



Yale Divinity School
Memories from the Class of 1971

Convocation and Reunions | October 2022



Yale Divinity
ALUMNI/AE

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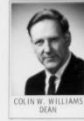
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Vale Divinity School



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1971



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Class of 1971 | *Introduction*

The following collection of personal reminiscences from members of the Yale Divinity School Class of 1971 brims with vivid glimpses of the School at the end of the 1960s and the beginning of the next decade: a brilliant and generous faculty, friendships made and kept, the vigorous flow of ideas both religious and secular, the flood of acute crises in many sectors of American society, and the host of private issues that welled up as we prepared to enter adulthood. It also reflects the distinctly different ways in which individuals came to see their engagement with YDS and how it may have affected their life choices. Finally, these extraordinary narratives serve as a record of the fascinating directions in which members of the class have been led over the past half century in pursuit of an answer to the over-arching question, “How shall I live my life?” As such, they illustrate the wonderful, mysterious diversity of God’s work in our lives.

If any good has emerged from the Covid pandemic, surely it includes a heightened appreciation for all those people we’ve encountered over the course of our lives who have been a blessing to us. And perhaps that holds true particularly for those of us who, during this period, have found ourselves marking special milestones (like 50th class reunions) that we could not celebrate in some of the customary ways. For us, the ways of reaffirming our connectedness that are still available—such as this Memory Book – feel especially welcome, and our gratitude is especially deep to all of you who chose to share your stories herein. Reading what you have written – reminding us of the wonderful range and strength of your virtues, enthusiasms and aspirations – we know we have been blessed to have you in our lives.

Reunion Committee

Richard (“Rich”) W. Reifsnyder, Co-Chair
John (“Jack”) Charles Boger, Co-Chair
Jennifer Brackenbury Boger, Co-Chair
Dale R. Bond
Thomas L. Craig
Dean K. Denniston, Jr.

Robert Paul Kropp, Jr.
Wesley H. Poling
Royal (“Roy”) W. Rhodes
John I. Rollefson
Christopher (“Chris”) H. Schroder
David L. Wheeler
Will Willimon

Memory Book Subcommittee

John (“Jack”) Charles Boger
Richard (“Rich”) W. Reifsnyder
George Taylor

Jennifer Brackenbury Boger
Royal (“Roy”) W. Rhodes
David L. Wheeler

A REUNION OF OLD CLASSMATES by Royal W. Rhodes, B.D.

*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
show time that flows 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.*

"Sustinet qui transtulit" was the motto of New Haven Colony (1639 version) and later altered for the Colony of Connecticut ("Transtulit qui sustinet").

Bruce R. Albert, M.A.R.

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(404) 409-6427
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Spouse:

Linda Winship, psychotherapist

Additional degrees:

Master of Social Work, George Williams College | 1974
PhD, University of Chicago | 1983

Principal Vocational Positions:

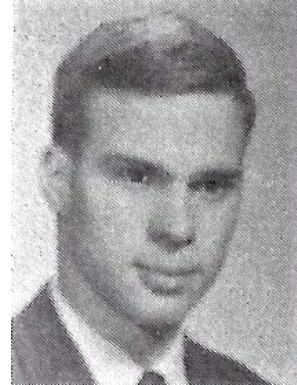
Mental Health: psychotherapy, program management inpatient and outpatient

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

- The amazing library system! I sat in the YDS library and ordered books from all over the university that were delivered overnight.
- The graduate school Soccer Club. Two more years of semi-organized interscholastic play.
- YDS' required core left open courses elsewhere at Yale, which I took full advantage of.
- Though I came from a very religious background I had no intention of entering the clergy. YDS offered the opportunity to engage in an open educational experience that was formative for my career in mental health, which I considered to be a secular ministry.
- A masters degree from Yale opened doors to later educational and job opportunities.
- Financial support and paid work related to YDS made it possible to be there.
- After the graduation ceremony I walked into my on-campus apartment in cap and gown. The phone was ringing...a job offer.
- I was burgled twice in that apartment.



Benjamin “Skip” R. Aune, M.A.R.

260 Channing Way #1
San Rafael, California 94903

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Children:

Nathan | b. 1973
Luke | b. 1977

Additional degrees:

MA, University of Minnesota | 1977

Principal Vocational Positions:

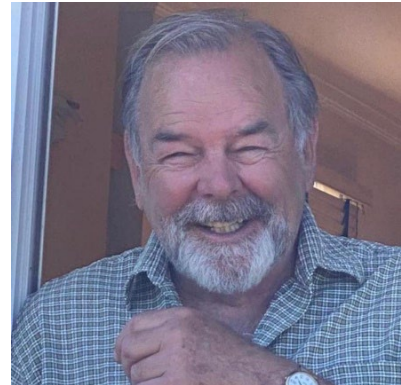
Teacher, health care executive, non-profit CEO

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Memories include living in the Quad, excellent professors, basketball games, getting married, protesting the war, the diversity of courses and fellow students, the traditions and heritage and pride in attending YDS, deciding to do 3rd year abroad teaching at mission school in Papua New Guinea...which led to early career positions in education rather than the ministry. YDS helped prepare me for a life of service and leadership and success in public, private and non-profit settings.



A lively preaching class, 1973, YDS Archives.

Frank W. Baldwin, B.D.

2842 NE 48th Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97213

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Spouse:

Margaret Lovejoy Baldwin
Retired teacher of French and English as a Second Language

Children:

Lydia Baldwin | b.1972
Theatre Educator in Berlin, Germany

Karl Baldwin | b.1974 (in Vietnam)
Entrepreneur in Fresno, CA,
Married to Devon Jenson, Children: Lakai and Jady

Jesse Baldwin | b.1978
College administrator in Eugene, OR
Married to Ellen Filgate Marshall, Child: Clementine

Additional degrees:

D.Min, San Francisco Theological Seminary | Degree not completed

Principal Vocational Positions:

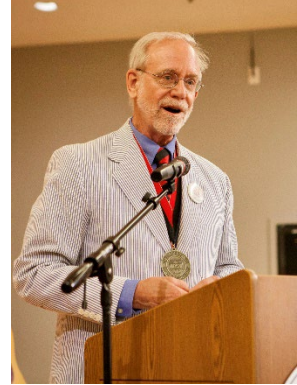
Pastor in four United Church of Christ congregations in the Northern California-Nevada and Central Pacific Conferences

Current Occupation:

Retired, but still holding volunteer positions in the UCC Central Pacific Conference

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I entered YDS as a member of the class of 1970, but found my internship with the New Haven Redevelopment Agency to be so unexpectedly fulfilling that I extended it for a full year off-campus, thus graduating in 1971. My spouse Margaret and I only lived at YDS (Bellamy) for one year before moving to the town of Guilford where we had extended family. We joined the historic First Congregational there and made many friends in the church and community. Margaret was a student at Mt. Holyoke College and commuted to South Hadley three times a week before an accident on icy I-91 put our car out of commission, so she graduated from Albertus Magnus in New Haven and went to work teaching high school French. In 1967 - 1970 I was deeply involved (along with other YDS students) in the New England Resistance to the Vietnam War led by Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin and Dr. Benjamin Spock, including



burning my draft card as an act of conscientious protest. Still-cherished YDS professors include Gaylord Noyce, Brevard Childs, James Dittes, Sydney Ahlstrom, Bill Muehl and Roland Bainton.

In 1971 I was ordained in the Guilford Church by the New Haven East Consociation of the United Church of Christ, and we returned to the West Coast where we had grown up, met, and married. I was called to a 100-member Oregon congregation originally from the Evangelical and Reformed side of the United Church of Christ, locally famous as “The Frog Pond Church” due to the swaley conditions in the vicinity. I was the fifth pastor in a row called by this church directly out of seminary, and the congregation offered an extraordinary training environment for a new parish minister with a great deal to learn. It was thrilling to celebrate a centennial anniversary with them in 1978. From there we moved with our growing family to Northern California, where I served three additional UCC congregations for a total of 41 years in parish ministry. Along the way I was also a summer camp director, a board member for Planned Parenthood and for the American Guild of Organists, a fire department chaplain, an adjunct professor at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, an advocate for LGBTQ+ “Open and Affirming” inclusion, and a restorer of vintage British sports cars. It was a privilege to mentor twenty different seminary interns in my California churches. I will always be grateful for those years in New England and at YDS.

Jennifer (Brackenbury) Boger, M.A.R.

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Spouse:

John Charles (“Jack”) Boger
Retired Law Professor



Children:

Gretchen | b. 1976
History Teacher, The Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, PA

Peter | b. 1979
Assistant Director, Sustainability Institute, Penn State

Grandchildren:

Edith Lank | b. 2005
Alice Lank | b. 2008

Additional degrees:

B.A., University of Southern California | 1969

Principal Vocational Positions:

Law office administrator and paralegal

Charitable foundation director

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

In September 1969 I stepped off the bus from Los Angeles at the Greyhound station in New Haven to find that my luggage had disappeared en route, which seemed somehow fitting, since I had come to YDS with the expectation of shedding old baggage and taking on new. That expectation I would find both fulfilled and frustrated. I thought the Divinity School would be a fine place in which to explore all the elements of the greater Christian tradition missing from my sectarian upbringing in a small offshoot of Mormonism, with which I had just severed my formal connection; more naively, I thought intellectual exploration would issue in a more solid personal faith (Dean Johnson, alas, had departed the year before I arrived, so I missed the welcome speech quoted elsewhere in this book, in which he cautioned against confounding a divinity school with church). Any career focus I came with was deplorably fuzzy: I figured I would go on to get a Ph.D. and then find a college post somewhere teaching “Religion and ...” courses. What I yearned for at that stage was a vision of real scholarship – even if, like Moses on Mount Nebo overlooking Canaan, I only got a glimpse of that glorious realm without being allowed to enter it.

Over my two years in New Haven I found the vision on offer in many places: in the gentle humanity of a Don Saliers, whose courses put some flesh on my skeletal ideas about the dynamic involved in a conjunctive study of religion and literature ... in the unquenchable enthusiasm of a Marvin Pope, who, long secure at the top of his field, still could hardly wait to begin imparting the mysteries of Biblical Hebrew to a class of rank beginners (who somehow failed to get the point of the joke with which he opened his first lecture, about the watch that went “yiktob, tiktob, tiktob”) ... in the inexhaustible fund of esoterica mastered by a Jaroslav Pelikan ... in the platform charisma of a Bard Childs. What delighted me most, however, was to find that other notions I had entertained about scholarship stood in need of correction. I had come prepared to find it not especially conducive to humility or self-deprecating humor, but here was Willard Oxtoby describing to me his doctoral thesis cataloguing graffiti in a hitherto-neglected corner of the Jordanian desert: “It didn’t quite meet the three criteria of scholarship: it was original, it was exhaustive, but . . . it wasn’t significant.” And here was the professor from Colorado brought in to cover a required course in practical theology, recounting the response of a good friend to whom he had proudly announced that he was headed to New Haven to teach at Yale: “Hmn .. Yale ... Yale,” replied the friend. “Would that be anywhere near Quinnipiac?”

In the end, my YDS experience didn't set me on a professional path, but it prevented my taking one on which I didn't belong. My studies there and afterwards at Duke sharpened significantly my grasp of what others had thought about the great religious questions, but the farther I pursued those studies, the farther I found myself from knowing what it was I thought about them myself. Unable to rid myself of the notion that a professor of religion, although not an evangelist, should nonetheless have a conviction to profess, I wound up abandoning the quest of a career in academe. Instead, mine has been a humble crazy quilt of a C.V., one that I'm afraid reflects little glory on YDS, though it offered scope for trying to exercise the diligence, modesty and forbearance I had seen modeled by professors and classmates there. It included a short stint as associate pastor of a remarkable Baptist congregation in Montclair, New Jersey once led by a young Harry Emerson Fosdick; bouts of teaching French and other subjects to students from kindergarten to college; fundraising for Jesuit educational and social welfare institutions in the New York metropolitan area; and over two decades as a paralegal and office manager for a general law practice here in Chapel Hill, capped by managing directorship of a local charitable foundation. On the side I've been granted opportunities to overcome my social inhibitions as board chair of nonprofits devoted to at-risk youngsters, through 30 years of volunteer ministry at the county men's prison, and through participation in an array of chamber music groups willing to tolerate the contributions of a journeyman violist. In none of these activities have I ever succeeded in embodying fully the virtues to which my YDS experience led me to aspire, but in the lowliest of them I have remained aware that there was something to aspire to.

Ultimately – though such an admission may be unfashionable these days – the most important contribution the Divinity School made to my life journey was to provide a companion for it. I met Jack Boger on an evening when the refectory was packed and the only vacancy I could spot was a chair next to his. He motioned to me to take it, then promptly warned that he and the rest of the table were engrossed in a discussion of Kierkegaard that had been going on all day, so that I should not expect any of them to talk to me. For 52 years now he has devoted himself to making up for that exclusion: his voice has been the cherished soundtrack without which the very notion of a journey has come to seem inconceivable. In him I have incurred a debt to YDS beyond repayment.



Students eating in the Refectory, YDS Archives.

John Charles “Jack” Boger, M.Div.

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Spouse:

Jennifer Brackenbury Boger
Retired

Children:

Gretchen | b. 1976
History Teacher, The Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, PA

Peter | b. 1979
Assistant Director, Environmental Sustainability Institute, Penn State

Additional degrees:

B.A., Duke | 1968
J.D., Univ. of North Carolina | 1974

Principal Vocational Positions:

Attorney | NAACP Legal Defense & Educational Fund, Inc.
Professor and Dean | University of North Carolina School of Law

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I arrived at Yale Divinity in the fall of 1968, fresh from several semesters at Duke spent wrestling with the reflections of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Reinhold Niebuhr and his brother Richard on how individual ethics might inform broader issues of societal justice. From my first fall semester, James Gustafson’s wonderful ethics classes offered depth to my thinking, and I was surprised when Brevard Child’s introduction to Old Testament theology did so as well, by exploring the recurrent theme of a people who did not, or could not, live out in their collective life the religious values to which their covenant with God had committed them.

For a reckless half year, I wondered whether life spent as an Old Testament scholar might be my future, until a semi-comical summer at Princeton Seminary, laboring vainly to master elementary Hebrew (and after that Greek and Ugaritic?) made it crystal clear that my brain was not designed for such a scholarly life. That vocational choice was made still easier by the continued pull of social justice issues at Yale, from by Chaplain William Sloan Coffin’s continuing antiwar



advocacy to the unfolding Black Panther trial and the attendant controversy that swept over New Haven in 1969 - 1970. Not to mention Soren Kierkegaard's apparent insistence, Paul Holmer taught, that virtue lay more in how one lived than simply in what one thought.

All, thankfully, wasn't about earnest struggle. Wonderful classmates in Taylor Hall and across Sterling Quad were full of life and good will, and I spent memorable hours in common room debates and in long weekends, driving up Rte. 34 along the Housatonic River to intern with teen advisors at the Congregational Church in Newtown, CT (four decades before that lovely town would become a sad watchword for irrational gun violence). Most happily, in my second year I was blessed to discover Jennifer Brackenbury, who brushed off my clueless first overture to her ("You must have been raised in a family of boys"), and chose not to read anything too juvenile into my initial date proposal (to watch the Marx Brothers' "Duck Soup" at the Yale Law Film Society) and who was amused, not appalled, by my confession that I'd never ever traveled a mile further west than Asheville, NC. Two subsequent cross-country car trips to visit her parents in Los Angeles later lengthened into many more cross-country trips with our young daughter and son, family trips to Wyoming, Yellowstone, the desert Southwest, the Navajo Reservation, Disneyland, each brightening the years after our happy marriage in 1970.

My vocational quest after YDS led back southward to law school at the University of North Carolina, then northward again in 1974 to a contradiction-in-terms, a 'liberal Democratic Wall Street law firm,' which thankfully proved as good as its promises when a pro bono case it allowed me to undertake led to the job of my dreams, a position in 1978 at the NAACP Legal Defense & Educational Fund, Inc. For the next eight years, I traveled from LDF's New York offices to prisons in Georgia, North Carolina, and beyond, mixing legal and pastoral counseling in meetings with inmate/clients facing death. After 1986, I spent four additional LDF years working principally on what we dubbed 'poverty and justice' issues, attempting to use law to overcome the entrenched economic and social subordination that still, after centuries, keeps too many African-American and lower-income families in thrall.

Suddenly, in 1990, I learned that my law school alma mater had an academic opening in constitutional law, a subject less opaque to me than Hebrew or Greek, plus the chance to teach courses in racial discrimination and poverty law. We returned to North Carolina and have lived in Chapel Hill ever since. I have dearly loved teaching inquisitive, earnest young law students and eventually tried to atone for my modest scholarly output by agreeing to take on various administrative duties, the lengthiest of which was nine years spent as the school's dean. Perhaps providentially, it was a period during which the school lost to death six or seven of its most senior, beloved law teachers, along with an unusually painful number of students struck prematurely by tragedies of one sort or another. I found myself, in consequence occupying church pulpits or condoling sad families more times than I would ever have guessed. One lucky chance proved a bookend to my long decades of concern with race and justice: in 2001, the

school invited my former boss at LDF, North Carolina’s remarkable civil rights lawyer, Julius Chambers, to inaugurate a Center for Civil Rights. Modeled on LDF’s distinctive tack –pursuing scholarly analysis of social ills to help build better legal strategies toward their cure – the Center became a vineyard in which it was a great gift to labor with Chambers and others for over fifteen years.

Retired since 2017, Jennifer and I now drink our coffee later into each morning, but still occasionally bestir ourselves to undertake modest works that draw upon values that were shaped or deepened at YDS. A great experience.

Dale R. Bond, M.Div.

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Spouse:

Dorella Bond

Children:

Marisa | b. 1972

Grandchildren:

Charlotte | b. 2003

Caitlin | b. 2008



A 2018 photo of Dolly and me in front of Marquand

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Just before I graduated from YDS, Mike Ryan suggested that I apply for the intern position he had just completed as an assistant to Bob Dewey, the Chaplain of Kalamazoo College. My wife, Dolly, and I moved to Michigan that fall. Our daughter, Marisa, was born the following June.

When I left Kalamazoo College, I worked as a Home Health Aide for Catholic Social Services in Augusta, Maine, while I looked for a parish position. Following a brief ministry in a yoked UCC parish in Vermont, we moved back to New Haven so that Dolly could begin her M.Div. studies at YDS. After she graduated in 1977, Dolly and I served as co-pastors of two Connecticut UCC churches, New Hartford (1977 - 1980) and Hebron (1980 - 1986).

