



It requires an act of faith to think that sending food into ambiguous and changing political conditions is worthwhile. But our hearts tell us that feeding the hungry is right, whatever their politics. And, certainly, any effective work for return to renewal comes from strong, clear-thinking people who have some private sources of food from outside, not from frantic mothers unable to nurse their babies or from workers dependent completely on government supplies. Children who starve now will not win the long struggles of the future.

—EUGENE ENGLAND, Food For Poland Press Release, 8 March 1982

A BULLET AND A VISION: FOOD FOR POLAND, 1982–1985

By Mitch Davis, Michael G. Sullivan, and Ronald J. Ockey

In 1982, I was a recently married, returned missionary taking Gene's class in Mormon literature. One day, he ended our discussion a few minutes early and began to talk of his concern for the people of Poland. I remember thinking that whatever was going on in Poland was a long way from Provo, Utah. But for Gene, there was a very clear connection.

Gene related how he had been in the crowded Vatican Square months earlier when a man directly behind him had attempted to assassinate the new Catholic Pope. In fact, the bullet whisked past Gene's right ear, causing ringing and pain for quite some time. Gene was convinced that the attempt on the Pope's life had occurred not because he was Catholic but because he was Polish. Gene believed the Lord was going to use this new Pope to help tear down the Iron Curtain, beginning in Poland.

Gene spoke of his conviction that the Solidarity labor movement was destined to play a key role in tearing down that wall and explained how Communist government officials were attempting to starve Solidarity into submission, especially during the cold, Polish winters. If folks from the United States could get food to those in the movement, if we could keep them alive and encouraged, there was hope for the fall of Communism in Poland . . . and East Germany . . . and Russia. . . . Suddenly, I realized what Provo had to do with Warsaw: if we could link arms

with the Pope and feed Solidarity, we might someday be able to send missionaries into the Eastern Bloc!

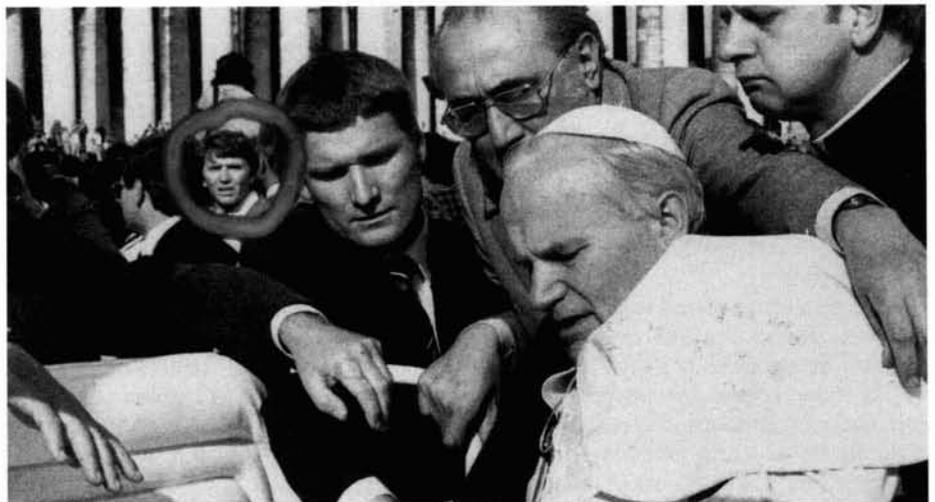
So I volunteered to help, and before I knew it, I was the de facto president of the student chapter of Food for Poland. My wife Michelle and I immediately went to work in the offices of this charity organization.

Michelle compiled a list of potential donors on a borrowed computer while I struggled to convince students at other universities (Berkeley,

Yale, Stanford) that a bona fide movement was emanating from BYU.

—Mitch Davis

As Executive Director of Food for Poland, I had almost daily contact with Gene during the months that turned into years beginning in early 1982. When he approached me to direct the efforts for Poland, he explained his belief that the current struggles in Poland could be a linchpin for freedom, or the loss of it, for the people of many countries. It wasn't just that Gene had been a witness to the shooting, it was more. He had a testimony of the need and a vision that more than just a single "do good" event was needed if freedom was to be given a real chance. Someone must mount a sustained effort, and he could not do it alone. He had to convert others to this vision, people who would be willing to work together to make it a reality.



