



SOUL BY SOUTHWEST

2019

S O U L B Y
S O U T H W E S T

SOUL BY SOUTHWEST

Spring 2019

Seminary of the Southwest
Austin, Texas

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See full submissions guidelines on page 71.

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Foreword

CLAIRE MILLER COLOMBO

Easter Monday, late at night: I decided to call it quits. I'd been wrestling for hours with a dead-end draft of this note. The day had been long. Time was short. I was tired.

As I clicked *Save* with the resolve to wake up early and try again, everything went dark. Really dark. Dark like the whole grid of planet Earth had gone dark, like we fear might happen one day, like we feel some days is already happening.

I closed the computer and made my way to the bathroom, where I brushed my teeth by tealight. Peering out the window, I saw that our neighbors had lit the taper candles on their dining room table. Finding my way onto the front stoop, I saw flickers and shadows in the artist's studio across the street. In the hipsters' house on the corner, an unseen light—a camping lantern?—cast a hive of gold. A few doors away, where the new people live, a floodlamp white-washed the night.

All up and down the block, off-the-grid lights perked and played like fireflies set free. They resisted and persisted, each with their own rhythm and range. They made the familiar landscape new. The variety itself—all the ways light can be made, can show forth—as well as its quiet humility, its readiness to *be there*, kindled something like hope in my heart.

The next morning, back at the laptop, I realized that the pieces in this collection are off-the-grid lights of their own. Up and down the pages, they provoke and play. They resist and persist. They are quiet and quirky and sometimes quixotic. They are variously made; they show forth; they are ready to be there.

We hope you catch a little of their luminosity. And we hope that when darkness comes, as it tends to do, you catch a little of that light that is always waiting—that is always ready to show you something you thought you knew, anew.

GENA MINNIX

Housekeeping

Change swoops in the side door
Unceremoniously

An efficient mother
Disturbing the silence

Sweeping the corners
Vacuuming stale particles
The residue of so much waiting

Rugs may be beaten



Off the Highway

SHARYN RICHEY TURNER

R. T. CASTLEBERRY

The River Constant

Before dawn, after dusk
I cross a farm road bridge beneath a painter's sky,
the storied sweep of stars and indigo.
Country cooling to autumn's barren stalks,
the Asimack River ripples between rutted banks,
ice vapors coiling in clouds, in loose, laced tendrils.
Moonlit lanes of shadows lengthen
across wading shallows, across depths of fishing pools.
Beyond this bridge is macadam.
Beyond that:
highway, freeway, a Plainsman's wages,
the ground rising to glass,
the sun a bladed sheen in my mirrors.

CHRISTINE HAVENS

Of buzzards and bluebonnets

Two buzzards hold vigil amiably atop
the ubiquitous

light posts—
guides along
the eternal
journey. Surely
these solid
metal uprights,
currently offering
no light,
were put
there expressly
for the vultures,

who wait for cars to create carrion, but on this overcast
ante meridiem, the vehicles simply carry on. Questing for that perfect
moment of perfect value; faces within focused on the exits—the way to retail
freedom.

Bluebonnets hold low vigil alone in clumps,
objects of your gaze, waiting, waiting, awaiting.

Carry on.



Rhodes Bird

BARBARA DIGBY

Under My Feet

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ROBERT CHAMBERS

The inspiration for these images was a common occurrence in Central Texas: stepping on a grass burr: *Ouch!* (And other words.)

After removing my newfound muse from my foot, I looked at it very carefully and saw that it was really a fantastic thing. “What do these little beasts look like up close?” I wondered. I magnified them using macrophotography. Seeing the burr enlarged, I was awestruck. It was beautiful and menacing. It was delicate and tough. Familiar and alien. I realized that under my feet, there is a whole world of beauty!

The subjects in the photographs were all found in my yard. This is one of my constraints on the project: Everything has to be from my yard. The beauty of creation exists at every level of the cosmos and in all places. Even a common weed testifies to the Creator’s joy in nature.

A technical note: each photograph is comprised of at least 10 individual images. The images are processed using software that selects only the in-focus areas from each picture and creates a composite photograph, which I then retouch.





Three-Layer Flower
ROBERT CHAMBERS



Indian Paintbrush
ROBERT CHAMBERS

Does John Itch?

Does John itch
beneath the bristles of the camel,
or does his skin
seek cover underneath,
shelter from the wind at midnight
and the scalding noon?

Does the mangy garment,
reeking with preaching,
keep him out of the saloon,
yet admit him to the shoreline
and give access to the water,
the privilege of the uniform?

Did the hairs
float down and nestle
in crevices of the desert floor,
or was it harvested,
combed out in handfuls
by the camel handlers?

