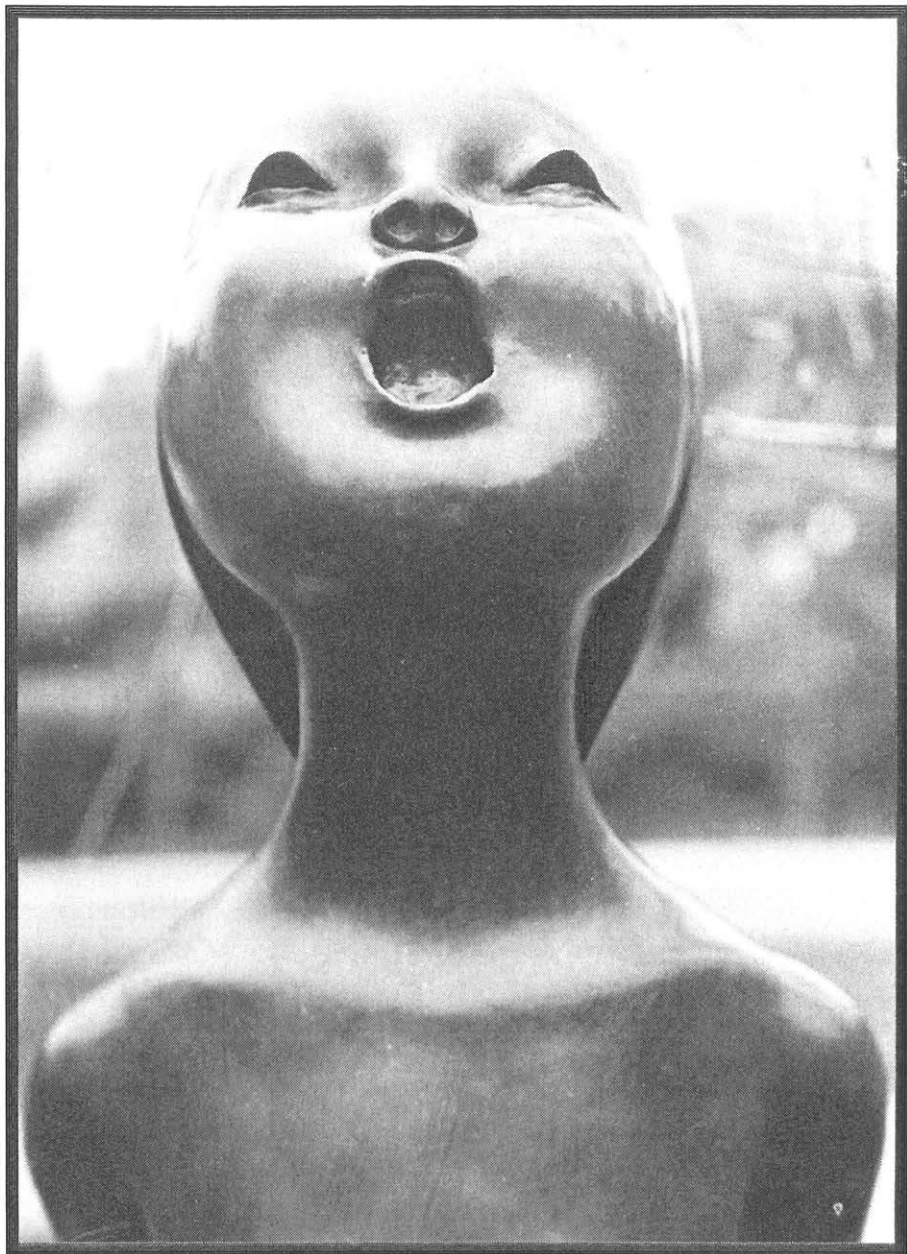


PHOTO: LYNNE MIKULAK



VOICE

EDITORS

Melanie Mowinski
Kate Ott

This journal strives to explore the experience of voice and voicelessness in women's lives. It delves into the times in our lives when something or someone has affected our sense of self; has moved us to do, to become, to feel, to see, to know differently, or to know more of ourselves--whether it leaves us to grope in seeming darkness, or to shout and holler from clarity.

Its founding emerged from a series of conversations among the women at YDS who came each week to a discussion group at our Women's Center. Each woman expressed, poignantly, moments when voice was lost and the various struggles to reassert oneself and one's creative living.

VOICE is a forum of writing, art and ideas published by the Women's Center at Yale University Divinity School. It is a yearly publication. Submissions of poetry, fiction, sermons, photography and art are encouraged for Spring of 2000. It is open to present students, faculty, staff, spouses and graduates.

VOICE

The Women's Center
Yale Divinity School
New Haven, CT 06511

VOICE

SPRING 1999

Speak your mind...
even if your voice shakes.
Margaret Kuhn

CONTENTS

	Editors Remarks	
SHELLY COPELAND	Liberated Theological Silence	1
LETTY RUSSELL	Wise Women Bearing Gifts: God With Us	2
ANDREA BUNDY	Three Dittes	3
SALLY BROWN	God In Pursuit	4
LINDA CARLETON	Big Bang I.	5
AMY JOHNSON	Living in God's "Kingdom"!	6
ANNE NAPOLI	Poem	8
JULIE DAVIS	Rage	9
LETTY RUSSELL	Wise Women Bearing Gifts: By Whose Authority	10
KATE OTT	Schicksal	10
ERIN CRODDICK	Selective Memory	12
JANET WAGGONER	Cry for Healing: A Prayer for those Wounded by Domestic Violence	13
MARY KEENAN	A Voice on the Other End of the Line	14
ANDREA BUNDY	A Symmetry of Sorts	15
KATE OTT	A Mother's Closing	16
SHELLY RAMBO	Untitled	16
LETTY RUSSELL	Wise Women Bearing Gifts: Rachel Weeping	17
CHARLOTTE WHITE	The Front Porch	18
GRETAL VAN WIEREN	Spring Run	20
C.FLEMING-SAWYERR	Anna, of Poe Street	21
JULIE DAVIS	The Progression of Time	22
LILLIAN FUCHS	Brooding (text)	23
MELANIE MOWINSKI	Brooding (image)	23
TAMARA WARHOL	A Summer as the Zoo	24
MANDY BRUMMER	Photo	25
SHELLY RAMBO	Preparing a Space	26
CONSTANCE PIERCE	Women's Voices	27
ZELDA KENNEDY	Meditation	28
ANNE NAPOLI	Watercolor with Text	29
CYNTHIA WEEMS	"Pura Chica"	30

CREDITS

EDITOR'S REMARKS

Melanie Mowinski

Kate Ott

Welcome to the Fourth Annual Edition of Voice. The 1999 VOICE publication process reflects the many highs and lows that encompass life's journey. This year we solicited submissions from current students, faculty and alums and received an impressive body of work. The journey through these pages, as in life, interrelates its intricacies in beautiful ways. We integrate the works to reflect the multitude of YDS women's voices and their experiences.

When recalling your own life, whose voice do you remember most? Funny how we rarely answer that question with "my own voice." In order to give such a response, we need to be ready to formulate our own ideas, to speak our individual beliefs and to listen to our deepest fears and desires. This process of formulating, speaking and listening breaks the silence that oppression creates. In saying "our" we mean the women in this volume and all those who gave them the strength to contribute their work.

