Memories of the Class of 1969

Yale Divinity School Convocation and Reunions
October 16-18, 2019
Arriving to study at YDS in 1965, I was bringing my own, but not unique, cultural and socio/economic “baggage.”

Growing up in the racially segregated South in Forsyth County, North Carolina, adjacent to the city of Winston-Salem, I was living in a society with a strict system of government enforced “Jim Crow” laws that kept white people and black people separate. My family and I were members of a white, southern Baptist Church with the veil of being “good Christians,” but looking back, I never recall any honest discussion or action to address the oppression of white bias and racial segregation in our church or in other aspects of our lives. If there were questions about racial separation, the answer generally would be “…that’s just the way it is…” In fact, there was real resistance to complying with the Supreme Court’s ruling on “Brown vs. Board of Education” in 1954 that segregated local, public schools were unconstitutional. During my time in public schools, this Supreme Court decision caused no change in the composition of the white, segregated, public elementary school and high school from which I graduated.

Life in this environment did not help me understand that Blacks were oppressed by Whites and that Whites’ racial bias was embedded in every aspect of our lives: educational, financial, political, judicial, in religious institutions…you name it. Moreover, it would be years later before I realized that I benefited from this racial bias in educational opportunities and access to other resources.

With this backdrop, I went about my life and was an active youth member of my church. I aspired to become a “preacher,” like Billy Graham. Later when I headed to Davidson College, a small, white, all men’s college in North Carolina in 1961, my goal after college was to attend the Southern Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky. In seminary, I assumed that I would be taking courses to help me pursue my “Calling” to be a church minister. However, at Davidson, I had to miss the 1st semester of my senior year, delaying my graduation to August, 1965 and
delaying my application submission to seminary. During that time of delay, my senior class friend, who had recently been accepted to YDS, recruited me to join him and apply to YDS, which I did and was accepted. The reaction of my parents was “Why do you want to go to a school that’s such a hotbed of liberalism?”

My first couple of years at YDS, I postponed pursuing my “Calling” to take courses on Tillichian theology (was he a liberal?), Book of Isaiah, Old Testament, a couple of psychology courses, history of Christianity, as I recall it, YDS field work at Yale Psychiatric Institute, and interning one summer to be an assistant to a Presbyterian Minister in the strip, coal mining town of McArthur, OH. Outside the classroom at YDS, I was on the Taylor House basketball team playing in the YDS gym where we won the Quad playoffs, allegedly, for a couple of years.

Other activities that took me outside the classroom were working in the evening with staff at the EXIT Coffee House in the basement of a downtown church and talking with patrons that dropped in for a “coffee and a chat.” Another YDS field work “alternative” was driving a taxi in New Haven in the evening.

My 3rd year at YDS, I needed a break to evaluate and validate my “Calling.” In 1967 – 68, I left Yale to work in Washington, DC in the U. S. Senate and to make a connection with the Church of the Savior, a social justice organization active in numerous projects around the city. Although I had several insightful conversations with some of the Church’s project coordinators, I was not achieving the clarity about my “Calling” that I felt I needed.

I did, however, start to develop some clarity about Julie, a Roman Catholic that I met in January 1968. She was also in Washington, working for a U. S. Senator. In fact, I became so confident in my clarity that I proposed marriage to her (she said “Yes”) in March during the St. Patrick’s celebration in New York City; and Married at Dwight Hall in New Haven in August 1968.

We returned to YDS for my last year and after graduation, we traveled to live and work with in Coimbra, Portugal for two years. On the return to the U. S., we settled in Washington, D.C. to raise our 3 children …the rest is history!

Looking back after 50 years . . .

- When I entered YDS, my parents feared I would be entering a “hot bed of liberalism!” Could that have been true? It depends on one’s point of view!

- Supreme court decisions and civil rights legislation are today the law of the land requiring racial equality, but many of our hearts and minds in support of racial justice and racial equality in the land go wanting.

- The Civil Rights movement at its zenith changed the laws of our country when I was finishing college and entering YDS. Did YDS help me dispose of my “baggage” that I brought? No, the Civil Rights Acts of ’64, ’65, and ’68 were my wake-up call! YDS, however, did provide me with the opportunity to make new friendships and its academic environment, although most competitive, offered some non-judgmental space for me to
begin to move forward in my life’s journey with new understanding and insights into civil rights protections and racial equality! Moreover, 3 books had a profound influence on my insight into the racism and racial injustice in America: *A Soul on Ice*, by Eldridge Cleaver, *Black Panther Minister of Defense* (on reading list for a YDS course my last year); and 2 books I read in 1970 – *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* and *Seize the Time: The Story of the Black Panthers* by Bobby Seale.

- Religiously, I have evolved into being an Agnostic

**Some Personal Info . . .**

- Two of our 3 children live in DC; our son is in Educator at an intercity public high school, coaching baseball and swimming; our first daughter is a mother of four boys and a Registered Nurse at a hospital in the city; and our second daughter is in Educator living in Germany and just welcomed a baby girl this summer.

- Our 5 wonderful grandchildren are 3 months to 18 years . . .

- After 2 years of retirement, Julie and I participate as international volunteers for community development projects being carried out by non-profits and nongovernmental organizations
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Jonathan Peter Andrews, 1974, teaches film at Yale College
Timothy Jacob Andrews, 1976, transitioning from secondary school teaching to a new career in Restoration Carpentry

And so it has come to this. I’m 74, western civilization is well into its twenty-first century, and it is fifty years since I graduated from YDS. It has been a lively fifty years... And now, just as fifty years ago, the world is in turmoil. During my time at YDS, the focus was on ending the war in Vietnam and on the struggle for civil rights. Now we’ve got white nationalism, extremist violence, economic inequality, and a warming planet to deal with. It doesn’t look like any of this will get resolved before most of us check out, but we’ve got to keep working at it.

I’ve been pretty much retired for the past 9 years, interrupted by brief intervals of part-time ministry with churches in transition. I’m volunteering a lot of my time with organizations working on housing, mental health, end-of-life care, and climate action. I really enjoy being a grandfather to my four adorable granddaughters, two here in Middlebury and two in Boston. They and their parents are doing well, and I’m lucky to still be around and involved in their lives.

I’ve been married twice, both times ending in divorce, and have outlived both my former spouses. Now I’m in a happy relationship with my partner Laura, who manages the office at the local UU church and is active in local government and saving the planet.

I’m reasonably content with the life I’ve led and the contributions I’ve made, both in my work and my family. Being part of the three communities where I’ve ministered has gotten me involved at many levels with peoples’ lives, and the past 37 years here in Middlebury, twenty of them as pastor of the local UCC church, have been a real gift. For some, ministry can be a rather rootless profession, but I feel very rooted at this stage of my life, with no real desire to be anyplace else.

I try to keep both my mind and my body active, with occasional resistance from both. I follow the news with interest (and sometimes anger), read several periodicals regularly, and then head outside on foot, bike, kayak, or sailboat to enjoy this wonderful part of the world where I live. I’ve traveled a lot in recent years – to Maine, Nova Scotia, the Czech Republic, Germany, Italy, France and Croatia among other places, often with Road Scholar or Rick Steves tours. So I guess I’ve become one of those old people, doing what old people do. Considering the alternative, it’s not half bad!
My memories of YDS are sweet. I remember life-long friends from Porter Hall and the quad, teachers that were so great, many meals and tea afterwards in the refectory, Bill Coffin during the war coming to preach at chapel, anti-war meetings in the common room, having a black panther sticker on my car (it said the black panthers rights are your rights too), lilacs blooming under my dorm window, studying under a blooming cherry tree, the weeping tree in the forestry school park, mounds of snow covering all the cars in the parking lot, struggling with Hebrew, writing a good paper for Mr. Kelsey, reading Tillich for hours in the library, playing basketball late at night with friends, writing a paper for Sib Towner with the Hong Kong flu, watching the moon landing from an apt in the Fertile Crescent, sherry hour and Kentucky derby parties, watching tricky Dick on the TV news with friends in a dorm on the quad (I don’t remember which one), donuts and orange juice in the common room after chapel, having deep conversations about life and theology late into the night, and many more. What could’ve made life at YDS sweeter than so many close friends and such a warm community and such caring professors and staff.
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Sandra

Jennifer, Sarah, Laurel, Kristen

Living at a retirement community in the same community where we raised our family.
Participating in the same congregation which we served for 20 years. Much has changed in the
world since our days at YDS, but the essential things remain the same - friendships, family and a
living faith.

I never wanted to be a pastor growing up, but that was the calling and vocation I followed for
over 40 years, serving Covenant Churches in New Britain, CT; Ridgway, PA; Wheaton, IL and
Washington, D.C.

Things that shaped my life while at YDS - friendships in Brainerd and Hopkins Houses, the
small group at Kenneth Scott Latourette's; the ecumenical atmosphere; the year-opening hymn -
“For All the Saints” - and the Unison Prayer of Confession in the Chapel Services; challenging
and stimulating classes with great professors; field work at a Hungarian Reformed/UCC church;
and classmates making their way through those tumultuous years together.
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Karin Capobianco, 1974, Social Work
Chip Bowdoin, 1976, works from home

In 1966 I came to YDS after receiving an M.A. in mathematics from Indiana University and teaching two years at Rhode Island College. In undergraduate school (Bates College) I majored in mathematics and minored in physics, so I had little knowledge of religion or theology except what was learned in Sunday School and one required undergraduate course in Biblical Literature. I was excited by the course work, especially my first-year classes in Old Testament with Mr. Towner and Personality and Religion with Mr. Dittes. I enjoyed the chapel services and, on a much less spiritual level, the meals at the refectory.

And then there were the friendships formed in Porter Hall. It was fun getting to know Nakyun Shin. I remember her cooking Korean food for us in the basement of Porter Hall on Sunday nights when the refectory was closed. Ginny Keim and I became close friends. We regularly did the Royal Canadian Air Force exercises together in her room—much to the chagrin of anyone who happened to be below. We ventured to Florida on spring break in 1968 with stops in DC and Savannah. Then there was a summer trip with Ed Brooks and Fred Johnson to Lockport, NY to visit Ginny at her summer job. While there we visited Niagara Falls.

I was registered as a B.D. student when I started at Yale but switched to M.A.R. in the spring of my second year (which is why I am pictured with the class of 68). However, an opportunity arose to serve as acting Protestant chaplain at Rhode Island College for the academic year 68-69, so I decided to try that and switched back to a BD student taking the year as an internship. What I learned—the ministry was definitely not for me! Hence an M.A.R. degree with the class of ‘69.

I found a job teaching mathematics at Bristol Community College in Fall River, Massachusetts and worked there for 34 years. I married Charles Bowdoin in 1971 (divorced in 1999). We adopted two children from Korea – Karin in 1974 and Chip in 1978. I retired from teaching in 2003 to take care of my first grandson. Now my retirement job of caring for my grandsons (now 16 and 13 years old) is pretty much over—except for providing rides and help with mathematics.

While I regard attending YDS as a mistake or a misguided decision, I do not regret my two years there. My education has informed my thinking and actions in my subsequent life. I have over the
years participated in the life of the church in various roles at different churches. Since retirement, I have been active in a local peace group. One thing that has surprised me about getting older is how much less certain I am about many of the “big questions” in life. Still looking for answers!

Student activities corkboard, 1969. YDS Archives.
Greetings. I am sure we all have transcending memories of our YDS years. After all, that’s where many of us grew up, made important vocational and personal decisions, and edged toward lifelong commitments. I know I will always be indebted to the YDS staff and faculty for their encouragement, friendship, and support as I worked through several jobs, received two scholarships, and took multiple courses to graduate debt-free. With several faculty members’ recommendations, I was able to secure a three-year doctoral fellowship at Emory, all expenses paid. That was a miracle since I had arrived at YDS with $200 and a borrowed car in 1966.

After graduation I spent four years at Emory, with one year of research at Wesley House, Cambridge, and Mansfield College, Oxford, courtesy of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation at Princeton. When I finally received my first doctorate in 1973, I applied to my bishop for an appointment in the North Georgia Conference of the United Methodist Church. He didn’t have any churches available, since I had missed Conference while at Oxford, so I went to work as an undercover investigator for two former FBI agents in Atlanta. The pay was not much, so I left that job and applied for active duty as an Army Chaplain. My assignments for the next 37 years took me to the Republic of Turkey, West Germany, Saudi Arabia, Kazakhstan, Israel, Korea, and Hawaii in addition to numerous posts and installations in the US. My teaching assignments included four years in the Department of History at West Point, four years as Director of Course Development in Ethics at the Army War College, and nine years as the Historian for the Army Chaplain Corps at the Pentagon and at the Army Chaplain School.

I have been truly blessed: I have been in combat (Operation Desert Storm) and was not wounded, I have travelled almost around the world and was not lost, I have been deceived by some close to me, but was not discouraged. In my 75th year if I simply live out my days, I will still praise the Lord for His mercy and goodness. And I will remain indebted to Yale for providing an azimuth and an exceptional foundation for a world-wide ministry.
In September of 1969 I arrived on the YDS Quad with a huge American Tourister suitcase packed with two new suits, dress shoes, two paperback volumes of Reinhold Niebuhr’s: *The Nature and Destiny of Man*, weighed down with other stuff I would not need. My mind was in re-entry fog, having completed a two-year Peace Corps stint in India, including a return through a dozen Middle Eastern and European countries. Arriving back in the US, I focused mostly on throwing off the dust of village India and unexpectedly attending to the needs of my father, who had waited patiently to have his heart attack until I returned home. Several weeks later, just trusting that Pan AM would fly me from Washington, DC to my intended destination, I hardly knew where New Haven was. As a high school senior six years before, when I had briefly thought of applying to Yale College, I assumed it was in Yalesville, Ohio where they made Yale combination locks that kept my gym locker secure. Before I knew it, I was in Connecticut.

After settling into Bacon House a bit, I found the library where I focused for three days on Reinhold Niebuhr’s aforementioned opus. I remember taking 32 pages of hand written notes on the first volume, scared (you know how much) that I would not remember all the details that a guy called James Gustafson would expect me to have mastered in Christian Ethics class.

That initial weekend, Dave Matheke and I ambled into a Porter Hall mixer, where I remember being very intrigued by Ginny Keim. To this day she still has no memory of meeting me there, even though we celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary this past May 31st. It took me weeks to pronounce her name correctly. I was only able to say “Jenny” since I retained my southern accent in spite of those two years in India where I was expected to teach British Received to the boys in English class. I married her in part (I’m still puzzled as to why she married me) because she helped me readjust to American culture, which after two years in a remote Indian village in Rajasthan felt as foreign and forbidding as hamburgers to my Hindu vegetarian friends who worshipped Gai Mataji (Mother Cow).

That bond grew into a career of shared ministry in dorm parenting, teaching and chaplaincy at Northfield Mount Hermon School. The birth of daughter Laura redefined our marriage, and eventually inaugurated an exploration of familial relationships that exceed biological definition.
Now it extends to the family of classmate Ratnam Joseph, S.T.M., YDS ‘69, his son, Patrick Kingsley, wife Agnes, and their children Jabez Wesly and Bettina, now living in New Jersey. What a gift they bring to our lives. Oh well I digress, now a frequent lapse at my age of seventy-seven.

You may be wondering by now what I gained academically from my YDS experience. Suffice it to say, everything. While I took some courses offered by the religion department in college, I had never fully recovered from the literalistic take-aways from family Bible time during my pre-adolescent years, though formative as my mother’s constancy in faith continues to be for me even today.

Sibley Towner’s Interpretation of the Old Testament class gently steered me away from that approach by showing how form and context were valuable indicators for translating “what it meant” to “what it means.” What an exciting discovery that stirs my faith even today. Brevard Childs taught me to find coherence and appreciation for the winding path that led to the completion of the Biblical canon and how we can creatively apply its direction to the crucial task of searching for meaning and purpose in the diverse demands of contemporary life.

Dean Robert Clyde Johnson helped me look ahead to the task of refining what faith means where Karl Barth’s neo-orthodoxy yields but need not disappear, as overarching theological systems have been supplanted by liberationist, womanist, environmentalist, and gender reformations redefining the human condition. (I’m compelled to inject here my memory of the day Dean Johnson told F.B.I. officers showing up to investigate draft card burners to “get off my campus.” Applied theology not only took place in field work experiences, but also in administrative offices.)

Norvin Hein’s Ethics of Hinduism course helped me apply an ongoing interest in Hindu village rituals toward a panoramic scope of Hindu thought that extends even to the annihilation of religion. And then there was Carl Becker and his introspective recollections from Carl Jung’s tutelage, tempered by the occasional appearances from downtown of William Sloane Coffin at Common Room Conversations to chide us for hanging out in divinity school when we should be in Washington protesting the Vietnam War; ironically, or perhaps out of stubbornness, I resisted as an act of nonviolence.

There were so many other mentors. My own study of Paul Tillich’s writings, which began in earnest at YDS, has fueled my persistent commitment to Christian dialogue with other faiths. Curiously, given that I had such little contact with them, I remain deeply grateful to so many administrative staff at YDS and its generous benefactors who provided financial security for my three years there.

Look at what I’ve gained: a life partner in Ginny; an expanded notion of lifelong learning, that began not only in classrooms but in The Refectory; The Common Room, Uncle Ken’s Group, and in Bacon House dorm rooms; a redefinition of what the journey of faith entails; a deepened understanding of friendship that you, my classmates, taught me. If you have persisted throughout the chatter I’ve fomented here, thank you. I began with the intention of addressing a
wider audience, but alas I’ve devolved into a conversation more with myself. Thank you for indulging me.

