

MEMOIRS

THE CLASS OF 1970

(WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THEIR FRIENDS)

We dedicate this collection to Jerry Kirkpatrick, who birthed this memoirs idea and devotedly cajoled and collected memories, and brought this draft to almost final format.



1944 - 2021

Jerry was always present. When we were students at the Quad, Jerry was there at the next desk, passing us on the stairway, laughing in conversation in the Common Room. When we moved on to yearly reunions Jerry was the first to greet us at the door. This compilation was Jerry's last project, and his final draft was shared shortly before his passing.

God shows up in a lot of ways with a constancy that carries us forward.
We all have a face in mind.



Yale Divinity School

The Corona Virus cheated us out of our 50th Reunion. We shall not forget, but in many ways, we are thankful.

Many thanks to all who worked on this project for the Class of 1970, most especially Deborah Jagielow and her remarkable staff. They picked up all the things we dropped and not only fixed them but made them better

In addition, we thank our friends and classmates outside our class who shared stories with (and sometimes on) us.

Finally, thank you for your continued support and good will, as we move ahead toward a belated Reunion.

THE COMMITTEE

Phil Blackwell

Cathie Cipolla

Ron Evans

Sam Gladding

Jerry Kirkpatrick

Roy Rhodes

Chuck Wildman

Preface

From childhood on, we are hard-wired to be attentive listeners and tellers of stories because we know there is a legacy in stories. Shared memoirs preserve the past and give us insight into what was and its ongoing impact. In this booklet are the written and visual memoirs of experiences we shared at Yale. They are precious gifts. While not a replacement for an in-person reunion, they allow us to reflect on the tumultuous events of the late 60s that marked our time in New Haven. That time was one that saw the growth of student power in social engagement, the role of women, and racial justice as the Divinity School sought to "move the church into the world" and YDS cast a wide net in what "ministry" meant as a vocation.

Through our exchanges here, we seek a deeper awareness of ourselves, our beliefs, our relationships, and our search for meaning. Seeking God's grace, we move --hopefully not too quickly -- into the "evening of our lives." YDS equipped us to see with Light & Truth. In that we rejoice in communion with each other.

Remembering

(All contributors are members of the Class of 1970, unless otherwise indicated)

GARY AHLKOG

During my first week at YDS, I was enlightened and delighted by this saying: “Another day has passed in the life of YDS: Kenneth Scott Latourette has written another book, Roland Bainton has written another chapter, and H. Richard Niebuhr has written another sentence - and scratched it out.” His short essay on “Radical Monotheism,” containing his warning that Christianity was in danger of substituting faith “in” Jesus for the faith “of” Jesus, has been the cornerstone of my life's journey and ministry. Niebuhr died five years before my arrival at YDS, which shows how the spirit endures and is not defeated, not even by the electoral college.

PHIL BLACKWELL

I first saw YDS after dark, in the rain, from the back of the chapel. On the Sunday before classes started I flew from Chicago to NYC, took a train to New Haven, and a cab to the campus. I was met miraculously in the driveway by the person who I soon learned ran the school, Walt the custodian. He carried my suitcase through the rain, up the stairs, into the Quad, to my room in Seabury House.

After I unpacked I walked along baffling corridors until I found The Common Room. There I saw a circle of eight students kneeling on the carpet in front of the fireplace. Were they praying? No. Were they in group therapy? No. They were playing “pick-up-sticks”! I thought, “What have I done with my life?” Then Jerry Knoche laughed on the inhale, and a whole new world began to open up to me.

DENNIS CAMPBELL

I will never forget my first year at the Divinity School when I was in a directed studies group with fellow students who became good friends, led by Rowan Greer, David Little and Tom Campbell. When I went to my first class meeting with Rowan Greer, we were all seated around a large table, and he said, “Where is Mr. Campbell?” I raised my hand, and he looked at me and said, “We are mortal enemies.” I thought, “This is not a good way to start my very first class experience at Yale.” He then took his ever-present pipe out of his mouth, smiled and, said, “The Greers are part of the MacDonald clan.” Then I understood his meaning, because the Campbells, of course, once famously massacred some of the MacDonalds at Glencoe in 1692. I replied, “I understand; but also note that the Campbells always won.” He loved that, and we became close friends.

He was not only a high church Anglican, but an avid advocate of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Rowan, who was an alumnus of Yale College, opposed coeducation, which took place while we were in New Haven. Among the reasons, he claimed, was that he worried that men might not be able to swim naked in the Sterling Gym pool after women were students. We continued our friendship even after he left Yale and moved to Charlotte, North Carolina, serving as an associate at St. Peter's Church.

JOE CASE

My education at YDS was as much outside the classroom as in it. I am grateful for my professors (especially Gaylord Noyce, Harry Baker Adams, Ed Dobihal, and Marvin Pope) and for my friendship with Roland Bainton.