Did he fashion it
haphazardly
as he rushed to the river,
or was it woven slowly by his mother
and put away for a season,
until he would grow into it?



JOLYNN FREE

Sonder

“The realization that each random passerby is living a life as vivid and complex as your own.”

—John Koenig, *The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows*

The man across the river had been given a small patch of land to clear of spring green.

Strong brown arms emerged from a white T. He wore no hat or gloves but khaki pants tucked into his black barn boots.

His tools looked inadequate to the task. Too short and light, they forced him to bend forward at the waist to hack awkward at rain-sodden ground. Clods clung like potter’s clay and dropped from the blade in heavy clumps.

After twenty strokes or so, the man stopped, straightened, and looked over his shoulder at others working with brooms and trimmers. He drew short breaths, sometimes stroked his chest, pulled his hips forward, scanned the expanse. Started again.

Occasionally a shrill *chrick chrick* meant he had hit rock. He interrupted his rhythm, leaned down, measured the extent of stone, and levered it out. Otherwise he worked steady in silence and alone.

The sound his pick made as it heaved into the ground then tore roots away kept me in touch with his progress and his pauses behind my closed eyes. Only he and I knew how hard he worked—and I from across the river.



Tucson Morning Sky

MARY EARLE

JILL JAGMIN

Jill

I know, my dear, that you are all a blur,
A messy painter's palette where all the colors have run together.
But remember, no one ever fights tears
Peering at a color wheel.
No, it doesn't inspire a sigh of the heart
Until the colors sink wildly into one another.
Let every facet and every hue
Drip from your canvas skin.
Dip your hands in the water,
And marvel as you create spinning galaxies from your fingertips.

Creator Woman,
You are a gallery of broken frames
That each burst when they couldn't contain
The avalanche of your beauty.
Each laugh is echoed with the ripping of seams,
Every fallen tear loosens the grip of your paper cage,
And every note you sing cracks the binding corners.
Please don't pick up the pieces,
But instead revel in your magnificent
Destruction.

An oily mess of colors,
Shattered frames,
Simply human,
You are all I've ever dreamed to be.



Our Lady
MOLLY BENNETT



THOM ROCK

Epistolary Blues

We grind the blue planet
into precious pigment
looking for something true,
anoint it with oil and lye.
We boil down bitter herbs to dye,
to color and blow blue the sky,
blue the ocean—blue the midnight
robes of Mary—the sapphire
strands of prayer shawls—the indigo
deep below God's feet—the azure
light of stained glass—the cobalt
calligraphy that flourishes
in an elaborate arabesque
through the books of ours:
the vaulted domes of
medieval psalters
and ancient scrolls,
of codex, canon, and canticle,
of testament, text, and temple hymn—
when in truth there is no blue book
to bind—or manuscript to decipher,
to unwind—only letters etched into flesh
and signed—only half syllables of
the holy written on hearts,
and heard—only in the presence
of another.



Vermillion Cliffs II

LYNDA YOUNG KAFFIE

RICH NELSON

Refugee

I approach the border
child in hand, seeking refuge
from the terrors of distant lands

