11-year-old managed to flood most of the table with his overturned milk. I knew it was going to happen because he's that kind -- disjointed, oh gee gosh -- whang-bang into everything. But he is very cute and funny and spent most of his time after dinner watching a TV program and reading old Mad magazines. The other kids played games together, but he says he's too dumb. (He's only partly right. Just doesn't concentrate.)

See you and Mac soon.

Love, Mother

July 20, 1978

Hello there, Becky and Mac,

The jackhammers are going rat-a-tat-tat and the floors are vibrating -- and it's a good thing this is a letter and not a telephone call.

I'm helping out at the church and just now remembered that I had parked by a meter. Sure enough, I had a ticket!

Well, one never knows who's coming in next, or what will happen. About an hour ago, I found myself cutting a young man's hair. He has a job in a casino and he needed just a trim to conform with regulations. He's from New England and will take a shower at Salvation Army and will receive his first paycheck next week. He eats his meals at St. Vincent's and thinks Reno's a pretty nice place. He's

actually heading for Oregon and work in a lumber camp.

Say, how about one of you writing a book about Reno and a side that hasn't yet been put into print? People have written about the Indians of Nevada; the magnificent scenery; Joe Conforte and the girls of the Mustang Ranch; and colorful characters of the past. No one has researched the rush for jobs, people passing through; or what exactly brings people to Reno. It's different from Las Vegas (thank goodness! It's 110° there today and only 91° here) and Tonopah and Winnemucca and Dallas and San Francisco. The wealthy here send their children to Harvard or Radcliffe, and the children return because they can't bear to live elsewhere -- I guess. I mean, I can bear elsewhere, but people born here have mountains and open spaces in their blood. People passing through en route to other ports, stay on and even find themselves to be permanent residents. There is a certain fascination. Even the casinos are intriguing.

Dad makes the rounds of the casinos each week, as some of our members are employed nights. He ordered new clericals (short-sleeved and gray) so that he can be identified as he makes his rounds and other people can then talk with him. It's not exactly dull work.

Last Sunday night as we watched the acrobats at the new Circus-Circus Casino, I had a really nervous stomach. Each time one of the aerialists swung on the trapeze, he touched the very top of the tent with his

head. There were slot machines clanging and so much distraction, I wondered how these daring creatures could do their intricate 3 somersault acts. I was glad they had a net.

Last Saturday, Dad had a wedding that was weird. Well, actually sad. Seems the groom's friends had given him a party, and after boozing it up, an argument ensued and one of the good friends was shot and killed! The wedding took place as scheduled. Another good reason for handgun controls. That's Reno for you!

Sunday evening, the Junior Highs are coming to our house for, what else, an ice cream sundae get-together and games. Not that I am gung-ho for this little affair, but it keeps up their morale to tune in once in a while for station identification, and next, frantic rehearsals for their Charlie Brown play. That will be my swan song, as others will take over in the fall...

Much love, Mother

P.S. #1. Last weekend in July, we go to Asilomar for an ecumenical conference on China. Should be a good change of pace for Dad. He's had no day off for 3 weeks.

P.S. #2. Last night we attended a ceremony at the prison in which Tom received a diploma in landscape work. He's taking about 4 other classes -- metrics, history, etc. Not any families there, but one father and child to see his son receive a high school diploma. About 15 black fellows received high school diplomas. Some were 'A' students. Guests were

Superintendent of Schools, high school principal, prison principal, prison teachers, governor's representative, superintendent of prisons, warden of state prisons, and us. Ice cream and cake were served. Very good! Quite an experience. Only one prisoner smiled for the group picture. I had good conversations with several.

Love, B.A.M.

August 23, 1978

Dear Becky and Mac,

I've been reading the Military Audit paper and wonder if I wouldn't feel better if, like the ostrich, I kept my head in the sand and just wasn't AWARE of what goes on.

But anyway, I've scanned it all and haven't dashed off one irate letter to the President -- or others. Besides, no one bothered to answer my last letter. And I'm thinking of writing him again, asking why he refused to have an interview with the Indians of The Longest Walk. Very bad strategy on his part. They were treated woefully and -- about as usual since the U.S. has broken over 400 treaties with our Indian brothers and sisters.

Did you ever meet Jeanne Cullen Wasile? She is a beautiful Indian lady from the American Indian International Development Corporation. She just left Washington, D.C. and now has her office in Carson City. Says she knew faculty members at Antioch [College, which Becky



attended] in Communications and Audio-visuals.

She was in church Sunday. I could hear this beautiful soprano voice above all others singing. Found she was formerly a soloist at Foundry Methodist Church [in Washington, D.C.]. Had a nice long conversation with her. What a doll!

We do have many interesting visitors. It's similar to Glide Church in San Francisco, only we have even more "characters" passing through our doors.

Grandma is enjoying her visit and reading "Televisions" and meeting a few people in spite of being a solitary person who avoids "encounters." She's fairly freaked out by all the interracial couples both in our church and in the community. Now one would not expect that in Nevada but it's quite prevalent. Black and white; Asian and white; and of course much Mexican and Basque intermingling with Anglos, Germans, and Swedes.

Did I tell you that Dad and I walked a mile or two downtown leafletting on Hiroshima Day (August 6) here in Reno with the Quakers? Very interesting to approach the vacationers out for a good time. We didn't force our leaflet on anyone. I cheated a bit since I approached mostly Asians and Blacks and they accepted the info much more readily than most whites. Dad had already mentioned Hiroshima and Nagasaki in his sermons and talked of nuclear warfare and the arms race. Next Sunday we'll be going to a picnic to raise money for the Peace and Jus-

tice newsheet which carries material from Legal Aid, Quakers, NAACP, ACLU and other groups. The ACLU in Nevada is pretty weak and nil, I think. Also, Black leadership is completely disorganized. The new director of housing in Nevada has a Black husband who will probably give some stability to the NAACP. They will be joining our church this fall...

Having Grandma here makes me more aware than ever of the importance of keeping very strong physically. (Well, she's still doing well at 85. I mean, she's alive and running around!) If one is elderly and is no longer driving, the legs are important. Walking is crucial. Also arm strength is vital. Grandma is very frail compared to some 80-year-olds and 90-year-olds in our church.

So I am doing arm exercises suggested by Gary, one of our young prisoner friends. He is a real health nut and very smart. Also I believe I told you I lift weights--two weighty volumes of the Interpreter's Bible--Lamentations, Song of Solomon, etc. in one arm and Daniel, Book of Prophets, etc. in the other daily. Also several leg exercises. And scads of vitamins...

The past two weeks have been hairy -- with taking the runaway from Washington State Hospital to Washoe Emergency for treatment, and also waiting 2 hours for one of our members to be released from the Psychiatric Unit of Washoe. She's doing well now. Just a case of excessive tension and exhaustion.

Also I meet a host of interesting characters when I sweep and water the grounds. Last night was fairly slow as it was a week-night. Didn't have any blanket to offer one down-and-outer who was cold. I did tell him about our warm stairwell. I had just cleaned it from debris I thought must have been left over from the reign of Orman Roberts, pastor over ten years ago.

Hope the jacket arrived and that you can match it to a plaid skirt and rose-colored blouse.

Much love, Mother

P.S. My little Junior Highs are rehearsing their great drama called "You Have A Problem, Wally Green!" (We had to change all the Charlie Brown names because of the copyright laws.)

November 13, 1978

Dear Becky and Mac...

We'll miss having you with us on Thanksgiving but will have a houseful of people, including Rolfe and Jean Conrad and Meghan-- or did I already mention that to you? We'll have about 14 or 15 people and they'll all be bringing food. I love having a large batch of people here and the people seem to enjoy it too.

As usual, we'll have a houseful of kids, too. I'm not sure what it means, but I still have a playroom full of toys upstairs,

and a teddy bear and doll and little cars downstairs. I'm wondering if I'm in my forever childhood grandmotherhood, or Jewish Motherhood. Well, anyway, children always know they are welcome.

Have I analyzed the election for you? In case you are not aware, we are experiencing a turn to the right in the USA and I think it is economically motivated. We also put a number of blacks out of office who had not committed nearly the blatant crimes of several white legislators who were returned to office. So we were a bit racist in this election I believe.

Of course the ERA lost in Nevada 2-1. The Libertarian candidate for Lt. Governor did pretty well as several of us voted for her in revolt against the 2 Mormons running for that office. Also she espoused most of our views. Since voters did not vote the straight party line, they seemed to exercise more independence in this election. A few good people were returned to office here in Nevada. Of course in this state one can't tell a Republican from a Democrat and some people running on the Republican ticket are liberal Democrats in their platforms. Others are far rightist. By and large one is safer with a Democrat here--except for the Mormons.

We are having heavy snow storms here and temperatures in the low twenties. The snow is gorgeous and the mountains fantastic. I just bought some winter underwear with blue flowers

on it and long sleeves to wear to a retreat. Dad and I are going on in the hills this week. We'll be in warm dorms but I'm going to be safe with my hot water bottle, boots, etc.

We hope you'll have a gala celebration on Thanksgiving and that someone else will be cooking the dinner as I imagine you could use a bit of rest.

Have to check on Grandma as I'm not sure whether she'll come in this kind of weather. She needs boots. Other than that, extra sweaters and a coat and one of my fur hats will do it for her. It's not bad here unless the wind is blowing. Then it's Siberia for certain.

Love, Mother

## Chapter Two

### CAROLYN

"The first we ever heard of Peoples Temple was in letters from Carolyn and Larry in the fall of 1968," said John in an address to an ecumenical group meeting at Kansas State University in Manhattan, Kansas in 1980. It was at that point that the history of the Moore family intersected with the history of Peoples Temple, irrevocably.

Carolyn was the most sensitive, the least secure, of the three girls. Her social conscience developed early. She had a long discussion with a junior high school teacher about William Ernest Henley's "Invictus". She pressed the church youth group to go beyond skating parties and bowling to consider social concerns. She traveled with the Spanish Club to Mexico in high school. And in college at the University of California in Davis, she spent her junior year studying in Bordeaux, France.

She was too old to become a hippie, and too young to accept the middle-class values of her peers. "I could imagine Carolyn fighting in the Spanish Civil War," John wrote me after her death. "Or if we were Jewish, joining a kibbutz in Israel, and working to create a new nation."

Her sense of self-worth interfered with her personal life, however. Unsure of herself, she found herself drawn to men who were either very unlike her father, or very like him. She had a love affair with a Frenchman during her year in Europe. She almost married Alexander, but she broke it off. She returned to America, disillusioned with her lack of success with men.

In 1968, Carolyn married Larry Layton. They moved from Davis to a small town in the wine country, Talmage. Larry worked in the state mental hospital and Carolyn taught at Potter Valley High School. "They had visited the United Methodist Church," John continued in his address.

When the peace was passed, the man next to Carolyn pulled back saying: 'I don't want it.' Members of the Temple invited Larry and Carolyn to visit. They joined and wrote to us glowing reports of the Temple and its leader.

Peoples Temple had moved from Indianapolis to Redwood Valley, California in the mid-1960s. The charismatic leader, Jim Jones, had thought the liberal atmosphere in California might accommodate his fundamentalist interracial group. The church belonged to the Disciples of Christ denomination.

Our first meeting with Jim Jones was traumatic. We learned that Carolyn was divorced from Larry and Jim was her lover. Carolyn now shared a house with Carol and Richmond Stahl, longtime Temple members who had moved with the church from Indianapolis. Larry married another Temple member, Karen Tow. John described the meeting in his Kansas speech:

...Our first personal encounter with Jim again evoked negative feelings. Barbara and I met Jim Jones when we visited Carolyn in her tiny home near Potter Valley. Becky and Annie walked through the orchard as Carolyn told us that she and Larry were getting a divorce. She called her pastor, asking him to come and talk with us. They spoke of their affection for each other. Jim said that he had never known another woman other than his wife, and that she was having emotional problems. I thought: 'Another Elmer Gantry.' We were not surprised by the divorce, but we were depressed by Carolyn's relationship with her pastor. Jim anticipated our response, but Carolyn was surprised and angry that we could not understand and appreciate the importance of Jim in her life. Carolyn was faithful to Jim and Peoples Temple until her death almost ten years later...



Carolyn Moore, high school graduation. 1963.



The year Carolyn divorced Larry, 1970, I married Patrick Clary. Pat served as a medic in the infantry in Vietnam from 1969 to 1970. He was the one who first told me of Carolyn's and Larry's involvement in Peoples Temple. He visited them in Talmage and told me that a revelation by Jim Jones had convinced the couple of his powers: Jim told them to get rid of the marijuana plants they were cultivating in their backyard.

We slowly learned about the beliefs of Peoples Temple. Carolyn informed us that she was the reincarnation of Vladimir Lenin's mistress. Jim, of course, was the reincarnation of Lenin himself. She described various confessions members made during church counseling sessions. These sessions were called catharsis by church members. Homosexuality, child molestation, and a lusting after Jim Jones headed the list of popular confessions.

Where did we go wrong, is a question most parents would ask themselves. What drove Carolyn into Peoples Temple, and what drew her to Jim Jones? John and Barbara examined the past for answers. In June of 1979, Barbara wrote that:

...There are times when Dad seems to feel that the life he led was partly responsible for the zealous views of his children. Although he is always the first to add that Carolyn for one was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time (i.e., moving to Ukiah with Larry. Had they lived in Stockton or Santa Cruz, they might never have become involved in Peoples Temple, etc.).

Also in reading articles on the nature of first-born daughters, I find there is evidence that many possess Carolyn's approach

to life. I have pointed this out to Dad to relieve him of these feelings of guilt. I think they are more emotional than intellectual feelings...

It was difficult to maintain communication with Carolyn once she belonged to the Temple. Like most new religious groups, Peoples Temple discouraged contact with relatives and the outside world. John wrote his thoughts on this in a letter dated December 5, 1979:

I think that Carolyn and Annie genuinely wanted to keep their ties with us, although it was clear where their first loyalty was. I accepted this as I would accept a daughter's first loyalty to her new family. Mom had a harder time with it. I think that we were useful to PT [Peoples Temple] at times. We obviously respected our daughters, encouraged them in the good things that were happening. This made it easier for PT to relate to us.

Both girls cut themselves off from old friends. This hurt us. They did see Grandma, and go out of their way to see her.

Mom's letter writing was a major factor in keeping the communication open. Without this, the gap between us would have widened. Mom was determined that nothing would separate her from them, even though they chose to be separated from us.

Carolyn had withdrawn from the family several times. When we moved to San Francisco in 1962, she remained in Chico to finish her senior year of high school.

According to the minister there, "She was a little lost soul" without us. She lived on her own in San Francisco and worked as an elevator operator for the phone company one summer.

She alone knew the whereabouts of the entire Peoples Temple fortune, too, at the end. Her relationship with Jim Jones began in 1969 or 1970, and continued until her death. She wasn't a concubine or mistress. She was the woman he most trusted. She knew more about the workings of Peoples Temple than any other individual, including Jim Jones. She gave up her life for him, and for the others.

January 13, 1970

Dear Becky,

I wanted to write and thank you for the very clever limericks. I wish you could have

them published as they are certainly good enough. Jim enjoyed them too and he still remembered your poem about the three-legged cat which must have impressed him as he has a poor memory usually. Jim complimented me on your sensitivity; he said you were a lovely person.



Carolyn en route to honeymoon with Larry Layton.  
July 1967.

I also wanted to explain something about my reaction to Lew [Jones]'s statement about Karen [Tow Layton] which might have been misleading to you and the fam-

ily. Jim didn't feel it was worth your time to explain the situation but I wanted to explain it. Karen has stated repeatedly to Carol [Stahl], and several other members that she is very much in love with Jim. Also she has already had a short separation from Larry and she was so obnoxiously flirtatious with Jim that he had to turn her and Larry over to another small group in the church for counseling. Finally Jim persuaded her by letter at least temporarily that Larry had many virtues and gave the background of his hang-ups thus creating empathy by her for him and they are now together again. Jim managed to convince Larry that she was only idolizing Jim as a spiritual leader. Even though she is a beautiful girl, Larry didn't seem to mind her leaving as long as Jim was there for him to lean on. He openly confessed before we were divorced or anything had happened with Jim that he was homosexual and he said at that time in a meeting to reconcile our differences before the whole board that he would like to relate to Jim as a female would to a male. (Jim, of course, in the male role.) Many others outside the group and a few inside the group have admitted the same feelings. It seems many men are just desiring a passive feminine role these days. Many times our board has had to help new members of both sexes through these hang-ups and then only by Jim and us making it absolutely clear as he did with Karen that nothing will ever be reciprocated by Jim on this level. Even men and women in Jim's large public school

classes are so bold to mention in hearing of our members who attend classes to work on degrees that they are attracted to him and see him as the ideal masculine symbol. Even though Jim practically isolates himself from personal contact (he never counsels anyone alone), he's had to fight this problem with people which has made him anti-social.

At any rate, this is why I reacted to Karen. Jim naturally wouldn't tell you at the time, but I felt you might think it was because she's married to Larry whereas in fact I'd be happy if she really did love Larry and would stick with her marriage, not because I have the slightest fear of Jim responding to her although she is attractive, well-educated and sensitive, but just for that moment Friday I wasn't being objective because of being reminded of the countless times she has looked so flirtatiously at Jim. Yet being married to Larry and knowing Jim to be the ideal man in every way, I can well understand her attraction although I at least never once have flirted with Jim. I wouldn't have been so presumptuous anyway because flirtation puts Jim in the awkward place of having to be so cautious and thus hinders his demonstrating outward affection to people when he is the most compassionate human I've ever met. We confine our affection in church to the children as their motives are pure still and they need love.

I realize that I was always bored by men until I met Jim. Whatever interest I'd



Carolyn Moore marries Larry Layton. July 1967.

have in all men before him faded and boredom ensued within a few days and sex was never fulfilling. I can't express how completely every need for companionship and romance is fulfilled by him. He gives me so much time and he sleeps only a few hours a night. This way he can give his children the time they need to do the things they want and he also gives Marcie the time her psyche needs. He is always there when I need him. Marcie's parents have said that she has been mentally disturbed since childhood, but she has actually been better according to some of the older church people since Jim and I have been relating. Perhaps it's triggered something in her psyche. Jim is the only man I've ever respected, because he is consistently loving. He would like to do many things for me (among them) get me a more comfortable house, but I have refused since I am happy with my quaint little house. Jim was completely faithful to a sick woman for 20 years as Marcie herself will explain, and he is my real companion and love. He is not impressed with the superficiality of many women.

I just wanted to mention that Jim always plays down his own worth and especially the magnitude of the faculty or insight. I mention it only because I've seen him literally save so many from accidents and deaths by giving precise warning where something would happen on a certain date in total detail of the situation, place, people involved, etc., and faith in him seems to play an important

part in his getting these insights, thus caring for you as I do so much I always want you to benefit from any protection that he might afford in this area. I can give you names of hundreds of people (doctors included) in reference to healings and prophecies he has given who can provide immutable proof. I mean intellectuals who were totally atheistic and skeptical as I was. I'm sure you'll see this for yourself in time to come. Everyone else he's met and cared for as he does you always has as well as many he's only known casually. He does respect and love you, which you can't really imagine. Even when he knows things in conversation, he acts as if he doesn't because he feels it makes people uncomfortable except for me because he knows so much about me and accepts me so beautifully that I am not threatened by his insights. I have never been threatened in any of the difficult situations he has in dealing with people's hang-ups since he makes me feel so secure by his actions. He never shares the negative about people, even with me and he doesn't give information that serves no purpose.

Perhaps you wonder why I talk so much about Jim. He is everything to me. He has given my life meaning and purpose and most importantly love. I would trust no other as I trust him.

Thank you again for the darling limericks and the delicious cookies and candy.

If you ever need us, let me know.

Much love, Carolyn



P.S. You have many qualities and strengths to give which I'm sure will be used.

P.S.S. Jim is always concerned about everyone. If there is anything we can do for you and Pat, let me know.

We would both like to have you visit if you would like to come. This is a compliment to ask you since we are so engrossed in each other I don't have time for much outside. We are married for life in the spiritual sense. I never notice other men. They all turn me off because of the joy and beauty I've never known before now.

September 25, 1985

Dear Becky,

...I'm concerned with Carolyn's statement that L [Larry] openly confessed that he was gay. Early you state that the contents of the letters may/may not be true. Here's how I see it.

The letters always served to create/maintain an ideal image of Jim. The letter in question does this. It is also self-serving, and defensive on Carolyn's part. Carolyn and Annie, and others I presume, were always concerned with PT's and Jim's images. This made and makes it difficult to sort out the truth.

I don't know anything about L's sexual orientation, but I would want to make it clear that just because Carolyn wrote that, that did not make it true.

The concern for image was the same as

that of public officials. The p.r. is designed to sell the image. Sorting out image from reality must be taken seriously.

Love, Dad

February 2, 1970

Dear Becky,

Thank you for the letter and the darling little book "The Dumb Cow". It was very clever. You certainly don't have to wait for Pat to come back to come and visit us. Come any Friday or Saturday if you'll let me know ahead of time so I'll be sure to be there. Last Sunday a woman spit up a huge tumor into Jim's hand and immediately afterward her coughing stopped -- she had been coughing for many weeks. The week before, another woman whose doctor diagnosed fatal cancer, passed a growth in the rest room after Jim meditated. Some R.N.'s were present with her in the rest room. Such events happen frequently and never cease to amaze me.

Our church was written up in their [Disciples] national magazine (I sent the article to Mom and Dad). We got such a nice letter from Dad not long ago.

I don't know if I ever told you this, but back in Indiana Jim had 10,000 at his meetings, but he hit them too hard on integration and social issues and they dropped by the wayside. We have over 500 really committed people here which is worth more than thousands of hangers-on. We have many teens and young adults especially.

Jim wanted to say 'Hello' and to tell you he enjoyed your book "The Dumb Cow" also. He has a very good sense of humor -- especially political humor and he writes beautifully also, but has little time to do so. Our communication is so deep that we often can know the other's emotions. I naturally have no parapsychological powers and am very down-to-earth, but I know him so well I often can tell how he will feel about things. He knows more about me than I know myself and always accepts me totally. Total acceptance and communication makes our love deeper than I thought possible between two humans.

Hope all goes well for you -- give regards to Pat.

Love, Carolyn

### Chapter Three

#### ANNIE

When Annie joined Peoples Temple in 1972, John said to himself, "Oh God, isn't one child enough?" Carolyn had cut herself off from us once she became involved in the Temple. We feared that Annie would distance herself from family and friends in the same way.

We hadn't reckoned with Annie's strong sense of independence and offbeat sense of humor. She never took herself very seriously. And in spite of her deep commitment to Peoples Temple, she had difficulty taking it seriously all the time. Life for her was something to use to help people and find a laugh at the same time.

Her commitment to social justice came from a spiritual rather than political viewpoint. While Carolyn told us several times that she was an atheist, Annie seemed to maintain some kind of belief in God. While Carolyn worked from an ideological foundation, Annie worked out of a simple desire to be of some use in the world as she found it. While Carolyn talked seriously, Annie made faces and laughed at everything.

Annie organized a peace vigil in Davis, Califor-

nia when she was in high school, and challenged the school administration to let her show a media presentation on the air war in Vietnam at a school assembly. She collected the money for the Yolo County Hunger Hike and hid the proceeds in the butter compartment of the refrigerator.

In 1969, Annie wrote a letter to my first husband Patrick, who was going through Army medical training at Fort Sam Houston in Texas. She was fifteen years old.

...The army is a tough place to be, but there are a lot of tough places to be. Just let's think of every soldier and every Vietnamese farmer and family and all of the Biafran people and even here in the U.S. The world is full of them. That's what it is. I can say I'm glad I'm not in your shoes or in any army boy's shoes. Life is full of sacrifices. That's what [United Methodist minister] Phillip Walker told us and some people have to do the dirty work and some are luckier...

I can have an easy conscience because I don't have to do much of the dirty work. That's what life's all about and I'm sure you know it, but I just thought I'd remind you...

Some things you just can't explain, but with one mind you can do wonders, and with two you can do more, and with three you can do even more. We are really in control of our lives, and if we think positive, it works better. You can't forget the suffering, but you can feel better. You make other people feel better too...

In the summer of 1971, she stayed with Pat and me in Washington, D.C. She got acquainted with some of our friends as we organized a group house which became known at "Sanitary House", because the Sanitary Market was located on the corner.

During that summer, she volunteered at Children's Hospital, an older hospital in the heart of Washington's black ghetto. She rode the bus through rundown parts of town every day, carrying her guitar to play for the kids. She spent most of her time in the hospital's burn ward, where children with grisly wounds looked forward to her visits. She became friends with one child in particular, Tyrone, who had been set on fire by some teenagers.

The next year she stood at a crossroads. John described it in his speech at Kansas State University:

...Annie was graduated from high school in June 1972. We traveled East. There were two places she wanted to go. She wanted to see her sister and brother-in-law in Washington, and the Yazoo Delta in Mississippi. She loved soul, jazz and blues. She had made a ceramic man, an old man sitting in a chair, playing his guitar. She wanted to see if the Yazoo Delta was as she had imagined it. In September we moved to Berkeley. Annie visited Carolyn over the weekend. They gave her the hard sell, and she changed her plans to live with Becky in Washington. She chose to become a member of Peoples Temple. Barbara was crushed.

Pat and I were disappointed. We'd looked forward to her living with us. She explained her decision in a letter.



Ann Moore, high school graduation. June 1972.

August 7, 1972

Dear Becky and Pat,

Well, I have finally made up my mind for good I think and I am not going to stay permanently with you. It was hard for me to make that decision since I have been looking forward to it for almost a year. I hope you won't be angry at me for not coming to stay and I hope that you won't think that I don't love you. Maybe you'll be relieved.

The reason is because (and you'll probably groan) I am going to maybe live with Carolyn or in one of her church dorms. I visited her and her church a week or so ago and I am convinced

that it is a good place to be. (Even better than D.C. I guess.) I get along with you guys better than I get along with Carolyn but I think her church really has something to offer. It seems like most of the people who go there, stay. Well, now I know why. Her church or Jim Jones has and knows more secrets about the world than any other group or person. Also their church is socialist in the real sense (the kind of society Jesus was talking about). I thought I may be dumping the real regular world by joining with them, but I think there is little alone that I can do.

So that's my decision. I was also convinced about Jim Jones' power and his 'words of wisdom' when I saw him pull incurable cancers out of peoples' throats. I've never heard of any faith healer who could do that (let alone any doctor). So as you can imagine, Mom and Dad are really bugged by my decision because they think that Carolyn's church is a real weirdo church. I must admit that I think it's pretty weird. But the reason people are afraid of it and ridicule it is because they don't understand it, and because they are skeptics. So if I hadn't of gone to visit Carolyn I would still be coming to Washington and although I was really looking forward to being in Washington, I'm glad that I will be involved with Peoples Temple. You probably think that I am brainwashed and stuff, but I think I am a sensible person and no one can tell me what to do. I decide for myself.

I think another reason why Mom and Dad are bugged is because they think I'll be like Carolyn and cut all ties with my family and friends which I have tried to convince them that I won't do. Carolyn kind of went overboard and I don't think I'm the kind that would. Well, enough talk of this. Now you know what I have decided. I hope you will still like me and not think I have deserted you. And I hope you will treat me the same and not like some mentally ill person from Peoples Temple. So I'll see you when Mom and Dad and I come and I hope I haven't caused you any trouble like moving around



in the house and stuff.

Love, Annie

Pat and I didn't like it, and we told her so. We were selfish: we wanted her to live with us. But we had also seen Carolyn's withdrawal from the family. Our letter in reply must have been critical, because Annie wrote back on September 3, 1972:

...You obviously think that the Peoples Temple is just another cult or religious fanatic place or something like that. Well, I'm kind of offended that you would think I would stoop so low as to join some weirdo group. I think I am a pretty sensible person and I can tell what's real and what's not. People have a hard time fooling me. The reason that the Temple is great is not just because Jim Jones can make people cough up cancers but because there is the largest group of people I have ever seen who are concerned about the world and are fighting for truth and justice for the world. And all the people have come from such different backgrounds, every color, every age, every income group, and they have turned into constructive people from being dopers and thieves and being greedy, wanting lots of money and having 'things'. So anyway it's the only place I have seen real true Christianity being practiced. Well, I can't explain all of why I want to go there; I guess I kind of want to be a follower because I sure can't try to change the world all by myself.

Love, Annie

The exchange of letters continued. We expressed our skepticism and doubt. Annie defended her choice.

September 25, 1972

Dear Pat,

Sorry if my last letter bugged you. Your letter back was good. I know already now, that the Peoples Temple isn't phony, but I will show you and Becky that in time. The faith healing stuff bothers everyone at first; they have people in the church who were more skeptical than you are, so I guess they are the kinds who have to 'see it to believe it.' Anyway, that's not the most important part of the church.

Jim says that after death (or after the heart stops beating and breathing stops) the subconscious of the person still lingers and by making that man I told you about last time come back to life he transmits his spirit (or whatever) and says stuff like, 'We love you, and care about you,' I'm not sure what else, and the body functions come back along with consciousness. Normally anyone who came back to life after 12 minutes would have brain damage, but Jim has extraordinary power I guess. I certainly don't understand all of it. Anyway, people can't be brought back to life if their subconscious has gone somewhere else, but when people have been pronounced dead, many times their subconscious has still been lingering around their bodies...

Annie believed in the sincerity of the faith

healings. At the same time, she decided to pursue a career in medicine. Her experiences at Children's Hospital did not discourage her from thinking about entering the field of nursing. She worked as a nurse's aide at a convalescent home in Ukiah shortly after joining the Temple. A nursing friend remarked that if she could do geriatric nursing, she could do any kind of nursing.

It turned out that she could, and that she wanted to. She applied to the nursing school at Santa Rosa Junior College, and eventually was admitted into the program.

Within a few months of joining the Temple and moving to Redwood Valley, Annie's job at Ukiah Convalescent Hospital dominated her thoughts.

December 2, 1972

Dear Pat and Becky,

Hi! How come you haven't written to me? I've been waiting because I figured it was your turn to write me. I've been really busy lately with working and the church. Did you know that I got a job? I work as a nurse's aide at Ukiah Convalescent Hospital. The work is really hard and tiring but I like it OK because I like the old folks. It's a messy job of cleaning up the people and crap. The funny part of it is going around and seeing who's had a B.M. Then you have to ask if it is large, medium or small. You have to watch with half the people because half of them don't know what they're doing anyway because when Mendocino State Hospital closed down, most of the convalescent hospitals got their share of patients coming to their hospital.

What they do in ours is hide them all in the back so when people come in, they won't see them. The patients in the front get a whole lot more visitors than in the back. The people in the convalescent hospital are really pathetic, some of them, but there sure a lot of humorous moments too. I sure rush around all day to get my work done. The employer is a real snot so the place is underhanded [understaffed]. You have 12 patients usually and although that may not seem like many, it is if you have to dress half of them and change the beds and run around trying to find someone to help you lift them. You have to keep changing some of them too in the afternoon before the P.M. shift comes on because they'll have a fit if anyone is wet when they come to work. Our morning shift is the hardest of all I am told. I work from 6:30 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. It sure is tiring by the time you get through spending your day on your feet, running around. I get to do some official stuff like irrigating catheters, measuring urine, and writing in charts. I have never given a shot and know I won't do that. Oh, I've taken blood pressure too. So it's o.k. work.

I applied to Santa Rosa Junior College and hope I can get into their nursing program. I will be going in January if I get accepted, but I don't know how soon I can get into the nursing program because they are really tight when it comes to that. They try to discourage you before you get a chance to see if that's what you want to do. But I won't be discouraged.

I'll have an extra bonus especially after working in Children's Hospital in Washington and from working here, if I do O.K. here. All I can say is that I'm doing as well as I know how. It's hard work.

I'm sure glad to be living here in Redwood Valley. It's really beautiful country around here and I love the people in the church. It's the only place I ever saw that people aren't phony and really come face-to-face with their hang-ups and problems. It's really refreshing because then you don't have to deal with people through blocks they put up. If they have molested children, they say they did but they don't any more. Or if they have had homosexual experiences, they say so and that makes one less block to communicate through. No one really cares what you have done anyway. As long as you're doing good now, it doesn't matter. The main part is working for change in our society but you can't work effectively or as Jesus said, 'You have to take the cinder out of your own eye before you can change others.' (Or something like that.) So that's what we're doing and I think that's the most important thing to do.

I don't mind sacrificing things to help change the society because there's not much in this world to offer anyway. I don't see how anyone can find happiness or true satisfaction or whatever until the whole world is free of oppression and people are totally equal, honest and unselfish. I'm not worrying about getting married anymore because no

matter what the cover-up is, people don't act like their marriages are all happy and fulfilling like the big romantic story is. Anyway the dudes around here are real creepy and I think they're a bunch of queers anyway. So are girls queers too but it seems like dudes are worse off, so I don't want to hassle with it.

This church offers a place where you'll never be lonely and the counseling group stays up till 5 in the morning doing stuff. People are really giving. So we have here a real apostolic community, just the way Jesus was saying with black and white and old and young. And the reason I know it ain't fake is how could it be if the leader can bring life to dead people, make the blind see, the lame walk, know the thoughts of your mind and the intents of your heart. I can tell a fake if I see one. I literally saw in one meeting this



Annie and Willie. 1973.

lady's leg literally grow out four inches because it was shorter than the other leg. Last week I saw 8 people cured of blindness, four of them totally blind for all of their life. And of course spitting up cancers and expelling them from the anus or vagina is old stuff. So I know it's real. Anyway, that's not the most important part. That's just a sideline so that we will know that working for true brotherhood is the right thing to do.

Willie [the dog] is doing fine and likes Redwood Valley I think. We have lots of animals around. It sure gets cold here, though.

Well, tell me how Washington is and how you like school and work.

Love, Annie

Say hi to the people and tell Barbara [a friend of mine] especially that I like the church.

Annie's experiences in Peoples Temple, meeting people of different classes and races, made a profound impression upon her. In the spring of 1973, Barbara wrote me that:

Annie spent two days with us during Easter vacation but was very pressured to finish her term paper so was not exactly her old whimsical self. No smiles, just a few good piano workouts. She's going through culture shock, I believe. She now realizes how the poor live and the way it really is for so many people in the U.S. and the world. I thought she already knew before she began

going to services at Peoples Temple, but I guess not...

Peoples Temple changed her life. The decision to join was not an easy one, but once made, she committed her life and thoughts to the institution. John reflected upon her choice in a letter to me dated December 5, 1979:

...When Annie decided to join PT, she quoted scripture, which I'm sure she had been taught in PT.

'If you love me less than your family, you are not worthy of me...' Jesus' words about forsaking family and following him. Matt. 10:37 'take up your cross...' 'forsake mother and father, sons and daughters, and follow me...'

This was actually the choice Annie was feeling. She wanted us to join PT. She wanted us to be together. She did not want to cut the tie with family. The tie would not have been cut if we had joined PT. She chose a new family. This is the choice that often confronts the young, perhaps always in marriage, or joining a religious order. The new family she chose did not allow her the freedom we had respected.

Matt. 19:21 'Go sell all you have and give to the poor...' Annie sold her records. Mom bought them from her. She was going to sell her guitar, but PT told her not to sell that. She entered PT in the same way a woman might enter a religious order .. with a vow of poverty. Mom knows more about this.



What Annie had been taught in the home about loyalty beyond mother and dad, i.e., loyalty to God, and readiness to renounce possessions, or a distancing from possessions, were the things in PT that pulled her ... among other things. We could not renounce what we had taught, although we did not like her new allegiance... [ellipses in original]

The following letters date from 1973 to 1974, and reflect Annie's views on life, nursing, Peoples Temple, and Jim Jones. She also discusses men, somewhat cynically, although she doesn't include her boyfriend, Chris Rozyngo, in her characterization of all men as "queer".

January 7, 1973

Dear Pat and Becky,

Howdy! You should be back in Washington by now. I'm glad I got to visit with you even though it was for such a short time. I sure was busy that Christmas week. I worked for six days in a row after I visited with you guys. Then I skipped a day and worked four days in a row. My schedule is always so wierd. I won't have to hassle with it much longer because I'll be starting at Santa Rosa Junior College on February 5. I have my appointment on this Tuesday. Hopefully I'll know what I'm doing and I'll do well -- hope, hope. The thing I'm worried about most is chemistry and other math courses. Well, I guess I won't bother myself worrying about them.

Thanks for that neat photograph and the

book you gave me. Everyone likes Becky's original photographing techniques and the book is really interesting so far. Three people have died in the hospital since I've been there. I didn't know any of them very well. Two of them were so sickly that they were like walking skeletons but one was a surprise to me because he seemed to be O.K. -- to me. Now the place is full -- 58 beds. I've had it kind of easy lately because I haven't had to clean up any B.M.'s in peoples' beds or pants. Just wait until tomorrow or the next day. I'll probably have some awful messes.

I hope you are enjoying school O.K. again. You never told me too much about it. I guess there wasn't much to tell. School is school.

The Christmas service at church which we had New Year's Day was really good. The reason we celebrated on New Year's is because after Christmas the prices on toys are cut in half and the kids get double what they would normally get if they were to spend \$16 on each child before Christmas day. Some really miraculous things happened in the service. People are always being restored after dying but better things than that happened this time.

Well, Nixon makes me boil. It's too bad people don't see how much like Hitler he is. I think he is a devious person. He doesn't have any intention to end the war at all. I don't see how the American people can be fooled by all of his lies. He keeps putting us off again and again.

Well, enough of him. Thanks again for the good stuff. Say hi to Sanitary House folks and tell Barbara that I really like it here. She wondered about it.

Love, Annie

February 4, 1973

Dear Pat and Becky,

I just moved to Santa Rosa a couple of days ago. The dorms are really neat. All they are are duplexes that the church bought. Ours will have seven girls in it. The garage is all fixed up and has all of the beds in it. There are bunk beds. Then there's the kitchen and living room and three bedrooms which are converted into study rooms with each person having his or her own special desk with partitions kind of like at the library. It's really neat. Everyone is gone right now except for a few of us because we had to stay to take a nursing entrance exam. (It's the weekend and everyone else is in the L.A. meeting.) The test was sure weird. They want to know some funny things before you become a nurse. There was a vocabulary test making you give synonyms and antonyms of words. Then there was a math part (easy math), science part, a general information part and a reading comprehension part. The general information part had some pretty dumb questions on it. One of them had the word Tinkerbelle and you had to match it with A) Robin Hood B) Peter Pan C) Jack and the Beanstalk D) The Old

Man and the Sea. It was sure a dumb question. Overall, it was an easy test compared to the SAT test that I took. (Watch me wreck up on this one.) Oh, and at the end of this test there was a psychological part asking like A) I like to read about murders and other violence in the paper or B) I would like to be a recognized authority in my field -- and you had to choose which one you would rather do. They kept repeating it again and again these questions to try and catch you up on it. I had a hard time figuring this test out. On some I can figure them out but this one was different. So, I hope I did good so I can get into nursing school...

How is everything in Washington, D.C.? I know a girl here who lived there all her life. We were talking about it there. Everyone likes that picture you took and mounted, Becky. I'm still reading the death and dying book but am almost through with it. It really is a good book.

Oh, I quit my job a week ago at the hospital. I totally earned about \$500 in the 2½ months I worked there so I didn't earn much, but it has been a little bit of help to me. It costs \$750 a year to live in these dorms. That pays for food, room and books so that is pretty good. We have to pay for our own personal articles. Well, I have more letters to write...

Love, Annie

February 21, 1973

Dear Boo-Boo,

Hope you have an exciting 24th of February now that you'll be a big 22 years old. I thought this was a cute card, appropriate for you.

School is exciting for a change, what a shock! I actually am enjoying it. I'll tell you about my classes. First I have Sociology 2 -- The Study of Social Problems and 'Deviances'. We had a prostitute come in last week to talk to us. All I could think was that from her attitude, she sure was masochistic. This week we have some people from the gay liberation coming...

I really like my English 1A class. It is readings on social problems. My book is called Love, Violence, Capitalism and Other Topics and has excerpts of things written by all kinds of people like Dostoevsky, Erich Fromm and Eldridge Cleaver. I always argue in that class. I don't want to sound egotistical but most of the people in that class are sure dumb, especially the teacher. She tries to be hip and be in on the new stuff happening today but she just can't quite 'get it on'. My best friend in that class is a 35-year-old housewife. I'm not speaking as Miss Experience but most of the people in that class sure are naive about the world. I like the class though because it's more fun to argue than always everybody agreeing on something...

I really like Santa Rosa J.C. It is a beautiful campus and the classes aren't full



Barbara and Annie.



of any more idiots than a university, contrary to popular belief of snooty 'intellectuals'. I like living in the dorms too. There are three and what they are are 3 duplexes. We have seven people in ours and it works good. All the bunkbeds are in the converted garage. Then two rooms are study rooms with desks and one room is for storage and then there's the kitchen and living room. It may sound small, but I like it and get along well with the people. We are all organized so that the house is always clean and people can't leave messes around and have their certain chores.

Anyway, I like it here so far. I hope you have a cheery birthday and have a good time. I was glad to get yours and Pat's letters.

Love, Annie

March 30, 1973

Dear Pat and Becky,

How are you? I was glad to receive your letter, Boo-Boo. The train is going by our house right now. We live right near the railroad tracks. In fact, they are right behind us. They don't ever wake me up in the night, though. I am usually so tired. I average about four hours of sleep a night. It's not quite enough but I'm hoping it will be soon. I feel good all day when I get just six hours. That is an average for me now. It just shows that you can adjust yourself to

less sleep if you want to or have to...

I don't know if you two or Mom and Dad understand where my thinking is. You see, I don't care if I have a so-called 'good time' and take time out for my personal pleasures. All I want is to work hard for the ultimate goal -- brotherhood for all. I'm not interested in carrying on a relationship with a dude at least right now. I have never found enjoyment at parties or games or going to movies. I don't believe anyone can enjoy life or really be happy with so much pain and suffering in the world. They would have to be totally unfeeling if they did. It's not fair for me to have more 'things' than someone else, or more money to spend on personal pleasures than others. Americans are such gluttons. We eat so much more than we need while 2 out of 3 people in the world are starving. We put all of these poisons into our systems like meat and other unhealthy food. Then everyone wonders why so many people have cancer today. I can't believe how unconcerned about the state of our country and the world that people are. Here each one of our checks that we write is photographed, it is impossible to take \$5,000 or more over the state border without telling why, slowly our freedom of the press is being taken away, Nixon says our Congress is irresponsible, people were arrested for bringing food to people who were protesting at Wounded Knee, Billy Graham goes to South Africa and says how wonderful it is there and all kinds of other things are



happening. Anyway things are going to get worse and worse unless people join together and make them better. I want to be in on changing the world to be a better place and I would give my life for it. So I don't care about cute dudes or good times. I am the gladdest I have ever been, to be in this church working for social justice and brotherhood. There's no place else that I would rather be because I know I am doing what my conscious [conscience] says is right to do.

It's not important that Jim Jones can heal people of cancer and blindness. What counts is that he gives his whole self for others. He averages 2 hours of sleep a week because he is up all night doing counseling and church work. I never saw any soul care and have so much love for all aspects of life as I have in Jim Jones. He would not kill the slightest bug or pull a weed unless it was harming man as a whole. I've never seen such dedication in any person before. This is how I know the church is good. No one else could bring black and white as close together as in the church. Anyway, I want to work hard and make something of myself because I have the brains (I think) and I should put them to good use. It took me a while to figure this out but I finally did.

So, now you know how I think. I hope you and everyone else in Sanitary House are doing well. Everything is okay with me. I'll hear from you another time.

Love, Annie

June 14, 1973

Dear Pat and Becky,

Well, it's taken me a long time to write but at least I'm finally writing. I've got all kinds of things to tell you...

