

SOUTH AMERICAN AWAKENING FOR A NORTH AMERICAN

My husband, Dr. Charles Dorothy of the Spanish Department in Pasadena, California, our oldest daughter Charyle Ann and I were in Santiago, Chile, prior to traveling to a convention at the beach village of El Tabo. (We arrived in Santiago on October 5, 1973.) Since September 11th and the death of President Allende, Chile was in a state of siege. The military took over the government by force. The military was law. A military *junta* (which simply means "group") now rules Chile. It is headed by General Pinochet of the army, in company with heads of the air force, navy and police force.

For the first three days of the military takeover, a 24-hour-a-day curfew was imposed. No one was to leave his home. During the three days of the takeover, the people were forced to eat whatever food they had on hand. Those who left their homes to venture onto the streets were assumed to be the ones who wanted to fight it out — the military versus the Communists and extremists. Then the 24-hour curfew was shortened from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., unless changed by a radio announcement in the afternoon.

We had made plans to eat dinner the first evening with our representative in Santiago, Señor Filador Illesca (a retired policeman of 30 years' service), and his wife Edith. But late in the afternoon, Señora Illesca called to say the curfew had been changed to eight o'clock. Our dinner date had to be postponed. She warned us not to look outside if we heard any shooting. If snipers were at work, the military might shoot at any movement from surrounding windows. Promptly at eight in the evening the bustle of the big city changed like magic into the quiet of the countryside. From our window we could hear the roar of a rushing river. Before the takeover it was most



★ santiago

unusual for anyone in the capital city to hear the great Mapocho River — even from a short distance. The noise of the traffic was far greater. But afterwards there was not a soul in the park across the street, nor a car in sight. At the hour of curfew twelve million Chileans were shut in their homes.

That night a battery of shooting woke us several times. And as if that weren't enough, there was an earthquake that reached 5.5 on the Richter Scale. There were 25 tremors during the night (though no damage anywhere); but from the ninth floor of our apartment, we suddenly learned that the higher you are, the more force quakes have. We were shaken in more ways than one.

Food for Thought

Earlier that day the Señora had put a cooked chicken (which she had raised), a dozen fresh eggs, a head of lettuce, a loaf of bread and a can of peaches in the refrigerator. She also selected for us a hard-to-find bottle of the highest quality Chilean wine.

In a brief shopping trip in the afternoon, my husband could not find any oil, mayonnaise or butter. Neither did he see any bread — which explained why the Señora had apologized that her loaf was three days old. He was, however, able to buy some cheese and fruit.

Mark Rorem — GN

For the first few days the people in Santiago stood for hours in long lines in order to receive a set portion of bread. And then many were turned away empty-handed when the bread ran out.

When we arrived the price of a loaf went from 11 to 40 escudos — and was expected to reach 100. Many decided to do without until the economy stabilized itself.

So, with shades drawn that first night in Chile, we ate our dinner alone, serenaded by the musical murmur of the river. We had chicken, lettuce, dry rye bread, cheese and red wine. And we were thankful.

A Nation Forced Indoors

At first I wondered how it was possible that a whole nation could obediently be in their homes by a set hour — and not a minute later.

After more shooting the next evening, and discovering that several bodies a night are dumped in the Mapocho River (some of them landed ashore in front of our apartment just a block away), I began to understand why they stayed indoors. We heard that a 15-year-old boy who ran in fear after the curfew had begun was immediately shot to death — without even being questioned.

There is a phrase printed on buildings and walls there: *paz es*

fuerza — “peace is power.” The people feared for their lives if they were not obedient! We also conformed with respect — and *with time to spare!*

Peace of Mind

As for fear, we were not afraid as long as we obeyed the rules. During the day the people ran about at as fast a pace as ever. They even smiled at the presidential palace, which was defaced by bullets and gutted by bombs. The majority were happy to be free of the Socialist government of Allende, which was really a burden on them.

The total inner destruction of such a fine public building was appalling. But the solid frame remained and repair, financed by donations and grants from a patriotic people, was soon under way.

The people hope to restore the palace to even greater splendor than before.

But despite the smiles there was an inner uneasiness. We were warned not to leave valuables in plain sight in our room, in case the military might enter and be tempted to confiscate them.

An unusual thing happened the last night of our convention (95 in attendance) at El Tabo, Chile. For some unknown reason, for one night only the curfew was changed to 12:30 a.m. This was a real blessing



Recreation at the Feast in Argentina; Mrs. Dorothy (second from left) and Dr. Dorothy (third from right).

to us because it was the night of the local fun show.

And what a show the Chileans put on! All the entertainment was intertwined in a play with a country *huaso* (Chilean cowboy) theme. The owner of the *estancia* (ranch) was dressed in a festive costume. He was played by Sr. Santiago Garcia, one of the leading men in the area. He and his "family" entertained an American tourist (Ken Ryland of Pasadena) who humorously butchered the Spanish language with a *gringo* accent.

The show featured young children as well as the older generation, colorful costumes, typical songs and dances. All lines and acts were performed with a professional and natural air. We have never seen a fun show to surpass it!