Dolly had focused her studies at YDS on pastoral psychology, so in 1981 she applied to the Ph.D. program in Pastoral Psychology and Religion at Boston University. We moved to

Glastonbury in 1986 and while Dolly finished her coursework, wrote her dissertation, and established a private practice, I worked as a documentation specialist at The Travelers Insurance Company in Hartford. I also held similar positions at MetraHealth and UnitedHealthCare. In 1998 I joined EDS Medicare Systems and was trained as a COBOL programmer to help maintain their ancient provider payment platform that was developed in the 1960's!

Marisa graduated from Colgate University, earned a masters degree from the University of Michigan, and worked for the University for several years.

Dolly and I moved back to Michigan in 2005 so I could help Marisa get her new computer consulting business up and running and Dolly could teach psychology at Madonna University. In 2019, I joined Marisa's new business consulting company, assisting her with website maintenance and social media outreach.

Thomas Craig, M.Div.

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Spouse:

Michele P. Craig
Retired CEO Regional Planning Commission

Children:

Thomas L.: Craig, III | b. 1977

Katherine Ellis Craig | b. 1982

Anne Michaelae Craig | b. 1984

Additional Degrees:

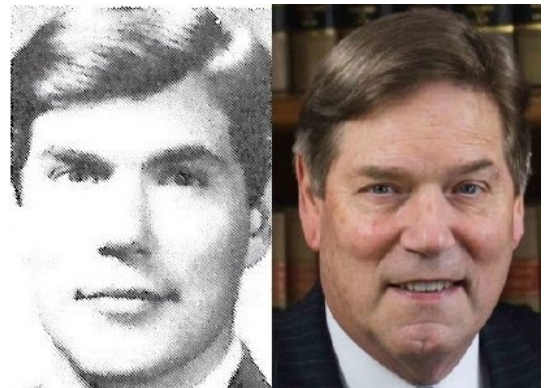
J.D., University of Virginia | 1980

Principal Vocational Positions:

Civil Defense Trial Attorney

Current Occupation:

Still in active practice at Bailes, Craig, Sellards Attorney at Law



Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I came to YDS as a Rockefeller Fellow. I spent the first two years trying to figure out the mechanics of believing in God and Jesus Christ. I remember often saying that I know God exists...I just don't believe it. After second year final exams I was packing for the summer while Bill McSwegin and Ralph Jaxheimer were studying next door for a theology exam. They were discussing some austere point made by Wittgenstein and I dropped in to listen to the discussion. I made some macabre point in a feeble attempt to appear knowledgeable on Wittgenstein, to which one of them responded "Craig, your problem is you are just a simple believer." Lightning struck. Hearing someone else observe that I was a believer, even a simple one, was one of the few transformative events of my life! Maybe I'd made the leap of faith a long time ago in my youth and just did not realize it. Karl Barth, Dean Robert Cline Johnson and Rich Reifsnyder would be proud. The issue then moved from whether I believed to what I believed. I'm still working on it. I've always been a little slow on the uptake.

Third year my focus changed to the big question...am I going to enter the parish ministry? No doubt about the underlying problem here. I lacked the courage to say yes. My faith was on such shaky legs I could not see myself as a leader of any church congregation. But I could become a devout layman. And since graduation day, I have.

But what to do then? I had to return to WV. I was too proud of my Appalachian heritage not to do so and too eager to share my wonderful out of state education with other Mountaineers. Since I really thought I had developed a lot of answers to the nagging problems of rural poverty, it seemed only natural to become involved in state politics. I became employed by the Governor of the State of WV as his representative in the recovery of local citizens from the slag pile flood which occurred in Logan County in 1972. 126 people died as that muddy water engulfed an 18 mile hollow known as Buffalo Creek. My belief in the welfare state died with them. Rich and Lynn Reifsnyder were married the next summer. I remember thinking that all my YDS heroes, Boger, Reifsnyder, Willimon, to name a few, were liberal democrats. What would they think that Craig was working for a Republican Governor? You should have heard Jack Boger scream "oh my gracious NOO, when he learned that news at Rich's wedding. At least Rowan Greer would have been proud. Today I spend part of my time trying to help Liz Cheney rid our nation of the odious Donald Trump!

I worked my way up to becoming the Chief of Staff for that Governor and was appointed to the WV Board of Regents, the governing authority for higher education in our state. After that I graduated from UVA Law School and commenced trying cases as a civil defense attorney. I have litigated hundreds of cases and tried many of them, primarily sounding in medical malpractice. With absolutely no academic background in science, I have devoted so much of my time to defending medical negligence. Like I said above, I'm always a little slow on the uptake!

Dean K. Denniston, Jr., M.Div.

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Children:

Mallory Nichols



Additional degrees:

M.A., B.A., Northeastern University Boston | 1966

Principal Vocational Positions:

Civil Rights Director, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Executive Office of Health and Human Services

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

My initial YDS experience had a rocky start. As an African American from an urban environment it was a culture shock for me to come to an institution where you could count the number of incoming students of color on one hand and still have fingers left over, and where the vast majority of students were white and primarily from the South and Midwest. Additionally, there were no faculty of color and the one minority administrator only worked part time. If you were a student of color, YDS was a pretty cold and lonely place back in the 1960's.

I was fortunate enough to be given a field work assignment in Fair Haven, where along with another YDS student, I worked with the small but rapidly growing black community centered around the Haven/James streets area. We founded the Fair Haven Parents Ministry which did a variety of community organization programs and activities for the youth in that community.

My off-campus activities were the motivation which kept me at Yale because I didn't see much of a connection between what I was studying at the Div School and its relevance to addressing the social and economic issues which were center stage at that time.

At the end of my second year, wrestling with the idea of leaving, I instead took an internship with the United Methodist Inner City Parish in Kansas City, MO. There I actually saw the church putting into practice Jesus' message of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the incarcerated, and being a true servant. The UMICP, made up of three churches – one white, one black, and one mixed – had a very active street ministry, and worked with the homeless,

teenage gangs, drug addicts, and other marginalized individuals in one of the toughest and poorest neighborhoods in Kansas City. As a major part of my internship, I worked with the local chapter of the Black Panther party helping to organize a free breakfast program for inner city kids.

My internship experience provided me with many opportunities to witness God's message of service, grace, and love. It also showed me through numerous examples how the church could actually become a change agent within a community and in the world.

I regard my YDS experience as one which helped transform my thinking with respect to my own faith. It also provided me with a clearer understanding of what is possible or what can happen when one individual or the institutional church chooses to manifest God's message of service and love.

My on-campus activities at YDS were minimal and I never experienced a true sense of community. Nevertheless, the lessons I learned as a student, as well as those from my field work and internship experiences continue to form and shape, for better or worse, the person I am today.

Thomas F. Drew, Jr., M.Div.

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Ventura, California 93001

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Spouse:

Judith A. Drew
Retired Registered Nurse

Children:

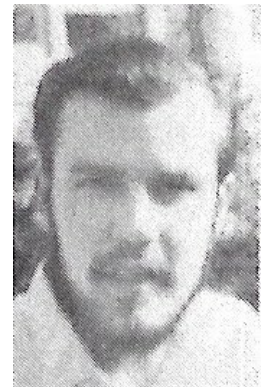
Mark Holyoke Drew | b. 1966
Technical Director, ABC TV

Joshua David Drew | b. 1971
Database Administrator, Bank of America

Dylan Thomas Drew | b. 2007

Additional degrees:

B.A., Pomona College | 1968



Principal Vocational Positions:

Vocational Rehabilitation Counselor

Current Occupation:

Retired, since August 2011

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I was a very unprepossessing young man at YDS, and not a good student. After graduating, I did not attend church for fourteen years. Faith caught me by the throat, like a jackal out of a tree, in Lent 1985; Judy and I were confirmed together by Bishop Robert Rusack of Los Angeles, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Ventura. Around that time I began to read theology, really for the first time: especially the Ante-Nicene Fathers and Karl Barth. I claimed, erroneously it turns out, to be the only layman ever to read the whole *Church Dogmatics*. Now it remains the most important reading I have ever done.

About five years ago, a friend asked me what was the most important thing that needs saying now to the world. That put me on task to write a book, now seeking a publisher: *Man's Religion – God's Faith*. It is my account of the radical disjunction between cultural Christianity and Christian faith. (Read Sydney Ahlstrom's remarks about American bourgeois Protestantism and weep.)

I hope I can say my career in Rehab taught me a few things, but it is mostly a matter of ironies and chastisements/ As some people go to doctors to stay sick, some go to Rehab to stay disabled. May God forgive me for persisting in it when I knew better.

I am a very lucky man. I live one mile from Pacific surf, in the same house I've owned now 47 years, with the same wife for 56 years. I have been lucky enough to visit magnificent churches and attend Mass in some of the greatest of them. The Nikopeia in the north transept of Basilica San Marco, Venezia made me a Catholic. Now I say I am Episcopalian by circumstance and Catholic by the grace of God.

If any of you might recommend a publisher whom I could approach, I'd be grateful to know.

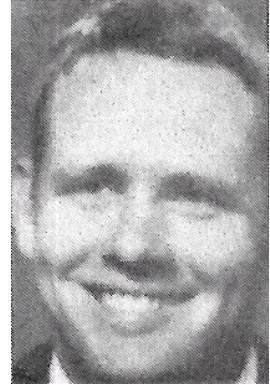


Gates to Sterling Quadrangle, YDS Archives.

John M. Freeman, M.Div.

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Spouse:

Julie Freeman
Retired School Administrator

Children:

Caroline Freeman
Lawyer

Additional degrees:

D.Min, Lutheran Theological Southern Seminary | 1976

Principal Vocational Positions:

UM minister (parish ministry, college chaplain, theological faculty)

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Arriving at YDS as a Rockefeller Trial Year grant recipient, I had no idea what the future held. Turns out, it held a 37-year career as a United Methodist elder in the SC Annual Conference. During this time I served a variety of appointments, including parish ministries, ecumenical urban ministry, college chaplaincy, and theological faculty. Though my professional path was an eclectic one, it always revolved around a core set of theological, ecclesial, and ministerial values that were planted in me at YDS. For that I have always been deeply grateful.

As I suspect was the case for most of us, I was impacted by the total YDS/New Haven/late 60's, early 70's experience. Of course, I cherish the academic memories: writing the fastest I ever wrote in my life trying to get down every word of Gustafson's and Child's' lectures, as well as being moved by the prayers both of them opened class with; faking my way through Holmer's Wittgenstein course; appreciating Saliers' kind way of treating students in Theology and Aesthetics; navigating field work at Seymour UMC with my banjo-playing lifetime brother-in-arms, Sam Lamback; halting attempts at preaching in Harry Baker Adams' class, made all the more frightening by Warner Sanford's intermittent call-and-response "Well!;" appreciating the wise counsel dispensed by Gay Noyce in his Work of the Parish Minister class. The list goes on.

But I was touched by much else as well: hearing Coffin preach at Battell Chapel; learning handball at Payne Whitney; hearing two up-and-coming bands at the New Haven Arena, Cream and the Jimi Hendrix Experience; enjoying the picnic at Bainton's; May Day on the Green during

the Bobby Seale trial (remember the semester that wasn't?); starting married life in Curtis Hall; playing the Yale golf course for next to nothing. Life was good, in every respect.

Kudos to whoever came up with the idea of eliciting and collecting memories this way. It's not something I normally do on my own, so I'm grateful for the prompt. I look forward to catching up with classmates when the final product appears. Blessings, one and all.

Robert “Bob” M. Goldstein, '70 B.D., S.T.M.

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Children:

Lynette | b. 1977

Sons: Benjamin and Logan

Alison | b. 1982

Works for Illinois Public Health from places all over the world.

Additional Degrees:

B.A., Abilene Christian University | 1965

Ph.D., Princeton Theological Seminary | 1982

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

For a laborer's son from Australia, via a B.A. from Abilene Christian University, Texas, YDS was the most extraordinary intellectual experience of my life. Brevard Childs and Nils Dahl in Biblical studies. George Lindbeck opened up a world of Catholic thought and of comparative dogmatics. An interest in clarity in theological disagreements led me to Paul Holmer. Another world opened up there. Carol Brighton, who became my wife, was a Lutheran and I was confirmed into the Lutheran faith. Carol became the second woman ordained to Lutheran parish ministry. Only a parish in Trenton, NJ accepted her, and that took me to Princeton Seminary to receive a Ph.D. But Holmer indirectly influenced me to the flesh and faith of ordinary parish ministry first at Emanuel LC, New Brunswick, NJ. My wife taught me the ropes. There were many years of satisfying ministry. Carol and I separated in 1987 when I came out of the closet. Years were then

hard, but I became a teacher of urban youth in a college to give them the skills for employment in business. Good times.

In 1991 a Lutheran Bishop invited me to Chicago and there I returned to ministry. I also became outspoken for LGBT rights in the Chicago Metropolitan Synod of the ELCA. From Chicago and two California Synods the issue of gender equality started to gain traction. After 20 years the ELCA approved the ordination of LGBT married clergy in 2009. My last call was in the Castro district of San Francisco from 2005 - 2011, after which I retired. I live in Chicago where my daughters are. YDS made my mind flexibly curious so that I have welcomed the changing church. I am reading a lot and have been writing a lot. Will it become a book? I'm not sure. I have become more of a spectator to my profession, in which I delight. After all the grand categories of theology and the long history of the churches and cultures, for me it is still the unpretentious paradoxical story of Jesus in our place and time. It seems to have taken me a long time to reach that simplicity. I am thankful to so many people who made my life possible.

Robert Hagberg

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Spouse:

Jacqueline Staley
Retired

Children:

Jesse | 1978
Software Engineer

Evan | 1983
Software Engineer

Additional degrees:

M.D., Ohio State College of Medicine | 1973

Principal Vocational Positions:

Emergency Physician

Current Occupation:

Retired



Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I was awarded a Rockefeller Brothers Fellowship in 1968 and did my year of study at YDS. I entered as a fundamentalist and exited an agnostic. My real interest was in the study of mankind and my interests took me into medicine, *Sapiens* by Harari gave me the insights I sought, but 40 years later.

I ended up as a Family Practitioner and then an Emergency Physician and was fortunate to practice in NC, AK, HI, NM, and in NZ. The profession was portable and suited my adventurous lifestyle, allowing me to fly private aircraft for 20 years, sail both the Atlantic and Pacific, travel 800 miles on the Yukon River, and dive in the Pacific Islands.

Life has been an exciting and fulfilling experience and YDS launched me into the universe of continuous learning and service.

Richard P. Hall, M.Div.

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Spouse:

Kathleen S. Hall
Retired Arts Administrator

Additional degrees:

B.A. Drew University | 1968

Principal Vocational Positions:

Various staff and management positions with trade associations and charitable organizations culminating in Financial Controller.

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Vivid memories: Professor Childs starting each class with a prayer and receiving applause at the end of the semester. Taking a course called “Emotions, Passions, Feelings” where Professor Holmer said that happiness is an attitude, not a feeling. (What?) The musical *Elsinore* by Dave Bartlett and Don Saliers. Field work experiences that helped me understand my vocation, and



support from Gaylord Noyce in accepting that parish ministry wasn't it. Mr. Oxtoby (History of Religions) telling me that I ignored the assignment for a paper but did it so well that he couldn't object. Reading this comment on a course exam in Yale College: "If brevity is the soul of wit, you're very witty." So many more.

Kirk O. Hanson, M.Div.

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Spouse:

Kathryn Schefter Hanson

Children:

Rev. Kelsey Hanson Woodruff | b.1983
PhD student at Harvard

Christopher Osborne Hanson | b.1984
CalFire

Kolby Robert Hanson | b.1988
PhD Fellow, Naval War College.

Additional degrees:

MBA, Stanford Graduate School of Business | 1971
Research Fellow, Harvard Business School | 1975 - 1979

Principal Vocational Positions:

Senior Lecturer in Business Ethics, Stanford Business School (23yr)
University Professor of Social Ethics, Santa Clara Univ (17yr)

Current Occupation:

Retired; editor of newsletter Ethics Megatrends

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I was a fellow traveler with the Class of 71 for only one year in 1968 - 1969, but that year and the friendships I developed have influenced my entire life, so I hope it is appropriate to be included in this class book and to witness to YDS's broad impact.

It was during that year and through my studies and field engagements that I committed to a career working on issues of business ethics and responsibility. After getting an MBA at Stanford, working part-time there with YDS's B. Davie Napier, I settled in Chicago and started the first of several nonprofits I led which were dedicated to corporate responsibility. There Prof. Jim Gustafson was a mentor and I was privileged to have a regular breakfast and ongoing tutorial with him. After four years in Chicago I joined the Harvard Business School as a research fellow for 3 years, helping develop Harvard's interest in business ethics.

While I was at Harvard, the Stanford Business School decided to introduce the subject of business ethics into the curriculum, and I was hired to make it happen. I joined the faculty there in 1978 and taught ethics to MBAs and executive students for 23 years, working with a core group of colleagues around the United States to create the academic field of business ethics.

In 2001 I was offered the directorship of what became the most active applied ethics center in the United States, the Markkula Center for Applied Ethics at Santa Clara University. I built it to size with 12 superb faculty colleagues and a total staff of 26. During that time I held the John Courtney Murray SJ University Professorship in Social Ethics.

I retired from Santa Clara in 2018, have written two books since and publish a twice-monthly free newsletter, *Ethics Megatrends*. As a retiree and emeritus at two schools, Stanford and Santa Clara, I keep my hand in academic issues at both places. My wife, a University of Chicago PhD, has had a wonderful career in Silicon Valley as a high tech executive, a two-time company founder, a venture capitalist and board member, and in her last decade an educational activist. Our children have all pursued lives of service – a Presbyterian minister now getting her PhD at mid career, a US Army veteran now with CalFire, and a Columbia PhD who specializes in the causes of and solutions to civil wars.



Prayer Labrinth outside in the “back quad”, Pictured from the library.

James R. Hazel, S.T.M.

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Spouse:

Dolores Procopio
Retired

Children:

Three stepdaughters
Six grandchildren

Additional degrees:

B.A. Villanova University | 1967
S.T.B. Catholic University of America | 1970

Principal Vocational Positions:

Director of Religious Education followed by Computer Services

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I treasure my experience at YDS to this day! The direct interaction with world-recognized scholars, the diversity of religious affiliations, cultural and ethnic backgrounds, the intellectual challenge to expand personal horizons – these are the ingredients of a year well spent that influences my life to this day.