The super-duper good news is that I got accepted into the nursing school here at Santa Rosa! Out of 500 or more applicants, they picked 40 students to be in the program, and I really lucked out. So, I'll have my R.N. is just two years and if I want to go on further, I can. I don't know what gave you the impression that I didn't like medicine and that I was doing it because I wanted to help the suffering in the world. I enjoy the sciences, especially physical sciences. I have always been interested in different diseases and physical anatomy. (Pat seemed to think this. I don't know if you thought this, Becky.) I can't think of anything I would rather do right now than become a nurse. They put you right to work in the program that I am in, right in the hospital. I'll know how to give shots by this December even, so they really put you to it. No one from Santa Rosa Nursing School has ever flunked the board examination. At least they said 99% of their students pass. Someone told me that they flunk everyone out of school before they can get far enough to get out of school.

Anyway I am glad to be in nursing school and I'm actually pretty proud of myself for it. In response to Pat's letter about Bach, I think Bach was a good guy but music isn't

all there is. You don't give a starving man a Bach concert or give a person who is burned all over a Bach concert. I don't know how great a loss it would have been if Bach hadn't been around. To me, the greatest person is someone devoted to working for justice and brotherhood for all and not one who isolates himself from the problems of the world to 'do his thing'. How could one even compare any musical genius or artist or inventor or scientist to someone who would give his all for others. I'm comparing Beethoven and Franklin to someone like Jesus I guess. There's not much to compare, to me, because they are at such different extremes.

Well, I get a week off, and then I get to start summer school. I have to take anatomy before I start nursing. I'll be living in Redwood Valley so write to me there because I'm going to commute to school. I'm going to find a part-time job somewhere too. I was hoping for somewhere other than Ukiah Convalescent Hospital, but knowing how hard it is to find work, I'll probably end up working there. I still never got a job as a hamburger flipper but maybe I will someday.

What are your summer plans? Do both of you still work at the same places? Who's going to move into the house with you guys? I bet it's getting really hot and humid in Washington now.

Well, I must go now. I've got to look for a job this morning. Then I get to clean up the house and take care of the animals. We

now have six dogs (including Willie), four cats, one new kitten and one myna bird named Barney. It's real nice here. I hope to hear from you.

Love, Annie

August 1, 1973

Dear Pat and Becky,

How are you? I've been fine and busy. I'm going to summer school here in Santa Rosa and am taking an anatomy class. In lab we took EKG's the other day and naturally mine was the weirdest-looking one of all. My heart waves barely showed up... I found from the testing that my heart overreacts to everything. We also did some blood testing the other day in class. We already had some blood in the lab that was stored so most of the people used it. But a few of us used our own blood, like me and my white blood count came out just right. So that was good since my heart beat was so screwed up before...

I'll be glad when summer school is over or else when I'm living in Santa Rosa and going to school there at the same time. I'm getting all excited about nursing school. I'm the youngest one or one of the youngest ones in the program now. When I start in September, they will put us all in the hospital right off. I'll know how to give shots by December and everything. They told me that they first practice on oranges. I'd rather do that than practice on each other at first. I

guess I'll have to get used to blood and gore again from when I was working at Children's [Hospital in Washington, D.C.] with the burn patients. One lady must have had cancer on her legs here at the hospital and they are all raw as if the cancer was just cut off. They were something to get used to. They are looking a lot better now.

Boy, all I can say is that our society is really screwed. This hospital is such a perfect example of how bad it is. Nobody cares about old people. They are just a lot of excess material hanging around, cluttering up the world to Americans. It makes me sick how they are treated. Most of them are just as sweet as they could be and could use some loving care, yet some of these nurse's aides treat them as if they are some object or piece of machinery the way they throw them around, rolling them one way and then the other way. It sickens me to even think this is one of the better convalescent hospitals around. Just imagine the hundreds of other places that are worse than this.

We always seem to completely or almost completely discard all that we don't feel comfortable around; all that we want to have nothing to do with. I remember seeing a program about the mentally retarded and it talked of the terrible conditions these 'creatures' were in. It showed the poor children naked, all curled up on the floor screaming and moaning, many banging their heads against the wall or floor. It makes me

sick how people could even joke about the retarded and call each other 'retard!' Then we shove off all who have committed crimes (many committing the crime of just being black) off to prison. It is so terrible to think of all of those who have been set off from our society because us more fortunate ones don't have the care, time or patience to do something constructive with them.

I guess it must be some kind of test to have all of these ones around to see how people will respond; who will be compassionate and who will want to do their own thing. It is so painful to think of all of this suffering that exists right now that most of us don't want to hear anything about it. We would rather live as ostriches with our heads in the sand than face the truth, the whole world stirring and churning full of many different kinds of suffering.

I didn't want to get on a low note but I was just sitting here at work thinking of everything outside of my own little world, imagining how it would be to have to be in a hospital like this. That is what set off the rest of this brainstorm. The world is such a crazy mixed-up place. Anyone that would think it is wonderful and great must be completely set off and isolated from the reality of the world. There are many good people in the world, this I don't deny, but it is hard for single persons to make a change in the world, in fact it is most probably impossible.

That's why I am so glad to be here in

this church or body of persons here in Redwood Valley. I have never before met such a caring group of people who love truth, justice and freedom. I don't know anywhere where you will find such a huge group that is totally integrated with all races, ages, income backgrounds that get along so well. The animal shelter, children's home, senior citizen homes and college dormitories are only a few of our projects. Practically all of the students down at the dorms now (which are just converted duplexes) wouldn't have had the chance to even go to college because they did not have the money and because they may have done so poorly in elementary school. But anybody that can't pay, the church pays for. We recently paid the tuition for two of the students to go to medical school. Both, before they were in the church were drug users, one of which was so bad that he had brain damage. Some of the people said that when they knew him before, when he first came, he didn't even know his name, he was so strung out. It's really neat to see all of these people who never had a chance or who were screwy on drugs, now take a concern for what is going on in the world, working for change.

Mom and Dad could tell you about Mr. Muggs, the chimpanzee. Muggs kept jumping on Dad's head when he and Mom came up to visit. He's the funniest thing. The other day he took all of the cans of Spam in Joyce [Touchette]'s (the lady he belongs to) house and opened them and gave them to the cats. That was so funny

when we heard it. Muggs is too much. I'm just so glad to know that there is a group of people who care so much for animals that they will take in any homeless animal.

And on Christmas it was so great to see each child have an equal Christmas. Little black children who had never known what it was like to have a Christmas with presents have one here. And everybody doesn't get the same thing. It is all different, but each has a certain amount (the same amount) of money spent on them. I think that is really great. At any rate I'm glad to be here although I wish I could see you folks again soon. Well, Pat, I've been here over six months, so now you know it's not phony. I had some doubts at first, but I have seen too much already and know that this is real.

Well, I hope I'll be able to see you sometime in the near future. That was interesting to hear of your experiences with writing and talking to those people about the towns in France and South America, Becky. I'm glad to see you are interested in those other political systems since ours obviously doesn't work well at all. I hope you both enjoyed Freeman although I'm glad I wasn't there to experience him. I do fine without him. July 4 leaves bad memories for me anyway since beside that being 'Independence Day' for America that was the day little Tyrone was lit on fire by these teenage boys. I won't ever forget Tyrone.

Well, write again. Carolyn says hello



and to give you her love and so do all of the animals.

Love, Annie

January 17, 1974

Dear Pat and Becky,

Well, I'm finally finished with finals and I sure am relieved. I did well in both my nursing and nutrition classes. I spent my entire Christmas vacation doing my term paper for nursing and fortunately and rightly so I got a 99% on it. (1% off for misspelled words. I re-read my paper again and it turns out that my teacher missed half of my misspelled words...)

I have really learned a lot about medical stuff along with learning about people this one semester. One thing is that the nurses in a regular acute hospital aren't much more sensitive to the patient's feelings or anything than the nurse's aides at the convalescent hospital that I worked at. They made fun of this man that was incontinent of his bowels and already had a urinary catheter and felt de-masculinated because he had a prostatectomy and vasectomy, both. This one dumb-ass of a nurse told me what a dumb-ass I was for buying a Datsun or having one and that I should buy from Americans and all this stuff. She is always convinced that anyone who shits in their bed does it on purpose just to get attention. I hope that when she gets old that she can't control her bowels

and then maybe she won't think that.

Anyway I really enjoyed the presents you sent. I've already worn all of them. Everyone comments especially on the muffler and hat and all. I really needed them so thank you very much. My present for you guys will have to do, I guess, even though it got kind of messed up. I wish I would have had time to make something better. When are you guys moving or are you going to? I bet you'll miss that old house if you do.

Thank you for those poems, Pat. I finally have a chance to read them, now that I get two weeks off from studying.

I've been practicing the piano a lot. Did you know that I am getting taught lessons from our church organist and the pianist? They want me to be able to play if they need a fill-in sometime. It's really neat because it's that gospel-type stuff and the pianist (who does most of my teaching) sings just like Aretha Franklin and plays better than any of those people on the radio. I feel really fortunate to be able to learn from her. She refused an offer to go big time, just so she could play for the church.

Chris Rozyngo (my Russian friend) is fine I guess. He's been on a break for more than a month from S.F. State. He'll probably go back to school when I do. I think I already told you that he's studying to be a lawyer. I'm bringing him home next weekend to meet Mom and Dad (or just Mom if Dad is at a meeting).

Well, I have to be going on now because the library is closed now. Hope to hear from you soon.

Love, Annie

(Also this is my last piece of stationery and it would look weird with an old piece of binder paper attached to it.)

May 2, 1974

Dear Pat,

Happy Birthday (belated of course). What would it be like for me to send a birthday card or present on time? At any rate, I know how little time you have, but I was hoping you may have time to read this in the summer. I don't know how popular or well-known this book is out there in Washington, but everyone is talking about it here in California. At any rate it is pertinent, and written in an interesting manner, unlike some books of its kind.

I don't have too much time to be writing but I thought I should. I'm really bogged down with schoolwork in nursing and microbiology. I just had my 6-week clinical evaluation and my teacher told me I did everything excellently. She likes me, anyway, so probably anything that I might do, she would like. I have learned the way to go about kissing asses so that is a major factor in getting good grades. You learn to agree with everything the instructors say and do and be sure to ask them lots of questions to build their egos. I'm

sure my pleasant attitude has helped me to pass the class. It really is difficult for such a crammed period of time. We learn in two years what a regular R.N. learns in four years. I was talking to a friend who is a R.N. and is in the nurse practitioner program now and she graduated from the SRJC program too. She said that our school is so hard that they only pick 'the cream of the crop' to be in it. I don't know how creamy I am, but I know you sure can't be a dummy to get through. I'm going to have to study my butt off in the next few weeks so I will do well on the exams.

Next year will probably be interesting in the program. All of the second year teachers are active homosexuals. There are three women and the director who lives with his boyfriend. I don't mind at all because I would rather have that than some phony-acting feminine-type teacher that I have now and some creepy flirtatious man who tries to get you all the time. I just found it interesting because it seems like a lot of people in nursing are homosexual. Maybe it just seems this way. I'm not imagining this either, because Joyce, the girl I told you about, who is working for her practitioner degree walked in on one of them making out with her (the teacher's) girlfriend when she went here to school. I don't know how well I will do with the male, but he and I get along well, but I know with the women, I can try to appeal to them for a good grade. Oh yes, I have learned how to get a good grade besides doing good school work.

You should see how some of the teachers have done with Debbie [Blakey] and some of the other girls here. One teacher was coming on to Debbie and this other girl, Jeanette, all the time and as long as they flirted with him, they did well. Another teacher Debbie had, when she talked to him about her low grades in one class he told her not to worry about her grades and that he graded on other things and gave her this weird smile. She luckily has gotten A's on her other tests for him, but isn't that something how if you kiss-ass you can do well. I'm going to always talk to my teachers from now on (I always have in J.C.), because it really works. You should try it if you haven't. It is pretty humiliating sometimes, but becoming a nurse is so important to me that I'll do it. After I finish with school, then I can tell them off. Well, I must study for microbiology as I am having a midterm exam for it this Monday. So, happy birthday and I hope the present gets to you about the same time as this letter. This is for Becky to read, too.

Love, Annie

Sorry I couldn't think of a more original present. I had no time, this time, to draw a picture. Chris says hi, too.

## Chapter Four

### GOOD MONTHS

Our initial impression of Peoples Temple was mixed at best. The loss of Carolyn and Annie to the church hurt in a way no other parting had. A letter from Barbara shortly after Annie joined describes her reaction:

December 7, 1972

Greetings and Seasonal Salutations,

It's snowing here this A.M. Very watery stuff however and although I am dressed in boots and stuff in preparation for battling the curving mountainous roads here and traffic below, the thunder and now heavy rains are a bit discouraging...

I am trying to feel all happy and hunky-dory after being cut-off from all relatives and the familiar and discovering already that Dad and I are not included in some of the churchly 'inner-circle' dinner parties of Berkeley. The latter is okay as they are often a bore.

The other thing I really need to come to grips with, or 'gripes' with is this Ukiah thing with Carolyn and Annie. How this could happen to two gals brought up in a liberal tradition in a home where social service was a way of life is beyond me -- almost. It's the primitive beliefs of Jim Jones that aggravate and of course he himself is still fighting the battle of his past fundamentalism. The way our two dears swallow that reincarnation blap is amazing. Of course there's no proof one way or the other but why can't they sift out, weigh and accept or reject some of the concepts and carry on without this kind of Jehovah's Witness-type zeal to save us and the world for reincarnation. And of course their way is the true and 'right' way.

I guess I'm still beating myself mentally for even allowing Annie to visit Carolyn that one crucial day last summer. It was decisive. On the other hand, it may have happened anyway. Annie is a person of great artistic and musical talent. She is at present undergoing a true fallow period (perhaps it's just one of readjustment). When she attempted to design a masthead for John's monthly paper, it was a real bomb! This is completely foreign to her creativity. She really has it. I suppose the shock of it all was too much for me. Dad assures me that once you have it, it cannot be taken away. Lord, I hope he's right.

Of course the crucial thing for all parents whose children are grown is the ability to 'let go'. But I suppose I am still one of

those traditional sentimentalists who thinks Christmas is for families together and that it is good to meet for a big family feast. But I am sure I shall recover. I already have plans in my mind for cooking up a big meal and inviting friends rather than relatives...

Much love, Ol' Mama

Less than a year later, another letter reflected a more positive attitude.

July 11, 1973

Greetings from your friendly Berkeley Motel and Restaurateur!

...We journed to Ukiah last Tuesday to celebrate Carolyn's birthday a few days early. Had a lovely experience. We took her a purple rug and flowery lavender bedspread for her bedroom and some oriental gifts for Patricia [Cartmell] since she likes that sort of thing and also had a birthday and of course a cake and candles.

We all ate out and had a yummy meal. Then we went over to Jim's house to meet Mr. Muggs, the chimpanzee, and some of the Church members. Mr. Muggs really was taken with Dad and sat on his head!

It was worth every mile we drove just to meet a 97-year-old black lady named 'Ever-Re-joicing' who cooks for one of the small retirement homes there. Not a line in her face and so remarkable that she should have a documentary made about her. I think the reason the people in the homes there seem to thrive



and live on is that they know they are loved and they are permitted to run their homes and feel useful.

The whole endeavor is a wonderful experiment in living and theoretically and realistically our whole society should be doing likewise. So I guess I'm kind of a convert too -- and my prosperous So. Calif. relatives will just have to put up with the rest of us and our socialistic leanings ... and 'writing in communist papers!!!!' I must confess, however, I still kind of relish each and every antique I possess, the piano and the sofas.

Annie is doing well in anatomy and working hard at the Convalescent Home in Ukiah. She looks fine and even her short hair is shaped nicely. Has a boyfriend attending San Francisco State. She looks very pink-cheeked and healthy and seems to thrive on hard work...

Well -- much love,  
Mother

A year later, the news that Carolyn was pregnant brought both joy and anxiety to our household. "She called to ask if she could live with us," John said, speaking in Manhattan, Kansas.

Those were good months with Carolyn and Annie coming here frequently. Jim [Jones] was there often. Jim-Jon was born in January [1975] and we were proud grandparents.

Carolyn had taught in both the Potter Valley and Ukiah high schools. Her relationship with Jim Jones had

deepened. She told us that he was the father of her baby.

In August of 1974, Carolyn went to live with John and Barbara in Berkeley. Jim, his sons, and other Temple members came often to the big house on Ashby Avenue. The Temple had opened a branch in San Francisco in 1972, and members from Redwood Valley attended services in San Francisco every week. John and Barbara were able to attend several events at the Temple, and became acquainted with many members.

Several times, Barbara raised the question of marriage with Jim. This would have meant a divorce from his wife, Marceline. John wrote me that:

Jim responded that he had tried to persuade Carolyn to do this. Carolyn almost always, as best I recall, met the question with silence. I think now those were words for our benefit. Jim and Marcie's relationship was always eulogized whenever I was in their meetings. I think that Carolyn accepted that reality.

In our conversation after Carolyn's request, I expressed the feeling that Carolyn was not asking us about marriage. She was asking us about living with us during her pregnancy. Barbara called back soon saying that we would be glad to have her.

Early during her stay with us, Jim told me that Carolyn had gone to an abortion clinic. According to Jim, he sensed that she might be trying to get an abortion. He tracked her down in the clinic and persuaded her to cancel the abortion. According to him, she was waiting to have the abortion done right then.

I never discussed this with Carolyn, and have only Jim's word.

James John Prokes was born January 31, 1975 at Merritt Hospital in Oakland. John had married Carolyn and Michael Prokes, with Mike in absentia in Guyana. Mike, the Temple publicist, was giving his name to the baby, since his relationship with Carolyn was platonic. In December 1974 John went into his study and found a marriage license on his desk, with a note asking him to sign it. The marriage would legitimize the unborn baby. John felt used:

I was angry with Carolyn that she had not talked to me about marriage... She and Mike Prokes had taken out the license. Prokes was at the time in Guyana. I did not sign the license then, because I wanted to discuss the matter with Carolyn. I thought of working out a proxy wedding ceremony. Barbara said Carolyn was terribly upset, and Barbara was worried. We both signed the license. I chose not to involve Annie or anyone else as a second witness.

James John, or Jim-Jon as the grandparents called him, went through a myriad of name changes. He was called Snookers when he was a baby. Then he became known as Kimo, which is Hawaiian for Jim, and his surname on Carolyn's passport was Layton. Finally, documents from Jonestown include a note from Jim Jones saying that Kimo should be listed as Kimo Jones in his medical records.

The news that Carolyn was pregnant overshadowed the news that I was separated from my husband, Patrick.

But my separation gave Temple members the opportunity to encourage me to join. They gave me the hard sell during a visit in the summer of 1975. I toured the extensive facilities in Redwood Valley, and talked with the inner circle in Jim Jones' modest house.

To encourage me to join, I suppose, they also told two lies. Annie claimed that Pat had called her after our separation and asked her to support him through medical school. Carolyn informed me that Jim had a revelation that Pat had an affair with a woman named Barbara while we were married.

I didn't really believe either story at the time, although they were almost plausible. Annie met a friend of ours named Barbara during a visit to Washington, D.C. I assumed that's where the name came from for Jim's revelation. After the suicides, I asked Pat if either the revelation or the phone call were true. He denied both, and I believe him.

But the alleged phone call to Annie shook up the family. "I was furious over his call to Annie," Barbara wrote in late 1975.

I still can hardly believe it and wonder at his motivation. I don't know whether he still hoped for a tie with the family, a meal ticket or a few laughs from Annabanana. I did not intend ever to tell you this...

As far as Jim Jones was concerned, the ends justified the means. The lies would have been worth it, had I joined Peoples Temple.

August 23, 1975

Dear Becky,

Howdy! I just heard from Mom that you

and Pat were split up. I am sorry that you didn't work out but it seems like no one these days is working out anyway. I know for myself that I am not going to get married for a long time if at all ever. It seems like too much of a hassle. I don't know the whole circumstances of you two but I know I didn't think you were very happy when I stayed with you three summers ago. And I think Pat was lots of times pretty thoughtless of you, always wanting to drink and be with his friends. Chris [her boyfriend] is a pretty good guy as the ones that are in the church are the best I have seen anywhere. It's hard to find any man these days who doesn't want a mama. But I'm sorry because it is a painful experience. It might be good though to be away from Pat because it makes you more independent. I know that men don't like to be told what to do or how to do it by women and it's hard to achieve whatever you're trying to achieve when your man expects you to be dependent on him. I'm not saying that's the way it is with you guys but I know that is true for every guy I've ever been out with or gone around with. I hope you will write to me and tell me what happened unless you would rather not.

Right now I have finished summer school with a B in American History and an A in Music. I worked for the grades but I also was real kissy to the teachers, which always helps. I could have gotten much better grades in high school if I had known about ass-kissing more than I already do.

Well, I better quit writing now but I do hope you will write to me unless you're really busy or something.

Love, Annie

And send me your new address

P.S. I have a new puppy who is really feisty. His name is Rufus.

November 15, 1974

Dear Becky, sweetiepie,

This isn't the best time to write a letter as I seem to have the blahs today -- kind of depressed with one of those what on earth does it matter anyway outlooks. Which could be caused by the weather, a locked-in high fog. Also whacked off all my hair. It was supposed to be the new me. Instead it's more the bald eagle of Ashby Avenue. (And you know how Dad hates my hair to be short!) And I'm having those nasty San Francisco vibrations -- like I guess I can stand this for a few more years but it better fly fast! Besides that -- well, this is pretty stupid...

Annie says, 'Aren't you excited about being a grandmother?' And I said, 'No. There was no one I could talk about it with, so it didn't seem like much of a reality.' I've told a couple of people that I'll be taking care of a baby in February that belongs to one of the Youth Alternative girls and that my daughter plans to adopt it. Oh, I am so clever, so quick with the answers!

...Hope you'll have a cheery Thanksgiv-

ing. Ours will not be the very best as it will be helter skelter sort of. And I think I should maybe do something a little different. But that's okay as Dad needs a bit of rest from people and things. I rather like what Peoples Temple does. It means everyone is in on every celebration. No poor old lonely souls a' settin' at home alone feeling sorry. So with that I'll close.

Much love, Mother

January 18, 1975

Hi Becky honey,

The weather is so fantastic today that I've been ready for a great adventure, trip, excursion, whatever. It's now dusk and the sun is still out and my wanderlust has not subsided. I've simply allowed it to be absorbed into a conversation with Carolyn. She's been telling me how Peoples Temple with its early membership of 40 achieved a solid base in Ukiah. Jim taught 6th grade there at first, then taught Political Science in Adult Ed, etc. The church has a letter-writing team that is incredible. So they now have letters from Cleveland Amory, several Hearsts, William Knowland, Gov. Jerry Brown, and hundreds of lesser people in fields of vocational rehab, integration, surgery -- every conceivable area. They have also taught people from the South to read and write just by copying from letters until their own skills were developed. It is all most amazing. I am trying

to absorb all of this for future reference in case we return to a church. The letter writers are organized by a professor from Santa Rosa College. They have their own lawyers, contractors, mechanics, etc. Oh well, there's not enough space here to go into it.

Little mama is now very large and ready any time. Annie is on semester break for two weeks and expects to be present during labor, etc. LaMaze-method natural breathing requires someone in the room to help. Jim will be in the hospital because of a bacterial infection next week so may not be around...

Much love, Mother

January 25, 1975

Not Yet!!

Dear Ms. Rebecca E.

We've been settin' around the Saturday lunch table telling each other slightly obscene jokes, singing off-color songs -- learned by Dad in childhood (he's out and I'm repeating them like a naughty child) and eating honeycomb bars which we bought yesterday.

'We' refers to Carolyn, Jim, Annie, Patricia [Cartmell], and Mama.

Last night we really thought 'Suzy' was on the way. Carolyn had what she thought was a slight breaking of water. We were all on guard. Annie and Patricia had gone to one of those 4-in-1 movie houses, but checked in periodically to see how Little Mother was progressing. Not one contraction but a visit



this A.M. to the hospital to see if any dilation had occurred. No!

Annie and Patricia are on semester break for 2 weeks so the house has been full. Carolyn has been doing quite a bit of the cooking. Dad and I are zipping about so that I can have one last fling before the baby arrives...

Much love, Mother

February 2, 1975

Hi Becky Boo!

I've been trying to get a word off to you for about 4 days. My life is so disrupted these days and sleep so scarce that even if I have a spare moment I seem to doze right off...

Little James John (Jimmy-John) is 7 lbs. 4 oz. and 19 inches long and very cute. Pug nose, brown hair growing like yours, and others in our family. Healthy and happy and so far -- good. Dad likes the name Joshua better than a common name.

Carolyn went in Thursday eve at 9:00 and had the baby the next day at 2:15. The doctor had to open the cervix with his hand. Her roommate also had the same situation. Carolyn sailed through it all using LaMaze breathing and a few shots of something or other.

She came home today -- Sunday. That is, I brought her and a few small suitcases of equipment home. (Dad was preaching near St. Helena.) The hospital gives the maternity patients

a small plastic bathtub, diapers, formula enough for several days, cotton, lotion, and sanitary napkins to supply a regiment...

Annie was with Carolyn up to delivery time, then Jim went to the delivery room with her. (Only one observer at a time.) The nurses were helpful to Annie and she learned considerable. Patricia was made to wait of course. Not a relative, so has not seen the little cherub yet...

Carolyn will return to teaching March 1st. Then she'll be doing home-teaching. Back to the classroom next fall. (And she probably won't fool a soul, but will not be fired as she has tenure and has not flaunted her situation before everyone as some do.)

Well, this is longer than I intended...

Much love, Mother

March 12, 1975

Dear Becky honey,

...I'm enjoying my vacation from relatives and their friends this week. Although Boogita [the dog] barks when Carolyn is not here. I mean she barks off and on all night. Last week was a mess when I had to take her out at 2:30 A.M. for a wee-wee on a rainy night. Oh well. But we enjoy a houseful and will be happy to welcome Carolyn, Jim-John and Annie home tomorrow.

Jim and Carolyn gave Dad a beautiful ring with a real gold nugget inset. It's an investment ring. He doesn't wear it as he

doesn't want to be mugged...

Much love, Mother

March 19, 1975

Dear Becky-boo,

...Monday I thought I'd recover from the weekend. Instead, Patricia's brilliant law school brother and his wife, also bright, came for dinner. Had a pleasant pow-wow with Jim, Carolyn and the bunch. This young couple is extremely witty, interested in interior decoration and refinishing old junk, and of course in just causes. Jim-John was cute as ever. Will send a picture soon.

As usual, people are coming and going here. Jim is not well and I hope will visit the doctor soon. He has a bad heart...

We love ya, dear,  
Mother

March 24, 1975

Dear Becky,

...Ken Wagstaff [a family friend] talked with us until after 12. The rest of the night Boogita 'talked' and barked intermittently until 7:00 A.M. Snooker slept from 11:30 until 8:00 A.M. Carolyn is in Ukiah doing this and that and caring for income tax and school duties and putting frozen turkey in her freezer. Sunday all of the S.F. Peoples Temple congregation saw 'Hearts and Minds'. The Bay Guardian has a Pro and Con review.

The con states that the movie does not present the true cold-hearted reasons for U.S. involvement and is more a series of strung-out news flashes that Walter Cronkite more or less showed or could have at various times. Nevertheless it is very worthwhile.

Annie is writing a paper on gonorrhea and interviewing people at various clinics...

Much love, Mother

May 15, 1975

Well hello, Ms. Becky Boo!

...Dad's class from the seminary came on Thursday eve and heard from Jim ... all about agnostic humanitarians, their good works, and how his life was threatened when he was Human Relations Commissioner in Indianapolis, etc. The class was fascinated and asked good questions and the food was rather good too as I anticipate hunger along with intellectual stimulation. We sat around in chairs and on the floor. I usually place a large checked table cloth on the floor, then place large platters of this and that on it and the kids (students) help themselves. They seem to enjoy coming and it is all very informal, hang-loose and cozy. Carolyn sat in on it and participated in the discussion. The whole thing kind of blew the minds of some of the students and they were still talking about it the next morning in class. That sort of thing helps counteract one or two dull guest lecturers who manage to overwhelm Dad with their in-



Carolyn and her son, James  
John (Kimo) Prokes. 1975.

eptness and he vows never to invite them back...

(Four hours later and fifty years older. What is this phenomenon, fatigue?) If I could, I would be typing flat on my back. Maybe it's just having a house full of people almost all of the time. Monday all of Jim's four sons spent the day as they were here to celebrate his birthday with dinner out and a show. Well, it was okay as Carolyn took care of their food and they slept part of the day. The changing of the sheets in this

commune is much like the changing of the guard. Boogita is shedding so there is a fine black hairy mist throughout the house...

Annie is still writing papers and giving shocking and hilarious reports in class that have 'em falling off their seats and giving impersonations of her instructors, at home. Now they are awaiting graduation to catch a glimpse of the two freaky folks that produced this crazy clown. Well, one bonus of all of her education is that she has a good time and manages to relate in her own peculiar way to all of her instructors, several of whom are lesbian ... according to the grapevine...

August 28, 1975

Dear Becky,

...You've had a rough year and I'm not sure we've been very helpful at times. At least I'm relieved that you've finally realized that the 'perfect family' has its lunacies.

Dad has emerged this year bloody but unbowed apparently-- After being called a big male chauvinist by Carolyn at great length and with a rather loud voice. Annie kind of seconded the motion but is a little too submissive yet to call either parent any sort of name, in fact is fairly clingy at times. (Carolyn and Dad are still friends!)

Annie has a job but only because Jim talked long and hard to the supervisor at the hospital. The cold hard facts are that one seems to need a pull nowadays. Of course if she'd waited about 4 months, I think this same job would have opened up. Having an 'in' speeds the process. Yesterday we bought uniforms. She still wants Mama to choose the right styles for her. Or if not Mama, Carolyn. At any rate she looks very attractive...



John and Kimo. 1976.

Much love from old  
goofball, Mom

...P.S. #2 Carolyn introduced Jim to [my] mother and she was delighted with him and he was very charming to her. She 'knows' but Carolyn doesn't know that -- but maybe she senses it...

November 12, 1975

Dear Becky honey,

...Well, it seems Carolyn, Jim-Jon and Annie were here Monday night and Tuesday since they had a holiday Tuesday.

Jim-Jon is adorable and bounces around in a little chair on wheels. He is teething so is very miserable at times. Jim was also here after a week's visit to Guyana. He rested mostly and caught up a bit on his office work...

Love from all of us,  
Carolyn, Annie, Dad,  
Mother

No date, but  
probably spring 1975

Dear Becky,

Well, congratulate me for my annual letter. You know my propensity for non-writing.

I hope your job and outside activities are keeping your life busy and interesting, more importantly.

As it stands now it looks like I may return to teaching in the fall. If so, Annie and I will get a house with yard and some

acreage in the Ukiah area and she will work at a hospital in that area. I am sure she can get a job there and pretty good pay. She would like to be in the country and I also. We want to plan our schedules so that she and I can shift taking care of Snookers. She enjoys him and is good with him, and it shouldn't be too much of a change for him. The little guy is doing well, very active and alert. Constantly 'talks'. He even says, 'Hi, Dad,' although Mom and Dad can't believe it, I have heard it over ten times and clearly. He tried hard to imitate sounds. He is good-natured, though bored at times. He laughs and smiles a lot and has quite a personality. The only pictures that seem any good are the ones I have taken with my cheap camera though I am sure that you could do a fantastic job and hope when you are out here that you can do some spontaneous shots. I am enclosing a photo though not really the best as he is so active.

Many in the church are going to apply for adoption of the Vietnamese babies. We question bringing them into this culture, but since they are here I really do feel our group could provide the cultural identification and love, interracial atmosphere that would be the most advantageous to the little ones, and they certainly are adorable...

Jim wanted me to thank you for your conscientious studies of the issues of the oppressed and mentions how talented you are in so many fields and how we certainly could use your abilities. We do have others in the field



of journalism, but not combined with photographic skills and mechanical skills. He read your article, which he found very interesting.

I am so glad you are feeling better than at Christmas. Hope you are taking your vitamins.

Mother mentioned to me your conflict or 'discussion' with Dad. I am glad you are and can be so open with him.

Annie is in her usual 'panic' of studies and will really have to study for the state licensing test in July, but at least all the pressure will be over soon. Actually she is doing well but is a 'worry wart' as you know. She will be very happy to 'practice' medicine instead of getting it out of the books.



Carolyn and Kimo. 1976.

We have gotten some really good press in several very conservative newspapers. We certainly don't seek it but word gets around and our human service work is unusual and the conservatives can see the value of it, as opposed to the bureaucratic 'state' taking over...

I really enjoyed seeing you at Xmas though I know it was a rough time for you. I wish I could have been more help, but I guess some things have to be worked out by 'yourself'.

Well I had better be getting along now as I have a gob of news articles to read and a schedule to organize. Much love. Write if you have the time. I have read your letters to Mom and Dad which they have shared with me.

Much love, your sis

P.S. This summer I may be going down to our South American outpost taking the little guy with me. I am looking forward to the trip, though I know it will be busy as many parishioners are going on a chartered flight. It is so gorgeous there and so much the pioneer spirit of cooperative living to achieve the most altruistic ends toward which we are moving at a faster rate than one would believe possible.

Love, Carolyn

December 7, 1975

Hi Becky-Boo honey,

All week I seemed to be writing to rela-

tives so that the recounting of my tales of great 'adventure along the byways of Calif.' and the Thanksgiving holiday became repetitious with the re-telling. And eventually I hardly remembered who was receiving and who hadn't ... so I omitted an important member of the family, namely Rebecca E. So I may as well begin at the beginning.

We spent an interesting day at Peoples Temple Church in Los Angeles after spending Thanksgiving morning taking pictures of San Gabriel Mission and Olivera Street in Los Angeles so Dad could add more Hispanic slides to his Bicentennial movie or story. We were in search of the barrio, but never found it.

We met a number of Peoples Temple members and there was much hugging and kissing on the part of all of us as they are very loving and very happy that we are even interested. Jim received the Humanitarian Award of the Year from the L.A. black newspaper and then Dad said a few words and the executive from the So. Calif. Disciples [of Christ] said a few words. Both were excellent and appropriate and appreciated by all present. Then we went to the dining room where Carolyn had arranged a table full of people from Ukiah, both black and white whom she thought we would enjoy and of course they were delightful and we had a fine time and delicious meal. Oh yes, before that the thespians of the church presented 'Raisin in the Sun'. Some of the performance was outstanding and of course some of it dragged a bit. They

changed some of the lines but that's all part of their approach at present...

We all love you dearly and think you are very talented and creative.

Love, Mother

The lines Peoples Temple had changed seemed critical to John. In the original play by Lorraine Hansberry, when the daughter says, "There is no God," Mama replies, "In this house, there is God." Peoples Temple altered the meaning of the play, John felt, when Mama repeats, "There is no God."

In early 1976, John and Barbara began to consider a move. John had served as a District Superintendent in the United Methodist Church's Bay View District for four years. He was ready to return to a church. Barbara was ready to leave the San Francisco Bay Area.

January 10, 1976

Dear Becky,

...Dad and I have very exciting plans for our future if our original church move falls through and even if it doesn't. We plan some time to take a sabbatical or time off to go to Cuernavaca where Ivan Illich teaches and brush up on Spanish and philosophy, and to live during some free period of time with the Indians of the Midwest and also to spend time in the black culture and community (we have good friends in Grambling, La., an all-black town more or less) or in Atlanta. And then probably work in a Spanish-speaking community or settlement. We could even swing it financially if we sell the house which we expect to do.

Jim said he would finance us if our cash ran out. But I wouldn't want him to. He's got arthritis at present and clots and stuff and doesn't feel well. Says it's probably partly psychosomatic. He's mad at a few people. Needs to scream and kick and carry on. He really needs to lay it all out to Dad as there are some bad vibes about him among some people and he needs to be reminded that when you throw out God and replace that Life Force with yourself, you're no better than Sun [Myung] Moon in the eyes of an observer who is not aware of the good works and projects. I guess his harangues (sermons) are pretty bad, from what I've heard. Psychologically, people need an Other than themselves. They seem to crave an Unknown. It's part of the human make-up. Even explains why the Russians have a highly developed concept of ESP, a sort of mysterious unknown.

Every so often I ask myself how two daughters who were surrounded by love and a wholesome child development could fall for all that verbal baloney. The social outreach I can understand. A lot of the other stuff is junk, especially the worship of Jim Jones.

Carolyn has the bug today and is a bit wan. Jim-Jon has a slight cold but is lively and cuddly. John V. still has a deep hoarse voice but is fine. Barbara C. wakes in the middle of the night wondering... Now maybe that's the time to start my book. I don't think anyone is going to eat my nice big onionized chuck roast tonight except J. and B.

Love, Mother

June 11, 1976

Dear Becky,

...I don't get really depressed, although I do sometimes become obsessed with particular concerns. In time this passes. However, there are times when I am not productive. I feel down. I just keep at the work and play and rest. In time, the downness passes. The last couple of months I've been busy, yet haven't had the usual readiness for the tasks.

I wonder whether our moving triggers anything in you. How did you feel growing up when we moved? Our moving makes me wonder and feel, 'Where is home?' Of course, home is where we live; yet this is not what home meant for our ancestors. All of our lives, Barbara and I have known where home was for the folks. Mom and Dad lived in the same house for forty years. Marian and Harry lived in the Alhambra house for more than thirty years. Home for nomads is different; yet the old nomads moved together, the generations. Not so today.

Jim has expressed more than anyone else deep feelings about our moving. The house and Barbara and me have all meant something to him, I think more than to Carolyn and Annie. Our selling the house and moving is for him, as he now feels it, the end of an era. Coming together in our home will not be as frequent, although we expect to be in the Bay Area with some frequency and will be seeing them.

I'm so glad that you feel good about your work, and that others are giving you the recognition which the quality of your

work deserves. With Mom, I'd like to see you more often; but we both want you to be living where you can do the work you want to do. We'd stay in the Bay Area if family were our first concern. We'll miss Jim Jon and the others, yet for the next ten years at least, we want to be giving ourselves to tasks that give us fulfillment and hopefully have social value. Reno seems to be the place where we feel we can do this, Mom even more than I... We expect to move in on July 1. Out on June 30.

Love, Dad

## Chapter Five

### COMMITMENT TO CHANGE

Redwood Valley is a small community in northern California. Rural and somewhat ingrown, it had little use in the 1960s for the interracial, multi-cultural group that settled in its midst.

The Temple's move to San Francisco was natural. The city had the diversity, the poverty, and the wealth to help Jim Jones build the kind of church he wanted to create.

The Disciples of Christ ordained Jim in 1964. Peoples Temple joined the denomination, and after the move to Redwood Valley, became one of the largest institutional supporters of the Disciples. Jim felt comfortable in a Pentecostal setting. While the Disciples of Christ could hardly be classified as Pentecostal, the denomination was more tolerant of theological, and practical, differences than others.

In the early 1970s, the Temple acquired an old synagogue on Steiner Street, on the borderline between the Fillmore District, a black ghetto, and the Western Addition, a redevelopment project. Church members from



Redwood Valley would ride on one of the Temple's dozen buses to San Francisco every weekend. And San Francisco members, in turn, would come up to the valley, sometimes to settle permanently.

With a larger population upon which to draw, Jim was able to attract followers from established black churches in the neighborhood, as well as appeal to white radicals in the Bay Area. He involved the church in San Francisco politics, providing volunteers for Democratic Party precinct work and for community groups. The church provided support to Native Americans who occupied Alcatraz Island, and to American Indian Movement leader Dennis Banks as he sought protection from extradition to South Dakota. Church members worked with Chilean refugee groups, and demonstrated against the eviction of elderly tenants from the International Hotel.

A month after the Jonestown suicides, John wrote a letter to James Wall, editor of The Christian Century, describing some of the activities on which the group had worked.

...Jim Jones and Peoples Temple were deeply involved in the dominant movements of the Sixties. According to the retiring executive of the F.O.R. [Fellowship of Reconciliation], while he was pastor in Indianapolis, Jim Jones integrated the Methodist Hospital overnight. Peoples Temple was an integrated church from the beginnings, when other churches were trying to become integrated. When the perspective on integration changed, Peoples Temple continued as an integrated community. Consequently it came under severe criticism from those who felt that black people needed black leaders.

Peoples Temple created and sustained a community during those years when the young especially were looking for new forms of communal life. The tide of new communities cast upon the shore all kinds of communes, including Christian communities. Peoples Temple was a heterogenous community. Its simple life style attracted middle class white people who were unsatisfied with our affluent society.

Peoples Temple welcomed men and women from the drug scene. Rehabilitation of people injured by drugs was not its central concern. In this it was different from Synanon and local drug abuse centers. Peoples Temple did provide a community which enabled many to bring order out of their chaotic lives, but this number was few compared with the membership.

Peoples Temple was never simply a community concerned with itself. It was concerned with civil liberties as it was with civil rights. Long before The Christian Century or New Republic or the ACLU became concerned with Senate Bill #1 [legislation introduced in 1975 which would have increased federal police powers and infringed upon the Bill of Rights], Peoples Temple was sounding the alarm. Jones and his community were always concerned with legislation.

Jim Jones, who for a time worked with the poor in Brazil, identified with the struggles of the oppressed in Latin America. He shared the outlook, although not the stability, which comes from biblical rootedness, of

the people of Solentinam and their priest. Peoples Temple always identified with the poor. Most members had always been poor. More than any other movement, the civil rights movement was of and with the poor. The loss of hope of the poor accounts in part for the attraction of Peoples Temple, and the migration of more than a thousand people to Guyana.

Jim Jones was closer to real power, political power, in San Francisco than he had been in his twenty year career. Most analysts believe that Peoples Temple legwork put George Moscone into the mayor's seat in 1976 in a close race against John Barbagelata. The mayor rewarded Jim Jones by appointing him chair of the San Francisco Housing Commission, where he was able to give jobs to a few Temple members, including Carolyn.

In 1976, Carolyn and Annie shared a Peoples Temple apartment in San Francisco. They both donated most, and perhaps all, of their salaries to the Temple in return for room, board, clothing and transportation allowances. They didn't seem to mind. They never complained.

No one lived extravagantly in Peoples Temple, not even Jim Jones. A year after the suicides, John's recollections of Jim's life style reveal a man who lived rather modestly.

The best car I ever saw him drive was a new Pontiac ... When he came to Berkeley, it was always in a used car.

The house in Redwood Valley was small, unostentatious. The living room was tiny.

He did have access to travel. He flew places when others went on the bus, sometimes. I don't regard this as unusual.

In Jonestown his room was tiny. He did have privacy that others did not have. It wasn't a dorm...

Elitism was one of power, status, adulation. If allegations are true, the rules did not apply to him in the same way they did to others.

I saw nothing to compare his elitism with the high-living, Cadillac-riding, showy or flamboyant way of Brother Ike, for example, or the stereotype of some Black clergy...

(From a letter to me, December 5, 1979)

The fact that Jim Jones was a white man leading a predominantly black congregation baffled and angered both blacks and whites in San Francisco. For example, Temple members didn't know if white Nazis or Black Muslims set fire to the church in 1973. Barbara wrote on September 5 that:

...The fire in Peoples Temple in S.F. will cost a mint of money and was one of 3 which burned integrated churches only! There is still a mountain of bigotry in our land. Now that peace of sorts has descended upon the land -- and we have a president incapable of binding the wounds of the country, it will be up to the rest of us to establish a feeling of reconciliation among the races, between the man-power and woman-power forces, with the injured in V.A. hospitals, and with the prisoners and administrators, and some sort of realistic and creative care of the mentally ill.