Gene's presence (circled) at the shooting of Pope John Paul II on 13 May 1981 convinced him that the struggle for freedom in Poland was the linchpin for freedom for people in many other countries.

PHOTO FROM THE COVER OF *DAUGHTER*, 14 MAY 1981

Gene's efforts gained many converts. Hundreds, possibly thousands, of volunteers worked during those years in almost every state across the nation.

As the vision born from Gene's experience grew, individuals from all across the country and organizations great and small began to call and work every day on ideas about how the American people could help in Poland.

—Michael G. Sullivan

There were rallies in Salt Lake City and Logan, Utah. There was a statewide proclamation by then-Governor Scott Matheson. There was a sneak preview of Polish filmmaker Andrez Vajda's pro-Solidarity film.

In the end, we hit upon the idea of a nationwide "Fast for Poland!" which encouraged individuals across the country to skip two meals over their Christmas holiday and send the money saved on those meals to us. The idea caught hold both within and without the BYU community, and we raised more than a million dollars.

—M. D.

Ronald Ockey, legal advisor and volunteer for Food for Poland, accompanied the first airlift of goods to Poland in the spring of 1982. As he met with Bishop Domin of the Polish Catholic Church, Ron recalls the bishop's thanks as, "It means so very much to us to know we're not alone."

The following month, upon meeting a shipment in Gdansk, at the very shipyard where Solidarity had first taken root, I was among many who saw container after container coming off the ship. Those supplies were going to be received by families, hospitals, and others in need.

The Catholic Church used its considerable influence within the country to provide distribution assistance. That night, while having dinner at a monastery, I received word that my wife had given birth, a little early, to a healthy, beautiful daughter. My host, the local Catholic bishop, knowing that as a Mormon I didn't drink wine, suggested we toast her birth with something else. He hurried about and finally returned with two bottles of baby carrot juice—from the shipment we had just unloaded that day! It confirmed to me that Heaven approved of the work we were doing in Poland and gave me hope for the future.

That spring, we also hit upon the idea of a national convoy of relief supplies. We had dozens of groups collecting across the United States, but they had no way to ship their goods. This problem was solved through the "Friendship Convoy," a loose caravan of tractor-trailers donated by several trucking lines. The convoy started in California and

made its way through the country, picking up donations, eventually arriving in Chicago. There, with the assistance of the Polish-American Congress and Catholic Relief Services, shipping containers containing hundreds of thousands of pounds of consolidated supplies were loaded onto ships for transport to Poland.

When the Friendship Convoy arrived in Chicago, I had the privilege of greeting the trucks. It was the first of May, "Constitution Day" in Poland. Sponsored by the Polish-American Congress, the convoy was the centerpiece of a parade held by Chicago's Polish community. The parade drew more than one-half million people. I had the wonderful opportunity to speak from the reviewing stand and offer a message of hope, conveying to those gathered that many had now grown to hold the Polish people within their hearts. That afternoon, as Bishop Bernadin, then archbishop in Chicago, put his arms around me, he thanked the "Mormons for doing more than anyone else for the Polish people (pause) . . . than anyone 'west of Chicago.'" Then, with an embrace, we turned to the television cameras and thanked the people of America.

While millions of dollars of aid was shipped over the years, without Gene England, Food For Poland would not have been attempted and would not have succeeded. His vision, unconventional ideas, eloquence, resourcefulness, tireless work, and inspiration shaped, supported, and sustained everything that was accomplished.

—M. G. S.

It was characteristic of Gene's lifetime commitment to principles of truth and right not to be dissuaded by risks. He constantly stressed we should not be "timid" in trying to do good works. His own efforts reveal no evidence of timidity in such matters. His personal courage was exemplary and continues to inspire.

—Ronald J. Ockey

I thought of Gene—and the Pope—some years later when a young man in our ward received his mission call to Russia.

—M. D.



AT THE SIGNING OF THE STATE OF UTAH PROCLAMATION FOR FOOD FOR POLAND
(Standing L-R): Eugene England, Mitch Davis, Ron Ockey, Father Lynch, (Salt Lake Catholic Diocese), Michael Sullivan
(Seated): Governor Scott Matheson.

On one trip with two hundred thousand pounds of flour for the people of southern Poland, the archbishop of Krakow took me aside and asked if I knew how much bread all of this flour would make for the people in need? I replied that I didn't, but I hoped it helped. He proceeded to tell me that it helped well beyond the nourishment of the body, because the flour would only make an average-size dinner roll for each person who needed it. But "its worth was far beyond the nourishment of the body. It was nourishment for the soul of each person who ate the bread because they would know that they had not been forgotten."