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E. Edwin Brooks, Jr., Retired Clergy

Laura Selby Brooks, 1974, U.S. Department of Defense

My head is reeling with a veritable kaleidoscope of images, sounds, smells, and even tastes in recalling the memorable years we shared together at YDS: Roland Bainton riding his bicycle to campus and sharing with us his playful caricatures; Sibley Towner’s lyrical prayers at the outset of Old Testament classes; daily Chapel confessions of “leaving undone those things we ought to have done and doing that which we ought not to have done”; the logjam at our campus mailboxes following mid-morning Chapel; the ubiquitous aroma of pipe tobacco at seminar classes; mealtime camaraderie in the Refectory; lively exchanges and post-dinner bridge games in the Common Room; the nightly news with classmates in Bellamy’s basement lounge, including its sobering body count of losses in Vietnam; a university-wide fast protesting the Vietnam War; the student uprising in support of tenure for Sib Towner; the late-night dissection of our dates with Quad men among us Porter Hall women; occasional off-campus excursions to splurge on Chinese food at Blessings, pastrami sandwiches at Chuck’s, and pizza at Pepe’s on Wooster Square.

And then there were our mentors: those “giants” for whom we labored so diligently (Sydney Ahlstrom, James Dittes, James Gustafson, Julian Hartt, Paul Holmer, David Kelsey, George Lindbeck, David Little, Paul Minear, William Muehl, Gaylord Noyce, and many more—we all have our favorites, of course); inspiring junior faculty, such as David Bartlett, John Cook, Rowan Greer, Dean McBride, Don Saliers, and Bill Stroker; plus amazing tutorial help from grad students such as Bruce Birch, Tom Brown, Jim Childress, Stan Hauerwas, Burke Long, and Robert Wilson; yet the dearth of female role models other than Portia Bowers, Iris V. Cully, and Margaret Farley. I trust that my personal collage of recollections will simply whet your appetite for sharing more memories and stories in person at our 50th reunion gathering.
You likely remember me as “Ginny Keim” since Ed Brooks and I were not married until May 31, 1969, just a week before graduating from YDS. Our wedding in Marquand Chapel is still a vivid memory with the Rev. Sibley Towner officiating, Fred Johnson and Bernice (Schulte) Bowdoin among the bridal party, Van Quinn at the organ console, and Don Saliers on the harpsichord. Our reception in the Common Room included Cathie (Koutsogiane) Cipolla at the guest book, Richard Collman at the piano, and many other dear YDS classmates and professors. Our wonderful lifelong friends, Jane (Combs) and Charles Watkins, labored tirelessly behind the scenes to make sure every last detail fell perfectly into place on that special day.

Following YDS, Ed and I headed north up the Connecticut River Valley to embark on our careers at Northfield Mount Hermon (NMH), an independent boarding school in western Massachusetts founded by evangelist D.L. Moody. Although Mr. Moody is surely best known for his Bible Institute in Chicago, NMH represents the more progressive branch of his legacy, including the academic study of religion, mandatory “work jobs” in support of the school community, and a geographically and economically diverse student body. Remarkably, what began as a one-year contract for each of us gradually blossomed into a 36-year commitment.

I always considered my career at NMH as a form of ministry and was thus ordained by the Presbyterian Church (USA) in March of 1970. A colleague once captured our vocation with this apt quip describing her role: “I spend my time raising other people’s children!” Nonetheless, Ed and I still contend that our years of working with adolescents have helped to keep us young—at least in spirit. We served for over a dozen years as dorm parents, plus a similar tenure as co-chaplains, along with our ongoing classroom teaching, before retirement in 2005.

I especially enjoyed engaging with students who were either “unchurched” or skeptical about organized religion. It was also exciting to teach in a department among an eclectic group of colleagues where our combined expertise ranged from world religions, philosophy, ethics, and biblical studies to broad interdisciplinary interests. Specifically, I taught 9th grade Humanities (with a colleague from the English Department) and various upper-class elective courses, including “Violence & Nonviolence,” “Women’s Voices,” and “Images of the Self” (religion and psychology). Thriving on administrative duties, I also served several terms as Head of the Religious Studies Department and chaired innumerable school committees over the years.

While family time was always a challenge in a setting where the demands of the job often felt like 24/7 (much like the parish, I’m sure), nonetheless Ed and I sought to make it a priority. Blessed by the birth of our daughter Laura in 1974, we savored school vacations together as a family, often spending summers at our lakeside cottage in Harrisville, New Hampshire (where we now reside year-round), or traveling throughout the US and abroad. Over the years Ed and I have made six trips to India together – touring and visiting friends, including former students from Ed’s Peace Corps service there prior to YDS. We treated Laura at age 8 to her first taste of India on a 3-month sabbatical in 1982, traveling around the subcontinent by rail. Eventually smitten by the India bug herself, Laura spent her junior year of college studying international relations at Jawaharlal Nehru University in New Delhi.
My pastimes in retirement include reading novels, baking yummy desserts, Red Sox baseball, and global travel, plus an array of volunteer activities: our community church, where I currently serve as vice moderator; the archives of our historic mill town of Harrisville, NH; and a local homeless shelter. Ed and I also relish spending time whenever possible with Laura in the DC area and with cherished Indian friends (now US citizens living in New Jersey): Patrick Kingsley (the son of our YDS classmate, Ratnam Joseph, S.T.M. ‘69) and his wife Agnes, and their children, Wesly and Bettina, who are like grandkids to us.

Life at YDS and the ensuing years have been a blessing. I am gratified that our 50th reunion offers an occasion for recalling classmates and mentors, reflecting on our shared experiences, and expressing our collective gratitude. I look forward to reconnecting with each one of you.

Walter William Burford, B.D.

S.T.M. 1971

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I have fond memories of our YDS years of a half-century ago.

During my first year I was a resident of “the Quad,” and the beauty of that built environment is still with me. I recall the good social interaction that Quad life fostered: meals in the Refectory; convenient opportunities for shooting the breeze in the Common Room; occasional spontaneous hymnfests there when a group collected around pianist Van Quinn; relaxed interaction around campus with elders of the likes of Roland Bainton and Kenneth Latourette.

During the summer of ‘67, Cathy and I got married, and my subsequent two years’ experience of YDS were from the different perspective of residency in married student housing. Likewise, a pleasant social environment, life in those quarters is also memorable now for its exceptionally low cost. If memory serves, monthly rental was $85, utilities included.

Other highlights among my memories of Yale years would include: an experiment in field work during my initial year in which some of us drove Yellow Cabs on weekend nights in New Haven; the pilgrimage to Washington in February ‘67 for the gathering of Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam, on which occasion my elderly great aunt took a group of us classmates into her downtown home; the observance of the 450th anniversary of Reformation Day, when renowned historian of Christianity Professor Latourette preached in Marquand Chapel what may have been the last sermon of his life; introductory Hebrew class taught by Professor Judah Goldin, which brought seminarians together with undergraduate Jewish students whose exposure to the language had apparently been as limited as our own; American Church History with Professor Sydney Ahlstrom, another class on the Yale College campus that brought seminarians and undergrads together. (After all these years, I find some of Ahlstrom’s observations springing to mind more frequently than those from any other course of my college or seminary career.)

Following graduation, I became associate pastor of a Presbyterian church in suburban New Jersey. That was a very positive experience in many dimensions, and a period we recall fondly. However, over the course of our four years there, I finally faced up to the fact that parish ministry
was not my true calling. (The fact that during this period I was also diagnosed with a potentially life-threatening ailment no doubt helped concentrate my mind.)

Hankering to move back to my native Western North Carolina, I won over Connecticut-native Cathy to the idea and was fortunate to land a job in NC’s then-booming banking industry to enable the move. My ten years in that work eventuated in my becoming business manager of Warren Wilson College for a couple of years. That experience in turn opened a door for me to become special assistant to the chancellor (eventually, a succession of four of them) at the University of North Carolina at Asheville. I left that job after eighteen years, then joining the staff of Self-Help, a highly innovative not-for-profit lender and economic justice advocacy organization that had been founded in North Carolina.

Now officially retired for the past eight years, I continue to work a bit in a family business managed by my youngest brother and one of our nephews. But I greatly enjoy the freedom of setting my own schedule and of being able to commit volunteer time to several causes I like. I find, as I suspect others of you have found also, that in retirement it’s advisable to focus conscious attention on developing some regular social connections to replace those that evolve more organically when one is a full-time participant in the working world.

We have two sons, two daughters-in-law, and four grandchildren, with whom we have the great good fortune of frequent contact. One of my happiest retirement activities has been to learn a little bass guitar in order to do a bit of rockin’ with my sons.

Though now far removed in time from my experience as a church professional, we have been active in the same liberal Presbyterian congregation throughout the forty-six years we’ve lived in Asheville. Some of our best and deepest friendships through the years have been, and continue to be, through relationships formed in that church family. Theologically, though, I’d have to say that in seniorhood I find myself pretty distant from the creedal certainties to which I was asked to subscribe as an ordinand that half-century ago.

My warm regards to all.
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Margaret, 1974; Married to Eric Krause

Campbell, Sixth Former at Woodberry Forest School, Banks, Third Former, Episcopal High School. Charlotte, NC.

Trevor, 1978; Married to Anne

Caroline, first grade. Alexandria, VA.

For almost 50 wonderful years I have been Married Dennis Campbell, B.D., 1970, Yale University!

Highlights of our life together include many years at two key institutions: Duke University where I served as Director of Admissions to the Graduate School while Dennis was a Kearns Scholar (and became a professor and Dean of the Divinity School); and Woodberry Forest School in Virginia, from which our son had graduated, at which an agreement to be interim headmaster resulted in 17 years of heading a fabulous school.

Key commitments for me have included: work in admissions and development; running a foundation; and volunteer work in community, church, and school.

Right now, I enjoy freedom to spend time with grandchildren, reading, walking, and travel. Last year included trips to the Baltic capitols, Spain and Portugal, and Santa Fe and Taos.
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Joseph D. Clemmons, Jr., 10/22/57; M.Div. 2018, New Brunswick Theological Seminary; Executive Pastor; second year D.Min. student at Colgate Rochester Crozer Divinity School. Father of 3: Ajenai, Danielle and Joseph, III. All have earned master’s degrees. Angela Clemmons-Morin, 12/1/61; Attended UConn; Mother of 2; a son Kristian Patrick and daughter Alexa. Both have earned bachelor’s degrees.

My YDS years have shaped my life and ministry immeasurably. While teaching Spanish in Harding High School in Bridgeport, CT and being mentored by the late Rev. Henry Karl Yordon of the First Congregational Church on the Green, I came to the conclusion that effective ministry for me required seminary training. While still pastoring, I enrolled in the 4-year M. Div. program at YDS. That training coupled with my D. Min. studies at Colgate Rochester Divinity School have shaped my life into what I believe to be my God-given destiny.

In 1973, I planted Miracle Temple Church of God in Christ affiliated with the Pentecostal Denomination that I was born into and have been part of all my life. By God’s grace the congregation grew. I received standing in the United Church of Christ and Miracle Temple became dually affiliated with the Connecticut Conference of the United Church of Christ. We were able to purchase the burned-out shell of the Trinity Episcopal Church a second building owned by Trinity that contained a lot for parking purposes. These properties in today’s market are valued above $3,000,000.

In the 40 years of my Norwalk pastorate, while preaching most every Sunday, I served the community in a variety of ways; as Chaplain of the Norwalk Fire Department, as co-founder of Pivot Ministries, a Christian Drug and Alcohol Rehabilitation Program for men. The Ministry functions to this day. In 1995 I was elected as a member of the Norwalk Common Council before being elected in 1997 to serve three terms in the Connecticut State Legislature from the 140th District. I declined to run for a 4th term because I was now also pastoring the Historic First Church of God in Christ of Brooklyn, NY., the church my father planted 95 years ago. Now, at age 90, hopefully, my last year as a Pastor, I am eternally grateful for all that YDS, the professors and fellow students have poured into my life to make me who I am. God Bless You All!
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David Richard, 1973, Doctor of Podiatric Medicine in San Francisco
Joy Elizabeth, 1976, part-time professor of Spanish at University of Minnesota

How formative YDS was in both theology and music. I learned to think dialectically and hold a lot of thoughts in tension while also studying pipe organ downtown and practicing at Marquand Chapel. Julian Hart had us keep a theological journal for systematic theology. I thought that was great since I kept a journal anyway. Roommate Ron Rising and I of Hopkins House keep in touch. In April of 1969 I met Katherine Kennedy at her cousin’s wedding in Cheshire UMC where I was the organist and she a bridesmaid. We Married in June of 1970 and just celebrated 49 years together through many moves, wonderful travels (World Methodist Council Exchange), reading, shared parenting, and now grandparenting to two grandboys in San Francisco and a granddaughter in St. Paul, MN.

YDS has always contributed to my interest in the social fabric of this country and ecumenical activity in other churches, (especially UCC, Lutheran, and Episcopal). I mourn our UMC’s possible impending division over gay rights and find myself more trans-institutional than anything else. In retirement, I associate minimally with a local UMC, play organ several times a month at an ELCA church, and prefer worship with the Episcopalians.

The arts have always played a large role in my ministry as I have sought to encourage artists for the church in fabrics, stained glass, and chancel design connected with pipe organ installations. I have served on several national non-profit groups (Choristers Guild, American Guild of Organists) and continue locally with arts activities in Northfield, MN. I call myself a “minister-musician” since I have never separated the two in my career, having spent about equal time in directing music and preaching for fifty years (though not at the same time!)

Through travel, teaching, and reading, I have become a Celtic-Christian with influence from Fr. Richard Rohr and male initiation. I have learned Celtic harp and use it in Hospice ministry. College courses for seniors has been an outlet for my many and varied interests, more often teaching than taking such. Two piano performances and gardening round out my current life.

We feel fortunate with good health to date. We look forward to the reunion.
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Elizabeth Douglass, Retired Academic Administrator

Kim D. Marin, 1970, Journalist
David B. Douglass, 1975, International Development Specialist

I went to YDS right out of undergraduate school. Two years later I went to Geneva, Switzerland for an internship with the World Student Christian Federation that was to last three years. When I returned to YDS in 1968 I was intent on becoming an academic. But in what field? I was torn between social ethics in a religion program and political theory in political science. I applied to programs in both fields. During that last year of mine in the M.Div. program, James Gustafson agreed to supervise for me a year-long tutorial on Roman Catholic social and political thought. I will forever be grateful to him not only for all the knowledge I acquired in the tutorial but also for his career advice. As I made any decision it was a close call, but in the end, I wound up going to Duke in political science.

Four years later, I was hired as a political theorist by the Department of Government of Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.

Along the way I had visiting appointments elsewhere, but Georgetown was my professional home for the whole duration of my career. After 45 years on the job I retired in 2018. Along the way I served as the chair of my department, and in the late 1990’s I also served a stint as Dean of the Faculty of Georgetown College (our largest undergraduate school). In that same period, I also was drawn heavily into officially sponsored faculty deliberations about the future of Georgetown’s identity as a Catholic and Jesuit institution. The familiarity with things Catholic I had acquired from Gustafson served me well at Georgetown, and I know for a fact that I owe the position I was given in the Department of Government in part to the presence on the faculty of that department of persons who were acquainted with YDS and respected its faculty.

I am a life-long Presbyterian. Once it was clear that I was going to have an academic career, I chose not to seek ordination as a clergy person. But for most of my adult life I have been active in PCUSA congregations as a ruling elder and, in that capacity, the main focus of my efforts has been the educational ministry of the church. By that route I came to have an interest in the Reformed tradition I had not previously had, and that led me to play a leadership role in the creation of a new institution called the Reformed Institute of Metropolitan Washington in the
early 2000’s. The main purpose of that organization has been to enable Presbyterians (and other Reformed Protestants) to acquire a better understanding and appreciation of their own tradition. I served as the director of the Institute until 2018, when, on my retirement, Larry Goleman (another YDS graduate) took my place. I drew heavily on the knowledge I acquired at YDS during my tenure as director and, in that period, we often enlisted the services of YDS faculty in our program offerings.

In the early 1990’s the work I had done with Gustafson bore scholarly fruit in my collaboration with a Jesuit ethicist named David Hollenbach (who had also studied with Gustafson) on an edited volume called *Catholicism and Liberalism* that was published by Cambridge University Press--and is still in print in multiple versions. The other publication of mine that is worth citing here is a recently published book on the thought of Max Weber called *The Iron Cage Revisited* (Routledge 2018). I mention that work because even though it is a contribution to social theory and is not at all theological, my interest in Weber is traceable to the strong emphasis on the social sciences that was characteristic of YDS’s ethics program in the years I was there.

In my career at Georgetown I occasionally encountered students who were interested in pursuing an advanced degree at a place such as YDS, and they sought my opinion of the place. I never had occasion to say anything but good things about the school, and I told them that I owe a great deal to the things I learned and experienced there. During the time I was enrolled there, at least, it was a wonderful place for people of faith with strong intellectual interests to be, and I will always be proud of association with the school.