In the meantime -- at least here in Berkeley, we must deal with rapes and attacks in the local junior high!

Barbara always provided brief news about the Temple and about Carolyn and Annie in her letters to me. They swung between admiration and disgust. "If you'll recall the block or two of business section in Redwood Valley," she wrote in February 1975:

you'll remember the market/post office complex. The church owns that entire complex and even runs the laundromat there. Its offices are upstairs and its printing press, etc. It is probably a \$500,000-million dollar outfit. Their revenue comes from convalescent homes and other property. Jim is a sharp businessman and is a very wealthy person. Seems as though this kind of socialist venture makes sense -- putting the dollars to work for the good of many, rather than making a profit for oneself...

A few months later, she wrote:

...I am becoming very stubborn. I even take a dim view of Peoples Temple at times, especially of Jim Jones who gives me a big pain the better I know him. He is doing a great deal for a group of people's physical well-being. At the same time, I'm not sure of their psychic health and his paranoia which is not without substance. Oh well...

John added a postscript about Temple activities to a letter he wrote almost a year later. "Peoples Temple is getting some good press. They responded first with support and bail for Dennis Banks -- fighting extradition."

Carolyn's occasional letters fill in many of the gaps. They indicate some of the ways Peoples Temple became involved in San Francisco politics and the greater community.

Sometime before October  
1976

Dear Mom and Dad,

Just a quick note to let you know everything is okay. You know my letter writing capacity.

The banquet for Jim was beautiful. We had every spectrum of the political arena there from [Assemblyman] Willie Brown and [Mayor George] Moscone and [Lt. Gov. Mervyn] Dymally to a John Bircher, and surprisingly enough everyone went home extremely happy with the whole thing. Our music and entertainment livened up the thing and it wasn't like the typical dry dinner. We did the whole thing ourselves, 5,000 to 7,000 there and in two other buildings in all -- so it was quite an undertaking. [Temple attorney] Charles Garry and his very enthusiastic wife were there also. Dymally who was originally from the Caribbean invited himself to come to our agricultural project and he wants to start a college there. Anyway the whole thing, including the African dancers who are much more professional-looking than when you last saw them, was very lively.

Annie will be moving up shortly and starting her new job.

My job is quite involved and the functions are diverse. One of the major things I will be doing is writing procedures for various departments and basically making suggestions for re-organization of various aspects of the [housing] authority. It definitely needs this as well as a lot of re-structuring. The whole thing should appeal to my organizational personality as I do enjoy organizing things. There is a reasonable amount of flexibility too which is nice.

I received your letters and check. Thanks for sending it. I have been extremely busy with the new job and all but hopefully will have more time in the future.

Kimo is doing well. He did have a mild ear infection about a week ago but is doing fine now. He is talking in sentences now and really is hilarious. He has several books and now promptly opens the page to the cow and says 'Mooo' in a loud voice. He is as gregarious as ever and had a great time going to the circus and other events which intrigued him. He goes to the park every day and plays in the sand. Also is fascinated with his story books. He still dances to all the music and sings along some.

I suppose I had better get back to work so I had better close for now. Hope all is well with you.

P.S. Jim sends his love.

Love, Carolyn

A letter from Barbara expands upon Carolyn's description of the dinner for Jim.

September 29, 1976

Hello there, Becky,

...Carolyn is enjoying her new work, putting together brochures and interviewing people, etc. The church just had a huge benefit dinner honoring Jim and commemorating the release of the Fresno Four (newsmen). Peoples Temple picketed the Fresno jail 1000 strong and had a definite influence on the judge's decision. At any rate, there were 7,000 people at the dinner which was spread out in the church and two schools with closed circuit television and the board of supervisors, mayor, friends from Ukiah and everybody from John Birchers to Republican Party chairmen to liberal Democrats to [Rev.] Cecil Williams to Willie Brown to anybody who could still think and hobble into the affair. We were sorry to have to miss it because our calendar was full of commitments made up in the church calendar from before we arrived [in Reno]. Actually, our life sounds absolutely pallid besides that of Peoples Temple.

The Temple's involvement in San Francisco politics attracted the bulk of its media coverage and public attention in the year before the group's massive migration to Guyana. Once proud of any publicity the church could get, Carolyn's letters began to show a weariness with what she perceived as the press' insatiable demands for more stories.



November 4, 1976

Dear Mom and Dad,

Well, here is another of my infrequent letters. Things are really bubbling but now that the election is over, there is a little more calm.

As you may know, Jim met with Carter and Mondale as they passed through San Francisco. Though we are not thrilled with either Carter or Ford, I guess Carter is the lesser of the 'two evils' though we were appalled that he didn't resign from his Baptist Church. Perhaps that is what won him the South, unfortunately. The defeat of [Sen. John] Tunney and Proposition 14 were the real sad ones, though. Hayakawa is a real fascist in my book -- an apologist for internment camps, etc. It says something that California elected him over Tunney.

Jim was recently appointed Commissioner to the Housing Authority which will liven things up a bit. He will do a much needed job. Another Methodist minister was appointed, [Tony] Ubaldi, I think is the name. Jim has met with him and the other commissioners. The most sensitive of them seems to be the Vice Chairman, a Unitarian woman named Burns who seems to have the most insight as to the needs of the poor in SF despite her affluence.

I attended the Board of Supervisors' open meeting yesterday and was horrified to hear the Supervisors find all sorts of rationalizations as to why they couldn't provide full staffing for a psychiatric unit at SF General

Hospital for prisoners who have problems.  
[Supervisor John] Barbagelata made some very insensitive remarks about prisoners being depressed because they are in jail. Their main concern was the enlargement of their offices which they tagged onto a future plan for a Senior Citizens Center. Maybe district elections for supervisors will help things out -- I did not see a grain of sensitivity in the lot of them and upon finding prisoners with mental problems shackled for lack of a facility, I wanted to vomit on the lot of them. I would like to see their mental health after spending a week in a strip cell at the SF City Jail. I wanted to recommend it but restrained myself.

Kimo is doing well and talking all the time. He 'reads' his books and knows all the animal sounds like 'moo', 'miow', 'ruff, ruff, ruff', etc. It's really a scream to hear him. He is very busy and extremely independent in doing what he wants to do.

Must close for now.

Much love, Carolyn

February 17, 1977

Dear Mother, Dad, etc.,

Thanks for the enjoyable couple of days. It is always nice to have a change of pace and to visit with you.

Kimo is very busy playing his 'guitar' and looking everywhere for drums. I think we will have to get him a set of drums.

Jim has been very busy on the Board of Directors for the NAACP, and now on the Board for the [San Francisco] Council of Churches. The NAACP thing is very demanding as they are active in getting minority hiring improved in the Police Department.

The International Hotel issue still isn't completely resolved and we only hope there won't be blood shed. Jim worked night and day on that before he left on his trip and it looks like he will be back on this project.

Last week 19 reporters came wanting to do stories on us and especially Jim and he just can't deal with all this and carry on his other work too. Carl Irwin, Lynn Hodges and several others [in the Disciples of Christ] are going to write a letter to the media mentioning that we would prefer that no one come for stories since it is keeping us from doing the work we really want to do. Many of those who we have helped off drugs and into a 'normalized' life style are bothered by all the 'intrusion' of press people into our program for visits. It would be helpful if you could draft a similar type of letter and send it to us to include with the other letters so that we can send it to some of the media wanting stories. If we don't do something like this, they might be offended at our not wanting stories. But it really is getting irksome and a nuisance to our people though we don't want to flatly turn down reporters without adequate explanation.

As you may know, Jim is very good friends

with the editor of the Chronicle and we don't have any problem there, but it seems once some news comes out about you, dozens of little magazines, etc., want something, too.

The Housing Authority continues to take up a large segment of time as things were left in a mess with the old executive director. The new one signed a \$3000 contract with a known crook so that too was discovered by Jim and is a real problem along with the labor situation which here in S.F. poses big problems for maintenance.

H. W. is really on an irrational kick. He even went so far as to call the DA and say he needed police protection from the devil because he was the 'messenger of God'. The DA said we don't provide that service for private individuals, why don't you call on Peoples Temple, they do that kind of thing for people. At which time he said, 'they are the ones I want protection from.' The DA called us immediately and told us he was really flipped out. He doesn't show this side to us and is friendly as can be, but maybe he is on drugs or something. He at first said he got threatening letters, but when he couldn't produce this, he then said he got threatening phone calls. I really don't know where he will end with this absurdity, but Weinstein in the DA's office was really amused by the whole thing, and he called us up to forewarn us.

I don't know if you have ever heard of the Public Advocates, they are a group of attorneys funded by the Ford Foundation who

support worthy class action suits, etc. Right now they are involved in one for the Officers for Justice (black officers) and the Civil Service Commission. It is over minority hiring in the SFPD. Today the Public Advocates are giving a luncheon for Jim -- for his contribution in the International Hotel situation. They have an especially brilliant attorney working for them who is a good friend and comes over to the church often -- he is Jewish, however.

Well, I guess that is all the news for now.

Hope to see you before long and hope your surgery goes well. Let us know the final dates please.

Love, Carolyn

## Chapter Six

### THE BURN UNIT

Annie graduated from the Santa Rosa Junior College nursing program in June 1975, and quickly passed the examination for her R.N. She began working as a registered nurse at Ukiah General Hospital that year. The next year, she moved with the majority of Peoples Temple members to San Francisco, where she got a job on the burn unit at San Francisco County Hospital.

February 6, 1976

Dear Becky,

Hi! Well, I am in ICU right now with not much to do. My patient is snoring loudly. He really isn't any problem. At first when they put me in here I hated it. I was worried all of the time that something terrible would happen to my patient (or patients) but I'm not too bothered by it right now. When it's rough is when there are three patients in here at once all recoveries and they all decide to puke and carry on like

that. So far when I have been by myself nothing bad has ever happened but I know my day for unlucky events will come soon. Luckily I have learned some things from this other nurse's experience here in ICU.

The thing I like best about working in here is that I can be all by myself and don't have to hassle with these other bitches on the floor. The patients in here are also asleep most of the time -- or talking a bunch of B.S. from having anesthesia so they don't bug you either. Actually I don't mind some of the patients as much as others. It's mainly some of the people I work with who are so assy. They all jump at the chance of taking care of these young boys (my age or even younger), including these aides in their thirties but they won't take good care of the senior citizens at all. They neglect the seniors. I get sickened seeing these 30-year-olds flirting around with these young guys. I think it is gross.

One of these bitches really got pissy with me when I asked her to feed this old man who is slowly dying, some ice cream. I couldn't do it because I give medication all night. Anyhow she was just sitting around being lazy so when she got shitty I just told her that if she wasn't going to feed Mr. Bloyd that I would when I wasn't so busy. So then she did it. Anyhow she thinks she can bully everyone around so last night she started calling me 'dip' after every reply she gave me so I just said 'dip' right back

to her. Then these two younger aides (my age) who were shitty to me at first, but are nice to me now, told me not to talk to her (the bitch) that way. I just said sarcastically to her, 'Oh, I am sorry I am not playing according to your rules.' Anyhow as you can see -- these people I work for (and with) -- plus all of their shit is all so petty. The only ones that don't act petty and shitty are the other R.N.'s. I guess they must feel pretty secure that they are smarter than me. The other aides are all older than me (except two of them) and I guess they don't like someone younger than them telling them what to do. I guess that is a natural reaction but the one aide I work with who goes to the church doesn't act that way. She said she doesn't let the others bother her and she just goes about her business, doing her work. One of the LVN's gets along pretty good with me. She is older, I guess in her 40's and we get along fine. She isn't so gossipy and petty as the others and she shows a little more concern for the patients than some of the others.

Anyhow -- the hospital is cut and dried with classes. There is a long totempole.

Doctors

R.N.s

Inhalation Therapists

LVNs

Aides

Cleaning Lady

Actually there is not much competitiveness



between the inhalation therapists and others. Their field is different from nursing so no one is threatened by the knowledge of the other person.

Well, it looks like I won't be here too much longer as it is drawing closer and closer to 11:30. This will be one of the first nights that I can get out on time. Usually I always have to stay to count medications (narcotics) with the on-coming nurses. That way they make sure that you don't steal the pills although I would never take them anyway. Who wants them -- anyhow. But counting them all usually takes about 10-15 minutes so it is that much overtime -- plus sometimes it is longer when there are emergencies.

Well -- I am at home now. I am so glad that I didn't have to work with those bitches tonight. It is a pressure relieved. You always have to be nice to them even if they are acting really shitty to you. They try to find stuff to get you in trouble. That's what they have tried to do to me but it doesn't work very good because my charge nurse -- both of them like me pretty well. One of them acts like she doesn't like anybody but she is pretty nice to me when she isn't in a bitchy mood. She is about Carolyn's age and she keeps everyone in line when they start acting bad. The other one, who is closer to Mom's age, is a big chicken and wants everyone to like her -- at the expense of some of the patients. She has been getting a little better than she used to be.

I just hope some of these lazy-ass aides get fired sometime. I never thought I'd be thinking this about aides but I do now. I can't say that there are a bunch of lazy-ass R.N.'s or L.V.N.'s because there is usually too much work to be done otherwise. There is one RN who is older and acts like an Army nurse. She thinks she is too good to empty bedpans and do stuff like that and she always bitches if you do one thing wrong.

Well -- you must get tired of hearing about all these creeps I work with. I hang out with them so much that it's all I think of half the time. This one guy in the church whom I am friends with (not Chris) has called me at work -- and he has a low, deep voice and everyone who answers says they want to go out with him and they tease me -- thinking he's my boyfriend. They always say, 'Who is that sexy young man' and BS like that. I'd like for him to come in sometime because he is black. They would pee in their pants if they ever saw who they said all this stuff about. They are really racist.

Well, how is your work? Hope it is coming well. When's the next time you are coming? You'll have an easier time getting off than I do. My place is understaffed and they get mad if you call in sick. I wish they would just hire enough people to work but they are too cheap.

Well, thank you for the tough pin and Carolyn says thanks too. Jim-Jon and big Jim send you their love.

Love, Annie

January 24, 1976

Dear Becky,

Hi. It's me again with my continuing letters on doctor's progress notes -- Although I am not supposed to be using this paper, I will anyhow because I otherwise would have no way to express my rebelliousness. I'm in the ICU again (Intensive Care Unit), and there is only one man in here who was nearly stabbed to death -- A stranger came to his door here in Ukiah and began stabbing him nearly 30 times, slashing his neck, abdomen, chest and hands. It's amazing he is still alive. He is getting better though since this episode one week ago. It is strange to see how people who are near death get better daily. So many times it has seemed like they are on their last breath but then they start getting better and pull through the whole thing.

Boy I can tell you about this asshole doctor and what he did (or wouldn't do, really) last night. He was on city call for the night -- which means that if there are any emergencies he has to come in and gets \$50 for the night. Anyhow, this guy came in with his hand cut up and this doctor refused to come in. He said send him to Hillside (that is this other hospital). The E.R. nurse had already sent one patient to this other hospital, then she just got mad and said 'No!' to the doctor which floored him and he ended up coming in. That is sure nervy to do that. I hope that when he needs help some day that someone will refuse to take care of him. Now

I just hope that that nurse doesn't get fired because that doctor is an S.O.B. and would try to get her fired for doing that to him.

I had an awful dream the other night that you were going to go back together with Pat. I told you not to and that it would be a mistake so then you were confused about it. Anyhow I was worried about it and I guess I really hope you don't. I know you wouldn't anyway especially after how he called me that time.

Well, it's sometime later now that I'm [illegible] this. Sorry it took so long to get this in the mail to you. Here's some good and bad news. To show you how racist Yukiah is -- these honky asses attacked our church kids with bats at school last week and sprayed mustard and ketchup over this other teacher's (who is in the church) car. The principal lied and said these racists didn't do it, but ended up getting caught in his lie when this other non-Temple member teacher said they were attacked. Good news is that KGO-TV came up to do a story on us because of the rehabilitation of this ex-convict lady that Jim has worked with. They went to all the homes and everything. So we'll be on T.V. tonight and in the S.F. Examiner with a complimentary article for a change.

Well, bye for now.

Love, Annie

September 24, 1976

Dear Becky,

It was nice visiting with you in Reno. We have a girl here in the hospital who got in a bad car accident out on Highway 20 where we used to live and she broke her back. She works at Harold's Club as a payroll clerk as she goes through school. I asked her if everything is rigged at all those casinos and she said no (of course) but she seems to be a pretty nice person and maybe a slight bit naive. I can't believe everything there is totally honest.

How was your trip back to Washington, D.C.? I hope it was alright. Did you get to read any of that Mark Twain book I left you [Letters from the Earth]? I'm still reading mine. I haven't got that far, but as far as I went -- I liked.

I'm in here relieving the CCU nurse while she is at dinner. They have been having me work in here more than they usually do -- lately. I would like it alright except for the recovery patients we have to recover in here. They mix them in with the normal patients that we have to take care of -- and with the recovery patients you have to give full attention to them because half the time they try to jump out of bed. Or else they slug you like that one did to me. I thought for sure I had been blinded because as he swung, it felt like the blood pressure instrument (which is metal) cut my eyes open. But after being stunned and dizzy I could see

again, although at first it was very blurred. I to this day do not like to recover surgery patients. They really can't help what they are doing but they are so wild sometimes and try to jump out of bed -- all in their sleep. They are a hazard to themselves and the others.

Well, it's a few days later now and I am in San Francisco. You wouldn't believe the luck I had. I called a bunch of different hospitals first to find out just what kind of positions they had open. None of them sounded too hot. But I kept trying at S.F. General and then went to apply and got just what I wanted. I will be working P.M.'s in a specialized burn unit. They will orient me first to the ICU on the day shift, then they are going to specially train me to work in burns. I am looking forward to it although I am somewhat hesitant because when treating the burns -- the nurse was telling me that you are inflicting pain on the patient which is yucky I think. Some nurses are sadistic and probably like to do that but I doubt if I will. However, I think that someone like me would be good working with burn patients (if I don't say so myself). So I will start in October (And my salary is almost double!).

Well, so much for this. I'll write you again later.

Love, Annie

Carolyn and J.J. send their love too.

December 13, 1976

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi, how are you? Well, I am finally getting around to writing to you. It was good to visit with you both and makes for a more exciting visit when it is not so often as it was in Berkeley. (Absence makes the heart grow fonder -- the old cliché.)

Well, I have had my first week in the Burn Unit and I have learned quite a bit. There is quite an art to dressing and taking care of burns. (Mother -- you will be glad to know this.) As far as I am concerned -- any artistic fulfillment that I could get would be fulfilled in this area of nursing. The way that the wounds are cleaned is with scalpels and there is a way to do it as if doing sculpture so as not to hurt the patient. It takes much careful work and the more carefully artistic the person is -- the less you hurt the patient. Some of the nurses are careless and hurt the patients purposely. Then depending on which stage of healing the wound is in, different dressings which are something like paper mache are applied. When the wound is almost ready to grow new skin (it is then totally raw and extremely painful if touched) real live pig skin has to be cut to fit and specially molded around each part, especially the fingers. Working in here is like learning to build new bodies. Faces and fingers are most difficult.

I am glad that I can work in the burn unit because I can at least be assured that

someone is giving the patients the proper care that they need. Some of the nurses refuse to give their patients pain shots and some of them deliberately make the patients hurt by cutting and pulling the skin when it is not necessary and also making them feel bad if they have bled through their dressing. I fail to see how you could blame someone for bleeding through their dressing but there is one nurse in particular who does this. I'm glad I don't have to work with her. I'm afraid we would end up in blows if I did work with her. Other than the sick nurses, I like learning about the burns and how to take care of them. I will start working nights on December 20th. I know I will be better at burn care than any of them because they are very calloused about it and sadistic. I think a lot of them think they don't have to treat the patients decently because they are county hospital patients.

I heard some excellent speakers in church a week ago. One was from Chile who had been tortured and castrated. He talked about what was going on in Chile and never mentioned how he had been tortured and his entire family also, who were killed. Also there was a 21-year-old white man from South Africa who talked about the oppression of blacks there plus torturing too and how the U.S. government has been supporting apartheid. He was drafted into the South African army and was horrified by all that went on. If he goes back to South Africa he will un-



questionably be killed and convicted for treason. I hope he is not killed in this country for what he is saying, but I would not be surprised if he is. I was glad I had the opportunity to hear both of these speakers because I always learn things from them.

Well, everyone sends you their love. Kimo is learning to use the potty with M&M's as an incentive for learning. I'll write again soon.

Love, Annie

P.S. Sorry I took so long to write. I have been taking some special classes along with working and have been studying a lot.

Psychiatrist David Hellerstein described his experiences working in a burn unit in the July 1985 issue of Esquire. "Only the flayed, the burned, can truly suffer, I think. The rest of the world should shout with joy," he wrote.

The other patients lie trembling, bathed in pain, a kind of salve spread around the unit, an invisible Silvadene on every raw, damaged area...

'I think the nurses and surgeons are afraid to give enough narcotics because they want to make sure they're not the ones who are feeling pain. If the patients are suffering more than they are, then they know they're okay...'

In one of the tanks, Billano [a burn patient] is lying naked, and one of the nurses is standing close, working with a scal-

pel and forceps on his raw arms. Billano is crying. He doesn't take any notice when I call his name...

Annie's accounts of her work aren't quite as graphic. Throughout the horrors of burn care nursing, she maintained a sense of compassion and humor. She tricked uncooperative patients into lying still, and she could laugh about them later.

December 13, 1976

Dear Becky,

Hi, how are you doing lately? I am finally getting around to writing to you. I have really been busy lately because besides having the new job, I have been taking some classes that I need in order to renew my nursing license. Right now they are still training me in the Burn Unit before I start working nights. Working with burn patients takes a little getting used to but after the initial shock it is very interesting. The patients need a lot of extra care because their conditions are so painful plus they are often permanently scarring or disabling in the fingers or really any important joints. From the beginning of the healing process until the end, the work to be done takes skilled craftsmanship. Nurses who aren't artistically inclined don't make good burn care nurses because any clumsiness of any kind can cause the patient a great deal of pain plus may permanently ruin the patient if it is a fresh new graft.

I don't know if it is the nurses at my hospital [San Francisco General] (which is a very hang loose hospital) or just the nurses in this field but many of them are very mean and sadistic -- to the point of true sickness. The ones I work with at night are nice, but some of the others are something else. I feel like I'm coming home from a Nazi torturing camp half the time. I think one of the main reasons the nurses are so terrible is because S.F. General is a county hospital -- the patients are almost all Medi-Cal and poor -- Black, Mexican, poor white. The nurses couldn't get away with it at a private hospital because private hospital patients are used to royal treatment. And the more sensitive nurses quit because the morale which is so low -- is too much for them and they don't want to stick it out with some of these dumb-head clutzes. The situation can really be depressing and it will take a lot before it can ever change.

Well, enough about the hospital. I am learning much more here than I did in Ukiah although Ukiah is a good place to learn for the first year out of school...

Love, Annie

Everyone sends you their love

January 27, 1977

Dear Becky,

Hi! How are you doing? Fine, I hope.  
Well, I thought I would write and thank you

for the Christmas presents. The slippers are really neat and I wear them all the time. The 'Essence Oil' is neat too. Carolyn and I traded because I like the Frangipani a lot. I always did, even when I was in high school. Your presents from us should be arriving before this letter does. I was going to get busy and draw you a picture which I can still do but I have been drawing pictures for my patients at work and for Lynetta (Jim's mother). I am going to have to get on the ball. I have been taking extra-curricular nursing-type classes lately so I can get my degree. Anyhow this really preoccupies a lot of my time especially with studying.

Well, I am learning a lot about burns along with how San Francisco General (or rather, County Hospital) is run. It is much different from a private hospital like Ukiah General Hospital. The characters whom I have met and taken care of are something else. We get cases of everything imaginable -- overdoses nightly, stabbings, shootings, beatings, many alcoholics, drug addicts with cellulitis (a disease state in the arms or wherever they have shot up that is infected and deteriorating). You never saw so many nuts -- nurses and doctors included. Everyone uses profane language and if the patients get out of control, they just call the security guards in, who are all over the place. So far where I work we never had to call a security policeman in yet. However the man last night was so wild that he kicked the nurse in the ribs and

the doctor came and sat on him while the nurses changed his dressings.

In burn care the dressings just about have to be changed at least every eight hours, otherwise pus and dead skin will build up and cause infection that could be fatal or else cause more damage than the original burn itself. So sometimes, although the dressing changes are very painful, they have to be forced into cooperation. I think I handled this man very well. He is a 60-year-old alcoholic who is slightly out of it. I told him that I would take my time with him but if he did not cooperate, I would have to get the biggest 300-pound doctor who works in the emergency room and that also I knew karate, and I demonstrated a karate chop. After this, he was fairly cooperative. Taking time to explain things to the nuttier ones always helps too. The nurses who work before my shift are downright mean and/or cruel. I am sure for all the nurse has done to the man, she deserved the kick in the ribs. One thing I can say -- the insensitivity and lack of any concern or anything -- I have seen in some of the nursing staff at S.F. General is enough to discourage many good nurses. Luckily I am not discourageable.

Enough of that talk about nursing. We have still been having many interesting speakers here at church. We heard the sister of Dr. [Salvador] Allende [assassinated president of Chile] and also one of the ministers of finance of Chile. They both were very good and

told us of all the prison doings. They both were imprisoned when the fascist leadership took over. They said that anyone who does anything contrary or says anything about the present government disappears -- the officials deny that the people even existed and everyone knows that they have all been kidnapped and murdered.

Next week the whole city of San Francisco is having 'Martin Luther King Day' here at Peoples Temple. We probably have the best auditorium for it. The apathy in America today does not make it good sense to rent an auditorium that would be half empty. The NAACP will be here along with some other groups plus Mayor [George] Moscone, [Assemblyman] Willie Brown, and some other old time visitors and friends. So we have been really busy.

Well, I hope you had an enjoyable Christmas. I did, even though I worked Christmas. Working at night is kind of nice because you can schedule your day any way you want.

Well, write soon.

Love, Annie

You should tell your artist friends to go into burn care nursing. That's not easy to say or do but it is a field where they need skilled careful artistry. It is kind of like sculpture only on a real person where time and effort are vital. The fulfillment is much greater than you could get from sculpting something out of clay. Not that I get a big fulfillment from it, there are too many butchers who mess up your fine work, but I

know that with time and accuracy, less pain and scars can happen and artistic people are just perfect for the part if they can get over the original 'horror' of how open skin and burns look. I am used to it now. I think the field of burns must attract many sadists. (So does the entire medical field.)

By the way, that was B.S. about the 300-lb. doctor. These patients don't know, though, and if you go in with a firm attitude, kindness and a karate chop in case they don't respond to kindness -- they respond pretty good.

Carolyn and Kimo send their love and thanks too.

## Chapter Seven

### EXODUS

We had been hearing about the Temple's agricultural mission in Guyana for several years before Carolyn, Annie, and the rest of Peoples Temple emigrated to what they called The Promised Land. We understood it to be a service project, in which Temple members helped indigenous people in Guyana's interior.

To begin with, we didn't even know where Guyana was. We'd never heard of the only English-speaking country in South America. When Annie and Carolyn moved there, we looked for it on the map, and found it, on the continent's north coast along the Caribbean.

Settlers began clearing the land in the Northwest District in 1974. Dense jungle separated the project from the capital of Georgetown, and from the rest of the world. Just thirty miles from the Venezuelan border, Jonestown conveniently established a property claim for the Guyanese government in a long-standing border dispute with its neighbor. The nearest Guyanese settlement was Port Kaituma, a loading dock on the Kaituma River six miles away. Matthews Ridge, an old manganese mining center, was



35 miles away down a narrow gauge rail line or a bumpy, muddy road.

The Temple's exodus to Guyana in 1977 marked a new stage in the history of the church, just as the move from Indianapolis to Redwood Valley indicated an earlier shift. This time the migration grew out of the Temple's sense of being persecuted by the press.

As early as 1972, unfavorable articles had appeared in the San Francisco Examiner and the Indianapolis Star. Stories by Lester Kinsolving and Carolyn Pickering focused on Jim Jones' unusual theology and bizarre aspects of faith healings and reincarnations.

The articles that began to appear in 1977 more seriously damaged the reputation of Peoples Temple and its leader. Critical ex-members related stories of beatings and described a "spartan regimen". They told of confessions and public humiliations. They denounced the faith



Former manganese mineworks, Matthews Ridge, Guyana.  
May 1979.



Bar in Matthews Ridge. Mike Prokes and Barbara Moore in group's center. May 1978.

healings as fake and revealed the existence of a suitcase full of chicken parts which were used as the cancers the faith healer extracted from the sick.

The stories frightened us. In a sermon he gave four years after the suicides, John told of our reactions to what we read.

...Many times I awakened in the night to the sounds of Barbara's sobbing. We sat up and talked. Barbara wanted to take the girls away from Peoples Temple, but we felt powerless to do anything except to communicate with them. We had reared our daughters to make their own decisions and to take responsibility for the consequences of those decisions. We knew that we would share in

those consequences, but we never imagined that they would be so costly.

We expressed our disbelief that Jim Jones brought people back from the dead. Carolyn was furious with me for telling a reporter that I thought that such claims were absurd. She said: 'You do believe in cardiopulmonary resuscitation, don't you?' We expressed our dismay at charges of cruelty to children. They denied the charges, saying that some parents who mistreated their children had blamed Peoples Temple. Frequently Barbara pressed Jim Jones and Carolyn to deal responsibly with their relationship, as she talked specifically of divorce and marriage. We criticized the adulation of Jim Jones, and continually warned against paranoia.

These were some of our differences. On the other hand, we affirmed the good things they and others in Peoples Temple were doing. In our work on the campus, we had seen so many parents cut themselves off from their sons when they refused to participate in the Vietnam War, and from their daughters when they became pregnant out of wedlock. We also saw parents standing with their children through these experiences, and experimentation with drugs and sex and communal lifestyles. It was clear to us that those youth whose parents affirmed them had a better chance of making it through those tough passages of their journeys.

For nine years, Barbara lived with the

dread of catastrophic consequences. I assumed from the beginning that the time would come when everything hidden would be exposed. However, I never dreamed it would come about as it did...

Jim fled the United States in the spring of 1977. Carolyn, Kimo and Annie soon followed. Barbara noted in a letter dated April 8, 1977, that Carolyn, J.J. and Jim were in South America. By September, more than half of the church's congregation had moved to Jonestown. And by January 1978, the San Francisco headquarters represented little more than an office for handling Temple business in the United States.

In the fall of 1977, the Temple's attorney, Charles Garry, traveled to Jonestown, in part to dispel the rumors that the community was a prison camp. He returned saying he had been to paradise.

Annie's and Carolyn's letters echo Garry's theme. At the same time, they reveal a growing fear within the group that agencies of the U.S. government were spying on and harrassing them. Carolyn revealed the contents of an Interpol report on the Temple. Documents released under the Freedom of Information Act show that the Interpol report originated in the office of the U.S. Customs Service. Carolyn also talked about Senate Bill 1437, the successor to S.B. 1 which would have greatly increased police powers in the United States.

The letters that came from Guyana and the ones John and Barbara wrote alternate between hyperbole and paranoia. A major character in the drama was Larry Schacht, the settlement's only doctor. Annie wrote that she and Larry worked at the Matthew's Ridge Hospital, But when my second husband, Fielding McGehee, and I visited

the hospital in 1979, we learned that no Temple members had ever worked there. In fact, we were bluntly informed that they only used the hospital until their own X-ray machine arrived.

For a time, Annie and Larry seemed to be going steady. Annie wrote asking for money so that she and Larry could adopt an Amer-Indian child. After the suicides, however, we learned that Larry, the doctor, was presented as the potential fiance of a number of female Temple members. Ultimately, he did marry, and he and his wife adopted several children.

The realization that the move to Guyana was permanent dawned on us slowly. We didn't understand how important it was for Peoples Temple, and Jim Jones, to live communally, free of American interference. Annie's first letter of 1977 hints at something we believed was temporary.

January 27, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

...Well I guess you heard that we had an earthquake or tremor here just the other night. I was right in the middle of taking care of a patient and the building sure did begin to shake. I was somewhat surprised although not at all scared and as I was changing Violet's dressing, I said, 'Oh my, Violet, I think we are getting ready to drop into the ocean.' Unfortunately this scared Violet to death and everything I said after that didn't help the situation any. I guess the next time we have a tremor, I better not take it so lightly. I figured that there is no use panicking because that isn't going to control

the earth's faults and make them quit shifting. I didn't know a 40-year-old woman would be so upset at the thought of an earthquake.

Well, I am on a day off here right now. Kimo had a good time in South America, and seemed to enjoy himself. He came back with a little tan although Maria [Katsaris], the girl who was taking care of him said she was trying to keep him out of the sun because she was afraid he would burn.

Well, I need to get busy doing some other stuff now. Thank you for the nice Christmas gifts.

Love, Annie

April 26 maybe, 1977

Dear Ms. Becky Boo,

...Dad and I hope that all goes well with you and that the kind of job you want will turn up by summer. I've sort of thought it would be nice if you and Carolyn and Annie were all together here to celebrate Grandma's birthday the first week of September but if that is not possible, we could celebrate it whenever you could come.

I guess I mentioned that Annie looked beautiful when we saw her two weeks ago. Her hair was a bit longer and fluffy and she now wears rings in her pierced ears. We bought her a few clothes and had a fine time. She tried on a pair of Levis and of course looks as though she belongs on a Nevada ranch. She said that nurses are needed in Arizona. I

said I could see it all. She and her friend Larry who will be graduating from medical school at Irvine this June will go off to rural Arizona. There they will set up a clinic etc. He has to do his internship some place and hopes for San Francisco General. At present she's making cartoons and signs for the burn unit at S.F. General.

Carolyn is still in South America. People in San Fran. think the Mafia may have made threatening phone calls to Tony Ubaldi (Methodist), Jim, and other clergy on the Housing Commission. Anyway threats to one's life are pretty hard to take. So Jim got really tired and felt that a vacation in Guyana was a good move at this particular time. His mother and his sons and their wives, etc., also are there. The commission was really trying to clean up what is an impossible housing dilemma in S.F. The building trades there are pretty corrupt.

Our apple blossoms are gorgeous and I think we'll try to get a picture of them. A fat robin stands there each time I turn on the sprinkler. He is very bold. He has a friend that flutters around above him. The birds are very tuneful here.

Annie and Carolyn are looking for their own house or apartment and plan to move out of the church one of these days.

Much love, Barbara

May 3, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi. How are you. I am doing fine and am busy. My job situation is finally improved a little and we have another nurse to help us work. It was good to visit with you both.

I hear from Carolyn and the folks by radio contact. They are doing well and relaxing in beautiful Guyana. I would like to visit them sometime so maybe I will be able to.

The hospital is still pretty much the same -- plus I am taking some night and day classes so my time is all taken up and I've been busy.

Well, I've got to study -- I just thought I would drop you a note to say hi.

Everyone sends their love.

Love, Annie

May 9, 1977

Dear Becky,

...Last night Carolyn called around 11:00 p.m. to wish me a happy mother's day and tell us of her marvelous trip to Guyana and the island of Grenada. Anyway, it was all gorgeous and right out of Gaughin's experiences in Tahiti. J.J. is just about all potty-trained and never had a sick day, etc.!

And now Miss Annie Moore is in Guyana on leave from the hospital to study tropical diseases and midwifery in her nurse-practitioner program. Guyana has very advanced midwives programs and she is sold on the prenatal and



delivery care there. It is really discouraging to realize that U.S. medical care is a national disgrace (that info from TV) and care for senior citizens about 15th on the list for worldwide care. That latter is in our church class study on aging, etc...

Love, Mother

May 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

I am writing to you on this paper because it is inexpensive and lightweight. Also -- I am writing from the most beautiful, friendly place in the world. (At least -- as far as I have ever been.) I would have written sooner but I have been too busy having a good time here. Sorry I didn't tell you I was coming but it was all of a sudden. The clothes you bought me have come in handy here. I can honestly say I never knew I would be using them this soon. I was given the chance to come so I came. I am working in some of the clinics here and getting some good experience in tropical medicine. If Larry doesn't come here soon, I am going to shack up with one of these handsome Guyanese men. Everyone here is very friendly. I have gone to a number of different persons' homes and was given food -- upon a meeting in the street. It is not a matter of me needing to find somewhere to eat but that the people will befriend you on the street. We live in a nice big house on the outskirts of George-

town, so there is lots of open space around us and a cultural center park with exhibitions and stuff across the road from us. They play the steel drums. You should get a record of Jamaican or Caribbean steel drum bands. You would love them. I never saw anything like them. They play classical and modern music on them and they sound very much like piano keys with a kind of 'gong' in them. I never knew you could get such a beautiful sound from a tin garbage can. That's what they make them from. We can hear them most any time because they practice them in the park which is across from us.

I have done many new things aside from nursing. I cleaned 2000 lbs. of fish a week or so ago with a large crew of people. This was new to me and although smelly, it was very enjoyable to accomplish such a big task. We went to the national women's organization meeting here at City Hall. It was fun. They sang many good songs, had some skits, and Viola Burnham, the prime minister's wife, gave a beautiful speech.

The building out on our farm is going well and is busy. Somehow I ended up here and Carolyn back there. I guess we will switch again sometime, but I hope not too soon for my sake. I love it here.

Well, I have to get back to my business of having a good time here. I get to work in the yard a lot so I am getting tan. Also my hair turned curly from the weather I guess. Well, I'll hear from you when I do.

Love, Annie



Street scene in Georgetown, Guyana. May 1979.

P.S. Mom -- this may reach you around June 7th. So -- happy birthday to you. I'm sorry I'm not there for that and for Mother's Day also but at least I am enjoying where I am very much.

June 10, 1977

Dear Becky,

Thank you for the birthday card. I don't have the present because as you have probably heard I am over here in GUYANA. That is ok though. The present I was making for your last birthday is still

cisco. Somehow I always get started on presents and something comes up and I never finish them. Maybe I will get a chance to make you something here. I will tell you a little about what I have been doing.

I am working in some clinics here and learning about tropical medicine. The nurses and doctors here sure are nice compared to many I have known in the past. They are so kind and concerned for the patients (just like how in theory they are supposed to be). I do other stuff besides nursing also -- like cleaning fish. I did this on this man's boat

on the Demerara River with a bunch of people. It was hard work (2000 lbs. worth) but I enjoyed it and felt a great accomplishment afterwards. Have you heard of Demerara Rum? It is famous, isn't it? Well, it comes from here -- Guyana.

This sure is a beautiful country. Everyone is so friendly and they call you 'comrade' upon meeting and will take you in their homes and feed you. This is here in the city -- Georgetown -- not just in the jungle. There are plenty of coconuts and brown sugar here (and rum of course -- although I have not tried any of it.) There is a women's liberation movement here (along with 'people liberation') and the prime minister's wife, Viola Burnham, is the head of it. There are six different racial backgrounds here and it is really nice -- Black, East Indians, Chinese, Amer-Indians (native Indians), Portuguese and of course, whites. The ratio is fairly even, although it gets sparser among whites & Chinese & Portuguese.

It's really nice. We live on the outskirts of Georgetown so there's country and cows walking around our house. We are across from a cultural exhibition center. It has lots of exhibits and programs on what Guyana is doing. What is nice is that they have a steel drum band and we can hear them at our house real nice. They are beautiful. Have you ever heard them? Guyana is physically a part of South America yet everyone here considers themselves a part of the Caribbean. It is really neat.

Well, I must go now. Thank you for the B-day remembrance. I don't know how soon I'll be back but for now it is a nice vacation. So if you want to -- you can write to me here --

Love, Annie

June 10, 1977

Dear Becky,

...I am looking forward to your visit. I suppose if I had my way, all of my offspring and families would be residing in the same town, though not under the same roof. I might have more of a sense of reality if they did. I feel perpetually suspended and I imagine many people do. That's partly from moving so often. It's probably what's wrong in America...

Love, Mother

June 25, 1977

Dear Becky,

...We had lunch with Carolyn and [Sharon] Linda Amos yesterday. They are both fun and slightly crazy at times. Little J.J. is in Guyana with Jim and visiting his auntie who is now very tan and having the time of her life.

Eventually I hope to take a trip out that way. I will send you an article when I get copies of it. She had Dad's and my presents with her and I had taken a box of plants for her and Lynetta, Jim's mother. Also a

book for Jim and other goodies. Kimo (J.J.) can have 'The Kwangle-Wangle Tree' when he visits as I like to have something on hand and he's not exactly a deprived child when it comes to gifts and clothing as he is everyone's pet...

Much love, Mother

July 26, 1977

Hello, Becky honey,

...We called Georgetown, Guyana yesterday and talked to Carolyn and Kimo. Little Kimo sounded very grown-up. Grandma got quite a thrill out of talking with Carolyn. Her voice was very clear, just as though she were in the next room.

I am still hoping they will return by the middle of August, but I'm not betting on it. They plan to remain until all of the trouble in the church dies down, and of course are very paranoid! Annie was out in the 'bush' on their land project and of course is having the time of her life...

Much love, Mother

July 1977 (postcard)

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi! I received your letter yesterday. It was good to hear from you. This is the 'bush' here. It looks much more beautiful than this. I am busy as usual. You should get a record of the 'Steel Drums' of the Caribbean and you

can see what we get to listen to in person much of the time. They are great. I don't know how soon I will be back but I will keep on writing. Larry is planning to come some time in the future.

Love, Annie

P.S. Lew [Jones]'s baby is so adorable.

In August 1977, New West Magazine published a controversial expose of Peoples Temple. Publicity about the story exploded in July. The San Francisco Examiner followed the trail, and critical articles continued to appear throughout August and September. That summer and fall, the members of Peoples Temple felt under attack.

The Temple had a particularly acrimonious relationship with religious journalist Lester Kinsolving. Picketing by Temple members had forced Kinsolving from his job at the Examiner after his 1972 series of articles. A few years later, John and Lester had a bitter encounter over Peoples Temple. While it's unlikely that Lester Kinsolving was connected to the Central Intelligence Agency, as Barbara suggested in a letter, his enmity towards the Temple was real.

August 4, 1977

Dear Becky honey,

...Just received a card from Annie. She loves the music of Guyana. She'll be surprised when I write to tell her that we've heard records of the marvelous steel drum calypso music of the Caribbean. Wow, she and Carolyn and Jim would have loved this conference. Their Disciples [of Christ] state leader was there and very supportive of all of the trou-

bles and publicity regarding their church...

The article in New West was a real smear attempt and as Dad says, anyone who attracts large groups is subject to vilification...

Love, Mother

August 15, 1977

Dear Becky,

...It looks as though Carolyn, little Kimo and Annie will stay on in Guyana for a spell longer. The article in New West Magazine was pretty bad I guess and one can see the long arm of Lester Kinsolving and his CIA connections extending all the way back from Washington, D.C. Actually the article in the Examiner wasn't that bad or even damaging. The mayor and Willie Brown refuse to make any damaging statements regarding Jim or Peoples Temple as the facts and good works speak for themselves. At times I know that Jim has made outrageous statements that could be misconstrued by someone in basic disagreement. But then some of Dad's statements and meanings could be misconstrued and quoted out of context also...

Much love, Mother

Sometime in 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

I am finding life in the jungle very exciting along with being relaxing. I have been working with the medical staff daily



and am learning many new things about healing wounds and whatever else comes up. We have been using papaya on wounds and I have never seen anything like it. The skin on this woman's leg ulcer all grew a layer of skin within one day with the papaya on it. It was truly amazing.

Larry is out here practicing and I have been helping him with examinations and stuff. He has shown me a lot about medicine and I have shown him what I know about wound healing. My experience in the burn unit has helped considerably.