—M. G. S.

Mitch and Michelle Davis and their children now reside in Colorado. Mitch is the producer and writer of The Other Side of Heaven, a new movie released 14 December 2001. (See story, page 77.)

Michael G. Sullivan is a businessman in Salt Lake City where he resides with his wife Christine. They are parents of five children. Amy, the daughter born while Michael was in Poland, is a student in political science at BYU and often spends her birthdays doing relief work for people of one country or another.

Ronald J. Ockey is now an attorney in the Utah Attorney General's office. He and his wife Arline have a son who served a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints . . . in Poland.

BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS: CHAMPIONING MORMON STUDIES AT UTAH VALLEY STATE COLLEGE

By Brian Birch

GENE CAME TO Utah Valley State College in 1998 as its first writer in residence. However, as one might suspect, Gene was not a person capable of playing only one role. In characteristic fashion, he became engaged in a number of projects beyond this capacity, including London Theatre Study Abroad and the well-known effort to establish a Mormon studies program on our campus. Gene approached each of these projects with remarkable energy and creativity and had the unique ability through his persistence and passion to inspire others to share in his vision.

I first came to know Gene personally when Scott Abbott and I organized the Academic Freedom Symposium at UVSC. Scott, who had known Gene while both taught at BYU, recommended him as someone who could greatly contribute to our effort to foster open dialogue regarding an issue that had become a concern on our campus. His remarks, entitled, "Calculated Risk: Freedom for Mormons in Utah Higher Education," were a passionate plea for Utah higher education to cultivate opportunities in the academic study of Mormonism. Lamenting the current situation in the state's major public universities, Gene remarked:

If we were talking about a university that was 70 percent Black or Jewish, the point would be immediately clear. If such a university . . . did not have courses in Black or Jewish culture (literature and history and sociology, etc.), most likely taught by Black or Jewish scholars, that university would be a laughingstock; in fact, its academic reputation might well be compromised and its accreditation in serious trouble. But, even more seriously, it would be failing to

seize a great educational opportunity—that is, to engage the majority of its students where they can most directly and easily be reached, that is in reference to their own culture and belief systems. Such a university would thus neglect material and approaches that could be a great help in achieving perhaps the main purpose of a college education, which is to understand, both critically and appreciatively, the diversity of human cultures, including one's own, and thus become a genuine citizen of the national and world community.¹

Inspired by recent events

at Utah Valley State College, he sought to demonstrate that UVSC was at that moment, the Utah institution with the most academic freedom because of the willingness of the administration to acknowledge the largely Mormon student body and to address these issues in a way that is healthy for both Mormon and non-Mormon students. However, even a "calculated risk" can be dangerous. Employing Homer's famous metaphor for treacherous sailing, Scylla and Charybdis, Gene understood that this effort must be undertaken in a way that would avoid "the austere cliffs of secular disdain for religion" on the one hand, and "the whirlpool of cultural correctness" on the other. Gene could not have imagined how prophetic this analogy would turn out to be.

Gene's remarks became the catalyst for a vigorous discussion on our campus regarding how to approach the study of

Mormonism in a sensitive, yet academically rigorous, manner. Before these events, Gene had been teaching a course in Mormon literature in the department of English and literature but wanted to expand Mormon studies into other academic disciplines. About this time, Gene approached the Center for the Study of Ethics for support in creating more programming related to Mormon studies. The center was enthusiastic but aware that the issue would be sensitive and needed to be approached with care.

A year earlier, I had proposed that the center support a religious studies program to address issues in religious diversity, including, but not limited to, issues related to Mormonism. Since our projects complemented each other remarkably well, Gene and I were able to work together planning events that addressed our interests and passions. Gene immediately went to work organizing conferences and lectures, writing

Gene understood that this effort had to be undertaken in a way that would avoid "the austere cliffs of secular disdain for religion" on the one hand, and "the whirlpool of cultural correctness" on the other.

grants, and petitioning for more courses dealing with Mormon studies. He organized the first Mormon studies conference complete with film reviews, poetry readings, and public lectures. Wayne Booth presented a provocative and controversial paper on the potential value of religious hypocrisy, William "Bert" Wilson discussed his continuing study of the way Mormon missionary folklore functions in Church and mission culture, and Gene presented a personal essay on his missionary work in American Samoa. In addition to public events, Gene applied for and received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities entitled "Enriching Humanities Curricula: Mormon Studies." The grant funded a year-long faculty seminar and lecture series. In his grant proposal, Gene argues:

Mormons, like most others, seldom realize they are cultural beings, and studying their own culture is a powerful way to help them see how culture in general works as they examine somewhat objectively, in an academic setting, how their own culture operates in their lives.