My fieldwork assignments in secular positions shaped my future roles in ministry – the New Haven health department (including work with Planned Parenthood), a summer VISTA Associates program in southeastern Oklahoma, high school biology instruction and work with Yale undergraduates.

My volunteer involvement centered around the First United Methodist Church of New Haven, where I participated in a biweekly house church, did cooperative Christian education with the churches on the Green, and helped launch the Downtown Cooperative Ministry. Finally, I am grateful for my experience working with Joan Bates Forsberg, (B.D.'53) at the Ecumenical Continuing Education Center at Yale.

My focus on social ethics, especially distributive justice, and counseling at YDS was the foundation for my 42 years in higher education and my perception of my work as a ministry throughout.



Harry Baker Adams – by
Roland Bainton

DON CHANDLER

My memories of YDS are many.

- Red maple in full color outside of Marquand Chapel.
- KSL signature (*i.e.*, Kenneth Scott Latourette) and the comment: "very good work" atop my paper
- Cheers by Methodist and EUB guys granted the Christian freedom to imbibe when the General Conference struck down the teetotaler rule for seminarians/clergy.
- Burning draft cards on the Quad.
- Brainerd House, where I spent my first year, and Taylor House across the lawn, where I took up my new post as KSL's "secretary-companion" until his death (Dec., '68).

- My utter surprise and joy when our firstborn, Laura Lyn, arrived at Yale New Haven 9 months and 4 days after my wedding to Barbara Christensen.
- Roland Bainton's re-enactments of Luther's Christmas sermon.
- Tie vote by... "The University" at the Pregnant Whale on whether to strike-in-support-of-Black Panthers and in protest of Kent State killings; a tied re-count: 1836 for, 1836 against.
- Our near-miss of a graduation, and being booed on Old Campus as we rose to receive our degrees

For me, YDS '67-'70 were years of my 5th born-again experience to a new life of openness to what God had in store for me. Thanks to God, thanks to YDS and all of you!

CATHIE KOUTSOGIANE CIPOLLA



Oxford scholars, Bodleian Library

In August 1971 I moved to Oxford, England, where my husband would be doing graduate work. I applied for an advertised position in the Oriental Department (all non-European languages) of the Bodleian Library.

At the interview, the Keeper of Books told me the Bodleian could only hire me if there were no other British applicants with my skills. I said I had a working knowledge of Hebrew, and I could type. I got the job. Thank you, Dean McBride and Sibley Towner.

WAYNE CONNER

In February of 1968 several YDS classmates joined me in a trip to Washington, DC, for a gathering of the Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam. The conference at New York Avenue Presbyterian Church featured two notable Senators. Wayne Morse from Oregon led things off with a fiery, evangelical-style condemnation of the war. Morse, you recall, was one of the two Senators who voted against the "Gulf of Tonkin Resolution" that gave official blessing to U.S. involvement in Vietnam. He received thundering applause from all who were there.

A rather soft-spoken Senator from Minnesota was next up and in lawyerly fashion laid out the pros and cons of the issue and concluded that the war was a big mistake and we needed to end our involvement. He received polite applause in response.

As you can imagine, our YDS contingent talked about the conference all the way back to New Haven. We agreed that while Morse was exciting, we appreciated the logic of the second speaker. Little could any of us have known that it was the logic of a man who, some six months later, would drive a war-obsessed President from office. He was, of course, Eugene McCarthy!

ROBERT EMMAUS

One of the things I remember about Dean Robert Clyde Johnson's advice to us in Orientation was that the faculty's time was very important and that we shouldn't expect open office hours. If we needed to see a professor privately we needed to make an appointment. He suggested that it might be better instead to go to Coffee Hour after Chapel and have a general chat since professors often stopped by. That proved to be good advice, and Coffee Hour became one of my favorite things at YDS.

Even though I did not complete my studies at Yale, I consider it an honor to have been a member of the YDS Class of 1970. I have gone on to develop a 40-year career in nursing home administration, and along the way helped found an Episcopal mission, both in Greensboro, North Carolina. Recently I have been struggling with advanced prostate cancer which is being treated with androgen deprivation therapy.

For a long time, I kept in touch with David Bartlett. (He called me "Sunshine," which was his way of encouraging me to lighten up!) I mention him because it is in the field of New Testament studies rather than theology that I have discovered a new interest. I think he was surprised that I found the conservative position advanced by John A.T. Robinson in *Redating the New Testament* compelling. I'm rereading it now and find it more convincing than ever.

I remain your faithful servant to God, Country, and Yale Divinity School. (Bob Off)

DAVID FRY

One of my most painful memories stems from a crab apple fight in the Hopkins House courtyard. Plenty of ammunition lay on the ground. One morning, some wickedness in me or George Lea inspired us to throw apples at Dick Drace's upstairs window, perhaps half open. Soon a face appeared, followed by mutual taunts and return of fire. After my aim was provocatively challenged, I launched a fast ball straight through the center of the window. All of a sudden, the action ceased, and Lea and I went on our way.



