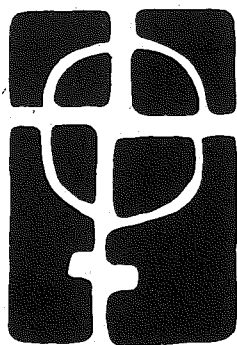


# Women's Theological Center



## *Quarterly Newsletter*

**MARCH, 1994**  
Volume 12, No. 1

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Individuals - \$10.00  
Libraries - \$35.00



## **Sing a Song of Justice**

by Dolores Pickett

Sing a song of justice, sing it by the hours  
Sing a song of justice, but don't sing it to the  
powers, that control our lives

Sing a song of justice on the streets and on  
the byways  
But, don't sing it to a system that ignores our  
cries with lies

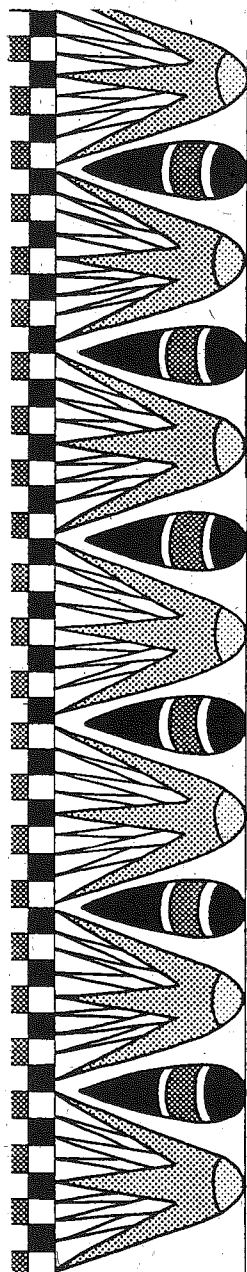
Sing a song of justice, sing it with your peers  
Organize the struggle and begin to count the  
years

While our justice song falls on deaf ears.

Can't they hear our people crying, that  
oppression now must end  
Can't they see our people trying social justice  
to amend: with peace

There can't be any justice when they  
transfer all the places  
Where we could make a living to foreign  
country spaces  
There can't be any justice, when they deny  
the education  
Of people needing wisdom for self  
mobilization  
There can't be any justice, when  
they inflict all the isms

*(continued on next page)*



And hire themselves to build for us a brand  
new set of prisons

To sing a song of justice the verses must  
speak of freedom from repression  
To sing a song of justice the music must  
be free from oppression

I would sing a song of justice, but it  
just does not exist  
For me and others like me even though  
we dare to risk  
Our lives, our comfort, subsistence and  
future plans  
To hold up the light for justice, by our  
work and our demands, so

We must write the song of justice, and  
then sing it everyday  
We must build a self help movement, in  
spite of all they do and say  
We must build it in their way  
We must flood the world with knowledge of  
our struggles and our plight  
We must send our foes a message that  
we'll not give up the fight  
For our justice and our freedom cause  
we know that we are right  
We will sing our song for justice, we  
will never let it be  
Til this justice is established and all of us are free

*Dolores Pickett, activist and writer, is a member of the  
Dorchester Women's Committee.*

## Challenging Notions of Justice and Faith

by Kathy Dwyer, Study/Action Alum '86'

When I was first asked to write a response to the phrase "faith seeking justice/justice seeking faith", I thought it would be rather easy. I love brief, to-the-point phrases that say much. They offer personal and collective stimulation and challenge to explore and expand on a particular message and that message's implications. However, when I tried to write my response, I found that what I thought would take me a few hours to write was just the beginning of my entering a struggle that would ultimately take a few weeks. There were times when I wanted to call Meck at the WTC office and tell her the different reasons I was not going to complete my response, not the least of which was that I had grown to both fear and hate the phrase.