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Patricia Ann Catherine Francis, Retired Chaplain in Mental Health

Helen-Ann MacLeod Hartley, 1973, Bishop of Ripon

My time at Yale was life-changing in the way in which it opened up so many fresh ways of looking at life and faith. It was the time of the Vietnam War and the Civil Rights Movement. Culture and identity were part of the lived experience in which theological reflection was done. The preaching of William Sloane Coffin Jr. at Battell Chapel was outstanding. All this has stayed with me ever since and has stood me in good stead. At YDS I also undertook a youth pastor appointment at North Haven Methodist Church where the Revd. Howard Grant (of blessed memory and recorded in the YDS Memory Book for 2018) was minister. This gave me another valuable opportunity in a non-academic context to enjoy Howard and Helen’s warm hospitality, to learn from Howard’s wisdom, and to reflect on faith lived out in daily life. At YDS I was especially grateful for the scholarly tuition and committed ecumenism of Prof. Paul S. Minear, which shaped my own research interests, life and ministry. After my time at YDS I returned to Scotland and pursued a career that wove together ministry and academic study. My doctoral studies were on the subject of childhood in the ancient world and Christian Origins. I met my wife Pat in 1970 and in 1973 our daughter Helen-Ann was born while I was parish minister of Coldingham Priory and St. Abbs in the Scottish borders. In 1975 we moved to Sunderland in the North East of England where I became a lecturer (in New Testament Studies) in a department of religion and philosophy. In 1987 I entered the ministry of the Church of England in the Diocese of Durham and combined my teaching with serving as an assistant minister at St. Chad’s Church Sunderland (for ten years), and subsequently at Sunderland Minster (for another ten years). In 2000 I was appointed a non-residentiary canon of Durham Cathedral, and moved from Sunderland University to become the principal of the Ordained Local Ministry programme in the Diocese. Although now formally retired I teach Classical Greek on a part-time voluntary basis at the Chorister School in Durham. Thank you, YDS, for all that you have given me. I send all good wishes to the Class of 1969 and to all who are attending the reunion.

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Cheryl Gaffney, Case Manager, Gerontology

Megan Gaffney, 1980, Actor
Coriel Gaffney, 1982, Child Development

It was an exciting time at YDS in the years I was there and in the Ph.D. program in Religious Studies. (Alas, no dissertation, ergo, no Doctorate). At the time I was one of two Roman Catholic priests on the Quad, one a Jesuit teacher who lived in the faculty building. The years of study at Yale, the introduction of women at Bacon House on the Quad, life with the African Americans who convinced the President that they required a house of their own on the Quad but needed some white folks to move in with them to fill up the house, the May Day moment on the Green, the Black Panther trial, and O! so much more. I resigned from the priesthood in 1972 and married in 1973. I worked in New Haven, Rocky Hill, Hartford in a series of social services administrations. In 2003 I Married Cheryl Fitzpatrick who has three children, Meghan, Brendan and Sean. As a blended couple, we now have 9 grandchildren to our delight.

At YDS I had the privilege to be a TA to Henri Nouwen who left Notre Dame to teach spirituality at YDS. We taught a class together and wrote a book “Aging: the fulfillment of life.” We remained friends until Henri died in Holland. My teachers at YDS were Sidney Ahlstrom, Jim Gustafson and Jaroslav Pelikan, for whom I wrote my STM thesis. I am a practicing Roman Catholic and my faith has deepened over the years.

Three of my classmates (Paul Stames, David Warren, Tom Beason) and I have met faithfully over the 50 years and a weekend retreat before his death with Bill Coffin at his home in Vermont remains a memorable occasion.

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Bustling lunch in the refectory. YDS Archives.

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Daniel Lee Garrett (YDS M.Div. ‘71), Retired United Methodist Clergy

David Garrett, 1973, Electrical Engineer, wife Marcy,
sons Zachary, Jonathan, Benjamin
Joshua Garrett, 1977, Electrical Engineer, wife Ngoc,
daughter June, son Heath

Such wonderful memories of YDS: meals and conversation in the Refectory, Coffee and Cocoa Hours in the Common Room, Roland Bainton’s Christmas presentation, singing old gospel hymns around the piano while Kirk Mariner (of blessed memory) played, dramatic readings of the Sword of the Lord magazine (sent in bulk to the YDS post office by a hopeful pre-millennial church), people of faith and intelligence and humor as friends and colleagues—and the drama and turmoil of a nation engaged in the War in Vietnam and social change at home. And of course, meeting Dan (YDS ’71) at a party in Beecher House in 1968 and becoming engaged two months later, we married that summer. I came to YDS a Missouri Synod Lutheran and left as a United Methodist, and exactly 10 years later returned to seminary and became a United Methodist minister myself. Loved my career in ministry: a local church pastor in Middletown, Virginia for 15 years; a District Superintendent supervising 70 churches in the Shenandoah Valley for 7 years; the Director of Connectional Ministries of the Virginia Conference United Methodist Church, supervising the staff and program of the conference, for 5 years.

Along the way Dan and I had two children, and now have two wonderful daughters-in-law and five grandchildren, ages 16, 16, 14, 3 and 1. Both families live in Orange County, California, and last year, on the day of our 50th wedding anniversary, August 24, we loaded a moving van and moved from Virginia to California. We have been surprised at how much we love California, and it certainly is wonderful spending time with our children and grandchildren. Dan is doing well, in spite of a diagnosis of advanced pancreatic cancer, as he has had a really superb reaction to chemotherapy and has regained his strength and energy. We love and celebrate each day!

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Richard J Keever, Retired Parish Minister

Daniel F Keever, 1971, Public school administration, Virginia Beach, VA
As with many assignments while a student at YDS, I have procrastinated! Requesting an extension, however, no longer is an option.

YDS has continued to be with me throughout my life. While there I experienced the sense of authentic community where I felt accepted as well as challenged to grow. Memories of students and faculty gathering for worship, fun and fellowship, lively discussion of social issues of the day... I believe we all benefited from availability of current faculty along with the presence of Uncle Ken and Roland Bainton. What fun many of us had at his cabin on the river, canoeing and roasting hotdogs over an open fire!

The YDS community provided comfort and nurture in times of tragedy and loss and also celebrated in times of joy. There was strength in our unity even in midst of diversity and in the national political strife.

It is literally true that YDS continues to be with me in that during my second year, Dick Keever arrived on campus; he became my partner for life! We shared our years of ministry in our respective places, Dick primarily in the parish, while I was in hospital chaplaincy. For 30 years plus, I served at Children’s Hospital of The King’s Daughters in Norfolk, Virginia. I am grateful for the opportunity to have provided pastoral care for patients, families and staff, while building a chaplaincy department along with developing a bioethics program.

Now both retired, Dick and I have the luxury of a second cup of coffee together most mornings. We spend much time with our family of two sons, their wives and five amazing grandchildren. We have traveled some with each of them, and we also have had some special trips by ourselves.

I am unable to be present for the reunion due to a family commitment. Dick joins me in sending special greetings to all who will gather on campus, as well as to others like ourselves not able to attend.

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Susan Walker Graybill, Retired Classroom Teacher

Elizabeth, 1973, lawyer, NGO work
Dr. David, Jr., 1975, technical theater director
Stephen, 1977, actor, audiobook narrator


When I arrived at YDS in the fall of 1965, I came with virtually no preparation for what lay ahead. I had never taken a religion, philosophy, or Bible course, though I had been raised in a large church in the cocoon of suburban Philadelphia. At the least, YDS was going to be an open adventure.

And was it ever! David Kelsey, Paul Minear, Brevard Childs, George Lindbeck, and Bill Muehl introduced me to the “brave new world” of theology, scripture, philosophy and homiletics. My Hopkins housemates welcomed me to life, especially the Wednesday before-dinner sherry-and then-some hours of conviviality in Mike Huggins’ room and the Refectory as well as seasonal frisbee contests on the quad.

The YDS adventure continued into and through an intern year at a new parish in Little Rock, ARK, supervised by ‘53 YDS graduate Don Campbell. Don introduced me to the bread and butter of parish ministry: hospital and house calls (in person… especially in times of human need, is what folk need, appreciate and remember, not volumes of ink and paper you turn out!); pastoral counseling (Listen, David. Just really listen!), The Book of Order (and the knowledge that, if ever there’s a conflict between the written law and unwritten custom, the unwritten will win every time!), no one is more important in ministry than the church secretary and the music director/organist); and, of course, the ditto/copy machine.

It was during this intern year that I met a gang of Presbyterian clergy and laypeople who not only privately nurtured their consciences but lived their consciences openly in the larger world…sometimes at great personal and professional cost. I was intrigued, awed, and called by their courage.

In short, it was the people of this YDS intern year who changed the direction of my subsequent life from thinking in the academy to living in the world. (Remember, David, the church is less an army of the righteous than a hospital for sinners!)

But life is more—oh, so much wondrously and providentially more—than the professional ministry which YDS gave me. YDS gave me the “amazing grace” of my Southern wife, Susan. I first saw her at the welcome breakfast that the women of Porter Hall hosted for nervous newbie students such as I. But I didn’t really “see” Susan until she knocked on my Hopkins door one night to ask if I had a record of Simon and Garfunkel which I might loan her for Bill Muehl’s class and left accepting my invitation to the Snowball a month hence.
So what difference has YDS made in my life? It has made my whole life: my work in the institutional churches I have been called to serve, the retirement from which has been as close to a pure joy as a minister can savor; our life together at home—for 50+ years of marriage with Susan, the years of our parenting (still!) our three fiercely beloved children. And now seeing the simple beauty of this natural and human world, I give thanks for every sweet, single moment of it.

Thank you, YDS, for setting me on this adventure which continues to grace and guide my life.

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Sharon O’Rand Hasenjaeger, retired academic professional and attorney
Mackendree O’Rand Thompson Burt, 1973
Kyrie O’Rand Thompson Kellett, 1978
David O’Rand Hasenjaeger, 1985

I did not graduate with the class of ‘69, but it was my entering class. I took off ‘68-’69 to do an "internship" in CA and returned to New Haven, for the ‘69-71 years, and my M.A.R. degree wound up being ’72. I went back to grad school in Philosophy at UCSD, got the M.A. ‘76, didn’t finish the PhD but went to work with the farm worker and domestic worker unions in San Diego. I returned to seminary at SFTS, finally received the M.Div., and was ordained PCUSA in ‘87 in OR. I served small rural churches while also teaching Philosophy & Religion in higher ed, for 30+ years. I have always been a tentmaker minister, active in both the Association of Presbyterian Tentmakers and the Society of Christian Philosophers during my working life. I’m fully retired now for a year and a half or so.

Some of you might remember meeting my college sweetheart, Sharon O’Rand, who visited YDS in about 1967. Sharon and I married different people, got divorced in the ‘70s, and then we met again in ‘80. We married in ‘81 and have been married 38 years now! I like to say my claim to success in life is that all 3 of our kids & their spouses live on the east side of Portland, in houses they own, in a 12-mile stretch with us in the middle, have health insurance and stable income, we have 2 grandsons age 5 & 9, and they all still like us.

These days I’m usually auditing a class at Portland State, singing in a couple of choirs [Welsh & German], enjoying riding my bike even in the rain. Health is OK for being in my mid-70’s, getting a knee replaced 2 weeks after Convo. About the YDS part of my journey, I’d say those years brought me back from being a radical liberal theologically, reacting against a fundamentalist phase, to a place more in the mainstream of modern Protestantism. I’d have to admit though that I’ve gone back in a more radical, less traditional direction since then -- more pluralistic and sceptical, perhaps somewhere between John Hick and Socrates. Sorry not to be able to see you all at Convo!
Coming to Yale out of a Moravian Church background, I valued the erudite piety of Paul Holmer, the historical skills of George Lindbeck, the prayers of Sibley Towner, the hospitality of Kenneth Scott Latourette, and the yearly rendering of Martin Luther’s Christmas sermons at the hands of Roland Bainton. YDS and the late 1960s broadened my awareness of social justice issues, concerns that deepened through the years with each new moral outrage against humanity.

Not feeling well-fitted for pastoral ministry, but deeply wishing to pursue theological questions, I headed off to Scotland’s University of Edinburgh for doctoral study. After seven years, I submitted a research thesis arguing that Karl Barth’s actual theological method (vs his stated methodology) did not qualify his *Kirchliche Dogmatik* as Protestant Theology, for it raised a portion of church tradition (the classical creeds) to a higher level of authority than scripture. Examiners took no issue with my arguments but complained of my spelling.

Two years later, I was invited to teach at the United Theological College of the West Indies in Kingston Jamaica, a much-valued two-year experience! After a year as a post-doctoral fellow at Princeton Theological Seminary, and two years of unemployment, I was asked to become denominational archivist for the Southern Province of the Moravian Church in North America, until standing firm for professional archival standards and good churchmanship in the midst of an intense political situation resulted in a quite-expected job loss, after six years as archivist.

Then, seeking for some door to open, it slowly dawned on me that a door was opening to living simply enough to pursue research and writing without remuneration, yet conserving retirement savings. After 27 years of this, it’s still working. In 1994 I began daily studying of a portion of the New Testament in Greek, then in Latin and German, seeking to hear the New Testament’s main themes better, while worshiping in a different congregation each Sunday, listening for how these same themes are heard in this unusual American culture. I have the hope that this may result in some writing. After about a quarter century of study, good things seem to be happening.

A hand-me-down digital camera enables me to pursue nature photography at essentially no cost. For about ten years I’ve looked for beauty within a hundred yards of my front door. Out of several thousand photographs I’ve taken close to my home, about 86 are photos I like. One of these is at the bottom of this page. The other picture was taken in the mountain wilderness of the Moravian Church camp in western North Carolina. I hope you won’t mind if I share a photo essay of these pictures with you from time to time. If you do not wish this, please let me know.
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4 children ranging in age from 37 to 45; 8 grandchildren, 8 mos. to 15

We belong to the peripatetic school of academics, moving from graduate school in England to various posts in several colleges in different states, always finding an old house in need of TLC and hoping to leave it in better shape than when we found it. A good metaphor for our time at YDS, strengthening foundations, improving the structure and furnishing the mind’s rooms in preparation for lives of service in the churches, colleges and communities where we have lived and raised our children. They, too, follow the family pattern, having lived in several states and abroad. (One is a pastor, one an organist-choirmaster, one a private-school dean of students and one the wife of a USAF squadron CO). I have many fond memories of YDS: classes with Minear, Greer, Saliers, Holmer, and Pelikan; singing in the Chapel Choir (when there was one...it was sort of an ad hoc group), lighter moments, such as “Elsinore”, Tim Lull’s spoof of Camelot/Hamlet and his rewording of the hymn tune Austria using the names of the faculty (we still chuckle every time we sing this one), baking cookies with the Saliers girls, Roland Bainton’s sketches and readings in the Common Room at Christmas, and watching the sun rise over East Rock from my room in Porter Hall. Reminiscing has its place, of course, but I tend to agree with English author L.P. Hartley: “The past is a foreign country. They do things differently there.” I try to look forward, rather than back, because there is still so much to do. YDS was a stepping-stone on the way to a lifetime of adventures, and challenges, learning to listen and adapt to whatever circumstances God calls us to explore. I first heard the phrase “bloom where you are planted “at YDS, a necessary piece of advice when the unexpected pounces (Lennon: Life is what happens when you are busy making other plans). This applies to “retirement” as well. There are many ways to continue serving if one is open to previously unconsidered opportunities: my earlier teaching involved HS seniors and college students, but I am now in my tenth year as a first-grade reading tutor in an inner-city school, and it has turned out to be one of the most rewarding things I have ever done. One of the other rewarding activities has been the opportunity in every location to sing with whatever groups are available: church choirs, symphony choruses, Bach chorale groups, etc., a thread of joy that informs everything I do. No matter the different circumstances, from YDS onwards the constants remain the same: church and family, education and music.

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Judith K. Imes, Retired CPA

Rachel, 1965, substance use educator
Elizabeth, 1967, teacher
Sarah, 1972, teacher

A page of preterition (Ciceronian, not Calvinist)

I will not elaborate on having seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren other than to note that two have autism and, in the last three weeks, our twenty-month old great-grandson fell from a second-floor window escaping with only a cracked rib and our twenty-two year old grandson developed pneumonia which led to septic shock which put him in Mass General ICU for two weeks. He came close to dying twice but is now well on his way to recovery.
I will say only that I have discovered that I am a pastoral person in my 32 years in three pastorates, my seven years as President of Bangor Theological Seminary, and my six years in five interim pastorates in retirement.

Being a volunteer has marked my whole life, and I will pass over all the committees and Boards I have served on, but will note being on founding boards for a homeless shelter, a retirement community, and a high school mentoring program vie with time spent on several state boards concerned with mental health services as the most meaningful volunteering I have done.
A highlight of my denominational volunteering was a period from 1975 to 1994 when I took part in a number of programs connecting the UCC and the EKU in Germany. The first trip to the GDR in 1975 was particularly enlightening.

Continuing my own education is another topic I will touch on briefly: I did not finish editing my thesis for an MA in New England Studies at the University of Southern Maine because I got involved in teaching Polity at BTS, and later taught Pastoral Care, Preaching, Stewardship, and Contemporary Christian novelists.
This brings me to a page of reflection on Theology and YDS:

When we were at YDS Clinical Pastoral Education was a big deal. If I had not become a parish pastor, I think I would have entered a counseling profession. In my first pastorate I took two extended CPE offerings at the state Mental Hospital in Cherokee, Iowa. They helped me enormously in my pastoral work and as a person. While at YDS I did take Work of the Parish Minister with Profs. Becker, Dittes, and Noyce. I appreciated their Rogerian approach to counseling although my CPE work led me to move in other directions. Listening is essential to being a good pastor. And sometimes you need to help people clarify what their choices are. I had polity with Gaylord Noyce and have always valued a point he made about leading worship, i.e., that prayers are offered to God, not to the congregation. Every time I hear a prayer that rehashes the sermon, I am reminded of the challenge of making a public prayer a prayer. And Bill Muehl has influenced my preaching to this day. Two points have been particularly helpful. You should be able to summarize the sermon in one sentence. You should identify what it is you want your listeners to do, to think or to feel. I have added my own psychological perspective to the latter, namely that almost every person prioritizes thinking, feeling or doing in their own lives, and therefore will hear a sermon from that perspective. A truth to be pondered throughout the creation and delivering of a sermon.

