Muddy Knees

Vanderbilt University Divinity School, Graduate Department of Religion, and Oberlin Graduate School of Theology
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When I was Hungry, You Gave Me Food

BY JAMES HUDNUT-BEUMLER, PH.D.
DEAN AND THE ANNE POTTER WILSON DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN RELIGIOUS HISTORY

The Bible begins in the Garden where every food need of the inhabitants is met and concludes in a scene where twelve different fruits ripen, one each month. In between these events, it is remarkable how much food, thirst, and hunger figure within the Bible.

Famine motivates Jacob’s sons to go to Egypt, resulting in exile. Manna makes survival in the wilderness possible after the exodus. Cleaning the fields causes Ruth to meet Boaz, without whom there would be no King David.

The Psalms are full of allusions to God’s provision for human beings, perhaps most memorably, “Thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou leadest me beside still waters,” from Psalm 23.

And then, there is hunger. The recession has made problems surrounding food and shelter worse for many people here in Nashville, as elsewhere. Again that need has engaged our students and faculty in advocacy programs as witnessed by the stories you read.

Given all the ways sustenance figures in the traditions of Jews, Christians, and people of other faiths, you would think more of the religious would get the point. There is some-how much food, thirst, and hunger figure within the Bible.

And I trust you will be enlightened and moved by the stories you read.

“... food-related issues transect our traditional Vanderbilt Divinity concerns with justice, compassion, ecology, and faith.”

Members of the class of 1959 who gathered for their fiftieth-year reunion year at the Divinity School included Betty Parker, Gene Dinserport, Sara Minehart, Tina Chandler, Pat Hilliard, Paul Phillips, Ashley Pogue, Joyce Farnsworth, Gordon Minehart, Pat Chandler, David Hilliard, Dean James Hudnut-Beumler, Ensign Johnson, and Ben Farnsworth.

To commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the publication of A Theology of Liberation, Father Gustavo Gutierrez, O.F.M., (center) returned in November to Vanderbilt Divinity School to participate in the University’s year-long series, Liberation Theology in Latin America: Poverty, Politics, and History. The Dominican priest and Peruvian theologian, who delivered the 1990 Cole Lecture at the Divinity School, presented a public lecture titled “Liberation Theology: Forty Years Later.” He also addressed students enrolled in Professor Fernando Segovia’s courses in Latin American Biblical Criticism and Materialist Biblical Criticism (represented in the photograph) and in Professor Douglas Meeks’ foundational course, Constructive Christian Theology. Father Gutierrez currently holds the John Cardinal O’Hara Professorship of Theology at the University of Notre Dame. The anniversary series is sponsored by the Center for Latin American Studies at Vanderbilt.
Members of the Divinity School’s donor society, Schola Prophetarum, were honored at a dinner for their generosity and support of theological education at Vanderbilt. Father Edward A. Malloy, PhD’75, president, emeritus, of the University of Notre Dame and for whom the Malloy professorship in Catholic studies at the Divinity School is named, served as guest speaker for the dinner.

Among the guests attending the Schola Prophetarum dinner were Father Patrick Kibby, pastor of Saint Stephen’s Parish in Nashville; Vanderbilt University Provost Richard McCarty, Ms. Shelia McCarty, and Father Joseph Patrick Brennan, pastor of Saint Edward’s Parish in Nashville.

During Father Malloy’s visit to the University, members of the Notre Dame Alumni Association were guests of the Divinity School for a lunch in honor of Father Malloy. Among the representatives from the Divinity School were Paul DeHart, associate professor of theology; Mary Louise O’Gorman, MDiv’84, director of pastoral care at Saint Thomas Hospital; and Douglas Meeks, the Cal Turner Chancellor’s Chair of Wesleyan Studies at the Divinity School.

Founder’s Medalist 2010

Lauren Baker Smelser White, MTS’10, became the ninety-first Founder’s Medalist in the history of Vanderbilt University Divinity School during Commencement 2010. The Founder’s Medals have been awarded since 1877 and are presented to the degree candidates earning first honors for scholarship within the ten schools comprising the University.

As the daughter of medical missionaries, Lauren developed an interest in religious pluralism while living among the people of Tanzania, India, and the Caribbean where she witnessed the frailty and resilience of the human spirit. Upon earning her baccalaureate from Harding University and her graduate degree from Abilene Christian University, she became a teacher of writing and currently serves on the faculty of Columbia State Community College. Lauren believes that through narrative, we can discover our likenesses and can begin to “think empathetically” despite our cultural differences.

As a student at the Divinity School, she translated the knowledge she acquired in the theology classroom to her work as a volunteer at the Campus for Human Development where she taught creative writing to individuals displaced by homelessness. Through the power of language Lauren endeavored to restore a sense of dignity and worth to the marginalized.


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Founder’s Medalist Lauren Baker Smelser White is congratulated by Vanderbilt University Chancellor Nicholas Zeppos during Commencement 2010.

Fatoue Bembe, the Edward A. Malloy Professor of Catholic Studies at the Divinity School, the Most Reverend David R. Choby, the eleventh Bishop of the Diocese of Nashville; Dr. Shirley LaRoche, MTS’98; and Dr. Katherine Haynes visit during the cocktail hour prior to the dinner.

Vanderbilt Divinity School Celebrates Donors

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN RUSSELL

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I t is a great honor to be with you tonight to have been invited to give this opening address. I have learned so much about practical and pastoral theology from the work of Dorothy Bass and Craig Dykstra and the remarkable team of pastors and theological educators who produced this superb volume, For Life Abundant. It is exciting now to be part of these conversations and to trust that new contributions tonight will enrich our work over our two days together.

For the past fifteen years, I have had the good fortune of writing, researching, and teaching “lived theology,” and it has been my privilege to carry out this mission in the company of many inspiring students, theologians, and practitioners. I was once introduced as the director of the Project on Lived Theology, and while that may be an apt description of some of my writing over the past several years, I do not think we are quite ready to make that change.

The Project on Lived Theology is housed in the department of religious studies at the University of Virginia, and it is a part of a national reconsideration of theological voca- tion focused on the methodological centrality of faith’s redemptive practices in the World. Like the constitutive parts of the human or the ecclesial body, our work has a distinctive purpose and form. The project is based on the rationale that the patterns and practices of Christian communities offer rich and generative material for theological inquiry. For these patterns and practices are not just ways of “doing things,” but they are also ways of “saying things” (as the historian Wayne Meeks has written in one of his essential studies of early Christian communities). Practices and patterns are “communicative.” What does it then mean to appropriate the lived experience of faith with the same care and precision with which we read and interpret texts? Might that task produce new models for partnerships between theologians and practitioners? These are some of the questions central to our work.

Many of our students bring with them an intense hunger for the opportunity to recon- nect theology and life. For this reason the theological turn to practice has found a welcome and dynamic culture in the theological academy and also in the public university where I teach. It is encouraging to see cre- ative synergies working across fields and tradi- tions with maximum attention to theolog- ical and hermeneutical methods grounded in worship, liturgy, preaching, teaching, the work of mercy and justice, and the quotidian goings-on of congregational life. One of my first doctoral students was a young Brit named Peter Slade, who came to Virginia from the theology department at St. Andrews in Scotland, by way of the Center for the Study of Southern Culture at the University of Mississippi. Peter told me that when he described the mission of the project to his fel- 

“T H E  S P I R E”

Fall 2010

"I don’t think I’ve ever changed very much," [Bonhoeffer] wrote, “except perhaps at the time of my first impressions abroad and under the first conscious influence of father’s personality. It was then that I turned from the [theological] to the real.”

