

# Choosing Hope

July 2010 to June 2011



SHALEM  
INSTITUTE FOR SPIRITUAL FORMATION

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS 2010-2011

Ridgeway Addison	Leslie Miller
CeCe Balboni	Nancy Nikiforow
O. Robert Brown	Susan Pullin
Grace Cummings	Erika Schleifman
Kendrick Curry	Jayne Shontell
Robert Duggan	Sharon Shutler
Gordon Forbes	Phil Stone
Jane Milliken Hague	Therese Taylor-Stinson
Westina Matthews	Elizabeth Tuckermanty

## SHALEM ADJUNCT STAFF 2010-2011

Nicholas Amato	Sue Joiner
Carel Anthonissen	Al Keeney
Douglas Battenberg	Hong-il Kim
Stephanie Burgevin	Donald Krickbaum
Amy Cole	Nancy Nikorow
Phil Cover	Diane Paras
Marshall Craver	Dawn Peck
Kendrick Curry	Rich Plant
William Dietrich	Patience Robbins
Bob Donnell	Mimi Saayman
Nancy Eggert	Tim Schumacher
Margot Eyring	Trish Stefanik
Sid Fowler	Phillip Stephens
Anne Grizzle	Jean Sweeney
Jim Hall	Elizabeth Tuckermanty
Tim Hamlin	Nancy Weir

## OFFICE INFORMATION

Shalem Institute  
3025 Fourth Street, NE, Suite 22  
Washington, DC 20017  
301-897-7334  
Fax: 202-595-0336

Office Hours:  
Monday to Friday, 8 am-4 pm

www.shalem.org  
E-mail: info@shalem.org

## SHALEM'S MISSION

To nurture contemplative living and leadership

## SHALEM'S CORE VALUES

- Awareness that God is intimately present within and among us
- Reverence for the mystery of God's presence
- Desire for spiritual discernment in all things
- Radical willingness to trust God
- Respect for the unique spiritual path of each individual
- Recognition that contemplative living and leadership require spiritual support
- Commitment to action in the world arising from a contemplative orientation toward life

## SHALEM STAFF 2010-2011

### **Executive Director**

Leah Rampy

### **Senior Program Director**

Carole Crumley

### **Program Director**

Ann Dean

### **Communications/Marketing Assistant**

Katy Gaughan

### **Director of Communications & Development**

Monica Maxon

### **Program Registrar**

Christine Jeffrey

### **Director of Finance**

Martha Sherman

### **Administrative Assistant**

Camille Tate

### **Program Director**

Elizabeth Ward

### **Senior Fellow for Spiritual Guidance**

Rose Mary Dougherty, SSND

### **Founder & Senior Fellow**

The Rev. Dr. Tilden Edwards, Jr.

*Edited by*

*Monica Maxon*

*Design:*

*Peña Design, Inc.*

*Photography:*

*Susan Etherton, Larry Hastings, Christine Jeffrey,*

*Leah Rampy and June Schulte.*

# Choosing Hope in Trying Times

Leah Rampy

*We wait in hope for the LORD; he is our help and our shield.  
In him our hearts rejoice, for we trust in his holy name.  
May your unfailing love be with us, LORD,  
even as we put our hope in you. (Psalm 33: 20-22)*

In times that seem to be full of difficulty and challenge, what does it mean to choose hope? After all, it's sometimes just too difficult to make it all the way through the evening news: war, poverty, unemployment, injustice, inequality. The toll we are taking on the Earth is mounting, yet we seem unwilling or unable to turn away from our desire to consume. The problems seem beyond our capacity, the solutions far away, the timeline too short, the leaders too short-sighted.

How easily I become an assessment machine, full of judgments and pronouncements about the state of the world, the country, everything! I see a situation—or more accurately I see only a small part of a situation—and my mind responds with declarations of “good” or “bad.” From my ego, thinking self, I let my assessment of a situation determine whether or not I should be hopeful. In this way of seeing the world, hope is “out there” somewhere and I am dependent on others to deliver it to me. I wait for an action, a situation, a speech that will hearten and inspire and then I can find hope.

Yet I've come to believe that there is an alternative way of seeing where it is possible to choose hope. I think this is what the Psalmist is inviting in the scripture above. “We put our hope in you.” He speaks of a proactive stance based on deep trust in the Holy One, a steady-state declaration of hope not influenced by situations and circumstances.

To make this shift to choosing hope, I must move beyond my ego self. As Richard Rohr writes in *Radical Grace: Daily Meditations*, we need to move from the “tyranny of our own judgments, opinions, and feeling about everything.” To embrace a transformation of consciousness, we must “be liberated from ourselves as the reference point for reality, stating our preferences moment by moment and making mental commentaries on every event—up or down. It really does not matter whether we like it or not—it just is.”

Contemplative practices help me to release my many assessments, being in the present, simply open to what is, without judgment or commentary. In that space, as Tilden Edwards puts it, I lean back into my spiritual heart. My prayer is to commune with the Holy One, to kindle the hope that is already within me—choosing hope.

Yet too many times, I notice that my ego self is impatient; I want to run ahead of Grace, get things done on my terms, in

my time. I'm grateful for the Psalmist's reminder that we wait in hope for the Lord. We trust. Our hearts rejoice. We put our hope in God. In other words, we declare that we hope, and in that hope, we wait for God's purpose to unfold, for the Spirit to call us to the work that is ours to do.

Not hoping *for* but *hope in the waiting*. So simple but not so easy. We live in a culture where we often feel pressure to “make things happen.” Our ego selves can suffer when we acknowledge that we are not in control. And yet, what the Spirit invites is so much more than we can ever dream.

Working at Shalem has been a wonderful practice of “hope in the waiting.” It is such a joy to live together in that charism and continually delight in what the Spirit brings forth. A few weeks ago, the staff was reflecting together on some of the things that had blossomed during only a few months. We gazed back on an amazing unfolding of new programs and transformative experiences. And not one of them had come from our own imaginations. We had simply waited in hope—not hoped for something—and then responded with our energy, gifts, and commitment to Wisdom's invitation; what evolved was far beyond what we would have dreamed.

Shalem's early leaders were dedicated to the hope in the waiting, living and leading from the spiritual heart, trusting the Spirit would breathe into their efforts, shaping their work toward God's desire. Shalem was not envisioned as a worldwide organization; no strategic plan pointed in this direction. And yet today, from South Korea to South Africa, from Canada to Mexico, from Cuba to California, Shalem graduates witness every day through their contemplative leadership, helping to transform lives and communities and we answer the call to support this global network. It would have been so easy to “hope for the wrong thing.” Through hope in the waiting, deeply trusting in God, we are called to work that is blessed and multiplied.

And that is the personal lesson and practice for me in what seems like trying times: to let go of grasping for circumstances, or situations or people that offer hope; to lean back into my spiritual heart, trusting in God's unfailing love, choosing to wait in hope, and responding to the Spirit's call.

**Leah is Shalem's Executive Director.**





# Ripeness is All

Elizabeth Ward



*“Ripeness is all” (William Shakespeare)*

It was time—time for the sofa to go. It had been the centerpiece of the room we lived in as a family for well over 30 years, but it was time for this sturdy friend to go. It had been crawled and climbed on, tented with sheets, flopped on and slept on by tall teenage boys with size 12 shoes and multiple pizza boxes. It had been covered and recovered as daily wear left its imprint on the softening pillows and fading fabric. It had been stealthily dusted with cat hair—usually in the dead of night or when all were away and no warm laps were available for a quick, cozy snooze. Resting on it could feel like relaxing in the quiet comfort of a peaceful garden. But now, something inside kept saying it was time for it to go.

Even though this sofa was associated with mountains of memories and felt like a familiar pair of comfortable jeans, something inside said it was time to let go and make space for the new. Of course, many would have come to this conclusion for more practical and aesthetic reasons long before I did, but knowing how hard it can be sometimes to let go of attachments, it was a blessing to feel gently released from this potent reminder of a younger phase of my life. It felt like letting go of more than a sofa—more like letting go of a stage of life full of young hopes and dreams and rich with possibilities. It felt like

an invitation to trust that something new and worthy would come with the changes and challenges of increasing age.

It also felt like the Beloved had grown my faith in Unknown Goodness enough to allow the release of the old without feeling unduly anxious about the new, showing me yet again that letting go can be organic and given rather than forced or contrived—like icicles dropping from eaves in the warmth of winter sun or leaves gently twirling to the ground as the air chills. It felt like the Beloved was helping me release with gratitude as part of a wider, organic process that was natural and freeing. The gift was a heightened inner awareness of an eternal flow of life that is beyond me and includes me and has a life of its own.

I was again reminded that events can unfold without being pushed or pulled. Time seems neither rushed nor delayed, neither hurried nor dragging, but just is. It has a ripeness that can somehow intuitively be known in the moment when we are open and blessed.

Perhaps it is easier to trust this ripeness when there is a slow evolution, a gradual transition or nothing too significant or unpredictable is lost in the process. Letting go in trust can be much harder when the need to let go happens suddenly or comes in an unexpected way as when someone dies unexpectedly or homes and businesses are destroyed in natural disasters. Letting go in trust can be much harder when peace, justice, and mercy are long overdue and still seem far away. These are greater mysteries inviting still deeper trust. In this moment, however, it seems good to notice the spiritual gifts that are given and let them live in my spiritual heart until it is time for greater awareness and fruit.

So what happened to the old sofa? When Goodwill was too full to take it, we stopped at a gathering of folks passing the time outside a small neighborhood store and asked if anyone wanted a sofa. In a rush of gratitude and enthusiasm, it found a new home. As we bid farewell to its new family and friends, a little girl was perched on its cushions and was playing patty cake with her Mom. What could be better or more right, I thought.

*Liz is the Director of Shalem’s Spiritual Guidance Program.*

# The Gift of My Fall

Jacqueline Dunlavy

*A bad fall and a broken femur interrupted Jackie's involvement in a program that deals with companioning the dying. Here she reflects on that experience.*

Life is a mystery. Did my recent fall happen to help me understand it a bit better? The fall was a life-changing experience in several ways:

- to be a patient in the hospital for the first time since I had my tonsils out at age five;
- to know what it is like to be in the pit of pain and immobility;
- to need help and to have to ask for it—something new to me and very hard to do—and to accept help gracefully and with gratitude;
- to know what it is not to be able to pray.

