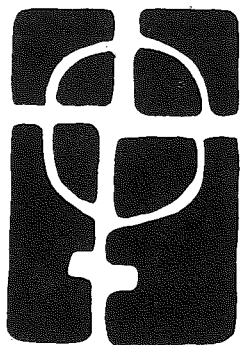


Women's Theological Center



Quarterly Newsletter

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In this issue:

**The Eyes of the World
Were Watching**
by Renae Scott

**Reflections on
Jewishness/Judaism
and Christianity**

by Esu Lackey
Elizabeth Bettenhausen
Beverly Johnson
Jane Spickett

**Authority and Power:
Clergywomen in the 90's**

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The Eyes of the World Were Watching

by Renae Scott



Judie Blair, Renae Scott and Curdina Hill: observers at South Africa's elections.

This past April, I was part of a three member team from Boston that observed the election in South Africa. My team was Curdina Hill, co-chair of the WTC board of directors, Judie Blair of the Fund for Free South African and myself. My response when Judie asked if I was interested in being an observer of the elections in South Africa was YES! YES! even though I did not have air fare.

I did not know how I would be able to do this trip, but I said to myself, "This is a moment in history, an experience that will never happen again. I have to go." As an African American woman, I wanted to be part of this moment, this history-making event, a free and democratic election for Black people in South Africa. Less than 20 years ago many African Americans did not vote in parts of the United States. On a very deep level, this election felt like the continuation of that struggle.

On many levels this was a spiritual journey. I could not have made this journey without the prayers, as well as the financial and emotional support, of friends and family. In the months leading up to the election, violence was being reported daily in South Africa. I felt in my heart and soul that I should still go and it would be okay.

April 16. We arrive in Johannesburg. We are here!!!! As we drive to our accommodations, we see political signs

everywhere. Every available space has some political campaign signage. We're counting to see how many parties are represented on what streets.

People are talking about the elections. Where will they be working election day? Excitement is in the air.

April 18-21. We are oriented and trained for our role as observers. The election will be observed by thousands of monitors. We are part of a US non-governmental observer team. Our role is to observe the rules and regulations of the Independent Election Commission, to troubleshoot, and to report patterns that are interfering with a free and fair election process. We meet other observers and our team's South African member.

Several candidates give presentations for their party and a brief overview of their respective platforms.

It's happening and I'm here to see the dismantling of apartheid. The observers are anti-apartheid activists, lawyers, ministers, students--an incredible mix of peoples. And we are here to be a part of the historic moment. We are here to be part of a new beginning, the new South Africa.

Another historic moment: the Inkata Freedom Party has joined the process.

April 23. We attend a political rally for the ANC/Nelson Mandela at a stadium near Soweto. This is one of the last political rallies before the election.

Eighty thousand people fill the stadium. Eighty thousand Black people celebrating, recognizing the leadership of the ANC. What a sight to behold. I think this is my emotional highpoint. I have never experienced this kind of solidarity, political clarity. I'm saddened. Will this moment come for African Americans in the US? This power, this sense of coming into one's own? Words cannot express the energy and excitement felt in that stadium. Tomorrow Nelson Mandela, along with millions of people, will cast their votes for the first time in their lives.

April 25. Special Election Day. Disabled people, pregnant women, the elderly, and South African police are allowed to vote today. We observe in a mixed community. There are not long lines today. Election officials are trying to work out the kinks, the process of special election day is orderly and steady with voters.

As with the regular election, most of the voting takes place in silence. It's like being in church. People have such dignity and pride about this process, this voting, this making their mark for

the candidate of their choice.

There is a paper ballot listing over twenty political parties. Voters have four ways of identifying the candidate or party of their choice: the name, initials of the party, a logo or symbol, and a picture of the candidate. There is a national and a regional ballot. People vote twice in the polling station.

Each voter is checked for the proper identification papers or a temporary voting card. Their hands are checked under ultraviolet light to see if they have already voted. Their hands are then sprayed with invisible ink and their identity papers stamped. They are then issued a ballot. I was not prepared for the range of emotions that came over me as I watch some of the first ballots being cast. I silently cry.

In the lines it feels like people are talking to each other for the first time. White people, Black people who have been divided and separated are crossing the lines for this event. Maids and madams, the police and civilians in the same room. All here to do the same thing.