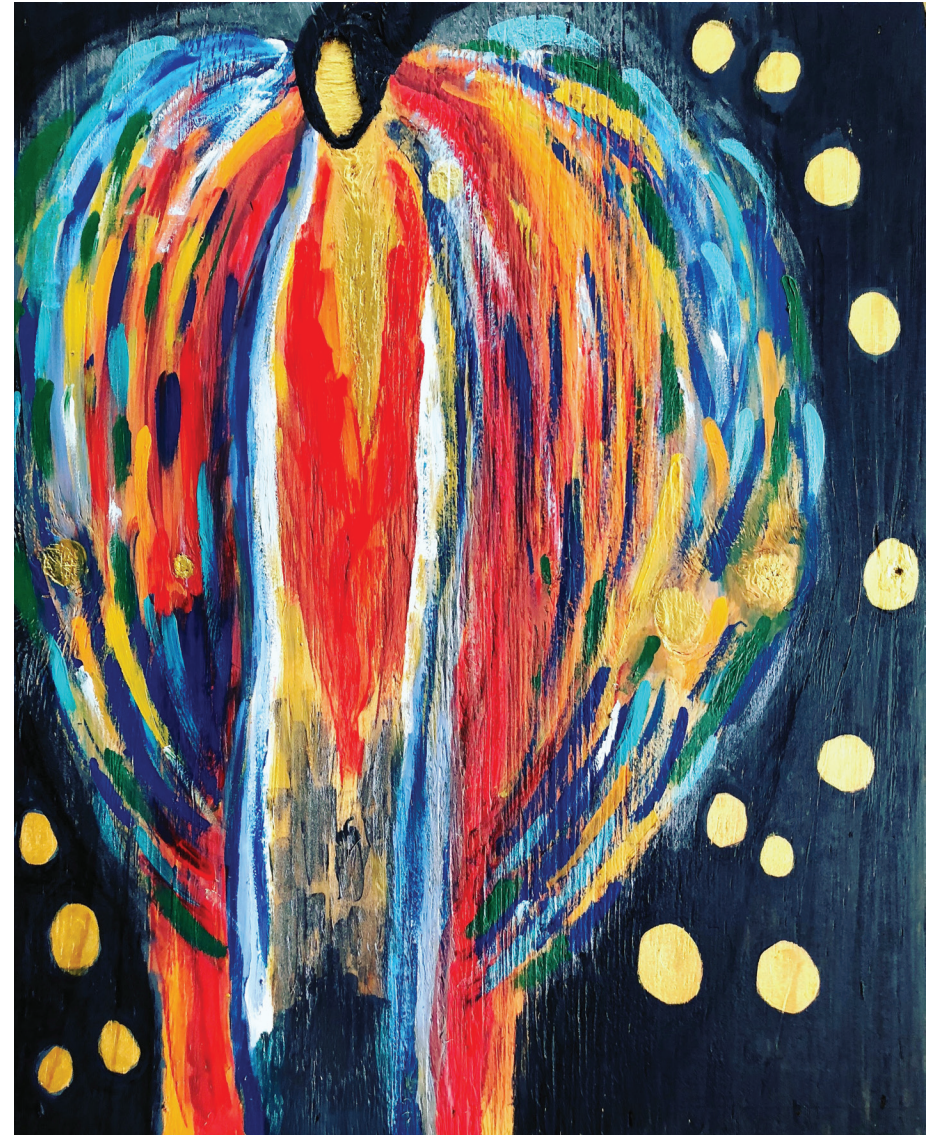
Those places you point at and tell me are my home
those places where I do not belong
where I am not safe
nor welcomed any longer
if I ever truly was

From the same ground upon which we all stand
came the metals that make your
razor wires and bullets
both aimed squarely at my
soft flesh
so easily pierced, wounded
scar upon scar

God did not make the ground for such purposes
God created, blessed, and called it good
and yet you have mined it to create the tools of hate
refusing to welcome me to a land that belongs
to neither you nor to me

Tonight we will both lie down
and pray to this same God
“thy kingdom come, thy will be done”
“forgive us our trespasses as we forgive
those who trespass against us”

Lead us not into temptation but
deliver us from evil
for thine is
for thine is



The Time the Cuyahoga River Caught Fire

The first time the Cuyahoga River caught fire was 1868. Oil bubbled from the hills of Pennsylvania.

John D. Rockefeller refined it for Illuminating Fuel and dumped the waste into the river.

We could stop killing whales and use this instead, but the river caught fire.

The river was formed in the last Ice Age. It ran 100 miles and emptied into Lake Erie.

It was three to six feet deep with no perceptible velocity but a rainbow of oil slicked its surface and a belt of rust-colored algae bloomed in it. Flames erupted again and again.

The fifth time the river caught fire was in 1912. It claimed five lives before it was out but nothing changed. Cleveland was the center of industry and we needed fuel for new automobiles.

John D. Rockefeller was the richest man in America and flames rose from the water.

The tenth time the river caught fire in 1952 was the most costly in dollars. One point three million in damages to bridges and industrial plants. Rockefeller was a devout Baptist and capitalist who retired to upstate New York where no rivers were burning.

The last time the river caught fire—Lucky Thirteen—outrage towered like flames along the banks. Johnny Carson called Cleveland the mistake by the lake and a double Cleveland was a white belt and white shoes. We laughed while the river burned.

It was a hundred and one years since the first fire. Four weeks later I watched men walk on the moon while I cared for my month-old daughter. Rachel Carson published *The Silent Spring* and the quiet environmentalists started to stir. “Look at Mother Nature on the run in

the 1970s.”

We passed the Clean Water Act and created the EPA and the river finally stopped burning.

The Mohawk had named it Cuyahoga, meaning Crooked River, and the Seneca, Place of the Jawbone.

They were both right but it took a century for us to learn a fraction of what they already knew about oil and water and fire.

It is a different walk with my daughter, because she is a feather finder. We can talk about anything in the world, but because she cares about feathers, she will notice them. They are actually right there in plain sight for anyone to see—anyone who seeks them, anyone who cares about them. She finds feathers even when she isn't looking for them because she is attuned to feathers. They find her.

Linden

One Saturday I cracked out of the house early.
My father was outside,
strangely home.

You're going to see something.

At the opening to the lower yard
my tree was half up, half down,
like a horse struggling to stand.
The brambles along the driveway
held the branches and leaves
I now know to call a canopy.