Holy Week and Easter came and went; the pain and immobility were the total focus. All I could manage was to ask God to hold me tightly.

Morphine is a marvelous thing, and with the help of it and other drugs, the pain began to be manageable, allowing the miracle of healing to begin. At the same time, there was lots of letting go—tickets to concerts and plays were given away, my sister's big birthday dinner on Easter didn't happen, the garden went begging to be cleaned up and planted, meetings of all kinds had to be missed. It was hard to let go of so much.

As I became stronger, I began to see new growth from the place of the deepest wounding. The whole experience was emerging as a gift. Certainly there were frustrating moments, but they did not diminish the giftedness.

There was the gift in knowing real pain; in the shift of lifestyle in having to slow down (everything takes so much longer now!); in the loss of capabilities and the being satisfied with doing less; in needing help and learning how to "let love in;" in learning the meaning of gratitude; in watching the miracle of healing happen; in learning how hard it is to let go of so much, even when there is no choice; in seeing the hand of God in it all.

Working with therapists, each new achievement is a triumph. It is wonderful to watch the amazing ability of the body to heal



and to begin to regain some of what had been lost. Healing has become resurrection in slow motion. Along with the physical, there is the spiritual healing in becoming more aware of surroundings, of the next move—to look at life more deeply and the Presence watching over me.

Life has become more vivid, as if before so much just washed over me. It is easy in familiar surroundings to live life on autopilot. This seems to have changed.

Having known pain, can I now pay closer attention to the pain of others and use the gift of attention to assure them of my presence? When words are appropriate, can I speak the words of comfort that meant so much to me? Can I help them heal in other ways—perhaps help them come to terms with letting go of so much?

I had hardly gotten into my ministry of visiting the sick and dying when the fall happened. My hope is that my experience will bring me new insights and will enhance my presence with those I am visiting.

**Jackie is a graduate of Shalem's Personal Spiritual Deepening Program.**



# Sports as Contemplative Practice

Tilden Edwards



Millions of us play on sports teams from childhood on. Millions more watch. Church leaders bemoan the way sports events have begun to take over even Sunday mornings. There are many psychological and social layers to this powerful phenomenon. Much could be said about both the light and shadow sides of these layers and their impact on us. The fact of the matter is that sports are here to stay and can take up a tremendous amount of people's discretionary time.

If that's true, instead of fighting sports' frequent dominance of people's attention relative to other important dimensions of human living, can we take another look at them and see if we can widen the way we understand sports? Can they be seen and cultivated as a spiritual practice?

My son and his wife lead different non-profit organizations that cultivate sports teams as an arena not just for fun and winning but also for the development of leadership, courage, teamwork, mutual respect, academic incentive, and community building. They often see these vital qualities pouring over into other dimensions of the players' lives. In a culture with increasing weight placed on individual careerism and consumerism, sports viewed in this wider perspective

provide players with a sustained, disciplined way to absorb larger personal and communal values.

Coaches at their best become mentors of these values, and coaches wield enormous influence in the lives of players. Players spend far more time with their coaches than they do with any one of their other teachers. My son and daughter-in-law cultivate coaches and teams that can embody the values I've mentioned. What they're doing offers a larger way of understanding sports that is needed everywhere, a way that can be seen as nurturing vital, implicitly spiritual values.

Can we widen an understanding of sports even further? I think we can. They also can be seen as *contemplative practice*. The *ultimate* goal of the game then is receptive participation in the creative Love at the heart of reality. The *penultimate* goal of "winning" then can be seen as drawing us to energetic, self-transcending attention, ready to physically and mentally "lose" ourselves in the game's expansive creative movements.

I'm reminded of an old film about a British long-distance runner in which he exclaimed, "God takes pleasure in my running." Contemplatively speaking, we could say that God's Spirit is delighting within him, indeed as him. St. Irenaeus declared that "the glory of God is a human being fully alive." The athlete at his best seeks such aliveness, and in times of spiritual openness can see it as embodying God's ebullient joy in us.

Teammates are those who support one another in opening the way to such full aliveness. They create and respond to opportunities that allow movement toward the goal. These actions involve total mental and physical availability to the moment's call, before any thoughts have time to develop. This includes a willingness to sacrifice oneself if need be for the sake of the team's movement, as well as a willingness to take the lead when the way opens. Little sense of separate "self" remains; everyone involved is a unique part of a larger whole. In its graced fullness such a stance leaves the player in what has been called "the zone," with selfless, on-target, effortlessly flowing action.

The opposing team members can be seen as helpers to the goal of full aliveness in God. Their opposition heightens our

awareness in the moment and energizes us to be even more fully given to the goal; they help us let go any remaining interior half-heartedness and self-separation. The opponents are the ultimately good “dragons at the gate” who contemplative tradition says we must be willing to get past in order to be given the gift of full aliveness. That aliveness in its graced fullness is vibrant communion with our true nature in God.

Participation in such a contemplative “practice” can become the deepest purpose of the game, for which the surface “win-lose” goal is a means, not the end. Rather than being seen as a displacement of time for more obvious spiritual practices, it could be wonderfully reinforcing of the ultimate intent of those practices.

Such an understanding also could be a way of helping *watchers* of sports to vicariously participate in the game as a spiritual and contemplative practice, where they could be less tempted to treat it only as a power-seeking tribal diversion (thrilling as that can be). Sports can offer us so much more than that. Watchers can cultivate full presence in the moment, aware of the whole scene of vibrant unity and diversity in the game and the fans. They can delight in the “grace” of the game: the beautiful, spontaneous, unpredictable “moves” of the players (regardless of which side they’re on)—the creative flow of the game. They can clap and yell for their team as a way of encouraging their energetic givenness to the creative possibilities of the moment. Watchers then are participants with the players in valuing full human aliveness and

responsiveness to the grace at hand. The “game” becomes more than a game; beneath and through it is an intention of responsive, collaborative, celebrative life in God.

All this may sound pretty far-fetched compared to the normal way of looking at sports. I’m sure it could be described in a much better and fuller way than I’ve done (and I invite you into the conversation by offering your own description). But I think what I’ve said holds the potential of opening the spiritual imagination of coaches, players, parents and spiritual leaders to let sports cultivate a way of being in the world with spiritual purpose and contemplative grounding. It would be one means of challenging the temptation of sports to become an idolatry of self-centered winning at any cost. That view can stomp on deeper values and cheat us of the great potential of sports to express our spiritual nature and shared purpose.

To faith, God’s creative Spirit is moving in and around us all the time: bearing our suffering, fostering our joy, opening possibilities for our collaboration and communion through all the happenings of our lives. Sports are one more arena in the world’s life where such faith can be lived out. With the enormous amount of time and money spent world-wide in this arena, why not explore far more than we have how it can become all it can be for our individual and communal spiritual journeys?

***Tilden is Shalem’s Founder and Senior Fellow.***

*I’m so deeply grateful for Shalem and the meaningful faith community it is for me and so many, and for the countless ways this connection sustains, supports and nurtures not only the various ministries I offer, but the heart of my soul itself.*

*How could I not support Shalem in return?!*

*—A Shalem Donor*

# Aliens

Carole Crumley



*"If God invited you to a party and said,  
'Everyone in the ballroom tonight will be my special guest,'  
how would you then treat them when you arrived?" (Hafiz)*

I recently attended an evening event to name the Spiritual Direction Center at North Park Theological Seminary in honor of its esteemed and beloved professor, C. John Weborg. Two hundred of us gathered at the Chicago Hyatt for this lovely occasion.

As I stood in line to register, I noticed that there must be a convention of sorts going on in the room next to ours. Everyone attending that other event looked like they had come from a galaxy far, far away. There were Darth Vader, Yoda, and other notables from the more familiar movie galaxies, as well as individuals, couples, whole families—from the young to the old—dressed in their finest galactic clothes. Throughout the evening, we mingled with these aliens in the hallways, corridors, bathrooms, on the escalators, while eyeing each other surreptitiously. The thought

did cross my mind that our evening-wear might have looked as strange to them as theirs did to us.

Later on in our evening program, the guest speaker was half way into his speech when the music started next door. At that point, I realized that only the thinnest membrane of a wall separated us from our galactic neighbors. They were enjoying loud, thumping, dance music punctuated by the joyous shouts of those on the dance floor. We were singing "Amazing Grace" in multiple harmonies. Our evening ended with prayers and blessings; the extraterrestrials danced on.

I've wondered what to make of this evening ever since.

A recent article in *The Huffington Post* described a conversation with theologians at the 100 Year Starship Symposium in Orlando, Florida. Among the myriad topics discussed was exactly how the religious community would react to the possibility of real, honest-to-goodness aliens in our midst. Would an extraterrestrial presence shatter the faith of the faithful? Or, if Earthlings aren't alone in the universe, would we actually accept galactic neighbors as new-found friends?

I was heartened to learn that for theologians the notion of other worlds with intelligent beings is not a problem. To think otherwise would be to limit God's creative freedom. Since astronomers believe that the universe is made up of a hundred billion galaxies with a hundred billion stars in each, almost all of which could have planets, it would be foolish to believe that there is no other intelligent life in the cosmos. "God's creation is immense, and other intelligent beings would be creatures of God's," said one theologian. Aliens too would "live and move and have (their) very being in God."

Also according to the article, another theologian had done some research on this topic trying to get the views from the pews. Amazingly, his findings showed that religious believers are more ready to share a pew with an alien than we might expect. Far from being shocked and shattered by the news of extraterrestrial life, they would welcome a galactic brother or sister into their fellowship.

A friend of mine who came to this country on a student visa, finally received a permanent resident visa. Her card



read: “Permanent Alien Resident.” Perhaps we should all carry cards like this. Scripture encourages us to be “in the world but not of it.” Hymns tell us this world is not our home, we’re just a-passin’ through. In this light, we are all just un-carded aliens.