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In the proposal, Gene specified three objectives: 1) to combat anti-Mormonism; 2) to enrich the scholarly understanding of a part of Utah culture; and 3) to help Mormons understand, appreciate, and critically assess their own culture. Over the next year, scholars from various disciplines were invited to present their work in Mormon studies and also to discuss the prospect of a formal program at a public institution. Presenters included Armand Mauss, Jan Shipps, Terry Givens, Tom Alexander, Michael Austin, David Whittaker, and Janet Bennion.



Predictably, these events and proposals raised varying levels of apprehension, ranging from mild concern to open hostility. Some on our campus believed that Mormon studies was simply another attempt to proselytize and propagandize for a church that already dominates the cultural, civic, economic, and political landscape of Utah. Some went so far as to call the effort a violation of the First Amendment and a misuse of state tax dollars. On the other end of the spectrum were those who believed that any effort in Mormon studies not conducted under the direction or control of the Church was misguided, if not outright subversive. An example of this sentiment came in the form of a question during the Mormon studies Conference in which Gene was asked if he had received approval from the Church to engage in Mormon studies. With characteristic candor, Gene explained that Mormon studies should be placed alongside disciplines such as Jewish studies, African-American studies, or Islamic studies programs, which are not intended to promote the agenda of these groups, but to study them as cultural and social institutions using the tools of contemporary academic inquiry.

The entire project came under severe criticism in the aftermath of the 2000 Sunstone Symposium, in which Gene, Elaine Englehardt, and I participated in a panel discussion about the possibilities for Religious and Mormon studies at UVSC. During the question and answer period which followed, someone asked if racism might be an appropriate topic of inquiry for Mormon studies. Gene's response was eloquent and affirma-

He proceeded to explain the importance of the issue but cautioned that great care must be taken due to the sensitivity of the subject. The next day, the *Salt Lake Tribune* ran a front-page story quoting Gene as saying "...no less important [than favorable studies of Mormon health] is research on racist overtones evident in Mormon culture." This publicity set off a new round of debate on our campus regarding the potential controversies a Mormon studies program would bring to UVSC. Gene's remarks, taken out of context, were used as evidence that Mormon studies was primarily an attempt to agitate and criticize the Church. Others believed pressure from these types of issues would eventually cause the program to become weak on issues

of cultural criticism. As a result of this debate, along with more practical considerations, it was determined that Mormon studies would be best treated as a component of the religious studies program, and to include it as part of the college's larger effort to study religious diversity in its many forms. This would allow controversial issues to be addressed in a larger context, thus avoiding the charge of a fixation on Mormon beliefs and practices.

IN the months following these events, Gene began to act more sluggish and often expressed frustration at his lack of energy. At first, he thought he was suffering from mild depression, that the events of the

DIRECTING THE "PIPER"

AFTER GENE'S FIRST two years at UVSC, I was assigned to be his "handler." As assistant vice president for academic affairs, I was to make sure he had the space and freedom to function as writer in residence, director of academic study abroad, and begin a Mormon Studies program.

The Writer in Residence part was easy. Gene was generous with his time, regularly speaking to various groups and classes. We even held a "Day with Eugene England: UVSC's Writer in Residence" that was filled with readings by Gene and some of his dear friends.

Gene was a piper in nearly everything he did but especially with regard to the Study Abroad program in London. Students wanted to have Eugene England mentor and teach them, but they had to be willing to pay the price. Gene is thorough and meticulous. He spent a minimum of three hours with each of the eighty-plus students who went to London with him the first year, making sure their preparations for the trip were completed to his satisfaction. Students were asked to meet with him in his office, call him on the phone, prove documentation, and in many other ways, demonstrate their commitment to the program.

As a result of this type of preparation, all of Gene's study abroad trips through UVSC were triumphs. Students always had proper housing, enough money, good food, and outstanding instruction. But more than this, the students had access to tickets to about fifty productions in London every spring.