After YDS I spent a number of years as a Director of Religious Education in parishes in Virginia Beach, VA, followed by years working with a religious publishing company as Director of Consulting Services for Directors of Religious Education throughout the United States. Later I transitioned to Director of Admissions for a post-secondary school. I again transitioned into Computer Services as Associate Director of Computer Services for an international Computer Services Company with responsibilities for computer services throughout the United States, Canada and assistance in Europe.

Throughout all the years, my experience at YDS has been a guiding light in living out my relationship with God and my fellow human beings in all avenues of living. To this day, we avail ourselves of the YDS Continuing Study offerings, especially series on various biblical books and topics and *Reflections* magazine.



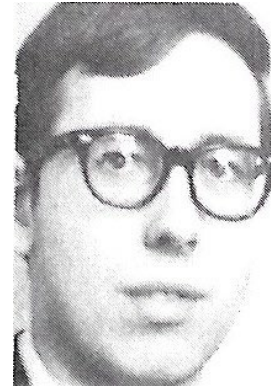
Mark Heidmann, B.D., '79 Ph.D.

808 Maple Ridge Rd
Harrison, Maine 04040

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heidmann.mark@yahoo.com

Children:

Peter | b. 1970
Timothy | b. 1973



Additional degrees:

M.A. in English, Purdue University | 1968
Ph.D. in Religious Studies, Yale Graduate School | 1979

Principal Vocational Positions:

English Department Professor, Southern Connecticut State University | 1970 - 2013
Farming | 1981 - 1992, 2001 - present

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

YDS academic courses, faculty and friends directly and indirectly shaped my commitments for the rest of my life.

During my third year at YDS I began teaching part-time in the English department at Southern Connecticut State College. For the spring semester, the chair asked if I would be interested in teaching Literature of the Bible, since the previous teacher had just resigned and moved away. (I had to ask Mr. Ahlstrom if I could send a tape recorder to class for lecture notes). From their invitation-of-desperation grew 40+ years on the SCSU faculty. So for one semester I was enrolled full-time at YDS and working full-time at SCSU; after YDS, I continued the same job for two years.

In 1973 I began the Yale Religious Studies program in American religious history and Mr. Ahlstrom supported my desire to take a couple of courses in the English department. In one course I wrote my major paper on *Moby Dick* because I realized how many things sound like they came right out of the book of Job. (Thanks Mr. Towner!) Because I had not had any additional ideas when it came time to choose a dissertation topic, I went back to Melville. I wrote on Melville's annotation of his own three bibles, and how those markings help illuminate his major novels. I finished in 1979.

During and after the graduate program, I continued to teach the same schedule at Southern, including the now-separate-and-renamed Hebrew Bible and New Testament courses. I worked with Vi Lindbeck, a member of the Philosophy department, to create a Religious Studies minor – a somewhat controversial idea and the first in the CT state colleges.

When I began at Southern, 60% of our students were first-generation in college. Many attended despite objections of their parents who preferred that they stay home in the family business or take a wage-earning job immediately after high school. (I am told the percentage of first-generation students is still about 60%, though the ethnic identities have changed.)

The particular needs of our students pushed my work on curriculum-development-and-support projects. Three were closest to my heart: a 6-week summer program for minority students who had not been admitted to college but who had one or more teachers or coaches who believed in their ability to succeed if they received some guidance; I taught the writing part of this program for 14 summers. These students graduated from Southern at about the same rate as those admitted through the regular application process. The second was creating our Honors college and developing curriculum for it; admission to this program included free tuition, a huge help to our students and their families – it was sometimes the element that made college attendance possible. The third was helping to upgrade requirements – and therefore learning – for our Writing Intensive courses in every undergraduate program.

In 1981 – 10 years after YDS – I finally entered commercial agriculture. This felt less surprising to me than it might to you, as I had grown up in a small Illinois farm town. I had long wanted to know more about farming and considered ways I might be able to have my own farm. But by my senior year in college I realized that 1) I didn't know enough yet to make farming feasible; and 2) I did want to see what I might be able to do academically. Hence all the above :).

When we decided to stay in the New Haven area, I asked a fellow Land Trust Board member if he knew anyone who had a few acres of farmland that might be for sale. He said, "Why don't you talk to my brother, Harry?" Thus, so simply, began the other thread of my life for the last 40 years. I ended up buying and operating for 12 years Harry's apple orchard in North Haven. (I still own the 1948 tractor he bought new, and I use it regularly myself.). For 9 of those years I also leased and operated a larger, neighboring apple and pear orchard, and for two years leased and operated an orchard in Cheshire. I sold at farmers markets from Cheshire to Stamford, from a farmstand at the North Haven orchard, and I delivered to small grocery stores in New Haven.

In 1993 I decided the "three-years-in-New Haven plan" had truly run its course. New Haven was still not "home." The first time in 1968 I walked down the hill from YDS I reveled in realizing that, for the first time in my life, no one knew who I was. I had the gift and freedom of anonymity. By 1993 the anonymity was gone (as were all the YDS and Grad School friends) but had not been replaced by the full comfort of "home-ness." It was time to try to find/make my home. And I am satisfied with what I found and have made. In the fall of 1998 I purchased 40 acres (about 30 wooded) in a small town in southwestern Maine. Gradually my focus changed from offering PYO raspberries to vegetables and seedlings; I added more greenhouses and planted 4 acres of vegetables which I sold at the Portland Farmers Market, to local grocery stores, nearby restaurants, the school system, and the hospital cafeteria. In 2021, as my helpers and I

aged, the vegetable production had to be dropped. At this point I continue with mostly vegetable seedlings for sale, both wholesale and retail.

Two years ago, our Select Board asked me to fill a vacancy on the school board for our consolidated school district. An appropriate and fundamental education for the wide range of our students – most of whom live in substantial financial, medical and societal stress – is elusive. I can contribute bits of my own experience with a consolidated school system, as well as academic and curriculum perspectives from SCSU. (My “contributions,” I suspect, will likely continue to include complaining about unclear writing by teachers and administrators.)

This note has been very short on specific YDS memories, I realize. But I believe – and hope you can sense – that virtually everything I have done was fundamentally shaped by the educational style, the view of study as preparation for service and by community life at YDS. Implicit here in this little reminiscence are hidden the methods and rewards of careful reading (of Genesis with Mr. Childs, of Job with Mr. Towner, and of Luke with David Adams), of volunteer work at OIC in Newhallville, of familiarity with the writings of Kierkegaard and of Coffee Hour conversations with fellow students and YDS faculty about how to support and serve in our individual places in the world.

Thank you so very much for it all.

Robert K. Holyer, B.D.

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Spouse:

Karen Elizabeth Holyer
Retired

Children:

Christiana Elizabeth Holyer | b. 1974
Teacher/Dean, the Cannon School | Charlotte, NC

James Bentley Bringhurst Holyer | b. 1977
Organist/Choirmaster, St. Marks Episcopal Church | Jacksonville, FL
Three children



John Michael Milford Holyer | b. 1979
Pastor, Trinity Lutheran Church | Lansing, IL
Two children

Margaret Alexandra Compton | b. 1982
Wife and Mother | Ft. Walton Beach, FL
Three children

Additional degrees:

PhD, University of Cambridge | 1979

Principal Vocational Positions:

College faculty member; College Provost; Higher Education Search Consultant

Current Occupation:

Search Consultant at AGB Search

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

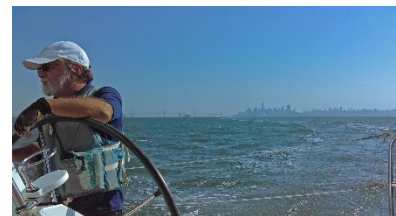
Most cherished memories of YDS? (Actually, at our age, almost any memory is cherished.)

Breakfasts with Karen Steinbinder in the Refectory, walks around the neighborhood, a seminar with Rowan Greer, Jary Pelikan's lectures, Roland Bainton's Luther talk at Christmas, the walk up and down Prospect Hill, the Quad, a directed study with John Cook, tennis, conversations with Dan Erdman, tanning a deer skin behind Porter Hall, the alarm that went off any time of day or night when the Coke machine was burgled....

Anthony "Tony" C. Johnson, M.A.R.

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San Rafael, California 94901

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Spouse:

Theresa Fisher
Retired from the National Park Service

Principal Vocational Positions:

Musician, Songwriter, Philosophy Teacher, Business Owner, Sailing Instructor

Current Occupation:

Sailing Instructor

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I came to Yale in 1968, having driven from southern California in 72 hours. Although some of the finer points of *De Trinitate* may have slipped into the dust bin of my recollections, I still remember that figure. Perhaps all of Augustine's points have evaporated; I didn't like that book.

I had two reasons for being at YDS. One was to avoid the draft, and the second was to seek the Truth. I don't find myself ashamed of those objectives. The draft was successfully avoided due to an understanding administration. The Truth was not mastered, but several intellectual refinements during my stay cleared away some obscuring debris.

As a teenager, I had entertained the idea of becoming a professional musician, but gave it up to get a college education with the objective of experiencing wider horizons and becoming a teacher. While at YDS, however, I made a fortuitous connection with Junior Walker, who, while appearing in New Haven, offered me a gig with his All-Stars. This in turn prompted a second reversal of goals back to music, and when I mentioned this to Paul Holmer, one of my professors, he said I was "throwing my life away." I didn't find this hurtful; it was better than, "Well, son, that's probably a good idea, 'cuz you're never going to make it as a scholar." My time with Junior was filled with wonderful experiences traveling through the US as the only white guy in the band, and often the only one in the vicinity. I was warmly embraced by the black community, but not a few white people saw fit to regard me with contempt.

After getting my M.A.R., I returned to California but instead of going home to Southern California where I had musical contacts, moved to the San Francisco Bay area. That's where I wanted to live, but I knew no one in the music business. After a few years of struggle in unskilled laboring jobs and then as a welfare worker while I made musical inroads, I was finally making enough money playing, just barely, to quit my day job. Although like many musicians I fretted over making ends meet, I have no bitter stories about unfair treatment. I had a grand time touring the US and Europe with many famous artists, and even placed a song in a hit movie. Without that last stroke of luck, I might have ended up on the street, as I had no backup plan.

While continuing to play music, I started a business copying cassette tapes for musicians in the 80's because I had enough seed money from the song mentioned above, and I had decided that just a bit of steady income would tremendously ease the stress of paying the bills. Escape from that stress is by far the greatest luxury money can buy. There is also something to be said for the old-fashioned protestant work ethic, and doing an honest day's work, however glamourless, for an honest dollar. Unlike intellectual or artistic work, it has a very gratifying characteristic: it can be completed.

Meanwhile, I had never abandoned my desire to become a teacher. I had inquired many times at the College of Marin, a nearby community college, without success. A friend of mine on the faculty had been promoting me to the head of the philosophy department, but even the Yale reference did not impress. Then one day she mentioned that I had played with Junior Walker, Maria Muldaur, Commander Cody, etc., and he said “Really? That’s amazing! Have him come see me.” This wasn’t something it had occurred to me to put on my resume. He was smart and kind and he made it possible for me to do some substitution spots. This also led to my teaching a semester at San Quentin State Prison. I’m sure I learned more than did the inmates, because, believe it or not, they didn’t get where they were by being hard-working, diligent students.

I ended up teaching at College of Marin for thirty years, part-time. The real impetus for doing this was that I wished to continue my study of the thinkers of the western tradition, but I knew I was too lazy do that absent a responsibility. Reviewing these philosophers over and over was going to be what it took to get them through my thick skull. As in all endeavors, it takes a lot of practice to gain your footing.

The next major chapter for me was learning how to sail. As I tell my sailing students on the first day, “quit now, before it’s too late.” But this advice was never offered to me, and I got too far into it. After a decade of study and preparation, I sailed around the world from 2001 - 2003 with a friend who is still my favorite sailing buddy. The stories can be found in my book, *The Captain and Mr. Shrode*, or at ussmaverick.net. One of the chapters offers a discussion of the wearing of penis sheathes by the residents of Vanuatu, given in response to an email from YDS alum Robert Riedel. This includes arguments from Kant, Aquinas, and Ecclesiastes that can be found here.

Those phases of my life were interwoven, not sequential, in a manner I find difficult to recreate in memory. Not sure how all that worked. I presume I was younger then.

I’m back home to stay now, with my wonderful wife, Theresa. No more traveling for us. We live a charmed and serene life in Marin County, California.

I feel a hankering to do just a little reflection on my time at YDS. Brevity is key here. There is no question I could write 50 pages if things got out of control. So:

Kierkegaard has a lovely parable. A young minister goes to an older, wiser superior to explain that he’s having trouble with his Bible studies. There are so many difficulties and conflicting or even contradictory accounts of important events and teachings, that he struggles to harmonize them. The older man answers, “Go and do the things you understand. When you accomplish that, come back and we’ll discuss the rest.”

Takashi James “Jim” Kodera

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Spouse:

Nancy S. Kodera
Montessori School Educator



Children:

John C. Kodera
Engineer with Microsoft

Jamie Anne Kodera
Serpentine Gallery | London, England

Additional degrees:

PhD, MPhil and MA in Religion, Columbia University | 1976, 1974, 1972.
BA, Carleton College | 1969

Principal Vocational Positions:

Professor of Religion, Wellesley College; Episcopal Priest, Diocese of Massachusetts

Current occupation:

In December 2021, I retired as Rector, part-time, at St. Luke’s Episcopal Church, Hudson, MA; after 21 years.

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Straight from college, I went to YDS to consider a vocation in the church, and in another part to stay out of the draft. I had a field education opportunity at the First Church of Christ in Milford, CT. One of their earliest ministers taught Greek at what became Yale College.

As a “foreign student,” I was “eligible” for the draft. When the lottery system was introduced, I had a safe number. So, I switched to graduate school to study Buddhism at Columbia with some course work at Union Theological Seminary. While still working on my dissertation, I had a chance to teach at Oberlin College, where I stayed for 3 years. Finishing my dissertation opened doors to new opportunities. In the fall of 1976, I started teaching at Wellesley College. I did not know that Wellesley was different from Wesleyan, as it turned out a common confusion!

At Wellesley, I helped develop a new curriculum in Asian religions, helped the College to move away from the Bible-centered curriculum to a more comparative, global one. Wellesley and MIT developed a “cross registration” program, offering my “Introduction to Asian Religions” at MIT

every spring for several years with very large enrollment figures. I stopped commuting between the two campuses when MIT decided to develop its own Humanities program. I also offered courses on Christianity in Asia. I established a new program on Asian American Studies, which continues to flourish today with multiple faculty in different departments. I continued my scholarly activities, focusing on Buddhism, especially Zen Buddhism of China and Japan.

After receiving tenure, I decided to go back to seminary, this time to prepare for ordination in the Episcopal Church. In 1985, I became the first Asian American ordained in the Diocese of Massachusetts, one of the larger dioceses of the Episcopal Church, going back to 1789. While continuing as a full-time faculty member at Wellesley, I served parishes, including Brookline, Southborough, Wellesley and Hudson. My research projects took me, especially during sabbatical leaves, to Japan, Korea, China, India, United Kingdom, Spain (to look into the beginning of the Jesuit mission to Asia in the 16th century).

After a few failed marriages, I married Nancy while she was serving as a missionary to the Anglican Church of Japan (Nippon Sei Ko Kai). As a lay missionary, she started a program to help foreign women, especially from Asia, who were working in Japan's "sex industry." Nancy comes from a family with a long-standing involvement in the Filipino Independent Church, a branch of the worldwide Anglican Communion. It was through our children's education in a local Montessori school that Nancy developed an interest in becoming a teacher and now a trainer of teachers in the Montessori tradition.

On the church front, I retired in December 2021, after 21 years as Rector of a church in a small blue-color town west of Boston. On the college end, I continue to teach full-time. The joy of teaching has never waned. Our daughter, Jamie, graduated from Wellesley as a major in art. After graduate school in London, she works for a museum there with expertise in modern art. Our son, John, is an electric engineer. So much for the power of genes!

I should add that in 1979, I chose to become a naturalized US citizen as a Conscientious Objector, although the war in Vietnam had ended a few years before. It was a matter of principle for me, having fought against all wars anywhere in the world. I expressed my willingness to serve my adopted country in a "non-combatant" capacity. My pacifist commitment was born, in part, because my mother and grandmother had come from Nagasaki, on which the US dropped the second atomic bomb in 1945. While its citizens remember Hiroshima as the "City of Anger," the people of Nagasaki became the "City of Prayer," because of the long-standing influence of Christianity, going back to Francis Xavier who reached Nagasaki in 1549. On my mother's side, I go back to the community of "Clandestine Christians" of Nagasaki.

I note that another student who went from Carleton to YDS, Will Aiken, died while teaching at Chatham College in Pittsburgh. We used to smoke a pipe together. I miss him.

Ronald L. Krauss, M.A.R.

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Spouse:

Judith
Dean and Professor Emeriti, Yale School of Nursing

Children:

Two Children
Four Grandchildren

Additional degrees:

Master of Science in Nursing, Yale School of Nursing | 1979

Principal Vocational Positions:

Pastor/Certified Nurse-Midwife

Current Occupation:

Retired

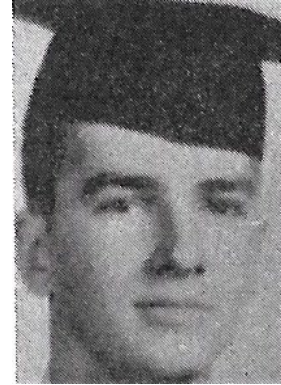
Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

That which I hereby share regarding my YDS experience is brief, superficial, absent any faith statement and in summary form.

Began at YDS the Fall of 1967 with the Class of 1970. Transitioned into the “Expanded (four-year) Plan” and therefore graduated with the Class of 1971. Absent credible research I nevertheless believe I was the first Schwenkfelder to attend YDS.

Field work in youth ministry at Union Baptist Church, Mystic, CT. Thagard Fellow to Culver Military Academy Summer of 1969, at which David Frasz was a counselor. CPE with Ed Dobihal at Connecticut Mental Health Center. Hired there as a psychiatric aide 1969 - 1970 and as a personnel assistant 1970 - 1971, both jobs considered fulltime employment.

Sang top tenor in the Four Prodigals Barbershop Quartet with Walt Edmonds, Wayne Connor and Dick Anderson. Fundraiser performances as the warm-up group for the Yale Whiffenpoofs. Also sang with the Yale Glee Club and Yale Russian Chorus 1968 - 1970. Played “winger and wing forward” for Yale Rugby 1968 - 1970; Dee Bertraw a teammate. Took running lessons from and ran with Bill Leety.