This volume demonstrates the process of brewing thoughts and birthing ideas as narratives for the struggles relating to our lives as women. These experiences are unique and yet strangely collective. This volume voices the hardships and joys that witness our journeys. It includes our lives as women: mother, daughter, sister, lover, student, activist and thinker. The process we all go through in giving birth to ourselves as individual, valuable persons is spoken in these works. The form of delivery varies as we each do: prose, poetry, art, and sermons. The final step of listening to the voices is done by you, the reader. So, as you hear these women's voices we ask you to listen to your own voice. It should be the one you remember the most as you journey through life.

A special thanks is offered to all those who courageously shared their voices with us. As well as applause for the help of Lisa Meeder Turnball and the Office of External Relations. Her expertise, guidance and computer support enabled this publication of VOICE.

Why did I speak?
I could have kept quiet...
That was the way I always handled
Uncomfortable Situations
With silence, head hung low and eyes looking away.

Why did I speak?
When the easy way, the popular way, the safe way
Was silence.

I've witnessed injustice before, and minded my own business
And pretended that the pain in another's face was not my own
But this time it happened
It was an impulse
A power greater than myself took over
And love
For peace and justice
Spoke.

And I embarked upon a journey
A quest
A pilgrimage of soul
To overcome oppression
With love...

I like camels, but there is *a certain part of* Matthew 2 that presents us with many problems which have been compounded over the years of androcentric interpretation. So I have decided to give my birthday sermon on the Magi, inviting you to read Matthew 2 *against the grain* of patriarchal assumptions, looking between the cracks of the story for the *wise women* who also are bearing gifts for the Christ Child.¹

Matthew's birth narrative weaves traditional materials into the themes of his Gospel. Focusing on the fulfillment of Jewish tradition of the patriarchs, he begins his story with the faithful Joseph and a story of exile and return that recapitulates Israel's exile to Egypt and return to Canaan. Using the story in Numbers 22-24 of Balaam, the magi from Euphrates who comes with his two servants to Moab and receives an oracle to bless the Israelites, Matthew presents the Gentiles who come to find the Christ child. Like Balaam they prophesy that "a star shall come out of Judah," and the king shall be "exalted" [24:17,7].² They symbolize the nations coming to Christ, and foreshadow the end of the Gospel when the disciples are to carry the teaching of Jesus to all the nations. [Mt. 28:16-20].

Patriarchal order. A disturbing element in the story is that of the pervasive assumption of *patriarchal order*. The story is *for* everyone, but not *about* everyone. Few women appear in the story, and all the major players in Matthew's scenes are patriarchal figures. The genealogy in Matthew 1 reminds us of Moses' genealogy in Exodus 6:14-27 and situates us in this androcentric framework. We are presented with 39 *pairs* of male patriarchs in the fifteen verse "genealogy of Jesus the Messiah, the son of David, and the son of Abraham [Mt. 1:2-16].³ Joseph is the center of the story and, like the earlier Joseph, is a dreamer who receives guidance from God in protecting Mary and the Child [Gen. 37:19].

Women as an anomaly. Yet there are cracks in this particular framework. In 1:16 Matthew finally has to mention *the anomaly in his story*. Jesus was born of Mary and not of Joseph and the 39 fathers! He includes Tamar, Ruth, Rehab, and Bathsheba in the genealogy to show that God even uses women to save the people of Israel. They are viewed as dangerous women because they are outside the traditional patriarchal marriage or family structure, and this helps to make clear that God is also able to fulfill the divine promise through the unwed mother Mary.⁴

Joan Forsberg--Misfit. This experience of women as an anomaly or misfit in patriarchal order is familiar to many of us. For instance, at YDS there are so many white, males hanging on the walls of the common room and refectory that, if they are torn down, the architects will have a difficult time finding places for them. A few years ago when our wise woman Dean of Students, Joan Forsberg retired, some of us decided that there needed to be at least one misfit in the common room, and so she looks out at us each day reminding us of the wise gifts of love and care she brought to our school.

1. The title of this sermon reflects the title of a book on women preachers by Suzan D. Johnson, ed., *Wise Women Bearing Gifts: Joys and Struggles of Their Faith*, Valley Forge: Judson Press, 1988.

2. Raymond E. Brown, "Infancy Narratives in the NT Gospels," *The Anchor Bible Dictionary*, edited by David Noel Freedman, New York: Doubleday, 1992, Vol. 3: 412.

3. Elaine Wainwright, "The Gospel of Matthew," *Searching the Scriptures: A Feminist Commentary*, edited by Elisabeth Schussler Fiorenza, New York: Crossroad, 1994, II:641.

4. Wainwright, 643.

THREE DITTIES FROM THE LONESOME TRAIL

Andrea Bundy

1.

There is a part assigned to me
by men in our society
that doesn't necessarily
agree with thoughts I've had myself.

Did I make it up on my own?
Or was it -- sort of -- handed down?
How do I say these lines, again--
and where is it I get to frown?

2.

The blow fell Tuesday
left me reeling
staggering stumbling
barely feeling
a pulse of life.

Another one came
harder than the first
and Thursday morning
was the absolute worst
day of recent memory.

I was flattened, squashed,
knocked down, kaput--
struck from behind
by a hardwood bat.

As life changed course
no longer bemused
I faced a world
with a tearsoaked gaze.

So now I step
with a lighter tread
Lest someone else
have that aching head.

3.

Some of us
allow our lives
to be open books
with one large smudge
seeking kind
erasure.

Some may persist
in thinking that if
we extend kind graces
we'll receive like back
in spite of the
evidence.

Why, oh why
do I not seem
able to live as
the merciless do--
perfectly.

GOD IN PURSUIT

Sally J.D. Brown

Determined God, why do you pursue me
So constantly down the hallways
Of my years?
When I, frightened and tired,
run into a room,
And slam the door,
At last contented and at peace,
I turn around and see you there.
I feel your pull, pushing me
Towards you in a never-ending embrace,
Touching me to the core of my soul.

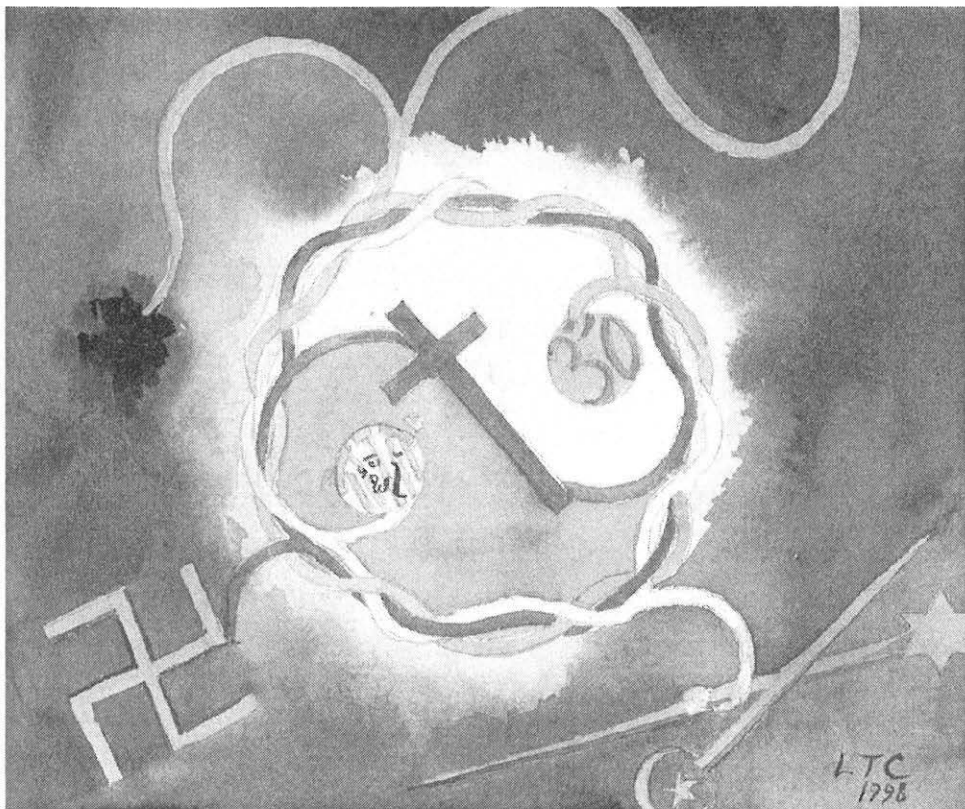
Why do you pursue me
Even in these quiet places?
Who am I that you
Would bother to call,
To be the hands and presence
At the table
Spread with your holy meal,
And your voice proclaiming
Divine Love in this present,
very secular world?