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Union Theological Seminary, 1930

By Charles Marsh, Ph.D.
Vanderbilt’s Program in Theology and Practice.
People in Faith and hosted in conjunction with
Dietrich Bonhoeffer for granting permission to publish the lecture he delivered at Vanderbilt University Divini-
enjoy music—Bach, romantic Lieder and Negro spirituals—and to brainstorm about new ways of pursuing the theological examination at Berlin that offers rich possibilities it holds for thinking about theological education as anything but dogmatics and systematic work.

Bonhoeffer had grown impatient with the theology he encountered. In America it would appear that it is easier Bethge, noted.

"Something had happened," Bonhoeffer’s close friend and biographer, Eberhard Bethge, noted. What happened?

I raise this question not only out of interest in Bonhoeffer’s biography, but for thinking about the recategorization of theology and practice in our time.

Let us start by taking a brief inventory of Bonhoeffer on the eve of his first American visit.

He came to New York restless and unsettled.

The theologian and scholar Clifford Green notes that while still serving as an assistant pastor in the German congregation in Barcelona, in 1929, Bonhoeffer was searching for a pathway from the theological ideas he had embraced in Berlin to a language of reality.

His letters from Berlin in the fall of 1929, after his return from Barcelona to complete his second dissertation, reveal even a slight despondency. “The air is close in Germany; close and musty enough to suffocate you... Everything seems so infinitely banal and dull. I never before noticed what nonsense people speak in the trains, on the streets—shocking.”

What did he expect of the year in America?

What happened?

In his two dissertations, Bonhoeffer had sought to demonstrate the theological necessity of the self-cultivating lives of church community and its members, and the members acting-for-each-other (Für einander) as vicarious representatives in the power of the church-community, which is what constitutes the specific sociological nature of the community of love (Liebesgemeinschaft).”

But he had not experienced the embodiment of such theological affirmations in a community of hope and discipleship, and in Bonhoeffer’s mind, he had no trouble finding of thinking of theological education as anything like his liberal ideal of a covert academy for specialists.

In America, the central themes in Bonhoeffer’s theological thought came to life in unexpected ways. The transformation can be observed in three overlapping areas: in his theological friendships that crossed the racial lines of the will.

In the twelve courses Bonhoeffer took during his year as a Sloan Fellow, Bonhoeffer focused on “philosophy of religion, theology, and ethics in an educational context and theological climate quite different from the set to which he was accustomed in Berlin.” As you probably have heard before, he was not impressed with the theology he encountered. His frequent complaints of the smugness-bordering-on-pretentious character of American theological matters most often accompany accounts of his time in the United States, and his observations at the end of the year are no less critical than on that day in the fall of 1930 when he listened in dismay as his fellow students giggle and whispered over Luther’s doctrine of the will.

With so little at stake theologically, and absent the Barthian rediscovery of the revealing and rightous God of Jesus Christ, the American theological seminars, lectures and discussions, in Bonhoeffer’s view, assumed a completely innocuous character. “It has come to this,” he complained, “that the seminary has forgotten what Christian theology in its very essence stands for.” In which he read deeply in contemporary African American literature. Though Bonhoeffer enjoyed the courses, he found Nielsboh’s views bewildering. Roger Shinn recalls that one day after “the usual vigorous question period at the close of the class,” Dietrich approached Reinhold and asked indignantly, “Is this a theological school or a school for politicians?” Bonhoeffer’s note-books are lost; jotting down a few words from Nielsboh’s lectures, intriguing with each other, the experience of the holy, transcendental experience of goodness, beauty, truth and holiness is the center of it all.

But Nielsboh was equally perplexed by the young German, and he was bold in his criticisms of Bonhoeffer’s theology. In response to a remark in a term paper that the “God of guidance” could be known only from the “God of justification.” Nielsboh noted sharply that Bonhoeffer’s doctrine of grace was too transcendent. Nielsboh pushed Bonhoeffer to think more honestly about the ethical content and social significance of this “God of guidance.” “In making grace as transcendent as you do,” Nielsboh said, “I don’t see how you can ascribe any ethical significance to it. Obedience to the will of God may be a religious experience, but it is not an ethical one until it issues in actions which can be socially valued.”

Nielsboh challenged Bonhoeffer on the doctrine of justification and its meaning for Christians in the modern world. Justification must be embodied in responsible action and enacted in socially transformative patterns and practices. Otherwise, one would conclude, a
E ven more formative than Bonhoeffer’s horticultural experiences was the experience of grace in the groups or religious communities with which he came into contact. An experience that was repeated by many of the participants in these commu

anities and initiatives worked steadfastly in the tradition of social gospel idealism; which he described as the “theological classroom to the concrete social life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete social life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete social life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete social life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete social life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete social life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete life of the church,” the “theological classroom to the concrete social life of the church,” the 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that weaves through Bonhoeffer’s development in theology at seminar in the 1920s and 1930s, the thread that gives these years personal and spiritual coherence is precisely this movement from an innerized theological concern for the church, for the togetherness of Christian community, to the commitment to the oppressed which I would add, to a new theological understanding as a minister in an African American congregation. Powell had been the only time he had experienced true religious awakening. he was very emotional and did not try to hide his feelings, and he invited the youth to “preach the Gospel” and “to make Jesus Christ real in America and real in the world.” and he invited the young German theologians to the full life of the community. Rudolf Schnee, who later taught at Reinhold Niebuhr’s alma mater, Elmhurst College, recalled an encounter with Bonhoeffer on a Monday morning after his first experience of preaching at Abyssinian. Bonhoeffer was still frail, and “laughing and enthusiastic,” he shared with the minister a story of his encounter with a Negro youth in Harlem. “Day and night I heard the voice of [the Savior],” he said, “I couldn’t forget it. I was hungry and you fed me.” Powell spoke of the mission of the church to “preach the gospel” and “to make Jesus Christ real in America and the world,” and he invited the young German theologians to the full life of the community.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906–1945)
In its attention to the worldly shape and influences—that the shape of his theological presence in the world.

Bonhoeffer plumbs the depths and breadth of the theologian's experience with maximum attention, and in turn crafts vivid theological narrative from the exchanges and transactions of worldly failings.

"We must be more romantic than the romanticist, more human than the humanist, but we must be more precise," Barth said in his famous letter of 1929 to his favorite pupil. His work was to magnify the terms of that precision. Bonhoeffer’s was to live into, and to narrate, that precision as he experienced it in the polyphony and mystery of life in Christ. Bonhoeffer’s turning from the phraseological to the real is not then a matter of translating theology to practice; it is about the revitalization of theology as a way of life.

In this manner, the turning from the phraseological to the real narrates, that precision as he experienced it in the polyphony and mystery of life in Christ. Bonhoeffer’s turning from the phraseological to the real is not then a matter of translating theology to practice; it is about the revitalization of theology as a way of life.