After an afternoon of field work, I returned to YDS and headed straight for the refectory. I was greeted by silence at the house table. Dick, I soon learned, was now immobilized in a hospital bed with a detached retina and loss of bathroom privileges. *Mea culpa!* My subsequent dreaded visit to Yale-New Haven produced a moment of unexpected grace: His face beaming around the

heavily patched eye, Dick said, “It’s OK David. I would have nailed you if the fates had allowed.”

SAM GLADDING

I have wonderful memories of my time at Yale Divinity School.



Sam Gladding. By Roland Bainton

I did not know much about YDS when I arrived, except for the writings of H. Richard Niebuhr and Roland Bainton. My first class, “Emotions, Passions, and Feelings,” was with Don Saliers and Paul Holmer. I was immediately impressed and later took Holmer’s course on Kierkegaard. On Sundays, I was captivated by sermons on social justice from William Sloane Coffin.

However, it was the relationships and discussions with my fellow YDS classmates that I remember best, especially those in Hopkins House where I lived. I laughed at Will Willimon’s stories; had fun preaching Flannery O’Connor with Jerry Kirkpatrick; and even found amusement when I was offered seaweed as a balm for a broken ankle after a volleyball game against Bacon House. Yale helped me mature spiritually and intellectually and did so in serious and humorous ways.

ROBERT GOLDSTEIN

From Paul Holmer I received far more than I expected. We met in the Common Room to discuss a class for me. Two students asked Holmer about “the problem of the historical Jesus.” Holmer questioned whether there was a problem, and as the students responded, his increasingly critical tone made their eyes glaze over. Holmer invited me to his office and there asked me what I thought of that exchange. Anxiously, I told him the truth as I saw it – that he lost the students by his unrelenting style. We became firm friends.

Holmer was a lone individual with a firm grasp of the limits to human knowledge. Many academics misread his sharp Socratic pedagogy. Yes, the historical Jesus, the result of scientific history meeting religious passion, was just that kind of collision. No solution, only resolution of what you want up against the limits. Dialectic and rhetoric. Wittgenstein and Kierkegaard.



Paul Holmer. by Roland Bainton

DAVID KELLER

My experiences at YDS were like trying to drink from a fire hydrant. I could hardly take it in.

My first year, I benefited from the wisdom of friends living on the Quad. Meals at the Refectory were filled with enriching conversations. The next year, married, I learned from my wife Kathy and another group of remarkable classmates.

My fondest memories include:

- walks with Ken Latourette
- a fireside chat with Roland Bainton,
- serving on the Battell Student Board with Bill Coffin,
- lobbying members of Congress during the National Mobilization/Vietnam event, and
- Tom Campbell's week-long field trip in New York City to learn about urban ministries

The turbulence of the time fed self-examination. I remember wishing to focus on learning from faculty and students about their personal faith experiences.

In the spring of 1970, classmates put together a "musical drama" filled with humor and theological reflection. I was taken by the drama and the close sense of community of its cast. I thought it would work to build community in a local church. Thus, I have written and directed cabaret style dramas in the churches I have served. My experiences at YDS inspired my life and ministry.

JERRY KIRKPATRICK



Jerry Kirkpatrick by Roland Bainton

One evening in my second year, I had a date to attend a New Haven Symphony concert. The renowned Wagnerian soprano, Birgit Nilsson, was the headliner. I had heard her once before - in Puccini's *Turandot*. I was eager to hear her again - this time in the final scene from Strauss's *Salome* (singing to the severed head of John the Baptist).

Once we were settled in our balcony seats, we engaged in small talk. My date nudged me. "There's a woman staring at you." Further down our section stood a well-dressed young woman, her mouth standing open.

I thought for a minute. Then it came to me. "Georgia?"

"Yes! Who are you?"

She and I had been fellow high school choristers in South Texas, some six or seven years before. Her family had sent her down from Nebraska to punch up her academic preparedness. After

college, she had been singing opera in Germany. Unable to get tickets for Nilsson's venues in New York, she and a friend had taken the train to New Haven.

I was impressed with her operatic work; she was awed by Yale. Then the orchestra tuned up. Mlle. Nilsson came onstage, took a really deep breath, and drowned out an entire orchestra, figuratively peeling the paper off the back wall. Georgia had a lot to live up to.

We never saw each other again, but I will always marvel at how many times in my ministry someone or something has called out my name, and I have answered, "Yes! Who are you?"

PAUL KUNTZMAN

My third year I had a job checking buildings and offices of an evening to be sure they were locked and secure.

One evening I stopped by Paul Schubert's office as the door was open, the lights were on, and the professor was busy working on a book or a lecture. I identified myself and asked Mr. Schubert if he would answer a question. "If I can," he said.