Why is Gene so loved by his students? It is the love that he shows from the beginning to the end of their adventure together. They know he cares about them; they know he does exceptional work; they know he is passionate about what he is teaching. They love him and his wonderful wife, Charlotte, who helps with everything. There is even a Eugene and Charlotte England bench in the Shakespeare Garden in Stratford. The students always knew where Gene and Charlotte might be spending a spare moment or two—snuggling on their bench.

Gene also envisioned a Mormon Cultural Studies program at UVSC. Not many thought it would move past the conception stage, but as those who know Gene know, the conception stage is short-lived. Gene applied to the National Endowment for the Humanities for a grant that would allow UVSC to study what a Mormon Cultural Studies program might look like—and it got funded! A rare feat for a first-time proposal! And after that, Gene's high-energy mode kicked in. He was assigned to work with the Center for the Study of Ethics, and suddenly, we were all part of Gene's team, and he was part of ours. The synergy was remarkable. He brought ethics into his program, and we facilitated Mormon Cultural Studies in ours.

I very much miss my job of "handling" Gene. He was a great scholar who combined creative vision and remarkable tenacity.

—Elaine Englehardt

past few years at BYU and UVSC were beginning to catch up with him. Undaunted, however, Gene displayed remarkable courage, continuing to teach, direct his seminar, and participate in ethics center events. I was absolutely astonished by his tenacity in fighting off his symptoms and forging ahead with his projects. He maintained his creativity, intellectual energy, and optimism until the day he physically collapsed.

Although I knew Gene only for a short time, I have never met a person who was more misunderstood or under-appreciated by his own people. And yet in spite of these ordeals, Gene maintained the dignity and decorum of a true Christian. In addition to being a wonderful colleague, Gene was a mentor and friend to many of us at UVSC. I feel honored by this chance to tell a bit of the story of his brief but extraordinary tenure on our campus. Gene has had a profound impact on both my spiritual and academic life, and his presence will be felt on our campus for many years to come. We hope to continue his vision of open dialogue across religious and cultural boundaries.

POSTSCRIPT

SINCE Gene's untimely death, we at UVSC are pleased to announce that the lecture series he began as part of the Mormon studies seminar will continue in perpetuity. In his honor, we have named it "The Eugene England Religious Studies Lecture Series: Knowing Ourselves and Each Other." We were fortunate to have Laurel Thatcher Ulrich present the inaugural lecture this past October, and we look forward to many more years of this and other Mormon studies events on our campus. Dennis Potter, assistant professor of philosophy, has assumed Gene's position as program coordinator for religious studies and will oversee Mormon studies at UVSC, including the upcoming symposium on philosophy of religion and Mormonism 25 March 2002.

NOTES

1. Gene England, "Calculated Risk: Freedom for Mormons in Utah Higher Education." Remarks presented at the Academic Freedom Symposium, Utah Valley State College, March 2000. UVSC's Center for the Study of Ethics will soon publish these remarks, along with the other presentations from the Academic Freedom Symposium. For more information, please visit their website: <www.uvsc.edu/ethics>. Gene also gave a version of this paper at the 2000 Salt Lake Sunstone Symposium (tape #SL00-211). This presentation, along with seven other "classic" Eugene England sessions, is being recorded on to a CD which will soon be available through Sunstone. ☺

"IN JOY AND BLISS TO BE ME BY": HOW GENE WAS IN LONDON

By Tim Slover

I WAS A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD living in Stuttgart, Germany, when John F. Kennedy died. My family and I heard the news as we were driving to a Church event. The outpouring of heartfelt sympathy and genuine grief on the part of the German people taught me that he had been a great man, that something of inestimable value had gone out of the world when he had left it. I was at elementary school in Provo when I heard of the death of Martin Luther King, Jr. In those unreconstructed days before political correctness, some children, mimicking the feelings of their parents, I suppose, expressed glee over that death and then, later, disgust that television stations would carry his funeral. I did not know much about Dr. King then. Only later did I learn enough to mourn his death at such a young age, a flame snuffed out with so much candle left to burn. From then, it has gone on and on, faster and faster, the deaths of those irreplaceable people from whom I have drawn personal strength. And now Gene. For me, for awhile, an island of time was created by Gene's death, closer to me by far than any of the other irreplaceable people whose lives I had admired. That island stayed intact for awhile, uneroded by the streams of death running on either shore: deaths, thousands of deaths, in New York and Washington, D.C., in Afghanistan, and around the world. Those deaths of people I will never know on this side of the veil were, for a time, only an obscene echo of the one death of the one man that I knew well.