My theology has changed very modestly. I am still comfortable with the classic creeds while recognizing that most parishioners have minimal interest in theology. They want to know that God loves them, which I am glad to affirm while calling them to love and respect the whole of creation starting with their neighbor. I am well aware that more recently trained pastors will often feel the need to focus on social issues and join with them in almost all of these concerns. After all we were at YDS in the midst of Vietnam, the Civil Rights movement, and the horrors of 1968. But I do not want to reduce humans to race, class, and gender and am concerned when people turn up their noses at being chaplain to a congregation. I remember the UCC President Ben Herbster telling our Polity class that we had to nurture our flock as well as challenge it. To which I still say amen.

This has gone on long enough. Ask me about the lessons I learned this summer when I found myself reading biographies of Adams and FDR, Candide and Pilgrim’s Progress at the same time. Usually I am reading murder mysteries. I really am hooked on Louise Penny.

Nathaniel Jarrett, B.D.

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My five YDS years are some of the most memorable years of my life, for it was during those years I learned how tests can become a testimony.

“Our” test included my leaving home at 5:45 a.m. to take a 6:00 a.m. bus for my 100 mile round trip commute to New Haven from Torrington. Many demands, but only limited dollars were challenging. Further tests awaited us as we relocated from Torrington to New Haven with my pastoring and Estelle teaching in Ansonia. Home alone with two boys, getting one to school and having the other moving about with me, even to YDS, tested my ingenuity (nerves).

Thank God, our tests soon became our testimony. First, Dr. Joseph, a Jewish pediatrician in Torrington and professor at Yale Medical School, then George Harris (a YDS classmate and commuter from upstate New York) offered me rides to and from YDS. Calvin Hanson (another classmate) was the next God sent. The Hansons offered their home as a place for Todd while I was in class. They had a three-year-old son. The boys became little buddies. Additional testimonies include the “Regrettable No” that became a “Joyful yes.” The Rockefeller Foundation said no, and then sent a substantial check. After having served as Acting Director of Admissions for a year, the position was upgraded to Director of Admissions. The Dean offered me the office. I said no to the prized position. My tests had become my testimony. It was time to go home.

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Martie McMane, Retired

In my senior year of undergraduate school, I was accepted into the U of MN law school. However, during that last seminar I took a class on Religion and Literature and the professor encouraged me to apply to seminary. So I did and I received a scholarship to YDS for Fall, 1965. Postponed, I thought, for one year to go to law school.

To understand that I was not quite ready for seminary, when I went to Sibley Towner’s OT class, I realized that I ought to have brought a Bible to YDS. I had not. My parents sent me my 3rd grade Bible. But after one semester I was ready to leave. It was then that the field placement staff sent Tom Stiers, knocking on my dorm room asking if I would be willing to fill out the year by being a student minister at his church in Milford, CT. I believe that was the pivotal point for my journey into continuing at YDS.

The challenges at YDS were all the classes I could possibly take taught by Gustafson and that first-year class on Old Testament by Towner. His prayers were life lines. Even after YDS, I stayed in touch with Gustafson including visiting him in Chicago, Atlanta, and even in Rio Rancho, New Mexico. The way the Spirit swayed my path led me to continue in pastoral ministry mostly because of my intern year (1968) at the UCC church in Milford, CT. Lessons were taught by Eleanor, Bill, and Kel, gifted lay people who were the foundations for the ministry which carried me into ordination.

The turmoil of those years at YDS were etched in me, such as hearing the sermon by Martin Luther King, Jr., on April 4, 1967 at The Riverside Church, NYC, where he spoke against the Vietnam War. During my intern year in 1968, we had Towner do a Lenten Series, “Is the Church a Non-Prophet Organization?” On the last night of the adult education program as we were summarizing the attributes of a prophet, we received the message that Martin Luther King, Jr was shot, one year to the day from when he had preached at The Riverside Church. That experience seared into me with the cause for justice and truth telling.

The other formative experience for me at YDS was taking the summer CPE program in IN. It was this experience which might have been the seed that was planted and led to my becoming Chaplain years later. While intellectually stimulating, my time at YDS did not apply much to life situations. That is why the intern year and the CPE programs were more formative for me. Yet, YDS did open the doors for what followed, and even was the context in which I did follow my calling to ordained ministry.

Following YDS I served congregations in Old Greenwich, CT, Sharon, CT and Brooklyn, NY. This led to my being called to the national staff of the UCC for 16 years, living in NYC and then in OH as the national offices had moved in 1991. I traveled the country speaking at conferences, churches, synods, and developing resources on spiritual and membership growth for local congregations. I had wished that I had been at YDS when Henri Nouwen had taught there, although throughout the years until Henri died, it was a privilege to be one of his 3,000 plus close friends.
Being a co-pastor in Westport, CT, with my wife, Martie McMane, led us to Boulder, CO where Martie was the senior minister of the First Congregational Church, Boulder, and I became a chaplain at The Children’s Hospital, Denver, where I worked with the oncology staff who developed the Butterfly Program for children who were on hospice. During these years I was immersed in the writings of John Sandford, Episcopal priest and Jungian therapist.

Retiring from the hospital 13 years ago, I have become a volunteer mental health advocate. I am a co-founder of the Interfaith Network on Mental Illness (inmi.us) and presently serve as the chair of the UCC Mental Health Network (mhn-ucc.org). Our mission is to encourage congregations to understand and address mental health by becoming WISE about mental health. (Welcoming, Inclusive, Supportive, Engaged.) Experiencing mental illness and suicide in my immediate family, this ministry has been among the richest and deepest callings in my life.

One lark was writing a book, *Encounters at the Counter: What Congregations can Learn about Hospitality from Business* (Pilgrim Press), after working at a local Great Harvest Bread Company right after I had retired. There continues to be power in one’s story. And my energy continues for me as I race sprint triathlons (the short ones) competing nationally and did the worlds in Cozumel.

Martie has retired as senior minister and is a national teacher and guide on the Enneagram and Soul Collage and is an artist/painter.

Between us, we have engaging and energetic 6 children and 5 grandchildren. So blessed!

**G. Lloyd Jones, S.T.M.**
Robert Jones, M.Div.

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Mary Karen Jones -- Retired Nurse

Darrell A. Jones; August 10, 1973; Minister

My YDS experience enhanced and broadened the scope of my ministry. I had no idea that I would ever think and act as progressively as I did upon graduation and continues to be a part of my retirement life.
Ratnam Joseph, S.T.M.

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Mabel Joseph (Late), High school teacher

Patrick C Kingsly, 1968, Senior Chemist, Ohm Labs, New Brunswick, NJ
Joyce P Johnson, 1972, School teacher, Madurai, India

It was a great experience coming to YDS on NCCI Scholarship. After returning to Tirunelveli Diocese, I served as Pastorate Chairman of many pastorates, editor of Diocesan magazine and authored Bible study notes for the local church catechists. Because of my degree from YDS, the leadership of the CSI Tirunelveli Diocese asked me to serve as the Clergy Secretary in 1985 which led to more leadership roles in the Diocese and Church of South India until my retirement in 2003. During my ministry, I have shared the Tirunelveli Church History along with the sermons which helped to inspire the congregation to involve in mission work in other places. Recently I have celebrated my 80th birthday and currently living with my daughter’s family. My daily routine now includes some reading, walking and prayer.

Happy to be connected through this forum and my kind greetings to each one of you.

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Susan Korté, M.A.R.
I do wish I could see you all, but I can’t make it to this reunion.

Won’t try to summarize 50 years! This century, I was the librarian in a high-tech research & development defense contractor until the company was bought by a large firm that laid off a lot of my colleagues and me in 2006. From 2000-2012 there was a lot of eldercare - two relatives with Alzheimers. But my main focus since the layoff has been an evolving project creating and maintaining a comprehensive online environmental calendar called "What Grows On in RI." The calendar grew out of "The Providential Gardener" that began as a blog in 2006. ProvGardener envisions Rhode Island as a garden that all of us tend. The name, on the one hand, comes from being deeply impressed by Roger Williams, who called the place where I live Providence, "a shelter for all distressed of conscience." And I just love gardens. For a state smaller than many counties in other parts of the country, there’s a lot going on around here. Because of its small scale, it can serve as a model for exploring how human society actually functions.

The website: [https://www.provgardener.com](https://www.provgardener.com)

If you like, check out the website. It has morphed into something that would take a couple of lifetimes to finish -- led me to think of the economy not as centered in making money, but as a system for sharing and exchanging goods and services to get all the work done so EVERYONE in a place (jurisdiction, e.g., RI, US, Earth) has an adequate living. I spend a lot of time reading, thinking, and writing about the Common Good, And I think Roger Williams is still one of the most important human beings ever.

Recommended reading:

John M. Barry, *Roger Williams and the Creation of the American Soul*

James A. Warren, *God, War, and Providence: The Epic Struggle of Roger Williams and the Narragansett Indians against the Puritans of New England*

Robert Reich, *The Common Good*

Have you heard of WaterFire? It is an amazing event that occurs several times each year in Providence. At dusk, fires are lit in braziers that float on the rivers in the center of the city, with
music playing throughout. You have to see it! And if you come, I will be glad to give you a tour of this great place! I’d love to see you, so add WaterFire to your bucket list!

https://waterfire.org/

PS: The photo was taken at Corinth in Greece this April. In the background is the platform, our archaeologist-guide said, where Paul addressed the Corinthians. At least archaeologists think it is the place that speakers would address the citizens. In the far background is the mountain where the most ancient settlement was.

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Matthew 1975
Peter 1978

Over the years of ministry in a variety of settings I have only grown in my appreciation for the theological education we received here at YDS. During a Common Room conversation, I remember hearing Bill Coffin respond to a question about his theological stance or position by saying he was orthodox but unconventional. I won’t put that in quotation marks, but it has helped me and kept me growing.

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Hannelore MacDonald, Retired Speech Therapist

Kara Taylor, 1969
Beth Overton, 1970

I transferred to YDS after a year of study at University of Chicago Divinity School. A very good friend, the late George E. Harris, fellow alum, drove to Chicago and moved us with a borrowed Travelall and UHaul. Because my wife was with child, I took a student church to support us. It was a great assignment in Milford, CT, conveniently close to New Haven. Still, living off campus, meant I took part minimally in YDS life. I missed out on a lot. Even the great night in 1968 when the General Conference of the United Methodist Church overruled the tradition of requiring clergy to sign a pledge not to drink alcohol. The celebration at YDS was a keg tapped in front of Marquand Chapel. Or so I was told. One of the highlights of those years was carpooling with seminarians from Drew to DC to hear Dr. King speak of his opposition to the Vietnam War. Leaving the church, we marched and heard an insipid voice from the sidelines saying “Clergy, smile for the picture.” It was the notorious ultranationalist, the Rev. Carl McIntyre of south NJ and we no doubt appeared on his rag.

After graduation I pursued a Ph.D. program at Temple University in intellectual history. After a year of that I chose the pastoral ministry and began a series of gratifying pastorates on Long Island and in Connecticut in the New York Conference. During my career in NY and CT I especially enjoyed several amateur archaeology trips to Israel and a pulpit exchange through the World Methodist Council with a minister from Southgate London.

We retired to south Florida and enjoyed a beach condo on Hutchinson Island, the Atlantic side. While there I worked part-time at a UU congregation. During my career in NY/CT I had been occasionally accused of heresy, so in FL I enjoyed a congregation where you could not be a heretic unless you thought the divine love was as limited as your own. In that location I was able to pursue dialogue experiences including Christians, Jews and Muslims.

Now we live in Asheville, NC and will see what the future holds. My wife Hannelore is from Hamburg, Germany and so we enjoy travel to Europe and the world as much as possible.
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Scott Friedman, 1985
Lisa Friedman, 1987, Medical Researcher

I was only at YDS for two years but those years had a huge impact on my life in that I learned to think expansively, to focus on what is as a springboard for imagining what if. My vivid memories of YDS have to do with the intellectual integrity of my teachers — Mr. Childs, Mr. Homer, Mr. Saliers, Mr. Cook. They have to do with the intentionality of the fieldwork component — in my case working in the public schools and then reflecting on that experience under the guidance of Mr. Forsberg.

My memories take me back to the collegiality of my peers — playing Botticelli in the Common Room, folk song sessions with renditions of Amazing Grace to the tune of House of the Rising Sun or was it the other way around, the evening walk over to Married student housing after dinner to catch the evening news on the only public television on campus, the general atmosphere on campus of taking our work but not ourselves seriously.

The memories also have to do with the times — learning that the dean had kicked the FBI agents off campus after the draft card burning march on Washington; the evening in April 1968 when a fellow student announced to those of us in the library that Martin Luther King had been shot and the subsequent days of turmoil and prayer.

I am now a Unitarian active in my church in St. Paul. For years after YDS for better or worse I would tell friends that I had gone to divinity school only to lose my faith. That’s always the danger in liberal religious settings. What I have come to realize in my dotage is that I really never lost my faith, just my adherence to any kind of Christian orthodoxy, and that I still believe in those ineffable truths that brought me to YDS in the first place and flourished there — that life has meaning, that love changes the world, that the universe is large, that there is so much that we will never know, and that mystery and beauty are inseparable, and the transformative power of humility.

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The Last Fifty Years

Being Australian born I respond to metaphors drawn from the game of cricket. Usually if someone scores half a century in an innings they stop the game and mild applause is given. So I am glad that the YDS class is pausing for just a couple of days this fall to congratulate ourselves on attaining this important milestone. Due to family situations I will not be able to be present but I send my best wishes anyway.

Fifty years is a long time; but in my case the basic details of where I have been and what I am doing are fairly easy to reconstruct.

After graduating from YDS I went to Nashville where I spent three years at Vanderbilt finishing up my academic work for a Ph.D. in New Testament. There I worked under the supervision of Paul Meyer and Leander Keck, both of whom have left major tracks at YDS over the years. I was blessed by being the instructor in Beginning Greek there. This position enabled me to move to Austin to teach at the University of Texas for fifteen years; and then to fulfill my love for seminary work, I added another twenty-five years at Austin Graduate School of Theology until my retirement in January 2013. Since that time, I still have an office at “Austin Grad” – as we call it – and try to make myself useful doing research, writing, and interacting with students by teaching a course now and then. If anyone needs to know more, check online at the Austin Graduate School of Theology website. I am listed under Faculty Emeritus and there you will find my Profile and Curriculum Vitae.

Of course, the academy is not everything. My decision to stay in Texas was enhanced by marrying a wonderful classical musician from Midland. Now after forty years of marriage with Patricia she still teaches piano in her own studio attached to our home. This after raising two sons and doting on three grandchildren.

One of the great blessings of my academic and church life is that for the last fifty years I have known personally most of the YDS deans since leaving New Haven. I will not bore you with all
this but there are direct church connections (Harry Adams and Greg Sterling); academic connections with Vanderbilt (Tom Ogletree and Leander Keck); and regional associations (Harry Attridge at SMU). You get the picture. These associations have kept my remembrances of the great years in New Haven deeply personal. I care deeply for that place.

So I conclude with a paragraph or two about memories. We all recall experiences with great teachers and interesting students. I will always remember Paul Holmer. He would stalk around the grounds for hours before some of his lectures only to arrive in the classroom ready to explode with a new insight he was ready to drop on us; a little milder – but somewhat along the same lines – was Hans Frei. And among my greatest regrets: not taking Lindbeck and not getting a personal sketch from Roland Bainton. I guess Bainton didn’t find my face very interesting. On the other hand, Bill Muehl with his latest bits of political gossip was always the life of the party and tremendous fun.

And as for the students so much more could be said. I will never forget my first week there. After walking into the YDS bookstore I suddenly heard a stream of profanity in a Texas accent coming from somewhere in its back reaches. “Oh, that is just Stanley Hauerwas” was the response. “He does it all the time.” Then there were the folks at Bacon House. For example, there was the night we all sat on the stairs in front of an old black-and-white TV and watched LBJ state that he was not going to run for re-election. What a moment! And one other word: YDS was part of the greater university community from which we all benefited. I especially recall my last year there when John Shopp and I decided that we would have Sunday lunches at each one of the residential undergraduate colleges. It was the year before girls were admitted to the undergraduate classes but still a tremendous amount of fun.

Yes, we were there to prepare for ministry and so I end on a sober note. Those of us at Bacon House will never forget Ken Latourette, the great church historian who officed there. “Uncle Ken” was what we called him. Surely my most spiritual hour at YDS was to attend his funeral in Marquand Chapel. To this day I still struggle to find meaning on how such a fruitful life could end in such a senseless way! If anything prepared me for ministry, it was coming to grips with this wrenching event. I do not know why it is but after fifty years there were more events that I continue to remember from my time at YDS than any other time in my life. Beyond doubt those precious times were worth the investment in being there.

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Although we were only at YDS for one year, I will always appreciate the gracious way we were welcomed into the life of the school. We especially appreciated having Jon and Jane Moody across the hall from us. They became wonderful friends.