Bonhoeffer situates theological teaching and theological practice amidst the struggles and joys—the turning from the phraseological to the real “the joyful embrace of the...multidimensional complexity of life in community...in view of the larger horizons of God’s redemptive action in particular times and places.” This revitalization of theology and practice enables and nourishes. We surely do not as the work of creating spaces where the enterprise of lived theology in this way: It is not clear whether Bonhoeffer knew of the FOR until coming to the United States, even though the peace organization was founded in 1914 at a railroad station in Germany when an English Quaker named Henry Hodgkin and the German Lutheran social reformer Frieda Sig-

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I am standing at the edge of a plot of earth I have slowly tamed to force. The sun is trembling as it rises, already warm on my browed arms. There are tiny droplets of morning dew that settle softly just before dawn and cover each new cucumber. I watch as the dew quickly vanishes in the summer heat. That span of earth before me was somewhat unremarkable a year ago—another plot of land in a realm of concrete. Perhaps the men who routinely swept over the grass with the churning blades of their customized lawnmowers observed the signs of the past still lingering. Once, long ago, there were bountiful blackberry shrubs tracing the perimeter. In a way, I am still longing to grasp this plot of earth that is now a garden and has been given a new purpose which I choose to describe as reconciliation. The plot is being renewed with a purpose it held long ago. Fresh, clean food is harvested here.

I am surrounded by enormous church steeples that seem to scrape the clouds. There are strip malls and luxury cars and fast food eateries surrounding the garden at Mobile Loaves and Fishes. Hillsboro Road is bustling with honking passers-by hurrying to their destinations. With their digital phones buzzing in their ears and their car windows tightly rolled up, the drivers are unable to hear the worshipful sounds of the earth as she awakens. I crouch to the soil and gather from the vine a ripe tomato that will soon be found on a supper plate of a single mother. Fresh, clean food is harvested here.

I am changed by the garden, maybe even more than it is changed by me as it is tilled and watered. I constantly find myself in a posture of prayer—I kneel to weed; I kneel to break the soil; and I kneel to plant seed.

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The sun will remain in the sky for a couple more hours. I watch as it falls over the roofs of high-rise, low-income housing projects in the Cayce Housing Development just east of downtown Nashville. The collective vision of the board of trustees and the executive director of Mobile Loaves and Fishes, the staff and I have initiated an effort to bring healthy food to impoverished areas of the city. Cayce Homes is among the older and more economically deprived areas in Nashville and home to residents of various cultures including immigrant families from Ethiopia and Sudan. Each Monday, in cooperation with the Martha O’Bryan Center of Cayce Homes, a group of middle-school children volunteer to learn about healthy eating habits by planting and harvesting healthy vegetables in our garden. As soon as a group of volunteers from Mobile Loaves and Fishes and I pull our food truck into the Cayce community, I am surrounded by young, familiar faces. The Martha O’Bryan students have come to welcome me to the neighborhood. Their eyes are brightened as they notice the fresh vegetables they have planted, watered, and harvested.

A small girl points her finger at each item. “Those are cabbages, those are collards, and those are squash,” she tells her mother, her voice rising with excitement.

“Which ones do you grow?” her mother asks as she clasps the hand of a younger sister in her right hand and holds an infant in her left arm.

“All of them,” the girl says giggling. Her mother fills a sack of vegetables, some she has never eaten fresh before in her life, and timidly offers a blessing for her children and the meal they will share. The young girl’s little hands have gently buried the seeds. They have worked to harvest the vegetables, and now the family will walk home to prepare a fresh, non-processed meal.

It is a measurer plot of tillled earth, with bamboo poles towering from the soil with bean stalks attached, but an existence higher than I has brought us together. The garden has broken ethnic and socio-economic boundaries. We have, if even for a single meal, been reconnected with the land and also with the Divine. Slowly, the mysteries of our connection are being unlocked.

I am meditating, as I scrape the dirt from underneath my fingernails, on the gaps that exist in my conception of justice and how I am struggling to bridge them. The soil knows no race or income. The blessings spoken over life-giving meals are not limited to a particular era or dialect. Instead, there are echoes of thanks whispered in Southern drawl and in Arabic.

You will see, if you look closely, that at the western edge of the garden there is a row of zinnias with colors too vivid to assign names like crampy, pink, or purple. A twelve-year-old child, surrounded by a world of concrete, lifts a zinnia to the sun. There is the child. There is the flower. And, Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

The essayist earned the baccalaureate in history and Biblical studies from Vanderbilt University and served as a campus minister at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University and Kenyon University. While living in Virginia, Seth and his wife, Crystal, co-directed a community center, CommonGround, in an impoverished area of rural Appalachia. He identifies himself as a member of “an unbroken lineage of Scots-Irish farmers” who appreciates the beauty of growing fresh food. During the 2010-2011 academic year, Seth serves as a field education intern with Mobile Loaves and Fishes, an organization that serves food to the hungry in Davidson County. Motivated by his conviction that ministry and justice must intersect to address poverty and food security, Seth hopes to return to the foothills of Appalachia to establish a ministry that intersects history, literature, music, art, and sustainability while continuing to educate communities about food security.

As a field education intern with Mobile Loaves and Fishes, Seth Terrell raises a “teaching garden” on the grounds of Woodmont Christian Church where he teaches food and sustainability classes and a group of volunteers from Mobile Loaves and Fishes and now the family will walk home to prepare a fresh, non-processed meal.

I constantly find myself in a posture of prayer—I kneel to weed; I kneel to break the soil; and I kneel to plant seed.

The sun will remain in the sky for a couple more hours. I watch as it falls over the roofs of high-rise, low-income housing projects in the Cayce Housing Development just east of downtown Nashville. Through the collective vision of the board of trustees and the executive director of Mobile Loaves and Fishes, the staff and I have initiated an effort to bring healthy food to impoverished areas of the city. Cayce Homes is among the older and more economically deprived areas in Nashville and home to residents of various cultures including immigrant families from Ethiopia and Sudan. Each Monday, in cooperation with the Martha O’Bryan Center of Cayce Homes, a group of middle-school children volunteer to learn about healthy eating habits by planting and harvesting healthy vegetables in our garden. As soon as a group of volunteers from Mobile Loaves and Fishes and I pull our food truck into the Cayce community, I am surrounded by young, familiar faces. The Martha O’Bryan students have come to welcome me to the neighborhood. Their eyes are brightened as they notice the fresh vegetables they have planted, watered, and harvested.

A small girl points her finger at each item. “Those are cabbages, those are collards, and those are squash,” she tells her mother, her voice rising with excitement.

“As a field education intern with Mobile Loaves and Fishes, Seth Terrell raises a “teaching garden” on the grounds of Woodmont Christian Church where he teaches food and sustainability classes and volunteers from Mobile Loaves and Fishes and now the family will walk home to prepare a fresh, non-processed meal.

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A small girl points her finger at each item. “Those are cabbages, those are collards, and those are squash,” she tells her mother, her voice rising with excitement.
Re-envisioning Hospitality

Moving from Charity to Solidarity

BY CAITLIN DALLY, MTS’10

B efore I moved to Nashville, I had pre-conceived notions of what the South was like. Thoughts of southern hospitality were steeped in dreams of down-home cooking, front porches swaying, and tall glasses of sweet tea and lemonade. In the two years I spent becoming acclimated to the South (I hail from the great white North of Wisconsin), I came to realize through my experiences that this dreamy vision of southern living does not extend to all southern tenants. Despite this unsettling truth, I learned the meaning of “southern hospitality.”

At Second Harvest Food Bank, I would “open shop” for the meal I would prepare. For creating the first meal, I purchased meatballs, benches, potatoes, spinach, salad, and fruit. I was able to cook meatball soup, served with a side-salad, and fruit for dessert. The trucks that we used to deliver the food proved to be another challenge. Up until my first day of service, I had never driven anything larger than a four-door sedan, so I was anxious to say the least. The large, white Chevys are cumbersome with their oversized cabs where food, clothing, medicine, and hygienic products are stocked. Hot water tanks in the back provide for hot coffee and tea to be served with the meals.

