

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO
YOU?

*Hippies, Gospel Outreach
and the Jesus People Revival*

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO
YOU?

*Hippies, Gospel Outreach
and the Jesus People Revival*

MARC S. ALLAN



© 2016 by Marc Allan. All rights reserved.

Published by Redemption Press, PO Box 427, Enumclaw, WA 98022. Toll Free (844) 2REDEEM (273-3336)

Redemption Press is honored to present this title in partnership with the author. The views expressed or implied in this work are those of the author. Redemption Press provides our imprint seal representing design excellence, creative content and high quality production.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any way by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or otherwise—without the prior permission of the copyright holder, except as provided by USA copyright law.

Scripture verses marked “KJV” are from the King James Version of the Bible.

Scripture quotations marked “NKJV” are taken from the New King James Version. Copyright © 1982 by Thomas Nelson, Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Cover photo by Gary Toderoff

ISBN 13: 978-1-63232-548-8 (Print)
978-1-63232-549-5 (ePub)
978-1-63232-553-2 (Mobi)

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 2016942985



Dedication

*This book is dedicated to my brothers and sisters in
Gospel Outreach.*

*“By this all will know that you are My disciples, if
you have love for one another.”*

(John 13:35 NKJV)



Contents

Acknowledgments.....	ix
Introduction.....	xi
1. If the Foundations Be Destroyed.....	1
2. Beginnings.....	9
3. Salvation.....	20
4. “Lord, Make Me a Disciple!”.....	39
5. A New Song.....	53
6. The Lighthouse Ranch.....	64
7. The Carlotta Mansion.....	86
8. Living Waters Ranch.....	98
9. Sabine and the Lord’s Land.....	113
10. Go Into All the World . . . and Work!.....	141
11. Tree Planting.....	152
12. Alaska.....	175
13. Big City Outreaches.....	184
14. Germany.....	197
15. Guatemala.....	233
16. England, Italy and France.....	251

17. Their Fame Continues.....	271
18. Stamped by God's Seal.....	285
19. The Spring.....	288
References	290
Resources.....	292



Acknowledgments

I'M TEMPTED TO say, "You can't imagine how much fun it's been to talk to all these people," but I think a lot of you can. Many conversations led to a familiar sensation—we had to catch our breath as excitement stirred within when we talked about what Jesus did in our lives. We could feel his presence, and I'm pretty sure he enjoyed our talks too.

I've tried to faithfully record the recollections of those I spoke with. Any mistakes are wholly mine. Opinions that are not directly attributed are mine also.

The following people graciously gave of their time and thoughts: Jim and Celeste Durkin, John and Wendy Langsev, Linda Allan, Frank and Pam Lagielski, Terri Schrater, Laurie Baca, Tim and Anne Nabakowski, Paul and Maureen Lavanaway, Bob Doerr, David Szczepanski, Bernie Heraldson, Scott and Elly Snedeker, David and Harriet Bye, Gary Toderoff, John and Judi Jordan, Steve and Irene Barney, Peter van der Gugten, Steve and Susan Insko, Bob and Carolyn Smith, Peter DePalmo, Ron Juncal, Larry Johnson, Bill Ireland, Mike Turner, Elly Conroy, Rob

Anderson, Leslie Dixon, Paul Johnson, Rebecca Muller, Walter and Susi Burbank, Kristine van Dooren, Jane Tuck, Jim and Sue Wall, Steve and Layne Fish, Larry and Claudia Jamison, Travis, Chris Pritchard, Chris Noonan Funnell, Sam Griffith, Edward Blume, Rense Miller, David Hatton, Harry and Sandy Hewat, Dick Benjamin, Richard Benjamin, Lambert and Marnie Hazelaar, Kersti Buchanan-Stoen, Naomi van Dooren Appel, Alex and Renie Elsaesser, Jim and Diane Boucher, Harold Bailey, James Jankowiak, Joe and Patty Esposito, Andy Costa, Linda Costa, Tom Kennedy, Steve Tipton, Miro Carminati, Catherine Vinci Carminati, Linda Davidsson, Chuck Coleman, and Katherine Twiss. “Let’s do this again!”