Well, I guess it is something else back there in Reno and California with all the lies in the papers about us. I have seen some of the articles that some of the people have brought here and they are the most atrocious lies I have ever seen. I guess whenever anyone does anything good, there is someone always trying to destroy it. If they weren't, then I would wonder if we were doing right or not. I can't express my delight about being here. I don't know how soon I'll be back but I hope it is later than sooner. You are all welcome to come visit -- Grandma and Becky too. You can stay if you want to. I have never seen any place as beautiful. Tell Dad they have mountains here too.

Love, Annie

August 11, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

This is just a quick note before I go

onto the boat into the interior. I will be out of the city for awhile.

Last week we gave an exhibition at the request of the government to Parliament in order to show the kinds of things we do on the farm. Also included special educational equipment made by the teachers and hand made crafts articles, bamboo cups and hand made clothing. We cooked our cutlass bean paddies which taste like hamburger and grow profusely in the interior. They are the ones that have a high protein content and we also use them in animal feed to raise the protein content.

Annie made some of the posters and displays for the exhibition and did the lettering on the signs. The whole thing turned out to be very successful.

It is the aim here to develop the interior which is abundant in resources and we are a model of what can be done with time, effort and ingenuity.

As Annie may have mentioned to you, Larry, our MD is going to be assigned to the Matthews Ridge Hospital in the interior near us. He first has to spend a little time here doing some resident work.

The boat ride is like something out of a fairy story, very picturesque and lush with vegetation.

I can be hired as a teacher for the government if I am interested. They need teachers although I don't know if I will be doing that this fall or doing something else.

Kimo is brown as a little bear and looks very healthy and is really enjoying being outdoors. He constantly talks about the 'bulldozers' and cranes and all the farm machinery. He has now been exposed to both the urban culture and the farm culture and has a very broad vocabulary. He has grown up a great deal and is now a little boy and not a baby. He loves riding in the tractor or the van and playing outside.

I am not sure when they are going to get tired of us as the subject matter for the news, but we are going right along with our program. As I mentioned on the phone, the whole pack of lies is politically motivated and I fear a new wave of McCarthyism.

I would love to send you some pictures of the farm, but don't have any on hand right now. I will try to get some for you as it is very beautiful and very interesting.

I hope Reno life isn't too dull for you all, or perhaps it is a pleasant relief from the hustle and bustle of Berkeley.

I must close for now, but wish you much love and hope to see you before too long. Let me know if you decide to come down for a vacation. It is really beautiful and very restful.

Love, Carolyn

August 11, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi! Sorry I haven't written sooner. I

have been having a great time out here being a jungle nurse that I haven't had much chance to be writing. I have been busy with people's cuts and wounds and am learning more from being out here practicing medicine than from being in town. Larry is out here now and is in charge of the entire Matthews Ridge Hospital for his practice. This is about 35 miles from where we are so it's not too long a way. It is so beautiful out here that I never will forget it.

I know that you would like for us to be back for August when Becky will be there but right now I would rather be here, with all of the chaos that has been going on with all of the news articles. Right now they are really attacking us merely because of our political views and especially because we obtained too much political power within San Francisco. All of the stories about us are lies in order to discredit all the good projects we have done. I know you didn't believe them anyway so I don't really have to explain. The people who wrote the articles used to be some of our worst problems regarding child molesting and other abusive problems. They are in with some of the worst right-wingers in the area in trying to ruin us. All I can say is that I have never seen such atrocious lies in my life.

Well, I must be going now. I am glad I was able to talk with you on the phone. If you want to come out -- you are more than welcome and there will be a place for you.

I have never seen peoples' lives here changed so much from meaninglessness to hard-working people who are enjoying themselves knowing they now have a talent like welding, cabinet-making, teaching or whatever. It is really amazing.

Well -- I will write you again.

Love from-- Annie

August 19, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

With the continuing merciless attack by the press, we are beginning to wonder if we have accidentally stumbled on something bigger than we realized.

I remember in Phillip Agee's book [Inside the Company]... where he described how utterly vengeful the C.I.A. was when Castro was victorious in Cuba. They were so angry that they made every possible effort to get [Che] Guevara beyond the normal parameters of intelligence work. It does make one wonder if they had some plan for Guyana that our presence has in some way unsettled. Or perhaps they just cannot conceive of a group of people who have rejected materialism for a freer lifestyle, though less creature-comfort oriented.

It is hard to find a rational explanation for the continual press harrassment unless they have some greater concern, or are being paid or intimidated into continuing.

Maybe they just want to prove that you

just can't be too successful a socialist group without being totally desecrated.

It's odd how their bent is on Guyana, which makes me wonder if we have tampered with someone's 'master plan'.

We certainly would be hard to reach if the C.I.A. did have plans to de-stabilize and they know we would never stand for it.

Well, on to the lighter side. We have adopted a beautiful 4-year-old Amer-Indian Black baby and he is doing very well. The wife of the Ambassador to the U.S. (Guyanese) brought him to us. She said our children were so happy, she knew he'd like it here. Also, she would have kept him herself if she could.

Then also we had 50 students visit; the Ministry of Education (to work cooperatively on education), and many other guests. Almost every day someone comes to visit.

It's a shame you never saw our program in full operation in San Francisco. It was really impressive. Too impressive, I'm afraid. The absurdity of saying you can stage the behavior of 200 children!!!

At any rate people here are very interested in cooperative living. Many study the program here as a model.

Our seniors who have come are thrilled. Children love it. The school we have started is excellent.

Larry is teaching Annie new medical techniques every day. He is very conscientious. He has detected serious conditions in several local cases. Annie and he work well together.

Last week he taught her suturing which he said she did better than he. You know her artistic side. At Jim's direction she put papaya skin on the 4-year-old sores on a senior's legs and within hours the sore healed and closed. Perhaps you have heard of the British doctor who has found fantastic medicinal use for papaya. It has been used in kidney transplants even. It is being studied now.

I have two rolls of old film. I will use it up and send the undeveloped film to you to have developed. I hope it is not too old. Keep the pictures you want and send me copies. I would love to capture the beauty here for you.

Letter is on way to Georgetown to mail.

Much love, Carolyn

P.S. Lynetta is here in her own little cottage, with her puppy. She made the trip well, accompanied by Larry S., M.D.

October 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

How are you doing? I am as healthy as I can be in this beautiful jungle land and I am learning more and more about tropical medicine, agriculture, and everything else. I am now one of the Staff Supervisors plus am in charge of wound care and help Larry in his office while examining people. He has taught me how to suture wounds and cuts and I've had my share of it so I know now how to

stitch people. We have been learning so many new things about how the different plants like banana peel juice cures diarrhea. There have been two or three other people who have been burned that I have used the thin slices of papaya peel on and it really heals the wounds up nicely -- better than anything I have ever used in the burn unit.

Larry has really been working hard. He did a really delicate surgery removing a piece of metal imbedded into the cornea of one young man's eye. One of the other nurses and I helped him do it at 3:30 in the morning.

Well, I hope both you and Becky will be able to visit this beautiful place soon. Maybe Grandma can come also. I will write to her also.

Carolyn and Kimo send their love also.

Love from Yer Nurtz,  
Annie

October 11, 1977

Dear Mom, Dad, and whomever (Becky),

I have been receiving your letters and I had already read the Joan Bran article as people come down quite often with newspapers.

We are all doing very well. Annie is busy as usual with her nursing and experimenting with papaya on superficial wounds -- it does indeed appear to have astounding powers to stimulate new skin growth. She uses it with burns, large sores on older people and boils. It is very effective on all and



she goes out to pick her own papaya, since she knows just which one will do the trick.

Jim is busily administrating and works every day outside in the gardens, and on various sites on the farm. He is busy as usual, but at least gets to be in the outdoors which is certainly healthier than San Francisco.

I am teaching political science in our high school. I do a lot of teaching of political philosophy which I have always wanted to do as you may recall. This is the first time I have even be able to teach what I really have wanted. Also I help administrate the high school and train younger teachers. It is a challenge in the middle of the jungle, but even with less in the way of supplies it is so much nicer to be able to teach what you want the way you want that it is worth the minor inconveniences.

We have a very good pre-school, elementary school, and high school and lots of highly qualified people doing the teaching and also a good teacher-student ratio which is really a pleasure too. Our baby nursery is finished and the babies have their own play porch, which is really darling. Kimo does well in the pre-school program. He is doing very well and is enjoying fully the outdoors, the sunshine and hiking around on his own some, too. He talks about eating his cassava, greens, his plantains, etc. A unique jungle vocabulary. He continually discusses heavy equipment such as the tractor, back-hoe, dump truck, the cranes, the radio (he can say our

call letters) and he seems fascinated with how this sort of equipment works. It is not many 2½-year-olds who have lived in the asphalt jungle and then have flown halfway across the world, taken a jungle boat ride, and finally ended up living on a tropical farm. I must say his life experiences have been rich and varied. His world view must be quite unusual for his age.

I have come to town to renew my passport, so went down to the local American Embassy to chat with 'your local do-it-yourself CIA attache'. We were told by high government officials that he is definitely working for the CIA and he is just the type. I am returning to the interior tomorrow to get back to school. Was only in town over the week-end.

You may not know just what the farm entails -- we have a large piggery as we raise pigs to eat, and also chickens. We grow bananas, cassava (bitter and sweet) which is used for both human consumption and for pig feed, cutlass beans from which we make a patty much like hamburgers, pineapple, citrus trees (which take a while to bear fruit though we have some bearing now), various green vegetables and fruits. For house plants you just go out to the floor of the jungle and you can pick the most exotic types and plant them indoors (in the States they would cost a fortune). In fact some are exported to the States. Jungle plants take mostly shade and that is why they make good house plants. If you saw some of these plants I know you would love to

take them with you, though you cannot, I suppose due to whatever regulations exist in the U.S. regarding bringing plants in.

We have an EKG machine now, and we are getting an X-ray machine. We have a good medical program with an excellent microscope, centrifuge for lab work and sterilizing equipment. We will be establishing a library and have about 8000 books in customs which need to be processed through so we can get them into the interior. Reading is a favorite pastime of all ages -- unlike the TV addiction of most American teens, ours are finally learning to read. In fact, people are enthusiastic about reading and books fly around faster than you can keep up with them.

It is interesting that with a simpler lifestyle people have more time for deep thinking and analysis than they do in a fast-paced urban setting and one can really feel like one is building something for a change. I will try to send you an outline of our school and some people's impressions of Jonestown.

Much love for now,  
Carolyn

October 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

Greetings to you from the beautiful lush jungle land that I love so much! How have you been lately? I have missed all of you but I love it here too much to leave it just yet.

The tropical rain is raining now and it is so beautiful. It cools everything off and makes everything so green. I don't know what I would do if I were back in the cement city of San Francisco. Golden Gate Park doesn't even compare to the luscious bush here and it is the closest to the greenness that I can even think of.

I am busy as usual with my supervising of the nursing department. We must have one of the best medical departments known. We have medical staff health care workers (similar to nurse's aides) who take a special course in medical information, more advanced than usual. Anyhow -- these health care workers check on a certain group of people daily to see if they are ill or whatever. This way we can keep a close eye on everyone. I have been treating some small burns (not anything like the burn unit) but it is interesting to see the papaya work and help the skin grow back to its old self. It works better than every other medication or treatment that we have. I certainly don't miss any of those old heifers that I used to work with who purposely inflicted pain on the patients and laughed with delight at anyone who was screaming with it. It is nice to work with people who are really concerned for the patients and not just doing a job to make some money.

If you could send me some sheets, I could sure use them on my bed. I sent the sheets I had into Georgetown with an emergency case with one of the Amer-Indian work-

ers. If you have some good extra towels or sheets, we could use them in our medical department also. We are also adopting some of the Amer-Indian children who are so adorable. Remember Joyce [Touchette] -- the lady with Mr. Muggs? She and her husband are adopting a beautiful little boy. If you can -- you could send \$400.00 so we could adopt another small child. Larry and I were thinking of adopting one but we first need money to do it with. The children here are so precious. This way you could be double grandparents. Kimo is doing well. He is growing so much and has quite a personality. He loves the outdoors.

Well, I just thought I would say hi and tell you how well I'm doing. Give my love to Grandma and Becky.

Love from Annie,  
Carolyn and Kimo

October 26, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

Charles Garry just spent 4 days here with us and went away saying he was in Paradise. The farm is coming along well and he certainly enjoyed his stay.

School is suspended a few days for planting -- eddoes and sweet potatoes. The garden is now producing much greens, okra, cucumber, etc. But we have a lot of planting to do to produce all of our starches. (Mostly what is called 'ground provisions' which is sweet and



Jonestown nursery and schoolroom. May 1979.

Carolyn with cutlass bean plant. May 1978.

Pet anteater on Jonestown walkway. May 1978.

bitter cassava, eddoes, sweet potato.) Also, of course we grow a lot of cutlass beans and eggplant -- both grow well in this area.

We also grow a lot of bananas, plantains and pineapple, and we are starting cashew fruit from which the cashew nut comes. The fruit is very good to eat, and papaya. For protein we use chickens and eggs which we raise, pork from our piggery and fish which are in abundant supply. Although not totally self-sufficient yet, we are working toward that goal. Our cutlass beans also supply protein. Rice is an item we purchase which of course is indigenous to Guyana, though not to our area though we are growing some varieties. We also are experimenting growing rabbits for protein since they are prolific and good protein, but just started on this. We are going to get a few cows for milk too. Livestock must be treated carefully in the tropics, though one can succeed with the right varieties, but be cautious to prevent certain diseases and funguses. We are also experimenting growing coffee (Hurray!) and spices. We will probably grow citrus for a cash crop but as you may know it takes five years to produce. Citrus grows well in the tropics, though the outside skin is not orange in color since there are no frosts. However, the inside is orange and sweet. I expect we will have good results in the long run with citrus. Well, enough of the agricultural report. You must get the picture of a very busy community.

We also just cleared 300 more acres of jungle for agriculture. You ought to see our crew and the Amer-Indians felling trees. It's quite unusual. From the land clearing we have 2 darling pet sloths. In case you aren't familiar with sloths, they are funny furry tree creatures who move v-e-r-y--s-l-o-w-l-y. They have cute smiles and this variety is very peaceful though the 2-toed sloths are quite cantankerous I am told. They just hang most of the time.

The children have made up several cute calypso songs about Guyana including a girl dancing with a banana branch. Our many, many visitors have enjoyed the performance. They also do some clever plays and Patty [Cartmell] does a hilarious imitation of the 'radio'.

The boat is in town now picking up supplies and some people. The boat (our fishing trawler) goes to town once or 2 times a month and ends up used for transport rather than fishing. So we are considering purchase of a ballyhoo for short river runs to exchange produce and for fishing. Our boat also picks up lumber for construction for mills along the river. We are becoming quite a community and we are the most successful agricultural project in all of the interior bar none -- so say all government officials who come here. Our agricultural methods are improving all the time. There is definitely a lot to know in scientific tropical agriculture.

Annie and Kimo are both very fine. Kimo



is in the pre-school program. Annie is as usual busy with her nursing. Our doctor gave Charles Garry the most thorough physical he has ever had in his life, he said. He felt we should document everything Larry does.

P.S. If you are having a lot of stones, medical people here suggest you should have your endocrine system checked. This can also be related to thyroid, they say. So be sure to have it checked thoroughly.

Much love, Carolyn  
Annie and Kimo

November 1, 1977

Dear Mom, Dad, etc.--

This is just a very short note as we have someone taking the mail to town today by plane so I thought I would just add a few lines.

All is going very well. I am busy with school -- studying everything from Third World politics, Caribbean politics and socialist economic concepts which of course are very applicable to the farm. We do a lot of planning -- production goals, etc. Obviously the more planning we do, the better productivity we get on the farm. As you know, I have always wanted to teach these subjects and this is the first time I have ever been able to teach what I really wanted to teach. So I am really enjoying this.

I think I forgot to mention in my last letter that we are experimenting growing cof-

fee and peanuts -- both of these items grow well in tropical areas normally. I can hardly wait for the coffee to bear. It takes three years for coffee to bear.

Patty [Cartmell] and another lady went down river to buy some citrus for the farm and came back by canoe. (You can imagine what an adventure!) Patty came back with a parrot -- given her by someone in her travels -- she named it Homer. There is a long story behind that which I will tell you sometime. Anyway they had an interesting time and did barter a number of useful food items for the farm.

Kimo is impossible to keep up with on the farm. He is everywhere most of the time -- though is in the pre-school program during the day. He plays with friends all over the place and is hard to keep up with but it is a wonderful opportunity for him to adventure independently and not get into trouble.

We are having another delegation of visitors today which is commonplace here. We are the local attraction as far as the model farm we have. So we will take them on the tour and show them the various 'attractions'.

I almost forgot, we had our first baby born in Jonestown last Saturday. An 8-pound baby girl. Both mother and child doing very well. The delivery was carried out with the help of Dr. Larry and the nursing staff. No complications, but we had extra blood on hand just in case and all the necessities. We all got to see the newborn through the window. A

very beautiful child I must say, for a newborn. All done through natural childbirth -- LaMaze. We have about 15 or so pregnant mothers all taking their LaMaze lessons and getting prepared. We have a lot of young married couples in the group although we are not encouraging a lot of pregnancies at this time, until the farm is more developed, but many came already pregnant. We also have our own family planning clinic.

Well, I definitely better get back to work now and have much to do so I will have to sign off. By the way, we brought our own video tapes so we can see the very best movies, plus even 'Sanford and Son' occasionally. So we do get the cultural benefits without all the crap -- advertisements and lousy programs.

Much love, Carolyn

December 6, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

It was good to hear from you. As usual I am doing fine -- having a grandiose and interesting time. I don't understand what the problem is with my adopting a child with Larry but I would not plan to adopt or produce any baby without having a daddy-figure who would be responsible for the child. Larry is very responsible and you will never find a more skillful, conscientious doctor. He is an artist and musician and you can tell how artistic he actually is by the way he

sews people up -- there is rarely a scar. But I guess you will have to meet him sometime to make your own evaluation.

I have been working as a night time supervisor lately and it is interesting. I guess I always like to work nights. I especially like the sunrises. That is what is really nice. Everything out here in the jungle is beautiful and I will always love it. Well -- sorry to cut it short but I have to get back to work.

Love, from Annie

December 6, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

I received all your letters recently as our mail arrives when the boat comes in which is much faster than the regular mail service. March would be a good time to come as our guest housing will be complete by then and that is supposed to be an ideal time of year climatically.

Of course you know, Mom and Dad, that we are Marxists and you have to take that into consideration when associating with us.

The media has advertised us in the most grotesque and unreal manner -- due to this conspiracy which is indeed real, though I know you are not conspiracy minded and tend to pooh-pooh the idea. I saw myself the Interpol report which a high officer in government allowed a number of us to read first-hand. They are accusing us of the most absurd

things -- trafficking in weapons and currencies. This I saw with my own eyes and as you know Interpol is closely related to high-ranking and wealthy Nazis in the U.S. and originated in the Nazi movement in the first place. We have suffered an unimaginable sort of harassment in the United States. It is all a political game and since they can't get us on small things I guess now they want to start on the big ones. You need to read Comrade George and other such texts to get a perspective on what U.S. tax dollars abroad are used for. Because we have close government ties here, we have been able to learn of a number of things which otherwise we would not know. (Of course, all originates from the U.S.) And you well remember Dan Mitrione, who was certainly no myth. As Charles Garry stated, this is a 'Paradise'. We reach out to over 200 people a day with medical care -- pap smears, breast exams, prostate exams -- it is a herculean schedule and costs exorbitantly, but that is where our commitment lies. You apparently have a different perspective on adoption than Annie and I do from what I gather. \$400 would go a long way to reach out to children who badly need help, but that is your decision.

I also have noticed in recent letters that there is no reference to Jim. I am not sure if this is out of fear of association or whatever, or perhaps you just don't like him. You know that he is an avowed Marxist-Leninist -- that has never been a secret. He

has made this community possible and has given meaning to far too many lives to even be able to mention. So I would think you would have some concern about his well-being. You know where I have stood for years now and my politics have never been a secret. I have been a Communist since I was 15 if you can recall my many, many discussions with Dad on the subject of socialized medicine, the dialectic and other related topics. So at this point I certainly don't want any questions on decisions I have made. In fact in the 20th century it seems obvious that one either chooses a 'refined' technological fascism or a democratic communism in this world. You cannot learn democracy until you learn sharing and sharing is communism. Sixty percent of the world is hungry and it will take some sort of communism to solve the problem.

We wear our philosophy with much tolerance. A few weeks ago Texaco oil representatives visited the project and raved about the beauty and creativity and individuality here. There is tremendous room for individualism here, in fact, far more than in the hustle and bustle of economic insecurity existing in the U.S. That is the irony about the critics of communism -- they think there is less room for personal expression when in reality there is far more.

You can see the viciousness of the press -- with not two words of truth to their accounts. We are in the midst of another McCar-

thy era. Obviously when Newsweek has as its feature story 'Is America Going Right?' it is pretty evident to even the most naive.

Both Annie and I do not wish to live in the U.S. any more. The time of our effectiveness there is over. The Jews, many of them, waited too long thinking things weren't that bad in Germany but when Senate Bill 1437 passes, the sign that the worm has turned should be apparent. You would even be surprised at the number of 'average Americans' who want to come to live here.

You surely know that I have to be firmly committed because the media has been grossly irresponsible and even [San Francisco Chronicle columnist] Herb Caen says the charges are outlandish and he told the real reason that the church released to him as to why we have stayed this long. He told it sympathetically. I have read all the trash so there is not a thing I have not heard, probably before you all have and I know all the background and have for years. But it is far too lengthy to explain some things in a letter and you should have enough faith in Annie and I to know we have excellent rational minds and have chosen what we firmly believe in because for years we have seen first-hand its rightness. I guess I will have to be cliché-ish and say that probably only history will vindicate us, because we cannot get released all the documents we have seen to be published for all to see. But take my word for it, a bigger conspiracy than you would have imagined does

really exist. You could give me sodium pentathol and I could list for you the absurd allegations in a document I read for several hours -- which is most real and most unbelievable in its ludicrousness.

Anyway, you are welcome to see for yourself and hopefully some day you will be able to understand why people make the kind of commitments that we make. Today two babies who would have died lived because our medical team got them IV's and gave them the kind of medication they desperately needed. One weighs 6 pounds and is three months old and the other, its twin, weighs 8 pounds. I could cite dozens of such examples, but then if you trust my judgment that is certainly not necessary.

Much love to you both. We can make arrangements in March for flights to the interior. It is a 45-minute flight and is easily arranged, so all you have to arrange is getting to Georgetown. We have a lovely church center there which is comfortable to stay in.

Love, Carolyn

December 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi! Greetings to you from the most gorgeous place I know of! Sorry for the delay in writing but you know I have been busy as usual and taking care of many different things. I wanted to thank you for the \$200.00 and Carolyn said thank you for hers also. Lar-



ry also wanted me to stick in a word for him to thank you for the financial help. Normally he could be making a lot of money in the States but as he says -- he would much rather devote his time to medicine and serving the needs of people here by volunteering his time. When you come he can give you both physical exams -- he does the most thorough job I have ever seen. Anyway the money will really help a lot in the adoption. I do think I am old enough and capable enough to decide whether or not to stick with someone in order to make an adoption. I wouldn't want a child to be fatherless. I just wanted to let you know this.

I have been busy as usual working with some jungle medicine. We have a plant called 'Irish Vine' which you can put on ringworm and it works better than medicine we had that was prescribed for ringworm. There are some other vines and plants that work also for different ailments. It is really interesting. The Amer-Indians have told us many of these remedies and they really do work well.

Kimo is really getting big and he really enjoyed the birthday presents you sent. He is a very talkative and smart little boy. There are some other children here that I am an auntie to so I find myself busy with the children also.

We have movies fairly often here. I missed last night's movie -- it was a mystery thriller like you like -- mom. We have had some other good ones too like 'Lady Sings the

Blues', 'Andromeda Strain' and as usual more political ones like 'The Parallax View'. So even though I have never been much of a movie goer I have really enjoyed the movies we have seen here.

I need to get busy now -- it is time for some chicken and sweet potatoes with fried oriental vegetables. Our vegetables are out of this world. You will certainly enjoy the place when you come.

Love from Annie

Send Becky hellos from Carolyn and Kimo and me. Please send the enclosed letter to Grandma. I can't find her address right now and the boat is getting ready to go.

## Chapter Eight

### LIFE IN JONESTOWN

Ex-members and critics of Peoples Temple called Jonestown a prison camp. Inescapable and hostile, the community tolerated no dissent. Troublemakers were kept under sedation in the Special Care Unit. Or they were punished with hard work on the Learning Crew. Jim Jones kept residents up late at night with long meetings and harangues over the loudspeaker system. The late nights followed hard days in the intense heat of the Guyana jungle.

Visitors to Jonestown, on the other hand, found a community of healthy, and happy people. Yes, they admitted, it was hard work to clear the acreage for planting, to build the houses, to construct the walkways. It was difficult to feed 900 people three meals a day. They lacked luxury. They had no money.

But the residents of Jonestown believed they were creating a new society. The hardships were worth enduring, because the new society would be free of racism, sexism and elitism. Blacks and whites together would live in harmony, and would show the world that it was indeed possible to live without hatred.

When the government of Guyana agreed to lease 3,852 acres to Peoples Temple, church members in California had little idea what kind of work would eventually be required to succeed. The area was in the Northwest District of the country, a remote jungle, inaccessible except by air, or by boat up the Kaituma River. In a few years, however, a small group of pioneers had cleared hundreds of acres of thick growth. So many acres, in fact, that several Guyanese praised the group's remarkable progress when they spoke to us after the suicides.

The letters Carolyn and Annie wrote describing life in Jonestown revealed their hopes and dreams for the new society. They discussed daily concerns and needs, and wrote of various community activities. Their letters frequently contained invitations to visit the project.

In January 1978, John and Barbara decided to travel to Guyana. Initially my second husband, Fielding McGehee, nicknamed Mac, and I planned to go with them. But a request from Carolyn that we promise not to write anything about what we saw bothered me so much that I decided not to go. We hadn't planned on writing anything. The suspiciousness of my sisters, however, made me angry. John and Barbara went alone to Jonestown in May.

They had a good visit, and felt good about what Carolyn and Annie were doing. They wrote several statements about their visit and later wrote letters in support of the Jonestown project.

The letters from Carolyn and Annie as well as the comments John and Barbara made provided unique glimpses into the life of Peoples Temple in Guyana. The accounts are incomplete and personal. To the extent they affirmed Carolyn's and Annie's decision to live there, they were one-sided. They didn't detail the hardships of Jonestown life. Instead, they painted a picture of a group of peo-

ple struggling, and prevailing in their struggles.

This chapter begins with a letter Carolyn wrote early in 1978. Most Temple members were living in Jonestown by then, swelling the community's population to almost 900. Jim Jones, his wife Marceline, his mother Lynetta, and most of his children were living in Guyana. Kimo, by then a "sturdy young fellow" of three, found life in the jungle an endless adventure, as did many of the 300 children who lived there.

January 17, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

This will be short as the boat is just about to leave. I got your letters and the little things for Kimo. He loves them and they fit perfectly. Kimo says thanks too. Also, thanks for the underwear and Annie says thanks too.

Kimo went into the bush with Stephan [Jones] today. He was thrilled at the adventure. He is a character plus. Has a huge vocabulary and is a very rough, sturdy young fellow. Tanned and healthy. He rode one of our horses the other day with Lew [Jones]. He cried because he had to get off finally and was very unreasonable about it. He loves animals and even bugs. The other day he picked up a beetle and told me he was putting it on the grass so it would not get hurt. There is a rather funny flying beetle here who is totally harmless but gets confused with light and 'dive bombs' like a moth with light. These poor creatures get all confused and lost. We do have an anteater here with an identity

crisis -- he doesn't like ants but would rather have baby bottles. Anteaters are extremely affectionate and tame, very intelligent and cute. I never realized what they were like. This one lives in our warehouse and follows its mummy, a lady named Beverly, all around. He is quite a character. They do not bite but have tongues almost a foot long. We also have a toucan named Lenny who is brilliant -- he tries to turn off the radio and is generally a very sociable pest. The variety of animals here is really fantastic and great for children. We just purchased dairy cattle, two horses. As you know we have a piggery, raise chickens, and are beginning with rabbits.

As you may know, Lew [Jones] and his wife have a darling baby boy named Chiaoke who looks typically Asian though his wife is Caucasian. He is very animated and extremely cute. Chiaoke is a Korean name pronounced Chi-oak.

When you make your plans to come here, you can fly to NYC and catch a Pan Am from there. There is one about every day except I think Sunday or Monday. We do not have daily flights to the interior so I need to know what day you would arrive in Georgetown. We have a beautiful house there which is our center there where you can stay as you would arrive at night around 1:00 a.m. from NYC. This house is about an hour from the airport so it will be late. Interior flights take about 45 minutes to one hour. Then a two-hour

ride by Land Rover to our project. We have a closer landing strip but commercial flights do not use it. It is used for emergency flights for medical or visiting dignitaries. Interior flights usually leave the capital around noon. When the dates are more certain we can make those arrangements. Most of the time our people take our boat, but that is hard to coordinate so a plane is better and it takes 24 hours by boat. The boat ride is out of a National Geographic in its beauty.

Last Sunday the [Guyana] Foreign Minister Fred Wills came out here in a helicopter and landed right on the project. He was thrilled with the place, toured everything and beamed at everyone, played our organ while everyone sang, then hugged seniors. He is a very amiable fellow (I met him before on several occasions). He cried when he saw our medical facilities and when he went back to town he immediately called our house there and raved about the place and said he would be telling everybody. One would consider him the third highest political representative of the country, next only to the Deputy Prime Minister. He carried a message to Jim from them.

"7u (that was Kimo's contribution to the letter).

By the way if you have a chance to get some size 6½ high top leather shoes for Kimo -- the warehouse has tons of shoes but none for 6½ boots. He has tennis shoes, and rubber boots, but will soon outgrow the high

tops he has and the ones I had for him were too small. We will be getting a shipment in soon however. Also -- a couple of plastic ponchos for Annie and I. They are handy and not available here. Also -- a couple pairs of Kimo socks -- the nylon kind do better than cotton because they dry fast and are simple to wash. He has plenty now but sometimes they get lost being so small. Dark color socks are better for 3-year-olds who get dirty. We will soon have a freighter bring up crates from a shipment in the capital, but customs and all takes some time before it actually arrives.

I have to rush on with some other things so will close for now -- much love,

Carolyn

February 27, 1978

Dear Mom, Dad,

Thank you for Kimo's birthday gifts and the letters. He really appreciated the books. The animal book is beautiful and very educational. I told you the wrong shoe size for the high tops -- it's a 7, rather than a 6. He does have new tennis shoes that fit well and also good sturdy sandals, but no high tops and a bit short on socks. It takes a while to clear our stuff through customs which is the hold up. We have 10,000 books in Georgetown to come into our library and also some shoes, clothing, material and heavy agricultural equipment and an X-ray machine.

The medical team including Annie is



doing well. Annie has been setting up our bond (pharmacy) and getting all that organized. The doctor Larry recently did a complicated multiple birth, and complicated surgery on an injured arm. We do emergency surgeries here, otherwise we send the cases into town by plane. Of course the medical team has also been spaying dogs and examining rabbits, etc. We are the only clinic where the rabbits make an appointment too. The government vet came out last week and was highly complimentary of our program with livestock. He also was impressed with our structure and said it was the purest socialism he had seen practiced anywhere and he has traveled extensively. He gave us some pointers on livestock and did a couple of animal operations so our team could learn and the room was filled with observers here.

[California] Lt. Governor Dymally will probably be visiting next month. He was here before and so he will be interested in seeing the changes. He wants to get a rest and some peace in what he calls the most tranquil place he has seen.

We look forward to your visit. I know you will enjoy the farm because every time I take a tour myself I learn dozens of new things. It is a very educational trip and a lot of fun too. It is very spread out. We have been clearing new land and planting all the time. Stephan [Jones] does a lot of land clearing with the bulldozer. This is a challenging job as it is not easy to manage that

kind of vehicle on virgin forest. It takes skill and care and is highly technical. The same with agriculture. It has to be very scientific now which means a lot of study, planning and care goes into it. We are having more success than any other project in the jungle interior here in Guyana and spending less money doing it -- though it takes a lot to do it regardless. Much of what we do is experimental since many things have simply never been tried in the tropics. Also, many of the things we are growing have never been tested for nutritional value and protein content. We are doing well with a lot of things which they say cannot be grown here such as garlic. We just grow enough for our own consumption as it requires extra care to grow that kind of thing, but we utilize all those things in the kitchen. We are growing several things like that for our own consumption.

One of the remarkable beauties of this kind of lifestyle is the educational value for the children. They are so well informed on the natural things grown here and they learn all kinds of things about the bush. We have a number of exotic birds: 2 McCaws, 2 toucans, a parrot, etc., and among other things a possum, anteater, turtle -- not counting the regular farm animals -- cattle, pigs, horses, chickens, for food purposes.

By the time you arrive much of the landscaping planted by the seniors will be pretty well up. They have done a remarkable job of



planting and landscaping around the housing sites.

Things grow fast. Right now we are having an unusually long dry period.

You may come in the middle of the rainy

season. It is perhaps not as convenient but it is equally beautiful and a bit cooler in the rains. We actually get more work done in the dry season, though this one is so unusual that we are having to water which is working out fine but rarely has to be done in the tropics.

Well, I must go teach my class now so Annie and I send our love.

Carolyn



Typical Jonestown house; piggyery. May 1978.

March 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi, how are you doing in the cold old U.S. of A.? I am doing fine as I could be in this beautiful warm and temperate climate. Along with being the night nursing supervisor I am now in charge of our medical supply house along with one of the other nurses. It is an interesting job along with being one of great responsibility. Our herbal experimental project is very successful. The irish vine is a plant which we have crushed and put onto ringworm and athlete's foot. It works great! We have something for everything. Constipation, diarrhea, headaches, fevers, and boils are just a few of the things we have the remedies for. It's a really rewarding experience and makes me feel good to see our own medication mixtures working and taking care of some of these smaller problems.

Larry has been busy as usual, seeing patients and going into Port Kaituma regularly to take care of the medical problems there. Many of the Guyanese frequent the medical clinic here regularly so we have a large clientele. We have had several deliveries lately also. New babies we have a-plenty plus several whom we have adopted and are nurturing.

We have a big dance every Sunday night and I went to this latest one. It was quite an experience. Seniors and teenagers were dancing together and it was indeed interesting and fun. Everyone was dancing -- includ-

ing myself and I never enjoyed myself so much.

One of my new projects is with a few of our musicians plus some of the Guyanese. They are showing us how to make steel drums from the metal garbage containers. It is a very interesting procedure plus I am learning a lot more about music and a new instrument. I remember I told you to be sure to get a record with steel drums if you haven't because you would enjoy it.

Well I have to go now back to one of my jungle drawings for a new project I am doing. Kimo is growing so rapidly and is so smart. You won't recognize this 3-year-old determined nut. Carolyn sends her love to you.

Love from Annie

Tell Becky a happy belated birthday from me.

Jim mentioned you both the other day and said he was looking forward to seeing you both. He has been busy administering the farm which is a large project as you will soon see. He sends his love to you.

March/April 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi, and how are you both doing? I thought I would send you a letter on my good old Olympia typewriter which is still typing as good as it did ten years ago when you got it for me for my ninth grade graduation present. It sure is a good typewriter and does get quite

a bit of use, so it is not going to waste. I have been keeping track of our medical supplies house with a friend of mine and we are busily filling it up. It gets to be quite a job. We are busily growing more banana trees, which we have a-plenty here, along with eddoes, cassava and much more.

Well, Larry has delivered another baby, a little boy this time. We had three in one week -- two little girls and one little boy. It is really something else, we have our own delivery team which I am a part of. We have so far, seven more babies to go I believe so we are really becoming part of 'production' here in Jonestown.

We have our entertainment committee all rehearsed as they are going into town for a presentation at Guyana's main auditorium for a large festival. You should see the presentation. They will probably do it for you one night when you come here. We have our own Moms Mabley and our own 'Committee', musical talent and the rest. I would be going also except that there are already enough musicians going and someone needs to be here to present the programs for visitors who are going through. The entire town of Georgetown is waiting for our arrival because they have heard our organist, Diane, sing before and they loved her. We have dancers, of course, one of whom does a dance with a baby green boa constrictor, who is seven feet long. She does an exceptional job with the snake, especially after a short period of practice. Some

of our young men, Stephan included, went out to the bush to find the snake, because no snakes will roam anywhere near here. I should include one of my pictures that I have recently drawn, but I have sent them to Georgetown to be sold so I can make some extra money. I am going to make some more, though.

If you could send me some things, I would appreciate it. I could use some type of plastic or rubber rain jacket or coat, not a windbreaker jacket, but actual rain jacket. Also I could use some rubber boots that are good for working in, some cool shirts (cotton) and any extra sheets that you may have. Also I could use some 25¢ snort rag scarfs (they are that much if you go to discount houses and they come in all different colors). One thing you need is these kind of scarves to hold your hair back when you are working. Well, I will see you when you come and you will probably hear from me before then.

Kimo, Jim and Carolyn send their love,  
and Love from

Annie, the Jungle  
Nurtz

Be sure to bring enough cool clothes with you when you come -- plus rubber boots and rainwear -- in case it rains. You will have to have the boots if it does rain so Mom, don't bring your dress-up shoes only. Dress-up night will be later on in the evenings.

If you want you can also bring me some lightweight working pants, I'm not sure of

the size -- probably the same size I've always been and some of those rubber thongs or whatever. I think my waist is 29 and length is 34 but I don't know how it rates in non-Levi pants which are cooler than Levi pants.

March 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

I heard from radio you are planning to come in May. Let me know ahead of time the dates, or through SF because arrangements to the interior can be made more easily if we know ahead of time.

I did receive the shoes for Kimo. A 7 was better because he can grow into them. The socks are nearly too small, but will last for awhile. In the meantime our 93-crate shipment came in so we should have a full warehouse as soon as everything is unloaded. That is presently what is being done as the boat just arrived yesterday. We have 10,000 books in it too, so we will have a very nice library when it is all catalogued. Also, our respirator is in this shipment which is a very useful medical tool. We have an X-ray machine on the docks, but not here yet. That will be the most useful item we don't have. Right now we have to send people to be X-rayed about 30 miles or else into Georgetown. This machine will enable Larry (Schacht) to set broken bones out here and thus will be a big help.

Presently we have several Guyanese babies in our clinic-nusery. Both had para-



sites, and malnutrition due to inability to absorb protein. They are both doing excellently and we released several others who had fully recovered recently.

Our baby-nursery, pre-school, and primary and high school were all inspected this last week and will be officially licensed by the government quite soon. The inspectors were very impressed and the nursery inspector said she wanted her husband, a school headmaster, to come, but said she would never get him to leave if he saw the place. They spent one whole day observing and asking questions. They are enthused at our work-study approach and practical orientation of education to the needs of the cooperative. Students research our many agricultural problems as part of their science courses. Also, our shops -- metal and wood are very effective training grounds.

Annie is busy as usual, but learning many many new things -- being taught by other personnel -- doctors, etc. One doctor we talked to on ham radio wants to spend 2 months here. He was an orthopedic specialist.

I do not have much time before this boat leaves so will close, but send you my love. Looking forward to seeing you. Jim sends his love.

Love, Carolyn

The decision not to go to Jonestown was a painful one. Especially in the aftermath of the suicides, it's no

longer clear to me why I was so terribly angry over Carolyn's request. My parents hid my feelings from Carolyn and Annie, and I never mailed my sisters a hostile and self-righteous letter I wrote. In fact, I wrote little after my parents' visit to Jonestown.

Had I gone, I would not have altered future events. But I would have felt the tragedy more deeply. I would have seen the beauty and strength of Jonestown.

March 23, 1978

Dear Becky,

There must be something to that stuff about bio-rhythms and that sort of thing. My Sunday horoscope said this week would be neither an upper nor a downer, but just a big blah. Since that kind of prediction is a bunch of hogwash, I thumbed my nose at it and pretended to be merry and crazy and light of heart, but the whole truth of the matter is that the entire week has been depressing...

I hope that you've resolved your feelings about the nutty request from Peoples Temple. I simply wrote Carolyn that you and Mac had a tight schedule and the finances were a bit low. (I lie beautifully on any occasion needing a good one. When I was very late to a tea that your Aunt Mary had insisted I attend, I merely told her that I had lost my car keys at the downtown Harris Company and finally found them at the cashier's desk. Worked fine since I didn't want to attend anyway but wanted to keep on good terms.)

Annie's letters are always interesting and as you can see she's having a great time. Send it back some time.

I hope you and Mac had a lovely Easter  
and dinner out and fun, fun, fun.

Much love, Mother

March 24, 1978

Dear Becky,

I understand your feelings about visiting Carolyn and Annie. I think that postponing any journey there is a good decision. Your decision not to go will push them to try to understand why. That is important for them, in my judgment.

From the first, in one of my earliest letters to Carolyn years ago, I said that I was disturbed that what came through her letters was so much of Jim and so little of her. There's more Carolyn coming through now, but it's my opinion that there is not much space in the community for divergent views. They may debate church policy in their meetings of the inner circle, but once decisions are made, all are committed to them...

Have a happy Easter.

Love, Dad

March 31, 1978

Dear Becky,

I can understand your feelings about your relationship with Carolyn. I don't know if I can be of any help to you. I think I told you once that while I become involved with movements, I have never been one to give

unswerving allegiance to any human. If I would have chosen to be one of Jesus' followers, and I'm not certain that I would -- judging from the way I relate to leaders and charismatic people today -- it would have been with a sense of ambiguity about his foibles.

You might write Carolyn and Annie telling them what you are doing, and see what response you get.

Peoples Temple has its party line -- I think I wrote about my view on that.

We feel so good that you and Mac feel good about your relationship. With all of our reservations about P.T., Annie and Carolyn are with people who care about them deeply. They have a new family. We have wanted for you someone, and some people, who will be your family in the years ahead. We have been grateful for your friends. We rejoice with you about your relationship with Mac...

Love, Dad

April 1, 1978

Dear Becky-Boo,

...I can understand why you have resentments toward Carolyn. Dad and I have gulped and 'walked the plank' ten times over since she's been with Jim and Peoples Temple. It seems to anesthetize one's sensitivities toward the feelings of other people.

Dad and I are the only ones I think who are aware of Jim's feet of clay and some

of the phony-baloney. He has done a lot of good and participated in good causes and allowed the church to be a forum for some good stuff. He's been personally pleasant to us with gifts and food, but he is paranoid, one-sided and limited in his outlook.

I think Carolyn is the kind of person who is willing to be someone's devoted little slave and doormat -- and fiercely loyal.

And the interesting fact is, she has always come running back to mama and daddy when the going was rough.

She desperately needs people's approval and seeks it. It's hard to feel approval when living with a married man so the aunts, uncles and cousins are kept at arm's length.

I've always feared that the nutty old Peoples Temple would take away her pixie sense of humor, ability to do side-splitting impersonations, and otherwise be charming and at home with relatives and my friends.

We loved having her with us during the year in Berkeley. The house was perfect for the situation.

The relatives did drop by and she was cute and funny with them and had a good time both before the birth of Jim-Jon (Kimo) and after.

I think I'd feel better if I felt you could direct your disgust toward Peoples Temple rather than toward Carolyn personally. She is a willing follower of Jim and thinks she's a real born-again Marxist. But then, she is also her father's daughter too and

knows that he really put himself on the line at times, signing a fake marriage certificate to give little Kimo legal status (Well, the guy gave his consent, but this is all Q.T., of course). And there is this dichotomy in her psyche of admiring Dad's mind and ethics and education, but having at the same time this slavish attachment to Jim.