"I've heard a story that Rudolf Bultmann was at your home, that the two of you were in an animated theological discussion over breakfast, when Robert Lowery Calhoun stopped by to deliver some eggs." According to the story, Mr. Calhoun listened to the discussion for a moment, offered a brief assessment how the differences could be resolved, and left.

Afterwards, Bultmann is said to have observed, "Mein Gott! America is truly amazing! Even the egg men are theologians."

With a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face, Schubert did his own de-mythologizing. "Bultmann was never at Yale." However, this is a wonderful example of oral tradition!

SAM LAMBACK

1967-70, at YDS was an exciting honeymoon for Gini and me. I was between Vietnam tours, a junior Army officer thrust into a new world of academic excellence, national upheaval, and profound spiritual challenge. Only God could have devised such an environment to prepare me for a military chaplain career followed by civilian pastoral ministry.

Some recollections:

Roland Bainton's September hot dog roast for new students at his Housatonic River cabin where we met life-long friend, John Freeman. We still cherish Mr. Bainton's sketch of Gini by the fire.



Of course, Bainton's presentation of **Luther's Christmas Sermon** in the Common Room was a highlight each year. **Brilliant teaching** combined with personal encouragement by David Little, Gaylord Noyce, Harry Baker Adams, Don Saliers, and teaching assistants, David Adams and Warner Bailey. My first year "Directed Studies Program" hosted by Rowan Greer, Tom Campbell, and David Little offered weeknight outings that included spouses. Visits to the homes of professors Childs and Pelikan were also memorable. I remember limping home bleeding from the brutal seminary basketball league games. **David Duncombe guided my field education** assignment as chaplain to the Children's Center in Hamden. Gaylord Noyce and Buckner Coe's **Work of the Parish Ministry** course with a field education appointment at Seymour UMC and pastor Lowell Johnson. Bill Coffin's **Common Room conversations** preparing for May Day on the New Haven Green, 1970, anti-war and Black Power fervor, and numerous discussions around campus profoundly prepared me to minister the next year to combat soldiers in the tragedy of Vietnam.

ROB LIVELY

While I have many wonderful YDS memories, the endeavor that had an enduring impact was my Field Experience -- driving a taxi -- where I learned three important life lessons in the midst of the race riots and anti-war protests taking place in New Haven in the late 1960s:

Don't judge people by their employment: Two passengers were talking confidentially when one said, "Keep it down." "Don't worry," responded the other, "He's just a cabbie." I was tempted to inform them I was completing my second master's.

Do the right thing, even if awkward or embarrassing: Two minutes after dropping off an elderly Black woman at church, I noticed two crumpled ten-dollar bills on the seat. Heads turned when I, the only white face, entered the church to return the money. I saw my fare near the front, in the middle of a crowded pew, the service not yet begun. I marched up the aisle, entered the pew, and inched my way along: "Excuse me," "Pardon me," "Oops, sorry!" My fare had a shocked look on her face when I handed her the money. Since I was halfway along the pew, I kept on going, thereby disrupting the entire row. I smiled and nodded to startled parishioners as I left the church.

Black Lives Matter: It did not take long to see how minorities are ill-served with regard to taxi service. We operated through dispatchers and informed them of our fare's destination. The

dispatcher would tell us if there was another fare in the neighborhood and we would then pick them up. But it did not always work that way. It was not uncommon for drivers to take a fare to a Black area (along Dixwell Avenue, for example; unbeknownst to the dispatcher), and instead of reporting the address, head over the hill to the more affluent Whitney Avenue and call in that location. Since driving a cab was my "ministry," I chose not to do that, but to go wherever I was sent. On one occasion the dispatcher directed me to a crowded, smoky bar on Dixwell Avenue where once again I was the only white face. "Did someone call for a cab?" I asked. "Yes," a very large man loudly responded, "Where the hell have you been? I called over an hour ago. I am going to be late!" It became very quiet as all eyes turned to me. "I'm sorry," I responded as I headed for the door, "I just received the call. Where would you like to go?"

I still remember these moments, fifty years later. I trust Gaylord Noyce, coordinator of field education, and Tom Campbell, consultant in field education, would be pleased.

TOM MANN

Soon upon arrival at YDS, some of us, including Dean Denniston, went out to dinner at a restaurant. A white Southerner, I had never had an African American friend. On the other hand, Dean was a sophisticated Yankee relatively used to interracial relationships. At the table, the server placed a basket of rolls in front of us. Dean and I reached for the rolls, but his hand landed on one a split second before mine. He politely withdrew his hand; mine froze in midair.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know," I stammered.

"You don't want to eat that roll, do you?" he asked again.

"No, I said," utterly ashamed, "I guess not."

"Well you better not eat it," he said, "It'll make your hair kinky." And he laughed, and I laughed, and we took, and ate.