I want to move to a happier theme: my friend and colleague, Gene England, as I knew him in London. Each year from 1992 through 2000, Gene and I took from twenty-five to fifty students to London on a theatre study abroad program. With us always went two other of the England family: wife, Charlotte, who functioned as art history teacher, driver, cook, and counselor; and

daughter Jane, who took the role of teaching assistant and cultural affairs director. My wife, Mary, generally came for one or two weeks to gladden my heart, and those were the weeks when the Englands and Slovers had their chief adventures. We were all to be together again in London in the spring of 2001, but of course, that was not to be.

Gene loved England. I never knew him to be unhappy there. He grabbed every opportunity and possibility with both hands and then opened them to share with the rest of us. He loved leading our student groups to the National Theatre, outrunning all of us across the footbridge which spans the Thames from Westminster to the South Bank. He loved the plays, especially the difficult and dangerous ones; he loved "improving" his seating position in the theatre by sneaking down closer to the stage once the plays had started and the ushers were less attentive; he loved clapping so loudly at the end of performances that it frequently caught the attention of the cast onstage. Most of all, he loved talking to his students about the plays afterwards, soliciting their ideas, setting them into a moral and intellectual context. This happened, of course, formally in the classroom, but he used every venue to teach.

He also used his uncanny instant organization to create firesides, get-togethers at flats, and excursions to lectures and exhibitions around town. He was tireless—and, at times, tiring: on one memorable day, he got Charlotte and various other visiting Englands up in the middle of the night in London to catch a taxi, a train, and another taxi to see an exhibition of Vermeer paintings in Paris and then retrace the same course to get back to London—all in one day. While others slept, he graded student papers. And Jane and I loved to catch his act on the bus bringing us all into town on our first day. The rest of us blitzed by jetlag, the students struggling to

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Mary Slover, Charlotte, Gene, Stanford Smith, and Tim Slover relax in Hampstead Heath on one of their London adventures.

stay awake. Gene would grab the bus microphone and do an ecstatic running commentary all the way from Gatwick Airport. "Look, you guys!" he'd erupt into the microphone, "the yellow flowers in those fields over there produce rapeseed oil! And over there," he'd burst out, "those are English cows!"

Each year in London, he taught a Shakespeare course, but each year it was different because he drew his curriculum from the plays being staged that spring. As all who knew him know, he loved Shakespeare "this side idolatry," and I observed the wrestle he had on the years when two particular plays were staged and he duly put them on his syllabus: *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Many, among them prominent and respected critics, find in those two plays evidence of Tudor racism and sexism to which Shakespeare was not immune. This attribution, I believe, actually caused Gene physical pain. And so, because the Bard he knew was neither racist nor sexist, he spent much effort in the classroom, on buses, in restaurants—once with me in a public bathroom—expounding his theories that exculpated Shakespeare from the opprobrium. "When Katherina gives the speech submitting to her husband at the end of *Shrew*," he'd say, "Shakespeare is really telling us that she isn't submitting; it's all been arranged with Petruchio. It's a kind of sly joke between them." In the end, I believed him. For me, Gene's Shakespeare is the best Shakespeare of all: the tolerant genius who is a projection of himself, the Shakespeare I put into my play, *March Tale*.

King Lear he believed to be the best play ever written. As he taught it, he expounded

the idea about Shakespeare which appeals to me most: characters such as Edgar and Cordelia construct tests, experiences which are painful but necessary for other characters to undergo to be redeemed. The catalyst for these tests is always deep love felt for the redemptive candidates.

And that, of course, was the strategy Gene employed on Study Abroad: plays served as testing experiences for students. Some of those experiences were cognitively discombobulating, but in the context of guided discussions, students emerged from the theatre, Gene felt, closer to redemption. Plays served as a window on the larger world, giving students a chance to witness expert renderings of the full kaleidoscope of the human condition. It was education of the whole man, with theatre as the textbook.