David Szczepanski excused himself from my interview with him and ran up to his office to retrieve a file box of old Radiance photos and negatives. I was very touched and thankful and able to use some of them. Other photos helped to provide context to the stories in the book.

Gary Toderoff generously allowed me to search through a book of hundreds of photo negatives he made of those times. Just like any family photo album, it was hard to make progress as I saw the images of so many beloved brothers and sisters. Gary scanned the negatives and digitalized them so they could be used.

Special thanks to my wife, Linda, who worked hard to enhance the quality of several old photos so they could be used.

Many thanks also to my editor Inger Logelin and publisher Athena Dean Holtz. This book wouldn’t have been what the Lord or I wanted without their help.



Introduction

I FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL in June of 1968, and two friends and I loaded my VW bus with clothes, food and camping gear and hit the road. Starting on Route 66, we headed east from Southern California. Before the end of summer, we had set foot (or at least car tires) in all the lower forty-eight states. We saw the Grand Canyon, the Everglades, Washington D.C., New York City, Yellowstone National Park, the Pacific Northwest and a lot in between.

We had a great time and when we returned, I prepared to enter college. I knew my life was entering a new phase, but I didn't realize the whole world around me was changing.

The 1960s and '70s were a time in America when trusted institutions were weakened and collapsing. Family, country, and especially religion lost their hold on many young people.

This is the story of a group of individuals who became a family called Gospel Outreach—thousands of people who were touched by God during what has been called the Jesus People Revival. The Lord put us together and we

called ourselves “brothers and sisters.” For the most part, in the early years, we lived on communes with names like the Lighthouse Ranch, the Carlotta Mansion, Living Waters and the Lord’s Land.

With a policy of “whosoever will, may come” thousands of young people—and some older—were welcomed. They dedicated themselves to God and one another to become not just Christians, but disciples.

South of Eureka, California, in the town of Carlotta, was an old house called the Carlotta Mansion. It was leased by Gospel Outreach to accommodate the overflow of new converts at the Lighthouse Ranch and it was there I became a Christian in June of 1973. The change God produced in me “in the twinkling of an eye” was profound, and I jumped wholeheartedly into the new life he had given me. I participated in the Bible studies, evangelistic outreaches, worked at Split Stuff, delivered the *Tri-City Advertiser*, planted and thinned trees, picked apples and finally, became a part of the Germany team. My wife Linda and I ministered in Germany from 1976 to 1989 when we returned to the city of my birth, Seattle, Washington, and joined the local Gospel Outreach (G. O.) church.

Like any family, Gospel Outreach had its high points and low points—sometimes very high and sometimes very low. You’ll notice I don’t spend much time on the low points. Fortunately, time tends to soften those experiences. I have no desire or ability to sort out or correct the past. I hope I’ve learned my lessons and know that God used even (especially) hurts and trials to help me focus on what is really important—that Jesus be shared through my life in the whole world.

I’ve put a lot of names in here—as many as I could while hoping to keep it from becoming too much. I want my G. O. family to see themselves and be reminded of what Jesus

did in our lives. I would have loved to include everyone in this story! There are many people, extraordinary events and experiences that, only because of space and time, aren't here. All of us had remarkable life-changing experiences. Your friends and family will be amazed at what God did in your life. Maybe they will want to experience the same.

This story is more a collage than a straight chronological retelling, so some events and people may appear out of order. Think of it as a family photo album where pictures of Christmas, summer vacations, and birthdays are all mixed together. If a memorable story or person is missing—well, it's because Uncle Chuck took the photo out of the album and hasn't returned it yet. (My apologies!)