Left on-campus housing to room in “the Hill” with Tom Hardin and Terry Sloan. Terry was the best man for my marriage in 1970 to Judith Belliveau, a Yale School of Nursing student, Ken Bieber, Class of 1970, officiating. Sadly Terry died 12/14/2006.

Judy staffed a first aid tent for the Bobby Seale May Day March on the New Haven Green. With many other graduate students, I was assigned duties as Rally Marshal. During that same time frame of 1969 - 1970 I drove an early morning school bus for the Black Panthers. Mission: pick up children in The Hill and take them to school for breakfast which otherwise they would go without. This venture attracted the attention of the New Haven Police Department. They wiretapped my phone conversations. Judy and I became participants in a successful class action settlement against the City.

Academics; not my forte. Example: If correct, his name was David Peterson, a PhD student in OT. For reasons I cannot recall, he convinced me that it was OK to take the day before Professor Child’s exam to go skiing. Clearly a mistake, given I had not mastered the material. The result: an F on the next day’s OT exam.

Called to be the Associate Pastor, youth ministry priority, at First Congregational Church, Stamford, CT 1971 - 1973. Became Pastor of the Congregational Church in Killingworth, CT 1973 - 1976. Service to the Killingworth Community included fire fighting for the town volunteer fire company and emergency response as an ambulance EMT. Following parish ministry I enrolled in two of the Yale School of Nursing specialty programs: Pediatrics and Maternal Child Nursing, graduating in 1979 with a Master of Science in Nursing Degree. Hired to become the Director of the Obstetrics Department of the Community Health Center Plan, an HMO on New Haven’s Long Wharf. While there and before entering private practice, I had the privilege of attending the birth of one of classmate Bill Lee’s children. Practiced as a Certified Nurse-Midwife for 37 years.

Retired from employment in 2017. Have sung with the New Haven Chorale and sing in the Yale Camerata. From 2000 - 2015 was the Associate Master of Yale’s Silliman College.



Students in the Day Missions Reading Room in the YDS Library.

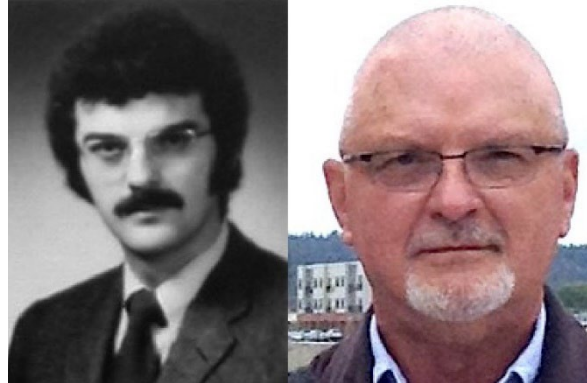
Robert Paul Kropp, Jr., B.D.

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Spouse:

Lorna Borgstrom Kropp, '66 M.A.R.



Children:

Adrian Peter Kropp | b . 1974
Nathanael Robert Kropp | b. 1977

Additional degrees:

A.B., Wesleyan University | 1967
M.Arch Yale School of Architecture | 1976

Principal Vocational Positions:

Neighborhood Alliance of Spokane County
Inland Northwest Trails Coalition

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Top memory, by far:

It's a winter's evening – because the north windows of the Common Room are pitch dark. I'm on my way from Brainerd for dinner. As I enter there is a record playing (thanks, Tim Lull!). It's "Scarborough Fair," that I had never heard before. The mood was a bit subdued, because of the song, but I was completely transported by what I can only describe as a convergence of moment, music, community, and place. A certain personal confirmation, I might warrant, of an enduring, timeless fellowship there and then. (This was likely the winter of 1968, my first at YDS).

(Some of the) best of the rest:

- Rowan Greer's patient exposition of the relationships among the gospel narratives for those many who, well, hadn't been previously introduced
- Brevard Childs' sly grin as he concluded an OT lecture with a smooth transition to NT connections
- George Lindbeck rushing into class bearing just typed and copied fresh lecture notes on Vatican II
- Any American church history lecture by Sidney Ahlstrom
- Dean Robert Clyde Johnson and Barth (and Karl Rahner's explication)

- A sketch by Roland Bainton
- Those smart Jesuit M.A.R. visitors, who brought their learning to us
- The portrait of H. Richard Niebuhr on the south wall of the Common Room (deceased only in 1962).
- The hymns and confessions of the Pilgrim Hymnal
- The inscrutability of Julian Hartt’s chapel sermons
- The difficulty of understanding Nils Dahl’s halting speech
- A communal prayer experience with Ian D. K. Siggins (Luther scholar) in the rotunda of Wolsey Hall
- Jaroslav Pelican’s cowboy boots
- Julian Hartt’s license plate “NEJU” – did it mean something?
- Sunday worship at Battell Chapel with Jerry Kirkpatrick and Gerry Cornell, and lunch at a college dining room after – Jerry liked to sit down front under Coffin’s nose almost
- Henry Nouwen’s sermon at Battell

Most powerful experience of a place of religion:

- The 13th century gothic cathedral, Amiens, France | July 14, 1966
- North Christian Church | Columbus, Indiana – Eero Saarinen (architect of Ezra Stiles College and the Yale Hockey rink).



Student Playing in the Snow.

William “Bill” R. Leety, B.D.

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Spouse:

Christine Marshall
Retired Reference Librarian



Children:

David Marshall Leety | b. 1970
Environmental Rehab

Jessica Kate Leety Weinstein | b. 1973
Special Education Learning Center Coordinator

Seth Alderson Leety | b. 1976
Nurse Supervisor

6 Grandchildren

Additional degrees:

Master of English (20th Century Poets)

Principal Vocational Positions:

Pastor of congregations in Presbyterian Church USA

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

That first YDS season, fall of '67, at 135 pounds I played center on the touch football team (David Warren, QB, Ron Krauss, end with a great singing voice), and worked breakfasts on the cafeteria line beside Miss Lucy, who taught me about spoon bread as she described it, “a southern dish,” and learned to drink sherry in the common room, which continues to remind me of Charlie Wallace, Albie Barden, and Dave Donner, upstairs gang of, I think, Beecher House. I remember both George S. Hunt, Society of Jesus, and Walt Lowe, who taught me to love scholarship as well as the Holy One.

A Rockefeller Trial Year fellowship had gotten me to YDS, though ‘twas classmates taught me to say “new HAY vn;” and to let go Pittsburghese, language of my childhood. Steve Doughty invited me to an “Uncle Ken (i.e., Kenneth Scott Latourette) Group” Tuesday evenings for weekly reflection and prayer, and I remain grateful.

Chris and I married in June after that first year and took a married-student apartment. Chris had completed a Master's in Library Science. She supported us by working at New Haven Public Library children's room. After second year I wasn't yet sure whether to finish a degree and consider ordination. We left YDS so that I might work an "internship" at Gettysburg College, our alma mater, as an administrator in the College Student Union. It was a good and difficult time. A former professor of mine at Gettysburg, YDS grad Lou Hammann, suggested I lead Sunday worship in small congregations without pastors. I did, and the vitality of the congregations sent us and infant son David back to YDS to complete the race.

That fourth year we three lived in a two-bedroom married student apartment across the hall from the garbage/trash closet for the floor (think not just newspapers and cardboard, but food scraps, three-day old pizza, etc.) where we learned about cockroaches, a useful course that gave a wiser look at manses of churches when hoping for a call the following spring/summer...that eventually came.

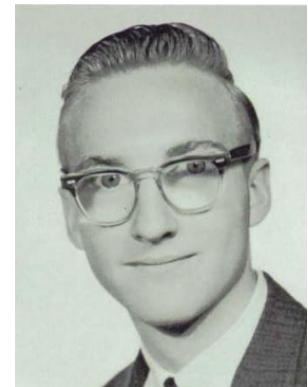
Craig Lindell

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Spouse:
Melanie

Children:
Joshua
Lee Yun Ok



Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

My year at Yale was one of turmoil. I discovered Loren Eiseley's *The Firmament of Time* and Ian McHarg's *Design with Nature* and decided that western metaphysics was ecologically catastrophic, including Christianity. Despite the rebellion I never lost the sense that we are religious creatures.

In the next twenty years I went to work, married Melanie who gave birth to our son, Joshua, and adopted a Korean child, Lee Yun Ok (loosely translated, "Forever Precious"). Josh now runs the environmental business I started at mid-life and I remind Yun periodically that she is the deepest throb in my heart.

The company I joined experienced explosive growth. As its operating partner I travelled incessantly while Melanie raised our children. When it was over, that I had closed 4 factories and in 1987 was over 200 nights away from home remained my deepest memories. Luxury hotels and international airports still invoke a sense of loneliness, and putting people out of work still feels like a betrayal of hope about which I still weep. In 1988 we sold the business.

Despite academic and business success, I had done it all on fear. It was Avery Manchester, a YDS graduate, Methodist minister, and credentialed psychoanalyst who escorted me on my journey into Dante's "dark wood" and out again. For over 30 years we have spoken weekly as friends, humbled and broken, grateful and amazed by the mysteries of the sacred. Recently, I thanked him again for not allowing me to perish.

Slowly, I began again. The intellectual curiosity with which I had left Bates and entered Yale returned with it a profound interest in the religious imagination and citizenship. I turned one business and started another. I became active in economic development and affordable wastewater infrastructure renewal. I sat on a seemingly endless number of boards, and chaired a 150-member citizen's forum where citizens became co-creators of their futures.

Before I had my quadruple bypass I had received several university service awards, served on the Board of Andover Newton Theological School (now at Yale), been an executive in residence at The Heller School of Public Policy at Brandeis, and co-authored *The Coherence Factor*. *The Coherence Factor* is about how people think as a group to discover that about which they are not yet conscious. ("Behold I am doing a new thing; now it springs forth, do you not perceive it?" Isaiah: 43.19)

Victor Loefflath-Ehly, '67 B.D., S.T.M.

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Spouse:

Diane Ehly

Registered Trauma Therapist; Life Coach

Children:

Kira | b. 1975



Grandchildren:

August | b. 2012

Harper | b. 2015

Additional degrees:

Ph.D. Florida State University | 1978

Principal Vocational Positions:

Professor Emeritus, Union Institute and University

Current Occupation:

Retired; teaching intercultural communication at the Community College of Vermont.

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

During the most formative stage of my adult life, YDS became first a home, and then a home away from home. I am the child of a liberal, midwestern, Protestant minister. My undergraduate experience at a small church-related liberal arts college included a very smart and perceptive freshman counselor.

He asked, “So you just turned eighteen?”

“Yes sir,” I replied.

“Have you registered for the draft?”

“No, sir.”

“I see you have a double major in philosophy and religion – are you planning to go on to seminary?”

“No, sir.”

[You see, this was a rather rebellious stage of my life, so I translated his question, “Do you plan a career as a ‘big man in the brotherhood of the Kansas City area’, just like your well-known father?”]

So, when he asked me again, I replied again, “Absolutely not...sir!”

He replied, “I must ask you three times to assign you to the local draft board’s category of ‘4F: either a seminary student or a pre-seminary student.’”

So, I said, “Okay sure, it is not out of the realm of possibility that I just might be ordained at some point in my life.”

I think I answered the question just to get out of his office to continue putting together my freshman course of study. This was 1959. I grew up in the “perfect,” peaceful, (very white)

suburban world of Dwight Eisenhower. War, other than the “red scare” of the McCarthy era, was the most remote issue I had in mind at the time.

Then, in the spring of 1964, my first year at YDS, I accepted the challenge of Bill Coffin to head south for spring break to participate in the Civil Rights Movement in St. Augustine, FL. That experience made a deep impression on me, which included some jail time and the sting of the cattle prod through my best Easter black suit and rayon white shirt. Then in the fall, I left Brooklyn Harbor on a Norwegian freighter for Europe and a year of study at the Kirchliche Hochschule in West Berlin, Germany, the seminary founded by Dietrich Bonhoeffer during the Third Reich. The “year abroad” turned into two years with a much more difficult entanglement with the German language than I had foreseen in the planning. Back to YDS for my final BD year, then I was ordained in my father’s church in Raytown, Missouri in 1967. Back to Germany after ordination, sponsored by the Fraternal Worker Program of the Disciples of Christ, first working with Aktion Suenzeichen, Friedens Dienst (Action Reconciliation Service for Peace), then three years as pastor of a German Protestant Church in Neokoln, a district of Berlin divided by the Wall.

Returning to YDS for my S.T.M. I wrote my thesis on the Marxist-Christian Dialogue. Liston Pope was my wonderful thesis advisor. I lived with my new wife, Ilka, at the Ecumenical Continuing Education Center on St. Ronan Street, now the YDS School of Sacred Music, where we both worked for our room and board. I served that year as program director, then stayed on for another year as interim director, covering for the sabbatical of the director, Parker Rossman. It was during that year I made the decision to enter the Ph.D. program in Humanities at Florida State University with a full scholarship, arranged by Richard L. Rubenstein, whom I met at YDS. Through Operation Reconciliation, I had become involved in bringing groups of German youth to Auschwitz for week-long workcamps. These groups involved both East and West Berliners, and throwing in a couple of Americans, to work in Soviet Poland was a diplomatic tangle to say the least. Upon my return I was deeply moved by Richard’s book, *After Auschwitz*. Richard and John Priest became my dissertation advisors with my focus on religion and culture. Now at eighty-one years old and retired, I still teach a course on intercultural communication at the Community College of Vermont.

“How did I get to Vermont?” you might ask. As I often say, in 1975 I came to Vermont for a job, the job turned into a career, and now “suddenly,” I am retired, a Professor Emeritus of Union Institute and University. How time flies! I had a wonderful career at Goddard College, Norwich University, and Union, all three in Central Vermont. About half of my forty-year career was in academic administration and the other half teaching, roughly in ten-year increments. After six months of retirement at seventy years old, I thought, “Well, that was a nice vacation, but I need to get back to work. Lo and behold, CCV called and asked me to teach a course on the Holocaust. I accepted and thoroughly enjoyed the students. Then the offer came to teach intercultural

communication. Now ten years later I continue to teach that course with no immediate plans to quit, but I am taking it just one semester at a time, thinking if it becomes a grind, I will stop teaching. Maybe it is time to write!

Ilka and I parted ways in 1991. We have a son and two wonderful grandchildren. In 2003 I married the love of my life, Diane. We live in a log cabin on the end of a town road in Worcester, Vermont, a wonderful rural community twelve miles north of the capital, Montpelier. Do come for a visit!

Back to YDS as my “home away from home”: I had tenure in the Berlin church with no thought of ever returning to the U.S. However, I confronted the reality of becoming an “Expat,” rejected that identity and returned to the only home I knew, YDS, for my STM degree. Thank you, YDS!

Howard “Skip” H. MacMullen, Jr., M.Div.

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hmacmullen@gmail.com

Spouse:

Florence
Retired

Children:

Charles MacMullen | b. Nov. 22, 1974.
Educational Software Manager for Houghton Mifflin.
Married to Susanne, with children: Holly (19), Leo (17), Calvin (9).

Eleanor Genduso | b. April 21, 1977.
Massage Therapist and School Nurse’s Aide.
Married to Brian, with children: Madelyn (11), Asher (9).

Additional degrees:

BS American Studies, Springfield College | 1965
MS Journalism, Boston University | 1971

Principal Vocational Positions:

U.C.C. in Devon, CT; Church of Christ, Congregational in Millis, MA; United Church of Christ in Canton, MA;



Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

YDS did not supply me with a handy kit bag containing ready-made formulae for all that I might run into during my ministry. Rather, my years in the community of students and professors taught me how to integrate what I learned over time with the needs present in the moment, and relate both of these to the challenges ministry presented. I have always been grateful for that learning.

I have spent 48 of the last 51 years in parish ministry, serving in a variety of settings, ranging from urban to suburban to rural. I am in my second retirement, which Flo, my wife, has dubbed “Retirement 2.0.” Among the constants has been interest in spiritual formation for adults and youth. One key component has been for 32 years, an annual week-long youth hiking camp, held in the Presidential Range of New Hampshire’s White Mountains. After a two-year, pandemic-enforced hiatus, we’ll be setting out in July to relaunch year 33.

Presently we live on a farm in Maine, having moved here in 2009 to care for Flo’s mom, who lived to 100 and died just before Covid turned the world upside down. We’re serving as caretakers on behalf of the rest of the family and looking for ways to use the property, perhaps to help folks understand ways to be stewards of the creation. Ideas welcome, as are visitors. We hope to be in New Haven in person this fall, and look forward to seeing you.

James “Jim” L. Mahaffey, M.Div.

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Winchester, Virginia 22603-4279

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wesleytwentytwo@gmail.com

Spouse:

Linda

Children:

Amy

Emily

James II



Grandchildren:

Clara, “J” (James III), Breeana, Evelyn, twins Sofia and Lydia, and Joshua

Additional Degrees:

B.A./B.S., Wofford College | 1968

D.Min., Wesley Theological Seminary | 1996

Principal Vocational Positions:

United Methodist Pastor

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Autumn of 1968 calls up many scenes: meeting church historian Kenneth Latourette (gone by Christmas from a car accident), light-bulb moments within old familiar verses from Paul Minear's Greek class, and friendly but loud disputes on politics with roommate Jack Boger struggling to stretch my conservative thinking!

In August of 1969, Linda and I were married in Hampton VA. She completed her degree at South Connecticut, gaining lifelong insights for teaching children in gifted as well as at-risk settings. My final year it was a privilege with Paul Holmer to team-teach (along with him and Joe Goering) a course on C.S. Lewis. This led to further study at Mansfield College, Oxford.

Oxford being the “Jerusalem of Methodism,” I accepted the "closest" appointment open: seven Methodist chapels in the Cotswold Hills near Banbury (of "ride-a-cockhorse" fame). Driving to remote rural locations quickly taught about sudden fog and oncoming herds of sheep. Following worship, pastoral greetings at the door led to a new twist: parishioners circling the blue Anglia to greet our orange tabby Sasha. Rob and Karen Holyer, YDS classmates now at Cambridge, made time for regional exchange-tours.

Oxford studies were chiefly from lectures, research at the Bodleian, and rich conversations with Walter Hooper, editor of Lewis's works. Dinner conversation at High Table was also instructive: comments about the weather, the vintage of the night's wine, and the general state of college. By year's end we needed to return to Virginia, specifically two churches in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Born to us there were dear Amy, Emily, and James II. A doctoral program at Wesley Seminary in DC brought many of us back to formal study and writing. My thesis was how storytelling and visual art enliven evangelism. I have since taught numerous classes on how Lewis excelled in this.