His humorous response to the racial prejudice that I had no idea was so deeply ingrained in me has always been for me a consummate moment of grace.

ANDREW MEAD (1971)

I remember most gratefully Paul Holmer for his classes in Kierkegaard and Wittgenstein; and his personal tutorial on Newman. David Bartlett and Rowan Greer came years later to preach for me at Saint Thomas NYC. Classmates Roy Rhodes, Larry LeSeure (RIP), Ed Garrigan (RIP), Gary Kriss, and Will Willimon also came to preach over the years, as did Dennis Campbell, each offering good advice and counsel.



Søren Kierkegaard
Artist unknown

Jerry Kirkpatrick, Roy, David Cox ('72), Larry and Ed, and yours truly, all roomed on the upper floor of Hopkins House – now the Institute of Sacred Music – in the year 1969-1970. They each still inspire me with their love of the Lord Jesus.

DON MORGAN

One afternoon we heard that the Methodists had relaxed rules about drinking. Faculty put a keg of beer on the steps to the chapel and celebrated.

David Little was a popular professor of ethics even though he was a supporter of the Vietnam war. I remember he used Just War theory for his assessment and only gave the war a C or C+.

Intramural basketball was rougher than I might have imagined. One year I sprained an ankle. After the ankle healed, I sprained the other one.

I remember Rev. Coffin preaching on Matthew 27:24 and saying, "I would rather have blood on my hands than water."

When we were afraid there could be unrest around New Haven, we wrapped bandages and made plans to get people to safety if need be. Luckily, not needed.

I recall thinking in a seminar on Love that our critiquing of assigned readings didn't seem all that loving.

DAVE NOLTE (1971)

Two towering figures, “retired” but still working, had a lasting influence on me at YDS.

I recall the soft-spoken but genial “Good morning, good morning, good morning!” of **Kenneth Scott Latourette** (“Uncle Ken”) as we passed on the sidewalk – one returning from breakfast, the other on his way there.

Another memory of “Uncle Ken” was how he left Battell Chapel at the beginning of communion because Bill Coffin used wine, and Latourette had taken a pledge not to drink years before.

I remember his preaching at a Reformation celebration in Marquand Chapel, too, translating his text from koine Greek into English. He was known as “the last great encyclopedist” -- a deeply faithful “gentle giant.”

Roland Bainton became my favorite church historian from the first day I heard him as he walked our entering class through YDS history by using portraits on the Refectory walls. His anecdotes - idiosyncratic yet powerful - kept my interest from beginning to end. He concluded with Hebrews 12:1-2, the Great Cloud of Witnesses.

One October afternoon at his “lake house” on the Housatonic River, he read aloud from his manuscript of *Women of the Reformation*. He commented, “I thought of this subject several years before women’s liberation”

ROY RHODES (1971)

AN ACROSTIC SONNET FOR JAROSLAV PELIKAN (recipient of the John W. Kluge Prize)

Jaroslav, a man of Sterling deeds,
Ohio-born but global polyglot,
Has cast for sixty years a scholar's seed.
Now "It's harvest time!" this prize has brought.

Keep, like Faust, this motto close to heart:
Lay no claim to what your fathers left,
Until you make it yours in every part.
Grace alone flows from a soul so cleft.
Echo Newman's "heart that speaks to heart."

Pie Pelicani, teach us love.
Riddles fill our lives with mystic art,
Icons of the Word, in which we move.
Zeal will mark your faith in all you do,
Evoked in ancient beauty, ever new.

A REUNION OF OLD CLASSMATES

Wrote and circulated this years ago. But I think it still speaks to what the YDS experience meant to me and others. Roy Rhodes

A REUNION OF OLD CLASSMATES

Lindbeck and Forman, both Childs and Hans Frei,
Pelikan, Holmer, and Ken Latourette
who taught us the truths that never will die return in these friends whose names I forget.

Strangers file past and are taking my hands

I nod and I squint to decipher the tags
that spell out their names, as the hour-glass sands.
of time that flow free and my memory lags.

I shuffle to join the buffet in the Quad
after the prayers, some sermons, and hymns,
recalling Bill Coffin who revealed to us God
who works an odd grace through our tongues and our limbs.

We exchanged new addresses, our rosters of drugs,
listed loved ones we lost, the aches in our chest,
while buying up T-shirts and souvenir mugs,
like an unfinished mission that would be our best.

We find it is urgent, this need to confess
the faults we ourselves are the last ones to know,
as care-givers help us to groom and to dress
yet we linger awhile, as the last one to go.

Sitting together to eat after grace,
our hearts join the hungry to fight the good fight.
for justice for all we join face to face,
not FaceBook, since meekness is stronger than might.

We talked about Bainton's Christmas performing,
and Joy to the World must be joy that is shared.

Muehl taught that preaching, not nagging or storming,
was a still quiet voice for how deeply we cared.