For that matter, Scripture reminds us that God’s ways are not our ways and God’s thoughts are not our thoughts. God is stranger than we can ever know. Perhaps one of the thousand beautiful names of God should be the “Alien One.” Being born in the image of God must mean that we have the same seeds of “otherness” in us.

As we come to recognize and see the beauty of that otherness in ourselves, then perhaps we can see the beauty of the unfamiliar in others. As we find God in ourselves, then we see God in everyone. We realize that our alien nature is alive, vibrant, filled with the breath of God.

If we are really honest, we’d admit we have been living with aliens all along. Some from other countries, some we grew up with. When I look at all those around me, even those I know well and love, I realize how utterly foreign they are

to me. Daily I realize that men really are from Mars, women really are from Venus, as the title of a famous book claims. Some of my family members and I think so differently, we surely came from different planets and live in different worlds.

However, if we know ourselves as “permanent aliens,” it might help us bring a new perspective and a softer heart to our consideration of immigration laws. It might soften our gaze as we look at those who dress differently, or seem so foreign to us. We might discover a new civility in discourse and desire to understand those who hold different points of view. We might hear new harmonies as we listen to the variety of voices and accents among us. We might experience the amazing grace of a new understanding of creation, the cosmos and God’s ultimate creative freedom.

Perhaps we would discover, as the poet Hafiz reminds us, that everyone is invited to God’s party. We might even dare to imagine Aliens and Earthlings dancing together on God’s “jeweled dance floor.”

***Carole is Shalem’s Senior Program Director.***

*These fragments from Yeats’ prophetic poem “The Second Coming” keep coming to me:*

*“Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world...  
what rough beast, its hour come round at last,  
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?”*

*It seems to me that contemplatives are called to hold the world’s heart during these extraordinary times, helping maintain the pathway for Yeats’ rough beast to slouch towards Bethlehem. Shalem is an extraordinary resource for the contemplative spirit. So, to me, despite these remarkably challenging economic times, supporting Shalem is a necessity for the sake of the world.*

*—A Shalem Donor*

# As It Is and Always Shall Be...

Anne Roser



*You have heard; now see all this; and will you not declare it? From this time forward I make you hear new things, hidden things that you have not known. (Isaiah 48.6)*

**T**he morning dawns clear and bright, cloudless, with calm seas. We wait by the dock in silent anticipation. My spirit is parched, thirsty for this journey to begin. We come with our food and bags and coolers. Soon, but not too soon, it is time. Time to load up onto the ferry. Soon, but not too soon, it leaves the mainland and heads out on a two-and-a half-hour trip to Matinicus Isle, Maine. It has been a summer ritual for us for many years now, beginning when our boys were in pre-school. They are teenagers now. They have grown up with this trip as a holy, sacred part of their summer. It is no less for us as adults.

We say goodbye to email, WIFI, cell phones, computers, and TV. We say hello to hand-washing dishes, hanging up clothing outdoors to dry, and walking as our primary

mode of transportation. We live by the tides. We live by the weather. We return back to the earth, into the gift of creation. As the ferry glides along the waters, we spot an occasional seal or whale. On the horizon are the working boats searching for their catch. There are the pleasure boats on their own cruises. And we are on this simple journey where the tensions and madness of life slowly ease away and in their place, God simply is.

We are gently centered back into spacious living—listening more intently to one another, pondering a beautiful sunset, watching the rhythm of the sea, discovering sea glass and shells and other detritus the tides offer to us. We are here as island ministers, but it is the people and place that minister to us. We celebrate the friendships formed here over many years. We marvel at how wonderful fresh baked goods smell and taste early on a rainy morning. We re-acquaint ourselves with the island dogs, for they are everyone's best friends—goofy, extravagant messengers of God's grace. We listen to the struggles and joys of island life as shared by those who dare to live year-round in this remote, beautiful spot.

Every summer there is a new discovery. A path not previously travelled. A striking shade of sea glass. A hidden cove. There is the delight of spontaneous conversation, being immersed in ideas and challenges and insights from unexpected people. And always, there is this amazing creativity of those who gather driftwood and buoys and seaweed and build various structures upon the beach. One year, a sculpture of lobster buoys. Another year, huts reminiscent of Gilligan's Island. This year, it is an altar to God. It is Barbara Brown Taylor's "altar in the world" in the flesh.

This small island, miles out to sea from the mainland, is full of surprises. Each day invites us to see more deeply into the mystery of life. The holy is revealed, epiphany after epiphany. We hear and see the new things that Isaiah proclaims. Much like the Israelites experience deliverance from the oppression of Babylon, we are freed from the brokenness and chaos of life with a return to simplicity, where our eyes are again opened, our ears again can listen to the truth that God simply is.

I believe I come each year to the island by choice, but in fact, it is God who draws and invites me there. Not so

much to that physical space, but to the loving presence of the holy. It happens for me on this island as it may happen to another in a different setting. Here, the interruptions that previously have barricaded my spirit are lifted, the acute struggles and gracious joys of life are experienced with a newfound clarity. Here, what is revealed is that everything is sacred...as it is and always shall be, world without end, amen... a phrase from the prayers of my childhood.

In the microcosm of island life there is a give-and-take much like the ebb and flow of the sea. One cannot exist in a small community without graceful bending, without a flexible and moldable spirit, without an openness to who and what is beyond one's own self. Is that not what the spiritual journey is also all about? The giving and the receiving... the Spirit's weaving together of time, context and yearning... the tapestry created when the holy Other flows

into the deepest and darkest places of our being. We are released from all that need *not* be—even as the tides sweep myriad collections of pebbles and broken bits of shell and glass and yes, even discarded trash, away from the shore, into the vast depths of the sea.

How marvelous this holy incarnate One, truly present in the life of all that is around us, who can take the brittle parts of our existence, bless them, heal them, and offer wholeness and peace. Like the waters refine the sharp edges of sea glass, so we are given a gracious new birth. Our rough edges are softened; our fragility is made strong; no matter where we are swept by the tides and turns of life, God is, and God will be.

***Anne is a graduate of Shalem's Clergy Spiritual Life and Leadership: Going Deeper Program.***

### ***Poplar Trees on Monastic Ground***

*Winston Breeden Charles*

*Tall brown and gray trunks  
silently steadily stand  
reaching into the sky  
spreading a canopy above.*

*They sign a calmness  
a confidence  
a quietness*

*That reassures me  
and recalls within  
the quiet, calm confidence of the Holy  
flowing steadily into me  
bringing life again.*

*Winston is part of Shalem's Leading Contemplative Prayer Groups & Retreats Program, Class of 2012.*



# Walking by Faith, Not by Sight

Westina Matthews



**W**e stood on the rooftop of our building at 6:50 p.m. on March 7th, looking up at the sky, for a sighting of the space shuttle Discovery. The shuttle's 13th and final visit to the orbital outpost; it had undocked from the International Space Station earlier in the day for the last time as it prepared to make its descent back to Earth. An hour earlier, my neighbor had excitedly told me that we would be able to see a very bright light in the sky if we looked north at about 6:54 p.m. Would I like to join her?

Arriving to the rooftop before my neighbor, I watched two small lights move quickly across the sky and pointed out the moving specks of light to her when she joined me. But she was convinced that what I saw was not it. "It's supposed to light up the entire sky," she insisted. Shivering in the 39-degree temperature (with wind chill 31F), we kept looking for the bright light and were told that it would "light up the sky." We could see the small white clouds of our breaths as we looked up during long periods of silence, craning our necks to catch a glimpse of a big, bright light shooting across the sky. Breaking the silence, she quietly said that she appreciated that someone in our building had imagination and would share the moment with her.

We saw a lot of airplanes flying overhead, but nothing that looked like the space shuttle. Finally chased inside by the wind and cold, we gave up. Sensing her disappointment, I reassured her, "Well, even though we didn't see it, it doesn't mean that it didn't happen." I knew beyond a shadow of doubt that the STS-133 crew members were somewhere up in space, and that they were scheduled to land at 11:57 a.m. on March 9, 2011 at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida. Seen or not seen by us.

We learned the next day that we actually had seen the space shuttle. It had passed the Village of Suffern, New York, at 6:55 p.m. and was easily visible as two small stars moving in tandem across the sky. Is that not like our faith sometimes? We think that God will be revealed as a great burst of light that cannot be missed. But often instead God moves quietly and determinedly toward that still quiet place within ourselves where love and peace reside; and if we can trust our inner voice that is whispering into our very being by our Creator, we will begin to discern the great mystery of each and every blessed moment. If we can only believe, seen or not seen, walking by faith and not by sight.

I spent much of this past winter walking by faith, literally. With the new record breaking snow falls, pathways on sidewalks were often narrow, with only room enough for one foot step at a time. I envied the much more nimble younger folks who quickly—and laughingly—put one foot in front of the other, balancing easily as if trapeze walking. I even saw them jogging or riding their bikes on those snowy, icy sidewalks and streets. I on the other hand walked ever so slowly, trying to keep my balance between snow piles of three feet or more.

On one of those days, as a true New Yorker, I found myself pulling and pushing my almost three-foot-wide grocery cart, loaded to the top with groceries, down a narrow, icy path; and it was particularly hazardous. If lucky, there were sections where the sidewalk had been cleared snow-shovel wide—about 10 inches—and I was huffing and puffing, tilting the cart on two side wheels, praying the groceries would not topple out.

Just then an angel appeared: a young mother (with her son in tow) who offered to help me. She went to the front of the cart and I stayed in the back. Together we were able to lift the cart high above the snow piles, and down over the icy, snowy slope to the street. I am sure her previous years of navigating a carriage or stroller alone helped her feel compassion for an older woman with a laundry cart. To my pleasant surprise, she continued to walk with me the final half block, and helped me lift the cart up the two steps to the entryway of my apartment building. Her son—who was no more than five years old—patiently followed behind us. I thanked her profusely.

“I try to do at least one nice thing a day,” she responded cheerfully. “Maybe it will help get me a place in Heaven when my time comes.” She and her son waved good-bye as they continued on their trek.