We settled in Westminster-Canterbury in Winchester VA in 2017. Amid Covid I wrote “How Narnia was Finally Freed” – Aslan breathing thaw (and grace) upon the land that had become

“always winter and never Christmas.” Restrictions loosened, we cherish time with family – specifically our seven grandchildren Clara, “J” (James III), Breeana, Evelyn, twins Sofia and Lydia, and Joshua. Thanks to Amazon there is a new edition of my grandfather-minister’s *What Ails the World?* He published this in 1918 about a time-machine and prophetic visitors warning of church members falling away. A new foreword is needed.

Still lovers of all things English, we enjoy a third orange tabby who upholds the legacy of Sasha and Wesley. All the best to YDS classmates and friends!

Andrew C. Mead, B.D.

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Spouse:

Nancy Hoxsie Mead
Retired

Children:

Emma | b. 1973
Head of Nursery School
Children: Raphael (2002) and Olivia (2004).

Matthew | b. 1976
Parish Rector
Children: Liam (2006) and Nicholas (2009).

Additional degrees:

B.Litt. (M.Litt.) Oxford (Keble College), UK | 1973

Principal Vocational Positions:

Full time parish ministry 1973 - 2014; rector of parishes, 1978 - 1985; 1985 - 1996; 1996 - 2014

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

My most vivid and cherished memories involve classes, seminars and tutorials with Paul Holmer, and living in Hopkins House alongside Roy Rhodes, Larry LeSeure, Ed Garrigan, David Cox, and Jerry Kirkpatrick. YDS's high-quality theological offerings across the board provided a clear, intelligent grounding of trinitarian and christological orientation, while challenging and confirming me as an Anglican/Episcopalian in churchmanship.

I still live by this faith with increasing clarity and simplicity: Shortly before I retired in 2014, Rich Reifsnnyder, as part of a project, asked those of his YDS classmates who had chosen and remained in parish ministry this question: "After all these years, what has sustained you?" At once I told him, "Jesus, and Nancy Mead." I unpacked that reply, but there it is. I loved my 41 years of full-time parish ministry, 36 of those years as rector of three successive parishes. I was ready to retire, and did, at age 68. Not only does my faith get clearer and simpler, but also I believe deeper, as I prepare myself to encounter the unveiled Presence of Jesus Christ, whose errands I have happily run since he reintroduced himself to me in college and called me to his service.

David M. Nolte, M.Div.

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Spouse:

Mari (Stuart) Nolte
Retired Hospital Unit Clerk

Children:

David "Ben" Nolte | b.1978
Commercial Real Estate Agent, Albuquerque, NM
Wife: Jackqualine; Children: David "Isaiah" and Emmy

Christen Nolte | b. 1980
Early Childhood Multicultural Education;
Daughter: Hallie

Additional degrees:

U. of Iowa B.S. (with honors in psychology) | 1967
US Army Command and General Staff College, Ft. Leavenworth | 1985 Honor Grad



Principal Vocational Positions:

United Methodist (both U.S. Army Chaplain and Parish Pastor)

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I fondly recall the soft-spoken but genial “Good morning, good morning, good morning!” of Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette as we passed one another some mornings on the sidewalk – me returning to Brainard House from a Refectory breakfast, he on his way to the Refectory for the same. And I remember seeing him in Battell Chapel at the conclusion of a worship service, getting up to leave at the beginning of communion because Bill Coffin used wine, and Dr. Latourette had taken the “pledge” years before so had to receive the sacrament in other settings. Finally, I remember hearing him preach in Marquand Chapel, reading his New Testament text in English from a koine Greek original. As to his academic specialty – “the last great encyclopedist” someone called him . . . a deeply faithful “gentle giant” walked amongst us.

Roland Bainton became my favorite church historian from the very first day we heard him (during our 1967 “orientation”) as he walked us through YDS history by means of the many portraits hanging on the walls of the Refectory. His anecdotes – his idiosyncratic yet powerfully-told stories – kept one’s interest from beginning to end. And most powerfully of all, he concluded by telling us that, as a child, he had on one occasion been present to listen attentively to the theologian pictured in the final painting hanging there at the (then) end-of-the-line. (Were additional portraits added, and did that custom of sharing YDS historical luminaries with incoming classes pass away with him, or have the historical details of his annual “recounting” been somehow preserved so that the tradition continues?) Finally, I remember well being among several students invited one October afternoon to his “lake house,” where he read aloud to us several chapters from one of his not-yet-published volumes of *The Women of the Reformation*. He commented, “I thought of this years before women’s lib”.

Because I eventually served twenty-six years as an Army Chaplain (first on active duty and then as a reservist), I have to say that George Lindbeck’s *Comparative Dogmatics* became one of the most useful YDS classes for me. It was really helpful in a ministry-context of multiple religious, irreligious, and non-religious soldiers and their families – as was the fact that our fellow students’ backgrounds ranged from Salvation Army to Roman Catholic, including (in 1970 - 1971) a Buddhist Japanese “missionary” new to California named Tesshi Aoyama, who came to YDS to study pastoral counseling and to improve his English. Additionally, this was my introduction to Berger and Luckman’s *Social Construction of Reality*, which is particularly useful these days in understanding the political and cultural “tribalism” presently infecting our society. [Footnote: it’s also interesting to me that at that time George Lindbeck was predicting what he perceived to be an inevitable numerical decline in mainline denominations and a significant numerical increase in conservative evangelicalism.] Additionally, *Comparative Dogmatics* gave

me a unique perspective on events occurring while I was stationed in Augsburg, Germany as Brigade Chaplain in the 5th Signal Command. Two Harvard Law students challenged the constitutionality of military chaplaincy, basing their challenge on the “Establishment Clause” of the First Amendment. They insisted that chaplaincy should only be available to soldiers and their families through civilian missionary ministers prepared and funded by their own faith groups. Chaplain (LTC) Israel Drazin, a rabbi and a lawyer Army reservist, was called to active duty to defend the chaplaincy as an integral part of the military – which he did, successfully, based upon the “Free Exercise Clause” of the same First Amendment. A year or two after, our own YDS classmate, Chaplain (COL) John Brinsfield, was tasked to make a presentation at a Chief of Chaplains annual active-duty, national-guard-and-reserve chaplains conference. He did a masterful job of explaining the history, the practical theology, and the implications of this legal decision – much needed, especially now in an era when some of the most insistent religious voices in our culture are promoting our nation as, historically, a “Christian” nation – promoting the desirability of a kind of American “theocracy” rather than supporting our founder’s “great experiment” First Amendment creation of a religiously-neutral, religiously-open-ended secular society, absolutely essential to the protection of true religious “liberty and justice for all”!

Another really useful class for me was The Church and the Therapeutic Community with Chaplain Ed Dobihal at Yale-New Haven Hospital, which included field work for one day-shift and one night-shift as psychiatric aides on the Yale Psychiatric Institute’s locked ward for teens and young adults. This was Clinical Pastoral Education at its best. This exposure was wonderfully useful to me in my own chaplaincy . . . but also was ultimately helpful in a most unexpected way. During her first year of college, our daughter was afflicted with a long-term mental illness. My YPI experiences provided, providentially, some significant help with that.

Another really significant YDS experience for me was more indirect than direct. The unmarried Black Seminarians had their own dormitory beginning, I believe, during the 1968 - 1969 academic year. Also, Harcourt “Harkey” Kleinfelter – a YDS student from the Netherlands and a member of Martin Luther King Jr.’s organization – was a classmate at the time. (Did Jesse Jackson come to YDS before or after MLK’s assassination that year?).

In that era, although my second-and-third-year field work was at Summerfield United Methodist Church on Dixwell Ave. (where Don Saliers played the organ, and provided mentoring for me for which I will be forever grateful), I knew absolutely nothing about “white privilege”, nor did I understand anything about structural/institutional racism – having been raised in an all-white small Iowa county-seat community by a father who taught us not to be personally racist. I attempted, on one occasion, to sit with a black student at the Black Seminarians’ table in the Refectory, and was politely told that I could not sit there. My embarrassment was a first-time experience – and a gentle one at that – of what it would be like to be affected by segregation first-hand. Also, that year, YDS was visited by the Rev. Albert Cleage, Jr. of Detroit. In 1967, he had established the Shrine of the Black Madonna . . . teaching that Jesus’ mother was, indeed, black (as portrayed in an Icon whose origins I cannot remember) and

so therefore, obviously, Jesus was black. I remember that following his talk to the entire YDS community, he requested time alone with the Black Seminarians only. I wish, now, that at the time this part of my education would have been much more direct and explicit. Even in the military of the 1970s, although the Army was by then one of the most integrated institutions in our society, we still needed monthly RREO (race relations/equal opportunity) small group sessions as a part of accomplishing goals not yet fully achieved to the present – as clearly demonstrated by George Floyd, Black Lives Matter, and, tragically, ongoing events. So, even now in retirement, my periodic preaching as a volunteer substitute for vacationing (or otherwise unavailable) parish colleagues reflects a passion for racial justice, which I nurture via membership in the Methodist Federation for Social Action.

On a personal note, I am thoroughly enjoying my hobby of researching our Nolte ancestry – focusing on the immigration from Stroit (in the then Dutchy of Braunschweig, before there was a “Germany”) in July of 1862, to Cottage Grove, WI of great-great-grandparents for me (and also for movie actor Nick Nolte) – a search now involving so many interesting stories that I don’t want to “leave earth” before completing a book!

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Spouse:

Maria E. T. Peabody (Divorced)
Psychologist
Mother of Elena Suzanne

Lianna Eve Tennal

Retired Boat Builder, Home Educator, and Children’s Program Coordinator for Middlebury
(VT) Friends Meeting
Mother of Alice Mae and Willard

Children:

Elena Suzanne Peabody | 43
Staff of Upland Rain Forest House, New York Botanical Gardens



Alice Mae Tennial Peabody | 15
Rising 10th Grader, Artist

Willard Keith Tennial Peabody | 12
Rising 7th Grader, Chess Champion

Additional degrees:

M.F.A. in Writing & Literature, Bennington College | 1998

Principal Vocational Positions:

Executive Director, Milford Housing Council;

Deputy Director, Regional Planning Agency of South-Central CT

Executive Director (Acting), Home Health Care of Connecticut

Partner, Palumbo-Peabody & Associates

Coordinator, Addison County Summer Youth Employment Program

Assistant Director, Addison Community Action/Champlain Valley Office of Economic Opportunity

Director, St. Albans City Housing Authority

Co-founder, Vermont Books Press

Current Occupation:

Non-denominational, non-ordained ministry to and with the disadvantaged; Home Study Educator; Writer/Publisher

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

From this vantage point, fifty years on from the Quad, it's easy to see how YDS opened the way for me to rediscover and recommit to work begun in my youth. The people with whom I field-worked in Milford's Myrtle Beach taught me: There's no such thing as a do-it-yourself job; it's often easier to give than receive; you have to have it to give it away; you have to give it away to keep it.

Years later, at a treatment center, I found myself able to see something I'd been blind to all my life: the difference between rescuing and helping. For nearly forty years since, that lesson's made all the difference.

[Photo caption: Don, Alice and Willard Peabody, with wife and mother Lianna Tennial, on stage at New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, doing an a capella presentation of Don's composition, "Ratty Underwear," a song *cum* morality play with the message "You best listen to your mother." Photo by Whitney Mikkelsen]

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Spouse:

Carol Poling
Retired Elementary Learning Support Teacher

Children:

Jason | b. 1972
Episcopal Priest

Daughters:

Kara | b. 2002
Alicia | b. 2003

Todd | b. 1975
Senior Marketing Team for the USPS

Daughters:

Barrett | b. 2009
Eliza | b. 2011

Additional degrees:

B.A., Ohio Wesleyan University | 1968
Ph.D., UConn | 1983

Principal Vocational Positions:

Director of Capital Giving, Yale Graduate Sch, 2004 - 2013
President, Kentucky Wesleyan College, 1994 - 2004
VP of Development, Goucher Col. 1986 - 1994

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

So, my relationship with YDS is complicated. Having been accepted in the YDS Class of 1971 in January, 1968, I was proud, elated, yet somewhat fearful. During my student tenure, I sat in awe of our faculty, struggled with the academics, and valued community activities such as coffee and donuts in the Common Room after Chapel, soup and sandwich lunches in the Refectory, and intramural activities throughout the year. But YDS also beat me down and was otherwise not the happiest of places for me. Still, I was proud to graduate with my M.Div. degree. Being part of

Yale initiated my career path in higher education. The University, over the next 15 years, became my most significant loyalty, not YDS. First, I worked at the Yale Alumni Fund; then I worked in Alumni Affairs. While gaining exceptional administrative and development experience (for which I am deeply grateful), I earned a Ph.D. at UConn in Higher Education Administration. This led to senior positions at two small, private, liberal arts colleges. After 18 years away from Yale, I returned to finish my career in the central development office at Yale. During my career, I did not seek much connection with YDS. Only after my retirement in 2013, when I was invited to join the YDS Alumni Board, did I resume any connection with YDS. I have been greatly impressed with where YDS is at the present time, and I have relished my service on the Board and my reconnection with YDS.

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Spouse:

Lynn Reifsnyder
Retired Teacher and School Counselor

Children:

Toby | b. 1982
Josh | b. 1984
Married Liza in 2012

Grandchildren:

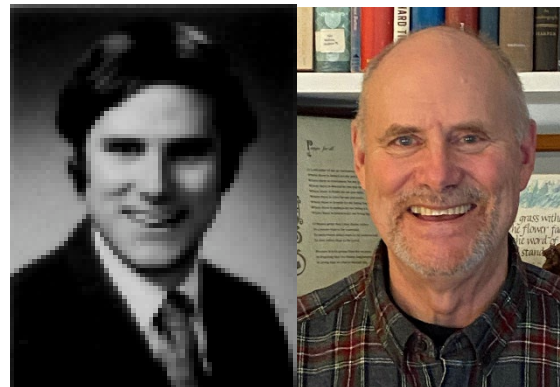
Christie | b. 2014
Emme | b. 2018
Genevieve | b. 2021

Additional degrees:

Ph.D., Princeton Theological Seminary | 1984

Principal Vocational Positions:

Served churches in NY, NJ, CT, and VA. Longest service at Oyster Bay, NY (1981 - 94) and Winchester, VA (1994 - 2015)



Current Occupation:

Retired in 2015, but currently serving as part time pastor of Falls Village CT Congregational Church

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I arrived at YDS on a Rockefeller Foundation “Trial Year in Seminary” grant, thinking I would eventually return to my long-term goal of becoming a lawyer, but grateful for the opportunity to explore my restless spiritual nudge. Within six weeks, I knew that I was at the right place. The first-year core courses were the right mix for stimulating me intellectually and grounding me spiritually. I eagerly anticipated Brevard Childs’ and James Gustafson’s prayers which always seemed to address me personally.

Numerous conversations on the core meaning and purpose of life while grappling with the challenges of the Vietnam War and social injustice convinced me that parish ministry was a vital arena in which to serve God and neighbor. Dean Robert C. Johnson reminded us on our first day that the divinity school was not a church, but fortunately I had a healthy, nurturing church experience in Norwich, CT where I did field work all three years, and which helped confirm my call.

Courses which proved immensely practical in the parish included George Lindbeck’s “Comparative Dogmatics”, which provided a rich foundation in subsequent ecumenical and interfaith involvements and Paul Holmer’s “Kierkegaard,” which taught me a lot about Christian communication and what it meant to be a faithful disciple in a nominally Christian culture.

I am forever grateful to Charles Forman who recommended me to Charles Ranson, a former associate of his at the International Missionary Council (later merged into the WCC), who was seeking a colleague at the Salisbury (CT) Congregational Church. He was an important mentor to me in my first years of ministry, and significantly broadened my appreciation for the worldwide and ecumenical dimensions of the church. Even more important, while at this parish I met Lynn, a teacher and counselor. We married in 1975.

YDS so stimulated my academic interests that I assumed I would at some point go into teaching. I completed a Ph.D. in church history at Princeton Theological Seminary, and although I have done some modest writing in that field, I realized that at my core I am a pastor and loved teaching in the context of the parish.

I have served Presbyterian congregations in Schaghticoke, NY, Hopewell, NJ, Oyster Bay, NY and Winchester, VA, where I served for 21 years before retiring in 2015.

We returned to Lynn’s home town of Salisbury, CT, where I am serving part time as pastor of a small congregation, serving on the board of a land trust and historical society, playing golf and gardening, and of course, enjoying the grandchildren.

As I grow older, I worry less about getting all the theological conundrums figured out, but trust more confidently what I have grasped – that in the end it is all about God’s grace and love.

Royal “Roy” W. Rhodes, B.D.

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Additional degrees:

A.B., Fairfield University | 1968
Ph.D., Harvard University | 1979

Principal Vocational Positions:

The Donald L. Rogan Professor of Religious Studies (Emeritus) at Kenyon College

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

YDS was transformative for me, opening new worlds. Those exciting days: anti-war demonstrations, May Day 1970, the Black Panther trials, Civil Rights activism, classmates who were Freedom Riders, the opening of Yale College to women. Studying with Pelikan, Ahlstrom, Saliers, Cook, and Kuttner shaped my later teaching for 40 years at Kenyon College. Friends who taught me so much: Andy Mead, Jim Campbell, Rich Reifsnnyder, Suzanne Ouellette, Stephen Kobasa, and those now departed and “lost a while”: Larry LeSeure, Jerry Kirkpatrick, J. Edward Garrigan, Margaret O’Gara, Mary Ann Yukevich, Sam Gladding, and Walt Gaffney. I remember those Spirit-driven days for the whole Church: in Coffin’s sermons, rituals at Christ Church, Vatican II reforms at Thomas More House. And the deep sense that whatever path we followed was intimately tied to a ministry “to renew the face of the earth.” That is still my faith and hope: Veni, Creator Spiritus.

**Walter “Bob” R. Riedell, ‘67 B.A.,
M.Div.**

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Jensen Beach, Florida, 34957

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revdbob@gmail.com



Spouse:

Carmen M. Riedel

Paralegal

Children:

David | b. 1980

Painter, Sculptor, and Teacher

Children: Phoenix and Vaughn

Christopher | b. 1985

Computer Expert

Jonathan | b. 1987

Lawyer for Non-Profit

Child: Reyna

Additional degrees:

STM in Counseling, Concordia | 1973

Principal Vocational Positions:

Clergy

Current Occupation:

Pastor

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

It's actually hard for me to separate out what I might not know had I not gone to YDS. But here are a few items which might have connections....