Why can't I be content
To be a Martha and serve you
By washing altar linens clean
And polishing a silver chalice
Till it gleams?
Or a Mary who, in adoration,
Prays at the foot of your altar,
And gives her "pound of costly perfume,"
Her valued possessions, away
In your name?
Or a Paul who spreads
Your message of infinite love
To the students in his class
Upstairs at Parish Hall?

Instead you pursue me relentlessly
Down those hallways so long and endless,
To serve you in the tradition of
Melchizedek, Aaron, and all your priests.

Help me to stop, Oh God;
To turn around,
And face you with all my flaws;
To walk toward you with my arms out-
stretched,
And, at last, to welcome your calling,
And rest from this endless pursuit;
For I keep hearing you say,
"You did not choose me, but I chose you."

Somehow, I must be worthy enough
To have been pursued
For so long
Down the hallways
Of so many
Of my years.



This image emerged as I was reading Hildegard while wrestling with the problem of how to reconcile my own Christian faith with my reverence for the holy in all religions. I "saw" the essence of God/Reality as Trinity, the woven threads of creative power, incarnation and spirit. Within this divine interaction are the elements at the core of all religious stiving.

Whenever any one thread begins to unravel, it leads into the darkness. God the Creator becomes a tribal protector; God the Incarnate disintegrates into worship of human leaders or institutions; God the Spirit desolves into a pit of emotion or disappears into an agnostic void. When I meditate on this picture, I am often struck by both the centrality of the cross and taoist harmony implicit in the Way.

Amy Johnson

*** My name is Hannah. I'm an Israelite woman. I have a husband who loves me very much. He loves me so much that he can't understand the sorrow that is at the center of my life. You see, I have not yet borne him a child. The one thing for which God has made me I have not been able to do. As a woman, I'm worthless. Every day I awake with this sorrow. It is at the center of my heart, a small, dark spot that hurts me every day. Elkanah, my husband, cannot understand because he is a man. In his arrogance he thinks that if he loves me and I have *him*, that should be enough. He says to me, "Hannah, why do you weep? Why do you not eat? Why is your heart sad? Am I not more to you than ten sons?" He could never understand. A man must have children, and Elkanah has them – from his other wife, Peninnah. Oh yes, he has another wife and, to add to my shame, she taunts me. She flaunts her children in front of me. Her fertility is a constant reminder of my infertility, and she glories in it. What shall I do? I am nothing. A woman without a child is nothing. ***

This is Hannah's story, told at the beginning of the book of 1st Samuel in the Old Testament. She is dispirited and downtrodden because the one thing that she has not been able to do is the one thing that gives her worth and status in her society. Every day, in everything she does and everywhere she goes, she carries the shame of her worthlessness with her. It is a sore in her heart, an ache that is ever-present. Nothing can take the pain away except her God, and Hannah appeals to her God: "O Lord of hosts, if only you will look on the misery of your servant, and remember me, and not forget your servant, but will give to your servant a male child, then I will set him before you as a nazirite until the day of his death." Hannah, a faithful woman, promises the first-fruits of her womb to the Lord if only the Lord will give her a son and take away her shame. And the Bible tells us that "the Lord remembered her. In due time Hannah conceived and bore a son. She named him Samuel, for she said, 'I have asked him of the Lord'." In her joy and thanksgiving, Hannah sings praises to God: "My heart exults in the Lord; my strength is exalted in my God."

Life under God is a life judged and set right according to justice. Worldly position, status, and power count as nothing. Instead, the Lord is a God of knowledge who weighs actions according to the scales of justice. Is it just for there to be mighty ones who lord it over the feeble ones? Is it just for some to have too much food while there are those who are hungry? Is it just for a woman to have her worth judged according to the number of children she produces? Is it just for the rich to be rich while there are poor in the dust and needy in the ash heap? No, it is not, and the Lord is on the side of those who suffer due to injustice. For to be unjust is to be unfaithful. In the words of Hannah's song of praise, to be unjust is to be wicked. Life under God is a life called to work for the justice that God desires. A life not only called to work for justice, but to experience the rewards of justice. A life of reaching out to others in love, and of being reached out to in love by others.

Hear Hannah's words again: "My heart exults in the Lord; my strength is exalted in my God. . . . There is no Holy One like the Lord, no one besides you; there is no Rock like our God. Talk no more so very proudly, let not arrogance come from your mouth; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed."

Living in God's kingdom for us today means not living in a kingdom. Let me explain. The people of Israel chose a king, and from that point on they were subject to *some* king, whether their own or a foreign king. As a matter of fact, the people of Israel's idea of the prophesied and awaited Messiah was of a king, one that would defeat their enemies and restore their land to them. Instead, the Messiah came in the form of a wandering preacher and miracle-worker, one who said that the greatest commandment was to love, one who entreated the people to love their neighbor as themselves, one who welcomed the outcast and the sinner, one who challenged the status quo, one who called the people to be just. Jesus came to establish the kingdom of God, yet he abolished the notion of kingdom altogether. The kingdom of God is *not* a kingdom – it is without a hierarchy, without a human ruler, without insiders and outsiders. It is a place where justice prevails. Hannah's song is our song.

The question we must ask ourselves is whether we join Hannah in her song or the Israelites in their demand for a king. Do we want to live in God's kingdom that is *not* a kingdom, or a human kingdom that *is* a kingdom. Our actions are our answer. If we met Hannah when she had no children, would we think less of her? Who are the Hannah's of our world and how do we respond to them? Do we act out of faith, working for justice that is based on love of God, ourselves, and our neighbor? Or do we act out of fear, demanding a security that will ultimately create suffering, either for ourselves or for others?

Each time we act out of faith, working for justice that is based on love of God, ourselves, and our neighbor, we make God's kingdom present. We take the power from the kingdom constructed by humans and give it back to God. In doing so, we help to heal the world and extend the true kingdom, which is God's kingdom.