And isn’t that just like God as well? As we carefully and timidly step out in faith, encouragement and support appear when we least expect it. Plato encouraged us to “be kind, everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle.” Perhaps I will need to do two acts of kindness a day for the rest of my life as penitence for the conscious and sometimes unconscious acts of kindness not taken for strangers as well as friends who are fighting their own hard battles. May God forgive me for my own inactions; and let me walk more often by faith, not by sight. Maybe, just maybe, I might then be able to get a place in Heaven when my time comes.

**Westina, a Shalem board member, is a graduate of Shalem’s Spiritual Guidance Program.**

## **Dun I**

*In August, 2000, my wife and I participated in a pilgrimage, sponsored by Shalem Institute, visiting several of the Celtic shrines in the UK. One summer afternoon, while on the Isle of Iona (Scotland), I hiked to the top of Dun I (done ee), the highest ridge on the island. The day was sunny but was cooled by a strong wind. At the top I was pleased to find that I was alone. I nestled into the lea of a boulder, to feel the sun more and the wind less, and began to celebrate the day by improvising on my harmonica. In the solitude of a pause I heard a moment of music from somewhere. I was not alone!*

*I got up and walked around to discover who else might be on the hilltop but saw no one. Reassured, I returned to “my boulder” and nestled in once again. Just as I raised the harmonica to my lips to resume playing I heard the music again and was startled to realize that it came from my own harmonica—a breath of wind blowing through the reeds. It was as if I were playing a duet with God.*

*As I now reflect on this experience, I wonder, “Are we ever alone?” and “Is not all of life a duet?”*

—James Donnelly

*Jim is a graduate of Shalem’s Spiritual Guidance Program.*

*This piece was previously published in the August/September 2006 issue of Sacred Journey.*



# Moon Listening

Judith Favor



**A**s the August moon rises over Chimney Rock, I sense an urge to leave the group at Casa del Sol and move into the desert. I'm conflicted about leaving just when the party is getting started. I love co-facilitating Spiritual Journey retreats at Ghost Ranch, but tonight I'm tired. My listening ears are saturated with soulful talk. I follow the moon's tidal tug, say my farewells to people on the patio and tighten the laces of my walking shoes. My inner critic starts up—too old for this work, too introverted—as I start out across the sand. But I'm ready to be quiet, ready to walk alone in moonlight, ready to make my way toward bed at the Main Ranch two miles away. The inner voice hushes when I focus on the complex cloud patterns that hide, then reveal, the full moon.

Pupils gradually widen as my eyes cooperate with Nature, granting night vision to find my way without a flashlight. Music and laughter trail me for a mile or so, then evaporate into the night air. After the human sounds dissolve, my ears tune to insects and reptiles doing their work in darkness. The farther I walk along the gritty track, the less tired I feel. Contemplative time in nature, what Gerald May called “the wilderness of being,” is already beginning to renew my body and refresh my soul.

Wisdom calls, humming tunelessly beyond words. Every so often I sense her stopping me, turning me to gaze at rugged mesas profiled against the western sky, then toward Pederal to the south. Wisdom invites me to pause in darkness, to behold the brightening sky. Unlike the neon smog that blankets skies in the Los Angeles basin where I live, no light pollution mars the heavens in northern New Mexico. I marvel at the vast panoply of stars, acutely aware of Sacred Presence.

I pass Georgia O'Keefe's adobe house, empty since her death. A primitive log ladder leans against one wall and my imagination climbs it, up onto the flat roof. As the story goes, the artist required her guests to mount this ladder after dark, moving the party closer to moon and stars. Perhaps it was O'Keefe's idea of dessert, serving a taste of contemplative sky-watching after dinner.

“What has happened to our moonlike consciousness?” asks John Philip Newell, Resident Companion/Theologian at Ghost Ranch's Casa del Sol Spirituality and Retreat Center. I ponder Newell's question as I gaze at the home where Georgia O'Keefe lived and painted for 50 years. Perhaps it was her appreciation of moonlike consciousness that led the artist to insist that visitors scale the rustic ladder. I listen, imagining O'Keefe and her guests on the roof, moving beyond social chitchat into the speechlessness of wonder.

“Moonlike consciousness,” a term coined by Carl Jung, captures the ineffable communion with Nature that some people experience in the empty desert. After my inner commentary quiets down I began to hear “integrate and transcend.” I recognize this as an element of Ken Wilber's teaching, but the phrase seems to come from the moon. Integrate and transcend, in a feminine voice. Maybe I am hearing the still, small voice of Wisdom. At first it sounds invitational. As I



carry the words on my breath, then adjust my steps to match their rhythm, the tone becomes more insistent, more commanding. I feel like a character in the old TV show, *Mission Impossible*: “This is your mission, should you choose to accept it. Integrate. And transcend.”

This sort of thing—some call it contemplative immersion—sometimes happens when I walk the good earth by myself, especially when I’m tired. This night, rather than trying to figure out what the message means, I simply walk with it.

I receive it as Wisdom’s reminder that everything comes together in God’s good time. Integrate and Transcend. Some day the meaning may become clear. For now I am lit with gratitude for luminous moments like this, grateful that I have the strength and balance to walk alone in the wilderness of being. I pause in the moon shadow of an ancient juniper to savor the holy gift, the one Jerry May calls “abidingness.”

*Judith is a graduate of Shalem’s Spiritual Guidance Program.*

## A Rocking Chair Contemplative

*Tim Schumacher*

I have always loved rocking chairs. Some of my fondest memories of places I have lived and people I have loved include a rocking chair somewhere in that memory.

Our cottage at Windfall Lake in northern Wisconsin, where my family has vacationed for 85 years, has a rocking chair that comes to mind immediately when I think back on the evenings we spent playing games, singing songs and sharing stories. My grandmother’s rocking chair is also a prominent image for me. I remember her praying in that chair after she had put us to bed. And before that, I recall sitting on her lap as she sang her favorite songs to us and we slipped into sleep.

My grandmother’s sister gave us her antique rocking chair many years ago. Now well over 100 years old, it sits in the corner of my mother’s living room between two windows. It is a beautiful old chair that is in the perfect spot. I have sat in it many times for many hours with eyes closed, enjoying the peaceful motion of rocking back and forth. And I have enjoyed that same peaceful motion with eyes wide open, staring out the windows at the beautiful world I grew up in and allowing that world to stare back in at me and make my soul smile with delight.

When I built my first home in rural Wisconsin, the first piece of furniture I purchased was a rocking chair. I set it near my large window in the living room overlooking the hill that ran down to Bower Creek and the woods beyond. I sat in that chair nearly every morning and every evening and let the gentle rocking take me into my prayer time.



While the images alone of these chairs bring me delight and peace, it is the motion that has most fascinated me, particularly in recent days. I think the motion has always captured and nourished my—sometimes desperate—need for movement coupled with an equally strong desire for peace and calm. The gentle rocking slows me down while allowing me to experience the constant movement that I seem to crave.

Recently I was paging through a copy of *Newsweek* magazine when I came across an advertisement for MSNBC. The ad is a new campaign for MSNBC that invites us to *lean forward*; to think big; to reach out; to act fast; to listen closer. *Lean forward*: I like that. It is part of the rocking motion. When I finished reading the ad for the first time, it reminded me of a prayer I had heard recently. In our New Mexico Personal Spiritual Deepening Program, we developed a practice at the end of each gathering. As we held hands in prayer, each of us was invited to name the prayer that was in our hearts. Since there were seven participants, each person and their prayer were assigned a day of the week. Each day, the rest of us were able to hold that person and their prayer in our hearts—throughout the day. My good friend and co-leader, Sue Joiner, offered us

her prayer as well each time and it was simply to *lean back* into the arms of God. *Lean back*: I like that, too. It is also part of the rocking motion. And that is what brought to my mind again this love I have for rocking chairs, but this time with a new perspective. Lean back into the arms of God and then lean forward to reach out to the world. What a marvelous metaphor for the contemplative life. What a wonderful image for the rhythm that we contemplatives seek in our lives. We rock back into God's arms. We rock forward into the waiting arms of the world. Or perhaps we take the world, as my grandmother did, in our arms and let it rock with us.

I am quite certain that the first rocking chair must have been fashioned by someone with a true contemplative spirit, a true contemplative heart. These wonderful chairs have served throughout my life to nourish my own contemplative spirit. Without even realizing it, I suppose I have always been just a simple rocking chair contemplative.

***Tim is a graduate of Shalem's Personal Spiritual Deepening Program and Shalem's Leading Contemplative Prayer Groups & Retreats Program.***

---

## NEW POSSIBILITIES—SHALEM'S SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE PROGRAM & LANCASTER SEMINARY

Recently, Shalem Institute entered into an exciting, new partnership with Lancaster Theological Seminary in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to create a Masters of Divinity program that specializes in Spiritual Direction.

This three-year program is open to men and women from any denomination who discern a call and would like to apply. During the first year, students will work with a spiritual director and take the courses foundational to the MDiv degree. The second year, students will continue with their carefully tailored theological studies while also beginning the Shalem Spiritual Guidance Program. They will finish both programs in the third year and graduate with an MDiv degree from Lancaster Theological Seminary and a certificate in spiritual direction from Shalem.

This combined program allows those drawn to ordained ministry to enrich their ministry through nurturing a call to contemplative spiritual direction. They can receive contemplative grounding as well as graduate with a comprehensive understanding and lived experience of the ministry of spiritual direction. This combined focus can deepen awareness and enlarge possibilities for ministry. Individuals interested in this possibility would discern a call to both programs and would then apply to each program.

We are very pleased about this special, joint program and the new possibilities it will create for both institutions. More details can be found on both web sites: [www.shalem.org](http://www.shalem.org) and [www.lancasterseminary.edu](http://www.lancasterseminary.edu).