The lessons continue on this Holy Hill
where the Saints of New Haven knew God would still
rule it by Light and by Truth is our task to fulfill.

The motto remains: Sustinet...Transtulit

MARY KINGSOLVER RYDER

I was taking CPE at Yale New Haven Hospital when the Black Panthers announced they were coming to New Haven for a rally. Yale was opening up its campus and not locking the gates, but even so there were threats to “burn down the town” with mass casualties. All the chaplains were on call that weekend, and Sachiko Yoshizawa and I were to stay overnight as guests of the hospital in the nurses’ residence which was only an underground tunnel away.

Late Friday afternoon as we made our way down the hill, the Green looked more like a carnival with loud rock music, banners, posters, people throwing frisbees and others selling paper flowers. Were these the people who were going to burn down the town? Maybe things would change under the cover of darkness. Who could guess? Our bare bones room had no radio, no TV, no books, but we had a telephone, and we were in contact with the chaplain’s office. There was little we could do but wait and read the books we brought and write letters.

Finally, we turned in for the night and were just about asleep where we heard a loud BOOM. Had things begun? We opened the windows so we could better hear if there were ambulances coming this way, but nothing but the traffic on Congress Ave.

Soon someone from the chaplain’s office called and told us that a bomb had been thrown into the Whale and shattered the glass doors. There were a couple of minor injuries who didn’t go to

the ER. What a relief. Nothing more happened that night that we heard about and at breakfast the next day we did hear about the National Guard tear gassing a group of demonstrators who were throwing rocks and bottles. People were crowding into the churches on the green to get away from the tear gas, which they said was still hanging in the air. Church was probably going to be canceled the next day.

We hung around until late afternoon, when someone from the chaplain's office told us we could go home. People were packing up and leaving, and it looked like things were winding down.

The security guard drove us back up the hill to Porter Hall and I was happy to be back in my own room but grateful to whoever planned this open Yale campus and peaceful rally.

LARRY SMITH

Our three years at YDS were filled with countless memorable experiences, but I must confess that the images that stand out most clearly in my memory were the days at the end of our tenure there.

I recall my experiences as a volunteer medic during the protests brought on by the Black Panther trial, and complicated by the continuing war in Viet Nam. I distinctly remember walking down Prospect Street, carrying a back pack decorated with a big red cross fashioned out of red tape. In it were bottles of water to treat the anticipated eyes inflamed by tear gas and Kotex pads to bandage heads bloodied by truncheons. Before reaching the Green, there was a scene marked indelibly in my memory—tanks in the middle of the street and soldiers with rifles pointed, if not aimed, directly at us. I was stunned, speechless.

In response to this abrupt confrontation with the intertwined ills of our society, the protests of like-minded individuals, and the suppression of protest by military might, some of us decided to forego the usual accoutrements of graduation, like cap and gown, and instead opted to wear red arm bands to our graduation ceremonies, in some sort of solidarity with the poor and oppressed of our land. Thanks to some academic distinction, I was given the opportunity to speak at our graduation. I seized the occasion to express my regret that the preceding years of intense study had not prepared me to deal with society's overwhelming problems

I was wrong. It has only been over the intervening fifty years that I have come to appreciate more fully how much my time at YDS has formed and informed my faith and my theological thinking. That is true even now as I seek to guide a small, struggling congregation through this pandemic. True, YDS did not teach any of us how to design and lead worship services on Zoom or in-person with face masks and social distancing, but I did bring with me a solid biblical and theological foundation upon which to build these new things. For that I am eternally grateful to my friends, colleagues, and teachers at YDS.

JEFF STINEHELPER

Noyce, Minear, Adams, Childs, Muehl--YDS was clearly the formative experience of my professional life. My only film (Jerry Glashagel and I cast Ron Krause as "Jacob"); my only published article ("The Revealing of Jesus Christ" in *Religious Journal*). Basketball in the old gym, coaching the "Friends of Boys" kids at the YMCA. Over the decades, connecting with Brevard at Chautauqua, engaging Bill Coffin to lead seminars and conferences. 13 years as pastor, 14 as conference executive (UCC), 13 in non-profit fund-raising, now 10 years and counting in interim ministry. Sports Camp with Archie Griffin and Ernie Banks, Chautauqua with Ken Burns, Selma with John Lewis, Plains with Jimmy and Roslyn Carter--ministry takes many forms and opens many doors, by the Grace of God. Life in Washington, DC, is never dull!