I had known pretty well several foreign students, both in college and YDS. After doing a masters in counseling and then some extra internship (since what I had done at YDS didn't "count,"), and a short call to a dying church that decided it wasn't going to die after all, I went to Papua New Guinea as a missionary and seminary professor for eight years, learned something about how people think who do not use abstract concepts (such as were also the Old Testament writers, and some in the New Testament) but instead think in pictures, which has enabled me in

pastoral ministry and teaching to explain how the Bible can be true, use what looks to us to be at best figurative language, but in the writers' minds not be at all figurative, just be telling the story in pictures because that was the way they thought. Always, not just to be poetic.

I know there is only one catholic and apostolic church, that it has nothing much to do with Romanism, but includes them. This is because God loves ALL God's children, including those allowed to be separated from Him and those who have chosen to be evil. And while God will allow, even consign such to be excluded from His Kingdom, God's desire is that everyone know and return to God's love. Differences among those who love God are due to our own failure to grasp what God tells us, and sometimes (because you never met anyone who thought his or her present opinions were wrong), we insert our own wishes and desires into what we teach. So, everyone should know that we are sinners and need to receive forgiveness and therefore also need to be very quick to offer forgiveness to anyone else who may need it. It is best to begin any relationship or conversation with readiness and determination to forgive rather than to judge. So if I mess up, please forgive me and include what I have forgotten.

Jean Rittmueller, M.A.R.

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Spouse:

Francis Curtis Dohan, Jr., M.D. | d. 2021
Neuropathology

Children:

Katherine Nerys Dohan | b. 1987
Musician and Songwriter

David Martin Dohan | b. 1993
Software Engineer at Google Brain

Additional degrees:

M.A., PH.D., Celtic Languages and Literatures, Harvard

Principal Vocational Positions:

Latin Teacher



Current Occupation:

Academic Writer (Ongoing)

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Memories: Classes taught by A. Malherbe (Mark, 1 Corinthians, Empty Tomb), by J. Pelikan (History of Christian Doctrine), by J.C. Pope in Graduate School (Old English), by K. Reichardt also in Graduate School (Old Irish). How YDS contributed to my future choices: The solid grounding that I received at YDS in the New Testament and Early and Medieval Christian Doctrine was crucial to my dissertation, which examined the exegesis on the Last Supper (Mt 26) in a collection of Latin commentaries written by Irish Latin authors. As a scholar, I am a ‘Hiberno-Latin specialist’, editing Gospels commentaries and homilies, primarily of Matthew, in Carolingian and pre-Norman Irish manuscripts that are believed to have an ‘Irish’ connection.

Robert “Bob” C. Roberts, B.D., ‘74 Ph.D.

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Spouse:

Elizabeth

Retired Social Worker

Children:

Nathan | b. 1978

Computational Mathematics at Sandia National Laboratory

Children:

Walker | 3 years old

Dorothy | 7 months old

Elizabeth Hannah | b. 1981

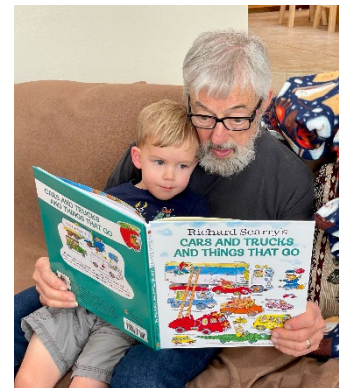
French Teacher, Avery Coonly School

Children:

Adelaide | 8 years old

Isaiah | 5 years old

Theo | 1 year old



Maria Mulhauser | b. 1983)

Psychotherapist

Children:

Queenly | 9 years old

Jonah | 6 years old

Additional degrees:

PhD, Yale Religious Studies

BA & MA Philosophy, Wichita State

Principal Vocational Positions:

Professor of Philosophy, Western Kentucky University, Wheaton College, Baylor University

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

This YDS memory begins at Princeton Theological Seminary where I spent the 1965–66 academic year. One snowy evening in the bleak mid-winter I trudged across the campus to hear a speaker, Paul L. Holmer, on the topic “Bonhoeffer and Concepts.” I had heard from someone in my dormitory that Holmer was a “Lutheran pietist” who taught courses on Søren Kierkegaard’s thought. The idea that piety might leak into seminary teaching appealed to me and connected with the way I was reading Kierkegaard, who already seemed to me more a passionate Christian than a predecessor of Sartre, Camus, and Heidegger, though I continued for a while to be quite interested in existentialism and its authors.

Holmer’s talk changed my life. He began by waving his paper on Bonhoeffer and concepts, made some disparaging remark about academic papers, tossed it aside, and started to talk. The talk had something to do with the importance of thinking and concepts in shaping our Christian life. It was philosophical, but the philosophy was clearly subordinated to higher interests. What he said was interesting and important, but what struck me most was the brashness of his sense of priorities. Here was a professor (of all things!) who by his demeanor and the content of his thought put the appurtenances of professorship in the perspective of the kingdom of God. (I don’t think he used that phrase, but that was the perspective.)

The next morning I made a point of finding him at breakfast, and asked whether I could come to Yale to study with him. He was welcoming, and I made plans to apply to Yale. A year intervened, however, during which I did an M.A. in philosophy at my alma mater, Wichita State University. There I took a seminar on Heidegger and one on Wittgenstein. The Wittgenstein course turned out to be excellent preparation for studying with Holmer.

So in the fall of 1968 I started at YDS, and took every course I could from Paul Holmer. In addition to the Kierkegaard course, especially notable were his courses on Emotions, Passions,

and Feelings, and Virtues and Vices. He had a course on Philosophical Theology, and to my surprise the philosophers in question were Wittgenstein, Ryle, Austin, and some lesser analytic lights, rather than Heidegger and the “continental” crew.

Note that in 1968 it would be thirteen years before Alasdair MacIntyre’s *After Virtue* (1981) appeared. The modern study of virtues and vices is sometimes dated from Elizabeth Anscombe’s *Modern Moral Philosophy* (1958), but I would guess that courses on virtues and vices, which are now a booming business, were still pretty rare when Holmer started offering them. Emotions, passions, and feelings too has now become an academic industry, but 1968 would have to wait another 16 years before the founding of the International Society for Research on Emotions. And besides the merely historical innovativeness of Holmer’s courses, the uses and applications to which he put the concepts of virtue/vice and emotion were very different from, and much more important than, the uses and applications to which these concepts came to be put in “virtue ethics” and “emotion research.” For Holmer, philosophical and theological reflections about these concepts were in the service of the church, the formation of persons in all our glory, the spiritual maturity of human beings.

I say that meeting Paul Holmer changed my life. He gave me a “career” and more than a career — something more like an intellectual life and a mission. From the time of my first teaching job at Western Kentucky University (starting 1973), through the years at Wheaton College (1984–2001) and at Baylor University (2001–2015), the topics and inspiration of Holmer’s teaching have been latent and explicit. Last March, a few weeks after my 80th birthday, my book *Recovering Christian Character: The Psychological Wisdom of Søren Kierkegaard* (Eerdmans, 2022) was published, dedicated to Holmer’s memory. It draws on about 60 years of studying Kierkegaard, and in the dedication I say that the book seems to me “Holmerian.” Other expressions of the Holmer factor are *Emotions: An Essay in Aid of Moral Psychology* (Cambridge: 2003); *Intellectual Virtues: An Essay in Regulative Epistemology* (Oxford: 2007, with Jay Wood); *Emotions in the Moral Life* (Cambridge: 2013); *Attention to Virtues* (in progress); and *Virtue Ethics in Christian Perspective* (in progress).

When I think of the trenchant Holmer in connection with this work, I sometimes wonder whether he would be disappointed in the eventual waywardness of his devotee. In anticipation of his legacy, Kierkegaard expressed anxiety about what would be made of his work in the hands of “professors,” and his fears have been abundantly verified. Have I done Holmer a similar disservice in exploiting, in the interest of academic production, his passionate thought about the church and the gospel?

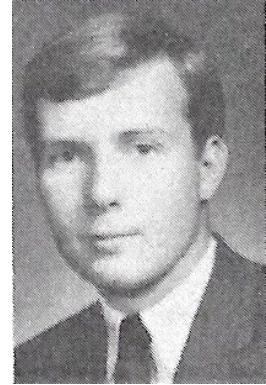
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Spouse:

Ruth Gordon Rollefson
Retired Public School Vocal Music Teacher and Church Musician



Children:

J. Griffith Rollefson | b. 1975
Professor of Musicology, University College, Cork, Ireland
Wife: Mary King
Professor of Music Composition and Theory, University College, Cork, Ireland
Children:
Augie | 12 years old
Zadie | 7 years old

N. Jakob Rollefson | b. 1982
Sales Executive, Pandora Music (Sirrius)
Wife: Julianne Manske Rollefson
Tech Group Trainer and grief therapist in training
Children:
George | 2 ½ years old
Andrew | 6 months old

Additional degrees:

M.A., University of London, UK (U.S. Studies) | 1973
M.A. Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley, CA

Principal Vocational Positions:

Pastor, Campus Pastor, Executive Director of Lutheran Campus Ministry, University of Michigan

Current Occupation:

Retired

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

Just fifteen years ago, during my last sabbatical, my wife and I rounded a corner in Germany's old kulturstadt Weimar, looked up to our left and saw written in decorous graffiti upon the side of a house, "Die Welt is voll untaeglicher Wunder." Even I with my pidgin German could

decipher its meaning as something like “The world is full of everyday miracles” or secularized, “wonders.” Should I have been surprised that the sub-script credited the saying I’d never encountered before to a certain “Martin Luther,” whose Wittenberg we’d stayed in the night before?

While the saying was new to me the sentiment wasn’t, since I’d in effect lived by it my whole adult life, revelling in the novelty and surprise that God gifts us with “daily,” had we eyes to see and ears to hear. This is where I credit YDS as a major stepping–stone for me along the way of my maturing faith, a place where I learned to begin working out a theology that could grow organically from its Midwestern, Lutheran roots into an inclusive and life-affirming style of ecumenical ministry that welcomes difference and is not worried by change. Here Isaiah 55 has served as my go-to text since my ordination in a little, inner-city San Francisco congregation in 1975, with its strong assurance from God that “my ways are higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts” and “so shall my word be that goes out from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty, but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and succeed in the thing for which I sent it “ (55:9 -11). In other words, as I along with my successive urban and campus congregations in San Francisco, Milwaukee, Ann Arbor and Los Angeles would each discover, there were many surprises in store for us, but any success we might claim was only God’s to give.

This too of course goes for our life as a family living in various communities around the country. I’m grateful for my wife of fifty years now this summer, Ruth, who has been a “partner in arms” to me in so many ways, as I hope I have been to her. Church and music and progressive politics have kept us busy over the years. Our two sons survived being “preacher’s kids” and both are doing well nurturing their own marriages and families and life in community. My theological curiosity has never waned and I credit imaginative continuing education over the years with keeping me fresh and relevant – especially in later years one of many Lilly Foundation–funded projects I’d participated in over the years called the “Pastor Theologian Program” of the Center for Theological Investigation in Princeton, which managed to get me writing again and eventually publishing, including my trilogy of commentaries on the Revised Common Lectionary entitled *Postils for Preaching*.

Currently Ruth and I live in retirement in San Luis Obispo on California’s central coast where we enjoy tennis, golf, hiking, reading, writing, wine-tasting, and occasional preaching.

Christopher “Chris” Schroeder, M.Div.

114 Spring Blossom Lane
Durham, North Carolina 27705

Cell: (919) 215-0268
Home: (919) 489-1913
schroeder@law.duke.edu



Spouse:

Kate Bartlett
Retired Lawyer and Law Professor & Dean

Children:

Emily | b. 1976
Medical Doctor

Theodore | b. 1977
Lawyer

Elizabeth | b. 1985
Lawyer

Grandchildren:

Helen | b. 2012
Otto | b. 2013
John | b. 2014
Thea | b. 2016
Julian | b. 2018
Asha | b. 2021

Additional degrees:

B.A., Princeton University | 1968
J.D., University of California, Berkeley | b. 1974

Principal Vocational Positions:

Lawyer and Law Professor

Current Occupation:

Assistant Attorney General, Department of Justice

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

My YDS experiences contributed enormously to the maturing of my faith as well as my awareness of the evident social problems our country faces (although many of them were certainly in plain view when we were at YDS). Much of the latter awareness I associate with the time I spent volunteering for various projects run through Dwight Hall on the main

campus. Although I went on to a career in the law, instead of the parish ministry – which was my original intention when I first enrolled – I have remained active in the organized church throughout my life, as has my wife, finding a Presbyterian or Congregational (now UCC) church with an active social ministry in whatever place we have lived.

Since 1979, that place has been Durham, NC, where we both have found rewarding work at Duke University. While there, I have taken advantage of leaves of absence from Duke to pursue several opportunities in public service, first in the U.S. Senate as a counsel to then Senator Biden and then chief counsel of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and then in the executive branch. I have served in the Department of Justice during the Clinton, Obama, and Biden administrations, currently filling the position of Assistant Attorney General for the Office of Legal Counsel. This last opportunity came after Kate and I had retired from Duke, but the opportunity to contribute to the new administration was irresistible to me, so full retirement is being deferred for a little longer. When the time comes, we are looking forward to splitting our time between Durham and Belfast, Maine. Maine has become a favorite gathering place for our children and grandchildren – despite the fact that climate change is bringing warmer and warmer days.

In looking back on my professional life, I think my time at YDS, thinking about, studying, discussing with colleagues, and focusing on faith questions gave me a grounding for my later life choices, which may be hard to capture in any single idea, but which has a lot to do with trying to put faith into action in ways that hopefully contribute to improving conditions for my fellow human beings, at least in a small way.

Richard D. Shiels, M.A.R.

574 Stublyn Rd
Granville, Ohio 43023

(740) 334-2271
shiels.1@osu.edu

Spouse:

Louise

Additional degrees:

Ph.D. American Studies, Boston University | 1976

Principal Vocational Positions:

Associate Professor of History, The Ohio State University



Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

An internship in campus ministry at Kent State University in 1970 (the year at Kent State) persuaded me that I wanted to be on campus and that a teaching position would be most secure. I followed Yale history professor David Hall to Boston University for my Ph.D. I taught history with a specialization in American religious history at The Ohio State University on a regional campus in Newark, Ohio. I was a leader in the campus ministry and also created the Newark Earthworks Center, which focuses on 2000-year-old Indian mounds. We worked to remove a country club from a world class earthworks site which the United States Department of Interior has recently nominated for UNESCO World Heritage status. One consequence of this work is that the tribes which were removed from Ohio in the 1830s are now key partners in the interpretation of impressive earthworks sites here in the state. Since retirement Louise and I spend our summers on Lake Huron.



Blueprint of Marquand Chapel.

George Taylor III, '68 B.A., M.Div.

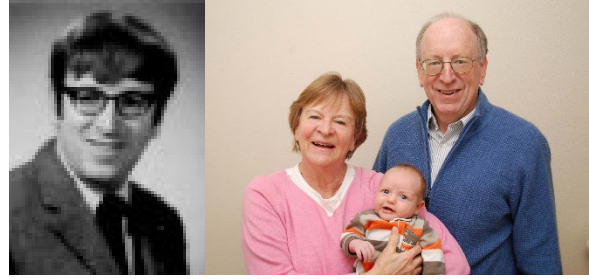
33 Abels Way

Marion, Massachusetts 02738

Cell: (774) 263-2935

Home: (508) 748-2178

gbt3marion@gmail.com



Spouse:

Vi Taylor

Music Teacher and cellist

Children:

Alison Urmson | b. 1970

Jeffrey Taylor | b. 1972

Andrew Taylor | b. 1978

Grandsons: Rowan Urmson, Riley Taylor, Thomas Taylor, Lucas Taylor, Andrew Taylor Jr.

Additional degrees:

BA, Yale University | 1968

Principal Vocational Positions:

Pastor (1971 - 1996), Used bookstore owner (1999 - 2007), Director of Public Affairs for Christian Union (2007 - 2011), Realtor with Re/Max (2011 - 2022)

Current Occupation:

Chaplain/Bereavement Coordinator with Kindred Hospice

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

How time flies! The brevity of our earthly life weighs heavily upon me with each passing day. So I am thankful to have the opportunity to share a few remembrances with classmates, family, friends and posterity.

Our years at YDS were tumultuous in many ways; Vietnam, Cambodia, Kent State, and racial unrest come to mind. My wife Vi and I were married after my junior year at Yale, so we spent our first year at YDS living in Fisher Hall (aka The Fertile Crescent). Our daughter Alison was born in 1970, as I worked as Assistant Pastor at Nichols United Methodist Church in Trumbull while completing my last two years at YDS. I wonder if any classmates remember the C.S. Lewis class I took my final semester – as I recall, taught by students, with Paul Holmer overseeing it? Since I was pretty much a Unitarian at the time, that course impressed me by seeing the faith conviction of an intellect like Lewis – but I was still unconverted.

My conversion experience happened a year after graduation, as I worked as Associate Minister of the First Congregational Church in Kalamazoo, Michigan. It was June, 1972 – 50 years ago this year – that I had my spiritual conversion/awakening through the Charismatic Movement. That was truly a life-changing experience for me, as I came to view the Bible as the Word of God and the authority for my life. As I look back now, receiving the Holy Spirit at that time, I thought to myself: “so that’s what it means to be born again (born of the Spirit)!”

Then, just a year ago as I write this, I had another life-altering experience. As I was finishing showing a property for sale, my friend asked me how my son was doing (he’d had an accident a few months previously, and had twice almost died). What seemed like a dark cloud came over me, and I became disoriented and incoherent. Fortunately, it was not a stroke, but a case of Transient Global Amnesia (TGA). I’m fully recovered, but it seemed evident to me that God was getting my attention and telling me it was time to retire from real estate and resume my first calling: ministry. So in the year since then, I have reconnected with my local church and Christian Union (campus ministry at the Ivy League colleges, including Yale) where I had previously worked. My heart and prayers have been seeking revival for decades, so in the midst of Covid and the war in Ukraine, I continue to pray that God’s kingdom come, His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

James “Jim” M. Tongue, M.Div.