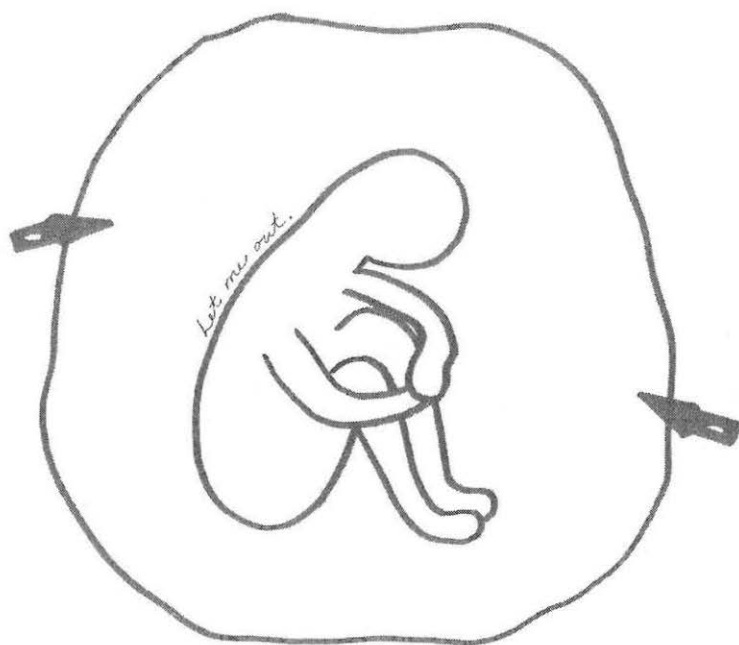
This is an edited version of a sermon preached in the winter of 1997 at Central Baptist Church in Hartford, CT. The sermon is not shown in full.

if you darken your mind for just a moment,
just a moment, please,
you might be able to see within
the shadows of my other life.
just so - could you dim a bit,
just a bit please.
reel after reel, I could show,
of days you never knew I lived,
of lives my secret heart conceived.
no fruit, you say?
just so, just so...
but then, did you ever look
into my eyes, through them now?
now, now, let's not be hasty,
no conclusions reach...
before you know it,
there's a stranger in this seat,
a stranger in your bed,
a stranger in your heart.
did you know, did you know?
now you see it, now you don't.
play it slow my dear, very slow.
and between the lines,
between the lines...
there lies the secret me
you never knew.
nor me.

fuck the visions, future visions of lacquered
desks--books piled: open-paged books
(pages of papers of skeletons).

open wide your arms, wider stronger,
strong enough to hold the scents the tastes of life
while ripping fiber from fiber those metal casings
(linear strongholds) that protect precious fragrances
from sun-dappled air.

create with the cycle of the moon--the quivering moon
whose smile relocates every night.
And return with your tools (sharp tools, fiery tools of
hands and eyes and pursing lips) to draw--
with tenuous-hands-becoming-stronger
the blood from conduit veins of the past;
and follow the sustaining pulse
to the roots of recognition,
to The Rage.



WISE WOMEN BEARING GIFTS: BY WHOSE AUTHORITY?

Letty M. Russell

As our story of the visit of the Magi progresses in Matthew 2:7-12 we discover the tension and conflict highlighted by Matthew between the various male authorities.¹ The Magi were a priestly class of Persian or Babylonian experts in the occult, such as astrology and the interpretation of dreams.² These Gentiles come to Jerusalem, following the light they have seen, in order to pay honor and bring royal gifts to the one whom Matthew names as "King of the Jews." In a scene reminiscent of Pharaoh and the infant Moses, Herod, the other King of the Jews, is set over against the infant Jesus and seeks to slay him [2:19-23; Ex. 4:19].

Patriarchal competition. The *patriarchal competition* between Herod, the chief priests and scribes representing those Jews who reject the Messiah; Joseph representing Jews that are faithful to him; and the Magi representing Gentiles who welcome him seems to reflect some of the problems in Matthew's church community which had developed as a Jewish and Gentile congregation and faced many tensions over the interpretation of the Law. Matthew's "politics of otherness" in relation to Judaism is problematic in the Christian tradition because it has served to fuel anti-Jewish polemic and negative stereotypes of Judaism.³ The mutual hostility in Matthew's account of patriarchal competition has to be resisted as we seek other ways to understand and interpret the story of the birth of this Jewish child to Mary.

Wisdom of kin-dom thinking. Perhaps a crack in this patriarchal competition can be found with Mary and the baby. Yet they hardly play a part in this story and seem more like a frozen Christmas tableaux than real participants. Seen and not heard; supporting cast, not subjects of their history, they are inserted by Matthew into his narrative of patriarchal competition. These almost-missing persons in the story appear as the discordant note to what is going on around them, reminding us of the presence of many wise women in the history of Israel and in Jesus' Jewish ancestry.

In the relationship between Mother and child we see, not competing kingdoms, but *compassionate kin-dom*.⁴ We are reminded that there is another kind of authority in the gospel story. This authority is also portrayed for us by Matthew as he speaks of Jesus as Sophia, the embodiment of God's divine wisdom who cares for the people and leads them with the authority of love [Mt. 11:28-29].

The Women's Table at Yale-Mother. There is a similar symbolic crack in the patriarchal competition that marks Yale and its traditions and it is represented by a very modest sculpture by Mia Lynn down by the Cross Campus Library. This is the Women's Table placed there to remember our *foremothers* who first attended Yale University in 1870, and those who continue to bring their wise gifts of transformation and new life to our campus.

1. Elaine Wainwright, "The Gospel of Matthew," *Searching the Scriptures: A Feminist Commentary*, edited by Elisabeth Schussler Fiorenza. New York: Crossroad, 1994, II: 636.

2. M. Eugene Boring, "The Book of Matthew: Introduction, Commentary, and Reflections," in *The New Interpreter's Bible*, Vol. VIII. Nashville, Abingdon Press, 1995, Mt. 2:1-12, Electronic Edition.

3. Wainwright, 636.

4. In this sentence a hyphen is used for emphasis: *kin-dom*. The term "kindom" is widely used of God's reign as it moves us beyond hierarchical imagery to one of community and welcome. See Ada Maria Isasi-Diaz, *In la Lucha: (In the Struggle): Elaborating a Mujerista Theology*. Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 1993, xi.

SELECTIVE MEMORY

Erin Ryan Croddick

sentences scribbled on
envelopes, scraps, tucked away,
you're such a napkin poetess!
lines written on card board squares,
delivered by another.
hold me in your hands, pear into the distant future
and find me brooding, absorbed
in a piece of art or a child's
expression. thoughts
stamped, pondered, and
discarded by strangers. signals
which i speak to you:
I dream in a launguage only your body can interpret.

while traveling
into the dawn, rising and falling
sleepily, i found a strand of
lightish hair on my jacket.
remnants of the dream from which i had arisen?
was it october?
was it over or beginning?
now i rise and stretch my
limbs, not limber, but alive,
and moving south, in the
right direction. am i
looking, or have i already
found the treasure for which words will never suffice?

...and as the dust settles,
can you lick the invisible wounds?
or
will we lay prone and catch
our breath, our three dimensions
surging together in a single staccato. a 6-8 waltz,
an aria, a story of great
length and depth. an ocean
of great width. have you
been swimming? have we been treading? can we
stop and float? using the
oxygen in our blood
that seeps out of tattered veins? we sink,
we float, we rise.
buoyant as a cumulus cloud
denoting fair weather.
i have lifted myself,
i want to lift you, but
you are above me, lifting me.
do not fret your gravitation pull.
do not forget me.

CRY FOR HEALING:
A PRAYER FOR THOSE WOUNDED BY DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

Janet Waggoner

Almighty God-

You allowed Jesus, your only Son, to agonize in the Garden alone.

You offered no comfort.

You allowed Jesus, your only Son, to die on the Cross.

You provided no protection.

You allow domestic violence to continue in thousands of homes.

At the hands of their spouse, women and men suffer pain and shame.

You offer no comfort.

You allow women and men to be emotionally assaulted,
physically beaten, and even killed.

You provide no protection.

Almighty God, by your power, you resurrected Christ from the dead.

We cry out to you now.

Use that same power today. Transform the lives of those
who suffer and inflict suffering.