AND now, an anecdote which demonstrates the author of *Making Peace* in action. One night, Gene, Charlotte, their daughters Jennifer and Rebecca, and I went to hear a folk singer at a pub in the northern London suburb of High Barnet. The singing went late, and the tube came later. It was almost midnight, close-down hour for the London Underground, when we found ourselves alone in a car, except for two Scandinavian boys of deacon age. As the train eased into a station on the way back toward South Kensington, two young men entered the car, made surly by drink. None of us noticed at first, but raised voices eventually caught our attention, and we looked over to see these men beating the boys, who were overmatched and offering no defense. Now, I don't think Gene had ever been in an adult

fight before. I know I hadn't. But obviously we had to do something. And so, true to our profession, we rose as one and lectured. Gene said fierce and menacing things like, "Here, now, stop that, you two," and "This is no way to act." I echoed his sentiments bravely. When the men turned to us, we must have seemed pretty comical opponents, two academics with worried looks who didn't know what to do with their hands. The Scandinavian boys, one bleeding from the face, bolted past us and through the door into the next car, and that left us to confront their assailants. One broke the bottle he had been drinking from, and it was only luck that it shattered completely, leaving him holding only the rim of the neck—not much to lunge with. But lunge they both did, trying to get past us to catch up with their victims. It was an insult really: weren't we as worthy opponents as a couple of thirteen-year-olds? We tried to hold them back as well as life-long non-combatants could—the way fathers hold onto small sons throwing tantrums, kind of grabbing them around the middle, but they brushed past us easily. In the end, it was Jennifer who saved the day. Mother instinct took over, she told me later. She blocked their way and screamed, "You leave those boys alone!" I was startled, and I wasn't even the one getting screamed at. At that moment, providentially, we were pulling into the next station, and the former fighters, now cowed by Jennifer's maternal fury, jumped out the opening door onto the platform—but not before yelling at Gene, "You better tell your girlfriend to watch it!" That amused Gene: that his daughter had been mistaken for his girlfriend.



THE England flat in London was always a kind of hotel and transient center. Charlotte filled it with flowers and enormous fruit bowls, and all the family and friends who visited found a warm, if crowded, welcome.

A bureau drawer in the living room of the flat became the Bank of England, where Gene kept all the money for the program, and where, I always suspected, in the dark of moonless nights, he performed the cabalistic rites that he called "creative financing," a process by which money would mysteriously multiply to cover all program expenses and loans to impecunious students who, unused

to London's cost of living, had blown all their money on getting things pierced or dyed or braided instead of, say, food. Gene was meticulous about his accounting, and the students were well served by it, but he preferred to keep it on a "don't-ask-don't-tell" basis. Only recently have I discovered the extent to which he supplemented the account with the family's private funds.

Handling finances was but one facet of his role as "Grand Arranger," the man who made everything happen. Not even counting the many tasks directly involved in setting up and running the program each year, he went out of his way to serve the students, to arrange for the kinds of testing experiences which would lead to their growth and/or pure joy: a lecture by playwright David Hare at Westminster Abbey on the advantages of atheism, bell-ringing at St. Paul's Cathedral, platform discussions at the National Theatre by leading actors and directors, firesides with LDS political leaders, a presentation on the devastating effects of war at Coventry Cathedral, a trip to the temple (and "beach") at Brighton, a visit to Warwick Castle, an extra play here, a Bach performance there—even Wimbledon tennis tickets.

Gene and Charlotte and Jane served and served in London, and found such joy in the service that it was infectious, and we all trailed along in their wake, doing little things for each other. As they served, they found

love from everyone. Gene, I think, never had a business relationship with anyone in his life, certainly not in London, where he conducted much business. All were his friends, and all came to love him dearly: the father and sons whose buses we hired, the people who cleaned and serviced our flats, ticket-sellers at theatres. He knew all their names and their lives. He had a very special relationship with the wonderful people who leased us flats and, often, classroom space each year. They were deeply affected by his death and were among the first to telephone their condolences to Charlotte.

What was Gene's secret? How did he engender such love in such a wide variety of people? My observation is that all his relationships in London were completely horizontal: he was, I think, incapable of talking either up or down to people, but always simply across, honestly, heart to heart. That he tended to get the best seats, the lowest prices, the most for his students, was really just a by-product—certainly not an aim—of his reaching out and treating all human beings as valued brothers and sisters.