# Annual Fund Contributions

*Our thanks to the following Shalem friends who contributed to Shalem's Annual Fund between July 1, 2010 and June 30, 2011, a total of \$340,136 from 639 people. Those gifts received after June 30, 2011 will be listed in next year's annual report.*

Eleanor & Robert Abarno  
Skip Adams  
Thomas H. Adams  
Ridgeway Addison  
N. Franklin Adkinson  
Anthony Ahrens  
Marty Albershardt  
Daniel Albrant  
Susan Alexander  
Devon Allen  
Susie Allen  
Nicholas Amato  
Colleen Ambrose  
Betsy N. Anderson  
Marlene Anderson  
Jackie Antkowiak  
Gary G. Arndt  
Shari L. Ayers  
Sue Baczynski  
Paul M. Bailey  
Sarah Bailey  
Jeannette & Stanley Bakke  
CeCe & Gerry Balboni  
David Ball  
Francina Bardsley  
Bill & Linda Barnard  
Ann Barry  
Margaret Bartel  
Martha Bartholomew  
John F. & Anne L. Barton  
Bernice Bassing  
Gervaise Bastian  
Isabella Bates  
Douglas Battenberg  
Judith Baum  
Edward W. Bauman  
Battle A. Beasley  
John Beddingfield  
Larry Bell  
Susan Bell  
Rick Benedict & Ellen Posch-Benedict  
Margaret J. Benefiel  
Hillary R. Bercovici  
Beatrice M. Billups  
Timothy Bingham  
William D. Bone  
Kathryn Booth & Joan Jordan Grant  
Robert & Tamala Bos

Judith Bowers  
Kim Boykin & Brian Mahan  
Robert & Sharon Brady  
David Brague  
Mary Brandenburg  
Anne F. Briggs  
Julie Brigham  
Betty Brody  
Lerita Coleman Brown  
Robert Brown  
Tina Brown-Eckart  
Michael & Judith Bucci  
Margaret Bullitt-Jonas & Robert Jonas  
Mary Catherine Bunting  
Susan Burke  
Gerald A. Butler  
Elizabeth Caemmerer  
Holly Cameron  
Donald K. Campbell  
Ella Campbell  
Kathryn J. Campbell  
Barbara Carey, RSCJ  
Peter M. Carey  
Alison Carmody  
Mary Lou Judd Carpenter  
Zoe Carpenter  
Merrill Ware & Tim Carrington  
Maria M. Carroll  
Nancy Corson Carter  
Stacey Carter  
Kristine Casey  
Susan Castellan  
Emily Castner  
Todd Chandler  
Cynthia Chappell  
Marilyn L. Charles & Reuben Simmons  
Cynthia Chertos  
Tawanna Chesley  
Kiok Cho  
Christ Church Parish of Georgetown  
Jim M. Christianson  
Suzanne Clark  
Maud Clarke  
Thomas Coates  
Mary C. Coelho  
Milo & Wendy Coerper

Dawn Cogger  
Amy & James Cole  
David Coleman  
Susan Collins  
Robert A. Colman  
Mary Jo Colucci  
Alicia Conklin-Wood  
Joan Marie Conway  
Emily Cooke  
Nathaniel Corwin  
Mary & Paul Corzine  
Reppa Cottrell  
Carolyn M. Craft  
Nancy Craig  
Marshall P. Craver  
Clare C. Crawford-Mason  
Carey Creed  
Michael & Ellen Cronin  
Gaynell Cronin  
John Crossin  
Carole Crumley  
Mary Lewis Crummer  
Grace A. Cummings  
Jeanette Cureton  
Joan A. Curley  
Kendrick E. Curry  
Sue E. Czarnetzky  
John H. Danner & Linda Bradbury-Danner  
Kathleen Davie  
June & Peter Davis  
Karen Day  
Ann Dean  
Patricia deBeer  
Alida DeCoster & Perry Beider  
E. Marie & Robert Deegan  
Mara Delli Priscoli  
John Denham  
Elaine M. Dent  
Claudette Derdaele  
Marilyn Crotty Derian  
Catherine Desfosse  
Cynthia Diane  
Lilyan Dickerson  
Rosemary Dickerson  
Martha Dillard  
Susan Dillon  
Gary & Diana Ditto  
Cynthia & Bob Donnell

Marjorie Donnelly  
Ann Donofrio-Benson  
Robin Dorko  
Elizabeth Dorsey  
Rose Mary Dougherty  
Madeline Douglas  
Sally B. Dowling  
Valerie Downing  
Anne-Marie Drew  
Robert Duggan  
Roderick Dugliss  
Raymond E. & Naomi C. Dungan Foundation  
Jacqueline Dunlavey  
Betty J. Dunlop  
Susan S. Dunn  
Carol O. Eckerman  
Tilden & Mary Edwards  
Susan Eenigenburg  
Nancy J. Eggert  
Adrienne Ehle  
Ruth Elder  
Nancy L. Elder-Wilfrid  
David C. Emery  
Paula & Todd Endo  
Eleanor B. Engh

Elizabeth English  
Meredith English  
Gene & Alma Espinosa  
Virginia Keller Essink  
Susan Etherton  
Jeanne B. & John D. Evans  
Carlos Exposito  
Lawrence Fagg  
Judith L. Favor  
Norman S. Fedderly  
James A. Finan  
Michael Finnegan  
John Finney  
Justin Fiorenzio  
Mary Louise Fisher  
O. Ray Fitzgerald  
Karen L. Foley  
Terry Foor  
Gordon M. Forbes  
Dena Forster  
Lois B. Fortson  
Larry & Ann Fourman  
Sidney D. Fowler  
Ann C. Fox  
Clarence B. Fox





James Foy	Mary Tom Hefte	Barbara Kane	John F. Lose	Darlene Meyers
Dwight D. Fraser	Lorene Hegner	Linda M. Kapurch	Catherine R. Loveland	Charlie Micallef
Sharon Friedman	Patricia Heidt	Mansfield & Dianne	Lucy Jewett Lowenthal	Marcia Middleton
Anne K. Fries	Barton L. Hellmuth	Kaseman	Barbara R. Lowrey	Ellen Miller
Doris & Richard Froelich	Suzanne Henley	Sam Kautz	Marjorie Ann Lueck	Leslie Miller
Janet Fujikawa	Hesed Foundation	Marcella Keefe-Slager	Bruce & Alessandra de	Louise E. Miller
Francine M. Gagnon	James T. Hicks	Albert J. Keeney	Bosis Lugn	Paul D. Millin
Mary Jo Gallagher	Marianne Hieb	Jacque Kelly	Mike & Jan Lundy	Bobbie Miner
Samuel R. Gammon	Ann & John Hisle	Sheila Kelly	Louise & Michael	Mary Ann Miya
Penelope Ganetakos	Richard B. Hite	Frank Kenney	Lusignan	Gloria Mog
Katy Gaughan	Teri & Bill Hocking	Charles E. Kiblinger	Sarah Lutterodt	Tiffany A. Montavon
Thomas & Karen	Trish Hogan	Suzi Kindervatter	Jennifer Lutz	Carroll Charles Moore
Gaughan	John Holden & Mary	Elizabeth H. Kingsman	Patricia Lynch	Charlotte M. Moore
Patricia Geadelmann	Beaudoin	John Kirkley	James Lynn	W. Taylor Moore
Phoebe Gilchrist	Lindy Holt	Brenda Kiser	Jane E. Lytle-Vieira	Edward Morawetz
Susan Gilpin	Nancy L. Hoover	Betsy Kitch	Richard & Mary	Bill & Grace Moremen
Larry D. Glover-	Roland & Cynthia	Daniel A. Klement	Macheski	Sue Mosher
Wetherington	Hoover	JoAnn M. Klink	Sandra R. Mackie	Pat Mousaw
Andrea Goodman	Shannon & Ted Howard	Linda Pierce Knutson	Nancy E. Maestri	Jo-Ann R. Murphy
Velma Goodreau	Roberta D. Hucek	Ilse Konigshofer	Sharon Mahood	Susan O. Murphy
Mark Goodwin	Joetta Huelsmann	Jane K. Koonce	Marlene & Milton Maier	Joseph & Alice Murray
Mary Gordon	Lucinda Hughes	Catharine Kopac	Gabriel Makhoul	Darlene B. Muschett
Maureen E. Grady, OSU	Kathryn A. Hult	Chuck Korte	Noreen Malone	Rhoda Nary
Cynthia & Walter R.	Deborah Hunley	Verleah Brown Kosloske	John L. Manley	Joanne Neel-Richard
Graham	John J. Hutchings	Maureen Kramlinger	Avis Mannino	Patricia Nicholson
Gary D. Graham	Jan Hutton	Margaret Krantz	Nicolas & Mari Carmen	Nancy Ellen Nikiforow-
Grace Grant	Orion Hyson	Donald W. Krickbaum	Mariscal	DeVore
Marjorie Gray	Alice C. Immler	Delcy Kuhlman	Eva Martin	Edna & Doug Noiles
Madi Green	Carol Ingells	Ann Kulp	Susan Kline Massey	Shirley Nugent
Dana K. Greene	Carolyn Tanner Irish	Phyllis LaPlante	Linda Mastro	John Nurnberger
Claudia S. Greer	Kathy & Greer Jackson	Gregory Larkin	Joe & Cris Matney	Mary Louise & Anderson
David J. Greer	David Jamieson	Maria Garcia Larrieu	Westina Matthews	O'Day
Mark F. Greiner	Cathy Jay	Gerrie Lavan	Shatteen	James O'Donnell
Anne Grizzle	Christine Jeffrey	Liz Laverack	Monica J. Maxon	Chester & Sue O'Neal
Kent Groff	Maureen Jenkins	Harold Beebout & Mary	Joan Maxwell	Grace Ogden
Peggy Grossman	Anne Hale Johnson	Frances le Mat	Shirin McArthur	Diana Oliphant
Carol S. Guilbert	Carolyn A. Johnson	Carol Leach	Diane-Ellen McCarron	Erin A. Oliver-Neault
Linda Guy	Jean Johnson	Dorothy Lee	Steven L. McClain	Clare Openshaw
Jacques & Susan Hadler	Karen B. Johnson	Chris & Sylvia Lee-	Kayla McClurg	Constance Ordower
Jane Milliken Hague	Linda Johnson	Thompson	Carl McColman	David Orr
Jackie Halstead	H. Vance Johnson	Teddi Leiden	Katherine R. McFaul	Barbara & David
Al Halvstadt & Susan	Nancy A. Johnston	Jennifer leMat	Nancy McInnes	Osborne
Weeks	Sue Joiner	J. Paul Lennon	Bette McKown	Alyce Ostrow
Tim Hamlin	Barbara Jones	Christine Leonard-	Debra McMaster	Larney Otis
Linda Hammond	Cynthia D. Jones	Osterwalder	Leanne McPherson	Mary Overholt
Robert L. Hansen	Jan Jones	Andrea Bliss & Lawrence	Sally & Bill Meadows	Laurence A. Pagnoni
D. E. Harris	Mimi Jones	Lerman	Nawrie Meigs-Brown	Diane & Ron Paras
Dorothy Harris	Sarah J. Jones	F. Richard Leslie	Mary Jo Melberger	Donald & Alixe Park
Joyce Harris	Heidi L. Joos	Marianne & Dean Lewis	Clara S. Mercado	Sharon Daloz Parks
Margaret Harris & Roger	Harley Jordan	Carol Lightstone	Lydia Mercado	David C. Partington
Harrison	Katherine H. Jordan	Lester & Mary Beth Lind	Maury Merkin	Betty Payne
Ruth Ann Harris	Lynne & Larry Joseloff	Lois Lindbloom	Cecily Merrell	Shirley H. Pearse
Nancy E. Harrison	Sharon Jourdan	Candace Littell	Eleanor Merrick	Nae H. Pearson, III
Larry Hastings	Michael & Barbara Jupin	Elsa Littman	Mercy Metherate	Dawn Peck
Joan E. Hatcher	William Kachadorian	Dianne Litynski	Richard Metzger	Lynn Penney
Cathy Haworth	John Kadlecik	Clark Lobenstine	Gail Meyer	Nan Perkins
Mary Ellen Hayden	Steve Kallan	James M. Long	Maria Teresa Meyer	Alice J. Petersen