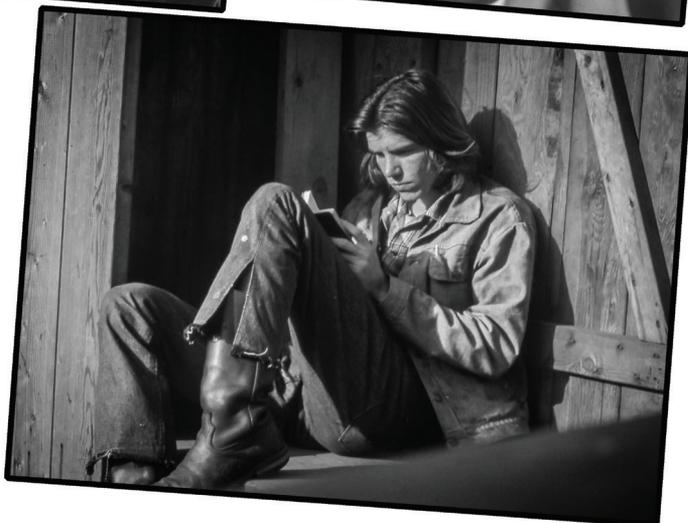
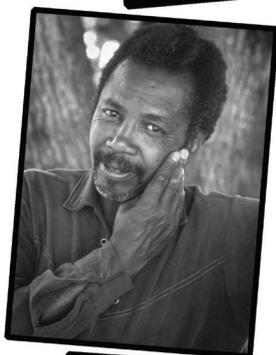
The first time I include the names of some of the women, I use their maiden names together with their present names. This is to help those who knew them then, but may not be aware of their new status. After that, I just use their present last name.

Talk to most people from Gospel Outreach and ask them for a Bible verse, and they'll probably have to run it through the King James Version. That's what we mostly read, and it remains the concordance in our brains. Some verses quoted here are New King James. In other cases, I use King James because at times, it can't be beat for clarity and beauty.

In keeping with the "whosoever will" motto of the Gospel Outreach ranches, I invite everyone who "wills" to join me and the G. O. family in remembering how God saved us and brought us into his kingdom.

I hope anyone who wasn't a member of the G. O. family doesn't feel left out. If you do and somehow wish you could have experienced what we did, I have an idea about how you can have it too. Be a whole-hearted follower of Jesus.

What Happened to You



Introduction



What Happened to You



Introduction



Photos courtesy of Gary Toderoff



CHAPTER ONE

If the Foundations Be Destroyed

WHEN THE CALIFORNIA Highway Patrol car passed Don, heading north, the patrolman turned and looked back at him. *“Oh, great!”* he moaned. *“If he turns around and comes back, I might be sleeping in jail tonight!”* He knew the police had questions about some activities in his recent past.

It was the summer of 1974 and Don was trying to hitch a ride south to San Francisco on Highway 101. He had just crossed the one-lane bridge on Hookton Road about ten miles south of Eureka and walked the last hundred feet to the side of the freeway. There he dropped his backpack on the gravel, faced the oncoming cars and stuck out his thumb. That’s when he saw the cop.

Don watched intently as the patrol car got smaller in the distance. His eyes narrowed as it slowed, then crossed the freeway median and started coming back his way. He now focused all his energy on his thumb as if, metaphysically, he could send a beam to passing drivers and make them stop.

What Happened to You

It seemed to have worked as a car screeched to a halt on the gravel behind him. He grabbed his backpack, turned and stopped. Idling quietly, the offered ride was a faded, yellow VW Bug with Christian bumper stickers plastered all over the back.

He knew where it was headed—to the Lighthouse Ranch, just a few miles off the highway, back down Hookton Road. He stayed there the night before and had no desire to return.

This was his moment of decision. One last look back at the approaching highway patrol car convinced him he had only one choice. He got in.

Don knew what he was going back to. The previous day, a ride offered him a meal and a bed—the kind of offer a hitchhiker wouldn't turn down. This landed him at the Lighthouse Ranch, a Christian commune run by the Gospel Outreach Church of Humboldt County, California. He got the promised food and bed all right, together with a barrage of Scriptures from the Bible and a smiling invitation to “ask Jesus into your heart.”