She becomes quite suicidal and depressed when she feels she is losing Dad's love and respect -- at least she used to -- and I often have had to smooth everything over 'cause that's what mothers often do. So you see, there is this ever-present conflict of love for two men of differing outlooks, though I would have to say that Jim often takes on Dad's feelings and accepts them more readily than Carolyn. Well -- just like a novel -- huh? So anyway, sweetiepie, bear with it all if you can.

I'll never be ready for our journey to Guyana at the rate I'm going. It's a rather odd time to travel and not very convenient...

Much love, Mother

They returned from Guyana enthusiastic. Barbara described her reactions in a letter. A statement she wrote follows her letter. This was distributed at a press conference which Peoples Temple organized to counter the negative publicity coming out about the church in the spring of 1978.

The letters and statements both John and Barbara wrote reflect a sense of relief that things did not appear to be awful but that, on the contrary,

things in Peoples Temple were better than they had ever been. This sense was in part reality and in part hope and prayers.

May 31, 1978

Hello there Becky honey!

...I am about to sail off onto the streets and stores of Reno in preparation for sending a box of art supplies to Annie, clothes for Carolyn's birthday, stuff for the little fellow, etc.

The past trip is an ever-present part of my consciousness and the vibes are good -- almost compulsive to tell the world that this 'new community' is a beautiful, viable, scientific, artistic (there are the musicians who play in Georgetown and the artists who paint), educationally creative, and medically phenomenal co-operative like nothing else in the world. Well, so there you are, and here we are -- and darn those residual mosquito bites anyway!

Kimo (Jim-Jon) is a whimsical Christopher Robin-type 3-year-old set in the midst of a multiracial tropical setting. He could be living in an English manor house -- or there in Jonestown. He is his own little person, outrageous at times, very witty and certain that the whole world loves him. Indeed, in Jonestown the whole world does love each child and for the black people and others Guyana is a loving setting. I even felt loved by the jolly black Customs officer who joked with me in his British accent.

Of course the neat, natural-decorated small air terminal at Guyana made us feel more or less like 'family'. What a contrast to the dirty, crowded terminal at Trinidad with its long hot lines awaiting immigration and customs checks. There is a psychological force at work in Guyana -- the sign says 'Cooperative Republic of Guyana' -- and one has the sense of feeling welcome, at home, and friends with the East Indians, Blacks, and Chinese in the banks, eating places, 'mall shops under one roof' and in the stores. It is not a tourist spa and it is a socialist-democratic country with plenty of poor people, a large middle class, and a number of wealthy ranchers living modestly except when they travel.

The buildings (government) are about circa 1850 and are frame, painted in pastel colors, with intricate wrought-iron filagree. They are wondrous to behold.



Barbara and Kimo in Jonestown. May 1978.



The country is small in population, and like Nevada in that government officials are readily accessible to the people with a phone call or two. They all know of Jonestown and many have visited.

The army encampment across from the beautiful home Peoples Temple maintains in Georgetown is somewhat reminiscent of Scout Camp.

(Seven hours later) ...To return to the subject at hand -- I was up all night our first night in Georgetown as the mosquitos had discovered a tasty North American morsel -- me -- and there was no way to fight back. Around 4:30 A.M. as I was wandering about in our huge bedroom (yes it did have screens) I heard singing in the distance. It was all very rhythmic, similar to a chant. Lord, I thought, what am I doing in this barbaric land with voo-doo and other mysterious rites and customs. But as I peeked through the louvres, I observed a group of about 15 young men running down the road, singing in time to their jogging. About 45 minutes later they reappeared on the other road on the return run. How could I have known about this particular encampment? It had a wide green parkway and the barracks resembled pleasant little homes. The next day at dusk we were escorted through the camp. Very informal sort of place. One could hear the band practicing during the day.

Well I could go on and on about small things -- and using the bathroom in the army camp at Matthews Ridge after leaving Jones-

town but I'll save that. That and being flown into Jonestown by the Guyanese air defense plane which also flies all medical emergencies requiring Georgetown equipment out of Jonestown. Dr. Larry Schacht does everything but intricate surgeries and maintains a medical network with doctors throughout the U.S...

Our interview Sunday was exciting. Dad was excellent, but I thought I was just fine too in spite of having ended up on the cutting room floor. (At least several people commented on it to me.) Talk about the sexist media! Of course John has a 'position'. If I'd been an assemblywoman or a lawyer, it would have been a different story. That's reality. If you are not a working woman, you are automatically a dum-dum housewife with simplistic views, who reads only the Ladies Home Journal and does needlepoint when not preparing tasty meals for 'hubby'...

Love, Mother

A Visit To  
Peoples Temple Cooperative Agricultural Project  
Jonestown, Guyana

During the month of May 1978, we had an amazingly beautiful adventure. We visited Peoples Temple Cooperative Agricultural Project in Guyana, South America.

Because so much adverse publicity has been circulated regarding this heroic cooperative of caring and sharing, we felt it im-

portant to share our first-hand experience in a town of 1100 people transplanted from Peoples Temple, Disciples of Christ, in the U.S.A.

Our two daughters, one a nurse and the other a teacher with our three-year-old grandson, had written glowing accounts of their life in this unusual project. We wanted to see for ourselves this new land.

We flew to Georgetown, the capital of Guyana, to the Peoples Temple headquarters which is a lovely home where we were housed with others awaiting a flight to Jonestown, the site of the cooperative. Some of the people we met were planning to retire in Jonestown. One small boy had just had adjustments made on an artificial leg and eagerly awaited the hour-long return flight to the hinterland of Port Kaituma, and then home to the cooperative.

The quaint, attractive government buildings of Georgetown and its friendly Black and East Indian culture in a democratic-socialist country we found most pleasing.

From Georgetown we were flown over a vast ocean of jungle to Port Kaituma where our small plane landed on a tiny airstrip. The airport 'limousine' was a tractor-drawn wagon with pillows and chairs to ease the bumps.

As we bounced and bucked our way into the turnoff to the Jonestown road, we observed the sign, 'Welcome -- Peoples Temple Cooperative Agricultural Project'.

What a miracle it is! Over eight hun-

dred acres of jungle have been cleared since 1970, most of it within the last year. All along the road we could see rows of cassavas, eddoes, bananas, sugar cane and citrus groves. Further along the road we saw the 'piggery and the chickery' and the dairy center worthy of the best in scientific animal husbandry.

What we found at the cooperative was a loving community of people in the true New Testament sense.

Educational facilities and nursery care and equipment are excellent. The school is government accredited, and unusually creative in its approach to the learning process. Teachers are excited by the possibilities for teaching in a setting so different from town and urban schools where they had previously taught.

Medical services under the supervision of a brilliant young doctor, Larry Schacht, are excellent. Larry, a recent graduate of the University of California Medical School, Irvine, is in radio communication with specialists in the United States and South America. His corps of nurses and technicians are well-trained, and the scientific equipment is first-class. All retired residents are checked daily. Services are also provided for nearby AmerIndians and others needing medical care.

A nutritionist is constantly experimenting with vegetable and fruit products in an effort to discover maximum utilization of food grown in Guyana. The farm is thriving.

Meals are a delight and are rich in protein, natural grain and vegetables.

Soccer, baseball, a good band, crafts, a library of 8,000 volumes and outstanding teachers provide recreational and cultural opportunities for the youth of Jonestown. Birds and animals have become community pets. The band often plays for Georgetown events. It's tops!

The nurture of children and family life is evident. Jonestown offers a rare opportunity for deep relationships between men and women, young and old who come from diverse racial and cultural backgrounds. Single adults, one-parent families, and nuclear families feel at home in the community.

Jonestown is a mixture of frontier life and contemporary society. The small, neat gardens of the retired residents are in evidence on every pathway. There are opportunities for seniors also to take classes, sew, read or just to sit. An older woman hoeing her garden brought to mind the words of Micah (4:4) '...they shall sit every one under his vine and his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid...'

Hundreds of people are engaged in manual labor each day. Whereas life is somewhat simple in Jonestown, the latest equipment and techniques are employed, for example in putting up pre-fabricated houses in one day.

Morale is exceedingly high. There is a sense of ownership which is rare in socialist societies and not present under private ownership.

We came away from the Peoples Temple Agricultural Project with a feeling for its energy and enthusiasm, its creative, wholesome ways (imagine no television -- but weekly movies for all), and an understanding of the fascination and high sense of adventure it holds for its residents.

John and Barbara Moore  
June 1978

Memorial Day, 1978

Dear Becky and Mac,

Our trip was great. We feel better about where you girls are than we have in a long time. You both seem happy and to share interests in common and do things together. Mom really enjoyed doing all of the things with you. While our meeting of the [Methodist Board of Church and Society] executive committee was unofficial, we did talk about many things. I've got a lot of work to do between now and November, so I will be in D.C. in September and October.

As you have gathered, we had a good visit with Carolyn, Kimo and Annie. We talked with Jim as well. I expect to write a summary of the trip, particularly Jonestown, and am encouraging Mother to do the same. The agricultural project is most impressive. To think of a thousand acres cleared in the jungle-forest, planted, medical facilities, classes for all ages, feeding of more than a thousand people three times a day from a

common kitchen, a machine shop and mill, pig-gery, chickery, cows, and small grinding mill, exercises and activities for the seniors, etc., is mind-boggling.

Carolyn and Annie are happy. Kimo is as cute as a bug, and happy; although early on he said that he wanted to go to San Francisco. We had a good time with Kimo, walked with him, sat with him as he ran his engine. He liked us, which was nice ... even wanted to sleep with us.

I have never felt better about Peoples Temple. When the adults were together, they did talk about their harassment. Someone was firing shots into the compound for six days, last fall. [Christopher] Nascimento was Acting Prime Minister while Prime Minister [Forbes] Burnham was out of the country. As soon as he returned, the 'siege', as they called it, ended. I guess that people under attack, as in border disputes, terrorism, etc., simply are not going to have a very broad perspective. I think that they have been harassed, unquestionably; and so long as the criticism and harassment continue, they will be obsessed with it. Perhaps in their situation, this is necessary to survival; but it does have negative fallout over the long haul.

I just realized last night or today the enormous contrast between the adulation of Jim which was a part of the affairs we attended at the church in S.F. and L.A. and the absence of this in Jonestown. I can only

understand this as living more distant from criticism, and perhaps more important, the project speaks for itself. I'll send you a copy of their booklet describing the project. In my judgment, it's the best printed piece they've done. There's no adulation in it. The pressure to be defensive, or prove themselves, has so diminished that it has affected their behavior in this regard. The adulation was no more than you might pick up about me, if you were to talk to people in the church. This is a healthy change.

Annie is in charge of all the medical supplies, in addition to her nursing. She obviously is competent, and enjoys what she is doing. Seniors are checked every day...

Carolyn is teaching, and is one of the church secretaries. I'm not sure just what that involves, but it is a leadership role.

We talked with Marceline Jones. Mom and I do not understand the relationships. Mom gave her a hug when we left, which I'm sure meant a lot to her. Kimo calls Jim 'Daddy', and everyone knows it. Charles Garry says that there are no secrets there. I talked with him about this in relation to us, and questions which might be asked us sometime. He didn't think that we would be asked this kind of question.

I don't know if you know that Jim is involved in a child custody suit. Tim Stoen, the defector or alienated ex-member, and his wife have sued for custody of their child. The papers printed a statement by Tim, an





Carolyn, Annie and John in Jonestown. May 1978.

affidavit signed some years ago, that he had asked Jim to sire an offspring, since he was unable to do so. The child is the spittin' image of Jim. Jim has the boy in Jonestown. Carolyn and others say that the mother never cared for the child, abused him, neglected him, etc., which I believe is true. In short, Jim has custody of the child through Guyanese courts. The California courts also claim jurisdiction. Jim has chosen to make public his parenthood, and to raise the child there, which means that it will be a long time before he returns to California. I respect him for the choice he has made in raising the boy. The boy and Kimo share the same small room, with Annie and another young woman, and Carolyn.

Love, Dad

From August 1977 onward, publicity about Peoples Temple had been uniformly negative, hysterical and mis-

leading. Tim Stoen, a disillusioned ex-member, played a large role in fostering the Temple's negative image. In the months before November 18, 1978, Tim Stoen and an organization called the Concerned Relatives were to apply more and more pressure to Peoples Temple, and to Jim Jones.

John's "Notes and reflections on our trip to Guyana, particularly our three days at the Peoples Temple Cooperative Agricultural Project" was the most detailed and understanding account of any that described life in Jonestown. It was also the last before the tragedy.

May 1978

'Impressive' was the first word to come to mind when I was asked what I thought of the project. The clearing of more than eight hundred acres from the midst of the jungle, and the planting of crops is impressive. To imagine more than a thousand Americans migrating to Guyana and working on the project is impressive. Every aspect of the work and life there I found impressive.

As we rode into the area of the buildings, we saw Annie and Kimo. Carolyn was quickly there. They took us for a tour of the area. Senior citizens were engaged in calisthenics under the direction of a young woman. We walked to the nursery where infants and toddlers were being cared for.

Later in the day, probably early in the evening, we visited the clinic and talked with Larry (M.D.) who is obviously exceptionally bright. He showed slides and pictures of some of their work. He has equipment for cellular

studies, tests, and a new portable X-ray. Two X-ray technicians are there. Two or three nurse practitioners, with varying specialties, and five or six R.N.'s (or more) round out the medical staff. Annie, in addition to nursing, is in charge of medical supplies. They provide family planning for members of their own community. Clinic hours on Sundays for residents of the region were posted at the entrance to the Project. However, they treat people whenever they come.

They are in instant communication with a network of physicians through amateur radio operators. Larry has consulted with specialists a number of times, including his delivery of twins by caesarean section. They have been visited by the president of a medical association which provides consultative services by radio, and have his full support.

Two Guyanese dentists have held clinics at the Project. Upon one occasion the dentist found only two cavities among the children. This is probably attributable to diet. I think that there are more than forty pre-schoolers living there, in addition to other children of all ages.

The educational program is accredited by the government department of education. I think that they have had, this year, classes through junior high, with high school work being offered in the fall. The teachers are enthusiastic, for they are able to do some of the things they've always wanted to do in teaching, but have never been free to do. They

make their own educational tools, as well as a variety of play toys. Classes are offered for people of all ages including reading and writing, as well as current events. The p.a. system keeps the people abreast daily of events throughout the world. Both dramatic and educational films are shown every evening. 'The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter', and a film on the status of women in the Soviet Union were shown one night we were there.

Our first evening at the project, a Friday, people gathered to listen to the band and enjoy the entertainment. The band has performed in Georgetown and has received good press coverage. They play jazz, soul, rock, etc. A seventy-five-year-old woman did her 'Moms Mabley' routine, and a preacher the same age sang and danced. A twelve-year-old boy sang a solo. A Guyanan from that region brought his flute, played and sang. It was good entertainment.

Single people live in dormitories while families live in houses. One older woman wanted her own house, so they constructed a tiny house for her. The elderly live close in where they are checked daily to ascertain the status of their health. The buildings are simple, with wood siding and sheet-metal roofs. Throughout Trinidad and Guyana, the roofs were of sheet-metal. There was running water in the guest house, and I presume in the dorms and houses. Showers and toilet facilities are in separate buildings.

All of the cooking is done in a central

kitchen on wood stoves. Imagine serving three meals a day to more than a thousand people! People are free to eat in a small dining area or take their food wherever they choose. All of the buildings, except where people sleep, have open sides. Some of the meeting areas are covered with heavy tenting, still open sided. What is needed is protection from sun and rain with structure for circulation of air to keep cool. There is no need for fuel for heat. We ate well. Most of the food has been grown or produced on the land there. They are not producing enough rice or potatoes for their use. Cassava is a tuber which is used for flour for bread, and I suspect hotcakes, as well as for feed for the animals.

They grow cassava (and use both leaves and tubers), custard apple, citrus, pineapple, coconut, bananas ... eddoes, cutlass beans and corn. They are still working on dry farming of rice. (Guyana is a rice exporting nation.) Starting with 12 seeds of the winged bean, which is 38% protein, they hope to plant eight or ten acres this fall. They produce their own eggs and frying and stewing chickens, as well as pork. They have some cows, and soon will have modern dairy equipment.

Their first priority is to become self-sufficient. I think that their major cash outlay is for animal feed, fertilizer, and petroleum for generating electricity. Of course they must pay cash for medical equipment and supplies. They have a 60-foot trawler

which they use to haul in supplies and equipment to Port Kaituma, and they sometimes take pay loads, as they do with a truck in Georgetown. One of their members travels up and down the river engaging in barter.

They have a nutritionist who is engaged in continuing research. They have found some ways to use plants that have been considered inedible. The AmerIndians share their wisdom with the people about food and medicinal herbs. They have their own herb garden, as well as a smoke house. They are excavating for underground cold-cool storage.

They have a machine shop with a tool-and-die maker teaching younger people to do the work of machinists. They have a mill where they can cut material and erect a house in a day. They are making furniture and toys. They, of course, maintain all of their equipment. They are constructing a windmill which they hope may help with some generating power.

We heard after we returned that the President and Prime Minister of Guyana, and the Prime Minister of Surinam visited the project unannounced. Officials of the U.S. Embassy have visited, as well as officials in the departments of health, education and agriculture (Guyanese). The Guyanese have a vital interest in developing the interior of the country. The people live on the coastal plains. If the Peoples Temple Agricultural Project can become self-sufficient, it has significant implications for the nation as well as similar countries.

I have never been anyplace where I saw the older people so much a part of the community. We have visited P.T.'s homes for the elderly, infirm, and retarded in the U.S. Those homes were superior. In Jonestown, the elderly receive superior health care. One woman was out hoeing her own little garden. Others had picket fences around their houses. I know of no retirement home which provides better food and health care and a more wholesome environment. They are part of a community with babies and children as well as of young people and adults. This fact is a two-way street, benefiting the young as well as the old. When I saw the woman hoeing, I thought of Micah's words, '...they shall sit every one under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid...' The fears that are a part of city life are gone.

The Project has expertise and inexperience. They are proceeding by trial and error. They have had serious accidents, but no fatalities. (Jim Jones' mother died and is buried there.) An agronomist, with a B.S., supervises their farming. They turn to the best advice they can find in Guyana and outside for assistance. A man from an urban area is in charge of the piggery. Another man with no experience is in charge of the chickery. In both instances they have been successful and are learning. Young people who have never had opportunities to learn trades or skills are being given these opportunities now.

The morale is high. There is no possible

way for this Project to succeed apart from high morale. No one is paid anything. Everyone eats the same food and sleeps in comparable quarters. Everyone is expected to work. Workers were in the fields early in the morning. They do a lot of work with manual labor, even while they are bringing in some labor-saving devices. There is no way they could have done what they have done apart from hard work on the part of many men and women. I was asked by a reporter if I had asked people if they were happy. As I thought about that question later, it seemed like asking people celebrating at a party if they were happy, or coming down out of the stands and asking members of the team who were moving the ball toward a touchdown if they were happy.

Some parents have charged P.T. with brainwashing their children (who are in their twenties and older) and holding them against their will. We saw nothing to suggest any truth in this. Furthermore, I am much more ready to believe that P.T. would expend energy to facilitate unhappy people leaving the Project rather than expending energy to restrain people. In my judgment, they simply do not have the luxury of using any energy to restrain and coerce people. They need all of the energy they can muster devoted to their common task of developing that land and becoming self-sufficient.

The project is entitled 'Peoples Temple Cooperative Agricultural Project'. The people working in specific areas meet regularly,



sometimes daily, to discuss their work. Suggestions and criticisms are encouraged.

The Project provides an opportunity for some to use education and skills, and for others the opportunity to try new things. The man in charge of the piggery is from Chicago. An attorney is developing the winged bean and citrus crops. Young people for whom doors in the city were closed are learning mechanical and agricultural skills.

I would add to the paragraph on the cooperative the following. There is a sense of ownership which is not present under private ownership. I suspect that this same sense of ownership is often absent even where the legal ownership is corporate, including the workers. The people give themselves in hard work, in part because it is their project. All share the same food and housing. I think that all spend some time in manual labor.

I had a feeling that everybody was somebody. I thought of Israel's understanding of herself, and later the church's self-understanding: 'We who were nobody are now God's people.' Being somebody is more than corporate identity. People in the Project give the feeling that they are somebody, not simply because they identify with the Project, but in their own right. One woman has the house of her dreams. Other older people tend their own gardens, sing and entertain. While we were in Georgetown, an older woman with a speech impediment, perhaps from a stroke, was waiting eagerly to go to Jonestown. She

flew in with us. That night during the entertainment she was keeping time to the music with her cane and swaying. A boy of nine or ten flew in with us. He had been in Georgetown while his artificial leg was lengthened. We met his brother in Jonestown. He is bent with a disfigured spine. In the States, he knew ridicule of playmates. Here there's a different sensitivity. An accountant is using his experience in the business affairs of the church. A lawyer is teaching. Young adults who've come through the drug scene are engaged in significant work. I think that it was Dostoevsky who said that a society could be measured by the way it treats people in prison. Surely the humanness of any community is to be seen in part by its inclusion of the children and the elderly, the infirm and those of limited abilities...

John V Moore

Some of John's observations were inaccurate: the dorms and houses lacked running water; and the Temple did in fact detained and restrained the disaffected. But his depiction of the group as a community trying to create a utopia, an ideal society, is basically sound. It is because of this that the tragedy takes on an added dimension of waste.

## Chapter Nine

### THE END

The week John and Barbara visited Jonestown, a longtime Temple member fled Guyana. Debbie Layton Blakey, Larry Layton's sister who had lived with my family for several months, flew out of Georgetown with a plane ticket her sister left with the American Embassy there.

Debbie returned to the United States claiming that the group planned to commit mass suicide. Temple members accused Debbie of stealing church funds, and of lying about her experiences in Jonestown.

Perhaps it wasn't the beginning of the end, but the news stories and bad publicity contributed to the Temple's sense of persecution. Ultimately, though, Debbie's defection contributed to the tragedy, in part because her account and the work of a group called Concerned Relatives interested a Member of Congress from California who was a vocal anti-cultist, Leo Ryan.

The Concerned Relatives was a group of ex-members and relatives of Peoples Temple followers. The organization had orchestrated much of the bad publicity about Peoples Temple which came out in the summer of 1977. When

Debbie left Guyana in May 1978, the group used her defection to promote a new series of anti-Temple articles.

The Concerned Relatives was led by a fanatical ex-member, Timothy Stoen. A former Temple lawyer, Tim had once believed Jim Jones was God. Later on, however, he believed Jim was the devil, and he worked hard to gather relatives and defectors together into a strong, cohesive group.

Tim's motives remain unclear. He worked with his wife, Grace, to recover their son, John Victor Stoen, from Temple custody. In the first weeks after John Victor's



Kimo Prokes and John Victor Stoen. Jonestown, May 1978.

birth, Tim signed an affidavit admitting that Jim was the birth father. As a defector, Tim claimed the document was false, that he'd signed it to prove his one-time loyalty to the church. Jim, on the other hand, said he would take a lie detector test to prove he was the father, and challenged Tim through the media to compare blood types.

John Victor lived with Kimo in Jim's personal cabin. The boys shared the tiny quarters with Carolyn, Annie, Maria Katsaris and Jim. Jim frequently called John his successor, and took care of him when Grace left the Temple in 1976.

Both Jim Jones and Tim Stoen used the boy as a pawn in their conflict. Tim and Grace were the aggrieved parents, striving to make the Guyana courts enforce a California court's custody order. Jim protected John, and saw that defeat on this single issue would encourage other relatives to regain control over Temple members. Both men were ready to sacrifice John Victor.

There's no question that some of Tim's charges were true. The Concerned Relatives believed family members were in danger. They believed their mail was censored, that individuals were not free to leave Jonestown, that the community's residents had no money, no passports. All these complaints are partially true. The problem comes in determining whether or not the people of Jonestown voluntarily relinquished these freedoms. Our understanding of the situation leads us to believe that most people wanted to be there.

The Concerned Relatives succeeded in one major respect. The pressure the organization applied in the courts, in the media, and in Congress exacerbated Jim's questionable mental stability. The true condition of his health is unknown. His autopsy, inconclusive on almost every issue, did not find evidence of cancer, heart disease, or any of the other illnesses Jim and those close to him claimed he had. It did find toxic levels of phenobarbital, however, which supports the contention that Jim was addicted to drugs during Jonestown's final months. What was clear both to outsiders and to community members was that Jim was not himself: he was weak, his speech was slurred, he was not the charismatic leader who had once drawn thousands to hear him speak and watch him heal.

Jim's illness increased his paranoia, and made him tighten his grip on the Temple's ideology. Dissent, never encouraged, was quashed. Intellectuals as well as emotionally disturbed individuals were drugged and kept in the Special Care Unit. Charles Garry believes that Gene Chai-kin, a lawyer and Temple member, was in Special Care at the time of the suicides because of his growing dissatisfaction with conditions in Jonestown.

Sedation, or drugging, seemed to be carried out on a case-by-case basis, rather than on a mass level. This

is the conclusion reached by doctors examining the community's medical records. Nevertheless, charges of drug-ging concern us. Annie was the nurse in charge of the bond, or drug and medical supply warehouse. In Odell Rhodes' book, Awake in a Nightmare, the survivor of the suicides wrote that Annie helped bring the poison to the main stage. Other accounts indicate that Annie was caring for Kimo and John Victor during the final hours. Her last letter to the world indicates she may in fact have been one of the last to die.

We know that she served as a personal nurse to Jim, and administered drugs to him in Jonestown. John Jacobs, who co-authored Raven, found an undated note she wrote to Jim which describes her care for him.

To Jim

I just wanted for you to know that I do not mind being your nurse and there's nothing more I would rather be. You should not feel guilty for having me watch you. I would rather be around you than anyone else in the world. I like to be here, it is not a burden. I will do everything I can think of to help keep you going. You have given everything to me so anything I can do for you is only right for me to do and I do not resent anything. If I seem irritated when trying to put you to sleep it is because of frustration I have that it all has some bad side effect. But I am not mad at you. I will try not to show frustration any more. Sometimes I leave because I have to take care of other problems in the Bond or because I hope you will fall asleep before I come back but

not because I don't want to be here. I like for you to be able to sleep and when they build the pool, I'll be out there checking also. I just thought I should let you know so you won't be feeling guilty about this. (I get more bookwork done down here anyway.)

From Annie

Jim and the inner core of Temple leaders to which Carolyn belonged viewed the Concerned Relatives with alarm and saw the organization's efforts as a threat to Jones-town's survival. They constantly discussed "a conspiracy" against the Temple. The conspiracy made it into their letters to us, as they explained that a conspirator had been unmasked. The visits by Don Freed, a liberal journalist, and Mark Lane, an attorney who first gained notoriety when he challenged the conclusions of the Warren Commission's investigation of the John F. Kennedy assassination, fueled the conspiracy fires. Freed and Lane were the ones who found the conspirator Carolyn referred to. They promised to find new ones in the future. They were also able to kill a negative article scheduled for publication by the National Enquirer. The Enquirer reporter had contacted John and Barbara, with little success. They were unwilling to let him distort their remarks.

In fact, the Concerned Relatives found John and Barbara to be serious stumbling blocks to many of their plans. The two consistently affirmed Peoples Temple rather than Jim Jones. They chose not to settle their differences with the church in court or in the media. As a result, the Temple saw them as allies. In the wake of Debbie Blakey's allegations, church members organized the press conference of supportive relatives at which John and Barbara spoke.

The news media did not cover the Temple press con-

ference to the same extent that it carried the Blakey story. Temple members were not surprised.

June 22, 1978

Dear Mom, Dad, and all,

This is just a little quickie note to cheer up Mom whom I heard via radio is recovering from gall bladder surgery. Did you ever think 10 years ago you would be the victim of gall stones? Oh well, it is the trials of age, I guess, but I was pleased to hear that you had a quick recovery as I know it is a serious kind of surgery which can put a person out of commission for awhile. I remember when Carol Stahl had hers. She will be coming down here soon as school is over and we are selling the children's home in the valley pretty soon. Carol will be very helpful in the school and is really looking forward to it. Richmond [Carol's husband] is already here. He is doing well, too.

As you have heard there is more outrageous news, now stemming from Debbie. I can't believe the viciousness, but have seen it for myself. I cannot imagine how she has compromised herself to tell such things, but it is no doubt something must be hanging over her head. Lisa [Layton, Debbie's mother] is doing very well and so is Larry and his wife Karen. It is a shame for her to do such a thing to Lisa when she knows she is recovering from such a serious kind of surgery and doing miraculously well at that. Well, enough on the negative side. I am glad you got to tell your



story and it is only unfortunate that more media did not pick up on the truth of it. We would, I know Jim would be, glad of any writing Dad does -- as he suggested in his letter. Dad was right, we had to show solidarity back in the U.S. for the fact that we as an alternative life style always had to be on the defensive there. It was only for that reason as Dad had guessed.

We had very important visitors the other day. Agronomists from all over the world, and a representative from the Agri-Bank, plus dignitaries from the government. Needless to say they all left highly impressed as does anyone who is fair-minded and visits here. They want to use a lot of our ideas.

Incidentally, we are paving all our paths since you were here, so no more mud. Unfortunately we don't yet have enough manganese to pave the entire road yet, but in time I imagine that will come too.

We saved a youngster's lung the other day. A child was rushed in from the port with a seed stuck in the air passage and the medical team removed it. Likely it would have lodged in the lung causing a kind of pneumonia untreatable by antibiotics.

It seems interesting to me that CBS singled Guyana out as the only socialist nation in South America. There is no doubt where some of our problem comes. Recently trade agreements have been made with North Korea to export to them timber and bauxite. This along with other agreements should be a real

boost to the economy. It will help counter-act the embargo imposed by you-know-who.

I do hope you will be feeling better soon and if there is anything the church can do to help, please contact Jean [Brown]. Jean incidentally will be taking a vacation soon and getting some rest.

Much love, Carolyn

Jim enjoyed your visit so and sends his deepest regards. If there is any need, you know you'll always have a place.

Debbie Blakey had lived with our family for a few months while she was a high school student. At the time, she did not get along with her parents. Her defection led to a reassessment of her involvement in our lives and in the life of Peoples Temple.

People who renounce religious groups to which they belonged tend to exaggerate how awful things were. Similarly, people belonging to the rejected organization tend to villify ex-members. Both sides attempt to justify their own actions.

This is exactly what happened when Debbie left. Carolyn and Annie exaggerated, and may well have lied about, Debbie's involvement. Certainly the following letter from Barbara reflects the virulent sentiment against Debbie which Carolyn and Annie felt.

June 26, 1978

Dear Becky-honey,

...My word, here it is, 4 pages and I haven't even begun on the story of Debbie Layton Blakey.

I myself think she's never been happily

married even though Philip is an absolute doll! He's handsome, energetic, has a charming personality and a British accent.

But that's not it either. Debbie is a messed up person who was not able to adjust even to being a surgeon's assistant (special technician who arranges the surgeon's tools for surgery, etc.) or who could not adapt herself to life in the tropics and was too disturbed to just tell people the life was not for her.

Before she ran off from Georgetown taking with her \$15,000.00 belonging to the Peoples Temple bank account, she was approached by a person wishing to discredit the Temple's magnificent agricultural project, the leadership (Jim) and the residents of Jonestown.

She's a pretty self-centered individual and never was intrigued by the venture; doesn't particularly like the old folks (they are something right out of an unforgettable character vignette and really choice) and was not particularly taken with the interracial nature of the project.

Now, so far as I recall there were never any indications of this side of her nature when she lived with us. She was messed up, but no worse than other teenagers who recovered from their parents and life in the 60's.

You will recall her father and his personality. Also, you of course recall Tom and his nature. Larry is a radiologist or technician of some sort and still married to his

wife Karen who is a nice sweet, undemanding person.

Lisa, the mother, is now living in Guyana and working in the medical unit. She is a very lovely person and is as happy as can be in this setting and her cancer is under control -- not cured, but under control.

So that is the story of Debbie who left when we were in Guyana.

She has made outrageous statements since returning to the States and I suppose this is partly the result of a feeling of guilt...

Much love, Mother

July 24, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi! How are you doing? It was great to hear you over the radio phone patch, although the reception on our end was a little bit fuzzy. Mom, I was sorry to hear about all of the trouble with your gall bladder. It's too bad Larry [Schacht] wasn't checking you. He would have known right off what the problem was. One thing about him -- he is good at diagnosis and does such a thorough exam. We had a delivery last week and he did such a good job looking for rips in the girl's cervix that it took him almost one hour to repair her rips. When I've seen other doctors look for rips it has taken them only five minutes to look and that's it. So you know that when I have a baby (which should

not be too soon) I will have some really good care.

We just recently adopted a beautiful little AmerIndian girl. She is just so precious and has thick black hair. Her mother told us she wanted her to have a good home and knew we would take good care of her because she was not able to take care of her. So now she will have a good home and her new mother and father love her very much.

I was sorry to hear about Aunt Louise's mastectomy but glad to hear it was a successful surgery. I will include a letter to her and Uncle Harrie both. Well, I am busy enjoying my work and all. Please give everyone my love and from Carolyn, Jim and Kimo too. (Kimo still is entranced with his train.)

Love, Annie

Please send me some full sets of nylon string guitar strings -- not steel strings (6 strings -- medium -- 1A Bella is a good buy.)

July 25, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

I have time for just a quick note as some people, engineers from town, are leaving in just a few minutes to catch a plane.

Thank you for the lovely pants, blouses, and skirts. Annie is enjoying the pens and Kimo the notebook and John the coloring poster. They just came in on our boat.

As you may have heard we now have the use of a large freighter which recently

brought in tons of supplies. It will be doing mostly commercial runs between Trinidad and Georgetown with cargoes of rice and other items. It will afford us some income eventually when we have established cargoes.

We may soon be having a visit from the Prime Minister so we are doing a bit more landscaping. The rainy season is upon us so naturally things are a bit wetter, although the foliage has really come up since you were here. It is very beautiful.

I hope Mother is feeling better after all your health problems and I am glad you made it home before things started acting up. Should have had Larry check you while you were here. He is very thorough.

Our band is playing in a nite club up river next week -- they are very popular here and everyone has a good time with them.

This is our big harvesting and planting season so we are trying to make the most of the time as long as the weather cooperates by allowing enough dry to plow. Philip [Blakey] is our best farm equipment operator -- he grew up on a farm and knows all about it.

Stephan [Jones] is busy felling trees in the bush. He is about 6'7" or 6'8" -- he loves the outdoors and he is as strong as one can hardly imagine. Kimo said one night, 'I can't touch the stars, but Stephan can.' His other classic is, 'I have to eat my greens so I can be big and strong like Stephan.' He still asks about you both -- did you go on a plane and where are you? Why do you live far

away? etc. I said you were at your house, a very inadequate answer.

Another Kimo classic -- he was talking to one of the three-month-old babies tonight. He said she can walk and I said no, she is too little and then he said, 'She doesn't have any shoes on, that is why she cannot walk.' I was trying to explain about what little babies can do and he said, 'Well, she can't say bourgeoisie.' Out of the clear blue -- as I have never mentioned or defined the word to him. Another interesting conversation ensued between Kimo and John [Victor Stoen]. Kimo said, 'China is a socialist country,' and John said, 'But I don't think they have a very good foreign policy.' One final bit of advice from Kimo... 'I like tigers when they stay in the jungle.' Another time Sarah was going to tell Kimo a story and he said, 'Tell me the story about how Bigfoot played cards with Stephan and Albert [Touchette].' As Sarah says, telling Kimo a story is quite a unique experience as Kimo fills in at least half the plot. That goes the same for movies as he helps fill in the narrative -- along his own line of thinking, however.

He is really quite funny and you can never predict just what is going to come out of his mouth. His favorite evening past-time is going to the library. So we went last night. He said he wanted to read about 'Charlie Brown' and proceeded to go to the librarian and check out his book on Charlie

Brown and how Snoopy was naughty and had to go to Peppermint Patty's for some discipline for doggies. I read the story to him first and then he read it to me backwards. He then returned the book and checked out a second one to read. It just isn't anywhere that a three-year-old can go to the library, right to the kids' section and pick out his book, turn in the card and sit down to read. In fact, the whole thought of it is quite remarkable.

Well, those are just a few in the chapter of amusing Kimo tales. I just can't close without telling one more. Kimo was mentioning how one of our members has a bald head -- 'He's bald headed,' says Kimo to the young radio operator in the radio room. Mike then proceeded to tell him, 'Well, you were too when you were little.' Kimo then said to him, 'But you have a bald-headed baby' (which is quite true -- his little girl is darling but as bald as a billiard ball).

Needless to say all is progressing very well here, in spite of the continuous harrassment stateside. We found that threatening phone calls have been made to people (the implication being that they were from our members). These things date back years -- even to the Kinsolving days and of course make people furious. It would have been utterly stupid and counterproductive for us to have even done such things so we can only conclude that this is being done by people or a group who want to discredit our credibility.



One mother of a member here said she received a phone call that her daughter was starving here. In fact, it was our librarian here. Fortunately the mother had not believed a word and she and her daughter write frequently -- but it just goes to show you how mean people are.

Jim sends his love. He is as always busy but never loses sight of the needs of people. One AmerIndian boy we treated here may have to be sent out of the country for a corneal transplant which is not available here -- and Jim has been trying to make all the arrangements. It is somewhat complicated.

We also are expecting some reporters rather soon. We hope they have an open mind because with our past experiences, we tend



Carolyn and Kimo in Jones-town. May 1978.

to be somewhat cynical, to say the least. These will be ones we invite. The National Enquirer did some shoddy stuff to try to get an interview but showed utter bias in their approach so we would rather have people of our own choosing. Also, Don Freed, author of The Parallax View and I believe Executive Action is coming toward the end of August, perhaps to do a book, or some kind of article.

With his awareness perhaps he can appreciate the beauty here. I would think most anyone could but then one just does not know.

Jim as well as all our members has appreciated your words -- it has given him much encouragement and was a boost to our members as well. He hopes you can make another trip sometime when it's convenient for you and naturally you know you are always welcome to retire here someday -- there is always a place if you ever choose that.

Much love to you both,  
Carolyn

P.S. Send some copies of some of the pictures you took, please. We'd love to see them.

Glad you got the mobile. I want to send you some of the jewelry we make here sometime. We are also doing our own soap (laundry) and brick-making, plus charcoal-making.

P.S.S. Terri said her dad was very pleased with his conversation with you about Jonestown and his grandchildren.

August 12, 1978

Dear Becky,

...Last week a very nasty reporter of English vintage called from the National Enquirer, a dirty unreliable little sensation sheet. He talked to Dad for an hour trying to break him down into admitting untruths regarding Peoples Temple, personal criticisms of Jim Jones, Debbie Layton [Blakey] and others.

(This was all via phone and tape-recorded.) Then he talked to me with a sort of replay for 20 minutes and added a few extras. He obviously thinks clergypeople are simple-minded, pietistic and moralistic.

The following day a former city attorney and ex-member of P.T. had a short conversation with Dad attempting to get him to denounce Jim Jones and P.T. Said many people would be hurt. So if the National Enquirer comes out with a bunch of baloney and quotes from us, you'll know what's happening. They want to drag Carolyn, Jim, and a host of others through the muck.

Our church members who overheard some of the National Enquirer conversation said they would have hung up on the reporter. One woman said she'd have lost her temper, etc.

Dad kept his cool and said he did not reveal confidential information about his church members and was not going to comment on personal information regarding members of Peoples Temple as he talked to the reporter. I told this guy that I questioned the reliability of his sources of information. And mostly I said I really didn't know what he was talking about as I did not know much of anything other than stories I read in the newspapers regarding one member and his allegations. The guy gave up on me after repeated phrases such as, 'You're a good Christian woman, how would you feel if etc. etc. etc.'

Other than that, things are pretty fine here.

Much love, Mother

August 12, 1978

Dear Becky and Mac,

...I wanted to let you know that Mom and I were interviewed by a Gordon Lindsay last Wednesday. He's writing a story about Peoples Temple for the National Enquirer. I talked on the phone for more than an hour, and Mother for almost half an hour. Knowing the publication, you can imagine the kind of story it will be ... like those clippings you read when you were here.

I anticipate that at least Carolyn and Kimo will be mentioned in the article, and possibly Annie, but I do not know what he has to say about her. He referred to Jim Jones' 'concubines' in his conversation with Mother. I told him that I would no more talk about the personal lives of our daughters than I would of any of the people to whom I had been pastor through the years. We both assumed that the truth would one day become public, and in a painful way.

He told me, 'You will be extensively quoted.' He said the same thing to Mervyn Dymally, [California] Lt. Governor.

Friday afternoon Tim Stoen called from S.F. to urge me to speak out against Jim Jones. I told him that I could not understand him ... he had been 100% for Jim and now was 100% against him. He said that Jim is power hungry. (When I told Mom, she said that she has known that all along.) He advised me to speak out against Jim, or our grandson and daughters would be hurt. Tim

has been orchestrating the attack on Jim. He is also the father in the custody issue, the bizarre case where he asked Jim to sire a child by his wife. I told him that I had known for eight years that there would be a lot of pain for all involved one day.

I don't recall ever praising Jim Jones. I have written some letters expressing appreciation for the service ministries of P.T. In scanning what we have said and written since returning from Guyana, the only mention of Jim Jones was a reference to the death and burial of his mother in Jonestown. It's weird that I am asked to attack someone that I never praised publicly. I never believed that Jim was god, nor do I now believe that he is the devil. Tim's problem, in part, is that is exactly how he has seen and related to Jim.

Mom and I feel ok about the truth becoming public. We can handle the truth far better than secrecy and pretense. I am worried about Carolyn. She took pay from the school district for sick leave. That may be questionable. Income tax questions can always be raised, especially by political partisans. In the case of Jim, he has political enemies in the Congress, including Senator Eastland...

Lindsay sounded like Lester Kinsolving when he interviewed me. He tried to put words in my mouth. Both appealed to our sense of Christian ethics, or really they tried to shame us to manipulate us. All to no avail. Although Christian, we're not moralistic. I read Tim Stoen's calling us as recognition

that we are a stumbling block to their campaign. We seem to be one of two or three voices that sound different from theirs.

Hope that all is well and that you are having a good time...

Love, Dad

"I have thought of what I might have done differently," John wrote a year after the suicides. Many times since November 18, 1978, John, Barbara, Mac and I have discussed that question. "We all would have acted differently if we knew then what we know now," John added. And yet, some things would have remained the same.

December 5, 1979

...I would have continued to respect our daughters' freedom to take responsibility for their own lives.

I felt my role as a parent was different from the role of those in the media. I chose to relate directly with our daughters and Jim Jones rather than turning to the media, officials, etc. We trusted our daughters even when we were skeptical of some things they told us. Trust and communication were essential to maintaining the relationship. Furthermore, in our relationship we were able to express our concerns directly both to Carolyn and Annie but also to JJ [Jim Jones]. If we had any power or influence at all in the course of events, I felt that it was in maintaining this relationship. Accepting this relationship and role meant rejecting for ourselves alternative roles. We accepted this role with integrity.

The media were clearly in an adversarial role in relation to PT. This was not our relationship or role.

Even if we had become alienated from our girls, I do not think that we would have escalated the conflict through the courts, through the media, through Congressional pressure. In short, I could never see us relating to the Concerned Relatives.

I was hoping for more time for PT and for the girls, especially Annie. Annie's involvement was different from Carolyn's. PT would have changed ... as all movements do. If they survive, there is a maturing, a sloughing off of excesses and eccentricities, and gradual acceptance by society. In short, we had more confidence, or I did, in the power of our family life in Carolyn and Annie, and in the changes which I anticipated time would bring to PT, more confidence than in fighting PT as did the Concerned Relatives...