After my STM year at Yale, I was called to the Meadowthorpe Presbyterian Church in Lexington, KY, where I served for five challenging years. The late 60s and early 70s in a university community we “interesting” times, to say the least, as we all remember. In 1974 I was called as pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Laurinburg, NC, a mile from St. Andrews Presbyterian College. The church was blessed with 12 seminary graduates and four graduates of the Presbyterian School for Christian Education in Richmond, VA. During my years there, after a year-long study of Reformed architecture, we built a lovely sanctuary. Eight years later I accepted the call to The Presbyterian Church of Bowling Green, KY. Going from a church of 250 to a church of over 900 with no associate and only a part-time DCE was a real challenge, but within a few years, we were able to put together a remarkable staff. Our son and his family still live in Bowling Green. We are able to get back from time to time. In 1991 I was called as pastor of Fourth Presbyterian Church, Greenville, SC., where I served for 19 years until my retirement in 2010. The years in that church were wonderful. It was a joy serving with such sweet-spirited, outstanding church leaders. To add to the joy of ministry here is the fact that this was the last church my grandfather, Dr. John McSween, served before his retirement in 1952. Four generations of my family have been members here. There is a “McSween Family” window in the sanctuary. Thanks to the gracious invitation of the current pastor, we continue to worship at Fourth and teach SS from time to time.

Three of the most meaningful experiences of my years in ministry outside the local congregation are: 1) serving for seven years on the Presbyteries’ Cooperative Committee on Ordination Exams, 2) being part of the Pastor-Theologian Program of the Center for Theological Inquiry in Princeton for five years, 3) and working with a group of new pastors for five years as part of the “Excellence from the Start” program of the PC(USA).

My years in ministry were blessed in many ways, but in retirement I have had no desire to serve as an interim pastor. Various writing projects and service on the Board of Trustees at Presbyterian College have kept me intellectually engaged.
We are sorry that we will not be able to attend the 50th reunion, but I am sure it will be a grand
time to renew old friendship and rehearse blessed memories.

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Marquand Chapel interior. YDS Archives.
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Betty Miller, Retired Director of Health Ministry

Stephen Miller, Fine Arts Director of Natick, MA School System
Aaron Miller, Owner of Miller Design & Marketing, Beaufort, SC
Rachel Jones, Early Child Interventionist, Jonestown, NC

YDS taught me to allow scripture to speak for itself and to take the good news of the gospel seriously. My time at YDS also provided the opportunity to meet other persons of faith from other traditions different from my own. It was those experiences that provided important life lessons and guidelines that I shared and lived by during the 21 years I served navy, marine, and coast guard units and their families as a navy chaplain and later while serving as a pastor of an interdenominational church for eleven years. I also used those experiences and insights while serving as the national chaplain for the Military Officers Association of America.
Jon Moody, B.D.

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Jane, Retired Teacher

Jonathan, 1974

I remember how important to me was that little gym and the 4 on 4 games that went on there in the afternoons. I didn’t make it to chapel very often, but I did make it to those pick-up games.

I remember singing with Van Quinn’s choir in Ansonia our first year, when I was doing field work with the Y and did not have Sunday obligations. My third year, after an internship at Colby College, I worked with New Haven Redevelopment, so only in my second year did I have a typical field work experience, out at Milford.

My intern year I spent at the college I had graduated from, working with the chaplain and the dean of students, and that allowed me to Mary Jane and bring her back to me for my last year at Yale, where I moved from Taylor House to the crescent.

I have spent my career as a college chaplain, first at Whittier College in LA County, and then at Hiram College in Northeast Ohio, and I have recently become aware how much I have been shaped by the academy, perhaps more than by the church, though I have tried to remain a faithful member of the body. But I have been very interested in comparative work, in how we interact with and learn from different traditions as well as different disciplines. Yale trained me well for that.

You will have to wait to see what I look like now, but the beard I grew in the middle of my last year I have never shaved off. It is white now.

Bill Murray, M.Div.

M.B.A. Harvard Business School
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Kathy, Social Worker

What I loved most at YDS was my fellow students’ conversations on social justice. We became informed and active in major causes including racial justice, anti-poverty, and anti-Vietnam war. Chaplain Wm. Sloan Coffin was wonderful to hear on Sundays. Now I still see social justice work as a crucial part of my Christianity.

Over the years I also met some outstanding people in the healing prayer ministry. I lead that now in a very liberal church. I own that to my YDS days too. I asked a man to room with me who was a black Pentecostal minister. He was another wonderful experience that led me into new pathways.

I am now living in Chapel Hill, NC., a rather liberal town surrounded by conservatives.

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Sarah M Peters, Retired Teacher
David, 1967
Ruth, 1969
Naomi, 1977

I came to Yale in 1967 as a member of the Evangelical wing of the Anglican Church in Australia. It was a tumultuous time in the US and at Yale I was led to explore the relationship between a biblically grounded faith and the contemporary voices calling for justice. Yale was truly a place of re-birth for me as I learned to read the Bible more critically and, I think more faithfully. I am thankful for Profs Towner and Childs who taught me to read biblical texts in this deeper way. My own personal interest was in the relationship between philosophical understandings of ethical discourse and theological understanding of the same. Prof. James Gustafson was a consummate scholar and tutored me well in this pursuit and ultimately led me to apply for further study.

I was a commuting student at the time. Thankfully the Field Education Office had found me a position as a supply clergy for the Sandy Hook United Methodist Church and that made it possible for me and my family to live while I pursued my studies.

I had come to Yale without fully appreciating the privilege I had been afforded. I was less than a stellar scholar in my earlier education, but at Yale I found myself growing and appreciating all that this community had to offer. At 80 years of age I remain deeply thankful for the opportunity given to me at Yale University Divinity School.
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When I reflect on what influenced me most at YDS, it was the context of community conscience. With William Sloane Coffin at the chapel, we were immediately immersed in issues of Vietnam and civil rights. I stood with Staughton Lynd and others in a weekly silent vigil against the war. My wife Sandy and I and I joined Bud and Donna Ogle going to the march against the war in New York that first year. I learned about fasting and praying as spiritual/political tools. Hal Shorrock, a visiting professor from the American University in Japan developed an impromptu course for us on the American (Missionary) Presence in Southeast Asia which was mind changing.

I was working with Chaplain Sam Slie and wonderful Maryknoll Sister Jean doing campus ministry at Southern Connecticut State College when Martin Luther King, Jr was assassinated, and immediately became involved in vigils and political action. I remember going to the Ingalls Ice Rink where the entire university population was invited to argue whether ROTC should be removed from campus. After two hours of debate the vote was taken, and it was tied! We voted again; still tied.

I remember Sib Towner’s prayers before his poetically creative Hebrew Scripture class. Coffee hour conversations with the likes of Bill Muehl after chapel were always a trip. In short, I learned political consciousness, ways to take action, and the need to listen and compromise to find consensus. I also learned the poetry of spirituality which sustained me throughout my ministry.

When I graduated from YDS I went to the First Congregational Church in New Milford, CT as associate pastor. It was a great place to learn ministry, because I had taken virtually no courses in parish ministry at YDS.

In 1974, I moved to Gainesville, Florida to serve the United Church of Gainesville, which had been started in 1965. It had 75 members and rented space in the Presbyterian Student Center of the University of Florida. It was a progressive and inclusive church, willing to every form of
creative worship and social justice we could think of, but it wasn’t clear that a church such as this could survive in the South. It did, and it eventually grew to 700 members. My wife Sandy, who taught school at West Haven High School and supported us through YDS, joined me in ministry there. She was eventually ordained, and we had an exciting time together.

We became an Open and Affirming church in 1991. We supported the sanctuary movement then and we still do now. I attended virtually every execution in nearby Starke, Fl. I began visiting a death row inmate in 1981 and stuck with him in his appeals and struggles until his sentence was reduced to life just 5 years ago. I still visit him.

I was caught up in the protest against a strange pastor, Rev., Terry Jones who wanted to publicly burn the Koran. I organized a response in which most mainline churches in town wound up reading the Koran in Sunday morning worship. And Terry Jones never got to burn the Koran.

We retired in from the United Church in 2012. Gainesville is truly our home, so when we retired we did the slightly unconventional thing of staying in here as emeritus ministers. We believe we have avoided being a royal pain to the current ministerial staff, and the church has been a place of nurture and support for us.

In retirement I began teaching trumpet, which I love, and I have been playing in a jazz band ever since. Our children live in nearby Jacksonville, and we have 5 grandchildren. Our two oldest grandsons are now students here at the University of Florida which starts another cycle of family passages. YDS gave us a rich foundation of creative thinking, risk taking, and an exploratory faith. I am forever indebted to the foundation it gave me to live a life of utter joy and challenge in ministry.
Ron Rising, M.Div.
Th.M. United Theological Seminary, New Brighton, MN

Retired

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Sharon Schindler Rising

Joshua Peder Rising, 1975, M.D., M.P.H. PEW Charitable Trusts
Kristin Laura Rising, 1979, M.D. Emergency Medicine and Research

My career, since leaving YDS, has been spread over ministry, training, and counseling -- all influenced by my experience at YDS, for which I am most grateful. The latter part of my ministry, both in Connecticut, where I’ve lived and worked most of my life, and in Maryland, where we have lived for the last eight years, has focused on doing interim ministry.

I am now retired, but still active in my local church and local association. I particularly enjoy spending time with our five grandchildren.

Something I’ve enjoyed most of my life--since taking my intern year in Thailand when I was at YDS--and has been my passion “on the side”, has been photography. I’m still enjoying that. Sharon and I have been fortunate to have done quite a bit of traveling, and there are always new photos to take!

Ann C. Rogers-Witte, M.A.R.

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Minister Emerita The United Church on the Green,
New Haven, CT; Private Practice in Psychotherapy and Counseling

5 kids! Barton Allen, Jennifer Bryant, Joshua Allen, Dr. Scott Jelinek, Mark Jelinek.

It was exciting to be back in New Haven as a Senior Minister for these last 5 years and to be a part of Yale also on the other end of my career.

My years as a pastor as well as a therapist combined both my skill sets well.

I have just this spring retired from the church to my home on the Cape where I am continuing my private practice, teaching students in Discernment on their road to ordination, and preaching and doing weddings and funerals when asked.

I love to travel and have gone all around the world. I continue these grand adventures quite a few times a year – this year alone will be Canada, (even a Rocky Mountaineer trip) Thailand, China, and Nova Scotia.

I am looking forward to our 50th reunion and meeting up with as many classmates as possible!

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James A. Simpson, S.T.M.
Henry M. Smith, M.Div.

M.A. 1987, French Language & Literature, Middlebury College Year in Paris

Retired Lecturer in French, University of New Hampshire-Durham

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Highlights of my previous lives up to present moment.

Year in Brussels with group (Methodist Board of Missions) learning French. Two years teaching in secondary schools Democratic Republic of Congo.

Left YDS 1969, migrating up to Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom. Served 5 years as United Methodist minister in Federated Church, Orleans (UM-UCC). Steep learning curve, heavy sledding at times. After 10 years (1969-79) and much reflection, decided to leave ministry.

Then followed a few adventures in school of life back up in the Kingdom before spending a year earning Master’s Degree in French Language and Literature (Middlebury College Year in Paris). Taught French at UNH-Durham for 18 years and thoroughly enjoyed this career.

Return to France every year. Favorite sites to visit in Paris: Holocaust Memorial/Institute of Arab World/Sacred Heart, Montmartre/Luxemburg Gardens/Orsay Museum.

Finally, after 25-year hiatus from church involvement, ‘returned to the fold’ 2013 as active member of Community Church of Durham UCC and continue this journey into the present.

‘twas, I believe, a good move
spiritually, my life to improve
this thing called ‘faith’ a challenge ever daunting
leaves us sometimes wondering and wanting
if ‘faith is a gift of grace’
we all need help, in community, face to face.

Suffered the death of my stepson age 36 (opioid addiction) and former wife last year (dementia).

Favorite t-shirt message (spotted in Paris): ‘Life is today!’
Deke Spierling, S.T.M.

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Susan Spierling, 1st wife, died 2004
Wendy Spierling, 2nd wife

Karen E. Spierling, Ph.D., Professor of History and Director of the Global Commerce Program, Denison University, Granville, OH
Rachel E. Stone, Head of School, The Canterbury School, New Milford, CT

Cullen, Madeleine, Kip, Abigail, and Caia, grandchildren

I had a 40-year career of fulltime pastoral ministry in Sudbury, MA, Leonia, NJ, Cornwall-on-Hudson and Newburgh, NY. For several years, on the eighth day of the week, I had adjunct status at Andover Newton and Harvard Divinity School and, for more than a decade, served as a lecturer and Counselor to Presbyterian Students at Auburn/Union Theological Seminaries in NYC. My “vocation in retirement” is with Habitat for Humanity in Newburgh, an “Affiliate of Distinction” for which I am serving a two-year presidency.

My years at YDS were deeply formative morally and intellectually: Extraordinary teachers—names such as Childs, Dittes, Johnson, Kelsey, Towner come to mind—and equally the diverse community of peers and classmates taught, broadened, entertained and compelled me. We might have been thought naïve in our hopes for peace, racial justice and the emerging feminism, but I believe that our hope was rooted deeply in the rich insights, debates and sense of community that we shared. Hope frays, however. The day after the 2016 election, I felt more ashamed of our nation than I had since the Vietnam War. The tenacity of war, bigotry and poverty, as well as the deterioration of civility, seem even more obdurate. I remember Bill Coffin often saying that, although we may quarrel with our nation, it is always a lover’s quarrel, an act of profound patriotism. So, I seek to persist, as long as health and relative coherence permit, as a progressive, sometimes agnostic Presbyterian and quarrelsome patriot.

And I am ever-grateful for the treasured YDS years, which continue to nourish, edify and encourage me.
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B.A. Transylvania University
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Retired UCC Chaplain and Clinical Pastoral Educator

Thomas Gregory Turner, Retired UCC Minister

Aaron Philippe Turner, 1971, Director of Rehab Psychology, Puget Sound VA; Clinical Professor of Psychology at University of Washington; Wife, Robin. Daughters, Sophie and Lily
Matthew Allen Turner, 1974, Japanese Cultural & Educational Associate Consulate, Portland, OR; Wife, Naoko. Daughter Amelia

I am flooded with so many memories as I start this recollecting. Arriving at YDS eager and anxious, classes that excited and/or challenged, professors like Childs, Dittes, Ahlstrom and Campbell, countless long discussions in the Common Room, the dance in the former gym we called “Under the Sheets” (decorated accordingly) and the ferociously competitive intramural basketball games (also in the gym), sherry parties, Dr. Bainton’s Luther’s Christmas presentation, hundreds of students demonstrating on the Green, the Black Panthers in town, and our searching for relevance in the face of the national turmoil about war and race.

I came to YDS in 1964 with a real sense of ‘call’, but a rather fuzzy vision of how to do that (seriously complicated at that time by the restrictions on what a woman could do). I experienced what many of us did, challenges to the way we saw the world, how we understood ourselves and some ‘reconstruction’ of our faith. Through a course at the hospital with the wonderful Ed Dobihal a path was revealed.

I pursued further studies and became a Chaplain and Certified Clinical Educator. Not insignificantly, during the same period, I met and married fellow student, Greg Turner. My years of ministry with the United Church of Christ have included positions providing chaplaincy and CPE Programs at Psychiatric Hospitals (one of them Forensic), General and Trauma Hospitals, continuing Care Retirements Communities.

I also headed up two Counseling Centers and taught courses in two Roman Catholic seminaries. They were located in seven different states, Brussels Belgium and Hong Kong. Along with these ministries I expended a lot of energy working with our national and international organizations to improve the attitude, the structure and the content of the educational process, so as to provide a more appropriate experience for women and other minorities in our field (as well as for men)
by increasing awareness and sensitivity to cultural and power dynamics in the educational process.

Over the years Greg and I have been fortunate to live and serve in a variety of places and to travel extensively with our ministries. We have shared the raising of our two sons and now enjoy time with our three granddaughters who live nearby. Our lives have been full and richly blessed.

After my ‘final’ retirement last year, I have begun to learn how to hit that little white ball while I take my long walks.
John von Lackum, B.D.

M.A./M.Phil, 1973, Yale Graduate School of Religious Studies
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Sandy von Lackum, Retired

Cindy Wolford, 1973, Residential and Commercial Cleaning Business Owner
Kate von Lackum, 1978, Periodontist

My years at YDS provided a marvelous beginning in thinking theologically, reflecting historically on the church story, and examining the dynamics of interactions between people. All of that was applied, stretched, and deepened by providing professional ministerial leadership to a number of local churches. What was learned in school was tested, developed, and applied in those times, sometimes with great positive results and other times revealing much that was yet to be learned. Experiencing more than one marriage and bits and pieces of rearing two daughters were piercing parts of my development throughout.

Retirement time has entailed mild church activity, a move to the sunny beaches of Sun City Center in Florida and joining others in a Disaster Response Team. There is now an almost adequate time for the practice of the arts of swimming, biking, running, and weight lifting - all of which make possible 5 or 6 (or more!) triathlons annually.

My wife, Sandy, and I have recently rediscovered the wonder of time spent at our cabin in Canada. I’ve also continued to enjoy the great sober benefits accruing to those of us whose lives have been enriched and rewarded beyond compare by active involvement in a 12-step program.

To the Lord let praises be…!

Charles Watkins, M.Div.