What follows is some of my process and accompanying thoughts as I dissected this phrase and moved from being impressed by its simplicity and my initial understanding of and feelings about it, to becoming confused, angry and fearful of it and finally to finding some balanced place of both respect and caution. It is important to note that some of my insights came later in my process and that my own personal experiences with faith and justice are rooted in my comments.

Initially "faith seeking justice/justice

seeking faith" felt very powerful to me. My initial feelings are best described as warm and mushy. The mushy feeling I later learned was actually one of seduction, as in both being seduced and being seducing. "Faith seeking justice/justice seeking faith" has a good ring to it. Those few words conjure up a romanticized image of people of faith seeking justice for people suffering injustice. It is who I want and try to be and what I want and try to do. It is what

### Faith and justice seeking must be an ongoing, interactive and evolving process...

I want to be remembered for long after my spirit escapes my body and goes wherever it will go. There is a righteousness to it that seems to bestow blessings on those of us who claim to be faith- and justice- seekers.

However, while all of this certainly sounds wonderful, I have learned that the desire of people does not necessarily match their deeds. It has only been in the

last twelve years that I have actually met some people who recognize the personal and collective work justice-seeking really is. They do this work not with perfection, but rather with acknowledgement of their own imperfections and a passion and commitment to learn and change from them. Most of my personal experiences earlier with people who defined themselves as people "of faith" were very different from those I know now and for the most part these experiences were negative. Therefore, although the saying was and is attractive to me, I also approach it cautiously and with concern.

One of my concerns is that there is a clear implication of righteous power in this phrase which is somewhat toned down by the illusion that faith and justice can operate on their own, without attachment to an individual or group. That somehow faith and justice are pure, clearly defined and universally subscribed to by people of faith. Obviously, this is not true. My faith most probably is very different from yours and what I consider just at various levels and times may differ from your considerations. Granted, we may agree in broad terms regarding faith and justice issues, but it is the "in between" places that are of concern to me and who

it is that has the power to define faith and justice and then use them according to their interpretation.

For example, we may agree that racism is wrong, but what I perceive as racist may not be perceived by you in the same way. Even in the event we both agree on a particular situation, the way we would deal with it may be so different that one of us may feel justice was not sufficiently or effectively served. Faith and justice seeking must be an ongoing, interactive and evolving process that involves renewal and expansion as well as birth and death.

Another concern raised by this phrase is that, however subtly, it has a way of denying that people of faith who seek justice can be both victims and perpetrators of injustice. While many of us who seek justice have been and continue to be victims of various forms of oppression, this does not somehow make us unable to perpetuate it. Having grown up in a white, working class, Irish Catholic family and being a survivor of incest and other forms of sexual, emotional, spiritual and physical assault, I was exposed to "people of faith" who were in fact destructive weapons of injustice and abuse. At the same time, I realize that those same people were looked upon by the community at large as "good". This view not only allowed but nurtured the denial that "people of faith" can also be perpetrators of injustice.

As a child, I was truly a victim. I had no choice but to remain silent, suffer victimization and somehow survive. However, in time, I grew up to become an adult with a history of abuse, betrayal and oppression repressed beneath a history that included an illusion of faith and justice. An adult whose way of surviving was to deny my history of oppression, which in turn helped me deny the oppression of others and my role in that. Today I am proud of how I survived, but I also recognize that some of the cost of my surviving was to both myself and others. While I will always celebrate my survival skills, no longer are they in charge of my life. I have come to realize that I am both victim and perpetrator, though not necessarily of the same injustices. I am also a person of faith seeking justice and a person

committed to justice that seeks and yearns for a faith that can support and nurture me rather than cover up what I am responsible for. If I am to stop perpetuating injustice, I must stay in reality and out of denial. As rare as this may be, I seek and need a faith that challenges me to do that and then



provides support to me in that process. The very same people who abused me were considered people of faith...the very same people who betrayed me acted honorably with others...the very same people who oppressed me helped to free others...the very same people who treated me unjustly fought for justice for others. Through all of these behaviors they found ways to receive support rather than challenge for their faith. Such a "faith" is not for me nor is the "justice" it produces.