Love, Dad

A few months later, John expanded upon his comments in another letter.

February 29, 1980

Dear Becky and Mac,

...We chose to affirm the girls in the good things they did, and that P.T. was involved in. To refuse to affirm them in their involvement in worthwhile and caring work would be to renege upon all that we had believed and taught.

We chose to deal with family issues within the family. It never occurred to us to go to the law or to the news media with our differences. We chose to deal with issues directly rather than to enlarge the arena of tension and conflict. We never saw P.T. as true believers did, and they were of two kinds: those within P.T. and the critics. We saw P.T. as ambiguous, and we chose to live with an exceedingly painful ambiguity...

"I would find it very hard to have had Felicity and Maryam taken over by Peoples Temple the way your daughters have, and I doubt I would accept it as graciously," John Brown, Director of the Northern California Ecumenical Council wrote my father four months before November 1978. In response, John wrote:

I don't see that we have acted so much out of grace as out of faith in relation to our daughters. They are on their journeys. We did the best we could during the early years of their journeys to equip them for the entire journey. We have taught them to stand upon their own feet, make their own decisions and take responsibility for those decisions and their actions. To act out of faith and love has been to affirm them when they acted out of their integrity. We have tried as best we could to talk of where we see eye to eye and where we differ. To love means to respect, and to respect them means for us to affirm their use of their freedom...



Whether our girls are in Peoples Temple for the rest of their lives or not, I hope that they will continue growing. I hope too that our way of relating to them has nurtured wholesome growth and will continue to serve this end.

Growth in Jonestown was stunted, however, by the group's paralyzing fear of invasion. Carolyn and Annie wrote of their increasing conviction that the United States' Central Intelligence Agency was spying on Peoples Temple. Documents released under the Freedom of Information Act years after the suicides reveal that Carolyn's and Annie's fears had some foundation. The records indicate that the CIA had field operations and secret stations in Guyana. And they show that the CIA was the first agency to inform the U.S. Defense Department of the mass suicides.

Carolyn also questioned Tim Stoen's motives for joining and participating in church affairs in light of subsequent actions. Tim and the Concerned Relatives filed numerous lawsuits against the Temple and individual church leaders in the spring and summer of 1978. Charles Garry filed a countersuit on behalf of the Temple. But the legal action wasn't sufficient to allay Jim Jones' fears. He did not believe he could ever return to the United States. Nor did any other Temple member.

August 21, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

I only have a quick moment as we are having the Guyana press here to visit in just a few minutes -- but I was reading some of the stateside information that just came in

last night and I wanted to mention a few things.

Nothing Gordon Lindsay said (I read the transcript) surprises me. Don Freed who is now here and did the investigating on the MLK [Martin Luther King] and JFK [John F. Kennedy] assassinations knows DEFINITELY the CIA contact in the Enquirer and anything this drug out could be nothing less than conspiracy. You should not even dignify talking to Tim Stoen. Freed thinks there is much reason to believe he was a plant from the start with his various organizational connections and just a lot of things fitting together. Please don't give the fool the satisfaction of thinking he can sway what you have seen with your own eyes -- he will use anything you say against you. He is besides other things a real sicko. We told you the absolute truth about him and Grace and of course you know they are not together (married) now. She lives with a Walter Jones -- so it is all a ruse as she never has had any interest in the child. As for three children mentioned by Lindsay -- that has got us baffled. We do not know what he is talking about when he says three small children.

Freed has been in Washington doing work on the MLK assassination. He has a black female witness to it who he and others are protecting. She is I believe the only living witness and is in hiding fearing for her life. In case you are not familiar, Freed did parts of the book Glasshouse Tapes, wrote most of

Executive Action, and did parts of Parallax View (the book). He has researched these cases with Mark Lane. He is brilliant and a good analyzer of material, data, etc.

As for things here -- they are growing and developing beautifully. You would be shocked at all the changes made just since you left. More construction, more gardens and landscaping -- the children's programs and school programs more refined, more decorating. Kimo and John [Victor Stoen] are doing beautifully. We are inundated with medical patients and Annie is the known specialist on wounds -- she is teaching wound treatment to our other medical staff because of her experience in the burn center.

What the real truth is -- we are just out of due season. We are a community that is just too caring and just too much conscience for the 20th century -- People are automatically suspicious of goodness as they know they aren't and thus cannot imagine that others are.

Jim is not in the best of health -- We are trying to get him to rest so that he can rejuvenate somewhat and are awaiting test results. Larry has made preliminary tests but we are getting more.

Kimo mentions you both often, wants to know where you are and when you are coming back.

Much love, Carolyn  
P.S. Annie said to say hi -- could not sit down to write this minute.

August 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

Just thought I would say hi to you and tell you what a good time I have been having. I get so engrossed in different activities that it's not always easy to sit down and write. I have been doing more extensive work lately in the laboratory. Larry has been showing me how to do different types of lab tests and blood smears. I have been looking at cells under the microscope and he has found several

women who have had to come in for biopsies or whatever because of strange cell combinations and structures. Many were never diagnosed as having cancer or suspicious-type problems but here they have been found because of Larry's thoroughness.

I am becoming quite an expert in pharmacology, working in the medical supply house. I never thought I would be so much doing pharmacy stuff but it has all been very helpful to me and has increased my knowledgeability considerably. I am also in charge of teaching wound care to the treatment nurses, all of



Annie at Jonestown's medical bond. May 1978.

whom must learn to debride. Two of the nurses I have taught do a much better job at debridement than I do and they are also teaching others debridement. We don't have that many wounds that need debridging but when they do -- it needs to be done correctly. One of our seniors just made a medicine out of the papaya juice which clears up an oily, broken out complexion. This will be a real winner if we can manufacture this in quantities and begin to sell it.

I have been doing fine -- the weather has been beautifully warm with cool showers in the afternoon. I am planting a garden outside the house and find it to be refreshing work. I like to work outside -- the physical exercise is good contrast in comparison with the mental work it takes to do medicine.

Well, I hope you are both doing well. Please send the enclosed letter to Aunt Louise and Uncle Harrie. I can't seem to find their address.

Love from Annie and  
the gang

(John and Kimo both like the presents you sent. I did too.)

P.S. I don't know if I mentioned this but if you could send two sets of LaBella -- 6 strings, nylon or cat-gut strings for my guitar, I would appreciate it. Two of my strings are broken and I can't play it.

September 14, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

Much has transpired since you were last here and since I've last written -- much of it relating to the conspiracy. Don Freed came down for a week (the author of The Killing of JFK and Code Name Zorro and several other books on the conspiracy). He was thrilled with this place -- just couldn't stop talking about it. He envisions people from all over the world coming to see and write about it -- from major universities. He has helped us get a conspirator to come forward. I am asking Terri [Buford] to play you the tapes of the conspirator who said in detail of how he engineered a mercenary effort here and how they intended to blow up our generator and radio room. It is stupefying. We are trying to get more information -- but it's quite expensive with all the human service medical work we are doing. I hope any little contribution you could make -- you could let Terri know.

We are really getting somewhere on the conspiracy thing, but the informer is not working just out of the goodness of their heart. We have found also that TOS [Timothy Oliver Stoen] actually stole church funds for his own personal use. We have proof positive on this. Also, of course, we have a suit going with Tim Stoen -- a civil case. I know you will be fascinated with these tapes. Mark Lane is arriving tomorrow. It should be even more interesting as things unfold. Mark Lane is the one who wrote Rush to Judgment and he is an excellent investigator.

Jean [Brown] is coming down for a much needed rest so Terri will be taking her place.

Kimo is doing excellently. He is learning colors, counting, etc. and is his old non-conventional self. Annie is learning gobs in her nursing. She has been researching in many areas. We just took in two babies with TB. They are in complete isolation. They are doing very, very well and we thought surely they would not make it, they were so sick. TB-born infants as with these are very hard to cure. We have taken in several young teenage boys from Port Kaituma who don't have families. We get far more requests than we can ever fill, but we are trying to do as much as is financially possible. The medical care is the most expensive thing. It's too bad we don't get drugs donated or more things like that.

We have a new regional minister who is very pleased with our project. He is an old-time Socialist. He says it takes a socialist like himself to recognize a socialist and he was highly complimentary of our work here. We also had the women's branch of the PNC spend a weekend. They sang for us and enjoyed our entertainment as well. They had a ball.

Dr. Carlton Goodlett [publisher of the San Francisco Sun-Reporter] was here a few weeks ago -- thrilled also. He tried some of our herbal medicine on his edema and the swelling immediately went down so he was very pleased because he had tried everything.

Well, you would barely recognize the place as we've done so much landscaping and

other work. It is far more landscaped than when you were last here.

I am running short on time, but much love to you all and take care of your health.

Love, Carolyn

October 4, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

It was good to hear from you. I am doing fine. I have been busy as usual, which I must say in every letter back, but there is a lot to do in a growing community.

We had the pleasure of having Don Freed here to visit. He is quite a scholar and has been very interested in all that has been going on with the group. He gave a talk on the Martin Luther King assassination which was very interesting. Now we have Mark Lane, the other famous author, who is very friendly to us. We have really had our share of guests lately. You will probably be reading about us in a book by one of them some time in the future. I guess we are pretty famous after having so many lies written about us. The one attorney you talked to [Tim Stoen] who acts friendly but has caused us trouble and those like him, I would not waste my time talking to because he is really up to no good. People like this only twist what you say because take it from mine and our experience. It is better to just say that you have nothing to say.

Well, I have a little one here pulling



on me, namely Kimo who wants me to play with him. He still loves the train and John [Victor Stoen] is enjoying himself also. We are all having a great time.

Love, Annie and the  
entire gang

November 4, 1978

Dear Becky and Mac,

...Enclosed is Annie's letter and I hope you'll eventually have time to drop her a note.

I have a box all packed and ready for Kimo and John-John [Stoen] who lives in the same complex with him. Also decided to send cool blouses to Carolyn and Annie. It's always fun to open packages. Costs almost as much to mail as to buy the stuff, but they seem to love receiving it.

They write quite often and call us from Guyana every 2 or 3 weeks. There have been no nasty articles in the papers since our interview in San Francisco in June -- so the San Francisco headquarters and the Jonestown folks have been very appreciative. The Disciples [of Christ] executive for Northern California has always been very supportive of P.T. as well as the Council of Churches executive. There's to be a big money-raiser in December at the Hyatt-Regency in S.F. with Willie Brown, Mark Lane, etc. We probably will not be able to attend...

Love, Mother

October 25, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hi! How are you both doing? It was good to hear you both on the radio. I am doing fine. I received the guitar strings and they sound so nice on my guitar. (I have Larry the doctor's guitar -- a \$300.00 Aria classical guitar. It is a beautiful guitar with a deep tone.) I still have the 12-string too and I play it every Saturday night and Friday night with our country acoustical band. This is the folk band we have. We had just been practicing and starting when you were here, that's why you weren't able to hear us. Maybe the next time you are here you can hear it. Rev. Edward Moore, the skinny older preacher that you talked to one day about how wonderful his health has been since he arrived is one of the lead singers. He's the one that sang, 'Rollin', Rollin', Rollin' down the river'. He's always singing one song or another. So I am spending my extra time playing with this band and it is fun. Also when I get a chance I go to the art studio and paint or draw pictures. It's always an interesting place to go also.

We have been using the papaya on a man who has skin cancer lesions who came in from the bush. We were going to send him into town for surgery but tried the papaya first and it began to clear the lesions up. This, we took after the English doctor's findings about putting papaya directly into an open cut in someone's cancer in the belly and it

immediately healed the cancer. Anyhow it has been working thus far so there is a lot that the papaya can be used for. It tastes just like apple pie when it is cooked, before it turns totally ripe. It is when it is green that it is so beneficial. They use the 'papain' in it for 'Lawry's Season Salt and Meat Tenderizer'. So we just have the natural home grown papain.

Well, how are things in Reno doing? I don't know how I would function back in the hustle bustle of U.S. cities or any city anymore -- I am so used to the jungle life. I've never seen a more beautiful place as this -- the jungle. The fruit citrus trees and banana trees are so pretty and all of the animal sounds are so delightful. Send our love to Grandma and to Becky and her new husband. I'll write again -- the next chance I have.

Love from Annie, Carolyn,  
Jim, Kimo, John  
and the boys

Please send the enclosed letter on to Becky. I don't have her address. Send me her address.

Kimo is at such a funny age now. He is the nursery clown and everyone finds him highly interesting to talk with. We will send you a tape of his talking some time.

I hope you don't listen to anything Debbie [Blakey] tells you -- she was always a pathological liar.

October 1978

Dear Becky,

How have you been? I am doing fine and so is Carolyn and Kimo. I have been busy as I could be, enjoying myself here in the jungle. Mom and Dad have probably shown you the latest about the conspiracy information that Mark Lane, the famous attorney in the ML King case and Don Freed the other famous author in the Kennedy case have come up with regarding activities planned against us -- Peoples Temple. They were both out here to visit, both enjoyed the place and want to return. A lot of new and interesting things should be coming out soon that will show the different attempts to destroy our group. Dick Gregory and Ralph Abernathy are on their way over to visit, also. What's interesting is that it is all coming out before we are all dead, not the case with JFK, RFK, and MLK.

So whatever comes, all the treacherous lies that have been printed and publicized about us don't really bother me because I am having a grand old time here. I would think those telling the lies back there must be miserable themselves with such vast attempts they try to make the rest of us miserable. At any rate I have been playing my 12-string in a country-folk-blues band here and we have a good time. I also have a Classical \$300 Aria of my friend Larry, who is head M.D. down here and it is a beautiful guitar. There's also a honky-tonk group which we sometimes get together and boogie on the

piano with. One of my friends works in the art studio which is a building with one wall which blocks the tropical rains and the rest is open, overlooking citrus orchards and banana trees. It is a beautiful sight. Mom and Dad must have some pictures for you to see. It is a perfect spot for an art studio -- very picturesque and inspiring. The thick bush is further back beyond the banana trees and is so lush I really can't describe the beauty.

It would be hard for me to live in any city after living here. The children are so happy. They have a creatively-made playground plus acres and acres of outdoors to play in and no muggings or car accidents to worry about. I sometimes wonder how they ever made it, living in the cement walls of San Francisco. One place they really love is the swimming hole. (It is almost like watching a Tarzan movie.) Young and old alike love it. Mom and Dad should tell you about it sometime if they haven't already. Well, take care -- I'm sorry it's been so long since I have written. My nursing responsibilities are also keeping me busy and I am learning new things daily.

Love from Annie, Carolyn and Kimo

We wish you the best with your new husband.

That was Annie's last letter to me. She wrote one final letter, however, which the Guyana police found after her death. C.A. "Skip" Roberts, the Assistant Police Commissioner for Crime, believes Annie was the last person to die in Jonestown. The evidence of witnesses who heard

several gunshots late at night and the manner of Annie's death convinced Roberts that she shot herself after shooting Mr. Muggs -- the chimpanzee -- the community's dogs, and perhaps, Jim Jones. He thought her last letter to the world, written in a notebook, was moving, and released it to the press.

(no date)

I am 24 years of age right now and don't expect to live through the end of this book.

I thought I should at least make some attempt to let the world know what Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple is -- OR WAS -- all about.

It seems that some people and perhaps the majority of people would like to destroy the best thing that ever happened to the 1,200 or so of us who have followed Jim.

I am at a point right now so embittered against the world that I don't know why I am writing this. Someone who finds it will believe I am crazy or believe in the barbed wire that does NOT exist in Jonestown.

It seems that everything good that happens to the world is under constant attack. When I write this, I can expect some mentally deranged fascist person to find it and decide it should be thrown in the trash before anyone gets a chance to hear the truth -- which is what I am now writing about.

Where can I begin -- JONESTOWN -- the most peaceful, loving community that ever existed, JIM JONES -- the one who made this paradise possible -- much to the contrary

of the lies stated about Jim Jones being a power-hungry, sadistic mean person who thought he was God -- of all things.

I want you who read this to know Jim was the most honest, loving, caring, concerned person whom I ever met and knew. His love for animals -- each creature, poisonous snakes, tarantulas. None of them ever bit him because he was such a gentle person. He knew how mean the world was and he took any and every stray animal and took care of each one.

His love for humans was insurmountable and it was many of those whom he put his love and trust in that left him and spit in his face. Teresa Buford, Debbie Blakey -- they both wanted sex from him which he was too ill to give. Why should he have to give them sex? -- And Tim and Grace Stoen -- also include them. I should know.

I have spent these last few months taking care of Jim's health. However, it was difficult to take care of anything for him. He always would do for himself.

His hatred of racism, sexism, elitism, and mainly classism, is what prompted him to make a new world for the people -- a paradise in the jungle. The children loved it. So did everyone else.

There were no ugly, mean policemen wanting to beat our heads in, no more racist tears from whites and others who thought they were better. No one was made fun of for their appearance -- something no one had control over.

Meanness and making fun were not allowed. Maybe this is why all the lies were started. Besides this fact, no one was allowed to live higher than anyone else. The United States allowed criticism. The problem being this and not all the side tracks of black power, woman power, Indian power, gay power.

Jim Jones showed us all this -- that we could live together with our differences, that we are all the same human beings. Luckily, we are more fortunate than the starving babies of Ethiopia, than the starving babies in the United States.

What a beautiful place this was. The children loved the jungle, learned about animals and plants. There were no cars to run over them; no child-molesters to molest them; nobody to hurt them. They were the freest, most intelligent children I had ever known.

Seniors had dignity. They had whatever they wanted -- a plot of land for a garden. Seniors were treated with respect -- something they never had in the United States. A rare few were sick, and when they were, they were given the best medical care...

Underneath the note, in different colored ink, she added:

We died because you would not let us live in peace.

(signed) Annie Moore



## Chapter Ten

### BECKY

In the week following November 18, 1978, we wondered what had happened. Headlines blared the magnitude of personal tragedy. Each day brought new revelations: some people died with needles in their arms; Annie had been shot; the U.S. Department of Justice would not perform any autopsies -- and then decided it would; the U.S. Department of State wanted to bury everyone in a mass grave in Guyana -- and later, after the bodies had been shipped back to the U.S., in Delaware; San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk were assassinated by former Supervisor Dan White.

And throughout it all, the body count rose. Initial reports put the number between 300 and 400. But as workers from the U.S. Army Graves Registration team placed the remains in bags, they found more and more bodies underneath. It took a week to determine that more than 900 people had died in Jonestown.

I kept a journal during that time, trying to record everything. Some days, after Mac and I made a dozen calls, it was difficult. Other days, after doing

nothing for hours, it was still difficult. These journal entries describe my reactions, and what my family did, in the months following Jonestown.

October 23, 1978

Last night I dreamed I was shot in the back of the head. My eyes, nose, mouth filled with blood, choking me, as I watched it flow out. I felt myself dying...

November 19

Annie and Carolyn may be dead. A Congressman was shot and killed as he was leaving Jonestown. Four others killed. No one knows what happened down there, or what is going on now. Reports of mass suicides -- but I believe that is untrue, or a set-up, along the lines of [Chilean President Salvador] Allende's 'suicide'. If they find people dead, someone will already have an excuse.

Today has been spent on the phone, calling Cong. Ryan's office, the State Department, my parents -- who were incommunicado all morning. We won't know anything until tomorrow -- if then. I am calm, my parents seen calm. We're just waiting for news now. I try not to imagine anything. Just wait. I've re-read Annie's letter to me. I hope she's right: that things will come out before they are all dead.

November 20

I have vacuumed the house thoroughly. The only major chore remaining would be to really clean the kitchen. We went to a movie this afternoon, to get out of the house and

this afternoon, to get out of the house and numb ourselves.

I can't believe Annie would kill herself. How could Carolyn kill Kimo? It doesn't make sense. If Jim is dead, they probably are also. If he's not -- they may have escaped. But where are the missing 700 people who have vanished? Where are they, who are they?

It just isn't sinking in. I try to imagine Annie taking poison, helping children take poison. It doesn't fit.

The news media are going ape -- much sensationalism, lies, slander, untruths. No one seems to speak for Peoples Temple. No one speaks for the people who have died.

November 20, 10 p.m.

[My friend] Linda's theory is that some members committed suicide so that the others could escape to some kind of hideaway. Only time will tell about that, of course.

The press is going berserk. Stories, accusations, get wilder, more vicious, more graphic, lurid. What began as an 'investigation' to see if people were being held against their will, became a 'search for torture and brutality.'

The news tonight said that a doctor and a nurse administered poison to the people lined up. And that Jim Jones, his wife, and young son (child?) were found dead. I haven't been able to have the State Department confirm that.

November 21, noon

I told Mom that Larry Schacht had administered the poison. She said she knew, but that 'Annie wasn't in love with him, he only gave her his guitar.' Mom and Dad are incredibly optimistic -- they think Annie and Kimo escaped. I don't think so. They're all dead. Even the 700 'escapees' are probably dead somewhere. Why else haven't we heard?

This morning was bad. I clipped articles out of the [Washington] Post and Star. Herblock's cartoon: 'The Ultimate Cult Leader' with picture of the grim reaper...

Folks are anxious about the 'death squads'. I am going to prepare -- leave some papers and evidence -- in case I am 'accidentally' killed in a robbery attempt, or some such bullshit. The FBI is the only 'death squad' I know of. And their henchmen, the Mafia.

November 21, 11:45 p.m.

They've released the first 183 names. Annie and Carolyn are not on the list. What if a miracle happened, what if they aren't dead?

Mom and Dad earlier said they'd pay to have us come out [to Reno]. I told them we'd wait for definite news. They called later to say they wanted us to come (Mom said, would we come for Dad's sake; he grumbled; she said, okay, for her sake too).

Whenever we see the news -- the photos of the bodies lying in embraces, stiff, lying still in the sun, 409 bodies, people -- I get chills, shivers.

November 22

...The papers said that there are paths from Jonestown going to Indian settlements; it is a two-day walk to Venezuela. But the people who fled were those working on the perimeter of the settlement, not the core.

Larry Schacht is dead, Karen Layton is dead, Jim Jones, his wife Marcie. Why shouldn't Carolyn and Annie be dead? And Jim-John? I know they are dead -- but when will we know?

November 23

I talked with Mom and Dad last night. Dad broke down. Mom is very dissociated. She almost broke down, but didn't let herself.

Being here [in Reno] is like being in the twilight zone. Everything is strange, unfamiliar. Emotions are intense. This morning Mom and Dad argued. She's afraid Jim is still alive, that Carolyn and Annie are with him in a death squad. The papers say a 'female fanatic' with masochistic tendencies was in charge of ordering assassinations. But there was no identification of who that might be.

Last night, Dad talked about Carolyn, and the chance (fate) that took her to Ukiah and Peoples Temple. Just chance. He thinks she never resolved her Oedipal feelings. When she was in high school or college, she told him she was going to always be a 'bachelor girl'. And Annie joined Peoples Temple just as she was breaking away from the security of home. Substitutes.

Dad said he hoped Annie did not dis-

tribute poison, that she did not feed it to babies, children. But if she didn't, if she's not dead, it may be worse.

November 23

An awful Thanksgiving...

Dad cried when he said grace, and hugged me. The situation was bizarre. Half the people were watery-eyed; the other half made jokes. Mom said she was reeling because she'd drunk a lot of wine. The phone rang during dinner -- a radio station who wanted to know if Carolyn had been Jim's mistress.

I left several times to go upstairs and just be by myself. Second time I managed to sleep awhile. I felt better when I came down. More sociable.

In the living room, it was like previous festivities -- fun, with good folk and children, jokes, talking, etc.

Everyone keeps telling me they're so glad I'm here. I feel torn in two. Dad deals with things like me; Mom is alienated and oblivious. She doesn't ever cry...

I don't know how to help Mom. She is remote, in her consideration of day-to-day affairs and chores. I feel so bad for her, because it will be worse, the denial and false hopes. It is painful to watch.

The FBI last night said the body was definitely Jim Jones'. They said fingerprints matched. That is a big relief to me. The Air Force mortuary in Dover, Delaware, said it may take a couple of weeks to go through all

the bodies. I don't know whether to stay [in Reno] all that time or not.

November 24, 2 p.m.

...More bodies. Apparently bodies were lying on top of bodies in Jonestown. There were possibly 700, not 300. Now Mother says, angrily, that they must be dead, that all this talk (her talk) of them coming back is futile.

Today Mom and Dad were trying to drum up medical and dental records. A short 2-paragraph article in the [San Francisco] Chronicle listed name and address of people in charge at Dover Air Force Base.

The news reporters came this morning. Dad told the reporter he hoped he would ask the right questions. Dad told him what to ask. Dad made a very good statement about how elements of destruction are within all of us, and within society. Mass suicides and the neutron bomb...

9 p.m.

Dad said when he went jogging today, the German shepherd dog that usually just watches him, walked with him.

They found 300 more bodies -- children lying beneath their parents. So all present and accounted for.

November 25

Every afternoon at this time, 3:30, it hits me, and I have to go to bed. Today I did much displacement activity...

Dad told Mac that after it was all over, after Christmas, they might take a long trip. He said he might go to Guyana for Larry [Layton]'s trial. Larry's dad called today, but I don't know what they talked about.

November 26

It's hard to write always. This will be short. I am tired, always tired, although I seem to sleep okay at night.

I have felt great strain in relationship with Mac... I told him about the strain, he said he knew. That helped somewhat.

Today I felt, what the heck, let's start having some kids. But that is the wrong time for the wrong reason.

Aunt Louise and Harrie are here. Louise said she was glad Mom and Dad had their faith and religion to sustain them. If something happened to her kids, she felt, it would kill her.

Dad preached this morning, and it was quite good. I feel like his sermon marks the end of one phase, the first stage, and the beginning of the second -- waiting for confirmation. I will go to D.C., tie up loose ends, and be ready to fly back here when they get the word. 912 bodies.

It was 7 days ago, last Sunday, that we first read the news. Seems like a very long time ago.

Yesterday I told Mom she seemed removed and remote. She finally cried a little. Said she had an extended family to support her. I



said that was good, but not really the same. I couldn't go to dinner last night. I was tired of all the people around.

November 26, 10 p.m.

Tonight at dinner, Mom, Dad, Mac, me, it hit me that we were a little nuclear family, and that Annie and Carolyn and Jim-John were never coming home.

Sat and watched the fire and the grandfather clock. Just hiding out.

November 27

Gordon Fairchild called -- said Sacramento Bee quotes [Temple publicist] Michael Prokes as saying that Annie was shot. This morning, after call, we heard Mom weeping.

Last night was bad. I felt the loss...

Mother said she didn't think she still had tears, but she does. It's amazing how they don't dry up and go away.

Maybe Annie knew -- maybe she was trying to escape, maybe she didn't poison people, maybe she refused. So she was shot. I hope she and Carolyn refused.

November 27, 2:30 p.m.

Mac called up newspaper about report that Annie was shot -- they said that death reported by Guyanese Defense Force. We've had no word from the State Department, even though only 3 persons were shot: Jim Jones, Larry Schacht [this turned out to be incorrect], and allegedly Annie.

One thing I wanted to note was Mom and Dad in their afternoon naps -- lying flat on their backs, with gray light falling on their faces.

November 27, 4:30 p.m.

Carolyn's death confirmed. Mac hounded State Department until they gave him info. At first they said files on all three missing. Then, that Carolyn's file clipped to Annie's and Jim-Jon. Carolyn dead.

State Department has known all week that they were dead. Michael Prokes identified bodies on Sunday/Monday. Annie was one of them, along with Jim Jones. They have told us nothing. They've had our phone numbers since Sunday.

Modesto papers interested in Mike Prokes -- Carolyn's relationship, who J-J's father is.

November 29, 11 a.m.

Mac just called. Time magazine reports that Annie was shot and that she was Jim Jones' mistress. No word from State Department. Mac is calling them now. I don't know how my parents will stand it.

This morning I woke up feeling bad all over. I wished I were dead.

The only comforting thought was of writing an article for Unicorn Times (Richard Covington's paper), since the rest of the news media is not interested in the truth.

I forget what I was going to say next.

My mind checks in and out, I lose track of what I'm thinking and saying.

Oh yes. Larry Schacht reportedly died of cyanide poisoning, according to the FBI. The U.S. government is not going to investigate any deaths except for Ryan's. I wrote to Guyana ambassador. Perhaps I will have to go to Guyana to discover the truth. If necessary, I will go. Who killed Annie?

When Mac told me about Time article, I started crying. I was angry. No one contacted by folks. Nobody.

November 29, 5 p.m.

[Information from] Roland Trader, mortician in Delaware:

In Delaware, must cremate with container. But if you ship 'em over to Jersey, you just put 'em in a pouch and slip 'em in the oven. If they cremate in Delaware, they can do it anytime; in Jersey, they only deliver on Thursdays.

If casket is sealed -- just like a seal that's in the oven; they don't have anything hermetically sealed. If they have metal, we'll just hack our way in.

Sgt. Lardizzone at Dover AFB:

Not meaning to be facetious, but what race was the deceased? White. She's not white now, if you get my meaning.

November 29, 10:30

...Time magazine said Annie Moore was shot and killed in Jim Jones' house, which

was ransacked. This indicates that someone who knew her made the visual I.D. -- Annie is not the name on her passport.

Today many people called State Department re: Annie -- Mac, Dad's Senator and Congressman, Tom Fasset of the Board [of Church and Society]. Still no word. Apparently, only 40 people are confirmed dead -- including Carolyn -- as opposed to the 130 or 140 that were visually identified at the scene.

Mom called me to say the story about Annie didn't bother her, and that I should lay off the FBI -- I'm their only daughter left. We had several back and forth calls, with Dad promising to call Charles Garry, Peoples Temple lawyer. But as family, we can order autopsy without a lawyer. State Department said caskets were sealed but apparently that's no problem. Mac talked to a jolly gravedigger type in Dover. Mac made a lot of calls today for us, for me...

Mark Lane is spewing all sorts of bad publicity and is losing credibility rapidly. Who cares if he had evidence of a conspiracy -- no one will believe him now.

Time magazine cover was gory -- with picture inside of Jim Jones covered with blood.

A list of all the phone calls we'd made since November 19 follows these entries. Earlier, we'd tried to learn if the State Department would confirm the deaths of Carolyn and Annie. When we learned Annie was shot, we

began to consider the possibility, and necessity, of obtaining autopsies for both. Some news stories said Maria Katsaris had been found shot. Others claimed it was Annie. We felt we should know for sure.

We drove to Dover, Delaware one night, in search of a sympathetic funeral director. We found one, Mr. Minus, who suggested we call the state Medical Examiner concerning autopsies.

November 30

Called funeral homes, etc. Mr. Minus, of a Dover home, got through to Mr. White at State Department -- they are deciding a policy re: autopsies. That's funny, we can't get through to Mr. White, but Mr. Minus can.

December 1

I am exhausted. We got back from Dover, Del. at 3 a.m. I will try to reconstruct events fully of past two days...

This morning I was grilled by 3 staff members of House Intelligence Committee [sic -- it was House Committee on Foreign Affairs] -- Robert Boyer, George Berdes, and Ivo Spalatin. They were cordial, but grilled me, asked for evidence, talked about brainwashing, loss of control, etc. They seem to take Debbie Layton [Blakey]'s affidavit seriously as an attempt to save her family. I questioned that. They asked if my sisters did not like this country. They asked if I knew about Soviet Union move -- I said I didn't think USSR would put up with Jim Jones for very long. They laughed. They wanted

evidence that PT had filed complaints [of harassment]. They wanted to know why people in Redwood Valley would want to attack PT. They asked about infiltrators. I mentioned Carolyn and Annie had said U.S. embassy person was CIA agent, and related Mom's comment: Why don't they try to convert him? They wanted to know if Mom and Dad were concerned, had ever tried to get them out of PT. Asked if Carolyn and Annie had lost 'objectivity'. When they asked about infiltrators, I said that recent history had shown that our government did infiltrate -- I mentioned Black Panthers to them -- I didn't mention Donald DeFrieze of SLA [Symbionese Liberation Army], but he's another.

Boyer suggested that Annie's letter might have hinted at suicide -- 'before we're all dead.' I hadn't thought of it in that light, and I felt bad. Was it a request for help? It is so hard to imagine Annie doing that, participating in that.

All in all, the committee staff did not seem very sympathetic. They are more disposed to believe defectors, the newspapers. They did ask if I thought defectors had an axe to grind. I said yes, that they had been true believers one way, and now they were true believers the other way. Berdes suggested that maybe they saw the light and suddenly realized Jim Jones was a conman. So I said that I was as suspicious of that suddenly seeing the light as of joining in religious fervor.

Mac has been on the phone all day. Confirmed with Mr. Minus that no pathologists in Delaware will have anything to do with Guyana dead. But state medical examiner seemed to be helpful. Mac basically said he was spreading Annie and Carolyn's names around so that nothing would happen to their bodies...

Mr. Minus looks like a funeral director. No jokes, just business. He's the one who told us to call [Dr. Ali] Hameli, the state M.E. [Medical Examiner]... I think Annie and Carolyn would prefer a black mortician.

On the way to Dover, a truck-trailer and car crashed. Truck was all over the highway. We had to backtrack. When we drove back, they were still trying to get the truck off the road.

Yesterday we also started to try to get some info on D.C. pathologists.

December 2

...On Friday, Mac spent day on telephone, calling D.C. pathologists:

Georgetown Hospital informed Mac that D.C. Chief Medical Examiner was only one who could perform autopsy.

Sibley Hospital confirmed this.

D.C. Medical Examiner (James Luke) [office] -- Mac talked to Leroy Riddick. In 1st conversation, Riddick said, 'If State Department had been interested in making identifications, they could have sent down 15 forensic pathologists to Guyana.' Talked

several times -- he was interested. Said we needed photos and full toxicology, and full body x-ray. Others to call:

M.E. Delaware

M.E. Baltimore -- Russell Fisher

Armed Forces Institute of Pathology

-- Douglas Dixon, Robert Thompson

Called [Assistant Attorney General Philip] Heymann at Justice Department -- referred to Mike Abbell [head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division]: said that 'Ann's body could be one of the four selected randomly' for autopsy.

Mom and Dad sent telegram requesting autopsy for Carolyn and Ann to [State Department liaison] Mike White at Dover AFB...

Called Hunter Labs re: autopsy. Dr. Woodward said he didn't see why we wanted one if armed forces were doing them because those pathologists were of 'highest integrity.' Question of time, re: sending pathologist up to Delaware.

Called Sgt. Lardizzone in [Dover AFB] mortuary, said bodies had been embalmed and that it would affect autopsy. (Later refuted by Minus, but subsequently affirmed by Hunter -- embalming 'eliminates subtleties'.) Lardizzone said there had been a radio talk show and that only one call out of 75 expressed sympathy for victims. 'The problem is, they just don't want bodies in Delaware' -- Lardizzone. He said he'd lived in state 4 years and still couldn't understand attitudes of people there. 'It may be the "First State"



but it's the last state in the hearts of our countrymen' -- 'People's attitude here is "What's the difference how they died?"'

Mr. Minus called and said no pathologists are interested in it. Later called Minus to see if any pathologists would be interested in assisting -- he said basically they don't want to have anything to do with it...

December 1 conversation with Dr. Hameli, Delaware State Medical Examiner --

Read his statement regarding autopsies. He had said in newspaper article that he'd had no request for autopsies, and Mac said, here is a request to do 2 bodies. He took information on gunshot wounds and said he would get back.

Mac called later to leave message with Hameli saying that it would be sufficient for us to have witness for autopsy at AFB. In both conversations, Mac said we would be happy to reimburse the state for its expenses...

Minus calls with news that AFB is doing no autopsies, and still no bodies are released because Delaware State authorities want no bodies buried in Delaware.

Mr. Hall [from State Department] called to confirm Annie's death at 1 p.m. No cause cited.

December 3

Mac and I have been so concerned with logging everything down -- potential evi-

dence, etc. -- that I haven't had a chance to write down feelings and thoughts. In a way, all the activity -- phone calls, letters, outrage, fury -- obscures the fact that Carolyn and Annie are dead. Like Mother's cheerful optimism, the flurry over autopsies, etc., is a displacement, a way of coping. Yesterday I got a feeling from Dad that he was tired of it, tired of the struggle, the hassles to find out the truth. I'm tired myself. Both Mac and I are worn out, and feel despair many times over being able to get Annie and Carolyn examined.

Yesterday I told Mac that the truth may be awful, may be worse than we imagine. Carolyn as commandant of concentration camp, Annie poisoning babies, etc. Annie being Jones' mistress -- it seems so unlikely. But what if all the wierd and wild charges are true?

The confirmation of Annie's death was hard to take. No surprise, just difficult to comprehend that I will never see her again.

The deaths have had an effect which seems more unconscious than conscious. People tire me easily. In crowds, parties, I lose my concentration, forget what I was talking about or thinking. About an hour with people, friends, and I lose interest, or lose touch more precisely.

Grover Bagby said our efforts to uncover the truth were important, but that it wouldn't bring back Carolyn or Annie or Jim-Jon. That got to me...

December 3, 9:30 p.m.

I feel kind of bad. No particular reason. Monica cut Mac's and my hair, did a good job. She also pinned up my new pants so I can hem them now.

We talked about several things, including Guyana. She said she didn't think the books [instant paperbacks] on Guyana would sell. I hope not. Also she asked if I were going to watch the CBS docu-drama on Jonestown. I said I didn't think I could stomach it. She said a number of people planned to boycott the books on Guyana.

It rained tonight, was raining when we went out to dinner. It had looked like snow, the sky gray and heavy, but it was only rain.

Mom and Dad called -- our only phone call today, except for one to Monica and one to Mac's folks. Dad seemed in better spirits today than he did yesterday.

This morning, while it was still dark, I thought I heard someone at the door. I jumped out of bed and ran to it, half asleep, and yelled, 'Who is it?' Apparently it was just the newspaper. Boy, was I scared a little, though.

When the newspapers deal with 900 bodies, the articles are poorer, more rancid, than when they focus on the individuals who lived and worked in Jonestown.

Today, I cleaned the kitchen, mopped it a couple of times, scrubbed down the stove. We straightened the house, did some laundry, generally neatened things up a bit and paid

some bills. Therapeutic, I guess. Before, there were Guyana clippings all over the house, underfoot, on the table, in the work-room.

December 4, 1 p.m.

Last night Herman Will called to tell us about articles in the New York Times about Carolyn being financial treasurer of PT and also Jim Jones' mistress. Similar story appeared in L.A. Times article.

Grief or loss has strange effects. I feel isolated, alienated from people at school. I feel like I'm moving in a dream, watching myself. In one class I felt faint -- dizzy and hot -- for several minutes, but it passed. It made me nervous...

Mac said State of Delaware is totally shutting down, shutting off all services to PT victims and relatives. This outraged me -- I felt like crying and it was pure anger.

Letter from Dad arrived today, unsealed, open. \$2000 check inside.

On December 4, Mac made twenty phone calls in an attempt to get autopsies for my sisters. On December 5, he made a dozen more, all unsuccessful. The State of Delaware refused, the office of the District of Columbia Medical Examiner refused, and private pathologists refused, because they were unable to get the legal papers necessary.

December 5, 11 p.m.

Last night, Mac was beat -- long day on the phone. He said he wished he'd met my

sisters, had a chance to know them. He came home today exhausted, saying he'd gotten weepy several times...

We saw a movie tonight, a murder mystery. It would have been okay any other time, but in light of what's happened, the blood was a bit much for me. I kept imagining what Carolyn and Annie looked like when they were dead: Annie shot. Etc. Made me feel rather low.

December 6, 9 p.m.

An odd occurrence at 5:15 a.m. this morning. We heard violent pounding at the door. No one answered our questions. This coincided with paper being left. This happened once before, although Mac hadn't heard the knocks before. This time he heard them. I didn't spot anyone going down the hall. If it happens again, we are going to contact the news delivery supervisor to warn him and his kids off.

Both of us half-expected to find Kool-aid packets along with the morning paper. No such occurrence.

Lou Stevens of the FBI called 4 times today about autopsies of Carolyn and Ann. At last report, Mike learned that Mike Abbell in Justice Department referred our request. I'll log Stevens' other calls when I sit down with Mac to write both of our calls down.

Today in the newspaper there was a long article about people PT defectors were afraid of. Carolyn was on the list, and mentioned several times. They said they were afraid of

her, even though she seems to be on the confirmed dead list.

Over 500 bodies identified so far. Today I sent telegrams and money to Mr. Minus and [Dover] AFB for release of bodies. \$15 telegram twice, plus money orders.

Carolyn is described as though she were an SS commandant: a real heavy-handed woman. It is amazing, the news stories that are printed, with no attribution, no quote marks, nothing. It seems that anyone can say anything now about the people who are dead...

It is hard to imagine Carolyn killing Kimo. (It is alleged that she was supposed to kill/shoot Jim Jones when D-Day had arrived.) It's even crazier imagining her as a cold-blooded bitch, sado-masochistic. She was always, always serious, always concerned about the world, not just her own little place. Did she adopt the philosophy 'the end justifies the means'? Who knows. Unless some evidence comes to light that establishes the guilt of the government or Jones, we will probably never know.

December 8

...Wednesday afternoon, Lou Stevens from the FBI called me. Said the FBI wanted to autopsy Carolyn and Annie. The Armed Forces Institute of Pathology would perform autopsy. Said we could have independent pathologist present, said we would get 'detailed report' from pathologists, and would be 'told cause of death as revealed by autopsy.' Said

that we needed to sign a particular release form. I said my folks should be the ones to do it. He asked me to relay information to my folks. He said he would have 2 Reno agents stop by to get their signatures.

Called home, talked with Mom. She said she didn't see the point of an autopsy. I explained (again) the importance of these exams to determine how they died. She took information and said she would tell Dad.

Stevens called back after I hung up. Said his wife talked to her mother a lot longer than I talked to mine. He said he learned the folks had sent a telegram to AFB requesting an independent pathologist to be present at any autopsy. He said this was a big inconvenience, that the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology was doing it as a favor, free, and that it was unnecessary. 'There is no government plot to hide or cover-up anything.' I read him the riot act -- said our experience with government in this situation had been bad, that they had appeared disinterested in learning the truth. He said, why didn't you call us? I said we called Justice Department, Delaware Medical Examiner, State Department, AFB. He said, 'It's not every day that we have 914 tragedies.' Anyway, getting the Air Force to agree to independent pathologist would be a 'prodigious hemorrhoid.'

Going back a moment, in the first phone call he asked how Carolyn and Annie got involved in Peoples Temple. I said my Dad had

made a statement which pretty much explained it all. He said his agents could pick it up when they got release. He asked if their deaths had been confirmed. I said Carolyn and Annie had, but not Jim-Jon Prokes. He said 'Prokes? I think he may be a survivor.' I corrected him, saying Michael Prokes was alive. He said, 'Right.'

Stevens called a third time to confirm that 2 agents would be calling my folks that night, and would be visiting them the next day...

Last night we went to see Playtime, by Jacques Tati. It was a beautiful movie, especially the end with the traffic going round in a circle and merry-go-round music.

But it made me sad, made me miss Carolyn and Annie. Mac says, you go to a happy movie and it makes you think of them, you go to a mystery movie and you think of them, you go to a depressing movie and think of them. I said the loss of them made a hole in my life and in the world. Just reminisced about things Carolyn and Annie did. Realized I hadn't lived with Carolyn for about 16 years.

December 8 (finally)

Again this morning, the knocking at the front door at 5 a.m. Softer than usual, but irritating, and made us get up. Mac seemed to think it was merely the paper knocking on the door as it was slapped down...