April 26. The election voting begins we

are at our polling place by 7:00. Polls were to open at 6:00. Our first two observation points are not open. The lines have thousands of people in them already. There are problems with polling places having the supplies they need, setting up. So we offer our assistance as observers. One thing that we can do is to let the people in the lines know what's going on. Communication with people in lines is a major problem. The heat, no water. Once things are set up, the line moves smoothly. We watch hundreds cast their ballots for the first time in their lives. The dignity. The pride. The determination on people's faces. They wait for hours. Polling places as quiet as church. The election officials use hand signals to move people around. Again, I am overcome by what I see.

We observed very few irregularities. What we had come to see and do happened. Sharing these reflections here brings back all my feelings of humility, gratitude, sadness, happiness, and excitement. #

are forced into a language shaped by someone else's experience. In the case of English, that someone else was often colonialist Great Britain or the neo-colonialist USA.

The women came from Roman Catholic, Orthodox, Anglican, and Protestant churches. But women's own spiritual integrity took priority over denominational identity. No woman reported satisfaction with the way her church was responding to the feminist critique of patriarchal Christianity. The daily celebrations created by the women at the conference were solid food for women hungry for nourishing ritual. The talk around the tables at meal-time was a steady diet giving energy for the cooperative work across deep difference on which our thriving as women depends. The cultural presentations at the party the last evening were glorious dessert. The presentations at the conference, to be published by the World Council of Churches at the end of the year, are hearty food "put up" in the pantry for our futures. And the gift of friendships formed is a continuing feast for which I am heartily grateful. #

were not about victimization but about struggle, survival, anger, and hope.

Many of the stories were about the injustices created by the government and capitalist corporations of the United States, in collusion with the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. The economic policies of these bodies, which require non-industrialized countries to restructure their economies from communal to privatized and market competitive forms, are making women's lives extraordinarily difficult. Social structures for health care, food distribution, child care are demolished by governments forced to comply in order to restructure national debts and receive new loans for development. The burdens of meeting basic human needs are greatly increased.

The dominance of the English language in international meetings inevitably causes tension and conflict. No matter the excellence of translators and interpreters at international meetings, women need to tell their stories in their own tongues. In a school-learned second or third language the subtle tones and tastes of daily life

Women in Dialogue

by Elizabeth Bettenhausen

"Women in Dialogue: Wholeness of Vision towards the 21st Century" was a conference held at the Ecumenical Institute at Bossey near Celigny, Switzerland, in April and May of this year. The day before the conference began I met Mona, a Maori woman from New Zealand, and Phennapha, a young woman from Thailand. Walking and talking with them began a feast of conversation lasting the next ten days. Women from 33 countries on all continents and many islands had gathered to assess the status of feminist and womanist Christian-based theologies and the responses of churches around the world to them.

Listening to many presentations and small group discussions, I realized that the feast of women's stories includes the bitter taste of violence no matter what the country or church. Sexual abuse, homophobia, racism, rape--no place on earth is safe for women. But the stories of violence and injustice

Reflections on Jewishness/Judaism and Christianity

More than a year ago, twelve women connected in various ways to the WTC began a dialogue focussed on issues of anti-Semitism at the WTC and on the ways in which the WTC might be more inclusive of Jewish women, and responsive to Jewish women's concerns. Because of the complexity of the relationships and histories between white Jews, African-American Christian/Christian-raised people and white Christian/Christian-raised people, each of these three groups is represented in this dialogue by four women. Each woman identifies to greater or lesser degrees with the tradition in which she was raised.

It became clear during the first few sessions that concretely naming these relational and historical complexities and the variety of our experiences was going to take time--partly because putting words to them is not always easy to do, and partly because it takes time to build the trust required to name one's truths to people whose experiences and access to power and privilege are likely to be different from one's own.

In order to build this trust and to put forth some of our truths from our own particular contexts, we each agree to share with the larger group our reflections on what our personal relationship is both to Judaism/Jewishness and to Christianity. We have already printed a number of reflections in the June/94 issue of this newsletter. The rest are printed here.

As you may experience in reading these reflections, the very sharing of such an array of experiences and truths unmasks some of the complexity of relating authentically across so much difference. We are looking forward to deepening our collective understanding of that complexity as the dialogue continues. Hopefully, what we learn from this discussion will inform the decisions the WTC makes in the future with regard to direction, programming, etc.