Many people, especially those of us who were raised in "God-fearing homes" risk falling into a trap says that if we become "people of faith", we will be "good" people, regardless of our behaviors. Why wouldn't we? We have witnessed faith denying, supporting and/or excusing inappropriate and unjust behavior. Too many times throughout history this pattern of oppressed people rising up and becoming oppressors has been demonstrated on both an individual and a collective level. In my case, rather than rising up, I simply grew up which brought me power I did not know I have

but nonetheless used. Through my own on-going healing and faith and justice seeking process, I have come to recognize that unclaimed power is abuse of power. Whether I abuse my power consciously or sub-consciously, I am still responsible for my behavior. Both individually and collectively, we must be intensely committed to stopping this pattern of repeated oppression through the generations. In her works, especially her essay "The Master's Tools Will Never Dismantle the Master's House", Audre Lorde demonstrates this far better than I can. It was her work, along with that of others who dared to break silences and challenged both personal and systemic structures to change, that helped me recognize my own role in supporting oppression. For years I did not know that I too was a perpetrator of oppression and that I benefit from the systems currently in place. Too often, too many of us believe that because we try to be "good" and because we really "didn't know", we should be exonerated for our behavior. This cannot work if we are truly seeking an inclusive faith and justice. We must be willing to hold ourselves accountable for our actions, deal with consequences and commit to ensuring that we will change those behaviors that promote injustice.

Another concern this phrase raised for me regards the definitions of *faith* and *justice*. At times, while writing this article, I felt bombarded by questions, thoughts and feelings that raced through my mind and filled my body with tension. I asked myself what does the word *faith*

Memorial/Recognition  
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from the estate of  
Judith Mintier

for the continuation  
of anti-racism work  
and the building of  
authentic  
women's community.



mean? What does the word *justice* mean? Who gave them their meanings? Why, I wondered, was I struggling so much with this phrase? Why did it bother and scare me even as I loved and celebrated it? Finally, I realized that, in addition to all my other concerns, this phrase also has the potential to create a triangle whereby one group of people fights against another group of people on behalf of yet a third group of people. I quickly translated this into the "us against them for them" mentality. The "themes" of course, were easily classified as ...the "right" group (as in "good"), the "wrong" group (as in bad) and the "victim group (as in powerless). This reminded me of the time I had seen a group of people wearing a button that said "God is on our side". I remembered feeling horrified by the implication of that message and wishing, at the very least, that the word *too* were added to the end of the message. The more I thought about this, the more concerned I became. Ultimately, I began to worry and question if in fact we didn't require injustice in order to have faith not unlike this society requires people to be "less than" in order for other people to feel "better than." If we lived in a just world, I wondered would faith be wanted or needed? I am now exploring this question further as a result of writing this article. Simply speaking, faith means a belief or trust in someone or something and justice is that which is right, proper or correct. Whether or not we are born with faith or are given it through ritual and/or community, it appears to be something that can be lost. This then means that in order to have faith we have to be willing to take it when it is given, returned or found...that we are not passive in our relationship with it but must be active participants with it. However, sometimes parts of the faith we are given as children is dishonest, contradictory, oppressive and exclusive. As we grow, for various reasons, we may develop new faith and abandon that which does not fit for our reality or we may find ourselves discarding it completely. Whatever individual experiences may be, faith and justice are woven together, creating a steel-like fabric that people of faith seem to put on

daily, regardless of how it fits. Often it is hard to recognize that our faith may be in need of repair or alterations. Many seem to forget that it isn't theirs but rather was given to them by another, and it really may not fit as well as it could and should.

As a WTC study-action participant I learned to ask different questions about faith and justice such as whose belief is it? Where did I get it from? Is it how I really believe? Who benefits from this belief? Who suffers from it? Do I want to claim it now as my own?