Sitting in the large dining room of the main building, Don listened as a young man and woman told him of Jesus' love for him and God's plan for his life. He looked around and saw other earnest Christians reading and discussing the Bible or sharing the salvation message with hitchhikers who, in his opinion, had the same mixed luck as he had: free food and a bed if you could stomach listening to these Jesus Freaks. It was just like being in some Gospel mission in Portland or San Francisco. There, you could get a warm meal if you listened to the sermon and even better treatment if you faked sincere faith. Except their food was better than this mostly vegetarian diet.

He'd heard enough of the Jesus stuff. Rather than wait for a ride the next morning, Don walked the five miles back

to Highway 101 and stuck his thumb out again. Now, with a cop bearing down on him, he was heading back to the “second to last place” he wanted to be.

But when he made that decision to come back, something happened inside. This time when he heard it, the story of God’s love and Jesus’ sacrifice for his sins made sense at a deeper level than he ever knew existed. Don saw that the brothers and sisters at the Ranch weren’t glassy-eyed zombies repeating a preprogrammed message. He felt their sincerity as they told about meaningless lives that had suddenly been transformed by God. Their stories touched a longing deep in his heart to be free of fear, guilt, anger and loneliness and to have real peace. He discovered that not only was he running from the police, he had been running from God.

That night Don Copeland accepted Christ as his Lord and Savior and became a follower of Jesus.

He slept in a bunk in the brother’s dorm, one of several buildings at the Ranch that used to house a Coast Guard lighthouse station. The lighthouse guided ships to the entrance of Humboldt Bay, and no more fitting place could be found to offer a safe harbor for the youth of the 1970s.

Destroyed Foundations

In the 1960s and ’70s, America experienced seismic upheavals that affected every level of society. It was as if the continental plates had lifted fifty feet. All of the sudden, it seemed everything was off balance. The youth of the country, rich kids, poor kids, black, white—and everyone in between—lost faith in the institutions that had supported the greatest, freest country the world had ever seen. Their parents were proud of a nation that pulled itself out of the Great Depression and then led the free world in

What Happened to You

defeating fascism. The US was a bulwark against the spread of communism and a force for what was good, right and democratic.

We had the freest country, the strongest military and the best schools. We protected the world, rehabilitated and then made friends of our enemies and helped the poor. Heck, we were going to put a man on the moon by the end of the decade!

So why did John Kennedy have to get shot? Everyone alive then knows where they were when they heard the news. The young, handsome president who gave us all hope and optimism was dead, shot by an assassin. Then, in the middle of a live TV broadcast, his killer, Lee Harvey Oswald was himself murdered before a shocked nation.

The country and the youth may have been able to handle all that by itself. But a few years later, another crusader who dedicated his life to freedom was gunned down. Martin Luther King was killed at a Memphis motel. The country's mourning for him was tempered as race riots rocked the country from one coast to another. Two months later, John Kennedy's brother, Bobby, was shot after a political event in Los Angeles. In May of 1970, National Guardsmen carrying live ammunition fired on students demonstrating against the Vietnam War at Kent State, Ohio, leaving four dead. We thought, *My God, now they're killing students!*

What was happening? Was the world going crazy? People who devoted their lives to making this a better place were being murdered. Maybe things weren't so great after all. Maybe our society had deeper problems than even our elders knew about.

It had all gone too far. The only reaction that made sense was to reject what we had been taught about truth, freedom and morality. The movie *The Graduate* seemed to hit the nail on the head. Dustin Hoffman's character, Ben,

had just graduated from college. A lot of us were either in school, just out, or at least the same age. Everything offered him as the path to the American dream, from business and money, to Mrs. Robinson herself, could be had as long as he would drop the idea of becoming his own person. Simon and Garfunkel summed up the choice for Mrs. Robinson, Ben and us. Any way you looked at it, you lost.

American society was confused and disoriented. No one was sure where the country was heading. Psalms 11:3 (KJV) asks, “If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?” Assassinations, racial tensions, and riots, the Vietnam War, the draft, and the nuclear arms race had replaced confidence in God, country, and family, the values of the 1950s.

California became a magnet for many who wanted to break free from the chains of a society they no longer believed in. The Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco was a focal point of drugs, free love, and free living. It became the Mecca for many young people whose “foundations had been destroyed.”