We make every effort to acknowledge each donor. If an error has been made, we sincerely apologize and ask that you let us know.

Julie Petersmeyer  
Cindy & Stephen  
Peterson Wlosinski  
Bruce & Kirstin Pickle  
Brad Piergrossi  
Pauline Pittinos  
Richard Plant  
Edward & Marjorie  
Poling  
Paul Popernack  
Margaret J. Porter  
Alicia Porterfield  
Catherine & Robert  
Powell  
Rosalind Powell  
Jean Preslan  
Elizabeth Pugin  
Mary B. Pulick  
Susan Pullin  
Lee Puricelli  
Paul & Judith Purta  
Ann Quinn  
Mari Quint  
Joyce Rains  
Leah & David Rampy  
DC Rao  
Mimi Raper  
Ellen E. Ratmeyer  
Gary Reams  
Eileen Regan  
Mary Ann F. Rehnke  
Dorothy M. Reichardt  
Arnon Reichers  
Ruth Reynolds  
Velma Rice  
Lisa B. Richey  
Patricia Richter  
Lois Nell Richwine

Margaret Rick  
Kathleen Riether  
Katherine Riggins  
Kitty Riordan  
Kim Risedorph  
Jane May Ritchie  
Patience Leiden Robbins  
Susan Porter Robinson  
Cindy Rogers  
Jean & David Rogers  
Jane Rohrbach  
Marie Romejko  
Nancy D. Rosan  
Adela N. Rose  
Peg Ruetten  
Mari Russell  
Diana Ruth  
Lynne Rychlec  
Robert A. Sabath  
Janet & Paul Salbert  
Sue Ann Salmon  
Frank Sasinowski  
Judy Sayed  
Erika Schleifman  
Linda G. Schoen  
Cynthia Schoonover  
Robert Schrader  
June M. Schulte  
Timothy M. Schumacher  
Inez E. Scott  
Agnes Scott Rucker  
Felicita Sebastian  
Lyta G. Seddig  
Sandra F. Selby  
Guy & Dana Semmes  
Luette G. Semmes  
Connie Seraphine  
Sarah Stowell Shapley

Jane Sharp  
Philippa C. Shepherd  
Carroll Anne Sheppard  
Martha Sherman  
Jayne Shontell  
Sharon Shutler  
Sisters of St. Francis  
John & Betty Smallwood  
Marcus & Dorothy G.  
Smucker  
Doris Snyder  
Cathy Sody  
Tara Soughers  
Katherine Spaar  
Carol & Bob Spangler  
Carol & Mid Squier  
Jo Ann Staebler  
Wanda J. Stahl  
James & Loretta Starr  
Ann Starrette  
Carol Stehling  
Shellie Sterner  
Eugene Steuerle  
Carolyn Stevens  
Charles N. Stewart  
Daniel J. Stewart  
Joan & Peter Stogis  
Marie Stoltzfus  
Anne Stone  
Phil & Anne Stone  
Tom & Kitty Stoner  
Elizabeth Stookey  
Jochen Strack  
Nancy Strickland  
Jean H. Sweeney  
Linda Tamlyn  
Kay Tarazi  
Marianne M. Taylor

Therese A. Taylor-  
Stinson  
Timothy Teates  
Sara Beth Terrell  
Frances Thayer  
Pamela Thomas  
Karen D. & William F.  
Thompson  
Charles & Lee Tidball  
Lee Tidman  
Janet Timbie  
Jim Todhunter  
Carla Sams Toenniessen  
Frank & Linda Toia  
Gordon L. Toombs  
Linda Trageser  
Joe Trestler  
Barbara B. Troxell  
Elizabeth Truesdale  
Trust for the Meditation  
Process  
Mary & Ted Tschudy  
Carol Tsou  
Margaret Tucker &  
David Schlafer  
Mark Tucker  
Elizabeth Tuckermanty  
Sarah C. Turner  
Naomi Tyler-Lloyd  
Janet Tysse  
Clair Ullmann  
Jack & Claudia Upper  
Elizabeth Upton  
Jan Valentine  
Phyllis Van Lare  
Robert & Nancy Vaughn  
Andrea Vidrine  
Betty Voigt

Nancy Wagner  
Kit Wallingford  
Cynthia Byers Walter  
Elizabeth & Bill Ward  
Joanne Ward  
Michael Washington  
Nancy Watson  
Patti V. Weikart  
Nancy Weir  
Robert Weisner  
Linda Wenger  
Tonya Wenger  
Jacqueline L. White  
Kathryn White  
Susie White  
Gladys Whitehouse  
Suzanne Dale Wilcox  
Marjorie Wilhelmi  
Earle Williams  
Larry Williams  
Paul Willrodt  
Beth Wilson  
Jean M. Wilson  
Nancy M. Wilson  
Sandra H. Wilson  
Margaret Wise &  
Thomas Joyce  
Candace Woessner  
Jean Woessner  
Harry & Genelda  
Woggon  
Christine E. Wood  
Jean Woods  
Amy Yarnall  
Marilyn & Alan Youel  
Katherine Young  
Martin T. Young  
Nancy Zastrow



# Tribute Gifts FY10-11

## GIVEN BY

Daniel Albrant . . . . .	PSDP and all the leaders and graduates
Betsy N. Anderson . . . . .	Lisa Myers
Jackie Antkowiak . . . . .	Gigi Ross
Lerita Coleman Brown . . . . .	CeCe Balboni
Susan Burke . . . . .	Patricia Gibler & Adela Rose
Peter M. Carey . . . . .	Carole Crumley
Merrill Ware & Tim Carrington . .	Liz Ward
Suzanne Clark . . . . .	Christine Jeffrey
Dawn Cogger . . . . .	Louise Miller
Marshall P. Craver . . . . .	Bill & Cynthia Donnell
Carole Crumley . . . . .	Clark Lobenstine
Carole Crumley . . . . .	Marlene Maier
Ann Dean . . . . .	Leah Rampy
Patricia deBeer . . . . .	Rachel Hosmer, OSM
John Denham . . . . .	Maxine Denham
Robin Dorko . . . . .	Bill Dietrich
Betty J. Dunlop . . . . .	The staff of Shalem
Meredith English . . . . .	Carole Crumley & Clark Lobenstine
Gene & Alma Espinosa . . . . .	CeCe Balboni
Susan Etherton . . . . .	Shalem SGP Class of 2011
Dena Forster . . . . .	Brendan Forster
Katy Gaughan . . . . .	Shalem's staff
Patricia Geadelmann . . . . .	Martha Campbell
Mary Gordon . . . . .	Jane Hague
David J. Greer . . . . .	Tilden Edwards
John Holden & Mary Beaudoin . .	Patience Robbins
Kathy & Greer Jackson . . . . .	Phil & Anne Stone
Linda Johnson . . . . .	Susan Pullin

## IN HONOR OF

## GIVEN BY

Linda M. Kapurch . . . . .	St. Matthew's Church, Maple Glen, PA,
Sam Kautz . . . . .	Rev. Steve Wlosinski
Jane K. Koonce . . . . .	Carole Crumley
Margaret Krantz . . . . .	Mary Ellen Doyle
Ann Kulp . . . . .	Lin Ludy
J. Paul Lennon . . . . .	Father Peter Cronin
James Lynn . . . . .	CeCe Balboni
Debra McMaster . . . . .	Marianne Hieb, RSM
Mary Jo Melberger . . . . .	God's glory through Shalem!
Louise E. Miller . . . . .	Liz Ward
Bill & Grace Moremen . . . . .	Marlene Maier
Darlene B Muschett . . . . .	The Shalem staff
Sue O'Neal . . . . .	Chet O'Neal
Grace Ogden . . . . .	Carole Crumley
Erin A. Oliver-Neault . . . . .	Rose Mary Dougherty
Clare Openshaw . . . . .	Leah Rampy & all the Shalem Staff
Constance Ordower . . . . .	Wisdom
David Orr . . . . .	Leslie Miller
Diane & Ron Paras . . . . .	Rhoda Nary
Nan Perkins . . . . .	Edna Noiles
Alicia Porterfield . . . . .	Lisa Richey
Rosalind Powell . . . . .	The Shalem Staff
Leah & David Rampy . . . . .	Anne Grizzle
Lois Nell Richwine . . . . .	Marlene Maier
Cindy Rogers . . . . .	The Very Rev. Donald Krickbaum
Jean & David Rogers . . . . .	Tilden Edwards & Rose Mary Dougherty
Sue Ann Salmon . . . . .	Anne Grizzle & Dawn Peck
Ann Starrette . . . . .	Betty White
Eugene Steuerle . . . . .	Bill Dietrich & Joan Hickey
Carolyn Stevens . . . . .	Monica Maxon
Anne Stone . . . . .	Phil Stone
Jochen Strack . . . . .	Bill Moremen
Elizabeth Truesdale . . . . .	Carole Crumley
Margaret Tucker & David Schlafer	Monica Maxon
Mark Tucker . . . . .	Rev. Marshall Craver
Elizabeth Tuckermanty . . . . .	Anne Russell, Anne Hopewell & Leah Warner
Sarah C. Turner . . . . .	Liz Ward
Jack Upper . . . . .	Claudia Upper
Jack & Claudia Upper . . . . .	Tilden Edwards
Jan Valentine . . . . .	The Shalem Staff
Cynthia Byers Walter . . . . .	Sister Mary Clark
Elizabeth & Bill Ward . . . . .	Tilden Edwards & Rose Mary Dougherty
Beth Wilson . . . . .	Liz Ward and Marshall Craver





