

Hayward Learn Bio

I was born near the end of World War II, just, I was told, as the last V-1 bomb fell on London. The war was a terrible time, and people did things as they needed to. One thing they did quickly was get their newborn babes Christened before anything happened to them, so my twin brother and I were baptized into the Church of England in 1945.

I guess my brother and I were kind of cute – then, not now – because as the story goes, one time my mother had us both in a pram, and she was riding the London Metro. Suddenly, a group of soldiers heading off to war came up and, for good luck and safe return, tossed money on the two of us and asked us to have God look out for them. (I'm sure He did, and my mom, who wasn't well off, then had money to purchase milk for her two sons.)

At 18 months old, our mom and we boarded a ship and headed for our new home in what the British still call the colonies. Unfortunately, the Church of England was not available in the rural farming community of Laceyville, Pennsylvania, so our church days went away and stayed away for several years. After moving around quite a lot, as is normal for military families - my dad was one of those “da—yanks” in the Army helping to win the war for the Allies- when he met this little cutie in London, we ended up in Panama City, Florida. My parents, although they had given up on religion, felt my brother and I should go to church before we became evil young people. So, they sent us to a Pentecostal church on the recommendation of a person who went there. It took about two Sundays before we realized that church was not for us. Fortunately, they had another friend who just happened to be attending a local Episcopal church. After a couple of Sundays, we felt we had found a new church; at least we really enjoyed the youth program (we were now at the ripe old age of 12). We went there for about three Sundays, and then Uncle Sam decided to move our dad again (he was still in the military), so we decided to go with him, and that took care of our church attendance for a while.

I made it safely to adulthood without being manipulated too badly by Satan and his minions. Following in my dad's footsteps, I joined the Air Force and was assigned to my first base at Keesler Air Force Base (AFB), Biloxi, Mississippi. God, I believe, was involved with the move and is probably still chuckling about it because he sent a couple of young military chaplains to befriend me. One was a religion that I didn't know even existed, and still don't, and the other was - get ready for it...an Episcopal priest. Now, while there are some denominations in the military that are easily recognized, like Catholic, Protestant, Muslim, etc., I'm afraid Episcopal priests are frequently overlooked. My friend was one of them. He was assigned as the hospital chaplain and had a massive congregation of 1, and guess who that one was...yup, me. One day, he said, “You know I am supposed to try to get my congregation members confirmed into the church, and the bishop is visiting one of the local churches in Gulfport next month. I could get 100% confirmed at one time.” So, I, representing his entire congregation, was confirmed an Episcopalian in June 1968. Then the Air Force transferred me to Korea.

Church was not high in my mind in Korea, and I did not attend the protestant services. But I did meet my lovely wife, Telesa, while there, and finding another highly underutilized Episcopal Priest assigned to Osan AB, we got married on base in 1970. Now, having married a local girl, we invited many of her friends and relatives to the wedding, and they did not speak fluent English, if at all. So, we licked the language problem by finding a local Korean Episcopal priest; so, we had two priests officiating in their native

language. How were we to know they were still using an antiquated version of the prayer book in Korea? It was fairly amusing to see them bobbing up and down (genuflecting) because they were taking turns with the service and frequently found themselves out of sync. Then, thanks to Uncle Sam, we got transferred back to Andrews AFB here in Washington.

We spent several years in the US with one remote assignment in Minot, North Dakota (not really, it just seemed remote), where our son was born. From Minot, we were assigned to Montana, then Japan, then back to Korea, then Hawaii (where I served as Junior Warden in a local Episcopal church and had the dubious honor of meeting with Bishop Edmond Browning, requesting that, based on the majority of the congregation's request, he reassign our priest due to the priest's LGBTQ leaning. It could have been the hardest thing I have ever done. I look back on it still with chagrin. It is also why I thank God for sending me to find St. David's, a church that strives to look and act like Jesus, and where everyone is welcome. Then, back to Korea a third time.

In Korea again, our Episcopal priest had no church, but we found an underutilized space on post (I was still in the Air Force but assigned to an Army installation, so that is why it was a post, not a base, which probably doesn't matter to anyone unless they were in the military and know the difference and care.) and made it our church. We sat up for the service and tore down after the service, but we were regular and attended "church" every Sunday. Then I got transferred back to the States to Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio.

For various reasons, which I will not go into, we attended regularly three Episcopal Churches in the area. At each of the three churches, I participated in their vestry and became the youth leader for each of the respective churches. For two of the churches, I also served as the Junior Warden for a term and then as Senior Warden for a couple of additional terms each. Basically, I have over 20 years of experience on the vestry, overlapping with another 8 years as a junior warden and another 12 years as senior warden

Bottom line, I take serving as a lay leader as a ministry and a privilege. While I feel it is important and necessary to attend church to meet Jesus and God and bring them into my life, I feel it is also important in turn to serve them and our (my) church to ensure the church is a place all persons, whether new, old, visiting, returning, or whatever, can meet and be with god and our Savior. A place for support, nourishment, and peace.

God bless you all.