If they were going to find a life that had meaning and fulfillment, then the old had to go, minds had to be opened, new experiences needed to be experienced. The youth of America set out on untraveled paths, discovering new rules and realities that were foreign to their parents. They began to search for a truth that transcended the turmoil of their world and could give them peace.

This meant change. The ways of their parents no longer attracted them. With a self-absorbed focus, they turned their backs on a generation that had battled and overcome much adversity and set out on their own journeys. Whether it was smoking dope and “loving the one you’re with” at the college dorm, hitchhiking up and down the coasts, across the country, or living in communes, many adopted a lifestyle

which became identified as counter-culture; and for some becoming “hippies.”

All You Need is Love

So—let’s party! In 1969, in upstate New York, 400,000 people showed up on Max Yasgur’s farm to listen to the likes of Creedence Clearwater Revival; Jimi Hendrix; Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young; Janis Joplin and many more. Enduring periodic rain, not enough toilets, food or water, the three day festival turned out to be a remarkable experience of what the promoters called a gathering of “peace and love.” Woodstock was the granddaddy of them all and shared the spotlight with other rock festivals and local venues like the Cow Palace and the Fillmore in San Francisco, Chicago’s Kinetic Playground, the Hollywood Bowl, the Anaheim Convention Center, the Electric Factory in Philadelphia and so on.

The music era of the ’60s and ’70s was remarkable for its strength and diversity. The Beatles and the Stones led the “British invasion.” Motown gave the world Smokey Robinson, Ray Charles, the Supremes and the Temptations. The West Coast produced the Beach Boys, Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. The heartland gave us Bob Dylan; Joan Baez and Simon and Garfunkel came from the East Coast, and the Allman Brothers introduced us to Southern Rock. In addition, there were many more fantastic bands and groups.

Just like cables and wires of an electric grid cover the land and reach into every home, the music of that era connected with American youth. It touched everyone and became a common language. The messages expressed what we thought and hoped and feared: Barry McGuire sang of the “Eve of Destruction” and we knew that if things

If the Foundations Be Destroyed

didn't change, we would witness it. Jim Morrison and the Doors sang about the "Ship of Fools." That seemed to be the human condition and if it depressed you too much, you could share a cynical laugh with Firesign Theater's, "I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus." The Animals and other groups urgently warned us to escape when they sang, "We Gotta Get Out of This Place."

We were doomed to a dull, soul-killing lifetime in the local mill, factory or office unless we found a way out.

We had solutions. The Beatles declared, "All You Need is Love," and the Mamas and the Papas told us where to find it with "California Dreamin'." Scott McKenzie put a pin on the map with "Are You Going to San Francisco?" Led Zepplin sang of a "Stairway to Heaven" and the title touched a deep, indistinct desire that we didn't understand.

It all sounded right, but as time went on, the "good vibrations" that we shared from the music faded. The hopes that the music promised weren't realized. The Moody Blues produced beautiful, thoughtful lyrics and music. Finally, they too quit searching for the answer when they sang "I'm Just a Singer in a Rock and Roll Band."

We were still the same. We still didn't know how to change society or get out of the hole we found ourselves in.

The anti-draft and Vietnam War movements served as rallying points for many. The stories of returning soldiers—the same age as those who crowded the concert halls—told of a brutal conflict where the lines between good and bad and right and wrong had become blurred. There seemed no end to a conflict where our friends, brothers and cousins fought and died to liberate a people who apparently didn't care. While our fathers and uncles had clashed with uniformed enemies in Europe and the Pacific, young American boys in Vietnam had to be careful that some mama-san with a baby on her back didn't carry a

What Happened to You

grenade in her bag. At the end of WW II, our fathers came back as proud liberators, heroes to both the liberated and a grateful nation at home. As soldiers returned from Nam, they were insulted and called “baby killers.” No one wanted to hear what they had been through, and before too long, they didn’t want to tell.

We thought we knew what was wrong with everything; we just couldn’t find the answers. More importantly, we began to suspect that we weren’t solving our own problems either. As a matter of fact, in spite of putting up a good front, we were nowhere close