S.T.M. 1970

Retired Clergy
Jane C. Watkins, Retired Teacher

Ben Watkins, 1973, Information Security Manager Cook Medical Group

All that I enjoy in late life emanates from four amazing and scary years at YDS: our long and devoted marriage, our beloved family, our forty years in pastoral ministry with three remarkable Disciples of Christ congregations, our half century friendships, our spiritual pilgrimages, our intellectual commitments, our political convictions, our devotion to books (thousands of volumes all given away with immense melodramatic grief), and even our very sense of self. All thanks and praise be to God, with devoted gratitude to YDS and to all those who helped make us who we are. We are truly grateful. The lines have fallen for us in pleasant places. (Ps. 16:6a)

Jane Combs and I married in Marquand Chapel the day after Jane graduated from YDS in 1968, proving that fools can finish final papers and exams while preparing a wedding, requiring families to fly across half a continent, and smiling all the way down the aisle. We moved from Bellamy Hall in 1970 to Carbondale deep in Southern Illinois to serve the Disciples of Christ congregation that Harry Baker Adams had served in the 1950s. His recommendation to that pulpit committee was equivalent to God’s endorsement. We spent eleven good years there where our son Benjamin Paul was born in 1973.

When Ben was eight, the lines fell for us north into Western Kentucky. I once officiated a graveside service where I stood across an open grave from the funeral director as we waited in silence for some mourners to show up. We waited. Then a yellow dog loped among the headstones and sat beside the mortician looking up at me expectantly. I hope that all my words over the decades comforted people as much as they comforted that lone pup.

After Ben graduated from Owensboro High School and entered Indiana University, the lines drew us to the next pleasant place in Decatur, Illinois. On a beach vacation eighteen years later, Ben and his wife Anne-Karine astonished us with the news that we would be grandparents after all! When we got home we initiated a year-long transition plan, closing out our longest pastorate, retiring from ministry, selling our home and moving to Bloomington, Indiana, so we could participate in our grandson’s life. And then another grandson’s. When people tell us how lucky we are to live seven minutes away from our grandchildren (Lucas age 9, Nicholas age 7), we aver that “luck” had nothing to do with it. The lines have fallen for us in pleasant places.

As we look back over half a century, we are amazed by God’s grace and providence. We celebrate the joy that dims all the grief and frustration, and we look forward to the final chapters of lives that have been so generously blessed. And perhaps at the end we may be mourned by more than a lone yellow dog.
John H. Whittaker, M.A.R.

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Ph.D. 1974

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Marquand Chapel interior, YDS Archives.
Mel Williams, M.Div.

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Jan, Clinical Social Worker, Founder of Healthy Families Durham, home visiting program for low-income moms

Jenna Williams Horgan, 1985, Music Therapist and M.S.W.; Clinical Social Worker with El Futuro, mental health clinic for Latinos.
Mark Watson Williams, 1987, Opera Singer (tenor), Passau Opera Company, Passau, Germany

YDS has had vital influence in my ministry career. A Baptist, I found at YDS my ecumenical community, where I feel at home.

Bill Coffin was major mentor, as I have focused my 43 years of ministry on the connection between prayer and social justice, contemplative practice and alleviation of racism and poverty. Exegesis courses from Sib Towner, theology with David Kelsey, and Kierkegaard with Paul Holmer were formative for me--- along with singing one year in the Yale Glee Club (wow!) Despite a troubled marriage while at YDS (resulting in divorce), I found there 1960’s vigorous spiritual and social justice passion that I have carried into my pastoral ministry. I’ve served 3 “maverick Baptist churches,” first Pullen Memorial Baptist in Raleigh, NC (1969-79), Oakhurst Baptist in Decatur, GA (Atlanta-- 1980-88), and Watts Street Baptist, Durham, NC (1988-2012). These 3 churches have taken stands on racial and gender inclusiveness, linking vital worship with social justice.

Another connection to YDS: During my 3 years at YDS, I had friends (Dennis Hughes) who lived at the Disciples House near the YDS campus. Coming to Durham, through friendship with Dennis Campbell (Leesa Campbell’s spouse), I served as chair of the Duke Divinity School Committee of Baptist Studies, which has now become the Baptist House of Studies--- based directly on the model of Disciples House at YDS.

Involvements related to YDS: I’m an oblate at New Camaldoli Hermitage, Big Sur, CA; co-founder, Religious Coalition for a Nonviolent Durham, End Poverty Durham, and Peace Hill, a contemplative community in Durham. See Mel’s essays at Faith and Leadership, online journal, Duke Divinity School. Much gratitude for my YDS formation, and greetings to classmates, class of 1969.

John William Wilson, B.D.
John Warwick Wilson, S.T.M.

Students deep in thought. YDS Archives.
In Memoriam

David C. Allen, B.D.

S.T.M. 1971

David Clarke Allen was ordained UCC in Providence RI in 1969 following his Yale graduation.

He was called as the first Chaplain at Deerfield Academy where he designed the religion curriculum.

He returned to Yale for his STM, graduating in 1971.

He then became Pastor of the United Church of Chester, CT 1971-1979. His first wife, Bonnie Scott, YDS'69, joined him as Associate Pastor when he was diagnosed with MS.

In 1979 they moved to Newton Highlands MA as Co Pastors.

In 1982 he resigned for health reasons.

David died in 1995 from complications with MS.

He left 3 children, Barton, Jennifer and Joshua.

He was an incredible father, preacher and pastor, and died much too young.

Submitted by Bonnie Scott.
In Memoriam

Leila L. Callender, B.D.

B.A. 1937, Georgia State Women’s College (now Valdosta State University)

M.A. University of Georgia

Born January 13, 1917 in Locust Grove, Georgia

Daughter of John Holly and Lamar Robinson Callender

Studied at Yale University Divinity School and the University of Michigan

Intense Spanish language training in Colombia for one year

Life-long missionary of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) in Aguascalientes, Mexico for thirty years

Died December 29, 2004 in Kansas Christian Home, Newton, Kansas at age 87
In Memoriam

Kendrick H. Child, B.D.

D.Min. Boston University

Pamela Child, widow
P.O. Box 969
New London, NH 03257
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Rev. Child was ordained as a priest in the Episcopal Church in 1969 and served as Rector at St. Matthews Episcopal Church, Lisbon Falls until 1982; Church of the Transfiguration, Derry, N.H. until 1986. Following this time he took a position as the Development Director at Boston University School of Theology retiring in 2005. He continued his ministry to serve the church during the many BU years, as an associate priest at St. Paul’s Episcopal Church, Malden, Mass then as Priest in Charge at St Augustine’s Episcopal Church in Lawrence, Mass. Rev. Child displayed a love for the church and encouraged inclusive mission locally and to the world. He found great value in summer camps for children and small group study for adults, such as those he formed with Bates and Bowdoin College students to reinforce a sense of Christian community. A lover of animals, he enjoyed his cats and kayaking with his dogs, also, jogging, music, ice cream and travel wherever and whenever possible.

He will be deeply missed by his wife, Pamela (Mullen) Child, his family, Jonathan Child, Elizabeth Rosenberg, granddaughters Celia & Rita, of Hadley, Mass.; Clare & Meredith (Child) Greenlaw, granddaughters Sarah & Libby of Falmouth; Kimberly Mullen; Brian & Laurie (Dowd) Mullen, grandsons Lennon & Phillip; and former wife Lenore Hall, all of Derry NH; brother George wife Eneida Child of Maracaibo, Venezuela; and their family.

In Memoriam

Michael Eldridge, B.D.
Sue Eldridge, widow  
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“Dr. Michael Linn Eldridge, of Charlotte, NC, died Saturday, September 18, 2010 at his residence. He was born October 13, 1941 in Oklahoma City, OK to the late Clarence and Estelle Eldridge. With degrees from Harding University and Yale Divinity School, Mike was ordained in the Disciples of Christ Church in 1969. He earned an M.Phil. from Columbia and Ph.D. from the University of Florida. He taught at the University of Florida; Spring Hill College in Mobile, AL; Queens College in Charlotte NC and the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. He authored the introduction to The Correspondence of John Dewy, 1919-1939 (Volume II), Transforming Experience: John Dewey’s Cultural Instrumentalism and a number of scholarly articles. He was a Fulbright Scholar at the University of Szeged, Hungary in 2004. As the chair for precinct 35, he was active in the local Democratic party, NC Hope and the State Employees Association of North Carolina. Mike is survived by Sue Eldridge, his wife of 46 years, his daughter Rachel Eldridge, his daughter Amanda Howard, son-in-law Michael Howard, and granddaughters Laura Flores-Eldridge and Cassidy Howard, all of Charlotte. Additional survivors include his two brothers David Eldridge and Kent Eldridge, sisters-in-law Mary Kay Eldridge and Lea Eldridge, all of Oklahoma City, OK; nephews Michael Eldridge of Tulsa, OK; Greg Eldridge, James Eldridge of Oklahoma City, OK; Jackson Eldridge of Durham, NC and niece Robin Bell of Dallas, TX.”

In Memoriam

Robert D. Fenton, III, B.D.
In Memoriam

Roland L. Gamache, S.T.M.

Ms. Gertrude Livernois, sister
584 Edinburgh Ln, Apt C
Prospect Heights, IL 60070

“Rev. Roland L. Gamache, D.D., 65, pastor of Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, Winchendon, died late Saturday evening, September 2nd in his residence, following an illness. He was born in Southbridge, MA on April 4, 1941, the son of Roland and Irene E. (Renaud) Gamache and had lived in Winchendon for 21 years. Rev. Gamache graduated from Notre Dame High School in Southbridge with the class of 1959 and graduated from Holy Cross College in 1963. He graduated from the University of Louvain in Belgium in 1967 and received his Doctor of Divinity Degree from Yale University in 1970. On July 8, 1967, he was ordained in Notre Dame Church in Southbridge by the late Bishop Bernard J. Flanagan. Rev. Gamache served as Associate Pastor of Our Lady of the Assumption Church in Millbury from 1970 to 1976 and then served at Saint Mary’s Church in Spencer, Notre Dame des Canadian Church in Worcester and Good Shepherd Church in Linwood. From 1983-1985, he served as Pastor of Immaculate Conception Church in Fitchburg and became Pastor of Immaculate Heart of Mary Church in Winchendon in 1985, serving the parish until the time of his death. Rev. Gamache leaves a sister, Gertrude S. Livernois of Prospect Heights, Illinois; two nieces, Laura A. Friberg of Vienna, VA. and Renee Scheller of Mid Lothian, VA., three grand nephews, two grand nieces, one aunt and one uncle.”
In Memoriam

Jerry G. Glashagel, B.D.

Jerry Gordon Glashagel of Chicago died on March 13, 2019 at the age of 75 after a valiant struggle with strokes. He was born in Hinsdale, Ill., and grew up in LaGrange where his family had lived for generations. His undergraduate degree was from the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana and he completed graduate school at Yale Divinity School in New Haven, Conn. He was an ordained minister in the United Church of Christ.

He is remembered for his unfailing generosity, big-idea creativity, his entrepreneurial spirit, passion for learning, and insatiable curiosity for life.

These values are reflected in his work life with more than 20 years with the National YMCA including work abroad in India, The Gambia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Peru, and Costa Rica. Domestically, his YMCA work was in California, Ohio, Oregon, and Washington in addition to the Chicago area. He was part of the design team of Y programs such as the Values Project, Listen First, The Gulick Collaborative, Y-Micro, and Activate America as well as projects with Triangle 2. He also created entrepreneurial businesses such as Global Edge, ESFI, and others.

Jerry is preceded in death by his mother, Dorothy, and father, Robert. He is survived by his wife, Charlotte, two children, Sarah Haywood (Scott) and Peter Glashagel (Megan), four grandchildren, David, Katie, Zachary, and Jobe, his sister, Gayle Strand, and his brother, Barry Glashagel and their families.

Following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, he owned and managed the Weeping Willow Ranch mobile home park in Countryside, Ill., and participated actively on several boards such as the LaGrange Mental Health Association and Edgewood Bank. He had a great love of the Northwoods area of Vilas County, having retired to Carlin Lake, Presque Isle when not at the Admiral at the Lake in Chicago. Projects in the Northwoods included managing 40 acres of woodland with more than 1,000 feet of lake frontage and a private pond where his infamous shanty boat, “Monet,” resides.

His passion for making this world a better place always came through in his words and actions as he lived his values. With this in mind, the family has chosen to offer support of two of Jerry’s favorite non-profit projects. Should you wish to donate, the University of Illinois YMCA (universityymca.org) will accept memorials to their Sierra Leone project which Jerry helped to initiate and foster, and ULEAD (uleadinc.org) will accept memorials to their Interfaith Dialogue Card project.

In Memoriam

John M. Grenfell, B.D.

S.T.M. 1970
The Reverend Doctor John Millard Grenfell died Thursday, April 5, in Marlborough, Massachusetts, age 76. He is survived by his five children (Tamarleigh Grenfell, Tallessyn Grenfell-Lee, Trelawney Grenfell-Muir, Trevanna Grenfell, and Trevanion Grenfell), his two sisters (Lorna Grenfell and Pamela Grenfell Smith), and his four grandchildren (Telynia Grenfell-Lee, Leyalyn Grenfell-Lee, Endelyn Grenfell-Muir, and Zawna Grenfell-Muir). Born in Bethel, Connecticut, to Dr. Clarine Coffin Grenfell (of Bangor, Maine) and Rev. Jack Grenfell (of Cornwall, England), John studied at Drew University, Yale University School of Divinity, and Boston University School of Theology and was ordained an Elder in the United Methodist Church. He served churches in New York and Connecticut, and in Guilford, South Portland, and Athens, Maine. He then served as a pastoral psychotherapist in Skowhegan, Sanford, and Unity, Maine, later returning to parish ministry and serving churches in Melrose, Plainville, and West Springfield, Massachusetts. John was a loving father and devoted pastor who inspired thousands of people through his ministry, his love for nature, and the beautiful songs and carols he composed.
In Memoriam

Stephen R Hanning, M.A.R.

Stephen R. Hanning was born on November 11, 1940, in Akron, Ohio. Along with his older brother, Ralph, and younger sister, Gail, he grew up in St. Mary’s, Ohio. Immediately out of high school, at the age of 17, he joined the U.S. Navy and served on a destroyer stationed in Norfolk, Virginia. He graduated from Miami University of Ohio with a degree in Russian language. Upon graduation from Miami, he directed a poverty project for the YMCA in the mining community of Glen Daniel, West Virginia, after which he served as a VISTA volunteer in West Philadelphia during the Johnson Administration as part of the “Great Society.”

Stephen felt a calling for the ministry as early as the age of eight, and years later pursued this calling by attending YDS. His first position out of seminary was Director of the Campus YMCA at the University of Oregon.

He began his parish ministry career with the University Congregational Church in Seattle in 1971. From 1974 to 1979, he served as pastor of a yoked Disciples of Christ-United Christian Church in Renton, Washington. Then, from 1979 to 1983, he served the United Church of Christ at Wahpeton, North Dakota.

In 1983 he was called to Richmond Beach Congregational, United Church of Christ in Shoreline, Washington, for ten years. While at Richmond Beach, Stephen earned his Doctor of Ministry degree from Northwest Theological Union of Seattle.

In 1993, Stephen accepted a call to be Ministry Team Leader at Orinda Community Church, Orinda, California. And in 1995 he moved to Park Forest, Illinois, to become Senior Minister at Faith United Protestant Church.

In June 2006, he retired from full-time ministry and returned to Washington State. But even in retirement, he accepted interim ministry assignments in Everett and Ferndale, Washington, and in Lanai, Hawaii.

The theme and focus of Stephen’s ministry was in the areas of civil rights for African-Americans and, in later years, for gays and lesbians, low-income housing, prevention of domestic violence, and building inter-faith understanding.

Beyond his ordained ministries, Stephen worked in his yard and garden, all organically nurtured and maintained. He enjoyed making minor repairs around the house, reading novels, writing, acrylic painting, drama, politics, good movies, Seahawks football, fishing, hunting, traveling, and good food.

Stephen died on March 16, 2016, and is survived by his wife Violet, a sister, 4 children, 8 grandchildren, and 2 great-grandchildren.
Adapted from his obituary, published March 30, 2016, in the Shoreline Area News and an introductory “Meet the Staff” article published by First United Church of Christ in Everett, Washington (date unknown).

A note from Violet Hanning (20 August 2019):

Stephen was the love of my life from the time we first met…at a party… until God called him to his eternal home 42 years later. He was a man who always knew what he wanted or needed; likewise, what was good and right for his parish and parishioners as well. Two weeks after our first date he proposed to me, and two months later we were married. Our blended four children were in our corner all the way. He and I always included our children in all our plans and decisions.

Stephen changed my life for the better and promoted me to be his partner in ministry right from the start, and my spiritual self and faith grew by leaps and bounds. I loved being at his side. We were compared to salt and pepper. And everyone who knew him felt that Stephen held them in a special spot in his life or place in his heart. He did make everyone he met feel special, which made him a very warm, loving, and compassionate pastor. He was always a hard act to follow whenever we found ourselves moving on to our next pastorate.

Likewise, he was a hands-on father to our four children, always present when needed, and a wonderful guide in their lives. Our later years were filled with enjoying our nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

God blessed us richly. I miss my beloved Stephen.
In Memoriam

George E. Harris, M.Div.

Linda Harris, widow
9940 S Ocean Dr, Apt 410
Jensen Beach, FL 34957

“Rev. George Edward Harris, of Jensen Beach, FL died on Saturday, April 8, 2017 at the
Cleveland Clinic in Weston, FL. George was born October 9, 1938.