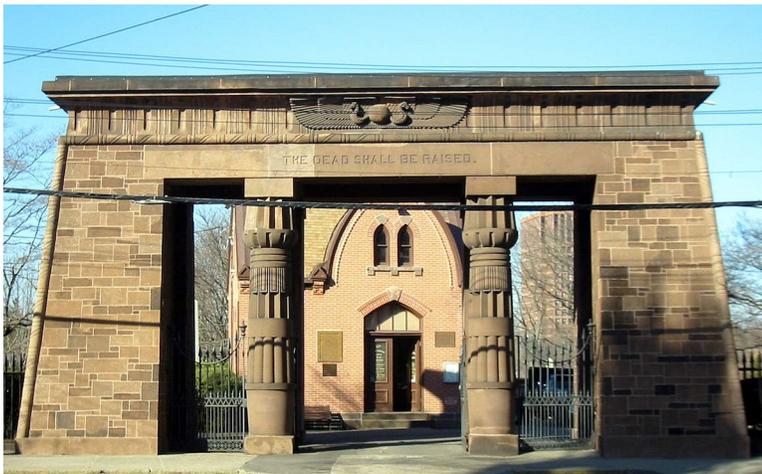


William Muehl by Roland Bainton

JUDY PUGH STONE

Some memories from our time at YDS:

Daily chapel and coffee hour. Long conversations in the Refectory. From minutes I took at the Executive Council: the successful "Off Commission" led by Bob Off to deal with the newly imposed parking arm on the parking lot. The Public Speaking class with Bill Muehl and Hugh Allen and Will Willimon.



Grove Street Cemetery, New Haven, Connecticut

The March on Washington. Black Seminarians and Viet Nam protests. Liberating the men's room in the library. Fieldwork at Troup Middle school the day after Martin Luther King's death

Secret meetings of Norvin Hein's Contemporary Hinduism, reading Gandhi during the Moratorium.

National Guard tanks under the arch of the Grove Street Cemetery: "The dead shall be raised."

Mansfield St with housemates Sarah and Lucy.

Life-long friends.

GREG TURNER

May Day 1970, New Haven Green. Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins are coming to trial. Classes are dismissed. The weekend is here, and the air is thick with “Come the Revolution.” Many students are already downtown; others have gone home, traveled early to field work, or hunkered down at 409. Kathy, student chaplain and hospital staff, is standing by with everyone else at Yale-New Haven.

Come evening, I’m sitting in the tower of Trinity Church, peering out from darkness into dusk, a borrowed walkie-talkie in hand. Coffin’s Coalition and the Greater New Haven Council of Churches (my field work) have placed me well above the action: “Tell us what you see.”

Not much, what with the tear gas. Was that helmet National Guard or some World War I battle gear of the Weather Underground? Where can I sit up here? I recall a splinter. And I’m not sure I ever got the hang of the walkie-talkie.

The real action is being handled, peacefully, by the voices of Black Students at Yale, the Black Panthers’ roving sound truck, the community-volunteer marshals, the welcome of Kingman Brewster’s administration – and, it seems, the cooperation of the New Haven Police.

While we focused on the Green, Nixon invaded Cambodia.

BILL VANN



Roland A Bainton

Bill Vann. by Roland Bainton

Looking back, my experience at YDS was a wonderful, if often painful, opportunity for growth. In the moment, I experienced it mostly as a time of challenge. Not so much the intellectual challenge I had expected (Did anyone who showed up in class and turned in their papers ever fail?)

More for me it was a time of personal, social and cultural challenge. It seemed you were always being asked, almost forced, to take a stand for or against something. It was not always very comfortable. And coming from a rather limited background (a segregated high school and a college with one Black student), YDS was definitely different for me.

I also think part of my problem at the time was that I was too fixated on getting done and out and on with my ministry. From the perspective of hindsight, I wish I'd have appreciated my time there then as much as I do now.

DAVID WARREN

My wife Ellen and I remember well Jerry Kirkpatrick's fieldwork assignment, where he served as a teacher's intern at Conte School in Wooster Square. Recently we were reminded of the invitation he extended to Ellen to attend the Spring break party at YDS in March 1968. It is there we met, dated for a year and have been married since March 1, 1969. (Jerry, take a bow as matchmaker extraordinaire.)

My time at YDS was shaped significantly by the Vietnam War, social unrest in the cities, a call for educational reform at Yale, and the influence of the Women's Movement. While enrolled both at YDS and the School of Art and Architecture, I became Director of the Dwight Hall Summer Project in 1968, and then as Dwight Hall General Secretary. Through the Hall, I became deeply involved in these overlapping issues. May Day 1970 brought all of these forces together, with a gathering of 25,000 demonstrators and the National Guard on the New Haven Green. Faced with the possibility of violence, the Dwight Hall staff provided a space for peaceful negotiations, and trained 250 nonviolent marshals to stand successfully between the demonstrators and the Guard. At the conclusion of May Day weekend, President Kingman Brewster declared his opposition to the Vietnam War.

Many members of the YDS Class of 1970 joined President Brewster in protesting the War, and graduated wearing red arm bands and no robes. These compelling events deeply influenced the trajectory of my future work in politics and later in higher education. In 1993, I became President of the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities, where I served for 26 years before my retirement in September of 2019.