On our first day out, the weather was cold, and there were snow flurries in the forecast. I cautiously drove myself and two volunteers downtown and made several stops to inform people that we would be serving in the church parking lot. I was surprised to see how many people showed up the first day. We served close to thirty-five people during the entire day. The second week we met, I brought him a pair of slippers and a small backpack in which I had placed a pair of sandals for later wear. Around the sixth week, Ricky asked me for a three-dollar co-payment for a prescription that he needed to help control a respiratory infection he had contracted from being out in the cold. He had insurance coverage but no money for the small co-pay fee. I did not have any money with me on that Friday, but I directed him to the Campus for Human Development.

I had not seen Ricky in several weeks, and one Friday afternoon a friend of his told me that Ricky had been found in a hotel room where he had succumbed to his illness and suffocated to death. An infection that could have been controlled and treated resulted in a man’s death because he did not have accessibility to medicine.

My friendship with Cowboy also developed toward the end of my last semester in Divinity School. I discerned my vocation in the kitchen of Woodmont United Methodist Church in Nashville to attend Vanderbilt University, I found solidarity with my brothers and sisters by getting to know their faces and their stories over a shared meal. There is a mysterious power behind sharing a meal; one may call it “communion.”

My passion is cooking. When I moved to Nashville to attend Vanderbilt University, I took a position as House Director for a sorority on campus. The most coveted responsibility I held at the house was preparing the Monday night chapter dinners. Cooking for over 200 girls could be a daunting task; however, I gained tremendous insight into the artistry of large-scale cooking. As the weeks passed, I began to notice that occasionally more food had been prepared than was consumed. Not wanting the food to go to waste, I was motivated to look for constructive ways to give the food to those in need.

In a chance meeting after final examinations, I met Tally Schuyler, Director of Nashville’s Mobile Loaves and Fishes, a program that serves lunches and provides clothing and hygienic items to the homeless and working poor of Nashville. Although the peanut butter and jelly or the meat and cheese sandwiches that are regularly served are adequate, my desire was to serve hot, home-cooked meals for individuals. During my final semester in Divinity School, I discerned my vocation in the kitchen of Woodmont Christian Church’s South Hall where I prepared meals for the homeless of Nashville who waited every Friday in the parking lot of the downtown First Baptist Church. It is through this weekly venture that I truly realized that it was full of sugar. At this moment I realized the power and truth in hospitality—a man I had come to serve, served me. It was in that moment that I realized my vocation to its fullest; I am called not just to serve charity to the homeless and displaced, but I am called to be in relationship with the homeless as neighbor.

What I have learned thus far, and am continuing to learn, is that charity can be unintentionally demeaning. Too often charity comes in a hierarchical model; the privileged serving the poor. This model assumes that the individual receiving the charity has nothing to offer in return, and discourages the possibility of sustainable change.

My position of privilege and my theological education require me to seek solidarity with others. I find solidarity with my brothers and sisters by getting to know their faces and their stories over a shared meal. There is a mysterious power behind sharing a meal; one may call it “communion.”

As I continue to prepare meals, I find I am living into a call to re-envision hospitality. What I discovered while studying at the Divinity School and from my field education placement at Mobile Loaves and Fishes is that I am not called to save the world by preaching memorable sermons. I am called to feed people.

The essayist currently serves as a campus minister for Central United Methodist Church in Kansas City, Missouri, where she is developing an initiative to serve the hungry.
THE RECIPE FOR Dignity

BY ZACHAREY AUSTIN CARMICHAEL, BA’10, MDIV

Caitlin Dally purchased the ingredients for the Friday meals from Second Harvest Food Bank of Middle Tennessee, an organization founded in 1978 by citizens concerned about the presence of hunger within their community. The organization collects food that would be discarded, inspects the food, and distributes it to non-profit agencies dedicated to serving the hungry. Due to the donations provided by individuals and agencies, Second Harvest is able to provide high quality food at significantly reduced prices. An example of Caitlin’s expenditures for a typical meal can be seen in Column 3 of the table.

In order to prepare the meal, Caitlin was able to use, free of charge, the kitchen facilities of Woodmont Christian Church. After preparing the meal at Woodmont, Caitlin drove a catering truck provided by Mobile Loaves and Fishes to First Baptist Church on Broadway where she served the meal in the church’s parking lot. Mobile Loaves and Fishes uses catering trucks to distribute food to displaced persons and holds the costly food vendor’s license Caitlin needed to serve food legally within Nashville’s city limits. For more information about Second Harvest and Mobile Loaves and Fishes, please visit their websites at www.secondharvestmidtn.org and www.mlfnow.org.

Caitlin’s primary objective was to provide a meal that was not only inexpensive but also filling, nutritious, and inviting. Although the qualitative characteristics of her meals are difficult to evaluate, the meal’s nutritional components can be compared to a quantifiable benchmark. According to the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA), a healthy diet consists of four major food groups: grains, meats, vegetables, and dairy products (Column 1). The USDA recommends that each food group be consumed in quantities listed in Column 5. Assuming that an individual eats three meals per day, these daily portions can be divided by three to obtain a rough approximation of the portion size of each food group needed per meal. These figures are listed in Column 6 and will serve as the standard with which to compare the nutritional qualities of Caitlin’s meal. Column 2 displays the quantity of each food group Caitlin purchased. The figures in Column 2 were divided by the number of people being served (60) in order to obtain the amount of food received by a single individual, and this conversion is reflected in Column 4.

Grains surpassed the standard recommended portion, and the vegetable and meat food groups achieved 90% and 80% of the standard respectively. The only food group not addressed in Caitlin’s meal was dairy although Parmesan cheese was used as a topping for the spaghetti. The lack of a dairy component accounts for the shortage of total cup servings. .74 cups as opposed to the recommended 1.83 cups; however, out of a total of 3.83 oz recommended for the other food groups, the meal supplied 3.40 oz, which comprised 80% of the recommended portion size.

Before making a final evaluation of Caitlin’s meal, there are three items that need to be addressed. First, the salad was composed primarily of spinach, which is one of the most nutritious vegetables to include in a diet. Spinach is extremely rich in antioxidants and contains many vitamins and minerals that are not found in lettuce or other typical salad greens. Furthermore, Caitlin often had surplus feed, thereby allowing individuals to receive more than one serving. It is also important to note that Caitlin provided only one meal among three that should compose an individual’s daily intake. Therefore, Caitlin’s meal did not need to contain all of the components of the USDA dietary recommendations. For instance, the daily recommended serving of dairy products can be met at breakfast or dinner and does not necessarily need to be consumed at lunch. So based on the quantifiable evidence and these additional notes, it stands to reason that Caitlin did provide a nutritional meal that was filling to those she served.

To highlight simply the nutritional aspects of Caitlin’s meal would be a disservice to her work. Caitlin recognized the importance of the image she portrayed to those she served. The most vivid illustration of this was her use of glass plates and stainless steel utensils to serve meals with as opposed to using paper or plastic tableware. Not only was this environmentally friendly, but Caitlin also conveyed a message of importance and dignity to those whom she served. The heart of her ministry is revealed through her understanding of the role of the humble servant, namely to be aware of the unspoken attitudes conveyed to those seeking a warm meal.