Have Time, Will Travel

Next, we traveled to Sierra de la Ventana, Argentina. It took us a full, 24-hour day by car, plane, taxi and train. A crowd of people met us at the train, which was within walking distance of our hotel. Nestled in the mountains of this country town, 72 were gathered for the eight-day convention (called the Feast of Tabernacles).

It was pleasant and peaceful there, but not having to be in by 10 o'clock seemed very strange.

Leaving Sierra de la Ventana, we

visited Bahia Blanca, where we have a congregation of 60 Church members. Mr. Robert Flores serves this group regularly; and about once a month or so he goes to the church in Santiago, where we have 70 members. Also, he occasionally visits various other groups in Chile and Uruguay.

On the way home we visited several people interested in this Work. The most thrilling and touching of these visits was in Ecuador. Here we met Sr. Eduardo Mendoza and his fine family. (We had previously met his oldest daughter, Maria Clementina, when she came to the United States.) Sr. Mendoza is president of the Dale Carnegie Institute in Ecuador.

This was an historic visit and an emotional one for us. Sr. Mendoza became the first member of the Worldwide Church of God in Ecuador. He is well educated and has a large library in a fine home. We hope we can use his leadership abilities in the future.

A Rude Awakening

Leaving Ecuador, we arrived late in Lima, Peru, with the prospect of only three and a half hours of sleep in order to make our flight connections. Exhausted, we fell asleep only to be awakened at three in the morning. The still of the night was invaded by blasts that sounded like

more than bullets, but less than bombs.

I woke up thinking we must be back in Chile or in the midst of some kind of skirmish or civil war. I decided the safest place was under my covers, and fell back to sleep. But before the alarm went off at 5:30 a.m., the blasting occurred two more times.

In the morning we discovered it was rockets that had filled the air. But there was no war — just part of a celebration honoring the dead saints. It seemed ironic to me that in worshipping the dead, not even the living could have any peace!

We learned that ten people were killed that night — trampled to death by a mob in a religious procession.

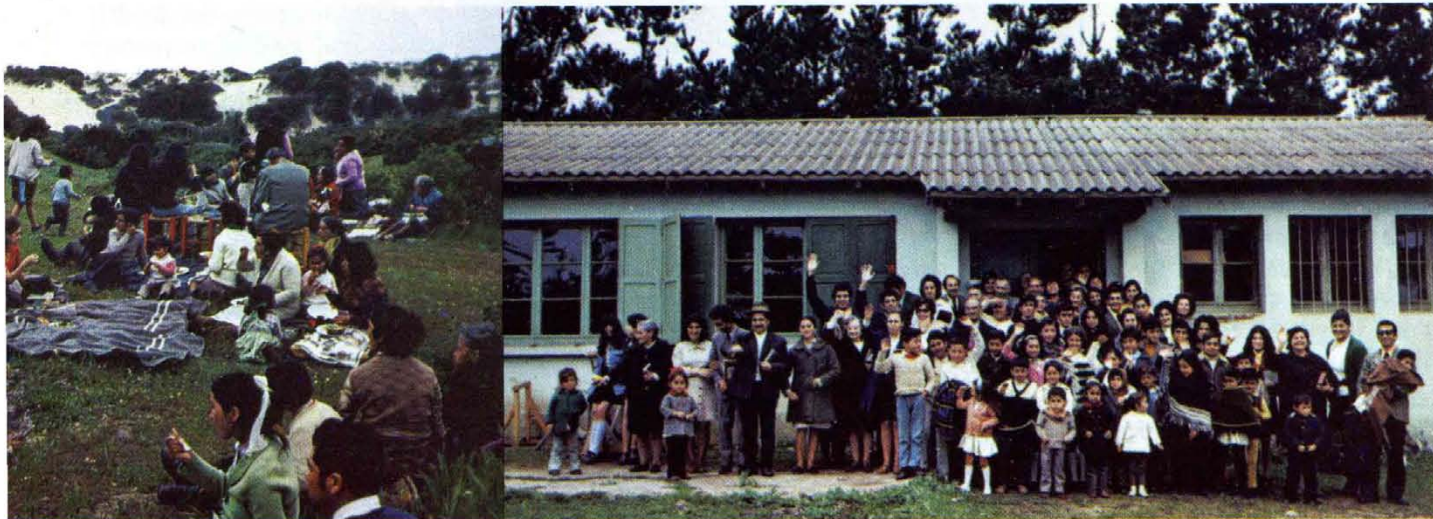
Land of Contrasts

When I traveled to South America, I had an awakening. I saw a rich and beautiful continent filled with active, intelligent people. But I also saw, paradoxically, a lack of modern conveniences, a lack of abundance for the majority, and political upheaval more severe than in our own country.

The trip made me realize the extent of my own personal and our national blessings and made me even more thankful and grateful for them all.

— Jo Ann Dorothy

Middle and right: Ken Ryland — GN



Feast of Tabernacles, El Tabo, Chile. Members outside meeting hall (above) and at barbecue picnic (middle).