Clearly, faith is a powerful thing. But it is people of faith who define what it is and then, how it is used to either demand justice of perpetuate injustice. I am a woman of faith and a seeker of justice...my justice seeks a faith that not only can hold and embrace it, but lift it up and praise it. Mine is a faith of inclusivity for all that is life and a justice that is supported by a faith willing to hold accountable any who would use and manipulate it to abuse, betray or oppress others. It is a faith that encourages me to be a truth teller and at the same time cautions me against using my truth to silence the truth of others. It supports and challenges me to name and change those things about me that are oppressive to others. "Faith seeking justice...justice seeking faith" is a powerful phrase. However, as with all power or powerful things, we must treat it with respect, caution and recognition of its ability to celebrate our work or to seduce us into thinking our work is done and that it is only "them" who have work left to do. Faith must not be manipulated to support justice-seeking nor should justice-seeking be manipulated to support faith. All that is life deserves justice and perhaps together, we can seek a faith that supports this vision. If this ever happens, we will have the possibility to experience faith just because we believe in it. I believe that this would make the "Forces" of my understanding proud of us all! #



## UPDATES

### Around the Office

Though we are in a transition year of continued reflection on where we've been and where we're going as an organization, many activities continue without interruption: retreats, support groups, discussion groups, book signings, fundraising, routine office work, etc.

The staff has been fortunate in having the office assistance of Teresa Hornsby and Emily Neill, both workstudy students enrolled at Harvard Divinity School. We are especially grateful for the great combination of skills, patience, and cheerfulness they gift us with.

Terri Henderson, another Harvard Divinity School student, is doing an internship with us. Working with Donna Bivens and Renae Scott, Terri is doing outreach, networking and program assistance for *Loves Herself. Regardless.*

### Fundraising

The WTC gratefully acknowledges that we have received or will be receiving grants from the **Carpenter Foundation**, **Church Women United**, and the **Programme to Combat Racism** (World Council of Churches).

As you will note from enclosures with recent mailings, we have renewed our long-term quilt fundraising project. We hope that you will have occasion both to honor women in your life through this project and to see the actual quilt in our space which the quilt contributions helps us maintain.

If you have not already sent in your 1993 annual fund contribution, please do so. The 1994 Annual Fund Drive will begin very soon. The WTC counts on your support.

### Strategic Planning

Having gone through a self-study process, staff and board are now immersed in a strategic planning process in which we are naming our statement of vision, setting long-range and shorter-range program and organizational objectives, and mapping out a way to meet these objectives. Send out energy and prayers on our behalf. #

## Reflections on Moving into Another Year

by Bonnie Neumeier, Study/Action Alum '87

1 January, 1994  
As I gaze ahead through the months of 1994 I can't see too far ahead. I'm a little on edge, uneasy about bidding my farewell to 1993. It's a time when most folks set goals, make resolutions, those quiet promises to our inner-selves to be different in this new year, make big changes in this new time. I have found myself resisting just thinking about it, and I have to wonder what that's all about. I don't want to repeat 1993 or find myself in the same situation next year at this time. BUT what will I do differently to make my life feel healthier, fuller, more alive, more connected, more passionate, more trusting, more loving? Do I live my life as if each day is precious, that it could be my last--or do I feel I can deal with "whatever" down the road a piece? Do I wait too much for signs, for warnings, for some other authority to tell me what to do, or give me permission to do?

Then there's this other deep part of me that believes I'm right where I'm supposed to be--what dumb fool would not move on if she clearly knew where to go, what to do, or how to do it differently?

Part of my important work is accepting who I am, now, at age 44, single, childless, a sojourner for truth. This is my life: an earnest woman revolutionary yearning to grow and learn how to create justice in my life and in union with my sister and brother creators here in Over-the-Rhine (a Cincinnati neighborhood) and farther. I intuitively know that life is a process and is there such a place, a time, when all is well? I have to figure out ways each day of my life to live creatively. I see myself as a witness to a world going mad, and how do I not be pulled down and under all the weight of pain that is bearing down on this earth...and still continue to believe I have power to make a difference. I intuitively know, feel, and believe that it is our ability to make connections that will in the long run be

our hope. OH! How often do we find ourselves disconnected, disconnecting with all who are around us--walling ourselves up in isolation because we are too shamed to voice our truths. BE REAL. I want to be real. And we become real when we know we are loved and can love. Am I on some soap box? I don't think so.