Heal and resurrect.

For the sake of your Son,
Jesus Christ.

Amen.

A VOICE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE

Mary Keenan, YDS'94

The first time I answered a call at the National Domestic Violence Hotline, I spoke to a young woman in her teens. Her ex-boyfriend was stalking her and her family and she was at her wit's end. Her family said that it was her fault they were all being harassed. She didn't ask me for a shelter or support group. All she wanted to know was that she was not to blame for someone else's violence.

Like most people who call the Hotline or go to the shelter, this woman is not voiceless. She has spoken with police, her batterer, her family, counselors, and friends. She isn't voiceless, but most people around her "and most of us" don't listen. When too many people ignore your calls for help and blame you for your own abuse, sometimes you begin to wonder if they are right. It is a miracle that so many abused women keep speaking until someone finally hears.

Another call came from a woman who was isolated with her abuser in a rural area. Her voice was slurred and I had trouble understanding her. At first I thought she was drunk, but as we talked I realized she was handicapped by her batterer. He had shot her in the head. He was never arrested and continues to threaten her with weapons. The hospital and the police returned her to her home, which she is now unable to leave under her own power, but she told me proudly that she is a survivor.

Some women call us from home. They get the number from a television talk show or the telephone book or a magazine article. Some call from the side of the highway or their workplace or a friend's house. Mostly they call when and where it is safe. If that isn't possible, their parents, siblings or children call.

It is a powerful thing when someone is able to hear these women's voices for the first time. You can hear the change in their demeanor even if you can't see their faces. More powerful still is the moment they begin to hear their own voices. In the course of a call, many women hear themselves describe their own abuse for the first time. Many are surprised when we offer them options. They haven't been trusted to make their own choices for years and most don't think they have any options at all other than forbearance. The fact that they can choose to stay or leave, go to a shelter or stay with a friend, prosecute or not gives them a new sense of power over their own lives.

After a call ends, we usually don't hear that voice again. There are other voices, though. In three years we've had 300,000 calls from every state and US territory and at every hour of the day and night. Occasionally a woman will call back to thank us and let us know how she is doing. Last week, a woman told us that she had finally left her abusive husband who would discipline her whenever she made a mistake. Her voice used to cry out in frustration, but now she tells us she is happy, independent, employed and speaking out against abuse. She left without telling him goodbye, but she left the house a mess and hasn't contacted him since. Sadly, that is probably the first time he *heard* her voice, but she was proud to have sent the message.

Mary Keenan, YDS'94, works at the National Domestic Violence Hotline in Austin, Texas. If you or a friend needs help, call 800-799-SAFE or 800-787-3224 (TTY).

A SYMMETRY OF SORTS

Andrea Bundy

The green expanse of moving grass
now swept by chill March breezes
was once the place where we dumped trash:
torn envelopes, or used freezers,

empty Swiss Miss cups, scraps of wrap,
blown fuses, used Kotex, jelled grease,
Uncle Art's old faded gray hat,
Aunt Millie's Spaghetti with Cheese.

Lusterless objects now, they all
lie buried beneath thin layers
of dirt. At times an old white seagull
wings by perhaps hoping to savor

the rancid remains from paper plates;
But the dump's been capped. Yet between
the carcasses of waste (they say)
lie Glad Wrapped packages of blood

stained gauze mixed with small torn body parts,
lately missed by some dads and moms;
inconvenient while living,
inconsolably now gone.

Plant trees to bloom beside our dump
in honor of all this lost youth.
Scatter benches, erect plaques with
sad letters spelling out the truth:

five thousand plus interned, I'm told.
Ten thousand would've been grannies
now can not greet kids back from school
or wipe noses with their hankies.

A MOTHER'S CLOSING PRAYER

Kate Ott

Fear rings loud, and courage floats as the sound of chimes
winds of change whistle with the pangs of time.

We pray in night fallen silence the tenderness of our goodbye
to a dream we held for a moment, too tiny to cry.

His silence, the deafening voice that tells tomorrow
with love and pain, joy and sorrow,

For what we plan in our day
may not be God's way.

UNTITLED

Shelly Rambo

My friends are birthing babies
as I give birth to new ideas
and I stare across the table at
poker face academics trying to feed themselves
off pages of knowledge
when all feels like a blank page

I think that the next idea might feed me
a bit longer than the first
and I toast the man at the bar
who thinks I have the face of an angel
I think his face is too real--
pocked and sullen
from his barstool sittings
I prefer to write about him,
for him,
I flash him a smile
'angels sleep alone'
I whisper

I give up measuring
my life by events
and the turn of the page reminds me
that fiction has a motion all its own
births
deaths
all on a blank page.

Letty M. Russell

At the end of Matthew 2 the earlier patriarchal power competition gives way to patriarchal violence and destruction with the slaughter of innocent children in Bethlehem. In a story that parallels Exodus 1:8-2:10 Matthew describes the way this new Pharaoh deals with the upstart "King of the Jews." Herod was known as a cruel ruler and, when he realizes that he had been tricked by the Magi, does not hesitate to make the families of Bethlehem pay the price of his power game.

Patriarchal violence. In Matthew's story we see the results of patriarchal logic in which the winners wield power at the expense of the powerless. When power is exercised as a *zero sum game*, those in authority build their power by taking it from those who have less possibility to resist. Sharing of power and inclusion of the many in a *multiplication game* is not even considered. Matthew, however, does take the multiplication very seriously and lifts it up very clearly as he presents the story of the women and their families crying out in *resistance to this violence*. In Matthew's quotation from Jeremiah 31:15 the suffering multiplies, but so does the compassion. Rachel weeping for her children, refuses to be consoled, "because they are no more [2:18]."

Women resisting violence. In the midst of this senseless slaughter, the wise women reach out to a God of compassion, knowing that God weeps for them in the midst of injustice and pain. Here we have echoes of Jesus' own compassion and weeping over Jerusalem as it continues to be caught in the patriarchal competition [Mt. 23:37].¹ And the story of resistance to violence goes on as the one child who is saved from the slaughter continues to confront the power of Pilate, the chief priests and elders. It is his resistance to the zero sum game that leads him to the cross where God not only weeps with him, but also calls him to new life through the multiplying power of love.

Margaret Farley--Ms. At YDS there are many wise women but one who is known for her willingness to oppose any form of violence and injustice is Margaret Farley. Ethics of care surround her, as she resists those things that are death dealing to people. Often she gets in trouble for it, such as the time she joined in signing a full page ad in *The New York Times* that called for discussion about abortion in the Roman Catholic community. It didn't help much in the controversy that ensued when *The New Haven Register* came out with a headline, "Yale Nun Says Pope Lies."! Fortunately, Ms. Farley managed to hang in with the Mercy Sisters and with us, but she is still at it, and yesterday was on the Today Show speaking about ethical issues of gender selection.

In our journey with the magi we discover that there are many wise women to be discerned between the cracks of the dominant patriarchal story. So why not think of the magi as more numerous and of both genders? After all Matthew does not tell us there are three wise males, but only that magi from the East bring three royal gifts.

From a feminist perspective these Magi who resist patriarchal violence and lift up the compassion and wisdom of God could as easily be named *Misfit, Mother and Ms*, as Caspar, Balthasar, and Melchior.

1. Elaine Wainwright, "The Gospel of Matthew," *Searching the Scriptures: A Feminist Commentary*, edited by Elisabeth Schussler Fiorenza. New York: Crossroad, 1994, 11:644.