 Esu Lackey

I am in a transition with what I believe about God. I am in the process of working through and "ditching" what I have come to call patriarchal theology. A lot of what I now identify as what I heard in the church of my childhood was connected to the fact that most of the people in my community were of the upper middle or upper class. Over the past few years I have learned that most of what I think is essential to theology was missing from what I heard in church and family when I was young.

As I think about our community and my family, I become aware of the fact that there was mostly silence about people and practices that were different from the way we lived and believed. I cannot remember that there was outright criticism of others; there was just silence. The community was very homogeneous and it was like it you don't talk about others, then they are not real. I remember only a very few Jewish families and no African American families in our town; the only African American people that I remember were employed as domestic workers. There were a few Japanese families who disappeared when World War II started--all sent to internment camps on the west coast. They never returned. Implicit in the silence was invisibility. The silence suggested that people who were different were just "not there" in any way that mattered. And, in fact, the Japanese Americans really were not there any more. The invisibility allowed all of us to think that

our way was "the" way because we never took the opportunity to become aware of any other possibility.

I don't remember hearing anything about justice in church or at home. My feeling sense is that if there had been any conversation about justice, the unspoken reality would have taken for granted that "justice" was meant for "just-us." The thing that really scares me is that people like those I grew up among are the ones who are often the decision makers in the world and that deep-down just-us is frequently still their world view.

 Elizabeth Bettenhausen

Growing up in the farm country of the Dakotas in the 1940s and 50s, I learned about Jews and, as we said then, Negroes, from the Congregational church and the radio.

The church taught an ambiguous view of Jews, stressing the Hebraic view of Jews as God's chosen people on the one hand and the polemical "new testament" stories on the other. Jesus was portrayed as both Jewish and not Jewish, someone who "moved beyond" being Jewish. I assumed that Jesus was a Christian, a notion that persisted until I became immersed in historical-critical studies of religion in college.

That is also when what I assumed about Jews became clear to me: I had not known that Judaism continued as a living religion of living people after the New Testament period. Somehow Christianity, in claiming that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah, had superseded, even replaced, Judaism as

a religious option. Judaism was "old," Christianity was "new," a value judgment which fit nicely with the American mythology of newness as good.

Among the thousand people in my home town the single grocery store was owned by Mr. Riven. I knew he was Jewish, but what that meant other than that he was "different" I didn't know. We thought it was nice that he sold us groceries on credit and discount, that he came to the concerts of the community choir even though we sang Christian Easter music, and that he gave us a special present at Christmas. Mr. Riven was one individual. The other Jews came into our lives on radio programs, from a mysterious place called New York.

The church taught very little about Negroes. We did sing songs about all children being loved by Jesus equally--"red and yellow, black and white, all are precious in his sight, Jesus loves the little children of the world." But the Bible story picture books we used made everyone look middle-European.

While the theology stressed God's universal love, the metaphors of light and dark theologically reinforced the racism which was intrinsic to white society but wholly unacknowledged among us. Again the message was mixed. God loved everybody equally and so should we--but God was a God of light, not of darkness. When God worked, sins were washed away, and you would become "whiter than snow."

No African Americans lived in the small farm communities in which I grew up. The Indian reservations were nearby but out of sight and mind. Difference in our small towns was

between Scandinavians and Germans, between Protestants and Roman Catholics, between farm and city. I do not recall anything from the public school curriculum which made me aware of a wider diversity in the United States ethnically or religiously. Radio gave us an Amos 'n' Andy and The Lone Ranger and Tonto view of the world, which for all we children knew was real somewhere.

In college I learned about Judaism from Jewish professors. I remember watching the movie "Night and Fog" as a sophomore and beginning decades of reading about World War II and the Holocaust. I began to learn about being African American from friends who were and, in a conversion to critical awareness, from reading Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man* and *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. I can still recall how amazed I was to read that Malcolm Little had lived in Nebraska. Even my home territory must have been much more complex than I had experienced. A salutary suspicion was instilled in me in early college days. The power of works of art, personal experience, friendships, and critical study of religion began to disclose a much more complex world across the wide Missouri.

I am grateful for the values of the farming communities in which I was raised: an expansive hospitality, a commitment to hard work, a deep love of music, a neighborly willingness to help, among them. But the homogeneity of the town meant that for me Jews and African-Americans were ideas for years before they were people, stereo-types on the radio before they were friends, and strangers of the Promised Land before they were religious companions. The conversations in our group at the WTC bring home to me the effects of this each time we meet.