Linda called. She said the bureaucracy



[of the federal government] was so large that it could only pay attention to programs, not small details, so she doubted any conspiracy. She also said that each agency sees its own 'mission' in the affair, so neither knows what the others do -- or should do. She said Carolyn and Annie hadn't cared about what the public thought about them, and that I shouldn't either.

Right before we left for airport, Mark Matthews of the Dover News-Journal called me and said he'd learned the bodies of Carolyn and Annie were going to be released. I asked him where he got the information, and he said he couldn't name his source to me (Later he did say it was not our funeral director). He asked the usual questions, I read him parts of Dad's sermon. He asked if we'd been surprised -- I said yes, that it was hard to understand. At one point I wept, saying that many beautiful people had died, people who were caring and concerned, in addition to my sisters. Of course, he was only interested in the jucier details -- like that Carolyn had been married to Larry Layton...

I did give the reporter a hard time about the State of Delaware not allowing any bodies to be cremated or interred in Delaware...

December 10

In the plane as we were landing [in Reno], for some reason I thought Annie would be with my parents to greet us. Instead, Chris and Steve [family friends] were with my folks.

Saturday morning we talked a bit about the service Dad and Mom wrote. They showed us a letter from Wendy Walker about Annie, some of the things she'd done and said. Mom had written little descriptions of Carolyn and Annie and Kimo to be read at the service. We also discussed what to tell the FBI -- decided that we would not try to hide anything.

It is strange. I thought I would be the one to do something great and wonderful, to die early and young. Instead, my two sisters and nephew died heroically, for a cause; or perhaps for nothing. Now I realize I can never be as good and strong as Annie, or as smart and powerful as Carolyn. I'm none of those things. I'll just be ordinary, nothing special, not doing anyone any especial good. My only hope is to carry on Annie and Carolyn's caring in a way that I can.

Dad said Jim Jones felt utter and total rage against the racism and injustice of the institutions in this country, and that was why they went to Guyana, to create their own non-racist institutions.

Mac said people's letters to my parents were less condolence notes than requests for reassurance, that it was all right, they were all right. I said something like this (an event like this) brings out everyone's fears and craziness. It upsets everyone.

Dad feels it is Peoples Temple's responsibility (and Charles Garry's) to detail to congressional committees the acts of arson,

poisoning, terrorism against them. Not us, since anything we might write would be hearsay anyway...

December 11

Yesterday I read Carolyn and Annie's letters from Guyana. Their letters make it impossible to believe all the detractors. Carolyn states her concern, the Temple's concern, for protein and the animals they raised to eat. She also wrote about all the plants they were growing. Also, that they had a constant stream of visitors to the project -- Guyanese government officials and visitors from foreign countries. One Guyana official named the embassy liaison as a CIA agent (Carolyn didn't write the agent's name). The only disturbing thing in the letters is that Annie wrote that she was learning more about pharmacology. She ran the pharmacy, I believe. Also, Carolyn's letters at times were typed in a frenetic fashion with misspelled words, bad grammar, etc. As though she hadn't typed one or two, although her signature does appear at the end.

December 11, 9:30 p.m.

Funeral service today in Reno. Mom and Dad wrote it -- it was beautiful. Gordon Fairchild described Carolyn and Annie -- Carolyn the critic, Annie the sharer. All the relatives tell Mac to take good care of me, protect me, because I'm all they've got left. Poor Mac.

December 14, 9 p.m.

Sometimes it is so hard. Tonight in the [Washington] Star, Annie's 'suicide' note. It is just like her other letters. They write she was shot with a dum-dum bullet, face blown away. A coroner's jury ruled yesterday that her death was murder. I tell myself that many people are relatives of murder victims. Think of Detroit. It's not so uncommon. But the story unfolds so slowly. Each day there is something new, some new detail, some new atrocity. I wonder how Mom and Dad stand it.

Tuesday, the funeral was in Davis. Many people from out of the past made me cry: Grace and Grant Noda, Mohan, Cheryl Brown, Don Lindburg, Martha McLean's mother. Martha died in a car crash when she was in college. Many people said my parents had helped them: Roland Marchand, tears in his eyes, said they had given so much, the community was trying to give back, in small part, some of that help. Parents of a draft resister in Canada were there. Many ministers, countless from California-Nevada Conference...

I can't write too much about the memorial services except to say that in each, Bishop Stuart broke down during singing of For All the Saints, and barely made it through the benediction.

It -- the event -- is so enormous and all-encompassing. Everyone is affected by it...

Poor little Jimmy-Jon -- all alone in

the cold with the other unidentified bodies. It seems so lonely for a child. Perhaps he really is with the one who truly understands.

December 15

Poor Crystal. Today she asked me how my sisters were doing. I said they were dead. That pretty effectively stopped conversation.

December 19

Just met with Peter Halder, Ciceli Gouveia and 3rd person (unidentified) at Guyana Embassy. Halder assured us Guyana was investigating the deaths, culpable, if alive, would be brought to justice. He seemed interested in Mom and Dad's statements, in Annie's letter. He said, 'I'm not an atheist, so I can't believe so many people would believe what one man tells them, and do what one man told them to.'

The 3rd man ... was more critical of Jones, Jonestown, my sisters. He said, didn't Annie have better accommodations than the rest of the camp. I said I didn't know, that she did live off from the main compound with Carolyn and nephew. Asked if she were Jones' personal nurse -- I said I didn't know. Asked if I was bitter towards Jones -- I said it was just a waste. Also asked if Carolyn ever lived in New York. I said no. This 3rd man, when talking about suicide, said if someone pointed a gun at your head, handed you a cup of Kool-aid, would you drink it? He said he'd rather be shot, get it over with, than

die in five minutes. Which he felt proved that people mostly took poison voluntarily.

All agreed that they were amazed by the pictures of Jonestown -- before the project, it had been a rain forest: 'They carved a town out of naked jungle,' said Halder, who said he would never have lived there before he saw the project. PT had an agricultural lease from the government. As such, they had to fulfill certain government production standards, which they did. Halder said most government officials just flew in for a day's inspection, then out again.

They also agreed that in a community of 1200, people would dissent. 'In any country in the world, people are dissatisfied with the political system,' said Halder. People from Guyana go to the U.S. -- people from the U.S. go to Guyana. They felt 9 defectors leaving was nothing, unimportant. But they felt Jones was afraid of what defectors might say about him personally. I said, if you believe in something, and work for it, then you resist, you fight. You don't kill yourself over a little criticism.

They asked if Debbie Blakey had talked with us since she came back. I said no, that we felt she was ashamed to see us after what she said.

They said Port Kaituma was about 7 miles from Jonestown. Anyone could have walked to the police station there for protection, and then flown to Georgetown. Also, Embassy officials and Guyanese officials interviewed 75

people, and offered them safe passage -- only 2 wanted it.

They said that the jungle life is hard. Not everyone is cut out for it. There wasn't much in the way of entertainment -- dances, band, and a few movies. It was not an easy life. There would be people who wouldn't like it.

They said, finally, that Guyana was overwhelmed by the deaths. Halder said one death in the country makes the front page. 900 was overwhelming. He said they'd all be home this Christmas if they could.

Today I also wrote Mr. Minus with power-of-attorney, and Dr. William Sturner, head of National Association of Medical Examiners, re: autopsy fuck-up.

NY Times today said autopsy confirmed that Annie was shot, but they didn't know if it was self-inflicted or not. Guyana coroner ruled it was murder, not suicide in her case. Again, a pathologist criticized U.S. government handling of the case, saying the embalming really destroyed chances of showing cyanide poisoning.

December 20, 10:30 a.m.

Something to add to Guyana visit: They said the government had never received word that Jonestown had been shot at; however, an unauthorized, unidentified aircraft entered Guyana airspace last year and took photographs of the Jonestown settlement. The aircraft was chartered in Trinidad. They also

heard that Jones had narrowly missed being shot. I said that he had narrowly escaped being shot in this country too.

Yesterday also was the first day the Star had no Guyana news. This morning the Post had the story of the autopsy, which said that there was a 50-50 chance Annie was murdered. It said her head was blown away...

On December 14, pathologists from the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology examined the remains of five Jonestown victims, including Annie, Carolyn, and Jim Jones. The autopsy reports came back four months later; the results were inconclusive. Embalming had ruined any meaningful discovery.

Finding a mortician who could perform cremations was another challenging problem. Delaware would not release any bodies unless assured they would be transported out of state. Funeral homes in New Jersey handled most cremations -- including those of Carolyn and Annie -- until the New Jersey Attorney General stopped them.

Meanwhile, a grand jury in Guyana investigating Jonestown ruled that Annie had committed suicide. Everyone else had been murdered, the grand jury said.

December 23

I was trying to remember the difference in things from when we first heard the news from Guyana. Then, I read the paper first thing in the morning. We watched Today, CBS Morning News, the 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00 news and the 10:00 and 11:00 news. I knew the stories by heart by 11. Now I just go for the paper first thing, leaf through for Guyana articles.



The news today was that the jury at the inquest ruled that all but two Jonestown victims were murdered. The two: Ann Moore and Maria Katsaris. It was all so bizarre that I didn't understand at first. It should be all but two committed suicide. I don't believe Annie would shoot herself. I simply don't. I also don't believe she was Jones' mistress. It doesn't fit. Who makes the allegations? Anyway, I am going to write Dr. Mootoo -- head pathologist in Guyana -- to ask him what led him to conclude she'd been murdered; also I want a transcript of the inquest hearing, perhaps from the embassy. Anyway, I was stunned. Upset...

December 24

Last night we lit the Christmas tree. It made me sad -- more memories around family Christmas than Thanksgiving. The tree here is large and beautiful. Dad preached on hope this morning. He mentioned an article a psychiatrist wrote about the kind of people who join cults, and of a woman's response in letter to the editor, saying that this didn't describe Annie. There is a lump in my throat, held back tears, the whole time I've been here. When we arrived, Mom asked to see Annie's 'suicide' note. She said she wished someone would tell the families something, rather than having to read it in the newspapers. She also said she wrote Jean Brown at PT in San Francisco, saying that Sharon Amos' surviving daughter could live/be adopted

by Mom and Dad, even though Sharon's father may claim child. He apparently filed lawsuit about something in connection with Peoples Temple. It is sad, Mom wanting to adopt a kid. She needs to be a mother so much.

December 26

Yesterday was a hectic Christmas, with kids, families and turkey. Before the big dinner, Dad said a prayer mentioning all our families, and that we were thinking of Carolyn, and Annie and Kimo. I'm glad he said that, which was what we were all thinking.

(We're on 395 en route to Redlands. Right by Topaz Lake, covered in fog. White ghostly trees against gray background. The fog is dense. Thick snow over everything.)

After, or rather, while people were still at the house, we began taking Christmas stuff down: taking balls from the tree, burning evergreens. By 8:30, the tree was out back. Mom was anxious to get everything down. She said she wanted to come home to a clean house; I felt she simply didn't want any more to do with Christmas and its reminder that Carolyn and Annie and Kimo aren't here.

Jean Brown of Peoples Temple, S.F., called yesterday to tell Dad that the Nathaniel Green rocking chair was being delivered to a friend's house. PT was closing up, everyone was moving out yesterday. She said they were liquidating the assets; Charles Garry was doing the legal work. Mom had writ-

ten her about adopting Sharon Amos' surviving daughter (Krista), but Jean said all of Sharon's children were dead...

December 27

We arrived at a second-rate motel in Redlands last night. On the way, there was a terrible accident, bodies strewn across the road, covered in blankets. Everyone had a blanket. Question: where do blankets come from in a situation like that? 30 miles later, we saw what we presumed to be an ambulance heading for the scene. Strange, but accidents -- plane crash, car wreck, etc -- are no longer scary or threatening. We have suffered the worst loss. Death won't take us until it is time; and when it's time, you can't avoid it, no matter what you do...

December 28

Yesterday [Uncle] Bob and [Aunt] Doris talked a lot about Guyana. Bob asked if we minded talking about Guyana. I said no. The L.A. Times apparently ran excerpts of testimony at the inquest at Matthews Ridge. Tim Carter testified that Annie and Carolyn were in Jones' cabin when the suicides were taking place. He said that Annie asked where they wanted the children -- did they want them in the pavilion or where. Doris said this reminded her of the town she grew up in. Only 900 people, but you didn't know what everyone else was doing. You didn't know what was going on 2 blocks away. So now, we

are getting an overview of what happened in Jonestown, pieced together from fragments -- testimony of people who were in different places in Jonestown. Nothing complete.

The roles of Tim and Mike Carter and Michael Prokes are very suspicious. Ambiguous at best. They were in the inner core of decision makers and yet they left in the end. Tim Carter said he saw his wife and son die. He left with a suitcase of money. Why was he allowed to leave? Why are they still alive? Doris says that perhaps women -- as a class -- are more committed and loyal to a cause than men.

Dad mentioned reading a biography of John Brown that said he wasn't crazy -- just more radical than his supporters. Brown saw the inevitability of war. Bob asked if Jim Jones was mentally ill. Mom recalled the time the neighbors in Berkeley waved at them, and Mom said they were always looking. Jim Jones wheeled around and said, Who? Where? Dad said Jones was extremely sensitive; filled with rage against injustice to blacks and poor people. I said, crazy like John Brown. Doris said that we don't always know; sometimes she will have a vicious fight with [her son] Bobby, then go to YWCA, where no one knows she was so 'ugly' 30 minutes earlier. Mom said she 'knew something terrible would happen.' She'd always been afraid. (Hindsight or clairvoyance, who knows?)

Mom's anger at Jim Jones and PT was strong, the overriding emotion she had. 'They

always lied to us.' 'They never told the truth.' And Jim Jones' sunglasses -- they made him sinister. Mom also complained, 'I always hear things second- or third-hand,' meaning she sees things in the paper, but no one informs the family personally.

Mom says Carolyn was always used by men. She mentioned John (?), the guy in Davis who dumped Carolyn when he was tired of her. She said Carolyn used to wait on Jim hand and foot, bake and cook stuff for him when he visited. She put Larry through school his last year at UCD [University of California, Davis].

Later ... Uncle Bob seemed to think that \$10 million cash was a lot of money to have -- Dad said no, not for a community of 1000 striving to be self-sufficient. The machinery and heavy equipment cost thousands of dollars. They had to buy most of their food, and all medical supplies. In that way, \$10 million was not much.

Uncle Bob asked if Jim Jones had a sense of humor. They mentioned a PBS documentary on a Scottish group of pantheists, who seemed to poke fun at their leaders. Dad and Mom said Jones had a sense of humor, and that PT had a lot of funny skits. But Jim Jones didn't laugh at himself. He was a child evangelist. His mother told him he was the messiah. He was used to adulation from people.

Mom and Dad talked about the stability and sanity of various people they knew in PT, and compared to various defectors, etc. For

example, Gene [Chaikin], the lawyer/agronomist, and Patty Cartmell, the trader, were solid, stable people utterly committed to Jonestown, like Annie. And they're dead. Dad felt they were far more credible and solid than Debbie Layton [Blakey] or Larry Layton, or Mike Prokes. Doris said one newspaper account said Larry fell apart after his mother died [in Jonestown six weeks before the suicides].

We saw the article in the Davis Enterprise about the funeral. They described us, the family, as quiet and composed...

I don't know if I ever noted down that Mohan [a foreign student who had lived with us] told me at the reception that he and Annie were blood brothers -- they pricked fingers and mingled their blood.

I have been writing letters like crazy. Maybe an attempt to extend the family. I feel kind of bad at Mac's sister's house [in San Diego] -- jealous of Mac and his sister. Now I'm a kind of an only child, but worse: I have to be Carolyn, Annie and me all rolled up in one. Yesterday at breakfast, Doris called me Annie. Grandma gave me \$100 for Christmas, the most she's ever given. It's a lot of responsibility, being the only child. I don't particularly like all that responsibility.

January 3, 1979

Yesterday we got back from San Francisco, where we picked up Carolyn's desk. The rocking chair wouldn't fit with all our other stuff in

the car, so Dad will pick it up on another trip.

I looked through photo albums for pictures of Annie and Carolyn. This was right before dinner. It upset me more than I expected. I cried throughout dinner. Mother had a tear on her face -- one of the few I've seen -- and said it got to her every time she dusts the man with the guitar [a ceramic Annie made]. Each time I read the quote by Cesar Chavez that Annie wrote down (and which is on the wall), it affects me. So I don't look at it.

'Those who oppose us are rich and powerful. We are poor but we have something the rich do not own -- our bodies and our spirits and the justice of our cause. These are our weapons. Our lives are really all that belong to us. Only by giving our lives do we find life. I am convinced that the truest act of courage, the strongest act of manliness is to sacrifice ourselves for others in a totally nonviolent struggle for justice.' -- Cesar Chavez

On the kitchen wall --

'An ancient rabbi once asked his pupils how they could tell when the night had ended and the day was on its way back.

"Could it be," asked one student, "when you can see an animal in the distance and tell whether it is a sheep or a dog?"

"No," answered the rabbi.

"Could it be," asked another, "when you can look at a tree in the distance and tell

whether it is a fig tree or a peach tree?"

'No," said the rabbi.

"Well, then, when is it?" his pupils demanded.

"It is when you look on the face of any woman or man and see that she or he is your sister or brother. Because if you cannot do this, then no matter what time it is, it is still night." '...

January 6

We're in Bodega Bay. I can see boats from the window. I have been awful lately. Very depressed, moody. Mac got angry with me today, I was so bad. I have needed to be alone for so long: I crave it. So he went to get groceries, left me alone. I went out to walk along the flat, dry marsh: gray and yellow, leading up to the dune that protects the bay from the winds. I sat by a tree -- a juniper dripping that gray-green lichen -- and cried, and asked a lot of unanswerable questions, like why Carolyn and Annie, why now, at this historical moment, why them and not me -- me with the burden of living an inglorious life 'while they in glory shine.' Such questions lead nowhere. So a strange occurrence happened. Over the flats, I heard a baby/child crying. I looked in that direction, and there was a butterfly. I waited, and the butterfly circled round again several times. I got up to follow it. It circled by some eucalyptus trees, but I was afraid to go into the clump. The butterfly circled again and flew into a



single, lone evergreen. I decided to walk back, so turned and walked along a grassy green track heading towards the road. I don't remember a sound, but I looked over and saw a deer, crouched down and very still. I wanted to go to it, but it looked so frightened, I walked away from it. I looked back several times to where it was 'hiding' in the tall grass. Finally a low hill blocked it from view.

January 9

...Michael Prokes called Saturday. Mom said she felt like accusing him of being in the FBI or CIA -- 'He must be, he's still alive.' He said the media was not printing the story accurately, or the whole story. They are supposed to talk with him on January 17 in S.F.

Also, Jean Brown called. She has been driving the red Volvo, Carolyn's car, and asked what she should do with it. Mom and Dad are going to give it to her.

Mom cut out an article this weekend -- the two Guyana books [written immediately after the suicides] have flopped and copies are being returned to the publishers. Yay...

A woman in Sacramento sent Dad and Mom a letter: Mary Ruth Warner. I don't think she knows them, but she read Dad's sermon. A quote from her letter.

'I go back to the basic, historical premise that if one would overcome the evils of racism and classism, one must confront

and be engaged in combat directly with those evils. One cannot escape or hide; the evil will follow you out, destroy you -- either from within, or from without, or both... Our task is to continue to struggle against evil, that good might prevail...'

January 10

The other night I dreamed about Carolyn. She was introducing her mother, grandmother, and sister, but none of those people were us. I have dreams about them all the time, rarely remember them, though.

Last night we ate at Spaughi's Italian Restaurant. Dad was fairly silent. Mom talked about stuff Annie did. I was kind of depressed. We went home and looked at slides they took in Guyana: Carolyn standing by a wing bean, petting the anteater, Annie playing tug-of-war with Mr. Muggs. They had spread out all the duplicate photos of Jonestown on the dining room table, so I took some I didn't think I had.

When people were going to bed, I went into Mom and Dad's room, to talk. I said I wanted to say something, but I didn't know what. Dad and I sat and talked a bit. He said Uncle Bob was taking it very hard, trying to understand what happened. He also said Mom had been crying the morning. (I thought I heard crying again this morning.) I said I wish it had been me, and he said he and Mom wished it were them instead. 'Parents always want to go before their children do.' He said

Annie and Carolyn were soldiers, had died like soldiers.

They looked so happy at Jonestown. Like they wanted to be there, like what they were doing was important...

January 19

I just got through reading an article in the January 25 Rolling Stone. It was little better than the rest, although began a little more compassionately than most.

I wrote the folks several letters, one telling them that I wasn't going to go crazy. Afterwards, of course, I felt very crazy. Dizzy...

Carolyn and Ann's ashes were to be buried in Davis today. They were fortunately cremated before New Jersey cracked down on cremations from Delaware.

Mom and Dad were to send Kimo's footprint original to Lou Stevens at the FBI, since Xerox copies were making I.D. impossible. Also, West Virginia was proposed as a dumping ground for the unclaimed and unidentified bodies. But they're not going to do that.

Tim Cahill's Rolling Stone article was upsetting, because it did seem more objective than others. If it is, I have to believe that my sisters participated in vileness and sickness. How could they be unaware? If not, then we still don't know the truth. Defectors are the ones telling the story, not believers, as Dad pointed out. It makes me so insecure

about who to, and who not to believe, and to imagine Annie participating in such madness...

March 19

It is going to be a long road, a long, long road. Yesterday, I called Dr. [Rudiger] Breiteneker in Baltimore, one of the civilian pathologists present at the autopsy. He was chatty, friendly. He did not know Carolyn was Annie's sister. Said he had nothing to add to the New York Times story. 'We don't know one way or the other from the autopsy whether Ann shot herself ... Jones shot himself ... the wounds he had were easily compatible with suicide ... Something you can't really exclude ... he had gun pressed against his head' -- although whether or not he held gun was not shown by autopsy. In Ann's case, they 'couldn't establish as definitely. The distance between the muzzle and her head wasn't quite as obvious.' (He didn't say because her head was blown off.) 'May have been suicide. Not much more definitive answer coming... AFIP [Armed Forces Institute of Pathology] calls the shots on this ... they don't talk.' Didn't feel we'd ever know the truth about Ann's death -- '50-50 chance of suicide in her case ... In Jim Jones' case, it's highly probable he shot himself.' The autopsy committee did not know what gun(s) were used; the bullets went all the way through their heads.

Spoke highly of Dr. Mootoo, who was in this country for a convention. 'Only one who

saw it at the scene ... how far apart the bodies were, he may know ... may have some personal opinion ... very gentle fellow ... much less critical of him after I talked with him ... he was just overwhelmed ... he wouldn't mind talking to us'...

[Re] AFIP: 'Their own doctors didn't know the circumstances of the deaths ... Basically we examined some decomposing bodies ... Not the average examination I would do in the U.S. ... [Dr. William] Cowan [of AFIP] is the one who would know everything ... the chemical exams have been going on for months now.' He implied that was unusual. Either way, if the military knows something and is keeping it back, or if the military knows nothing, 'it's a most peculiar story ... Nobody talks to anybody. This is my impression as an outsider ... I don't think they want to hide anything. That's just the way they are ... When the government gets involved, everything slows down ... sort of like a circle ... everybody pushes the next guy until it finally gets back to the original guy.' Breitenecker implied several times that we were in a minority because we cared what happened to the bodies. He was surprised Carolyn and Annie were cremated without death certificates. 'We just don't do that in Maryland.' He wondered who was going to issue the death certificates. I told him Guyana would, and he replied, 'That's probably what they end up with, because nobody here wants to do it.'

## Chapter Eleven

### REMEMBRANCES

On the afternoon of November 18, 1978, a group of young men from Jonestown ambushed a party of reporters, defectors, Congressman Leo Ryan and his aide Jackie Speier who had been visiting Jonestown. They shot and killed the Congressman and four others: three reporters and Temple defector Patricia Parks. Others attempting to leave were wounded.

The men returned and whispered to Jim Jones, who announced to the assembled crowd that it was over. Although a few people argued against suicide at that point, most willingly took the mixture of FlavorAid and cyanide. The first at the vat was a young woman, who gave the poison to her baby before taking it herself.

For days after November 18, we didn't know whether or not Carolyn or Annie or Kimo or any of those we knew were dead. The initial body count was incorrect, almost half the number of people known to have lived in Jonestown. Nevertheless, John and Barbara and I came to the conclusion that Carolyn and Annie must be dead. My parents realized it when they learned of the death of Sharon

Amos and her children. Sharon had cut the throats of her son and daughters before slashing her own in the bathroom of the Georgetown Temple headquarters. I believed Carolyn and Annie were dead when the death of Jim Jones was officially confirmed. If he were dead, they were also.

The State Department gave us official confirmation of Carolyn's death more than a week after the suicides. We learned from Time Magazine that Annie had been shot. Kimo, like some 200 other children, was never identified.

A week after the suicides, on November 25, John preached about Jonestown and Carolyn and Annie at the Reno United Methodist Church. The sermon was widely distributed throughout the nation's religious community and by the news media. A copy of the sermon appears in Chapter Twelve.

The sermon and the Jonestown tragedy profoundly affected people who knew Carolyn and Annie, and people who were able to identify with their hopes and aspirations. We began hearing from friends and from strangers. The notes and letters resonated with a common theme: it could have been me. They appear here in chronological, that is, random order.

November 22, 1978

Dear John and Barbara.

Please know that I love you and care about you; and that you are very much in my prayers and thoughts as you wait.

May God's grace and peace continue to sustain you both.

Shalom!

Judy Bither-Terry

November 24, 1978

Dear John and Barbara,

Our hearts go out to you both and we add our prayers to yours that Carolyn and Ann by some means may have escaped to safety. This was surely the most tragic of all events one could imagine.

Carolyn was always very special to me when she was a member of my class because of her interest in learning and her depth of understanding was superior. I remember one time when she came to me out of class to discuss the poem 'Invictus'. I remember suggesting that she read some biographical information about William Ernest Henley. We had a good talk. Even then her sensitivity to human need was apparent. It would be tragic if she could not return to us -- She would have much to offer deserving needs, and hopefully would be able to obtain some real happiness in her own life once more.

Al and I can only say that we hope with you and feel with you. We didn't know Ann as well, but the feeling is the same for both your girls. It seems so sad that those who seek to help humanity should have to suffer so at its hand.

Our very best wishes and our prayers,  
With love,  
Al & Orpha Fries

November 27, 1978

Dear Reverend and Mrs. Moore,

I write to share with you what bare hope there is for your daughters.



I was a friend of Larry [Layton]'s and Carolyn's in Davis ten odd years ago. She impressed me as a very caring person, with probably more sense than the rest of us. I was in your home on only one occasion. I came to get an old doll for an art project, but I was moved by the warmth and love which I felt all around. It was very reassuring to a mixed-up young man.

I am deeply shocked by what has happened, sorrowed, and somewhat frightened, too. I can only hope that I share your worry and not your grief.

My sympathies and prayers are with you.

Yours sincerely,

Jonathan Borah

November 30, 1978

Dear John and Barbara,

I've been following your ordeal in the clippings my brother sends me from the Reno papers. I was in New Orleans for the American Academy of Religion convention when the story broke, but the horror of it kept building and I kept remembering the picture of the place you built at the church school meeting last May when I was there. Very little of what I thought at that time seemed to get across in the papers. Slowly it trickles out -- that Jonestown was a place for idealists.

That I feel haunted and troubled is only an indication that I shared many of the same assumptions and ideals of the Jonestown people and sense my own vulnerability. But I

also am troubled for you. That you feel responsibility for your own loss which no assurances and no words can dispel. Were I in your situation, I doubt if I would want absolution, for it reduces the ties with the loved ones. Yet I also know that grief eventually passes into something -- despair, cynicism, commitment, whatever -- and your words that, 'They have paid our dues...' applies to people like me as well as you.

I have nothing to offer but my grief and my prayers and my understanding (insofar as it goes). It seems to me that Jonestown somehow needs to be understood and interpreted. This tragedy cannot be allowed to be thought of as an aberration of crazies, nor can it be understood as the demonic charisma of Jim Jones. What needs explication is how solid idealistic people such as your daughters can lose their hope and resort to such desperate measures. In that way, maybe some of the rest of us will be saved from the same mistakes they made.

My love to you in these painful days,

Jerry Forshey

November 30, 1978

Dear John and Barbara,

Thank you for sharing your witness with us. I want to share with you some of my own thoughts and feelings in the last week to demonstrate how your words have helped me to understand the meaning of what has happened. As you said, 'There is no witness to the word apart from the hearing of it.'

When I first heard of Jonestown, I told my father, 'I'm sure that Ann tried to leave with her nephew.' For I believed in Ann as much as I believed in myself. As the reports of beatings and sexual deviation and 'white night' suicide drills and more and more bodies rolled in, my confidence in what Ann might do, faltered, as did my confidence in myself.

In the past week I have learned that there is a potential for great destruction as well as creation in all human beings. While before, I believed to some extent there was 'Them' and 'Us'; the 'bad guys' and the 'good guys'. (I'm embarrassed to admit this, it sounds so pompous and trite and yet it is true.)

There have been times this week when I have been so afraid of this potential in myself, I have been tempted to disown Ann; to cry out indignantly, 'How could you do this?' To qualify my statement of, 'It could have been me', with, 'but I wouldn't have gone that far.' Here again your words helped me when you quoted Saint Paul, 'Nothing, absolutely nothing can separate us from the love of God...'

Those words were a gift for us which has helped us to carry out our own witness in small ways. Because we knew Ann, Bill and I know that Jonestown was not full of maniacs, and that is our witness. Bill went to Los Angeles Monday for medical school interviews. On the plane the people next to him were talking about the weak and shiftless people



Annie and foster child at Cal Aggie Camp, Davis, California. August 1972.

who get sucked into things like Jonestown. Bill simply said, 'Let me tell you about my friend Ann...' We know we must keep telling of Ann, so people do not deceive themselves about what happened.

There were other words of Saint Paul's, '...love never ends.' Whatever happened in Jonestown, it is right that I grieve for my friend Ann.

You may not remember the weekend I spent in your home when my parents took my brother Bobby to another foster home in L.A. I don't remember too much about it myself. I remember talking late into the night with Ann because I couldn't sleep. She was kind and accepting. We didn't become friends overnight, but a trust was building between us.

We really got to know each other in church and at MYF [Methodist Youth Fellowship]. Junior High MYF ranks as one of the most boring experiences of my life, but with Ann there, we were able to tolerate it together. When I was fourteen, I thought Ann was the only other fourteen-year-old alive who knew there was a war in Viet Nam and hunger and injustice in the world. We planned MYF sessions together that were more meaningful than going to the skating rink.

We also had a good time together. At one MYF potluck, we found a toad in the parking lot, snuck it inside and put it in a covered casserole dish in the middle of the table. We played guitar together. Once, after church during the postlude, Ann played a dis-

guised version of '99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall'. She helped me to laugh and take it easy.

Her humor also eased tense situations. One time at a convocation, I got involved with a disturbed young man who told me he would commit suicide if I didn't go to bed with him. Desperate, I went back to the cabin that Ann and I shared and asked her what to do. She went out and told the guy, 'You don't need sex, you need help!' Then we went to some camp leaders, the Albrights, and told them what happened.

Another time we were in a parked van in Del Paso Heights, returning children to their homes, when a rather drunk-looking man walked up to the car with a sawed-off shotgun, pointing it to my head through the glass. After what was probably only a few seconds, but seemed like eternity, we heard police sirens and the man ran away. Ann's only comment was, 'Gee, Wendy, you sure attract weirdos.'

Sometimes Ann and I would have a vague sort of falling out. We never really fought, but we had our differences. I was intense and always organizing things, Ann was easy going. I sometimes dressed up and put on airs, Ann always came as she was. If she disagreed with me, usually she would shrug her shoulders or make a 'tsk tsk' sound. (Once at a meeting, she 'tsk tsked' at me during the whole time I was talking, and although she didn't say anything, I got the distinct impression she didn't agree with a word I was saying.)

My friendship with Ann was special because there wasn't a 'leader' or a 'follower'. There was mutual respect and understanding of who we were, young people with commitment and purpose who enjoyed each other's company. There was integrity in our friendship because we accepted each other. We weren't best friends, we were a presence in each other's lives.

The last time I saw Ann was six years ago at my wedding. She played her guitar for the service. After the reception, she and Ken Risling were the only ones to follow us out to the freeway, honking. Just before we left them, the horn went out. Ann stuck her head out the window and called, 'Honk! Honk! Honk! Have a good life!'

I will, Annie, and because of you, I'll go on with a new humility and renewed commitment.

Wendy Walker

December 1, 1978

Dear John and Barbara,

You continue to be very much in my thoughts and prayers. I wish that I had known Ann and Carolyn. I do remember you talking about them when I was in your home in Berkeley. They were obviously both sensitive and caring women who wanted to help others. Your sense of loss and grief must be very great.

I know that after my brother died in 1974, my parents (especially) seemed to grope for answers. I remember well their anger at

society and themselves. I remember my mother saying that the pain would never heal; that she would never be whole again.

Now, almost 5 years later we are able to talk about Bob with less pain and much more joy. Both my folks have found new meaning in their living, as I really believe both of you will. It's probably very difficult to comprehend that right now.

I have also been doing a lot of reflecting on my own political activism. Memories I had forgotten have flooded my consciousness this last one and one-half weeks. I had forgotten about a dreadful experience my first year of college in 1968. In English we were asked to write a paper reflecting [Martin Luther] King's statement of breaking an unjust law. My paper was entitled, 'Resisting the Unjust Draft', and in it I made a very strong statement that I would not be afraid to die for the movement. I wrote, 'They can kill the body but not the soul.' The teacher was very upset with my whole paper and made copies and attacked it in front of the entire class. No one came to my defense. Our final exam, then, was on 'What's Right with America?' Robert Kennedy was killed the day before the test. I wrote on the National Park System.

What I'm trying to say in all this rambling is that I realize how I could very well have gotten involved in Peoples Temple or another group that was trying to offer some alternatives. The fact that I ended up in seminary almost seems like a series of acci-



dents. Perhaps I feel some guilt -- certainly some frustration -- that I've become so much a part of the establishment. And yet I have come to really believe that it is here that God calls me to promote change. Yet I affirm that others are called to do that in other ways and in other places. That still doesn't answer why some movements 'go sour', does it?

I hope that my sharing these things has made some sense and has been somehow helpful. I know it's something I wanted and needed to share with the two of you.

As I type these words, I find myself looking at 'The Berkeley Confession' by Charles McCoy. (I have it posted over my desk.) The last part seems right for now:

'And we believe in one Holy Sprit,  
who lifts our dying spirits into life,  
brings to our remembrance acts of courageous love,  
and resurrects us to the hope of wholeness.'

At a time when you are feeling so broken, may the Holy Spirit continue to break into your lives leading you into a new kind of wholeness.

With much love and concern,

Judy [Bither-Terry]

December 1, 1978

Dear John and Mrs. Moore,

How our hearts go out to you in the midst of this tragedy. I have just learned from

your bishop's office the extent of your loss. We too have three grown children. One of our boys went all the way through the Bay Area scene, and I know the heartbreak we had at the time. But when he was addicted to heroin, having failed three times to cure himself, he came home, and with Carol rubbing his back all night, two nights really, he was able to go off cold-turkey. As we were with him and his lovely little family over Thanksgiving, it was as a resurrection.

So having shared the anguish and the tears, we can sense in part the depths of this hour. Please know you have our love and prayers. Thank God for a faith that reminds us that the great values of life are more than human, but are eternal, and these little personalities of ours into which we pour so much sacrifice and dedication are of infinite worth in His resurrection.

Sincerely, Tom and  
Carol [last name withheld]

December 4, 1978

Dear John and Barbara,

When Phil and I finished talking several minutes ago, I shared with him a random quote I discovered in the theologian Jurgen Moltmann several years ago. I happened across the quote quite by accident, and somehow it helped Phil and me begin to integrate some important feelings and emotions. As it has come to mean a great deal to me, I thought I would share it with you.

'One who no longer loves, becomes apathetic and no longer even suffers. Life and death become a matter of indifference. The more one loves, however, the more vulnerable one becomes. The more one becomes capable of suffering, the more one becomes capable of happiness. And the reverse is also true -- the more one is capable of joy, the greater one's capacity for sorrow. This could be called the dialectic of human life. Love gives vitality to living, but it also makes human-kind mortal. The vitality of life and the deadliness of death are experienced at one and the same time through that interest in life which we call love.'

Somehow that awesome dialectic of joy and pain rang through in your sermon, John, and I wanted to share the quote with you.

Shalom, Lefty [Schultz]

December 8, 1978

The Moores,

My mother just sent me a clipping from The Chronicle, specifically Herb Caen's column, which had excerpts from the sermon you delivered. Up to that point I wasn't certain that Carolyn had died, I had assumed she had, although deep within, I didn't admit it to myself, I didn't think Carolyn could give up and I also couldn't find any concrete evidence stating her death.

Although I had not seen Carolyn in 10 years, I have periodically thought of her and have always thought I would run into her once

again. Reading excerpts from your sermon made me cry and relive the memories once again of the time I spent with Carolyn and you as a family. Last week I was trying to remember the names of everyone in your family, not realizing then the fate of Annie and a grandson of whom I didn't even know. I have very fond memories of all of you. Your warmth and love for mankind was so evident.

I first met Carolyn in Titus Hall at Davis. I was immediately drawn to her, as she was both serious and fun. We spent many conversations together. I remember the summer she worked in San Francisco living with you, going to the coffee house at Glide Memorial with her. I remember the summer I lived with her and Melinda, followed by her going to Bordeaux, where I, too, had wanted to spend my junior year but didn't qualify for the program. I remember the year she met Larry [Layton] and afterwards visiting them in Davis. I remember, but not too clearly, the last conversation I ever had with Carolyn right after she became involved with the Peoples Temple, in Redwood Valley. I remember her excitement in and devotion to the group of people she was meeting. I know there were positive aspects of the Peoples Temple I am not aware of; just trusting and knowing Carolyn, I know there must have been many.

I remember in all these times I always admired Carolyn for her intellect, her love for people and her purpose in life, to help others. My thoughts have been dominated by

Carolyn, my memories of her and the parts of her I didn't know, by the stories I am hearing continually of others who once resided in Mendocino County where I now live, and by how easily all of us could have become involved in the Peoples Temple.

I would like to have read the entirety of your sermon, as your understanding and compassion for all human beings are qualities which so vitally need to be expressed in times like these. After reading the Newsweek coverage of the tragedy, I felt drained and disgusted. The verbiage hinted at compassion but the gruesome details and undoubtedly prejudiced viewpoint of Jim Jones left me feeling hollow. Carolyn always talked about the love and compassion in you, her parents, as well as in Becky and Annie.

Even with your immense capability for understanding, I can imagine the sadness you must feel. My sympathies are with you. Carolyn and Annie and I am sure your grandson were beautiful people, with a lot to give.

Perhaps you remember me; that is not important. What's important is that people everywhere are with you.

Kathy Sparrow

December 8, 1978

Dear Barbara and John;

News has come by way of Herb Caen and [Methodist Bishop] Marvin Stuart about your daughters and your grandson. Dorothy joins me in expressing our care and love for you

both. When part of a family has been cut away, it hurts more, and longer, than a surgery which cuts away the body.

We pray that the wound will mend with as little pain as possible. Herb Caen reported you as saying that, 'Our children have paid the price for our convictions.' I'll remember those words.

It strikes me that although one could not touch them or see them, yet in a very real sense they will be home for Christmas. A chapter is completed. Something they wanted to do and had to do has been accomplished. Do you know Bonhoeffer's words in his letter to a friend:

'I should like to say something to help ... in the time of separation which lies immediately ahead... In the first place, nothing can fill the gap when we are away from those we love, and it would be wrong to try to find anything. We must simply hold out and win through. That sounds very hard at first, but at the same time it is a great consolation, since leaving the gap unfilled preserves the bonds between us. It is nonsense to say that God fills the gap: He does not fill it, but keeps it empty so that our communion with another may be kept alive, even at the cost of pain. In the second place, the dearer and richer our memories, the more difficult the separation. But gratitude converts the pangs of memory into a tranquil joy. The beauties of the past are not endured as a thorn in the flesh, but as a gift precious for their own sake.'

May God's blessing be yours.

Peace, David &  
Dorothy McCorkell

December 12, 1978

Dear John and Barbara,

Barbara and I have thought much recently about you, your family, and about your life's work during the years we knew it here in Davis. I would like to share the following celebration of divine consciousness (from Goethe) with you -- it was found at the end of the last war, scrawled on a wall at Dachau --

God gives all things  
to His chosen ones  
whole,  
all the joys  
the immeasurable ones,  
all the sufferings  
the unending ones  
whole...

Thank you for all the love you have passed  
on in this world.

Roland and Barbara  
Hoermann

December 12, 1978

To John and Barbara,  
Holocaust came to my friends  
and therefore to me.  
Emotions run through me as some disheveled

movie patched together three frames to the scene.  
Some primitive, unnamed sense seeks a voice  
but feelings escape analysis.  
Tears freeze in their ducts and  
the hand that writes suffers paralysis.

Holocaust came to my friends  
and therefore to me.  
We think that we haven't been changed;  
but we have.  
We may appear the same old people  
about the same old chores  
But beyond the seen and unseen in us  
there is an alteration.  
Perhaps God will work a miracle  
and the change will be for the good.  
Russ [Oates]

no date

To Rev. John V. Moore:

Your sermon about Peoples Temple ran in  
our local Wichita Beacon yesterday. As one  
who has walked the road with you, may I grasp  
your hand and say:

Our prayers for you and the family during  
your time in the lonesome valley will be  
spoken often. No grief can match the sorrow  
of a parent for the child who can't come  
home anymore. God bless and comfort you.

My belief in the prophetic ministry of-  
ten grows thin, wavering amid the flood of  
human compromise. Then I hear that old bugle  
blow: clear, unmistakeable, sounded across



the hills, ringing in the valleys. Authentic, carrying the verve of the Sermon on the Mount, saying some things are worth staking our lives on. Rightly, someone named you John, a voice crying in the wilderness. Power, clarity, compassion.

I hope the sermon is reprinted even more widely and that your ministry after this crucifixion will rise in vitality to an even more prophetic ministry.

[Rev.] Ray Steakley



Annie, Patricia Cartmell, Barbara and Carolyn in Redwood Valley, California. 1973.

From the L.A. Times

To the Editor;

This is in response to Arthur Janov's article (Opinion, Dec. 10), 'For Control, Cults Must Ease the Most Profound Pains'.

I agree with Janov that the surrender of self-judgment takes place in cults (such as the Peoples Temple) 'long before the outward appearance of the cult becomes visible.'

But I take strong exception to his assertion (which is the essence of his article) that the followers of such demagogues are usually products of broken and distorted childhoods, like their leaders.

He claims that their parent-child relationship was one where the parents forced the child to give up the self, and as a result, the child is now able to give up himself more readily to the demagogue. Then the horror of Jonestown all fits into Janov's model.

The tyranny of Jim Jones over his followers did not occur overnight, but neither did it in many cases occur in the child-parent relationship. I have participated in many family occasions in the home of good friends whose two daughters and grandson have died this horrible occurrence. The home is a model of loving nurture and of respect for the selfhood of each child -- it is the antithesis of what Janov implies. The children were secure, independent, bright, talented, warm, outgoing. Other children I have met do not fit the model. Profiles of members of other cults offer no pat explanations to our 'whys'.

Our current 1978 psychological answer is a criticism of the parent-infant relationship. My daughter said, 'This could be me.' My husband answered, 'Yes, and it could be me.' Were the time right, the age right, and the charismatic leader charismatic enough -- it could be any of us.