I'm so conscious of how short life is, and my life is smaller than a pinhead in the bigger scheme of things so I better get things in perspective, not overrate or underrate my existence here on earth. I know I have to believe I matter, and live that way. I'm feeling I need not make big plans, changes for myself--why set myself up for disappointment?

I told myself the other day, I need to write more, alone and with others. I come to know myself though writing, it's a way to let myself hear my own voice, it can be a way to reflect. But I need others around me to love me enough to be my reflective mirror, as I want to be their mirror. I've started many a notebook--my thoughts are documented somewhat intermittently and not in order. I still have a patriarchal voice creeping up and out of me. Root it out, dig it or, bury it.

I want to learn more songs this year. Experience vocal music more in my life, use it to help our spirits--this can only happen if I make the time for it. I want to at least begin to make a quilt...that's a homey activity, and I like homey activities. I want to lay on my couch at night more often, with candles burning, just relaxing with my own body. And figure out for myself my way of praying. I need to know my sense of "Spirit Sunshine" again. Let her into my life more often, count on her, ask her advice and help.

I haven't said much about my work--what's my work--my real work. I have to feel more comfortable with my "nonproductive" role. I am an Encourager; a facilitator of feelings; a steady, consistent voice of hope; a calming influence; a creator of spirit.



And I have to see that as valuable, and not get down on myself about "what have I organized or accomplished?"

I am committed to continue my self-education through reading. My friend in 1993 among others, has truly been the library. I want to listen to my body language more, that will help keep me saner. I am conscious I have weathered a lot of pain and loss these last few years...and I have learned from it. I have come to appreciate myself more because I have had more time with myself. I have learned but I need to develop empathy for myself, too. I will be much healthier, happier, and no doubt, others will be too if I'm kind to myself.

So, through this writing, I have let down my wall of fear, fear to face this new year of 1994. I have been able to reflect some, dream some, hope some. And I am not alone, and that made it much less scary.

So, I'll carry it on,  
Not just for me  
Not just for you  
but for all of us  
I'll carry it on,  
in hope  
in faith  
in love.

#

## WTC: On Working Together and Working Apart

by Donna Bivens, WTC Staff

We are close to the end of our long process of evaluation and planning. You, the readers of this newsletter, have been a central part of this process by responding to our survey requesting information and opinions, by your generous financial support as we have worked to re-create ourselves, and/or by your continued interest in and support of what we do. We have felt and been moved by your trust that we will come out of this long and vital process more deeply committed and effective.

There are many things that we have seen that we can and must claim. One of them is that though our constituency is very diverse, we are mainly a bi-racial organization. The power in the organization is shared in the staff, board and participants primarily by African American and white women. It is a great accomplishment to have created a place where African American and white women have tried over a decade to build an organization together during a period of increased racial and economic stratification.

At the same time, we have far to go and many barriers and boundaries to

address as we attempt to have more communities of women truly see this as their organization. It has taken this long for a substantial body of African American women to fully claim this as their organization despite African American leadership from the beginning. The process of genuinely broadening to more communities will be at least that time-consuming and complex. But we are in this for the long haul.

One issue that came up frequently in the surveys was the fact that many of our programs are for "separate" groups eg. the programs that are just for African American women or anti-racist white women. Some are upset by this, some are confused about what it means for their participation, some are thrilled. Not surprisingly, more white women than women of color saw it as a rift or problem--it is similar to the way many men are threatened by consciously created women's space, especially where there is an analysis of the need for separation that is political or structural.

