

First Few Days in the “City of Angels”

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Arrival in Los Angeles was as iconic as ever with our first dinner being In-N-Out (which practically represents the West Coast if you ask me). Our first night was just about us getting attuned to the schedule and the beautiful property we’re staying at in Pasadena.

The next morning, we woke up bright and early to begin with our daily morning studies—6:15 a.m to be exact—which would be havoc anywhere else—but with the beautiful Los Angeles sunshine shining through the grand windows of the Pasadena house prayer room, one could hardly complain. We then spent our morning and afternoon getting acquainted

with the surrounding area. We went to Hermosa Beach, had a whole lot of fun playing volleyball and swimming (for those who were brave enough to set foot in that freezing cold water).

And of course, our first day wouldn’t be complete with our visit to the famous Santa Monica Pier. Some of us have been before, but for most, it was great to see the landmark that we’ve all seen in so many movies. All the while, our pastor and guide, George Kazakos, entertained us with ice cream, free meals, green tea shakes, and whatever else he was kind enough to give to us. We then came back to where we were staying and discussed the time we have ahead of us, and how we were going to approach the task which was layed out for us—our witnessing projects.

The next day was more down to business, however, the contrast between the two days only made the experience that much more real and unforgettable. We went to an old church camp called Camp Mozundar. Camp Mozundar held countless workshops and has huge history behind it both for our movement and the surrounding area. There was a beautiful ornate church which looks like an Indian temple because of its architecture. Its exotic look, however, wasn’t accidental. It was built as a meeting location for a group that wanted to unite world religions (much like our own).

The historical and spiritual ambience of the camp grounds was something to marvel at, but overall, our time there was what really made the experience worthwhile. We were able to share how we felt about the coming three weeks, then had lunch in a quaint mountain town nearby, and to top it all off, our pastor shared his life testimony.

The gorgeous mountainous scenery only added to the experience making it all the more unforgettable, and considering we were only an hour away from L.A, and it looked nothing like L.A, going back to Pasadena felt even more fulfilling. It was as if we went hundreds of miles away to some secret outing, when we barely left our backyard.