At the end of a warm summer's day, after the work is done, after the dinner dishes are washed and put away, Mother and I retire to the front porch with our glasses of ice tea. The burdensome work of the day falls from our tired shoulders. We settle into a peaceful silence and gaze at the dark green hills to the east. It is a familiar and beloved sight. These hills provide strength, substance, stability. "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

The sweet smell of alfalfa is in the air, mingling with the fragrance of freshly mown grass - the smells of summer. Scents trigger memories of childhood - somersaults on the lawn, hide and go seek, my first kiss at eight, playing fox, and chickens in the alfalfa field. Relaxing here on the porch in the beauty of the summer evening almost makes up for the toilsome labor of the day; laundry with the wringer-washer, clothes on the line and off the line, weeding the garden, gathering ripening vegetables. Everything in the garden is maturing at the once - beans, peas, cucumbers, zucchini, tomatoes; picking, snapping, shelling, slicing, steaming, blanching, stuffing in jars and boxes to can or freeze. "Come winter, we'll be glad we did it." Mother says.

In the quiet, the mockingbird takes up her vocal acrobatics, trilling, dipping, diving. High up in the elm tree, it is not possible to see her, but she serenades us as we sit enjoying her concert. I marvel at her song, a complex succession of notes and phrases. Mother listens intently to her favorite songster and identifies each bird the mockingbird mimics - cardinal, robin, jay, veery, cowbird. I add my own song to the melody.

No matter that it is evening. The happiness in the song applies. There is a comfortable companionship between Mother and I as we sit listening to the mockingbird. It's nice to be the youngest child, I think, and have Mother all to myself, now that my older brother and sisters have left home.

Eventually Mother speaks. It isn't easy for her to sit and do nothing. She notices her geraniums, in their green wooden flower boxes, on the porch need to be watered. She rises, gets her sprinkling can and waters them. Next, are the African violets on the table. After watering them, she sits again, holding one of her favorite violets in her lap. It's a double lavender one.

Long after Grandma Kanode understood much around her, she still enjoyed visits from Mother, her oldest daughter, and our family. She confused Daddy with Grandpa, sending us twittering at the thought that Daddy was her husband. Her edgy personality softened as the years advanced and we would find her sitting in the living room of her home, smiling sweetly and holding one of her favorite African violets in her lap. Mother used to say, "I hope I never get to be like Mother." Do all daughters come to that point at some time, I wonder. I haven't yet! I look at Mother, holding her African violet. "Mother," I say, giving her a knowing look, "Remember Grandma Kanode?" "Oh dear," she says and begins to giggle. The giggle grows, bursting forth into delightful laughter.

We laugh together, deep gut-wrenching howls. It's good to turn tragedy into laughter. Poor Grandma. Beneath our mirth is the realization that both of us could be just like Grandma someday - best to laugh now.

The light of the day is fading. In the deepening dusk, the greenness of the hills turns to velvety black. Fireflies begin to cavort across the lawn, now flashing in unison, now in syncopated time.

That insect collection for biology class. Did I ever get over my aversion for bugs? Well, to some degree. I'm glad to find red spotted ladybugs in the garden and I'm fascinated with praying mantises. They are the only insects that can look over their shoulder. And imagine - the female eats the male while they are mating! That most common of insects, the black ant, can occupy my time for a full ten minutes. Lying in the grass, I take pleasure in observing hordes of these little creatures, scurrying along. Watching them, I ponder what they are so busy doing. Is there a queen ant somewhere, sitting regally on her throne, giving orders, that keep these foot soldiers in line? I picture her getting up to primp before a full-length mirror in her regal robes and diamond crown. Not one hair must be out of place for the royal banquet these underlings are preparing. The royal hairdresser fusses around her nervously.

Accompanying the dance of the fireflies across the lawn is the song of the cicadas. As darkness settles in, their steady hum grows louder and louder. We listen. Mother says it is the male's mating call, drumming his thorax against the trunk of the tree. There must be hundreds of them out there in the trees. Are there enough females to go around, I wonder?

The moon rises - a half moon tonight. Up over the hills, half-hidden by the dense leaves of the maple trees, shimmering through its branches.

Funny, I've never seen a possum nor do I have a shotgun. Mother says when she was in Kentucky they had possum stew. I wouldn't mind trying that, I think. I remember helping my brother skin a gray squirrel he shot with his twenty-two. I held the hind legs while he pulled the skin up over the front legs and head. It was fun, mainly because my sisters were too squeamish to do it. Mother said she would cook it if my brother cleaned it. Braised with onions and rosemary, it was tasty. What a good sport she was.

Mother was always encouraging us to enjoy life, to sing, to play, to paint, to imagine. Dandelion bouquets were always appreciated. A four-leaf clover was cause for celebration. She saw beauty in the simplest things of life. I cast a sidelong glance at her. She's still holding her violet.

Originally written March 1997, revised February 1999 and presented to the family in honor of Mother's 90th birthday by daughter Charlotte Brechbill White, an edited version appears here.

SPRING RUN

Gretel Van Wieren

Two weeks before my grandfather died my father and I went to the river to fish Lake Michigan's spring run of steelhead. The day before we had sat with my father's father by the side of his bed at the nursing home. But this day we were on the river. And even though I am certain that my dad thought of his dad continuously that cold spring day hoping a big spawning rainbow would take his line, things did and always do look differently when one is standing in the water. For there holds the possibility that, for a split second when a shimmering silvery-pink fish crashes into the air, so spontaneously, so completely uninhibitedly, we will know nothing and everything in that one moment.

There is something terrifically soothing about the misty air coming off the frigid water in the sun's first light, though that particular early morning I did not want to get out of bed. My father woke me well before dawn and instinctively I asked to sleep a bit longer. He answered saying, "No, I can't let you sleep, you'll be sorry." So I rose quickly hoping to catch a big fish. It was cold that morning, freezing maybe, and we walked briskly along the path beside the river, stopping regularly at gravel runs to see if the steelhead were spawning on their beds yet. When we reached a bed with fish lying on it my fingers were numb and I had trouble tying on the ad-hoc egg pattern, I had tied on the road up to the cabin out of yarn from my mother's knitting bag. I prayed that a big fish would attack my measly egg, and one did. With my first hook-up the fish tore down the river ripping all my line out in a matter of seconds, burning the palm of my hand as I worked to slow my reel. He jumped gloriously and was free, and in that perfect moment, where in the span of seconds every emotion, movement, and sound crashes and freezes simultaneously, I thought about nothing else.

Two weeks later my dad's dad died. I returned home for the funeral, and to be with my father. And to fish. My family went to the cabin, the cabin grandpa helped to build, and fished. We recollected about how my father had built our cabin on the Little Manistee with his father over thirty years ago. It was like growing up, my three sisters and mom and dad at the cabin, eating between fishing and talking between everything. Dad told us stories about his dad: "...he taught me how to bait my first hook...he took me ice fishing after I lost my last high school basketball game." And we fished.

That weekend my father caught a few of the last steelhead that lingered on their gravel beds. I didn't catch the big brown I was hoping for, though I realized even more deeply that spring weekend after grandpa died what I relive each time I am on the river. That fishing is so much more than fishing -- rod, reel, line so much more than equipment for catching fish, water so much more than drink and rain and food for plants. It is that smooth loop of line that one wisks through clean air and lays on clear water. That moment one witnesses and participates in when a fish instinctively rises to eat; that uninhibited exhilaration one knows when cradling and releasing a perfectly speckled species; that renewed hope one experiences each time on the river, standing in awe of creation and ones place in it. Ultimately, it can never be defined because it can never be contained. It is like the faith that one does not, can not, know until one truly lets go. So we fish because we have faith that there is something beyond death. And we know that the river will at the same time help us remember and relinquish the hold we have on things that are beyond us.