I do not want to defend or justify our use of separate space or to suggest that it is the only way to do things. What

I do want to do is give my understanding of how we came to this, why I think it works and where I think it will take us. What I see WTC creating is the separate space for our increased integrity and well-being that is a necessity for us to bring our best selves to our community and to the whole. We do not, however, promote or buy into a myth of our ultimate separation which is based in fear and is untrue.

When I came to the WTC eight years ago, I was deeply impressed. I saw an organization of primarily African American and white women with many shared values. They also had a deep respect for each other, a history of supporting each other and watching each other's backs, a commitment to struggle with each other past a point of discomfort or fear, a grounding in their different histories and people, a passion for justice.

What held this all together--the glue of it--was a God- or spirit-centered life. Sometimes that "glue" was not spoken of directly out of concern over the ways the shared Christian tradition participated in oppression or out of

The anti-racist white women's support group which started in September, 1992 is still going and growing. The group is open to white women who consciously and conscientiously work against racism as we see it within ourselves and our communities. We come with different understandings of what it means to be anti-racist and we are all at different points in that journey. We provide resources for each other, help each other unpack the racist lies we are asked daily to perpetuate and participate in, and we nurture each other's courage to dare to interrupt the devastation racism creates. As Donna says, we are "going to the root of our Way in order to claim and reclaim our energy, spirit and resources to be a better part of the whole," and having fun in the process.

At left: a few anti-racist white women on retreat in Duxbury, MA.



respect for those for whom that spirit-centeredness had been undermined by oppression, abuse or injustice. Still, it was at the center and served as a source of energy, protection, inspiration or hope. It served to remind everyone not to get lost in ego or despair.

Still, I was chosen as co-director at the end of a painful process of looking at WTC's racism that intensified when board member Joan Martin asked the organization-changing question: *what would this organization look like if it were designed for and by African American women?* What is most significant to me--not in terms of ideals but in terms of effect--was not the answer to that question. In fact, that question is not answered once and for all to this day and never will be completely! It also uncovered another question: *what would this organization look like if it were designed by white women conscious of their whiteness and living against racism for their own liberation?*

What is most significant to me is that the WTC tried to take these questions seriously and thereby could allow itself to come face to face with the reality of racism. For any white people and people of color together to ask these questions and to expect to attend to the answer is to truly defy systemic, institutional racism and the history of oppression in this country. It is to dare as Kathy Dwyer writes to connect on our differences as well as our similarities.

The root of U.S. racism is white people's refusal or inability to consider such questions in their first encounters with African or Native American peoples. Part of the reason it is so difficult to address the implications of these questions in any organization in the U.S. is that they were so completely dismissed by white colonizers in their first encounters with people of color.

I think the grappling with these questions led directly to the work with racially-defined groups. Until such questions are seriously asked it is hard for white women to see the extent to which the reality we live is biased towards them. It was obvious that even anti-racism training work was primarily focused on the healing, changed understanding and feelings of white people. There was a tiptoeing around naming the devastation of racism because of what I've begun to think of as a "don't blame the perpetrator/don't name the beneficiary" syndrome in which naming the reality of people of color is seen as violence to those who have white skin privilege.

What is taken as a given in space for people of color becomes a point of debate when white people enter that space. Too often the setup seems to leave people of color--or I will speak for myself as an African American--me stuck with victim status or trying to get white people to see something they simply can't see. It feels like a crazy place where

I am expected to act invisible because I am in relationship with someone who can't see in a social structure that makes that not seeing the norm.

In separate space, people of color and white people can claim our full selves because the fact of the matter is that white racism is not the center of anyone's universe but one of the many obstacles to our embracing the universe, God or the divine. I see the separate space needed to heal systemic oppression and the personal violations it visits on us as a place to mend our disconnection from ourselves, each other and our God which is our way to rejuvenate our integrity as peoples. I believe this is also possible when groups meet across difference to the extent that individuals are conscious of how the histories of their people intersect.