Caitlin’s efforts reveal the importance of integrating organizations that have common interests. Woodmont Christian Church, Second Harvest, and Mobile Loaves and Fishes all have a commonality in that they provide resources to serve hungry individuals and, in their collective energies allowed Caitlin to make a significant difference in the lives of others. Perhaps Caitlin’s example will provide motivation for other servants to be creative in their efforts to help those who are hungry.

Upon defending his senior thesis titled “Exploring the Determinants of Rising Almond Pollination Fees in the United States,” the essayist received his baccalaureate in economics with departmental honors from the College of Arts and Sciences. He is enrolled in the Divinity School and in the Graduate School where he is pursuing the master of divinity degree and the master of arts degree in economic development while serving as the editorial assistant for The Spire.

### Multiples Under $10: A Recipe to Serve 60

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price per Pound/Total Cost (in U.S. dollars)</th>
<th>Numbers of Servings per Person</th>
<th>Daily Recommended Serving Size</th>
<th>Daily Recommended Serving Size per Meal</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grains</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bread (white)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaghetti (whole)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meat</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meatballs</td>
<td>4 lb (64 oz)</td>
<td>0.25/1.00</td>
<td>1.07 oz</td>
<td>5.50 oz</td>
<td>1.83 oz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetables</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canned Tomatoes</td>
<td>1 large can</td>
<td>0.36</td>
<td>0.21 cup</td>
<td>–</td>
<td>–</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Onions (1 lb (16 oz))</td>
<td>0.03 cup</td>
<td>–</td>
<td>–</td>
<td>–</td>
<td>–</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salad (8 cups)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Dairy/Other Cheese</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheese (topping)</td>
<td>1 lb (16 oz)</td>
<td>0.17</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td>–</td>
<td>–</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheese</td>
<td>1 lb</td>
<td></td>
<td>–</td>
<td>–</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coffee</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
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<td></td>
<td>23 lb (36 oz)</td>
<td>55.43</td>
<td>3.40 oz</td>
<td>11.50 oz</td>
<td>3.83 oz</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 Prices provided by Caitlin Dally.
2 Prices provided by Caitlin Dally.
3 Prices provided by Caitlin Dally.

### The Spire

**Fall 2010**
A Sermon for Holy Wednesday

T he dean has charged the worship committee with providing services that are “from the whole community, for the whole community.” No single service can accomplish that goal by itself. The charge calls for different approaches in different weeks. This week’s service grows out of North American Reformed and Presbyterian Christian traditions. I hope you will feel free to pray with me, pray against me, or not pray at all: to regard the whole service with the detached curiosity of a sociologist or the benevolently skeptical eye of a critical ironist. You may well find yourself moving between these postures as the service develops. I may, too.

In the Western Christian liturgical year, today is Wednesday of Holy Week. Holy Wednesday is not a great day. There is no grand dramatic ritual, as there is for each of the days that follow: Some traditions have maintained and beaten an effigy of Judas, but that is one practice better left behind. Wednesday of Holy Week is a day of preparation, a lesser day, a day to get ready for the great Three Days to come. A Sermon for Holy Wednesday to get ready for that great mystery? I have no idea. But we can start by saying “No” to worship—or any other texts also requires a lie about the character of the covenant. Lamentations are from the whole community, “from the whole community, for the whole community,” no single service can accomplish that goal by itself. The charge calls for different approaches in different weeks. This week’s service grows out of North American Reformed and Presbyterian Christian traditions. I hope you will feel free to pray with me, pray against me, or not pray at all: to regard the whole service with the detached curiosity of a sociologist or the benevolently skeptical eye of a critical ironist. You may well find yourself moving between these postures as the service develops. I may, too.

When biblical texts seem yoked impossibly to supersessionism, Christian preachers need to sharpen our vision and our preaching nerves by remembering some core theological convictions. Supersessionism involves not just the crudest —the lists of Gentiles who lie about Jews that involves lies about the cross and lies about the character of God.

The worst forms of supersessionism invite Christians to bear false witness against Jews in ways that distort the theological significance of the cross of the one who dedicated his life to the service of God. "What could Christians do this Holy Wednesday to get ready for that great mystery? I have no idea. But we can start by saying “No” to worship—or any other texts also requires a lie about the character of the covenant. Lamentations are from the whole community, “from the whole community, for the whole community,” no single service can accomplish that goal by itself. The charge calls for different approaches in different weeks. This week’s service grows out of North American Reformed and Presbyterian Christian traditions. I hope you will feel free to pray with me, pray against me, or not pray at all: to regard the whole service with the detached curiosity of a sociologist or the benevolently skeptical eye of a critical ironist. You may well find yourself moving between these postures as the service develops. I may, too.

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I have come across the Atlantic ocean. I think my brother who has known each other very well. I hear this story of how I homeschooled Chris when he is thin and sad. Her hair is malnourished, too. She is there for a counseling session. She sits beside me is a young girl waiting to see him, the carpet lush under my feet. Sitting tom made furniture, the lighting so heavenly. It is beautiful. I want to be the one who feels these clean, uncomplicated feelings of appreciation for her. The gap between me and my mother turns from warmth to suffocation with-out warning. We are eight years apart and have never known each other very well. I hear this called to say “Christmas.” I am living in Pittsburgh, finishing an MFA. We don’t talk often. The dialogue is slow at first, but he begins to ask me questions about my divorce, about what I will do for work, about why I went away to France after college in ‘91, about why I won’t come home for Christmas. He points out that I have walked away from two rich men, a husband in ‘95 and a fiancé in ‘97, neither of whom cared if I went to school, or worked, or learned. He doesn’t understand why do I do one. I don’t have answers for him. It is the conversation changes when he brings up mother.

“She wasted her life. I don’t want to do that. I don’t want to waste my life like her.” It comes out in a rush of frustration. I have never heard myself say this.

“You think she wasted her life?” There is a deep, quiet shock in my brother’s voice.

“I don’t think she wasted her life,” he replies. I am glad he is not angry. His words relieve me. He loves our mother and believes her life has been good. Mother’s life means something beautiful to him. I can hear in his voice he feels loved by her, accepted, cherished. I know that feeling, too, for me it turns from warmth to suffocation with-out warning.

“We are eight years apart and have never known each other very well. I hear this man speak of his mother. It is lovely. It is beautiful. I want to be the one who feels these clean, uncomplicated feelings of appreciation for her. The gap between me and my mother closes as I imagine the source of his feelings and remember the careful way she has packed his lunches and sorted his clean laundry according to color, so it would be easier for him to pack his gym bag.

Then, an ugliness rises up in me. An angry little liveliness. Living life cold. It stands up straight and speaks.

“You were raised by her!” I raise my voice to her, “I say. The phone line goes quiet.

“Oh,” he says, finally. “Oh. We are both uncomfortable with what has been put into words.

2010 August

I have finished mother’s laundry and am putting away her clothes in her dresser drawers before I come back to Nashville to begin my third year of theological studies at Vanderbilt Divinity School.

“We are so pretty and faaaaat. Do you just eat everything you want all the time all day long?”

She stares at me like a character from a Dickens story, a child marvelling at a plump socialite imagining the bowls of cream and plates of meat must she eat to accomplish such roundness.

“What is your name?” she asks in a sweet voice.


“You are Mama?” she asks, confused.

“I am Jane. You are my mother.”

“Oh, my Jane. I am so proud of you. I love you so.”