Who has not followed for a time some politician, evangel, or therapist and not at

some point given to them our power? We are fortunate that either our leaders were less attractive or clever, hence easier to walk away from when we began to question; they were too expensive; or they exercised great wisdom in not allowing people to give away their power until strong enough to claim it as their own. They refused to become gods. How we react to nuclear stockpiling can be a measure of whether we follow our own integrity or choose to be led.

I have watched from up close and from a distance our young friends' involvement in Peoples Temple and have asked over the years all the psychological questions known to me. Many theories sounded good, but all end up in the same phrase we've spoken so often this past month: 'Yes, but not Annie.' They don't fit her; they don't fit her parents. I do know that in situations where I am cast as child, I am capable of giving over my power. In situations where I am cast as parent, I can cross that fine line and rob someone of his selfhood and independence. I, too, want a neat theory that will resolve my questions.

But such theories may do just what Janov blames religion for doing -- 'saving us from reality'. It is our nature to want to cry, 'I found it,' whether in a camp meeting or a therapy session, rather than facing the ambiguity of, 'Yes, but not Annie.'

Perhaps in the honesty of admitting, 'it just doesn't fit,' are the seeds of some possible rebirth out of this tragedy; to do what

Rainer Maria Rilke exhorts, 'Do not seek the answers which cannot be given you ... (rather) live the questions now.' That is a faith statement. Living the questions now may save us from what Janov calls 'the insanity of religion' and from other present-day insanities.

Ruth Lindberg

no date

Dear John and Barbara Moore,

You may not remember who I am. I left Reno a few weeks before you moved there. I wrote to Barbara once to solicit her application for my old job with the AFSC [American Friends Service Committee]. Once on a return visit, I met you, Barbara, and I've frequently heard good reports on both of your life-giving impacts on the always-struggling peace and justice community in Reno.

A few days ago, I thought about writing first to express my sympathy with your sorrow and secondly my gratitude for your part in nurturing a person like Annie Moore. Her final letter to the world helped remove the tragedy at Guyana, awesome and terrible as it was, from the realm of being simply bizarre. In her letter came through the striving for justice and love that motivated so much of the Peoples Temple movement. The irony of this beautiful striving being combined with such an unbelievable and needless ending strangely provides some courage and faith to move forward again. It also provides, I hope, some wisdom to

others in social movements and humility in their leadership. Anyway, I just wanted to let you know that she came through to me in that well-published letter as a beautiful person, whose words must inspire many to a more enlightened understanding of what happened.

I was in Nevada over Thanksgiving weekend and heard your interview on the TV news, John. I felt again so grateful for your strength to speak of the event's relatedness to world issues of our own nuclear suicide in the making, even while so close to the discovery of your personal family loss. I heard from Phyllis Kaiser that you would be giving a special sermon on that Sunday, but I couldn't go.

My intention to write this letter was forgotten, partly because I was afraid to renew your sorrow. But just now, I was writing to my parents when the sun suddenly shone brightly from under a heavy blanket of dark gray which had been raining on the City all afternoon. The contrast was intense and there was a rainbow against the dark gray wall. I walked through the CCCO [Central Committee for Conscientious Objection] office (which is across the hall from my room) to see the western half of the sky. After gazing for several minutes, I came back in from the fire escape where I'd been standing and saw a copy of Peace Currents, from the Sacramento Peace Center. Included in that issue were excerpts from your sermon. Hence, this let-

ter. Your thoughts and your faith, and the fact that you shared them with your congregation are inspiring to me. Too much was put together a few minutes ago for me to avoid now writing you.

I am now a student teacher. I'm teaching a mini-course to 7th and 8th graders called, 'U.S. -- Champion of Human Rights?' In November, we discussed Jonestown and the tragedy. One student came up with a list of questions raised in her mind which was touching in its probing, its sensitivity, and its wisdom far beyond the words flowing out of the press at the time. I'll try to get a copy of that for you.

Again, my sympathy for your loss of Carolyn and Annie and Kimo. But also my thanks and encouragement for your continued struggle.

Peace, Brian Fry

January 2, 1979

Dear Rev. and Mrs. Moore;

I must write this note to inform you of my respect and admiration for your daughter Carolyn. Did not have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Ann. If there are angels, you can be sure, many have been added to the list.

You wrote in your article, 'If only someone had the courage to destroy the container of poison.' The only one who should have was Marceline Jones. She could have had control after she had taken care of Him. Any-



Jim Jones with children of many races. From a photograph.

one else would have been torn, limb from limb, and a fresh batch concocted.

As for Idolatry -- I have never met anyone with the Spiritual energy as Jim Jones. He made Jesus Christ real for me. Before that, everything I read and tried to grasp was just a myth. But only then did I understand the followers of Jesus Christ. When I became angry with Jim and decided to leave the Temple, I would immediately have a vision of

Christ on the cross and everyone deserting him, so on I would trudge. It wasn't easy, but the most fulfilling years of my life. I become so angry when I think of the waste. Some of the most impossible people becoming such beautiful, dedicated souls. There just must be a reason. That invisible Power is so mysterious. Call it God if you will.

If Jesus returned in the same way as before, you know as well as I, the same kind would nail him to the cross, and all would walk away and say, 'Too bad.'

I must copy novelist Somerset Maugham's last words just before death:

'Earth recedes, Heaven opens before me. If this is death, it is sweet! There is no valley here. God is calling, and I must go! I have been within the gates; I have seen the children's faces!'

A short time elapsed, then:

'This is my triumph; this is my coronation day. It is glorious!'

After all the insane waste, may this last console you. With all my love,

Dorothy Walker

How we felt about him. Why, why did he destroy all?

Mrs. Walker enclosed the following poem:

I want to walk by the side of the man who  
has suffered, and seen, and knows;  
Who has measured his pace on the battle line,  
and given and taken blows;



Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong,  
    nor scoffed at the failing plan --  
But taken his dose with a heart of trust,  
    and the faith of a gentleman;  
Who has parried and struck and sought and given,  
    and, scarred with a thousand spears,  
Can lift his head to the stars of heaven,  
    and isn't afraid of his tears.

I want to grasp the hand of the man  
    who has been through it all and seen,  
Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread,  
    and stuck undaunted serene;  
Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn,  
    and thirsted, and starved, and felt  
The sting and bite of the bitter blasts  
    that the mouths of the foul have dealt;  
Who was tempted and fell, and rose again,  
    and has gone on trusty and true,  
With God supreme in his manly heart,  
    and his courage burning anew.

## Chapter Twelve

### THE SURVIVORS

We held a memorial service for Carolyn, Annie and Kimo in Reno on December 11, 1978, and another in Davis, California the next day. The ashes of Carolyn and Annie were interred two months later, on February 13, 1979. Kimo was finally buried that May in Evergreen Cemetery in Oakland, California, along with 100 other unidentified children and adults. It took a California court order and the efforts of an interfaith religious group to get the money to bury the unclaimed and unidentified.

"I feel as the American Indians feel about those who lived a brief life," Barbara wrote several years later. "Carolyn, Annie, and little Jim-Jon lived short, but good lives. Significant lives. And I feel also that the bonds of love are eternal." For the memorial service, she wrote:

Carolyn and Annie were luminous comets,  
full of artistic and altruistic energy.

Annie, the artist and musician, chose  
to give herself to the healing art of nursing.

Carolyn, the non-stop conversationalist and student of life, gave her efforts to the teaching of French and social studies and the mothering of small Jim-Jon.

Carolyn and Annie gave more of themselves for others in their years than most give in three score years and ten.

Jim-Jon, nicknamed Kimo, was a jolly little three-year-old Christopher Robin right out of the stories of A.A. Milne ... with a love for the world about him, relatives and grandparents, and an abiding interest in the activities of Snoopy and Charlie Brown.

The burden of continuing to live oppressed all of us. We each found ways to cope: by trying to understand; by denying the horror; by investigating the event; by speaking to groups about our experience. While time doesn't exactly heal, it does let you forget. So we just carried on. In one of the few letters I wrote during that period, I told my parents:

I know that the loss and grief are something we just have to live through. The first year I was all on my own was the hardest year of my life, and also the craziest. I don't think that suffering is inherently good or beneficial, but it does teach you about strength: the strength that is inside to endure and prevail, no matter what. It is hard to imagine that worse things could ever happen to us, but they could, and they might. It is difficult to be survivors, like the Jews who weren't exterminated. We have none

of the glory, or relief of death. 'The saints in glory shine...' So I know there is nothing to do but just live through it. During that terrible year I mentioned, I often said to myself, 'I can't stand this. I'll go crazy.' But I could. Now I can stand this. I won't go crazy, I won't fall down. We will endure, and help others understand.

The process of communicating understanding began quickly for us. Reporters called John and Barbara that first week, asking them questions like, "Did you know what was going on?" We felt obligated to counter many of the lies and half-truths that were printed daily. At the same time, we ourselves were baffled. In our hearts, we asked Carolyn and Annie, "How could you do this? How could you murder each other, your children, your friends?"

John was scheduled to preach six days after news of Jonestown reached us, seven days after the tragedy itself. He didn't want to, but Barbara insisted. "You have to," she said. "I will not let Jim Jones destroy me!"

On November 26, 1978, John spoke to a crowded sanctuary of the First United Methodist Church in Reno. The sermon was reprinted widely, in part because it was one of the first public statements which dealt with the human, and universal, tragedy in Jonestown. It didn't analyze the group psychology, or provide a sociological explanation for mass craziness. Instead, John described our personal experiences, and reflected upon our own lives.

He gave the sermon on the last Sunday of Pentecost. The scripture came from Exodus 20:1-6 -- the Ten Commandments -- and Matthew 25:31-46. Peoples Temple used the latter on its letterhead and promotional material.

...The King will say to those at his right hand, 'Come, O blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.'

The sermon was titled, "A Witness to Tragedy and Resurrection".

Barbara and I were on a retreat last Sunday when I was called out of a meeting. I returned my sister's phone call and was told of the assassination of Congressman Ryan and the others. Mike and Foofie Faulstich brought us home. On the way, Mike said: 'John, this is your calling.' I knew what he was talking about.

We have been called to bear witness to the word God speaks to us now. I say 'We', because you are as much a part of this as I am. There is no witness to the Word apart from the hearing of it.

Barbara and I are here by the love and strength of God which we have received through your caring and your prayers. I never imagined such a personal blow, but neither could I have imagined the strength that has come to us. We are being given strength now to be faithful to our calling.

I am a sponge. If my voice breaks or

there is a long pause, I want you to know that it's all right. I am preaching this morning, because we alone can make our unique witness, and today is the day to make it.

Following the sermon, we shall join in prayers of intercession for all of the people involved in this tragedy, from those first shot down to all who died, and all who grieve.

During these past days, we have been asked frequently: 'How did your children become involved in Peoples Temple?'

There is no simple answer. We are given our genetic ancestry. We are given our families. We are all on our personal journeys. All of these, along with the history of the race, converge upon the present wherein we make choices. Through all of this providence is working silently and unceasingly to bring creation to wholeness.

I will talk only of our children's personal histories. The only way you can understand our children is to know something of our family. In our family, you can see the relationship between the events of the sixties and this tragedy, just as there is a relationship between the self-immolation of some Americans during those years and the mass murder-suicide of last week.

Our children learned that mothering is caring for more than kin. Dad talked about it from the pulpit. Mother acted it out. More than fifteen teenagers and young adults shared our home with our children. Some were

normal, but others had problems. One did not say a word for three months. At least two others were suicidal. One young man had come from a home where his father had refused to speak to him for more than a year. From childhood, our girls saw their mother respond to people in need, from unwed mothers to psychotic adults and the poor.

Carolyn loved to play, but as president of the MYF [Methodist Youth Fellowship], she pushed the group to deal with serious issues. She had a world vision. She traveled to Mexico with her high school Spanish class. Four years later, she spent a year studying in France. At UCD [University of California, Davis], she majored in international relations. As a member of Peoples Temple, she stood with the poor as they prepared for and stood in court. She expressed her caring both in one-to-one relationships and as a political activist.

From 1963 until 1972, when Annie left home, Annie and Becky walked with us in civil rights and anti-Vietnam War marches. We were together in supporting the farm workers' struggle to organize. They stood in silent peace vigils. In high school they bore witness to peace with justice in our world. Their youth group provided a camping experience for foster children. When Annie was sixteen, she worked as a volunteer in Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C. She worked directly with the children, playing with them, playing her guitar and singing.

The children loved her. She decided that she wanted to work on a burn unit, which she did at San Francisco General Hospital before going to Guyana.

Our children took seriously what we believed about commitment, caring about a better, more humane and just society. They saw in Peoples Temple the same kind of caring for people and commitment to social justice that they had lived with. They have paid our dues for our commitment and involvement.

The second question we have been asked is: 'What went wrong?' What happened to turn the dream into a nightmare? I shall mention two things that were wrong from the beginning. These are idolatry and paranoia. I speak first of idolatry.

The adulation and worship Jim Jones' followers gave him was idolatrous. We expressed our concern from the first. The First Commandment is the first of two texts for my sermon. 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' Our children and members of Peoples Temple placed in Jim Jones the trust, and gave to him the loyalty that we were created to give God alone.

It's not that they were so different from other mortals, for idolatry has always been easy and popular. The more common forms of idolatry are to be seen when people give unto the state or church or institution their ultimate devotion. The First Commandment says 'No!' and warns of disastrous consequences for disobedience. The truth is that the Source of



our lives, the One in whom we trust and unto whom we commit our lives is the Unseen and Eternal One.

To believe the First Commandment, on the other hand, affirms that every ideal and principle, every leader and institution, all morals and values, all means and ends are subordinate to God. This means that they are all subject to criticism. There was no place for this criticism in Peoples Temple.

The second thing that was wrong was paranoia. This was present through the years that we knew Peoples Temple. There's a thin line separating sensitivity to realities from fantasies of persecution. Jim Jones was as sensitive to social injustice as anyone I have ever known. On the other hand, he saw conspiracies in the opposition. I remember painfully the conversation around the table the last night we were in Jonestown. Jim and other leaders were there. The air was heavy with fears of conspiracy. The entire conversation on Jim's part dealt with the conspiracy. They fed each other's fears. There was no voice to question the reality of those fears.

As their fears increased, they increased their control over the members. Finally, their fears overwhelmed them.

The death of hundreds and the pain and suffering of hundreds of others is tragedy. The tragedy will be compounded if we fail to discern our relation to that tragedy. Those deaths and all that led up to them are in-

finitely important to us. To see Jonestown as an isolated event unrelated to our society portends greater tragedy.

Jonestown people were human beings. Except for your caring relationship with us, Jonestown would be names, 'cultists', 'fanatics', 'kooks'. Our children are real to you, because you know and love us. Barbara and I could describe for you many of the dead. You would think that we were describing people whom you know, members of our church. If you can feel this, you can begin to relate to the tragedy.

If my judgment is true, that idolatry destroyed Peoples Temple, it is equally true that few movements in our time have been more expressive of Jesus' parable of the Last Judgment of feeding the hungry, caring for the sick, giving shelter to the homeless and visiting those in prison than Peoples Temple. A friend said to me Friday, 'They found people no one else ever cared about.' That's true. They cared for the least and the last of the human family.

The forces of life and death, building and destroying, were present in Peoples Temple. Death reigned when there was no one free enough, nor strong enough, nor filled with rage enough to run and throw his body against a vat of cyanide, spilling it on the ground. Are there people free enough and strong enough who will throw themselves against the vats of nuclear stockpiles for the sake of the world? Without such people,

hundreds of millions of human beings will consume the nuclear cyanide, and it will be murder. Our acquiescence in our own death will make it suicide.

The forces of death are powerful in our society. The arms race, government distant from the governed, inflation, cybernation-unemployment are signs of death. Nowhere is death more visible than in the decay of our cities. There is no survival for cities apart from the creation and sustenance of communities within. Cities governed by law, but without a network of communities which support members and hold them accountable, these cities will crumble, and will bring down nations.

This is what made the Jonestown experiment so important for us. It was an effort to build this kind of common life. Its failure is our loss as we struggle against the forces of death in our cities.

I have talked of history and our personal histories, of our journeys and our choices. Providence is God's working with and through all of these. God has dealt with tragedy before, and God is dealing with tragedy now. We are witnesses to the resurrection, for even now God is raising us from death. God whom we worship is making all things new.

Our Lord identified with the least of humans. Christ is present in the hungry and lonely, the sick and imprisoned. Christ, the love and power of God, are with us now. In Christ we are dying and are being raised to new life.

My last words are of our children. We have shared the same vision, the vision of justice rolling down like a mighty stream, and swords forged into plows. We have shared the same hope. We have shared the same commitment. Carolyn and Annie and Kimo served on a different field. We have wished that they had chosen ours, but they didn't. And they have fallen. We will carry on in the same struggle until we fall upon our fields.

No passage of scripture speaks to me so forcefully as Paul's words from Romans: 'Nothing, absolutely nothing can separate us from the love of God we have known in Christ Jesus our Lord.' This week I have learned in a new way the meaning of these words of Paul: '...love never ends.'

Now may the Word which calls forth shoots from dead stumps, a people from dry bones, sons and daughters from the stones at our feet, babies from barren wombs and life from the tomb, call you forth into the new creation.

The letters we exchanged show pain, anger and grief. When I wrote the book, A Sympathetic History of Jonestown, I asked my parents for their reflections on that time period. Their memories and journals, as well as their letters, document our struggle not to fall apart, individually or as a family.

July 27, 1982

Becky honey

...If I could just matter-of-factly write

about my feelings simply and what it all meant, that might be of help. But it is not that simple. Also I seem not to have recorded the moment at which John and I knew that the people of Jonestown and particularly our loved ones were dead.

The news of Sharon Amos and how she had slit her children's and her own throat came over the TV news one morning. Dad and I simply fell sobbing into each other's arms. We knew then that the people we had known and loved were gone. There was even the morbid understanding that they might be dead by their own hand. That was a hard, bitter truth.

Well, that is one memory. Having been watery-eyed all morning as I attempted to leaf through notebooks, I'll continue a bit. This is what I wrote on November 20, 1978.

'...a great pall descended upon our household and that of our relatives as the news of the mass suicides and massacre in Jonestown crashed into our lives. We do not know the fate of our dear little Carolyn and precious Kimo; nor of our beautiful, whimsical Annie.

'I am hanging onto hope by a tenuous thread.'

November 22, 1978

'In the early dark hours of the morning, an old hymn from my childhood came to mind.

'"Sing them over again to me, wonderful words of life..."

'They came to me as I recalled the carnage, the TV revelations of the hundreds of

bodies strewn about the main building of the Peoples Temple compound and the description of the tragedy and vast stench of decomposing bodies -- many in family groups, their arms about each other...'

After December 18, there were no more writings in that journal. The rest of the pages were blank. I did not write a journal much in 1979. I wrote letters each day and replied to those we received...

Around the middle of May 1979, I wrote, 'The process of living in the present is difficult. The past and future are more real.'

On September 28, 1979, I wrote:

'After the deaths in the family, I found inanimate objects taking on new significance. The tin of herbs reminded me of petite Carolyn and her tasty salads. I recalled the shaking of many mysterious condiments, the sprinkles of cheese, the laughter, the impersonations...'

I haven't found the descriptions of my driving after the deaths. We still had the Audi and as I drove through the streets of Reno on a sunny day, I could visualize Annie beside me. Usually she would be in the driver's seat, a serious look of concentration on her face. No accidents or sudden foot on the brake for her. Caution was the order of the moment. But then there was always this little sucking of the lower lip because something funny was about to be said. Always, of course, she had her long ash-blonde hair, a tank top, and cut-offs...

As for the crying ... I began weeping around 1968 or was it in 1969 that Carolyn joined Peoples Temple? I've just never felt that crying in public was beneficial. I just have a lot of depressing days and I cry alone. I try not to indulge myself most of the time. I know that I can be miserable most of the time -- or make a valiant effort to be 'up' and above it and to celebrate things -- events, good times, people. I do take out my feelings on situations at church at times -- at least I did in Reno. I was forever feeling mad or disgusted.

I think I better wind this up as I was originally scheduled to make spaghetti for a drama group which is presenting a play for the deaf at our church...

Many pats & hugs, and  
much love, Mother

August 2, 1982

Dear Becky,

...No one can possibly know another's most intimate feelings. Perhaps years of having to keep a stiff upper lip and not lose one's cool and not wishing to be the recipient of pity are not conducive to understanding on the part of others.

One reaction I had to the Jonestown tragedy -- which I did not seem to find in my journal -- was the process of going to the grocery and drug store soon after November 18.

I bought stamps and sundries at a small drug store at a nearby Reno mall. As I walked

out, I saw the sensational pictures and headlines in a copy of the National Enquirer. I was transfixed. I picked it up and looked and read. And I said to myself, 'What if I just stood here and screamed at the top of my lungs; or what if I ran screaming down the sidewalk to my parked car; or what if I simply jumped wildly up and down for five minutes screaming and waving this nasty little paper!' What a marvelous release that would have been! Instead I bought my groceries, cooked meals, though people in the church were lovely about helping, and I actually ate a bit, talked with people on the phone and in person, went to bed at night, read junk stuff in order to induce some sleep and went to church on Sundays -- where quite a few people avoided me and others expressed concern.

Deaths in a family affect different people in different ways. I tell myself frequently, 'Barbara, why don't you settle down and make something of yourself?' Instead, I tell jokes or pursue pleasure or avoid serious concentration. It's sort of the 'serious and time-consuming practice of avoidance and practical application to the pursuit of fun and time-wasting...'

Much love, Mother

Barbara's letters written immediately following the deaths show the same feelings, but with greater intensity, with grief undiluted by years.



January 19, 1979

Becky honey,

Your recent letter calls for a noble reply, but I am prepared at present to be neither noble nor literary. I'm not even doing the marvelous Osmiroid pen points justice, though I know that meticulous care would produce wonders.

My problem in part is having to reply to the boxes full of letters. If people go to the effort of expressing themselves so beautifully, they deserve a reply. So I am gradually replying.

Your year of misery after leaving Pat could have been easier, had you returned to us in Berkeley. I always felt I should have flown back for a visit, but even so, it would have had to be brief and would not have solved your problem completely.

Dad and I were so intent on not interfering, that we overdid ourselves in the opposite direction. We knew your pride would prevent your leaving Washington, D.C. I feel that I am always making incorrect decisions in regard to my children.

I am inclined to feel at times that I should have clung to Carolyn and Annie and not allowed quite so much freedom. On the other hand, I know they were happy (??) in what they did and to have stifled them would have cut off communication.

It is just too painful to dwell on that aspect, and underneath it all, I am a completely smothering human being -- wanting all

of my family under one roof or in one town, always and forever. I can survive each week only by being philosophical and living each day to the hilt and being constantly with my friends and talking and joking. The rest of the time, I just sort of cry and think back, and that is non-productive.

Every time I dust or clean house, I cry, because I am surrounded by Annie's art works, Carolyn's designs, and pictures of all of them.

Yesterday we tried to get records of Jim-Jon. The hospital and people in his pediatrician's office were very kind, but footprints are no longer taken, so there are no records. He was more a part of us than most grandchildren, since he was born nearby and taken care of by Grandma and Grandpa. It was a pretty tearful time for us, but noontime was bright for us as we had a sandwich with Mitzie and Bill at 'The Buttercup' on College Avenue...

Love, Mother

January 22, 1979

Dear Becky and Mac,

...Becky, it hurt when you said that you wished that it had been you instead of Carolyn and Annie. I wished that it had been me. In a real sense they died for me. They paid the price of my convictions and actions through the years. Now in their loss, we all pay a heavy price. The death of any one of you girls is infinitely painful.

I know that you have felt that I have

wanted you involved in social action more directly. We have talked about this. I suspect that you see Carolyn and Annie as more directly involved. I really want you to do what you are doing. Each of us has a different calling. My calling really has been that of pastor. Being a pastor has confronted me with choices which led to action. For example, being in San Francisco and later on the campus at particular times in history created a different me than if I had been pastor elsewhere at those times.

I think that I told you that in my last letter to Carolyn, I affirmed her unique gifts. She felt inferior to you in a way. The gifts of all three of you were different, and we have wanted and have tried to affirm each of you with your unique gifts. We want you to pursue your calling as you understand it.

Mac, we've told you how grateful we are for being present to all of us through these weeks. The burden has been shared by you. Thanks...

I've had interesting responses to the N.Y. Times Op Ed [which excerpted his sermon]. I've had two letters, one with a clipping critical of Jonestown, and another off-beat newspaper. On the other hand, I have had most appreciative letters, one from the chairman of the Department of American Studies at Kansas University.

It is always good to hear you on the phone and to receive your letters. Don't

put yourself under too much pressure.

Love, Dad

In January of 1979, Temple member and publicist Mike Prokes talked with John and Barbara in San Francisco. Mike left Jonestown on November 18, 1978 and was detained by Guyana police for two weeks. He and two other Temple members -- Tim and Mike Carter -- had been sent to Port Kaituma with suitcases full of money destined for the Soviet Embassy in Georgetown. They eventually returned to the United States. In March of 1979, Mike held a press conference in a motel room in Modesto, California to give the truth about Peoples Temple as he saw it. He then went into the bathroom and shot himself to death.

October 21, 1980

Dear Becky and Mac,

...We ate lightly with Mike Prokes at the Hilton Coffee Shop [in San Francisco]. I think it was that evening after he had appeared before the grand jury. Mom always has wondered about survivors, so that question was in her mind. His suicide indicates that he was not an agent-informer. He said that the statement I had written and sent to the House Committee [on Foreign Affairs] expressed understanding of what the project was all about and why people were there. His final papers, quoted by Lane, suggest the same thing.

As we were leaving Jonestown [in 1978], Mike interviewed me. I spoke of the project in positive terms without mentioning Jim Jones. He asked directly what I thought of

J.J. I responded that someone had to lead and pull the project together. He went with us to Matthews Ridge and got us on the plane, after our reservation had been fouled up. Some others were bumped from the flight, so we could get to Georgetown and make connections for home.

There was no memorial service. Friends gathered at the home and ate and talked. Mike's mother is a gracious woman whom we had met at the news conference in S.F. following our return from Jonestown. Mike was soft-spoken, but determined. I think that we had no calls from him.

In S.F. we talked of the project, the girls, etc. I can't remember much...

Love, Dad

October 1980

Becky honey,

...At the time we talked with Mike, he was controlled, and I did not sense a feeling of his being overwrought or in a state of deep grief. He was, of course. He was in a state of shock...

When I gave Mike a hug as we said good-bye after our brief dinner and conversation (brief, since we could not simply sit and cry and wail over the tragedy of it all in the Shakespearean sense in the Hilton Lounge), I may have sensed that it was final...

Much love, Mother

We had wondered if the people who escaped the last day had worked as agents provocateur for the U.S. government. Equally suspicious in our eyes were the fanatical ex-members, who could not tolerate ambiguity. Their animosity against Peoples Temple grew even stronger after the suicides. Ex-members generated stories about hit squads intent on eliminating political leaders, and lied about their experiences while they were in the church. Their accusations led to investigations by one federal and two county grand juries.

John encountered two ex-members at a meeting of the Northern California Ecumenical Council on January 28, 1979. Al and Jeannie Mills had been staunch followers of Jim Jones until their defection in 1975. They became equally vocal detractors, and helped organize Freedom House, an anti-cult shelter. Their attack on John at the 1979 meeting prompted him to write his thoughts about it.

In 1980, the Mills were found shot to death in their Berkeley home. Their daughter was also killed. The murders have never been solved.

January 28, 1979

'A Conversation About Peoples Temple and  
Jonestown'

Two people were present who said they had been members of P.T. for six years. They said that their daughter was told to kill them. They were angry toward me. Their words were an attack upon me.

I responded saying that I was glad that they were there. We were talking about the ambiguity of P.T., and what they had to say was part of that ambiguity.

She criticized me for not reading New West article. Said that it was not a rehash of Lester Kinsolving. My comments had evoked this response. I replied that I did know the substance of the New West articles.

They criticized me for saying anything positive about P.T. I responded that we spoke only from our own experience and observations. They said that we had been pressured to speak for P.T. I denied that we had. We had been asked once, and were glad to tell of our experience in Guyana.

Their comments and criticisms came from the same mold as those of [National Enquirer reporter Gordon] Lindsay.

The man said that they had listened to our conversations with Carolyn and Ann. Those were family conversations. They read them as pressure upon us (which we never felt as pressure).

The man then criticized me re: the custody case re: John-John. I replied that another scenario of the controversy could be told from the perspective of Jim Jones. He said that Jones could not have sired John-John, because of a low sperm count (another charge made by the same group).

He criticized me for not changing my position after Debbie Blakey went to the media. I replied that we knew Debbie, that she had lived with us, and that we did not regard Debbie as a credible witness. That is not to say that there was no truth in what she said.

A summary of my position.

1. We did not want our girls involved in P.T...

2. Our girls were adults. We respected their right to make their decisions, to run their risks.

3. We could and would speak only of our experiences. Our observations and experiences, for the most part, were of the good things about P.T.

4. We expressed our concerns to our girls about what disturbed us, eg, idolatry; paranoia; cutting themselves off from old friends.

5. We chose to affirm the positive things in which they and P.T. were involved.

6. We feel with and respect other parents whose children were involved in P.T. Parents make different decisions. It was not easy for us, and I'm sure that it was not easy for other parents.

7. I have difficulty with people, or with that outlook upon life, which sees everything in absolutes, i.e., good or bad. The whole thrust of my comments was about the ambiguity of P.T. I never regarded Jim Jones as god, nor as the devil. I always perceived constructive and destructive forces at work in him.

8. I have never read nor heard from the media anything positive about P.T. Since we did see positive things in P.T., we felt obligated to speak of these. These are part of the whole truth, not the whole truth.



9. My concern is not with self-justification, but with understanding as best I can, with learning from P.T. and Jonestown, with binding up the wounds, with living in the present, being about today's tasks.

10. Solomon and the two mothers with one baby. Neither Jim Jones nor Tim or Grace Stoen would give up the baby. John John is dead, and that is the tragedy. I don't presume to know the truth of the controversy. The outcome is no less tragic, whatever the truth of the parentage and who reared John-John.

11. If they were members for six years, why did they join? Why did they continue as a part of P.T. for six years? Surely something else must have been present in P.T. than what they say now. Why don't they or other members ever speak of anything positive they experienced in P.T.? (see #7) Why doesn't Debbie Blakey ever say anything about what P.T. meant to her or did for her? Maybe she has nothing to say, but if so, why did she continue in P.T.?

12. Allegations -- I see myself as a member of the jury. I don't make up my mind until the defendant has an opportunity to confront complainant and respond, eg., experience in marital counseling. Always withhold judgment until hearing both sides. In short: withhold judgment of allegations until opportunity for other testimony.

13. I have been lied about by at least one defector. If critics of P.T. lie about me, this casts a shadow on their allegations about others.

I had not anticipated the presence of members of 'Concerned Relatives'. The experience put me in touch with their hostility. They talked as though they were in communication with the other parents. It could be that others knew of their coming, and would anticipate their reporting.

Second to their hatred of Jim Jones and P.T., their hatred is directed towards anyone who has anything positive to say about P.T. This includes me. One more experience, while genuine on the part of the parents involved, is used to discredit me. They can tolerate nothing positive about P.T. Why?

January 29, 1979

Dear Becky and Mac,

The Sierras are snowy, and Reno is sunny with large cold patches of white stuff persisting in all of the shady places. (Our yard is a somewhat 'shady place', but not psychologically.) Anyway, I'm trying to keep sunny in spite of Guyana which continually crops up.

This past week, Tim and Mike Carter talked with us as they were en route from California to Idaho, where they live and have jobs. (Yes, already.)

They gave us new insights into what occurred at Jonestown, but there are always the unanswered questions.

Yesterday Dad spoke (preached) at the nearby Lutheran Church, as it was Christian Unity Sunday, with Father Meger at First

Methodist. Dad talked some about cults and Jonestown, etc. Also told some good jokes at which they actually laughed...

Then we flew down to San Francisco, where Dad gave a few statements and had a question-and-answer period of 45 minutes at the Ecumenical Council meeting. About 50 or 60 people threw questions at him. And there was one couple from 'Freedom House' (former members of Peoples Temple) who were very unpleasant. They wondered why Dad didn't take the article in New West Magazine seriously and stop the massacre, etc. Well, we all know this is after the fact and that we could not have removed our daughters from Guyana or prevented what happened, etc. And we knew there were some things going on, and we were seriously opposed to P.T., etc...

There were two beautiful black people there, one a Baptist pastor and the other his wife who is an executive in the Council. They went out on a limb to work to bring some sanity to San Francisco and P.T. and the whole tragedy. They have helped unite Protestants, Catholics and Jews. And this united group is having all of the bodies returned to San Francisco and a cemetery will take them and there is to be a nice memorial service. All of the children will be buried together.

Well -- there's plenty to write -- but little time these days as I'm answering the stacks of letters also...

Love, Mother

January 30, 1979

Becky honey,

I would like to offer my apologies for all seeming insensitivity. I realize that there is a serious problem in communication on my part and that I am sweet and nice and strong to my friends of the outside world, and nasty, crochety and angry to those I love most.

I'm not going to indulge in self-justification -- a great temptation -- because of many factors. Pride perhaps, and the fact that Pat always felt I was a real 'whiner', etc. (Perhaps that's why I'm unable to write to him and Dad does it at times, even though I know Pat's suffering, just as others are.)

I do not operate well under pressure, and the pressures are daily and never-ceasing. The articles in the [San Francisco] Chronicle are pretty bad. The visits with survivors are seemingly smooth on the surface and absolute murder, chaos, etc., when they leave. (I think I'm indulging in self-justification.)

The distance, geographically, is so great between us that we never can talk or resolve or solve, or mull over any of the awful stuff that comes out, or the nasty inferences of the 'Freedom House' people or other items or problems that need to be talked out. The phone simply does not do it. It would take hundreds of dollars to truly talk it out via phone.

Other people bury their dead, but we

haven't even done that yet. If I do not maintain a stiff upper lip most of the time, I shall simply fall apart or run screaming down the street.

Dad and I are on good terms, so don't worry about that. We talk out most everything. I think we both inhibit each other at times, and when he does this (this lack of talking with me about some things), I become furious and want to lash out and yell and jump up and down. He can be both very candid and very closed-in with me. But never fear, it's all good and strong and loving and basic in spite of my inept remarks.

I guess I feel pretty devastated that you have no desire to live near us, but letting go is not my strong characteristic. Every day I am fearful for your safety. Every plane trip causes under the surface hysteria in me, both when you fly and when Dad flies. I simply want to hug all close relatives and friends to me all of the time and sort of smother them in a communal nest of over-protection; vitamin pills, good food, warm beds, comfortable surroundings, and an excess of hugs and kisses. Those Davis years of humanity crossing our threshold left a lasting and beautiful memory. I simply thrive on taking care of people -- and yet I am constantly (and allow myself even) being pushed into other slots which are 'my duty'.

The pile of unanswered letters is not diminishing much. It's just a dark cloud over my head, and I imagine it will take over a

year unless I go into complete seclusion.

Somehow I'm not even eager to remain in Reno at this stage, but of course, I'll live wherever Dad is working. The people here are very special and exceptional, but the locale depresses me.

Well, anyway, sweetiepie, you know you are the most special person in our lives, and Mac is also very important. The sooner you're both here in the West, the better.

Much love, Mother

February 9, 1979

Dear Becky and Mac,

It was good to talk with you last night...

The snaps of Carolyn and Annie came out well. I'm glad that you asked for them, for I had two made for us.

I think that I have told you that the Catholics, Protestants and Jews are working on burial plans for the unidentified. There will be a service in San Francisco. A cemetery has agreed to bury all of the children. A black woman, head of S.F. Council of Churches, has taken leadership. She and her husband, a pastor, have taken flak from the black community in S.F. for their human concerns in relation to P.T.

The Southern Christian Leadership Conference had a session in S.F. last weekend, dealing with reconciliation in the black community. Not a word reported in the Chronicle. They were concerned with lifting up the human hopes and concerns of the people

who went to Guyana -- to give a broader context to Jonestown than loyalty to Jim Jones.

We'll be thinking of you Tuesday when we gather for the graveside service for Carolyn, Annie and Kimo. Our love is for you all.

Last week was the first time I have had my energy for work since November 18. We are doing well. Don't worry about us.

Love, Dad

February 16, 1979

Dear Becky and Mac,

...The Rothes, Castelfrancos, Walkers, and Lefty Schultz, Lybergers, were present for the service. It was cold and raining, but we were under a moveable shelter. Kiko and Ed Morrice sent flowers which were nice. It was a simple service, after which we had lunch with Paul and Marie, Ann and John...

I have preferred burial to cremation -- letting my remains nourish the earth as the earth has nourished me; but cremation made sense with the girls and Kimo. It will be the most simple and least expensive for those who must care for us, most probably you. I am relieved that these details are cared for. The decision of where and how has been made...

We grieve for Carolyn and Annie and Kimo, but we give thanks for you every day. Both of you take care of yourselves, and know that you are loved.

Dad

February 18, 1979

Dear Becky and Mac,

Well, I guess this has been a very full day, and I'd be happy just to flop and watch 'Roots', but Dad is writing up his third lecture and whanging away on the typewriter, so I'll not bother him upstairs. Besides, I should add that my TV day is complete, having watched Humphrey Bogart, Sidney Greenstreet, and what's-his-name, the great French villain, in The Maltese Falcon...

The burial service last Tuesday was brief and rather difficult. I knew before we reached the cemetery that I was going to have a bad time. We always drive past the street where Carolyn, Faus, and another friend lived

in a cute, little house which they fur-



John, Becky and Barbara.  
South Dakota, 1980.

nished attractively with odds and ends and early Davis Dump remnants. Carolyn even had that Salvador Dali picture of the St. John of the Cross Jesus in the house and a madonna or two. After joining Peoples Temple, any religious memorabilia was discarded. But then, that is another whole story. I just still like to recall both Carolyn and Annie as they rode their bikes in Davis before P.T. entered their lives. Those were good times. And of course



I also felt sad as I thought of those good times and how Jim Jones distorted people's past so that he could command absolute allegiance to him and his cause.

The Lybergers, Rothes and Castelfrancos and Walkers were there and also Roland Marchand. Lefty and Paul read brief scripture and Phil said a brief prayer. Then we went to Paul and Marie's house for lunch. Their son John was home from Berkeley, and daughter Ann came also for lunch...

Love, Mother

April 17, 1979

Dear Becky and Mac,

...I've squeezed as many outfits into my blue-levi suitcase as the poor little thing will bear and am now ready to take off for Ontario Airport and the rental car and life with Grandma. And also my college reunion. My life is so different from that of my former classmates that it reads more or less like an adventure story -- marching for civil rights and peace; a trip to Paris to help bring an end to the Vietnam War; a stream of disturbed teenagers, and others; a visit to Guyana and the scene of tragedy; visits to the Nevada State Prison, testimony before the state legislature which we were prevented from presenting because of the chairman and his time syndrome and attitude toward 'causes' of any kind. (This particular Senator is a violent, dangerous man!)

There are still many unanswered questions

regarding Carolyn, Annie and their knowledge and attitudes toward Jim Jones and the tragedy there. The most helpful quotation for me has been that of Rainer Maria Rilke.

'Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and try to love the questions themselves. Do not seek the answers that cannot be given you, because you would not be able to live with them, and the point is to live everything.

'Live the question now.

'Perhaps you will gradually, without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer.'

Much love, Mother

Although we tried to live the question, we still sought answers. In May of 1979, Mac and I traveled to Guyana to see Jonestown for ourselves. In December, John flew to Georgetown to visit with Larry Layton and Charles Beikman in the Georgetown Gaol. Larry was awaiting trial on the charge of conspiracy to commit murder; Chuck was waiting to be tried on charges of murder in the deaths of Sharon Amos and her three children.

Our search took us into the offices of Members of Congress, U.S. Embassy officials, and a private investigator. We wrote hundreds of Freedom of Information Act requests and filed two lawsuits to obtain government information. We wrote one book, A Sympathetic History of Jonestown: The Moore Family Involvement in Peoples Temple, to counter all the instant analyses and inaccuracies that came out shortly after the suicides. And we have written another, this, to present the distinctly individual choices that led to involvement in Peoples Temple.



Graduation program for nursing class of 1975, Santa Rosa Junior College. Designed by Ann Moore.

In 1988, John, Barbara, Mac and I will have been involved in Peoples Temple as long as Carolyn was. We are no nearer the answers to the questions we asked one decade, and two decades, ago.

Many times we feel like actors who don't know their lines, yet who are called upon to perform. John expressed this in a letter to the Sacramento Bee in response to a review by Peter Schrag of Jonestown books.

November 29, 1982

...I see Jonestown as a tragedy in which I share responsibility. Looking backward, I can see many actors playing their parts, making decisions and acting, and all moving inexorably toward destruction. Actors who might have made a difference were not in communication with each other, or when they were, they failed to speak the saving word. The actors were not so different from the rest of us.

The actors on the world stage are making their decisions, and moving step by step toward a climax. The die is not yet cast. We are among the actors. Options are still open, but the movement is toward unimaginable tragedy. To suppose that Jonestown cannot happen to the world is folly...

In spite of our attempts to understand and interpret the tragedy, there are days when the past returns to overwhelm us. On Mother's Day in 1985, John and Barbara went to Davis to join in the Whole Earth Day celebration on the University of California campus. They had lived in Davis fifteen years earlier, and had spent several

years working at the C.A. House, the offices of the Cal Aggie Christian Association. It was Annie's birthday. Barbara's account captured our past and our future.

May 12, 1985

...I could easily have missed the darkness of our past. I might even have accepted the image of Larry Layton as he appeared suddenly as a long-ago face. Where did I know that person in my conscious and unconscious, that person who was the husband of Carolyn in another life? There he was, blue eyes large and credulous, beautiful teeth, the smile tentative, hair slightly graying, the face out of a canvas by Raphael. There he was, a young man buffeted about by forces beyond his comprehension.

Beside him was [his sister] Annalisa, always jittery in our presence, and Debbie and her husband, Mike Cartmell. We had all lost relatives and friends in Jonestown, yet there was no bond between us other than tragedy.

I shook hands. I'm through hugging people I do not care to hug for mere formality's sake. Debbie gave me a hug. I don't know why. I am not easily pleased with demonstrations from people or families who feel that John and I should somehow share guilt for what happened in Jonestown. It's the scapegoat syndrome. Why not let Jim Jones own it all and be done with it?

John kept cool and civil. He is the scholar and gentleman. We chatted nicely.

Larry gave me a hug. We parted. If I hang onto myself, the setting, and the fact that people are strolling all about us, I thought, I won't scream or run down the pathway between the bicycles or act weird or crazy.

We looked at two live angora rabbits in a cage, heard a rock band, and watched five dancers in black tights performing a stately routine on a small stage, and walked and walked.

I couldn't seem to remember where the car was parked. Was it toward the C.A. House? The kitchen still looks the same. The students used to cook their meals there and leave dirty dishes, cups, a stray knife here, a spoon there. And the posters were marvelous. 'Stop the killing!' 'Where have all the flowers gone?' 'Bloom where you are' 'Hold fast to dreams' 'With this sacred pipe, you will walk upon the Earth'.

'The car is this way,' John said.

We visited the cemetery and walked over by the huge oak tree, noted the beauty of the setting, and remembered and remembered and remembered. And I remember still and always, there is my Tiger Tiger burning bright, John the priest and husband. And there are the treasures sparkling in the Big Sky Country, Becky, Mac and the little ones ... and the gift of relatives and friends.

I couldn't breathe well for about three days, but I'm all right. The Mother's Day mosaic is full of sense and nonsense, and the pieces are loose, and that's the way

it is. About the best activity now, probably, is a stroll down the Sacramento Mall, a chocolate sundae, or a new pair of sandals.

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