After service in the U.S. Army in Germany, he completed his undergraduate work at West
Virginia Wesleyan College in Buckhannon, WV and his graduate work at Yale University in New
Haven, CT. George joined the Army Reserve in Connecticut, where he was a chaplain. To be
better able to counsel and help others, George returned to school and completed a master’s
degree in social work at the University of Connecticut.

George served the New York Conference for 31 years. Churches he served were: Millerton, NY;
Derby, CT; Ridges UMC in Stamford, CT; and Bloomfield, CT. He was appointed in extension
ministry from 1979 until his retirement in 2004.

After retiring, he and his wife, Linda, packed up their belongings and moved to Jensen Beach,
FL. They enjoyed traveling despite his illness and were particularly fond of cruising. George will
be greatly missed by all his family and friends.

In addition to his wife, Linda, George is survived by two children, Karin Elizabeth Kristiansen
and her husband, Roger, and George Nelson Harris and his wife, Janel. He is also survived by
four granddaughters, Elizabeth, Catherine, Krista and her husband, Michael, and Kimberly, as
well as by two great-grandchildren, Isabella and Evelina.”
In Memoriam

Dennis J. Hughes, M.Div.

Ann Hughes, widow
dennisjhughes@comcast.net
902 NE 174th St
Shoreline, WA 98155
(425) 747-2569

The Reverend Dennis James Hughes, Ph.D. entered into the joy of God’s kingdom on Easter morning, Sunday, April 16, 2017, at his home in Edmonds, WA. He was 73.

Dennis was born in Chicago, IL, on September 1, 1943 to Mary Jane (Bakkers) and James Hughes and was raised in Pomona, CA, where he met his future wife, Ann, in third grade. He received a B.A. in Philosophy from Pomona College, M.Div. from Yale Divinity School, and Ph.D. in Pastoral Theology from the University of Notre Dame.

Dennis had a long and varied career in ministry serving pastorates in New York, Colorado, and Washington, including Newport Presbyterian Church in Bellevue, Northminster Presbyterian Church in Ballard, and most recently as interim minister in Port Townsend and Quilcene. He also served as Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Seattle for 16 years and taught at Seattle University’s School of Theology and Ministry as an adjunct faculty member. He was the Associate for Worship at the national office of the Presbyterian Church (USA) and served for eight years on the Committee on the Office of the General Assembly. For the last six years, he was co-chair with Eugene Sutton, Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, of the PC (USA)-Episcopal Dialogue Committee.

Although his true calling was ministry, over the course of his life he was devoted to many activities and interests including spending time with his family and his dogs, cooking, traveling, camping, fishing, and cycling. Suffice it to say, if he enjoyed something he became an expert, and he enjoyed many things.

Dennis is survived by his wife of 53 years, Ann, children Becky, Pete, and David, daughter-in-law Kelsey, granddaughter Rosalyn, brother Tim, and sister-in-law LeAnn.
In Memoriam

Allen W. Imershein, M.A.R.

Donna Crowley, widow
93 Greenough Rd
Sopchoppy, FL 32358
(850) 962-3677

Allen W. Imershein, 61, died Sunday, Dec. 4, 2005, in Tallahassee. Al was a beloved father, husband, brother, social activist and professor. He was born July 28, 1944, in Buffalo, N.Y. He grew up in Buffalo and Coral Gables. He earned a bachelor’s degree from Duke University, a master’s degree from Yale Divinity School and a master’s degree and a doctorate in sociology from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He was an accomplished professor of sociology at Florida State University. His honors include a University Teaching Award, a Teaching Incentive Program Award and visiting scholar at UNC-CH School of Public Health and at the Woodrow Wilson School, Princeton University. He was the founder and director of the FSU Institute for Health and Human Services Research and served on the faculty senate. He was instrumental in establishing numerous social organizations, including the United Church of Tallahassee. Survivors include his wife of 11 years, Donna Crowley of Sopchoppy; his son, Chris (and wife Dawn) of Chapel Hill, N.C.; and a sister, Norma Barton of Bethpage, Tenn.

In Memoriam

Kenneth Knight, S.T.M.

Shirley Knight, widow
610-100 Queen Street North
Kitchener, ON N2H2H6, Canada
(519) 579-0379
**In Memoriam**

**D. Jeffrey Lenn, S.T.M.**

Rebecca Lenn, M.Div. ‘10, daughter  
beccalen@gmail.com  
925 E St NE  
Washington, D.C. 20002  
(703) 549-3592

Jeffrey Lenn, an expert in business ethics and professor emeritus of strategic management and public policy at the George Washington University, passed away in Alexandria, Va., on May 4. He was 76.

Dr. Lenn began his 47-year academic career in 1969 as a faculty member at the Northfield Mount Hermon School. From 1978 to 1982, he served as assistant professor of management at the University of Connecticut. He joined the faculty at GW in 1982 as professor of strategic management and public policy. He taught business and public policy, strategic management and leadership, and business and managerial ethics at the undergraduate, master’s, doctoral and executive levels.

“I feel very fortunate to have gotten to know and work with Jeff Lenn during my tenure as dean of the GW School of Business,” said Linda Livingstone, dean of the School of Business who recently was named the new president of Baylor University. “A dedicated and accomplished educator, his decades of service to GWSB were an inspiration. He will be missed.”

During his time at GW, Dr. Lenn served in several administrative roles, including associate vice president for academic operations and senior associate dean of the School of Business. Prior to that, he chaired the Department of Strategic Management and Public Policy. He was the recipient of numerous outstanding teaching and student choice awards.

“Jeff was always someone who would take a minute to stop and talk—not only to share what was going on with him, but more importantly to really ask how we were, inquire how he could help or what else he could do to help, personally or professionally,” said Peter Konwerski, vice provost and dean of student affairs.

“I’m going to miss him at GW and his warmth, spirit, energy and love for life and the people around him. He was a special professor at the GW School of Business and administrator in the GW community.”

Dr. Lenn lectured at dozens of higher education institutions and major academic, professional and business conferences throughout Asia, Africa, Europe and the Middle East. In the fall of 1995, he served as a Fulbright Professor of Management at Renmin University in Beijing, China. Recognizing the importance of sustaining an international conversation about business ethics in an increasingly globalized economy, he helped co-found the International Association for Business and Society in 1990, which today has more than 300 members worldwide.
He also served as a consultant to corporations, trade associations, nonprofit organizations and governmental agencies. He was actively involved in a wide range of organizations, and continued his work after he retired in 2016.

“Jeff Lenn was a professor in the highest sense of the word. He was committed to the spirit and act of collegiality and devoted to GW and its inherent potential. As a person, Jeff exuded enthusiastic optimism. He saw the good in every human and wished so much that they saw it, too,” Professor of Management James Bailey said.

Born in Kansas City, Dr. Lenn received a B.S. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1962, a master’s degree from Andover Newton Theological Seminary in 1966, a master’s degree from Yale University in 1969 and a Ph.D. in ethics from Boston College in 1981.

Survivors include his daughter Rebecca Peace Lenn and his sister Donna Lenn Jurco. He was Married to global higher education expert Marjorie Peace Lenn. He met his wife at Yale University while pursuing graduate study in ethics. She passed away in October 2010.

A long-time academic consultant to CCIM Institute for instructors, strategic planning, and leadership development, D. Jeffrey Lenn, Ph.D., passed away on May 4 in Alexandria, Va., due to complications after heart surgery. He was 76 years old.

A professor at George Washington University, Dr. Lenn became involved with CCIM Institute in the early 1980s through his teaching associate, Stephen Messner, Ph.D., from the University of Connecticut. For three decades, he was engaged in faculty management and development of CCIM Institute faculty and often assisted with the Institute’s strategic planning process. From 2003 to 2013, Dr. Lenn helped to develop and facilitate the Jay W. Levine Leadership Development Academy.

“For those Jeff touched over the years in anything related to CCIM, he will be remembered for his kindness, compassion, great sense of humor, and thoughtful advice,” says Susan J. Groeneveld, CCIM, executive vice president emeritus of CCIM Institute. “He had the ability to make the individual that he spoke to feel like the most important person in the world.”

In recognition of his contributions, CCIM Institute granted Dr. Lenn an honorary CCIM designation in 2008.

Most recently, he had been assisting with the planning and execution of CCIM Institute’s 50th Anniversary Celebration. Dr. Lenn attended the Midyear Governance Meetings, April 1–5, in Chicago and interviewed several attendees on videotape to commemorate the celebration, including many of the past CCIM Institute presidents.

At George Washington University School of Business, he was a professor emeritus of Strategic Management and Public Policy. In 2015, Dr. Lenn was honored as the Instructor of the Year by the George Washington University Executive M.B.A. Program.
He was born on Nov. 14, 1940, in Kansas City, Kan. Dr. Lenn earned his bachelor’s degree in science at the University of Pennsylvania, a master’s degree at Yale University, and a doctorate degree at Boston College. After completing college, he also earned a master’s degree in divinity from the Andover Newton Theological School.

Preceding Dr. Lenn in death, his wife, Marjorie Pearce Lenn, passed away on Oct. 16, 2010, after a lengthy battle with cancer. He is survived by his daughter, Rebecca Pearce Lenn.

In Memoriam
Gary A. Marshall, B.D.

Madeleine Marshall, widow
2053 Woodland Heights Gln
Escondido, CA 92026
(760) 736-0018

Gary Allen Marshall spent a career as a minister in the ELCA. In the mid-1990s, he served as assistant to the bishop of the ELCA’s Pacifica Synod. As part of his work with the synod to grow Hispanic ELCA membership, he wrote a book to guide new mission plants: *Hispanic Ministry Manual: Models for Spanish-language Ministry Established by English-speaking Congregations*. Gary is survived by his wife, Madeleine Forell Marshall. She writes of Gary in the forward to his book that he, “died in 2011, after many years of illness and, as many years before that, after having moved on to other ministry.” He rests in peace in San Diego, marked by a gravestone inscribed with the words of 2 Corinthians 12:9, “My grace is sufficient for you, for power is made perfect in weakness.”
In Memoriam
Richard E. Neubauer, M.A.R.

Marjorie Neubauer, widow
12011 SE 92nd St
Newcastle, WA 98056

Richard (Dick) Neubauer, age 66, of New Castle, WA, formerly of Eau Claire, WI died on Sunday, July 3, 2011 at Washington Care Center Nursing Home.

Dick was born on Friday, May 18, 1945 to Robert J.G. and Ruth H.M. (West) Neubauer II in Milwaukee. Dick graduated Valedictorian from Memorial High School and Magma Cum Lade from Gustavus Adolphus where he received degrees in mathematics and religion. Dick continued his education at Yale University Divinity School with a degree in theology, and business technology degrees from Harvard and M.I.T.

Dick was married to Marjorie Kerr on September 9, 1967. They had two children and were married 44 years.

Dick was employed by IBM in many states throughout his life, Johnson Controls in the Milwaukee area and developer of his own business, the Four C’s while in the Greater Minneapolis area. Dick was last to leave social gatherings. He loved to talk to anyone, make plans and be a go-getter. Dick surpassed his father at being a super salesperson in the world. He was a man with a sharp wit and life in his presence was always a wonderful adventure that will be missed.

Dick was preceded in death by his grandparents; and one brother, Randall E. Neubauer of Eau Claire, WI.

Dick is survived by his loving wife, Marge from Leavenworth, KS; a daughter, Jennifer (Greg) Osborn of Emmuclaw, WA; and a son, Timothy (Sonya Langston) Neubauer of Benezette, PA; grandchildren, Jaydon and A.J.; brother, the Rev. Dr. Robert R. (Jean) Neubauer III of Las Vegas, NV; sister Ruth (Bruce) Schafer of Eau Claire, WI; nieces, Rachel Neubauer, Alyssa Neubauer; and nephews, Joshua Neubauer, Christopher Schafer; great-nieces and great-nephew; uncle, Lester West of Logansport, IN.
In Memoriam

Larry V. Oman, B.D.

Martha Oman, widow
116 Fairview Ave N, Unit 501
Seattle, WA 98109
(206) 801-7684

Friends and co-workers remember former United Methodist Church pastor Larry Oman as being committed to his congregation and his community, well beyond the walls of the church. Oman died Thursday after a six-year battle with cancer. He was 65.

Oman, who moved to Steamboat Springs, [Colorado] in 1996, served as the pastor at UMC for 10 years. He was instrumental in starting Routt County Habitat for Humanity, an extension of a life devoted to faith-based service.

“Larry was just a great guy to work with. He had the best of intentions for the church and for the community, and working with him day in and day out, it was very easy to clearly see that commitment he had,” said Tim Selby, a pastoral associate at UMC. [Continued below]

Selby said that in his years working with Oman, he saw an unwavering commitment to church and community, as well as to his congregation’s consciousness and involvement in local and world issues.

“He really helped keep those broad issues in front of us as a church so that we were connected to the world in relevant and meaningful ways,” Selby said.

Larry Oman was born in Kansas on Dec. 4, 1941, the son of Robert and Mildred. When Oman was 10 years old, the family moved to rural, eastern Indiana, where he became heavily involved in his church’s youth group.

In college, Oman majored in history and minored in religion at Depauw University in Greencastle, Ind. There, he became involved in the civil rights movement – partially because his roommate, who was black, was discriminated against in segregated establishments, Oman told the Steamboat Pilot & Today in 2002.

The day after graduation, he married his wife Martha, and the couple joined the Peace Corps and served in Colombia. After a two-year tour, Oman enrolled in seminary at Yale University. He took a year off to work at an inner-city church in Indianapolis, where he worked for three years as an associate pastor after graduation from Yale.

Oman then spent a number of years working with smaller churches in Princeton, Bloomington and Nashville, Ind., focusing his work on youth ministry and rural communities. In 1984, he and his family made the move to Colorado, where he worked in Colorado Springs, Greeley and Lakewood before coming to Steamboat Springs in 1996.
In addition to his work with UMC, Oman was interested in affordable housing in the Yampa Valley. He worked with LIFT-UP and helped establish Routt County as an official Habitat for Humanity affiliate in 1999. When Oman retired from the church because of his health in June 2006, the organization had built five houses.

“As much as anybody, he’s been an integral part of Habitat since it’s been here,” said Jim Ballard, Habitat treasurer and board member. “Habitat is a faith-based organization, and he, I think, just had a very strong commitment to doing something for the needy people in our community.”

Oman is survived by his wife, Martha, and children, Erik, Kyle, Kirstin and Karin.
Kathleen Parker, widow
6584 S Legend Ct
Gilbert, AZ 82598

Everyone fortunate enough to know Ron Parker was blessed by his warmth and kindness. With humility and abundant generosity, he lifted his family, friends and everyone he touched.

Ron passed away after a brief illness on July 5, 2015, at St. Joseph’s Hospital and Medical Center in Phoenix, Arizona. He was 72. Ron and his wife Kathy moved to Gilbert, Arizona, in 2013 to enjoy their retirement years.

He was an avid and diverse reader. Barnes and Noble has lost a loyal customer. He was a deeply spiritual man and full of mischief and humor. He was constantly trying to improve his golf game but never got the back swing and waggle quite right. It didn’t bother him too much. He loved his pickup which he bought so he could “haul stuff,” and his favorite thing to haul was his grandchildren. Ron was a gifted watercolor artist, drawing inspiration from all of God’s creations. The day he was hospitalized, instead of telling his sister he was ill, he sent her a picture of his left foot and declared it to be the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

Ron was one of a kind! He was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, on December 18, 1942. After graduation from Palmer High School in 1960, he received a B.A. in English and Sociology from Drake University, and a Master of Theology from Yale Divinity School where he worked as a psychiatric aide at Yale Psychiatric Institute. He was employed by the Urban League in Harlem, taught English in Samyek, Thailand, and earned a Doctor of Ministry from Christian Theological Seminary. He was ordained by his mentor and dear friend, Dr. Warren Hile, in First Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) in Colorado Springs.

Ron and Kathleen Workman were Married December 22, 1968, in Laurens in the middle or a raging Iowa blizzard. His proudest accomplishments were their children, David and Kristin. Ron’s first church was in Elmira, New York, where he was pastor of Central Christian Church. Five years later, his ministry took them to First Christian Church in Mooresville, Indiana. He became Associate Regional Minister of The Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) in Indiana in 1979, and in 1984 he was called as Senior Minister at First Christian Church in Bloomington, Indiana. In 2000, Ron returned to his beloved Colorado as Executive Regional Minister for The Central Rocky Mountain Region. He retired in 2007.

Ron was preceded in death by his parents, Earl and Lucille Parker. He is survived by his wife, Kathy; son David Parker (Deirdre), their children, Justin, Kaytlynn and Jacob; daughter Kristin Parker Simon (Christopher), their children Michael and Kayla; and sisters, Phyllis Parker Light and Elaine Parker Barlow.

*In Memoriam*
Roger N. Pohl, B.D.

Joanne Pohl, widow
706 N Mansfield St
Ypsilanti, MI 48197

Roger Nathaniel Pohl, born September 10, 1942 in Chicago to T. Nathan and Doris (Norberg) Pohl, left this world on August 20, 2017 after a multitude of autoimmune illnesses over the past decade. He Married Joanne Kuhnle on August 20, 1966, and they are the proud parents of Amy (husband Kambiz and their sons Nathaniel and Elijah) and David (wife Jayme and their son Loren).