ANNA, OF POE STREET

Carolyn Fleming-Sawyer

Although she tried to treat this holiday like all the rest, this one was different. It was different because the house was still. It was nearly two o'clock and the phone had not rung even once on this Christmas Day. Though she hated to admit it, it was mainly different because Graham had died about two months ago. Oddly enough she thought of him before anyone or anything else. She felt his presence everywhere. He held her so much during their marriage that his English Leather cologne was embedded in her skin. Even in death, he was still keeping his promise to take care of her.

Though she wore no visible crucifix, she was set apart. Nineteen hundred and ninety-seven had been a difficult year. Reflecting more, she thought difficult was putting it mildly. It had been a hell of a year. Her family as she knew it, became unraveled. She had lost all she had. Oh sure the house and car remained, but she had lost their sons, David and Samuel, within seven months of each other in tragic car accidents. In one short year, the Thomas family had dwindled from four to one survivor. Those who did not know her personally thought she was jinxed. Others avoided her because they could find no words to say. To them she was a symbol of long suffering. She was Naomi and Job all wrapped up in one. Because of her heavy loss, she understood why most folks did not understand her and often drew blanks whenever she was near. As best she could imagine, they did not know where they stood with God. She was a reminder of their worst nightmare and deepest fear.

But Anna was joyful because she knew her family was with the Lord. Therefore she could smile and share their cherished moments together. In fact, they each left her a memory for every season. In her distant memory, she could see them waving to her. As they sent forth vibrations of joy and peace, she embraced them without hesitation.

Once again the yuletide carols playing on Channel 9 dominated her thoughts. As she recalled, they played non stop for twenty-four hours right up to 6 p.m. on Christmas Day. She wondered whether the songs were ever rotated or if they were prerecorded to play each year. Apart from these carols, however, her two-story wood framed house on Poe Street was silent. The aroma of a delicious feast circled the air but fell on no hungry mouths.

She picked up her Bible near the radio and began to read aloud John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son." Before she could finish, the phone rang. Merry Christmas, she said. "Merry Christmas to you too, now open up and let's get this party started." She recognized the voice as that of her best friend, Lois. Before she could peek through the window, there was a knock at the door. She could see the blue church van outside on the damp wet pavement. Members of her church were exiting from all doors. She giggled.

Even though they had come to share Christmas cheer, she would share her joy with them also. That is that she was not alone. Her beloved Graham, David and Samuel were there with her. She was celebrating their gift of life.

Edited version, not shown in full.

THE PROGRESSION OF TIME

Julie Davis

in the ticking of the second-hand,
the movement of the dancing hours,
the setting of the sun and the rising of the stars
[(each to end and being again) (each to end and begin again)]
we stand.

while we draw bleeding chalk lines in the sacrificed soil
--lines to propel us to our destination--
where,
the twirling hours ask,
do we believe we'll get?

remember that the days,
like a mad lover's fractal-limbs,
bend in their showing that there is no destination
but the darkness that leads to light once more,
the night will lead to day.

And the earth--in spinning her patterned orbit--will not leave her dance,
but finds its boundless rhythm enough to shatter our straight lines,
our linear progression.

BROODING

Lillian Fuchs (text)

Melanie Mowinski (image)

With you, now
It is like a brooding sky
heavy with rumination
crouching under uncertain horizons
curled around yourself
gestating.
And I watch the pressure build
...a gathering.

This power brought to bear upon
what you grope to articulate
upon what agencies you flail against unknowingly
agencies that have unformed you slowly taking
your potency into merky haziness
confining and reconfining.

And you want otherwise
to perceive that form you know as you
a clearing upon the horizon
where features are made sharp
brought into focus
detail
outline
texture
as if a thick sediment has somehow sunk from the sky
leaving a crispness to it all
a clarity.

Those of us who have been here before
know its moment
its use
the gestalt
that storm to be unleashed

We brood to recognize it ourselves
to know our properties
to conceive ourselves once again
to be free to stretch and move in all spaces
ranging wide

It is time now
having been occupied long enough replete
with preparation
for the labor of the storm
that saturation of our world
with what was gathered
and for the calm
of certainty which follows
...and its reconfiguration of all.

It is time.



A SUMMER AS THE ZOO

Tamara Warhol

I cringed when I heard my footsteps echo as I walked down the corridor to my first "cold call" as a hospital chaplain. I sounded like an elephant. I had to stop this horrible noise. I decided to walk on my tip-toes. Prancing atop my toes, I continued down the hall until I glimpsed my shadow. When I saw my distorted form, I realized this mode of ambulation was also ridiculous. Although I did not sound like an elephant, I looked like an ostrich. Fortunately, before I could imitate yet another animal, I reached the door.

While I no longer had to worry about being mistaken for a member of the zoo, I now had to begin my internship as a hospital chaplain. In college and during my first year of divinity school, I had worked as a sexual and reproductive health counselor. In this capacity, I often spent time exploring emotional issues, but never within a religious context. Facing the door, I began to panic. What if I was not religious enough? What if I did not have the answers to the questions? Could I pray? Does God really exist? As the questions raced through my mind, my breathing became faster and faster. My heart began to pound and tears escaped from my eyes. Suddenly the door opened.

This time, my anxiety was unwarranted. My supervisor, on his way to look for lost interns, surprised me at the door. With a welcome smile, he shepherded me into the seminar room and introduced me to my peers: Beth, Jackie, Janning, and Louisa. He also indicated that Catholic seminarian and Franciscan friar, Mike, would join the program the next week. I hastily wiped away my tears and tried to smooth my features into a responding smile. I thought that if I appeared cheerful and serene, I would convince others, and maybe myself, that I was calm and capable. I do not know if I successfully convinced my peers of my poise, but I felt better.

Over the next six weeks, I would again and again practice portraying a non-anxious presence with greater and lesser degrees of success. On my first day, I cried when the nurse manager of one of the psychiatric units recognized me as a former inpatient, but I joked with my first trauma patients as the doctors sutured and bandaged their wounds. During initial patient visits, I practiced the art of the quick exit, but I held a hysterical woman after her husband died. I flaunted my ill-advised opinions and limited knowledge in peer-group sessions, but daily tried to assimilate and use the clinical pastoral techniques I learned throughout my internship. Yet, my most embarrassing moment, was at midterm evaluations.

I responded totally inappropriately to midterm evaluations. Since I had left my teens, I had thought that I had learned to accept constructive criticism. I believed that I would no longer offer excuses or lash-out in defense; however, when confronted with midterm evaluations, I regressed into adolescence. After I received what I thought to be a negative evaluation, I cried and created implausible excuses. I behaved better at sixteen, when my mother caught me breaking curfew. I am still abashed by this display and hope that I will never repeat it.

Although the midterm evaluation seemed to me an instrument devised by the Spanish Inquisition, it also represented a tool with which I could move forward. I had been hurt by the experience, but from that hurt I could learn and grow. Using both the knowledge that I had gathered in my first six weeks, plus the evaluations of my peers, I looked at chaplaincy with new eyes. Instead of just struggling to present a non-anxious presence, I tried to form a relationship with my patients and peers. During initial visits with patients, I no longer dashed from the room after a quick "hello". Instead, I lingered in rooms and through gentle probing tried to discover the patient's needs. I also tried to focus less on myself and my own opinions and listen to others. In listening more attentively, I have thus learned to comfort, support and pray. When I could hear the needs of those for whom I was caring, I could attempt to fulfill their requests.