His relationship with his beloved Charlotte many know and have chronicled. I saw also his unfolding relationship with his daughter Jane who, year after year, worked with us as a teaching assistant and whom we came increasingly to rely on to lead students into cultural experiences. The best of him

poured into her soul, I think: his love for England, his urgency to teach and improve the lot of people around him. Is it any wonder that Jane stayed behind in London two years to pursue a master's degree in third world charitable development at the London School of Economics? Or that, as I write, she is in Vietnam, helping in an aid project? She is her father's daughter.

I suppose Gene saw upwards of three hundred plays over the years of our study abroad experiences (not many of them musicals: big West End musicals were his particular aversion). But among them all, his favorite, about which he has spoken often and written, was a dramatization of the medieval play cycle which tells the story of the world from the fall of Lucifer to the Final Judgment. He first saw this production, called *The Mysteries*, in 1985. It was both mammoth—taking three evenings, or one whole day, to perform—and intimate—performing on a small arena playing space where actors and audience mingled. Gene loved it for its gritty beauty, its utter conviction, and the blend of modernity and antiquity which gave it a timeless quality. Fifteen years later, in the Year of Our Lord 2000, Gene's last season in London, fifteen months before he left the earth for good, the National Theatre revived *The Mysteries*. On one of our last nights in London that year, after seeing another play, Gene, Charlotte, Jane, and I went around the

corner to see the last half-hour or so of the very last performance of the last part of *The Mysteries*. (Gene, a friend of the house manager, naturally, got us in.)

We walked into the crowded playing space just as Jesus and his Father were judging the world. Jesus turned to a section of audience who had unknowingly sat on a bit of stadium seating that he had marked out for damnation. "Ye cursed caitiffs of Cain's kin," he said to the startled theatrogoers, "that never me comforted in my care, from me flee, in hell to dwell without an end." By this time, Gene, who knew the drill, had worked himself over to the section of those who were to be saved. Jesus turned to him and smiled. "My blessed bairns on my right hand," he said. "Your life in liking shall ye lead, in this kingdom that to you is due for your good deed. Heaven shall be your rest, in joy and bliss to be me by." Gene, I noted from where I stood in tears, beamed beatifically back at him. ☺



Gene and Tim's 1998 Theatre in London Study Abroad group poses in front of Anne Hathaway's Cottage in Stratford-upon-Avon.



A FINAL TESTIMONY

MY dad has always expressed his testimony in words and actions. He knew a testimony should never be static, but always expanding and growing stronger. Even as his body lost its perpetual energy and strength, he expressed profound belief in the gospel of Christ that grew deeper and richer in the last months of his life.

A week after his February surgery, we were devastated by one doctor's opinion that the cancer was already widespread and Dad had only weeks to live. Yet, while waiting for opinions from other doctors, Dad kept busy giving suggestions for readings for one of his classes, readings that would direct students toward a discussion on leading a truly Christlike life. Dad said, "We don't necessarily live Christlike lives by writing great books or giving fine speeches, or organizing movements or holding high positions. We can lead a Christlike life by taking a grandchild fishing and building feelings of peace and love with them, by being kind and calm with the people we're around each moment."

Dad thought a lot his last few months about acknowledging the Lord's hand in all things. He knew cancer was part of this world that God created, so he acknowledged it. But he also knew the miracle of surviving surgery, of a season of amazing recovery with no evidence of additional tumors. The strength, peace, and comfort he felt was also due to God. Dad believed in the Atonement, this amazing offering Christ made out of love, with no condition. He also knew that God is in all of us—when we choose to help each other, and also when we choose to hurt each other. I know he grew to love all, even those who hurt him, because he saw God in all.

He offered his last testimony a few moments after he stopped his terrible struggle to hang on to this life. We were there with our mom as she caressed his face. For a moment, I looked up, and there he was, of a substance so pure it was as if the air had taken on his shape. He was standing on his legs, with his thick head of hair, and a most calm, peaceful smile as he looked at my mother, then each of us. I tried to smile back. Then he was gone—to form a writer's group with Shakespeare, Melville, Alma, and Austen, to start a world peace inspiration symposium with Gandhi, Martin Luther King, and Lowell Bennion, to go fishing again with his dad, to talk to Joseph, Brigham, and Eliza about the real Mormon history, but most of all to be held and healed by those who truly know his heart, his Heavenly Parents and Savior brother. We will see him again. Thank you, Daddy, for this gift of your testimony.

—JODY ENGLAND HANSEN