Very curious from an early age on, his passions have included birding, literature, drama, hiking and camping, travel, politics and social transformation. He was an excellent and creative cook, rarely using a recipe. Roger graduated from North Park University with a BS degree in pre-med studies, then earned a M.A. in literature at Indiana University, and a Master of Divinity at Yale University, and an Honorary Doctorate from Olivet College. He was a lifelong “student” of the world and known for his comfort with living the questions. He served churches as a seminary student in S. Norwalk and in New London, CT, then as pastor in United Church of Christ congregations in St. Louis Park, Minnesota, St. Clair Shores and Lansing, Michigan. Memorable are the insightful, pithy newsletter columns he wrote regularly for churches he served.

Roger had numerous mentors along the way. He learned from Rev. Douglas Cedarleaf, his pastor when a youth, that to take God seriously, you have to take the world seriously --- and that the words “God so loved the world” meant that the locus for the Christian life was to be found less in tending the church, and more in the political, ethical, environmental, economic, and community life of the world. Draft resistance during the Vietnam War and Rev. William Sloan Coffin were powerful influences in Roger’s young adult life.

Seeking justice and community organizing were central to his call to local church ministry, especially anti-racism work. He served on the Human Relations Board of the City of Lansing, was Co-President of the Mid-Michigan Unity Coalition, and started an effective church-public school mentoring program that became a model throughout Lansing. For his last 9 years of ministry, he served as the Executive Director of the Ecumenical Center and International Residence in Ann Arbor, working in a cross-cultural inter-faith setting with University of Michigan students from around the world. This was a culmination of Roger’s vocational journey over a lifetime.

Roger has said that for him and Joanne their sabbatical experiences teaching on the island of Mindanao in the Southern Philippines (1981 and 1986), and a summer in Zimbabwe and Zambia (1995) were among the more personally transformative, spiritually grounding experiences of their lives. Over a 35-year period he led groups from churches as well as university students on service-learning experiences throughout the U.S. the Philippines, Honduras, and Brazil.
He is survived by Joanne, his life-companion and best friend of 53 years; daughter Amy (Kambiz Maali) and son David (Jayme); his three grandsons, Nathaniel, Elijah, and Loren who brought enormous joy to him; siblings James (Mary) of Lake Ozark, MO, Richard (Laurie) and sister Laura Bauman (James) of Crystal Lake, Illinois, as well as close friends who supported him over these last years. He is also survived by the numerous birds identified (and those not identified), the memories of his deep sense of purpose and great sense of humor, the over 300 letters he and Joanne wrote to each other during the first two years of dating when separated geographically (Roger at Indiana University, Joanne at University of Minnesota), and the many PaPa Roger stories that keep his children and grandchildren smiling.

In Memoriam
A. Craig Settlage, S.T.M.

Rev. Arthur Craig Settlage, 73, of Bradenton, FL, formerly of Chicago, Illinois, died on October 21, 2015. Services were held on October 25, 2015 at Emmanuel Lutheran Church in Venice, FL.
In Memoriam

Herbert E. Strom, S.T.M.

Strom, Herbert Edward Died on September 6, 2014 in St. Paul, Minnesota. Born in Brooklyn, New York, on January 2, 1929, he was the son of Edward Herman Strom and Ingrid Jacoba Strom, né Bendixen. He attended PS185 and graduated from Brooklyn Technical High School in 1946. He earned his B.A. from St. Olaf College in 1950 and did graduate work at Columbia University (1950-51), Luther Seminary 1951-55 (Graduate in Theology), and Yale University (S.T.M), 1968-69. He met and Married Kathryn Jean Mattill in 1955. A summer working with the Forest Service in Trout Creek, Montana, in 1948 gave him a deep appreciation for the West. He served as a ministerial intern in Missoula, MT, at St. Paul Lutheran Church. His first call after seminary in 1955 was to Messiah Lutheran Church in Red Lodge, MT. In 1960 he received a call as Lutheran campus minister to Montana State College (later Montana State University) in Bozeman, where he remained until his retirement in 1995. His work in campus ministry at MSU spanned a period of enormous change for the university, religious life, and ecumenical relations. He enjoyed hiking, backpacking, and Nordic skiing and found ways to combine his love of the outdoors with his dedication to ministry with young people. After retirement, he and Kathryn traveled widely, especially to family and grandchildren. He remained active in the Lutheran church and continued to pursue interests in history, current events, and hiking. Following the death of Kathryn in 2012, he moved to St. Paul to be near his son, Tim, and his family, who cared for him. He is survived by three sons David (Katja Heide) of Eugene, OR, Tim (Pam) of St. Paul, and Jonathan (Siri Olson) of Decatur, GA; five grandchildren, Johannes (Kathryn Schumacher), Robbie, Solveig, Liza, and Sam; two nieces, Ann Holum of Palo Alto, CA, and Kathryn Holum of St. Paul; six grand nieces and nephews (Sara, Ryan, Marlee, Julia, Daniel, and David); two sisters-in-law, Barbara Mattill and Phyllis Mattill, both of Hopkins; and a brother-in-law, John Holum, of St. Paul. He was preceded in death by his wife, Kathryn, a sister-in-law, Mary Holum, and a niece Liz (Dan) Johnson.
In Memoriam

James H. Taylor, III, S.T.M.

M.A. 1963

James Hudson Taylor III, great-grandson of the founder of the China Inland Mission, will be remembered as a mission statesman who brought a sense of legacy to each role he held. He was a warm man, and a master storyteller; and his love for history enriched his sharp grasp of mission trends. Having been born and raised in China, he imbibed its language, thought forms and literature like the Chinese themselves. He won the respect of senior Chinese government officials and of church leaders alike.

In 1988 James Taylor discovered the tombstone of Hudson Taylor in Zhenjiang Museum, kept, unknown to him, by the museum after the destruction of the city’s Foreign Cemetery. The remainder of the memorial (which had been erected by the China Inland Mission in 1905) was discovered later, intact. It gave James Taylor a deep sense of satisfaction, accompanied by his son Jamie and grandson “JT,” to see it re-erected inside a nearby church in 1999.

James Hudson Taylor III was born on August 12, 1929 in China’s ancient city of Kaifeng, situated in Henan province on the south bank of the Yellow River. His parents served here as missionaries of the Free Methodist Church.

Conditions in 1930s China were harsh and disease was rife, but as the decade progressed a new threat emerged - rising tension between China and Japan. The Taylors returned to America in 1935 for a brief home assignment, but there was no question in their minds about staying in the West. They arrived back in Kaifeng in 1936, and the feared Sino-Japanese War broke out in July 1937.

Images of genocide in the Nanking massacre, in December 1937, were to become seared on everyone’s minds, invoking great fear as the Japanese began to invade more cities. In 1939 James Hudson Taylor II managed to secure a sea passage back to the United States for the whole family; plans were set in motion to leave China. Then one day, nine-year-old Jim was asked by his father if he would like to accompany him to the shipping office. This was not, as the boy thought, to collect the tickets. It was instead to cancel them. James Taylor recalled the episode in his booklet God’s Grace to Nine Generations. It was to leave a deep mark on his life and ministry. His parents had resolved that this was no time for missionaries to leave China; instead they would move to the North West to train church leaders; the cost would be high as they would need to leave their four children as boarders at the China Inland Mission’s Chefoo School in eastern China.

So when news broke of the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbour in December 1940, ten-year-old Jim Taylor was separated from his parents by 700 miles. The Allies were now at war with Japan which made citizens of Allied countries particularly vulnerable. The Nanking massacre, exactly three years earlier, played over again in his mother’s mind. Should they have foregone the passage home to safety, for their children’s sake? As she pored over Matthew 6:33 she recalled
the paraphrase used by her pastor in Virginia 'If you will take care of the things that are dear to
God, he will take care of those that are dear to you.' It was to be a five-year-long separation.

In 1942 the four Taylor children and their grandfather Herbert Taylor were taken, with the
whole of Chefoo School, into internment in Weihsien. Eric Liddell, the Olympian who won the
400 metres Gold Medal in the 1924 Paris Olympics, was also there. He taught games to the
boys and became a surrogate father to them. Eric Liddell was separated from his own family,
who had returned to Toronto at his own urging. He, like Jim Taylor’s parents, had sensed that
he should not leave China, and he died during the internment.

Camp life was a tough and cramped existence. Summers were often blisteringly hot, and the
children had to contend with swarms of rats, flies and bed bugs. The teachers formed them into
squads of rat-catchers, fly-catchers. Jim Taylor, in his early teens, was always to remember his
grandfather’s sure faith during this testing time. He wrote ‘I saw in Grandpa how the patterns of
life had been set. Every day began with praise.’ The teenager had learned much scripture in
childhood as his mother would set whole chapters to music, and the children bellow out the
words, keeping the beat. Now he could see at close quarters how faith would stand under trial,
for in Weihsien his grandfather and Eric Liddell, along with the Chefoo staff, modelled the life of
faith. The camp was liberated on 17 August 1945, and the Taylor family reunited on 11
September 1945.

James Taylor returned to the US for college education at Spring Arbor College, Michigan;
Greenville College, Illinois; and Asbury Theological Seminary. He would later pursue further
study at Yale University and Yale University Divinity School. In 1951 he Married Leone
Tjepkema, a fellow student at Spring Arbor and Greenville Colleges. Their marriage was to prove
a strong partnership for service in each sphere ahead of them.

In June 1955 James and Leone arrived in Taiwan to begin their missionary service in Kaohsiung.
They joined James’ parents just as Holy Light Bible School, founded by his father, began its first
year of classes. James and Leone’s three children (Amelia [1955], Signe [1957], and Jamie
[1959]) were born during their first term. Both James and Leone taught at the Bible School.
James was also involved in youth work, as well as mountain ministry (often accompanying his
mother). When James’ parents returned to America for home assignment in 1960, James was
invited to serve as the principal, an office he held for ten years. During their Kaohsiung days,
James also served as Free Methodist Church Taiwan Field Mission Chairman and Taiwan
Conference Superintendent.

With the founding of China Evangelical Seminary (CES) in 1970, James and the family moved
to Taipei. CES was an expression of the Chinese church’s desire to provide theological education
for university graduates. James was invited to serve as the founding President, and Leone served
as Librarian. As President, James travelled extensively among the Chinese churches worldwide to
impair the vision and need for graduate theological education in the Chinese church. With three
children in school, Leone kept the ‘home fires’ burning. As ten years of service was drawing to a
close, James expressed to the CES Board the need to pass leadership into the hands of a Chinese
colleague. Dr. Timothy Lin was approached and graciously accepted the challenge to lead CES into its next phase of development.

In 1979 James Taylor received an unexpected invitation to become the seventh General Director of what was by then the Overseas Missionary Fellowship, succeeding Michael Griffiths. It was not an easy decision to leave theological education, but after much heart-searching, he and Leone sensed God’s call, and he took up the position on July 1, 1980, the first descendant of the mission’s founder to serve in this role. The Fellowship was by this stage well established outside China in 14 East Asian regions, the China Inland Mission having made its reluctant exodus from Mainland China 30 years previously. Its senior leaders had however continued to follow news of China closely through the writing and research of Leslie Lyall, David Adeney, Anthony James Broomhall and others. By 1980 China had not only now emerged from the Cultural Revolution, but its most able scholars were studying in the West.

The 1980s brought consolidation and growth across all OMF International fields. It was particularly striking in Japan and in The Philippines, and in specialist areas like literature ministry in The Philippines, Indonesia and Thailand. New initiatives in evangelism were developing among Taiwan’s factory workers and in Hong Kong’s new towns. China was welcoming professionals to contribute to its policy of “Four Modernisations.” Under James Taylor’s leadership, OMF was encouraged to continue in their concerns for China and the Chinese people. China Awareness seminars became established across the UK and North America, and new energy went into the creation and distribution of apologetic literature in Chinese.

When James Taylor handed the leadership to David Pickard in 1991, he and Leone relocated to Hong Kong to seek opportunities to serve the Chinese people. In 1993, with Dr. Reggie Tseng, a Professor of Pediatrics from America, and Brother Richard Chen, a businessman from Hong Kong, James Taylor formed Medical Services International (now MSI Professional Services), to serve in Sichuan province where Jim Broomhall, a descendant of Benjamin and Amelia (Hudson Taylor’s younger sister) Broomhall had served as a medical doctor among the Yi people in the early 1950s. That same year, 1993, also saw the marriage of James and Leone Taylor’s son, Jamie, to Ke Yeh Min from Taiwan, bringing Chinese blood into the family line.

MSI would bring skilled surgeons on regular visits, who would train local medical staff. It was soon to diversify into Accounting, English teaching, community development, livestock rearing, and Vocational training and Business/Management. Invitations would be extended to skilled teams willing to commit long term to these educational, training and development projects. These invitations to professionals in needed spheres would be issued in full partnership with the provincial government.

News that officials of the Sichuan Bureau of Public Health were keen to collaborate came in May 1994 and was immediately relayed by James Taylor to the very frail Jim Broomhall, then in hospital in Pembury, Kent, UK. Hearing it brought Jim Broomhall his heart’s longing that service among the Yi people would continue, and he died the following day. The first pioneer team of seven went into Sichuan in the ensuing months.
While serving alongside the local government in development work - good in itself - greater goals were being achieved. The lend-and-return-a-sheep scheme, which enabled subsistence farmers to move out of their hand-to-mouth existence, soon became very popular. Farmers would borrow healthy young sheep to breed and “return” the same number of offspring. The scheme was led by New Zealanders invited by Dr. Taylor and run in partnership with the local Animal Husbandry Bureau.

After a three-and-a-half-year loan, on a fine and sunny day up in the mountains of Liangshan, the official handover ceremony took place, as borrowed animals were returned. Matthew Koh, now President of MSI, writes:

“A farmer chosen to represent the village declared his appreciation for MSI and the local authorities. His speech in Yi was translated by the local communist party secretary, and the ceremony was attended by the prefecture governor and other key leaders in the region.” “In his speech the farmer expressed how this was a special day of reconciliation; the villagers were not simply returning a sheep in rotation, but giving the sheep to another village which they had hated and warred with for centuries! That memorable day saw the reconciliation of village with village in Nosuland. We have been privileged to witness the Great Reunifier at work and reconciliation in Truth happening, as the folks in MSI serve these places in ‘the Spirit of Christ’.”

James Taylor took especial delight in teaching Bible stories and New Testament Greek to James Hudson Taylor V (known as JT) and his sisters Selina and Joy, when the whole family lived in Hong Kong. He would sometimes take them to school, using the journey for this. He had a strong sense of legacy; the legacy he had received in the seventh generation of his family’s Christian history, and the legacy he himself would pass on. Six generations before him, on February 1, 1776, James Taylor, a contemporary of the Wesleys and a stonemason in Barnsley, in the north of England, was converted to Christ on the morning of his wedding day. He was reflecting on a verse the Methodist preachers had taught and which he had up to then derided: “As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord” (Joshua 24:15). And so it has proved down the generations.

Dr. James Taylor received honorary doctorates from Greenville College (1978) and Asbury Theological Seminary (1987); more recently he was also awarded two honorary doctorates, in recognition of his distinguished service in Christian mission, by Tyndale College and Seminary, Toronto (2001) and Spring Arbor University (2008).

His 10 years of service as founding president of MSI gave him opportunity to work with officials from the central government as well as with provincial and grassroots leaders. The depth of their acceptance and respect is reflected in their referring to him as “Overseas Chinese.” On April 4, 2007, in a ceremony attended by 300 people, a county of the Sichuan province conferred on him honorary citizenship.

Dr. Taylor’s book on the life of Hudson Taylor’s father-in-law Even to Death: The Life and Legacy of Samuel Dyer, co-authored with Irene Chang, will be published this year.
Two Festschrifts, each planned to celebrate James Taylor’s 80th birthday, will be released shortly. They honor a man who pressed into service an unusual combination of 10 talents and high energy, all infused with a love of Christ and a humble spirit.

Dr. Taylor went to be with Christ in the early morning of the 20th of March 2009, in Hong Kong.

In Memoriam

Nick L. Woodard, B.D.

Nick Lucas Woodard, born May 7, 1944, lifelong Oklahoma City resident, passed away October 7, 1995. Nick graduated from Northwest Classen High School and attended Westminster College in Fulton, Mo., graduating from the University of Oklahoma. He received a Master’s Degree in Divinity from Yale University, where he received the Mary Cady Tew Prize for academic excellence. Nick also attended the University of Oklahoma College of Law, where he was selected for the Law Review. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity and Phi Delta Phi Legal Fraternity. Nick was an ordained Methodist Minister and was a deacon and an elder in the United Methodist Church. He was a student pastor at the First Congregational Church of Watertown, Connecticut and Minister of the First Methodist Church of Minco, Oklahoma. For 25 years, Nick was active in the mortgage banking industry, and was President of Pool Mortgage Company, President and Chairman of United Bankers Mortgage Corporation, Senior Vice-President of United Oklahoma Bank, Chairman of Oak Tree Mortgage Corporation, a Managing Agent for the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and President of Mortgage Lending for BancFirst. Nick is survived by his wife Dorothy, his son Addison Lucas Woodard, his stepdaughter Melissa Freeman of Sand Springs, Oklahoma, stepson Warrant Officer Barry F. Day of Quantico, Virginia, five step-grandchildren and his great aunt Agnes Lucas of El Reno, Oklahoma. He was preceded in death by his father and mother Robert and Glendola Woodard and by his grandmother, Margaret Lucas McLauglin, all of Oklahoma City. He will be greatly missed.

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