On the other hand, we do dreadful things to ourselves and each other when we believe the myth of separation. This is not what the WTC advocates in having self-defined communities meet in separate space. We create spaces where we can attempt to celebrate our strengths, name our fears, come to terms with our history, and heal the violation that created the need for separation. Furthermore, even in the seeming safety of shared reality, we see further separation that must be healed. I think this healing is more than mind over matter. It is going to the root of our

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ Please send me information on:

\_\_\_\_ Study/Action; \_\_\_\_ Summer Anti-Racism Training Program; \_\_\_\_ Other WTC programs

\_\_\_\_ I would like to buy (prices include postage):

\_\_\_\_ copies of the *Healing Ritual* at \$17 each. I do / do not want the copies matted (\$4 each). I'm enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_ copies of "Whose World? What Order? Conference Proceedings" at \$5 each. I've enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_ copies of *Sisters in the Wilderness* by Delores Williams at \$22.95. I've enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_ Please add the above and/or attached name(s) to your mailing list

\_\_\_\_ to receive updates on events and programs

\_\_\_\_ to receive newsletter (\$10 for individuals - more if you can, less if you can't.)

\_\_\_\_ My contribution of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ is enclosed. This represents

\_\_\_\_ a general donation; \_\_\_\_ fee for receiving the newsletter; \_\_\_\_ Annual Fund '93 contribution

\_\_\_\_ Please do not release my name and address to other groups.

Ways in order to claim and re-claim our energy, spirit and resources to be a better part of the whole.

There are many ways to know God or the divine and our historical clashes are significantly rooted in these differences in ultimate meaning. For example, whether outside or inside the Christian tradition that African American history in this country tried to limit us to, I experience a primary spiritual expression for people of African descent to be human relationship. It is wide and deep--extending notions of family and clan, before birth and beyond death. This is the primary way we measure our well-being. This aspect of our Way is evidenced by our still being a deeply loving people after having our most treasured relationships trampled and put in the service of other peoples relationships. By the same token, one of the best ways to diagnose our spiritual disease is by seeing to what extent our relationships with each other are broken or abused.

My experience of white people is that a primary expression of their spirituality as a people is through their sense of security. The benchmark of well-being is in handling matter, in utilizing "resources" be they human ones, other living ones or inanimate ones. The depth of it is expressed in an ability to produce tremendous levels of resources

and its height in spiritual terms is seen often in a selflessness and deep generosity about how these resources are distributed and held sacred. Yet, their spiritual disease can be diagnosed by seeing to what extent white people abuse these resources and thereby undermine their own and others' security and survival.

Judging by the state of our respective communities--and I would extend this out beyond those two "peoples" into so much of our world--we are not very centered in the best of our Ways or clear about how they can respectfully inform each other in the service and best interest of us all. This at a time when our global history has brought us to a place where we have no choice but to be influenced by each other and to deal with the interconnections between ourselves and our Gods.

This is the work we are connecting with when we come together in identity groups and in mixed groups where we are more conscious of our particularities. I do not think we will solve the problems of the world. I do think can we create something we do not have when oppression is overlooked: a greater authenticity and shared power. Really naming and addressing one difference across oppression alerts us to the complexity of other systemic oppression--class, sexuality, religion. It is

a way to learn to keep some sense of wholeness as we take things apart and dream of different ways of doing things that are grounded in our histories and cultures as peoples.

When you come to WTC's groups for specific peoples, I think you will find loving family you may or may not recognize at first who want to explore your reality with you as a way to understand and value their own. You will find people who will do their best to love you and challenge anything that deepens the myth of separation. And when you choose to come to mixed groups, we expect we can all be there more secure in and conscious of our individual and collective selves. Only then can we commit to the difficult process of learning to share power across profound difference in a way that affirms our multi-faceted existence and chooses life for us all. #

*A note to our readers:*

*Imani-Sheila Newsome specifically requests that no one copy the womanist liturgies we carried in the Dec/93 issue of the WTC newsletter.*



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