Beverly Johnson

As I look back, growing up in the church was one of the best experiences of my early life. It was affirming, challenging and a place where I knew I was loved without a doubt! Sound familiar to you? No? Maybe because I left out a few key points: one, I'm an African-American woman, and two, I grew up in a predominantly black church where a form of black liberation theology, as I now know it, was

preached. Is the picture clearer? No? Well let me tell you more about growing up in Downs Memorial Methodist Church in Oakland, California in the late 50's and 60's.

As a United Methodist Church [we were formerly part of the central jurisdiction which today I believe was a nice way of saying we were a cluster of black churches doing well all by ourselves until we were "united" with out white brethren (smiles)], we were a pretty sedate group of Christians in keeping with out middle class aspirations. The congregation was made up of hard-working, upwardly mobile folks aspiring to the American Dream (read "middle class": owning a home or two, sending kids to college so they could become the professionals--doctors, lawyers, teachers--that our parents could only aspire to in a segregated society). The choirs, well, the singing, left a lot to be desired! We had two, the chancel and chapel choirs. The Chancel Choir sang "high brow" bordering on operatic music which as a child put me to sleep (as an adult I've learned to be more polite) and the Chapel choir made up of young adults. My mother was one of the founding members of the Gospel Choir, started in 1968 and directed by the only singer whose music moved me in that special way that only our classics (Gospel and Spirituals) can. Yet we were clear on who we were. The sermons, though scripture-based, always incorporated something of everyday life and our struggle as a race to be treated fairly.

As I look back, growing up in a predominantly black church was kin to growing up in the segregated South prior to 1955. The whole church cared about you and believed in you. I had a Chinese-American girlfriend who attended Chinese school after regular school where she practiced speaking/writing Chinese and learned other things central to her culture. The goal was to be bi-cultural and never become too Americanized. Growing up in the black church was a similar experience. It's where I learned more about being an African-American. It was where a lot of my "firsts" happened. It was where I first spoke before a group of adults, eg. remember the Christmas and Easter Pageants where you memorized your scripture pieces/parts and even if you made a mistake the audience said, "Amen, that's alright girl, you done well, keep it

up"? It's where I first taught a class (sunday School) and first read the scripture lesson before the sermon, as student Lay Leader. It's where I first socialized with other black kids outside of my family's close circle of friends (in the MYF). It's where I first saw African American men and women in position of authority. It's here that I learned what type of society we lived in (racist) but that we had right and the Lord on our side so we were definitely going to overcome!!

It wasn't until I went off to college that I learned new ways of overcoming, eg. Black Power from the Black Panther Party point of view, SNCC under Stokely Carmichael, etc.

It wasn't until I came back to the church after years away that I saw, as an adult the patriarchal, paternalism of the church and the lack of equality between women and men. But for me the Black church still serves as a place where I can reconnect with Black folk and practice the rituals that have sustained us in this country. It still presents a place ripe with possibilities for black liberation and the music has definitely improved!

This year for the first time in a long time, I was back in Oakland for Easter. I went to Sunrise Service and had Easter breakfast prepared by the Methodist Men, my father acting as "chief chef" (which they/he have been doing as far back as I can remember). As I was leaving church, I passed by the sanctuary where the Easter Program was just starting. The nursery and kindergarten classes were performing. There were between fifteen and twenty little people, all dressed up in the Easter finery reciting their 2-3 sentences. They were being coached, when they forgot words, and holding a microphone almost as big as themselves. In the audience you could see parents, family and friends leaning forward in the pews to encourage and catch every word. The warm feelings were palpable and you knew that those youngsters were the most important people in the world, loved and cherished by all. I'm glad that my memories hold up and that the good things about the black church are still going on!


Jane Spickett

In 1948 in the south of England, I was born a white girlchild. At ten days

old, I was adopted by a heterosexual white, poor working-class, christian couple. I'm sure the birth of this child cased not a cosmic twitch. And yet, I was important enough to lie to,* to mislead, and to deny a true history. So, I expect, were you.

Meeting consciously as a white, christian-raised woman for the past year and a half with African-American christian/christian-raised women and white Jewish women has led me to expand my ongoing reflection of the causes and effects of silence in my life as I reach toward wholeness and connection. for a while, I found it hard to know what my role in the group should be. I got caught in a net woven by whiteness in one direction and christianity in the other. Somewhere in the process I gathered myself together enough to decide that being white and christian-raised was not all I had to offer. Insisting on the presence of as much of myself as is possible is always an act of resistance. And anyway, the working class me was getting impatient with what I interpreted as the laziness of my silence, and the lesbian knew that silence has never guaranteed me protection.