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Bridgewater, Virginia 22812

(540) 828-3608
jimtongue@vaumc.org

Spouse:

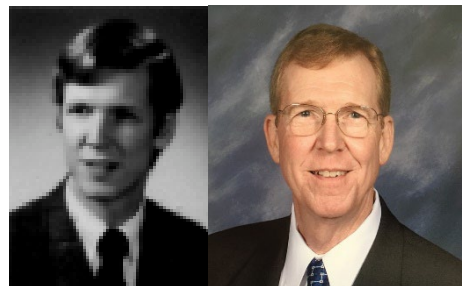
Judith (Judy) Abbott Tongue
Retired Teacher

Children:

Sarah Emerson | b. 1971
Librarian

Elizabeth Little | b. 1973
Teacher

James Tongue | b. 1974
Teacher



Additional degrees:

B.A. UVA | 1968

Principal Vocational Positions:

Pastor, District Superintendent

Current Occupation:

Retired

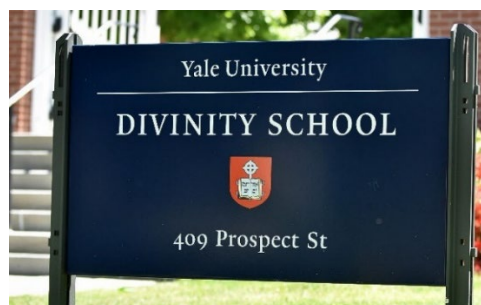
Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

My most memorable experiences at YDS include studying with a stellar faculty, teaching at South Central Community College, serving as TA with Bill Muehl’s preaching classes, founding the Killiam’s Point Retreat Center, working with John Cook on the Beecher Lectures, life together in the Stratford “House Church,” our first child’s premature birth at Yale-New Haven Hospital and her five weeks in the Dana NICU.

With retirement in 2016, I celebrated 50 years of ministry with the Virginia Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church, including student pastor years before YDS. From the most rural county of Appalachia to the ocean-front of Virginia’s largest city, God blessed us in every setting. YDS prepared me in preaching the Word, teaching the Bible, and leading in prayer in each church. John Wesley’s “the world is my parish” guided us beyond the church doors into the wider community. From its beginning in 1979 we have been a part of the Society of St. Andrew, our nation’s largest gleaning ministry feeding America’s hungry. Across the years congregational vitality became a major focus. For eight years I served on the bishop’s cabinet and superintended a broad rural district encouraging both pastors and churches in loving and serving our Lord Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ has always been faithful. Judy and I have been blessed beyond our highest expectations. Our goal is remaining faithful to him each day.

What do I do in retirement? Besides helping with our local congregation and Ruritan Club, I chair the superintendency committee of our district and serve on the Board of the Society of St. Andrew. This November I am running for election to my third term on the Bridgewater Town Council. Enjoying our children, grandchildren and families fills out our time. We are blessed!

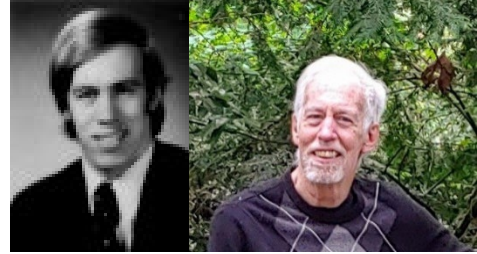


YDS Street Sign from Prospect Street.

David L. Wheeler, M.Div.

P.O. Box 1838
Portland, Oregon 97207

(213) 804-5686
cadlwheels@yahoo.com



Spouse:

Carol Wheeler
Retired Mental Health Administrator

Children:

Clare (James)
Research Chemist, Sandía National Laboratory, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Micah
Artist and Musician, New Orleans, LA

Additional degrees:

Th.D., Graduate Theological Union | 1984
M.A., Kansas University | 1998

Principal Vocational Positions:

Pastor, Professor of Theology and Ethics

Current Occupation:

Adjunct Professor of Theology, Palmer Theological Seminary

Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

When I drove 900 miles to New Haven in the autumn of 1968, I had never lived anywhere outside of my home state of KY. Classmates from the small Baptist liberal arts college we attended who felt called to ministry matriculated at the then still-respected Southern Baptist seminary in my home town of Louisville.

My new friends and professors were Anglicans, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics – opening up new vistas for me for understanding and living my faith. Before I knew it I was an ecumenist.

In KY I was valedictorian and student government president in the proverbial small pond. At YDS, I made a 'C' on my first assignment. And when I told a friend that our student government had unleashed a furor by introducing on-campus dancing, he shared that their student government had supported striking university workers in their quest for a fair contract.

My initial field work assignment took me to Mt. Olive AME Zion Church in inner city Waterbury. Rev. William T. Kennedy, Jr. became a trusted and trusting mentor. He shared his pulpit with me, and taught me that the youth group budget was not the church's contribution to the youth but the contribution of the youth to the church. I studied conscientiously, but in truth spent as much time at Mt. Olive and the Pearl Street Community Center gym as I did in the YDS classrooms and library.

My second year I was an exchange student at New College, Edinburgh. (It was John Rollefson's idea, not mine.) Though I later incorporated elements of process-relational thought and liberation theologies into my own synthesis, it was the Reformed theologian T.F. Torrance at New College who first helped me understand theological method.

After several years of pastoral ministry in New York City, I undertook another pilgrimage, to the San Francisco Bay to do doctoral work in the Graduate Theological Union. Portola Baptist Church, an American Baptist congregation in San Francisco, was looking for a bilingual pastor. That wasn't me. But as an interim pastor (at first) for a patient and loving church family, I did become bilingual, and that has shaped all my subsequent life and ministry.

Will Willimon, M.Div.

139 Pinecrest Road
Durham, North Carolina 27705

(919) 699-2960
will@duke.edu

Spouse:

Patricia ("Patsy") Parker Willimon

Children:

William

Major Gifts Officer | University of Georgia

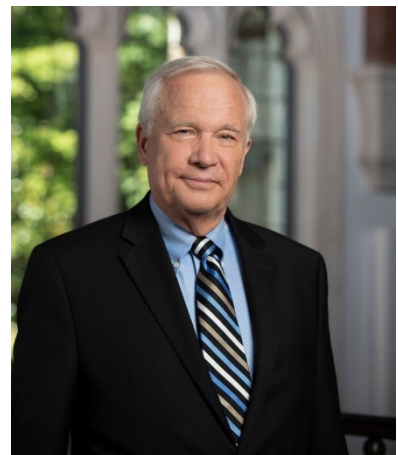
Harriet

Producer | Kate Bowler's Everything Happens Podcast

Four grandchildren

Additional degrees:

S.T.D., Emory University



Reflections on my time at Yale Divinity School

I'll never forget my first day on campus at YDS. Life changing, for sure. A couple of years ago, when I attempted a memoir (*Accidental Preacher: A Memoir*, Eerdmans), the publisher put my drawing of Marquand Chapel on the cover, a testimonial to the role that YDS played in explaining my life.

When I left YDS, I thought I would spend the rest of my life as a Methodist preacher in South Carolina. I earned a Doctor of Sacred Theology degree at Emory and then headed back to S.C. After five years in rural Methodist churches, Duke invited me to join the Divinity School faculty as Assistant Professor of Liturgy and Worship. (Thanks, Don Saliers.) I was later told that my YDS degree was a key to Duke discovering me. While I enjoyed the challenge, I missed the parish, so I asked the bishop to appointment back to a church in S.C. (Thanks, Rich Reifsnyder.)

Four years later Duke invited me back as Dean of Duke Chapel and professor at the Divinity School. I enjoyed campus ministry immensely and thrived in dual worlds. Lots of books followed as I enjoyed a career in writing for the church and academy (Over 500 of my sermons are on the Duke Chapel archive site.) Thanks David Kelsey, R.C. Johnson, Bard Childs, and Paul Holmer.)

My run as Dean of the Chapel at Duke ended when I was elected a United Methodist bishop and sent to the North Alabama Conference of the UMC where I oversaw 600 pastors and 800 churches.

Patsy and I have two children (William is a major gifts officer at the University of Georgia, Harriet is a producer for Kate Bowler's Everything Happens podcast. Four grandchildren.)

It's been our privilege to establish scholarship endowments at five colleges and universities, including the William H. and Patricia Parker Willimon Scholarship at YDS.

After being bishop, I was invited back to Duke where I continue to teach classes on ministry and preaching at Duke Divinity School where I also direct Duke's Doctor of Ministry program.

Of course, a high honor for me was to give the 2021 Beecher Lectures at YDS, "Preachers Dare," which became a book (Abingdon Press) by the same name. Just as high an honor will be to discuss preaching with my classmates at our Fiftieth Reunion in New Haven.

Years ago, someone asked me, "What would you say was the greatest gift you received from your education at YDS?" I responded, "Everything."

YDS 1971: REVISITED by Royal W. Rhodes, B.D.

*Weary saints reclaim this holy hill,
from fifty years or more of wilderness.
We parse no bible text, but pill for pill
compare our health. The things we now confess
mostly deal with diet. Classmates, dead
and gone, are mentioned and the soon retired
envied. Authors, Deans, and those who head
a Board or two, and those just simply tired.
We name with others: Bainton, Latourette,
Holmer, Childs, and Frei who still inspire.
While budgets cause our hearts to pirouette,
the psalms we sing still burst with deathless fire!
Life has worked its best to keep us humble.
Lord, renew us as we stray or stumble.*



Suzanne C. Ouellette, M.A.R.

In Memoriam | Class of 1971

In Memoriam

Barbara Aden Allen, M.A.R.

(1944 – 2011)



After receiving an M.A.R. in 1971 from YDS, Barbara served in a Baptist church in Scarsdale New York, as a part-time Christian education director, and after moving to North Carolina, she served at the Westview Christian Church and was ordained (1980). In 1986, she became the pastor of Martinson Avenue Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) in Wichita, KS, and served there for ten years. In Kansas, she was on the general board executive committee (Disciples of Christ) for two terms, and one term on the administrative committee. From 1994 - 1996 she was moderator of the region and chaired the Commission on the Order of the Ministry, as well as a board member of the Christian Church Foundation and transitions task force. In 1998, she was called as an Area Minister, based in Columbia, MO, the first woman area minister in the denomination, and served for seven years. Failing health prompted a move to Farmville, NC, where she was an elder of the First Christian Church and hospice volunteer. Her final residence was in Manhattan, KS.

In Memoriam

James H. Ameling, S.T.M.

(1932 – 2015)

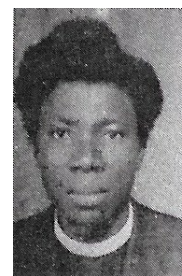


After undergraduate study at Grinnell College (BA, 1955), James received a BD (1958) from Hartford Theological Seminary, and then a Master of Sacred Theology (1971) from YDS. For 50 years he served in the United Church of Christ as Pastor to Congregational Churches in Marlborough, North Branford, and Coventry, CT, and Union Congregational Church, Richmond Hill, NY. Couples he married vividly remember his advice to "never go to bed angry." An avid, enthusiastic traveler, Jim explored the world with his wife and sons.

In Memoriam

Joseph A. Ampiaaw, M. Div. '72, S.T.M.

(1929 – unknown)



Born in Ghana, Joseph became a teacher and associate pastor in a Methodist church. He arrived at Yale Divinity School in 1969 and earned an M.Div. and an S.T.M, followed by a doctorate in Foundations of Education and Curriculum Development from the University of Connecticut. News articles report his last position was as a professor of religion and philosophy at Bethune-Cookman University, a historically Black Methodist school in Daytona Beach. While in Florida he also served as an assistant pastor at Hazardville Church. He was living in Richland, GA, at the time of his death.

In Memoriam

James Given Arnold, III., M.Div.

(1930 – 2008)

A native of Baltimore, MD, James was a graduate of Randolph Macon College, VA. A veteran of the US Army, having served in the Korean conflict, he was a former insurance agent in Baltimore, as well as an M.Div. from YDS. He received his doctorate degree in pastoral counseling from Chicago Theological Seminary, and was a pastoral counselor in drug, alcohol, and youth facilities in Waukegan, IL. He was a pastoral counselor in the South Carolina prison system, based in Columbia, SC., and retired to live in Cashiers, NC.

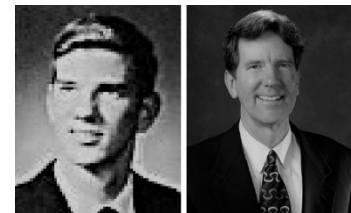


In Memoriam

Richard B. Atkinson, M.Div., '74 J.D.

(1946 – 2005)

Dick attended Duke University, where he received a BA and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. He received a M.Div. from YDS in 1971, and a Juris Doctorate from Yale in 1974. He became an associate with the law firm of King and Spalding in Atlanta and had been a visiting professor at the University of North Carolina, Emory University, and Georgia State University. He was recruited to the University of Arkansas, where he was a professor and Dean of the Law School by his law school classmate, later President, Bill Clinton. Recalling the fact that Dick moved to Fayetteville about the same time the Clintons moved to Little Rock to enter politics, Clinton remarked: "We left, and he stayed", and joked that both decisions were good for the law school. He also received state-committee appointments by the governor of Arkansas, including chair of the Worker's Compensation Reform Commission. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Washington Regional Medical Center from 1980 and served as chairman three times. He was also a founding board member of the Northwest Arkansas Radiation Therapy Institute, as well as an active patron of the arts. He described the center of his life as Michael Hollomon, his life partner, and others in his family.



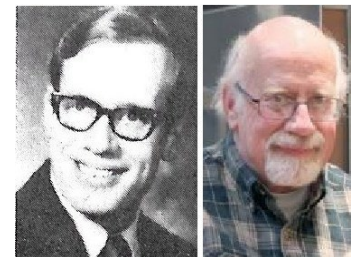
In Memoriam

Gerald Alan Cornell, M.Div.

(1945 – 2016)

Gerald Alan "Jerry" Cornell died on January 7, 2016, at the age of 70, after a long battle with Parkinson's disease.

Born in Seattle and raised in Port Angeles, Washington, Jerry earned a bachelor's degree in philosophy from Pacific Lutheran University and an M.Div. from YDS before returning to Port Angeles to take over the family business, Cornell Auto Parts. In 1979, he married Kristy Matson,



with whom he celebrated the birth of two daughters, Beth and Sarah, creating a family unit that he held of highest importance. In later years, this unit expanded to include Sarah's husband, Tim Lambert, and granddaughters Taylor and Payton Lambert.

During his time in Port Angeles, Jerry devoted himself to fostering the community's knowledge and love of cars, while serving as a member of the city Port Angeles City Council, Port Angeles Planning Commission, North Olympic Library System board, and Holy Trinity Lutheran Church.

Indomitable in confronting his Parkinson's diagnosis, Jerry educated many people about the condition while refusing to let it diminish the joy he found in life. Since high school he had been in love with sailing, and he continued that pursuit as a member of the Port Angeles Yacht Club and avid supporter of the "Reach for Hospice" sailing fundraiser benefitting Volunteer Hospice of Clallam County.

In addition to running their auto parts store, Jerry and Kris launched a fabric shop, Quilted Strait. They sold the first in 2004 and six years later moved the second to Port Gamble on the Kitsap Peninsula. Jerry soon became a popular face among other business owners in his new community by photographing and writing about them for his blog, www.paperclipartblog.blogspot.com. He further exercised his photographic talents on the many exploratory day trips which he and his wife took around the Puget Sound.

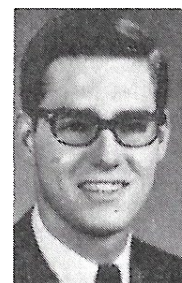
Jerry left behind a host of friends who remembered fondly his ability to strike up a conversation with anyone, his sense of humor and love of puns, his aversion to vegetables and his devotion to ice cream. He also left many Quilted Strait customers lastingly grateful for the surprise visits he paid them bearing freshly baked cookies, breads, and pies.

In Memoriam

Doran Kenneth Dill, M.Div.

(d. 1989)

A classmate at Carleton, where Ken had transferred in his sophomore year, remembered him as having a close circle of friends, earning solid grades, and editing a student scholarly magazine in his senior year. In the outline to a long, unfinished, autobiographical poem: *Tarantella with Music and Song*, he explored coming to terms with his sexual identity, giving him "a strong sense of personal significance". At Yale he also studied film, after which he moved to Los Angeles, worked in an art gallery, and hoped to become a private art dealer. AIDS intervened. As he told friends: "completely identifying" with others suffering from AIDS, as he was, allowed him to "see the divine presence in everyone." He succumbed to the disease in 1989.

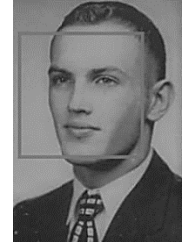


In Memoriam

David Harlan Fitzsimmons, S.T.M.

(1936 – 2006)

Born in Boone, IA, David earned a bachelor's degree in English from the University of Iowa in 1959. He attended Union Seminary in New York in 1962, and then earned two masters' degrees: one from YDS in 1971, and one in Marriage and Family Therapy from Drexel University in 1991. David served for 26 years, 1963 to 1989, as a US Navy chaplain, in Japan, Vietnam, Italy, and seven states. He then worked as a family therapist for the Delaware State Prison and with Open Doors. In retirement he and his wife, Jo, built a house on family land in Iowa, homesteaded in 1860 by his maternal great-grandfather.

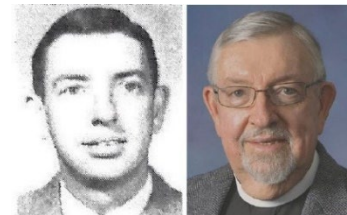


In Memoriam

Daniel Lee Garrett, M.Div.

(1941 – 2021)

Born in Zanesville, OH, Dan graduated from the University of Virginia in 1962. He then served in the US Navy for four years, including as the Executive Officer of the USS Coconino County (LST-603), stationed in Vietnam. Following his service in the Navy, he attended YDS and earned a M.Div. He then served as a United Methodist minister and seminary professor in Virginia for the next 40 years. His appointments included Requester Chapel in Stafford, Fincastle, Strasburg, Duncan Memorial in Berryville, and Central United Methodist Church in Staunton, VA. He taught Methodist Studies at three seminaries: Eastern Mennonite Seminary (Harrisonburg), Union Presbyterian Seminary, and Virginia Union School of Theology (both in Richmond). In retirement, he and his wife Susan served interim pastoral appointments at First United Methodist and Braddock Street United Methodist Churches in Winchester. During this time, he joined the Arts Chorale of Winchester and the Piedmont Singers, and wrote five books on United Methodist ministry, practical theology, and history.



In Memoriam

Richard Hector Guerrette, S.T.M.