## GIVEN BY

## IN MEMORY OF

Devon Allen . . . . .	Gerald May
Shari L. Ayers . . . . .	Jerry May
Martha Bartholomew . . . . .	Paul Kulp
Judith Bowers . . . . .	Clark Hand
Robert Brown . . . . .	Lin Ludy
Gerald A. Butler . . . . .	John Butler
Alison Carmody . . . . .	Christy Davis
Stacey Carter . . . . .	Carole Collins
Emily Castner . . . . .	Christy Davis
Thomas Coates . . . . .	Gladys Bailey
David Coleman . . . . .	Loving Fathers
Mary Jo Colucci . . . . .	Ernest & Jo Colucci
Mary & Paul Corzine . . . . .	Jack & Joan McCloskey
Carole Crumley . . . . .	Christy Davis
Mary Lewis Crummer . . . . .	Jerry May
Cynthia Diane . . . . .	Payton & Hortense Cundiff
Rosemary Dickerson . . . . .	Christy Davis
Marjorie Donnelly . . . . .	Sue & John Richmond
Jacqueline Dunlavy . . . . .	Ronald J. Dunlavy
Doris & Richard Froelich . . . . .	Lin & Bert Ludy
Samuel R. Gammon . . . . .	Mary R. Gammon
Madi Green . . . . .	Bert & Lin Ludy
Claudia S. Greer . . . . .	Anne Van Dusen
Lindy Holt . . . . .	Christy Davis
Roberta D. Hucek . . . . .	Jerry May
Carol Ingells . . . . .	Jerry May
Barbara Jones . . . . .	Christy Davis
Jan Jones . . . . .	Christy Davis
Gregory Larkin . . . . .	Christy Davis
Dorothy Lee . . . . .	Charlotte Moore
Gabriel Makhlof . . . . .	Avril Makhlof
Linda Mastro . . . . .	Christy Davis
Monica J. Maxon . . . . .	Lin & Bert Ludy
Joan Maxwell . . . . .	Lin Ludy
Shirin McArthur . . . . .	Gerald May
Nancy McInnes . . . . .	Charles Heinmiller
Clara S. Mercado . . . . .	Luis Fidel Mercado
Maria Teresa Meyer . . . . .	Robert Bensen Meyer, Jr.
Paul D. Millin . . . . .	Jerry May
Tiffany A. Montavon . . . . .	Arthur Kernon Jordan
Edward Morawetz . . . . .	Chris Myson
Clare Openshaw . . . . .	Lin & Bert Ludy
Barbara & David Osborne . . . . .	Lin Ludy
Mary Overholt . . . . .	Christy Davis
Alice J. Petersen . . . . .	Paul Petersen
Leah & David Rampy . . . . .	Madeline Moran
Mimi Raper . . . . .	Jerry May
Eileen Regan . . . . .	Christy Davis
Jane May Ritchie . . . . .	Mary Shaw May
Jean & David Rogers . . . . .	Jerry May
Mari Russell . . . . .	Her mother
June M. Schulte . . . . .	Jerry May

## GIVEN BY

## IN MEMORY OF

Felicitas Sebastian . . . . .	Maria Aurora S. Santos
James & Loretta Starr . . . . .	Jerry May
Carol Stehling . . . . .	Billie Jo Stehling
Jean H. Sweeney . . . . .	Christy Davis
Sara Beth Terrell . . . . .	Cherry Partington
Karen D. & William F. Thompson . . . . .	Gerald May
Carol Tsou . . . . .	Lin Ludy
Naomi Tyler-Lloyd . . . . .	Nathaniel Tyler Lloyd
Elizabeth Upton . . . . .	Roberta Morel
Phyllis Van Lare . . . . .	Lin & Bert Ludy

## GIVEN BY

## IN APPRECIATION OF

Cynthia Chappell . . . . .	Thursday AM group
Rosemary Dickerson . . . . .	Thursday AM group
Ellen Cronin . . . . .	Thursday AM group
Jacqueline Dunlavy . . . . .	Thursday AM group
Dena Forster . . . . .	Thursday AM group
Marjorie Gray . . . . .	Group spiritual direction group
Suzanne Henley . . . . .	Group spiritual direction group
Ann & John Hisle . . . . .	Thursday AM group
Barbara Kane . . . . .	Thursday AM group
Kathleen Riether . . . . .	Group spiritual direction group
Frances Thayer . . . . .	Group spiritual direction group
Linda Trageser . . . . .	Thursday AM group

## SCHOLARSHIP GIFTS

Marty Albershardt	Sue E. Czarnetzky
John Beddingfield	Tilden & Mary Edwards
Betty Brody	Anne Grizzle
Marshall P. Craver	Andrea Vidrine
	Beth Wilson



# Statements of Financial Position and Activities

The Condensed Financial Statements shown below were derived from the audited financial statements of the Shalem Institute for Spiritual Formation, Inc. These condensed statements do not include all disclosures normally included in financial statements prepared in accordance with generally accepted accounting principles. The complete financial statements, including statements of cash flows, footnote disclosures and the report of our independent accountants, Aronson LLC, are available for review upon request.

## CONDENSED STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION AS OF JUNE 30, 2011 AND 2010

	2011	2010
<b>ASSETS</b>		
CURRENT ASSETS	<u>\$121,098</u>	<u>\$ 85,094</u>
INVESTMENTS		
Board designated	<u>569,319</u>	<u>496,675</u>
<b>TOTAL INVESTMENTS</b>	<b><u>569,319</u></b>	<b><u>496,675</u></b>
FIXED ASSETS	11,970	15,783
OTHER ASSETS	<u>17,011</u>	<u>23,771</u>
TOTAL ASSETS	<u><u>719,398</u></u>	<u><u>621,323</u></u>
<b>LIABILITIES AND NET ASSETS</b>		
CURRENT LIABILITIES	<u>56,835</u>	<u>76,517</u>
NET ASSETS		
Unrestricted	610,856	453,205
Temporarily restricted	<u>51,707</u>	<u>91,601</u>
TOTAL NET ASSETS	<u>662,563</u>	<u>544,806</u>
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES &amp; NET ASSETS</b>	<b><u>\$ 719,398</u></b>	<b><u>\$ 621,323</u></b>

## CONDENSED STATEMENT OF ACTIVITIES FOR YEARS ENDED JUNE 30, 2011 AND 2010

	2011	2010
<b>REVENUE AND SUPPORT</b>		
Programs, contractual work and publications	\$ 479,643	\$ 504,567
Contributions	372,267	410,370
Investment income (losses)	<u>98,711</u>	<u>66,261</u>
<b>TOTAL REVENUE AND SUPPORT</b>	<b><u>950,621</u></b>	<b><u>981,198</u></b>
<b>EXPENSES</b>		
Programs, including allocated staff compensation	526,918	633,861
Administration:		
Staff compensation & benefits	49,856	18,584
Rent and other	190,543	289,315
Fundraising expenses	<u>65,547</u>	<u>64,341</u>
<b>TOTAL EXPENSES</b>	<b><u>832,864</u></b>	<b><u>1,006,101</u></b>
<b>Total Increase (Decrease) in Net Assets</b>	117,757	(24,903)
<b>NET ASSETS, Beginning of Year</b>	544,806	569,709
<b>NET ASSETS, End of Year</b>	<b><u>\$ 662,563</u></b>	<b><u>\$ 544,806</u></b>

# Shalem Long-Time Donors

We are deeply grateful for the following group of people who have given faithfully to Shalem for 15 years or more. Their long-time, prayerful partnership with Shalem has sustained Shalem's ministry of contemplative living and leadership.