So, at some point, I decided to dive in, trusting that I would take responsibility for my anti-Semitism and my racism. And that, if I did not, someone would help! I decided that the issues with which we are dealing--which, in my opinion, can be boiled down to the effects of white christian hegemony, but are much more difficult to talk about than that was to write!--and the lives that are affected (all of ours), could not wait while I sat in the relative luxury of silence. Engaging in the work of trying to talk about anti-Semitism at the WTC and its relation to Jewish women has also meant trying to understand the forces that get in the way of relating authentically. How do I uphold white christian hegemony?

I turned away from christianity when I was a teenager because of the history of evil perpetrated by the Church, because that Church was steeped in hypocrisy, and because it made my reality invisible. Now I can see that the function of the Church in that place, at that time, was to promote conformity and acquiescence in our own and others' oppression. I was raised on the hymn, "All Things Bright and Beautiful", and so I regularly san, "...the rich man in his castle, the poor man at

Second Annual Candlelight Dessert

On June 2, 1994, the WTC had its Second Annual Candlelight Dessert. Once again, The Rev. Barbara Nielsen was our gracious host at Laudamas, her home in Boston. The evening honored Sister Marie Augusta Neal, SND, one of the co-founders of the WTC. Though Sister Marie was unable to attend, the evening was a loving celebration of her life, work and spirit.



Curdina Hill (left), Miriam Terese Winter, Barbara Nielsen, Donna Bivens and Meizhu Lui.

the gate, God made them high and lowly, and ordered their estate..." The cultivation of acceptance and obedience has upheld the abuse of children, of women, of lesbians and gay men, of all who transgress gender norms, of all people of color, and Jews.

Taking responsibility for my part in this group process of creating justice has taken me back to my origins both so I become more visible to myself and others and so that I can try not to render others invisible. In addition to reading more Jewish history and current work by Jews, I have also reread works on racism and working class history. Being a white, christian-raised Englishwoman may have led me to have a perspective on US racism that leads me to say that christian European culture was already practiced in discriminating against a whole people, the Jews, and that this, along with the Church's belief that all non-christians were less than human, its belief in Manifest Destiny, and its hypocritical history as a business institution was ample preparation for the horrors of chattel slavery.

If I had been born poor in 1148, the story of Noah's son Ham that the Church later used to justify chattel slavery would have applied to me, since at that time it was used to justify keeping the peasants and the serfs at the bottom of the feudal pile. Becoming white enables European and US working-class folk to be indentured servants, a definite improvement over the slave at the bottom of the new social pile. Drawing on my wider

identity allows me to relate such manipulation to my life today and to make a connection with anti-Semitism. Just as it does not matter to the lesbian who is killed whether her attackers think themselves justified by a belief in her alleged sickness or her alleged sin, it does not matter to the Jew killed in pogrom whether she was murdered because of alleged theological culpability or because of alleged racial inferiority. The Church has supported all of our murders. Recognizing that the powers that be can change the rules in the middle of the game helps me think that even if a Jew identifies or is identified as white, she is always a potential target for race hate, and that fighting anti-Semitism need not be seen as being of necessity diversion from fighting racism or a drain on those resources, but a way of engaging with it more strongly.

I draw on the work of all two few white women, many of whom are Jews, to find guidance and support in being anti-racist, but there are even fewer resources to draw on in my efforts to be ethically post-christian, which, to me means continuing to learn how christianity and the Church have shaped me. I recognize my own struggles to give a human face to injustice, to experience other people's lives, and sometimes my own, as more than a concept; and I am grateful to those Jews and christian/christian-raised women of color whose friendship has been holistic, and sometimes mutually healing, as we seek to recover that which has been denied us. #

Authority and Power: Clergywomen in the 90's

The first three-month program of spiritual, ethical, and theological reflection (now called S.E.T. for Action) was fortunately co-created by a super group of clergywomen, guest "in-formers," and WTC staff. The topic was "Authority and Power: Clergywomen in the 90s." The bi-weekly sessions from February to May focused on topics such as Institutional Connections and Challenges; Fear and Anger; and Sexuality and Relationality. Blizzards, broken ankle and illnesses, and congregational emergencies kept the schedule a bit off-balance. But responses from participants indicate the need for such programs:

Louise Green: ...I found the opportunity to gather for this group to be a great gift in my life this winter/spring. I looked forward to each session immensely. Our conversation was fascinating, the depth of intimacy achieved remarkable, and our pooling of resources was empowering. Many times I would just look around the circle and feel hope for the future, with such strong, gifted, and articulate women in ministry. I wonder if the best change won't happen outside the institution of the church however. The course made me feel empowered, at a time when my changing circumstances keep causing confusion and doubt...[H]aving gone through this group helps me believe that I can claim my authority and power in whatever context of ministry, on my own terms, in my own voice.