She has locked in on who I am and asks me about Annie and Stan and Mason and Sally and Chris for the fifth time that day. She doesn’t get all the names right, but she knows what she means, and so do I. She tells me the story of how I homeschooled Chris when he had his “troubles,” and she tells me about Mason and how I became his mother and stood up for him to his “real” mother (she is still the “real one”), and she tells how I found my way with Sally, and how I have granddaughters and how I have a son-in-law who has the same immune problem Daddy does.

“You saved them. They needed you.”

Having a family—as unnatural as it is—the one accomplishment I have done that she can remember and relate to now. “Their saved me. Mama,” I say. “Oh, I am so proud of you,” she starts over, “I love you so.”

To wrap up the cycle, I ask a new ques-tion. “What is your most favorite thing about me, Mother?” I make a face and we laugh. I love that I can make her laugh.

“Oh, you never gave me one minute of trouble,” she says, “She never really gave me trouble. You never did one thing to hurt your mother.”

“Oh, Mother,” I say.

“What is your name?” she asks with fresh curiosity.

2010 October

Constructive criticism from a second cousin who tells me, “Women should be mothers, not ministers.” Then she inquires, “What is your profession?”

What do you say to those voices—in the world and in your own head—who want to know what tradition legitimizes you, what Scripture says about you, where God is in all this?

2010 November

In my prayer I ask God to guide me. I ask God to show me the way, to make me a good mother, to show me my ministry, and my dream becomes a nightmare.

I am training at a church to become a chaplain. The pastor is dashing. He has the most magnificent mane of hair I have ever seen, chestnut brown in thick, well-behaved waves all over his head, cut at the perfect angle to accent his chiseled jaw. The congregation loves him and is growing in membership under his care.

I wait outside his office in a newly reno-vated space, perfectly appointed with cus-tom made furniture, the lighting so heavenly and the carpet looks lush under my feet. Sitting beside me is a young woman waiting to see him, too. She is there for a counselling session. She is thin and sad. Her hair is malnourished, hanging like damp yarn over her skull. Her fingernails grow to an astonishing length. They appear to be painted black until I real-ize the color comes from dark blood pooling in the tissue under her nails.

I suddenly imagine her laughing with friends, surfboards stuck to a parking lot to a picking set under a shade tree. She is happy and calm. She knows who she is, unworried, interested in life.

She turns to speak to me and narrates ter-rible scenes from her life, the actions she commits against herself, the actions others have committed against her, the way life falls through the cracks, the dead body I have to touch up my hand, and she recoils. Her eyes are ashy circles of black construction paper, held together with Elmer’s glue: She reaches up to case one of the circles back into place before the glue dries.

“Your are not going to save me,” she says, and tells me more. I hear the horrible words, not even sure at first I can process, but what I know most of all is they are not real. She is in there somewhere, knocking these words together like pieces of flint, trying to ignite the light of her own soul.

I tell her I love her, and she suddenly attaches herself to my breast, like an infant, and cries. The pastor comes over smiling, I ask him what to do, and he says to follow the Book of Order.

Her parents arrive in a metallic sand-colored Audi. They are dressed in beautiful evening gowns. They say, “You are so happy I am going to take their daughter. They are more dead than she is.”

I ask God to show me the way, to make me a good mother, to show me my ministry, and my dream becomes a nightmare.

“Such a handful,” they say.

“No, I can’t!” I say. I take the girl and unlatch her from my breast and put her in the trunk of their car. They are disappointed, and the pastor is angry because they did not write a check for her counselling session.

“I don’t think I got the right training for this,” I exclaim.

“Follow the Book of Order,” Pastor Hand-some says, “but Next time, get check before you put her in the trunk.”

I go home. I stand behind my chest in white cloth and feel dusks. Annie Grace and I read a book. She sounds out the letters and makes words. I feel the life coming back to me, staring white candles all over the house, and we sit breathing in the light. I think of the girl in the trunk of her parents’ car. I know I can’t save her, but I can imagine her at that picnic in the sun, and I hold that picture of hers in case it helps her find her way there one day.

I wake up worried about Annie. She is sound asleep, both dogs curled up on the bed with her. I worry about the church and the girl. Mason is visiting this weekend. I look in on him, asleep in the blue TV light. I fly to Minneapolis Monday, I put clothes from the washer into the dryer and press the start button. I bring coffee back to bed and wake Stan, and tell him about the dream. We talk, until Annie and the dogs get up.

“You will be late for church if you don’t get up.”

“Just give me an interpretation,” I say.

“Oh,” he says… “The church is dead. The pastor is dashing. He has the most magnificent mane of hair, and does and the best they can to ignite a spark of feeling alive. We’ve been them. We could be there again. You can’t mother everyone who comes to you with need. You don’t have to revise the church or the girl. If you stay con-nected to God, if you let God live in you, you can see them with God’s eyes. You can see God in them, and you can live a life that exhibits your love for God, but that’s all you can do. You are a human being. You can’t do what only God can do, but you can let God do something through you. And following the Book of Order isn’t bad advice, though it will only get you so far. It doesn’t matter if you are at Martha O’Hare Center or at Sunday school in Brentwood, all you can do is follow the rules and see God in everybody you meet, no matter who they are or what you’ve done.”

“Nice,” I say. “Or it could have been the onion rings we ate at midnight.”

On my way to the tea service, I turn on the radio and hear the last few seconds of an interview with musician Mark Ronson. The music plays…

“I want somebody to love me” I want it right now. I want to be nice to you. See the boy I once was in my eyes Nobody’s gonna save my life.”

Writing About Religion.

In two years after divinity school, I have learned that the only resolution to the theo-logical tension wrought by conflicts between the heart and the head is joy. Joy comes from the Spirit and engulfs the calculating mind and the wanting, worried heart. You can no more manipulate joy than you can the Spirit. Ministry must be courageous enough to hold a vision for joy until we are delivered from the nightmare.


The author earned her baccalaureate in interdisci-plinary studies from the University of Tennessee before receiving the master of fine arts degree from the University of Pittsburgh. Her essay is from a chapter in an autobiography composed during the 2010 fall semester for the course, Writing About Religion.
Joseph Fred Loutiz Jr., BA’48, BIL’47, DM’90, has received the Lifetime Achievement Award for Human Rights from the Tennessee Human Rights Commission. He currently serves as chairperson of the Tennessee Fair Housing Council and as board chairman of the World Cultural Exchange.

James Heining, BD’53, is the author of Name, Race, Gender, and the Chaos of My Last Visit, published by the San Diego Museum of Man.

Patricia Beatie Jung, MA’74, PhD’79, is an author of God, Science, Sex, and Gender: An Interdisciplinary Approach to Christian Sexual Ethics, published by University of Illinois Press. Co-authored by Amaa Marie Vign, the book follows the intersection of theology and science and incorporates feminist theory. The essays address how human sexuality and gender function within Christian contexts and investigate the complexity of sexuality in humans and other species. Jung serves as the DOLP A. Poppelke Professor of Health and Welfare Ministries, as professor of Christian ethics, and as the academic dean for curriculum and degrees at Paul School of Theology in Kansas City, Missouri.

Glen Stewart, MDiv’74, DMin’75, is the author of the article “A Wrinkle in Time: No More Trip to Haiti Could Prepare Me for the Chaos of My Last Visit,” published in the Alumni point of view section in the 2010 spring issue of Vindemtert Magazine.