## 30 years and more

Sue Baczynski  
Ed Bauman  
Milo & Wendy Coerper  
Carole Crumley  
June Dunn Davis  
John Denham  
Marilyn Derian  
Susan Dillon  
Robert Duggan  
Tilden Edwards  
David Greer  
Carolyn Irish  
Dolores Leckey  
Carol Lobell  
Louise & Michael Lusignan  
Marlene & Milt Maier  
Monica Maxon  
Eleanor Merrick  
William & Grace Moremen  
Mary Louise O'Day  
Erin Oliver-Neault  
Barbara & David Osborne  
Jack & Claudia Upper  
Sandra Wilson

## 25-29 years

Eleanor & Robert Abarno  
Jeannette & Stanley Bakke  
Susan Bell  
Margaret Benefiel  
Rusty Butler  
Donald Campbell  
Mary Lou Judd Carpenter  
Merrill & Tim Carrington  
Mary Coelho  
Mara Delli Priscoli  
Martha Dillard  
Elizabeth Dorsey  
Norman Fedderly  
Anne Fries  
Dana Greene  
Celia Hahn  
Jack Hutchings  
Michael & Barbara Jupin  
Ann Kulp  
Barbara Meinert  
Maria Teresa Meyer  
Louise E. Miller  
Rhoda Nary  
Joanne Neel-Richard

Clare Openshaw  
Judith & Paul Purta  
Ruth Reynolds  
Robert & Maggie Silberstein  
Joan Stogis  
Margaret Tucker  
Amory Wade  
Christine Wood

## 20-24 years

Anonymous  
Paul Bailey  
Bill & Linda Barnard  
Isabella Bates  
Louise Berman  
William Bone  
David Bridges  
Marilyn Charles & Reuben Simmons  
Ellen & Michael Cronin  
Mary Crummer  
Jeanette Cureton  
Joan Curley  
Kendrea DeLauter  
Roderick Dugliss  
Adrianne Ehle  
Neil and Virginia Eklund  
Anne & John Elsbree  
Paula & Todd Endo  
Carol Fitch  
J. Seymour Flinn  
Elizabeth Fribance  
Doris Froelich  
Samuel Gammon  
Kent Ira Groff  
Margaret Harris  
Teri & Bill Hocking  
Roberta Hucek  
Alice Immler  
David Jamieson  
Carolyn Johnson  
Heidi Joos  
Linda Kapurch  
Marcella Keefe-Slager  
Daniel Klement  
Delcy Kuhlman  
Donna Lord  
John Lose  
Eva Martin  
Mary McGowan & Roberta Kerins

Clara Mercado  
Carol Monchick  
Susan Murphy  
Edna & Doug Noiles  
Jean Preslan  
Patience Robbins  
Jean & Dave Rogers  
Philippa Shepherd  
Jean Sweeney  
Barbara Troxell  
Elizabeth & Bill Ward  
Jean Wilson

## 15-19 years

Anonymous (2)  
Skip Adams  
N. Franklin Adkinson  
Douglas Battenberg  
John Becker  
Evelyn Bertsche  
Andrea Bliss-Lerman

Joanne Bobek  
Anne Briggs  
O. Robert Brown  
Tina Brown-Eckert  
Michael Bucci  
Margaret Bullitt-Jonas & Robert Jonas  
Joseph Burkart  
Maria Carroll  
Jim Christianson  
Robert Colman  
Mary Jo Colucci  
John Danner  
Ann Dean  
Alida DeCoster  
Rosemary Dickerson  
Anna Louise Diver  
Wilda Dockery  
Rose Mary Dougherty  
Nancy Eggert  
Cathy Eilers







Jeanne Evans  
Judith Favor  
Kate Finan  
O. Ray Fitzgerald  
Sharon Freeman  
Sharon Friedman  
Catherine Gibson  
Al Halverstadt & Susan Weeks  
Mary Tom Hefte  
Marianne Hieb  
Richard Hite  
Debbie Hittle  
Val Hymes  
Carol Ingells  
Maureen Jenkins  
Vance Johnson  
Jan Jones

Katherine Jordan  
Julia Ketcham  
Charles Kiblinger  
Ilise Konigshofer  
Verleah Brown Kosloske  
Carol Leach  
J. Paul Lennon  
Lois Lindbloom  
Clark Lobenstine  
Catherine Loveland  
Barbara Lowrey  
Patricia Lynch  
Jane Lytle-Vieira  
Noreen Malone  
Herbert Martin  
Joan Maxwell  
Steven McClain

Bette McKown  
Leanne McPherson  
Paul Millin  
Lynda Moore  
W. Taylor Moore  
K. Sheila Noyes  
Chester O'Neal  
Diane Paras  
Donald Park  
David Partington  
Cathie Powell  
Dorothy Reichardt  
Lois Nell Richwine  
Kitty Riordan  
Carroll Anne Sheppard  
Selinda Sheridan  
Kathryn Sinopoli

Betty Smallwood  
Marcus Smucker  
Carol Spangler  
Carol Squier  
Carolyn Stevens  
Beverley Stewart  
Marie Stoltzfus  
Nancy Strickland  
Elizabeth Swenson  
Sara Beth Terrell  
Charles & Lee Tidball  
Charles Tucker  
Robert Vaughn  
Norma Williamson  
Jean Woods

## Shalem Fund Donors

June Davis  
Charlotte M. Moore

## Gerald May Memorial Fund Donors

Raymond E. & Naomi C. Dungan Foundation

# Shalem's Shekinah Society

We gratefully acknowledge the following members of the Shekinah Society who have put Shalem in their wills—

Margaret Bullitt-Jonas	Susan Dillon	Ann Kulp	Laurence Pagnoni	Jan Thurston
Merrill Carrington	Tilden Edwards	Kirby Lewis	Don & Alixe Park	Linda Toia
Carole Collins	Alan Evans	Brooke Morrigan	Paul Purta	Nan Weir
Jean Crawford	Judith Favor	K. Sheila Noyes	Lisa Richey	Emily Wilmer
John Denham	Doris Froelich	Mary-Louise O'Day	Betty Stoddard	Sandra Hay Wilson
Rosemary Dickerson	Joann Klink	Clare Openshaw	Joan Stogis	

## Why I Joined Shalem's Shekinah Society

*Rosemary Dickerson*



Shalem has given me many ways to deepen and learn over the last years. I had known of Shalem before I moved to Washington, DC, in 1996 and quickly found groups and classes of interest as well as pilgrimages. These were not the kinds of spiritual opportunity that I had ever encountered elsewhere, and I was enormously grateful. Staff encouraged me and asked me from time to time to take the lead. My spiritual life was nourished richly, and I found new joy in connecting with others through sharing the Spirit.

Shalem's programs for contemplative leadership are unique contributions to the world. I believe its mission is vital, and I care about its future. The Shekinah Society provides an opportunity for me to leave an amount greater than my yearly contributions can allow. Thanks be to God!

## Making A Bequest to Shalem

When making your estate plans, we hope you will consider a gift to Shalem. Over the past few years, we have been richly blessed by several bequests, some of them unexpected. Not only have they greatly assisted Shalem's mission and ministry, they are a very special way for the donor's care to extend into the future.

Also, please let us know if you have included a bequest to Shalem in your estate plans. We'd like to say thank you and welcome you as a member of our Shekinah Society.

Please contact Monica Maxon at the Shalem office, 301-897-7334 or [Monica@Shalem.org](mailto:Monica@Shalem.org), if you would like more information about making a gift.





## RENEW, REVITALIZE AND RECLAIM YOUR SPIRITUAL HEART

Shalem offers in-depth programs to support your God-guided career, personal life, and ministry with others.

*Staff:* Carole Crumley, Ann Dean, Rose Mary Dougherty, Tilden Edwards, Patience Robbins, Liz Ward and others

- **SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE**

For those in the ministry of one-to-one spiritual direction

- **LEADING CONTEMPLATIVE PRAYER GROUPS & RETREATS**

For those leading prayer groups and retreats in churches and other settings

- **CLERGY SPIRITUAL LIFE AND LEADERSHIP**

For clergy in congregational settings seeking to nurture their spiritual heart and leadership

- **PERSONAL SPIRITUAL DEEPENING**

For those wanting support to live each day prayerfully and authentically

**For more information:**

**[www.shalem.org](http://www.shalem.org) | [info@shalem.org](mailto:info@shalem.org) | 301-897-7334**



# Volunteers & In-Kind Donations

We are very grateful for the many ways our community gives to Shalem. In the past program year, many have given of their time or have donated travel and other expenses.

- **June Schulte** and **Lisa Richey** for their incredible hand-made cards, created especially for Shalem.
- **Patrick Harris** and **Mel Shapcott**, of Cyberian Frontier, our web site managers.
- **Susan Etherton, Frank Toia, June Schulte, Larry Hastings**, and **Leah Rampy**, whose photographs grace these pages and our web site.
- **Andrea Noel**, Shalem's intern, who helped with our School of Prayer and in the office.
- **Darlene Muschett**, who took the staff out to lunch at Union Station.
- **Stephen Broadhead** for providing legal services to Shalem.
- **Sue Clark** and **James Finan** for their assistance in Shalem's office.
- **Anne Grizzle**, who offered her beautiful retreat center, the Bellfry, for a Shalem staff retreat.
- Shalem's **Board of Directors**, who donated numerous hours enabling Shalem's work in the world.
- Shalem's non-Board **Committee members**, who gave so much time over the year: **Tim Carrington, Michael Cronin, Al Keeney**, and **Margot Eyring**.
- **Grace Cummings, Bob Brown** and **Nancy Nikiforow** who were responsible for the Gerald May Seminar reception.
- For all the many people who helped with Tilden Edwards' book signing, especially **Susan Dillon, Ann Dean, David Rampy, Liz Tuckermanty, Dale Manty, Jim Todhunter, Bob Brown**, and **Grace Cummings**.
- Other individuals who made in-kind contributions: Patricia Amrhein, Kevin Bagley, Arlene Christian, David Covarrubias, Grace Cummings, Rose Mary Dougherty, Tilden Edwards, Wanda Finke, Larry Hastings, Joan & John Hatcher, Colleen Hernandez, Sharon Glass, Cornelia Groat, Anne Grizzle, Rick Hendricks, Christine Jeffrey, Al Keeney, Joe Kenna, Rita Lombardo, Margaret McBride, Tiffany Montavon, Andrea Noel, Jean Noon, Mary Katherine Morn, Tamara Newell, Sue Parks, Bruce Pickle, Leah & David Rampy, Patience Robbins, Frank Sasinowski, Liz Tuckermanty, Matthew Wright

## Special Thanks

We give special thanks to the **Trust for the Meditation Process** and their funding of scholarships/apprenticeship costs for our Korean leaders in fiscal year 2010-11.



Shalem Institute  
3025 Fourth Street, NE, Suite 22  
Washington, DC 20017

Non-Profit Org  
US Postage  
PAID  
Washington, DC  
Permit No. 770

***Today's gift***

*Anne Grizzle*

*A gift wrapped up I receive: today.  
I open one layer at a time.  
I smile, try on, admire, enjoy  
each moment as the day unfolds.*

—*From Anne Grizzle, A First Book of Poems*