Amy Alletzhauer: I enrolled in Study/Action II because I needed to become me again. I feel my feminist soul has been soiled by the parish. The patriarch, power-hungry, money-mongering administration of church life has left me feeling dislocated. I feel dislocated from my Spirit life. I often feel like I'm wandering in a foreign land, unable to understand the customs and politics.

I needed to feel connected again to a people who were feminist and womanist. I need to be among people who could become so involved in dialogue that time would have no meaning. I needed to be in conversation about the intimate issues that touch our lives and grip our beings.

I wish Study/Action II was ongoing. It is life.

Twila Broadway: It was a delight to be in an experiential, body/senses, intellectual, spiritual workshop! It really brought power and authority home--meaning I need to own and to ask for what is needed, to take responsibility for self and community to the extent that I can...The conflict between

participants was sometimes great, especially in the sexuality session. A call to a fellow participant did help, even to deciding to come to the last session. I'm glad I did. It really was a healing process!

Peggy Wallace: The particular pleasures for me in the program were the opportunity to observe and learn how to integrate all the senses into my own teaching. To both observe that and to participate in it was indeed a "heady" pleasure! It was also a real pleasure to find that there are other women clergy "out there" who want to try to "save" the institutional church! I shall hold on to that on the lonely nights when I am sure that my church is going to hell in a hand basket. It was wonderful to meet other clergy women who are struggling, loving, thinking, and preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a culture which fast is turning away. The session I most enjoyed was the one with Imani-Sheila Newsome. I found her unapologetic passion for the Gospel to be refreshing and filling for my soul. I appreciated the readings, and they are tucked away to study more.

I would do it all over again, and over again too....

Kathy Henry: ...[This program] is vitally important and sounds like it was a bit of a departure for WTC in inviting clergywomen who are in ministry settings. One realization that was so clear to me is that we are all on the fringes by virtue of precariousness. That single insight was very powerful for me. That each of us as women in ministry bridged a huge gap between what we believe and the compromises we live...

...I want also to say something about the integration of artwork into our way of ruminating. I believe it to be essential. For many years I have been learning to do this, to honor the artist which resides deep within and to give her voice. In this aspect of our work together I felt we were feeling/finding our way together, trying to be open to

what might be given expression...
I appreciate the integrity of WTC and the efforts which we all are making for honesty and for empowerment....#

S.E.T. for Action

SET for Action! Spirituality, Ethics, and Theology as a foundation for "action for justice has been a WTC commitment from the beginning. In our second decade SET for Action becomes the name of a new program. This three month program is an opportunity for women doing similar work or facing common issues 1) to meet together for support and challenge; 2) to reflect on spiritual, ethical and theological aspects of common work and issues; 3) to increase critical understanding of the structures which maintain injustice in the United States, especially racism; and 4) to step back from work and to reflect on its place in women's lives as a whole.

This fall SET for Action will be offered to women providing advocacy and direct services for women. This includes a wide range of work from shelters to legislative lobbying to grassroots economic change. In the late winter and spring two SET for Action programs will be offered. One is for economically privileged women interested in analyzing accountability and responsibility in regard to wealth, class, race, and feminism. The other is again for clergywomen and focuses on authority and power.

For more information on SET for Action, including registration forms, send in the form on page 7 of this newsletter. If you would like to work with us to develop a SET for Action program for a particular group of women or around a particular issue, we'd be delighted to hear from you!

Honor a Woman in Your Life: WTC Quilt Update

The WTC quilt project continues to honor women and women's organizations and to raise money that ensures WTC's use of meeting, classroom and office space. The quilt hangs in the WTC classroom and is accompanied by the names of all the women who have been honored along with the names of those who purchased squares. The following are the names of those women and organizations--honorees in plain type, honorees in bold.