Edward A. Malloy, C.S.C., PhD’75, president, emeritus, of the University of Notre Dame, is the author of Monte’s Tale: The Pilgrimage Begins, 1941-1972, published by the University of Notre Dame Press. This is the first volume of a five-part autobiography that chronicles his life from his beginnings as a middle-class Irish American Catholic boy with a gift for basketball, to his calling to become a Roman Catholic priest, to his earning a doctorate in Christian ethics from Vanderbilt University.

Karl A. Plank, MDiv’77, PhD’93, has received a Boswell Faculty Fellowship for a sabbatical to pursue research on biblical intertextuality and modern Jewish literature and thought. He is also the recipient of the Hunter-Mellon Press. Plank is an adjunct professor of Old Testament at Eden Theological Seminary in Decatur, Georgia, and minister, emeritus, at First Christian Church in Marietta, Georgia.

Lane Wayne Saunders, MDiv’73, serves as caretaker for Counter Culture: The Secret Lives of Games, an exhibition on the anthropology of video games on display at the San Diego Museum of Man.

Ann B. Day, MD’78, president of the E. Rhodes and Leona B. Carpenter Foundation, received the annual PRIDE Interfaith Award during the 2010 PRIDE Interfaith Coalition for LGBTQ Concerns, serving from 1987–2007. The initiative assists UCC congregations and other settings in developing public statements of welcome into their full life and ministry to persons of all sexual orientations, gender identities, and gender expressions.

Cliff Cain, DMin’81, was the 2010 recipient of the Franklin College Faculty Teaching Excellence Award given to faculty members who exhibit excellence in “mastery of subject, effective communication of information, respect for all students, and a belief that all students can learn.” Cain, who serves as professor of philosophy and religion at the Indiana university of higher learning, has been named professor, emeritus, and now teaches in the department of classics, philosophy, and religion at Western Minnesota College in Missouri.

Luke Gregory, MA’81, assistant vice chancellor for health affairs and chief business development officer for Vanderbilt University Medical Center, has assumed an expanded role and expanded development opportunities for the Monroe Carell Jr. Children’s Hospital at Vanderbilt. According to The Reporter, the medical center’s newspaper, Gregory will devote much of his time to the mission of maternal and child care.

Samuel J.T. Boone, MD’83, has retired from the United States Army after more than thirty-eight years of service. His final tour of duty was as the Commandant of the United States Army Chaplain Center and School.

Among the awards he has received are the Defense Superior Service Medal, the Legion of Merit, the Joint Service Achievement Medal, the Army Commendation Medal, the Joint Services Achievement Medal, the Senior Army Aviator Badge, and the Air Assault Badge. He was inducted into the Fort Benning Officer Candidate School’s Hall of Fame, Yale, Dartmouth, and Annapolis. As the Virginia Rice Kelsey Deen of the William Jewell College Foundation and Services, the first minister to receive the Interfaith Award, Reverend Day also was the first Open and Affirming (ONA) program coordinator for the United Church of Christ Coalition for LGBTQ Concerns, serving from 1987–2007. The initiative assists UCC congregations and other settings in developing public statements of welcome into their full life and ministry to persons of all sexual orientations, gender identities, and gender expressions.


Marcia Mount Shoop, MD’76, is the author of Let the Bones Dance: Embodiment and the Body of Christ, published by Westminster John Knox Press. The book is Shoop’s response to contemporary Christianity’s practice to address spiritual, mental, and emotional issues but to ignore the body: consequently, many believers are uncomfortable with their bodies. Shoop addresses this “dis-ease” with a theology that is attentive to physical experience and suggests how worship services can more fully involve the body of every person of whom we are—including our flesh and blood bodies.

Carol Rhode, a professor of religion at Furman University, is the author of Ernst Troeltsch and Comparative Theology, published by Peter Lang Publishing Group. Nix investigates the methodological approaches of theologians Troeltsch and Robert Niebuhr for discerning Christian normativity and argues that both thinkers offer creative insights for theology that make possible a critical comparison of trust claims regarding the validity of Alumnus/Class Notes

Marion Holcomb, the author of The Fascinating Man: A Boomer Woman’s Search for Meaning, and a Job, published by Village Books.

Eileen Crawford, MTS’94, associate director of the Vanderbilt University Divinity Library, recently helped establish a modern library at Zambia International Theological College in Kalushushi, Zambia. Crawford trained her Zambian colleagues on applying bar codes and Library of Congress labels to books and on adding volumes to the library’s database.

Musa Dube, MA’96, PhD’97, received the Ann Baskovska Courage Award at the Scarritt-Bennett Center’s annual awards dinner on November 20, 2009. She serves as a professor of religion and intercultural studies at the University of Botswana where she became the first Motswana woman professor on the humanities faculty. In the African theological scholarship, Dube initiated curriculum revisions in the context of HIV and AIDS by introducing relative literature, articulating an HIV and AIDS theology, and training other scholars on mainstreaming HIV and AIDS in the curriculum.
of Christianity in and for a historically con- cious age.

David Hadley Jensen, PhD’99, was inaug- urated as the 14th president of the University at Austin Protestant Theological Semi- nary on March 11, 2010. His latest published work is a chapter titled “The Bible and Sex” in the book The Ethics of Sex, Food, Desire, and Sexuality in Christianity pub- lished by Fortress Press.

David Perkins, MDiv’03, was featured in the cover story of the 2009 fall issue of his undergraduate alma mater’s magazine, Col- giate Connexion. He is currently writ- ing his dissertation for the graduate depart- ment of religion at Vanderbilt University and serves as the administrative director of the Program in Religion in the Arts and Contemporary Culture at the Divinity School.

Mark Edward DeCiligian, MTS’04, writes that he and Amy Levad were mar- ried in June 2007. Upon defending his dis- sertation, “Bad of Caesarea’s Anti-Euromini- an Theory of Names,” which explores epis- temological differences in the fourth-cen- tury Trinitarian debates, DeCiligian was graduated from Emory University in August 2009. He and his wife have moved from Emory University to College of Charleston, South Carolina, where they serve as an assistant professor and the Program in Religion in the Arts and Contemporary Culture at the Divinity School.


Emily Rebecca Einstein, MDiv’07, and Adam Russell Hill, JD’08, were married on May 30, 2009, at Cove Presbyterian Church of Covington, Virginia. The couple was mar- ried at the church where the bride’s mother serves as the minister. Einstein is employed by the Tennessee Justice Center, and Hill is in private practice as an attorney.

Woodrow Lucas, MTS’07, was one of two recipients of a doctoral TrailBlazer Award for 2009 from the National Black MBA Asso- ciation at its annual meeting in New Orleans.

Michelle R. Nelson, DMin’07, serves as a reference and instruction librarian for Ili- nois Central College in East Peoria.

Craig Pope, MDiv’07, and Ashley Pope welcomed their firstborn, a son named Benjamin Andrew, to their home on July 3, 2009.

Troy Stemen, MTS’07, and Liz Delise welcomed their second child, a son named Theodore Stewart, to their home on January 8, 2010.

Anna Russell Kelly, MDiv’08, and Chris- topher Knox Frindt, MTS’07, were mar- ried on May 29, 2010, at Christ Church Cathedral in Nashville, Tennessee.

Lynn Myrick, MTS’08, and her husband, Joe Voignt, have moved to Campana Pampa in southern Bolivia where they are working as Roman Catholic missionaries at the Universidad Catolica Amelia Campusia, a rural col- lege that is a division of the Catholic Uni- versity of Bolivia. As missionaries, they are teaching English, working in campus mini- stry, and serving as mentors to first-year students at the Franciscan university.