JANE (1968) AND CHARLES WATKINS (1969, 1970)

A fierce blizzard swirled in the Sterling Divinity Quadrangle on the first evening of March in 1968 as we walked to the prayer chapel (now named for Henri Nouwen) where Charles proposed we marry and Jane agreed. We began to plan our wedding in Marquand for graduation time. University Chaplain William Sloane Coffin agreed to officiate.

A few weeks later, Chaplain Coffin's office called to say he would *not* be able to perform the wedding because a judge in Boston wanted him in court for anti-war activities. A Presbyterian missionary in Tennessee agreed to come marry us.



David Warren. by Roland Bainton



Roland Bainton, Jane Watkins, Charles Watkins

Days before the wedding, the University Health Service announced they could *not* process our syphilis blood tests -required for a license - by the wedding date. We appealed to probate court to waive the requirement, and we *did* get a license.

Between our engagement and our wedding both Martin Luther King, Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy were assassinated, and the nation roiled with grief and rage.

However, despite the storm of national angst, Van Quinn played the organ majestically. The ceremony

was witnessed by parents, friends and faculty, including Roland Bainton, who had suggested that our ceremony include the hymn “*Fight the Good Fight.*” We are still married.

CHUCK WILDMAN

In our era, YDS offered fieldwork positions in parish and non-parish settings. In my first year, I studied for and passed the exam to become a licensed realtor in Connecticut. Thus began a brief career with Allan Reuben Real Estate.

My job was to open doors for minority families. In seeking housing for fully qualified clients, I encountered New Haven’s segregated real estate market. Being black or brown virtually guaranteed slammed doors and dire warnings to back off. I became skilled at testifying before the state’s human rights commission on behalf of minority families, learning that social justice ministry can be combative and heartbreaking requiring spiritual strength and sheer grit. Good preparation for progressive ministry in the late 20th – early 21st century Church.

Congratulations to YDS for its courageous approach to fieldwork education in our time.

In Memoriam

O God, before whom generations rise and pass away, we praise you for all your servants who, having lived this life in faith, now live eternally with you.

Especially we thank you for your servants, our classmates.

We praise you for the gift of their lives; for the grace you gave them; for all in them that was good and kind and faithful.

We thank you that for them death is past and pain ended, and that they have now entered the joy you have prepared; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Book of Common Worship (1995; adapted)

We remember:

Larry E. Axel	February 1, 1991	Larry LeSeure (1971)
Wm. Douglas Bookwalter	November 2, 2003	Constance W. Mann February 19, 2014
Sandra Forrester Dufresne	August 8, 2014	Marilyn B. Miller May 7, 2019
Walt Gaffney (STM 1969)		Kermit B. Morrison January 1, 2015
Ed Garrigan (1971)		Steven E. Olson September 6, 2016
Robert Hamilton		Ken Powell (1971)
George Lea Harper, Jr.	April 18, 1994	John B. Shopp March 19, 2018
Sharon Hornberger-Brown	May 27, 2015	Harold P. Sloan December 14, 2006
William J. Horvath	November 23, 1998	D. Keith Stanford
Jerald L. Kirkpatrick	January 11, 2021	Paul L. Toland September 30, 2005
Leonard R. Klein	December 4, 2019	Jeffery C. Wilson December 17, 2000
Marjorie Peace Lenn	October 16, 2010	Mary Ann Yukevich (1971)

I WANTED TO BE HERE WITH YOU....

I remember at the last Reunion dinner for my YDS Class (1971) we went around the table and poke about our lives since YDS.

Ken Powell, who sat next to me, spoke up and said, "I have Stage 4 Pancreatic cancer and have been told I have two months to live at most. I wanted you all to know and know how much I wanted to be here with you."

I heard he had died not long after that. RIP, Ken, and thank you for telling us.

Roy Rhodes

WHOSE FOOTSTEPS?

The following story came from Bill Muehl by way of George Stroup (1969), who told it to Jerry Kirkpatrick sometime in the early '80s.

It was Christmas, 1968. Along with everyone else at YDS, the Muehl family was on winter break, enjoying the holiday but feeling a little housebound by the weather. Bill, getting bored, decided to walk over to his office in Stuart House to check the mail. While he was sorting the letters from the junk, he heard the back door opening, followed by the shuffling sound of elderly feet. He wondered who that could be. Then it dawned on him that it might be Kenneth Scott Latourette, who had an apartment in Stuart. The weather must have kept him from flying to his family in Oregon, and now he was alone at Christmas.

Well, nothing would do but that he come to the Muehl house for dinner that day. However, when Bill went out into the stairwell to invite him, there was no one there.

The next day, they got word that Ken had died the day before. He had been hit by a car in front of his Oregon house while getting his mail out of his mailbox.

Whose footsteps did Bill hear that day in Stuart House? Could it have been someone allowed one last look around this well-loved school and community? Who?