Walking through the halls during the last week of my internship, I no longer worried about my gait; instead, I was concerned about my peers and my patients. Who needs to talk? Who needs a hug? Maybe I should pray some more? I definitely needed to pray more. When can the physicians speak with the family in the consultation room? How may I help? I may have still sounded like an elephant or looked like an ostrich, but I was trying to listen like a hawk and be as busy as a bee.

Amanda Brummer



PREPARING A SPACE

Shelly Rambo

Jesus speaks words that are strangely refreshing. He says they're ready for something else. They're ready to make their own way. And they'll meet up later on. "I'm leaving," he says. "But I'm going ahead of you to prepare a place." The often quoted part comes in here--the part we often assume is linked to pearly gates and streets lined with gold--this is what we say about heaven. God has a mansion. And Jesus is going to go and make the reservation. We're eternally set, and Jesus is going to line this up.

But I wonder if something different is going on in these famous words: "In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you?" I wonder if Jesus isn't saying something about who this God is. God makes space. Jesus addresses their fears about being abandoned, but he also starts talking about spaces and places. They're going to grow in his absence. They're going to figure out what it means to be disciples. They're going to rehash who this Jesus was, compare notes, fight a little, fight a lot, find out they can agree, find out how to disagree, ask some good questions. A road map would only stop them from growing. Perhaps he is trying to tell them that believing means finding their way with a God who provides the space in which they can do that. They have an advocate, but there is no road map. Jesus is not leaving them solo. He leaves a commandment and a spirit. A pretty vague instruction about love (A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another; even as I have loved you, love one another) and the promise of a spirit that will live inside of them (You know the spirit for the spirit dwells with you, and will be in you).

And I think we're all a little like the disciples. We want to have it clear; we want to know; we want a road map telling us the way to be a believer, a loyal child, a loving parent, a faithful partner, a 'good' person. But in all of these relationships, a road map isn't enough. I think we sense this. I think we mistrust those who give us the clear-cut answers. I think we feel claustrophobic and stifled by some of the answers we get. And yet, we're scared to let go. We're afraid to move ahead. We're scared of being abandoned. We're scared that the parent, the lover, the friend, God will leave us if we don't somehow get it right. So we cling to the road maps. . .

And Jesus speaks what I think are some profoundly comforting words. "I want you to think and move and wrestle and become. I want you to grow. Any road map would stifle you. Any clear instructions, and you'd spend all of your time in a room battling with each other over the fine print. What you need is room. You're going to be different people when I see you next. So. . . my task now is to make room for you down the way. In my Father's house are many rooms."

I think Jesus knows that they cannot grow if they spend all of their time trying to decipher the master plan. The spirit dwells in you. Start looking inside. Trust yourselves. Believe that I dwell in you. You don't have to mold yourself into some cookie-cutter understanding of what it means to be a disciple. Explore. Become. Have confidence, Jesus says. In verse 4, he responds to all of their apprehension. "You know the way where I am going," Jesus says. "I am with you, in you."

Jesus, here, tells us something about a God who invited us to change. God reworks spaces. God opens new ones. We want to grow, but we want to be loved and held and known. We want to explore, but we're scared. We spend a lot of our time trying to fit into chairs that are painful and deadening. "In my Father's house are many rooms." As disciples, we are left with a rule to love and a spirit who is our advocate, our comforter. And perhaps the most important element is the most obvious. We're left with each other. We can sit still and wait for our reservation in the sky, ignoring the things given to us, but that's not what I hear. Jesus says, "Love. Make space."

Constance Pierce



Thank you for...

the crackling fire
trees with beads of rain drops
a wind chime, whose music reveals your gentleness
mist that envelopes the trees like a vaporous blanket
the sound of rain on the roof top
music

songs

voices

singing

a stranger and his playful dog
the sunshine in everyone's eyes
the sunshine, that I know is there - yet unseen
music from the heart
the memories of being a child, and even greater, the
"child-ness" of my mother and father
songs of the heart
silence which allows claiming introspection leading to
voices from the hearts
the joyful singing from the hearts of all who receive you
and your love amidst the warmth of
the crackling fire.



A solemn sunset
Blessed with joy
My harried day
Gold'entranced,
she soaks the verdant land.

She bows her head,
her radiant locks fly free-
'Til the last tendril
has been tamed
By the night's liquid net.

"PURA CHICA"

Cynthia D. Weems, YDS'97

In a small Methodist congregation located in the valley of the Andes mountains in Cochabamba, Bolivia, there exist twelve young women who call themselves the "Pre-liga." In Latin American churches, youth groups are often referred to as "ligas de juvenes." They normally consist of 16-24 year olds. This particular group of young women, between the ages of 13-15, knew they were too young for the Liga, so they took the necessary steps to form their own group - The "Pre-liga." They are: Janeth, Claudia, Madai, Sylvia, Cristina, Patty, Eli, Ximena A., Jenny, Rita, Ximena P., and Ana. Two are sisters, one lost her mother to cancer, one loves to study English, one prefers French, one is five feet ten inches tall, one is the "most outstanding" student in her class, three are neighbors, all love the Backstreet Boys, "Titanic," and ice cream and all are poor.

The Pre-liga meets on Saturday afternoons to play sports, celebrate birthdays, listen to music, explore the city that surrounds it, collect items to donate to earthquake victims, learn to make recycled paper and plan church fund raisers. They have amazing smiles and high-pitched giggles, especially when Leonardo Dicaprio's name is mentioned. These young women plan and perform gospel dramas for their congregation and help teach Sunday School. They also struggle with being teenagers in a city full of opportunities - movies, shopping, swimming pools - but opportunities out of their reach. They share their dreams, their desires to study and become "professionals." They talk about traveling in their country, one that includes mountains, desert, rainforest and lakes, in order to become more familiar with their world. They also discuss models for healthy families and how to be good sisters - which even includes accepting a stray little brother into the Saturday afternoon meetings because there is no one at home to take care of him.

When we decided to begin a group for younger teenagers, the first few meetings consisted solely of young women. Therefore, when we began to determine the time and location of the meetings, the name of the group and its constituency, the girls decided they wanted to keep the group "pura chica." They made a pretty convincing argument that at least two hours a week with only women was absolutely necessary to their growth and development. I could hardly disagree with that!

For those of us who spent countless Monday evenings sharing our experiences as YDS women in the "Women's Center" of Bacon House, we know what those crucial two hours can mean. We know what having a reliable group of women friends, colleagues and soulmates can add to our educational, professional and spiritual lives. We know what it means to cry about a broken relationship, celebrate a wedding shower, scream about a professor who refuses to assign texts by women, laugh over the letters "WO" handwritten next to the "MEN" on the Bacon House bathroom. We know how important it is to let down our guard, be who we are and say what's on our minds. We know exactly what these young Bolivian women were longing for.

For those of us who have graduated from YDS, we are now in ministry settings all over the country and world. For those of you presently attending YDS, you are making waves and being prepared for new opportunities and challenges. For those young women in Bolivia, they continue to study, play and rejoice in life even in the midst of poverty. We all have a voice - voices meant to shout, whisper, sing, cry, recite poetry, laugh, roar. Wherever we are in our ministries, never underestimate the power of women's voices, no matter what age, and never deny the necessity of a group that aims to be "pura chica." Find one, create one, support one. For the voices of women give us wisdom, perspective and vision.

CREDITS

We would like to thank the following supporters for their generosity.
Because of their contribution, women's voices at YDS will continue to be heard.

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