Lillian Hallstrand Strohman, MDiv’09, was ordained as a minister in the United Church of Christ on July 25, 2010, in Benton Chapel. She currently serves as a chaplain in the department of pastoral care at Vanderbilt University Medical Center.

Caitlin Dally, MTS’10, and Steven Mason, MDiv’10, were married on October 16, 2010, in Benton Chapel at Vanderbilt University.

Zachary Gresham, MTS’10, and Rachel Gresham welcomed their first child, a son named Joff Eliot, on July 11, 2010. Gresham is pursuing his doctorate at the University of Notre Dame.

Justin Reilly, MTS’10, and Crist Johnson Reilly welcomed their first child, a son named Samuel August, on August 1, 2010. Reilly serves as regional coordinator for the Justice and Peace Commission of the Diocese of Richmond, Virginia, and focuses on issues in developing leadership among parishioners for the work of social ministry.

Selah Woody, MTS’10, serves as the admin- istrative assistant for the master of arts organizational leadership program at Devel- opment Associates International, a nonprofit or- ganization in Colorado Springs, Colo- rado, dedicated to providing education and developing mentors for Christian lead- ers and their ministries.

Eldow Fleming, BD’33, on December 3, 2009, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, at the age of 83. He was a United States Marine veteran having served in the Pacific during World War II and was a United Methodist minister, serving various churches in the West Virginia, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Nebraska Con- ferences. He also taught summer classes at the St. Paul School of Theology in Kansas City, Missouri, and was the associate pastor at Washington United Methodist Church in Washington, West Virginia.

David L. Rollins, A’33, on June 27, 2010, of Nashville, Tennessee, at the age of 87. He served as president of Allied Van Lines, Frank’s Franchise in Nashville while attending Wittenberg Col- lege. He enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1941 and after the war helped start Nashville Wire Products with his father. He helped to develop Nashville Wire into a major company within the Point of Purchase Advertising Insti- tute and Wire Fabricators Association and was a member of the Bomber Group, an organization of men who served in World War II, either flying or maintaining the B17 airplane.

Hugh V. Ferguson, MDiv’94, on December 25, 2009, of Julian, North Carolina. A staff sergeant during World War II, he was awarded the Bronze Star for valor in combat and the Good Conduct Medal. He served several churches in the Tennessee and Hud- ston conferences of the United Methodist Church.

Daniel W. Tohline, MDiv’94, on June 13, 2010, of Fort Worth, Texas, at the age of 84. After serving in the navy during World War II, he attended Centenary College where he trained for church ministry and furthered his education at Vanderbilt University and Southern Methodist University. He served churches in Tennessee, Colorado, and Louisiana.

Marvan Given Frame, MDiv’55, on July 5, 2010, of Charleston, South Carolina, at the age of 84 from the effects of Parkinson’s dis- ease. A World War II veteran of the Ameri- can Theatre of Operations, he was awarded an honorary doctor of letters from West Vir- ginia University.

F. Job Eliot, on July 11, 2010. Gresham welcomed their first child, a son, named Job Eliot, on July 11, 2010. Gresham is pursuing his doctorate at the University of Notre Dame.

Reverend Stine was a retired United Methodist minister who served churches in Illinois, Indiana, and Tennessee.

William Ralph Bruce, MDiv’99, on June 3, 2010, of Nashville, New Hampshire, at the age of 75. As a minister for the United Methodist Church, he served congregations in Massachusetts and New Hampshire for thirty years.

Richard E. Hermann, BD’64, on January 17, 2010, of Columbus, Ohio, at the age of 70. A retired United Methodist minis- ter for the Tennessee Conference, he also served as chaplain at Advocate Christ Medical Center in Oak Lawn, Illinois.

Clifton C. Johnston, MDiv’63, on July 13, 2010, of Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, at the age of 70. A retired United Methodist minis- ter for the Tennessee Conference, he also served as chaplain at Advocate Christ Medical Center in Oak Lawn, Illinois.

Francis Aubrey Award for fostering United Methodist leadership. In his capacity as a deputy prosecutor in the Tennessee Court of Appeals. During his tenure at DePauw, he organized mission trips to Haiti, Guatemala, and the Philippines and led two over twenty thousand students participated.

John C. Snyder Jr., BD’57, on August 11, 2009, of Georgetown, South Carolina. He served the Georgetown County Advisory Board to the Coastal Carolina University and was a member of the Board of Directors. He served in the position of president.

David Perkins, MDiv’03, featured in the cover story of the 2009 fall issue of his undergraduate alma mater’s magazine, Col- giate Connexion. He is currently writ- ing his dissertation for the graduate depart- ment of religion at Vanderbilt University and serves as the administrative director of the Program in Religion in the Arts and Contemporary Culture at the Divinity School.
Friends of the Divinity School

June Wheeler Blankenship, on September 15, 2009, of Nashville, Tennessee, at the age of 83. Beloved wife of H. Fred Blankenship, MDV’48, she taught school and Sunday school for children and adults, organized United Methodist Youth Fellowships and 4-H clubs, Bible schools, and Brownie troops, and was a leader in the United Methodist Women serving as the organization’s president.

Idella Harrelson, on September 9, 2009, wife of Vanderbilt University Divinity School dean and professor, revolver, Walker Harrelson.

Rachel Love Steele, on August 7, 2010, of Nashville, Tennessee, at the age of 38. An attorney, she served as an elder for the Downtown Presbyterian Church in Nashville.

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Katherine Cotten Oates, MDiv’84, and Charles R. Peartree

J. Scott Moore, BS’74, and Linda Norton

Eric M. Nitzberg, MTS’01

In memory of Mrs. Emma Ruth Osborn

Jane Ellen Nickell, MDiv’00

Donald A. Nunnelly, DMin’84

LaCretia Myser

In memory of Professor James P. Burns Jr.

G. Frank Nason, BA’83

Spencer C. Murray, PhD’71

Andrea Roth Murdock, MTS’02

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Paul Morris III, MA’87

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Roderick K. Morgan, MDiv’74, DMin’75

Jennifer Stokes Morgan, MTS’97

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Donald N. Nichols, Oberlin’65

Spencer C. Murray, PhD’71

James J. H. Price, MA’72, PhD’77

In honor of Professor Amy-Jill Levine

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A. Michael M. Watson, DMin’75

James C. Norton, BA’75, MDiv’78, and Linda Norton

Eric M. Nitzberg, MTS’01

Mark E. Overlock, JD’87, MDiv’87, and

Derek F. Danielson, DMin’85

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Michael L. Morgan, MDiv’74

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W. Garie Taylor, MDiv’61

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Juliette S. Scott, MDiv’67

Walter Harrellson

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Randy Ziegler, MDiv’83

Randy Ziegler, MDiv’83

Gary C. Stinchcomb, MDiv’84

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Sandy P. Shawhan, MDiv’97

Andrew R. Peterson, MDiv’93

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Donna E. Treadway, MTS’89

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Carol B. Zwick, G’75

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Janet Stokes Morgan, MTS’79

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Carol B. Zwick, G’75

Carol B. Zwick, G’75

In memory of Mr. William Maurice Jarvis

Randy Ziegler, MDiv’83

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by Samuel L. Dunson, Jr.
American (born 1970, Dayton, Ohio)
oil on canvas
35”x 43”
courtesy of Ken Morrow
from the exhibition
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