Barbara Neilsen: Mary Stockton; Donna J. Albino: Mt. Holyoke College Lesbian Alumnae Network; Eileen M. Brady and the Women's Action Committee of the NH Sisters of Mercy, Region II: Bea Desmarais; Clarissa Atkinson: Nancy Jay; Renate Rose: Nancy Jay; Jean Jenkins: Ione Young Gunnanson, Lily Jenkins, Janet and Bill Sax; Jean Jenkins: Sandy and Paul Phinney, Carmen Coughlan, Jean Jenkins; Vincent McKiernan: Carol Caton, Ruth Harris Caton; Mary Louise Cox: Mary Louise Cox; Rev. Priscilla MacDougall: Carol Harvey; Bea Desmarais Memorial Fund: Bea Desmarais; Donna McLaughlin: Donna McLaughlin; Janice Austin: Loretta Williams; Nancy Richardson and Elaine Huber: Myrle D. Richardson, Kate R. Dinkins, Veronica Huber; Marie Fortune: Marie Marshall Hendley Abernethy, Lina Hendley Abernethy Fortune; Margaret Walk: Lori Walk and Wendy Ritch; Ruth Krall: Elizabeth Ruth Charles Krall; Rev. Nancy J. Reed: Emily Stafford Reed, Mary Reed Nelson, Marcia W.A. Dane; Mary Anne Bodecker: RUAH, Breath of Life Inc.; Wendy Sanford and Polly Attwood: Nina Coppedge, Elsa "Polly" Attwood, Margaret Nourse; Sylvia Wright: Louise J. Williams, Sylvia A. Wright, Suzette A. Wright; Jean M. Entine: Jennifer Entine, Sarah Entine; Janet Kalven: Joan Overboss, Lydwine Van Kersbergen, Barbara Waco; Janet Kalven: Mary Brigid Nicand, Eleanor Walker, Mary Jessica Stuber; Betty Jean Seymour: Tencie S. Seymour, Audrey M. Kidd; Esu Lackey: Faye, Amy, Catherine; Esu Lackey: Study Action Class of '88; Dr. Ella Mahler: Lena Zion; Margaret Farley: Letty M. Russell, Shannon Clarkson, Miriam Russell; Jeanne Audrey Powers: Jane Cary Peck, Virginia Moore; Kruse, Mary Corita Kent; Nancy Wells: Meek Groot, Phyllis Rickter, Jackie Goldberg; Donna Schaper: Lena Campbell, Ella Waterman, Eleanor Oster-Houdt; Peg Doherty: Annie McLaughlin Doherty, Jossy Schredlen Eyre; Rev. 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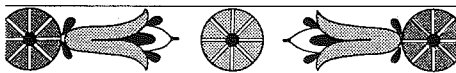
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(continued from previous page)

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If you are interested in honoring particular women or women's organizations through this project, send \$50 to the WTC for each square you would like to purchase along with the names and addresses of the woman you are honoring (up to three names per square). We will send your honorees a card with a full-color reproduction of the quilt on it, a note about how they are being honored, and a message from you (optional).

Note: We are happy to send cards to honorees for special events (birthdays, graduations, Mother's Day, holidays, etc.) provided dates are clear and requests sent in a timely fashion.



WTC UPDATE



Elizabeth Bettenhausen (left to right), Meck Groot, Donna Bivens, and Renae Scott: WTC staff retreat at Greenfire, ME.

The staff of the WTC is sad to say goodbye to Norene Carter, our grantwriter since 1992. Norene has worked very hard to articulate to potential funders the importance and vitality of WTC programming. We thank her for her generosity of spirit, her loving commitment to the WTC, and her time "above and beyond". We wish her abundance and wholeness in her pursuits in Chicago.

Some of the fruits of Norene's efforts have come to us recently

through grants to the WTC from: The Boston Foundation, The Coolidge Family Fund, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, and Sisters of St. Dominic. We are very grateful to each of these organizations for their strong support of our work.

We are also happy to report that two women, Joan Fusco and Anna Watson, are interning with us this summer. Their work is proving invaluable to the writing of our anti-racism training guide. During the four days of our Summer Anti-Racism Training, they documented pretty much everything that happened and then did even more laborious work of transcribing their notes--almost a book in itself.

Fourth Annual WTC Yard Sale

September 10, 1994
35 Fairmont Ave., Somerville

Jane is looking for people
with stuff to sell, people
who can help with selling,
and people who want
good stuff cheap.

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