(1930 – 2021)

Born in Bristol, CT, Richard attended seminary in Baltimore MD and was ordained a Roman Catholic priest in 1959. He attended and received master's degrees from both Notre Dame University and YDS. He went on to receive a Doctorate at the University of Connecticut. After moving to Newport City, VT, he was engaged in counseling and as an artist established an art gallery in the Hood Building in that city. During



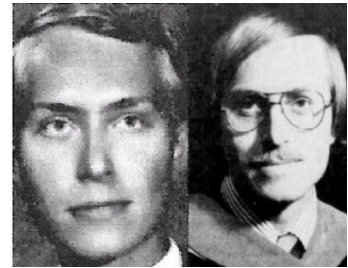
this time, he was responsible for the care of his parents in their elder years through the end of life. The author of four books, he identified himself as a scholar who lived a monastic life.

In Memoriam

Robert E. Hamilton, M.Div.

(1945 – 1989)

Bob graduated from DePauw University and YDS and then did further graduate work at the University of Kansas. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Kappa Phi. He served as pastor at the North Park Presbyterian Church in Dallas, TX, for four years, and was the pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church in Westwood for three years. His mother remarked that he loved to travel, once having visited a Presbyterian doctor in Africa and another time to study at Oxford. He spent time in Germany, preaching in German and escorting visitors who wanted to peer behind the Berlin Wall.

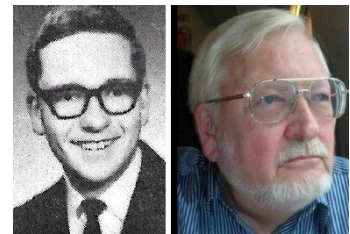


In Memoriam

John L. Harris

(1945 – 2016)

John is remembered as an impish punster, lover of good wines, and a great story teller. Born in Oberlin, OH, he graduated from DePauw University and Yale Divinity School. He managed Wine & Whiskey, a local Cheshire CT business, for 15 years. After various career moves with various specialty wine and spirits companies, he returned to Cheshire to work for Cheshire Package Store. When health allowed he loved hiking, naming bird songs, identifying fauna at a glance, and pointing out constellations of stars. He was proud of an ancestor, Charles Stacey, who won the Medal of Honor at the Battle of Gettysburg. He became a scholar of the Civil War and the stories of Native Americans and indigenous peoples of all nations. With his Divinity School background he delighted family and friends by discussing biblical passages with special insights.

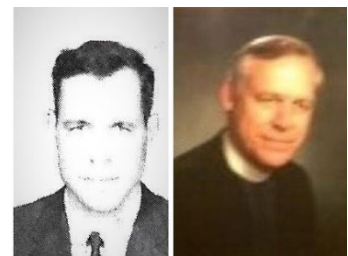


In Memoriam

Arthur John Henne, S.T.M.

(1931 – 2020)

Arthur was born in Port Chester, NY, and attended Muhlenberg College, PA, where he received a BA in English. Following college, he attended the Lutheran Seminary in Philadelphia. Always an adventurer, he joined the Lutheran Board of World Missions, and was assigned parishes in the US Virgin Islands, British Guyana, and Trinidad and Tobago. Upon returning to the US, he attended YDS and obtained a Master of Theology degree. He then served various Lutheran parishes in New York State: St. Paul's



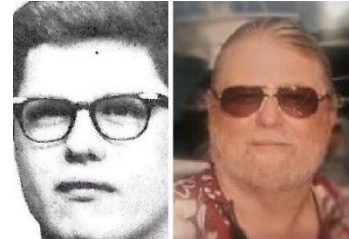
(Berne), First Lutheran (Jamestown), Atonement (Oneonta), and Evangelical (Cooperstown), before retiring to Virginia where he served as an interim pastor to churches in the Lexington and Staunton area. Arthur had a passion and gift for playing piano, although he never had a lesson. He loved listening to and playing jazz and swing from the 40s and 50s. Having played baseball in college, he was a pitcher on 50-year-plus teams, and enjoyed skiing.

In Memoriam

James A. Kenneson, M.Div.

(1945 – 2013)

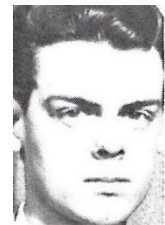
Jim was born in Shelbyville, IN, and graduated from Wabash College in 1968. After receiving his M.Div. from YDS, he worked as an independent fisherman in Alaska. He later taught English as a second language in Egypt and China before moving to Los Vegas, NM, where he taught creative writing at the United World College. He graduated from New Mexico Highlands University/ Luna Community College as an RN in 1988. After retiring from the New Mexico Behavioral Health Institute in 2006, he enjoyed reading, writing, traveling, and spending quality time with his wife, Elaine, when she retired.



In Memoriam

George Bradford Kress, III, M.Div.

(1946 – 2008)



In Memoriam

Edward Leong, M.Div.

(d. 2016)

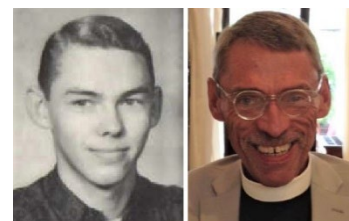


In Memoriam

Laurence LeSeure, B.D., '72 M.A., '74 M.Phil.

(1946 - 2018)

Laurence (“Larry”) Le Seure, passed away March 2, 2018 in the Bronx at the age of 71. He was born on September 8, 1946 in Peoria, Illinois, and was a 1964 graduate of Centralia Township High School; a 1968 graduate of Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana; and a 1971 graduate of YDS, being ordained into



the Episcopal priesthood that year at New Haven's Christ Church. He also earned advanced degrees in history and philosophy from Yale in the years following his ordination.

During his ministry, he served parishes in the Diocese of Connecticut, the Diocese of New York, and the Diocese of Springfield (Illinois). He pastored the parishioners of St. Stephen's Woodlawn in Bronx, New York, as Vicar from 2001 until his retirement. Larry's ministry also included two stints as Interim Rector of Church of the Transfiguration in New York City (1976-1977 and 1999-2000) and as a Celebrant at Trinity Church Wall Street during a period of employment at the *Journal of Commerce*. An accomplished organist, it was not unusual for Larry to serve as Celebrant, present the homily, and play a hymn. He was survived by a brother, nephew and niece.

In Memoriam

Elliott James Mason, Jr., M.Div.

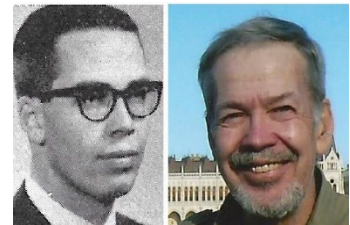
(d. 2020)

One of four children of the noted Black pastor, Elliott James Mason Sr., who was the founder of World Renewal Ministries in Los Angeles, Elliott earned his M.Div. from Yale Divinity School. He went on to earn an M.A. from Stanford University and then a Ph.D. from the California School of Professional Psychology. His highly regarded dissertation focused on the role of teacher attitudes related to the development of positive ethnic identity in Black inner-city youth. He was a professor of counseling at Los Angeles Harbor College at the time of his death.

In Memoriam

John McBeth, M.Div.

(1938 – 2014)



John McBeth died of Alzheimer's disease on November 20, 2014, at the age of 76, in Sun Prairie, Wisconsin. He was born in Des Moines and was raised there for all but six years when his father moved the family to New Mexico. In 1960, John joined the U.S. Air Force and was sent to Yale language school to learn Mandarin Chinese. Stationed in Taiwan, he monitored and translated communications from the Chinese mainland and remained fluent in Mandarin throughout his life. Following military service, he graduated from Simpson College in Indianola, Iowa, and then enrolled at YDS, where he received his Master of Divinity. While at YDS, he served as a student pastor in Branford, Connecticut, and in 1972 was ordained in the Wisconsin Conference of the United Methodist Church. Following ordination, John served United Methodist congregations in Sheboygan Falls, Onalaska Waukesha, New Berlin, Spooner, Lake View, Fort Atkinson, and Brown Deer.

Upon retiring in 2003, he moved to Salt Lake City to be near his son Christopher, but returned to Wisconsin after several years to be with his beloved partner, Jane Daniels. Together, John and Jane traveled to Italy, Hungary, Slovakia, Austria, Czech Republic, Russia, Ireland, Scotland,

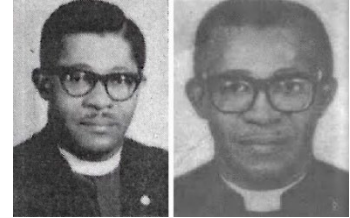
England, Costa Rica, Colombia, and the Panama Canal. John was active in Rotary, served as president of clubs in Brown Deer and Salt Lake City, and was a Paul Harris Fellow. He enjoyed bowling, but most of all, he loved riding his BMW motorcycle around the U.S. and in Canada, and was fondly remembered as the motorcycle-riding pastor in an era when not many pastors did that.

In addition to Jane and Christopher, he was survived by his daughter, Melissa (Mike Sheridan) and granddaughter Madelyn.

In Memoriam

Azariah McKenzie, S.T.M.

(d. 2007)



In Memoriam

Margaret O’Gara, M.A.R.

(1947 – 2012)



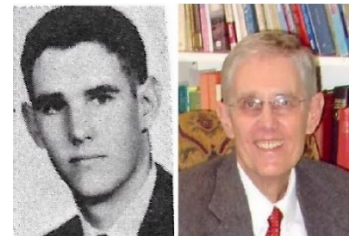
Margaret was born in Chicago to parents associated with The Catholic Worker movement; her father later was editor of Commonweal magazine, a noted lay Catholic journal of opinion.

Social justice, church reform, and interreligious dialogue were central parts of her life and education. She graduated from Trinity College (Washington.DC) and completed a M.A.R. at YDS, before doing a doctorate at the University of St. Michael's College, Toronto, where she taught for 36 years. She held top posts in various Catholic ecumenical societies, and most importantly on five official dialogues between the Roman Catholic Church and: the Anglican Church of Canada, the Disciples of Christ, Lutherans, and Evangelicals. She was an early member of Bridgefolk, an organization for dialogue between Roman Catholics and Mennonites.

In Memoriam

Kenneth Davis Powell, M.Div.

(1945 – 2007)



Ken once noted: "I have poured out a great deal of myself in my ministry, and have received an overabundance in return." Long-term minister at Pilgrim Church (UCC) in Sherborn, MA, he died at age 62 after a long battle with pancreatic cancer. Born in Williamsport, PA, he was educated at the University of Maryland (B.A.) and graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1967. He went on to YDS for a M.Div. degree. He was ordained by the Central Atlantic Conference of the United Church of Christ in 1971, and served as Associate Minister at Central Congregational Church in Providence, RI, and at Grace United Church of Christ in Frederick, MD. Ken earned a Doctor of Ministry degree, from Eastern

Baptist Seminary in Philadelphia in 1986, specializing in ministry in marriage and family. He worked with young people, and began a special alliance with Bethel AME Church in Jamaica Plains. He leaves a book of sermons: *A Touching Place: Palpable Good News*. People remember his humor. “Ministry,” he said, “consisted of hatching (baptism), matching (marriages), dispatching (funerals), patching (counseling), latching (conformation), catching (welcoming new members), and scratching the surface (Bible Study).”

In Memoriam

Armstead Robinson

(1947 – 1995)

Born in New Orleans, the son of a Lutheran clergyman, Armstead Robinson attended segregated public schools and graduated with honors from Hamilton High School in Memphis in 1964. He enrolled as an undergraduate at Yale, from which he received his B.A. in 1969. While at Yale, he helped design the Black Studies program.



Earning a Ph.D. from the University of Rochester in 1977, Robinson devoted his professional career to fostering what his wife, law professor Mildred Robinson, called his “holistic view of what written history should reflect,” focusing on the Civil War period. His final work, *Bitter Fruits of Bondage: The Demise of Slavery and the Collapse of the Confederacy, 1861-1865*, was published posthumously in 2004. While carrying on his scholarly research, he was also instrumental in developing and directing the Carter G. Woodson Institute for Afro-American and African Studies at the University of Virginia.

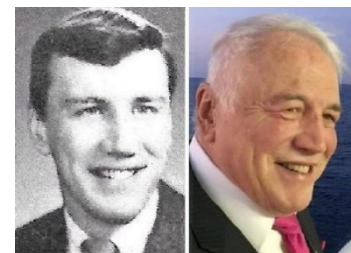
Robinson’s friend and colleague, Howard University history professor Joseph P. Reidy, described Robinson’s intellectual ideas as ones heavily influenced by freedom, struggle, and the climate of the Vietnam War era that suffused so much of his early academic career. “He was very much interested in ideology and political ideology and how ideas could be used to change the world,” he said. “And he became fascinated with the study of history as a way of trying to understand that process.... He wanted to understand how ordinary people, who otherwise might have been oblivious to the world around them...how their actions really mattered historically.”

In Memoriam

Gregory John Shaffer

(1947 – 2021)

Greg graduated from Amherst, and then earned an M.A.R. from YDS. He went on to receive an advanced divinity degree at Mansfield College, Oxford, before attending the London Business School. A resident of Oxford (UK) for 32 years, he served as a management consultant for Jaguar and British Heinz, as well as an educator on management strategies for many other industries. A

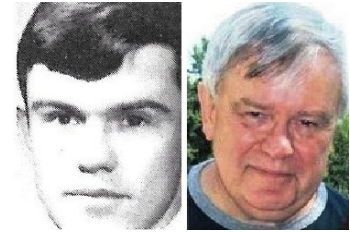


friend noted that he mixed a profound peace-affirming sense of the spiritual with down-to-earth business savvy, delivered in an endearing British accent. Greg died of complications from a postsurgical MRSA infection.

In Memoriam

George Robert Stone, M.Div., '75 S.T.M.

(1947 – 2020)

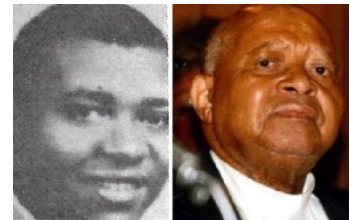


Bob earned a BA in economics at Oberlin College, and then a M.Div. and S.T.M. from YDS. He went on to earn a Master of Social Work degree at Smith College. He dedicated his career in psychiatric social work for clients in both private and clinical practice, retiring after a long career at Branford Counseling Center. Bob also spent years as an adjunct professor at Southern Connecticut State University and the University of Connecticut. He loved gourmet food, good conversation, travel, other cultures, and was a longtime student of Asian religions. He was also a diehard fan of the UConn women's basketball team, along with the NY Yankees. In his memory friends quoted his favorite line from T. S. Eliot: "So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing."

In Memoriam

Donald Alexander Thomas, M.Div.

(1938 – 2018)

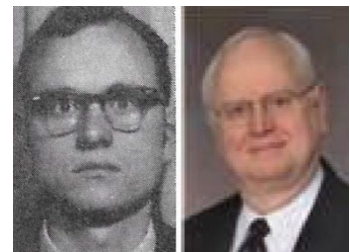


Donald graduated from Wilberforce University in Xenia, OH, and then received his M.Div. from YDS. Donald had earlier joined the US Army and served from 1961 to 1963. He was an Associate Minister at Bethel AME Church, a Life Member of the NAACP, the Black Men of Greater Springfield, Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity, Harmony Lodge #140 I.B.P.O.E.W., John E. Crocker P.E.R. Council, Summer Lodge #5 F.E.A.M., Springfield Consistory 32nd Degree Mason. He had pastoral positions at Pennsylvania Waynesboro Chamber, The Bermuda at St. Philip, Harrisburg, PA, Bright Temple, Warwick, MA.

In Memoriam

Joseph Eugene Thomas, M.Div.

(1945 – 2011)

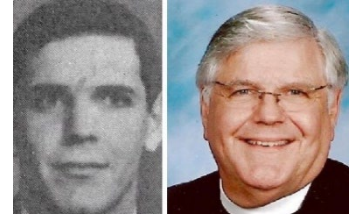


Born in Birmingham, AL, he graduated from Maryville College in Tennessee, and then earned a M.Div. from YDS in 1971. He pastored for more than 30 years in a number of churches throughout New England., retiring from a church in Mont Vernon, NH. He loved the mountains, the ocean, and traveling in Europe. Music was a family tradition which he carried on as a longtime member of the choir of Grace Episcopal Church in Manchester, NH, and for many years as a soloist with the Messiah Sing! of Mont Vernon, NH.

In Memoriam

William Gerald Weeks, M.Div.

(1945 – 2015)



Born in Knoxville, TN, Jerry received his BA from Maryville College, a M.Div. from YDS, and a Master of Theology from Princeton University. He was ordained as a Lutheran pastor in 1971 at Messiah Lutheran Church in Knoxville. He served churches in Tennessee, Alabama, North Carolina, Kansas, and Virginia. At the time of death, he was serving the congregation at Gloria Dei Lutheran Church in Knoxville. He was survived by his wife of almost 48 years, Marian, his daughters, granddaughters, and his beloved dog, Prince.

In Memoriam

Glenn V. Woike, M.Div.

(1945 – 2012)



Born and raised in Blue Island, IL, Glen earned his bachelors degree in philosophy from DePauw University and a M.Div. from YDS. He spent two years doing mission work in Kenya between 1968 and 1970, and served from 1971 to 1978 as an ordained United Methodist minister. After earning a masters degree in library science at the University at Buffalo, NY, he began his library career in 1979 as acquisitions librarian at Niagara University. He joined the staff at Daemen College in 1982 and rose to be head librarian by the time he retired in 2009. This followed the opening of the Research & Information Commons (RIC), in whose design and development he played a central role. Glenn envisioned a green technology, for RIC that earned it a coveted GOLD LEED Certification from the US Green Building Council. At DePauw he graduated Phi Beta Kappa, and at Yale was awarded the Mary Cady Tew prize for exceptional ability in philosophy, literature, ethics, or history. At UB, he was a member of Beta Phi Mu, the library and information studies honor society. He was active in the Church of the Nativity UCC in the Town of Tonawanda, as a chorale member for more than 25 years.

A Prayer of Thanksgiving

Gracious and compassionate God, giver of wisdom, advocate of justice, source of love:

We offer our thanks for Yale Divinity School and the professors who taught us, for the ways it expanded our knowledge of you and of ourselves and set before us a vision of your extravagant hospitality and loving purposes – a vision which has grown throughout our lives.

We offer our thanks for friendships developed here, for rich conversations, for times of recreation and joy, and for all the ways this community of faith has continued to nurture our souls and given us courage to act faithfully.

We offer our thanks for your work in our lives, both in those whose earthly journey is now completed and in those for whom the journey continues.

To you, Triune God – Father, Son, and Holy Spirit – we offer our thanks for the blessings of life.

Amen.

~ Richard W. Reifsnyder