Tom's coming to cut down the other side.
He must have seen my face.

The wood's soft. It's not safe.

I'd found baby birds,
baby squirrels, on the ground.
My tree was too low for falling.
I'd inch up and perch

sneakers pushing against the lower, lesser trunk,
the one that lay dead.
I watched the chainsaw from up the hill.
Coarse, yellow sawdust wadded the grass for months
until the dirt swallowing job was done.

I called.
He doesn't remember the day it fell or
what kind of tree it was.
Just a retelling of clearing the thicket for

a garden he would soon leave.

Should I ask my mother (who says she remembers nothing)
but sees my body running in the rain
in the lower yard when I was still small?

Ascend

Admitting that you hear voices tends to set off alarms. Allow me to ring a whole chorus of them for you. I hear voices. They are not loud, or overbearing, nor do they seem to particularly vie for my attention. But they whisper in barely audible tones. “Keep us,” I manage to hear them say. Several years ago, I packed my bags and boarded a plane to Ghana, West Africa. The sounds of my excited inner chatter and my heart acclimating to a new rhythm drowned out any other, so as I flew across the Atlantic, I did not hear the voices. But if I had been listening, I imagine I might have heard a long sighing exhale or a reassuring, “Yes.” Or maybe even something that sounded like, “Home.” I like to think that my heart’s new rhythm was set to the beat of an African drum, but it was more likely the scattered pattern of anxious trepidation—the meeting of jubilation and nerves as I walked onto African soil. It seemed that my body was already recognizing the cost of Sankofa. Because inevitably, in the attempt to find one’s roots, soil gets shifted, priorities are relocated, and self-truths become unearthed and dislodged.

At the Ancestral River Park where captured slaves took their “last bath” and in the slave dungeons of Elmina and Cape Coast, I felt like a pilgrim returning to a home that I vaguely remembered. Walking through the sacred spaces, a palpable heaviness saturated the air, willing time to stand still. The hollow echoes of my footfalls were swallowed by lingering despair. The whitewashed walls of the dungeons had been painted and repainted and painted again. Yet the paint continued to fade, chip, and disintegrate as if Trauma and Violence demanded to be remembered within the walls.

Returning home from Ghana, clad in all the wooden jewelry my body could support and carrying the heavy hollowness of centuries-old baggage, I attended my home church in Kentucky. Even though the service was familiar, I felt like an outsider. Either I had changed or the church had changed—I could not tell. But as the service proceeded, it was clear that the liturgy was the same. I knew all the words, stood when I was supposed to, and kneeled when it was



Breaking Free: The Manifestation of Consciousness

MEGAN ALLEN

called for, but it felt foreign. I was outside of myself. The sea of white faces I had grown up around suddenly looked different—paler somehow. That Sunday I was no longer standing inside the church walls, but languishing underneath the church's foundation. I was locked in a large cell on the shores of a Ghanaian slave dungeon hearing the pious hymns floating down from the main floors. In the dark and clammy space that I shared with my captured African comrades, hundreds of us breathed the same air. Air laden with the molecules of bodily waste, decaying food remnants, and perspiration. As I stood in my home pew reciting the Nicene Creed that I had so preciously memorized as a youth, the putrid smell of that dark dungeon filled my nostrils and it was all that I could do to remain standing on my wobbly knees.

"God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten, not made, of one Being with the Father," my mouth spoke.

The room swayed and I felt sick to my stomach. If this was Christianity—if this was The Church, then I wanted no part of it. This was the religion of my oppressor. My oppressor who locked captives below them as they worshiped God. My oppressor who manipulated the ministry and the words of Jesus as a justification for slavery and white superiority. My oppressor who within the same building structure spoke of Jesus the Christ in one room while looking down into a courtyard of African women, and determining which one would best suit his sexual proclivities, then raped her in another. My oppressor who stripped my people of their humanity.

"We believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church," the words poured from my lips, leaving my mind far behind.

I had been complicit in all of the church's justifications, and I had not known it. But now that I did know, I could no longer tolerate the contradictions. My home church felt small and stifling. I was suffocating and realized that I no longer fit in. I questioned whether I had really ever fit in or if it was just some machination of my overactive naiveté. And most troubling was feeling guilty that I had found such solace within the walls of my church. Where was God, who was Jesus, and were they mine to claim? What happened to the Divine spiritual beings of my ancestors and could I authentically claim them after a family lineage in America for over five or six generations? By staying in the church and reclaiming Jesus' words for my own, I wondered if they could ever be my own, or would I just be co-opting a Middle-Eastern religion that was never meant as mine in the first place? My faith in the church crumbled like the paint on the dungeon walls. I lost my religion—the place I called home.

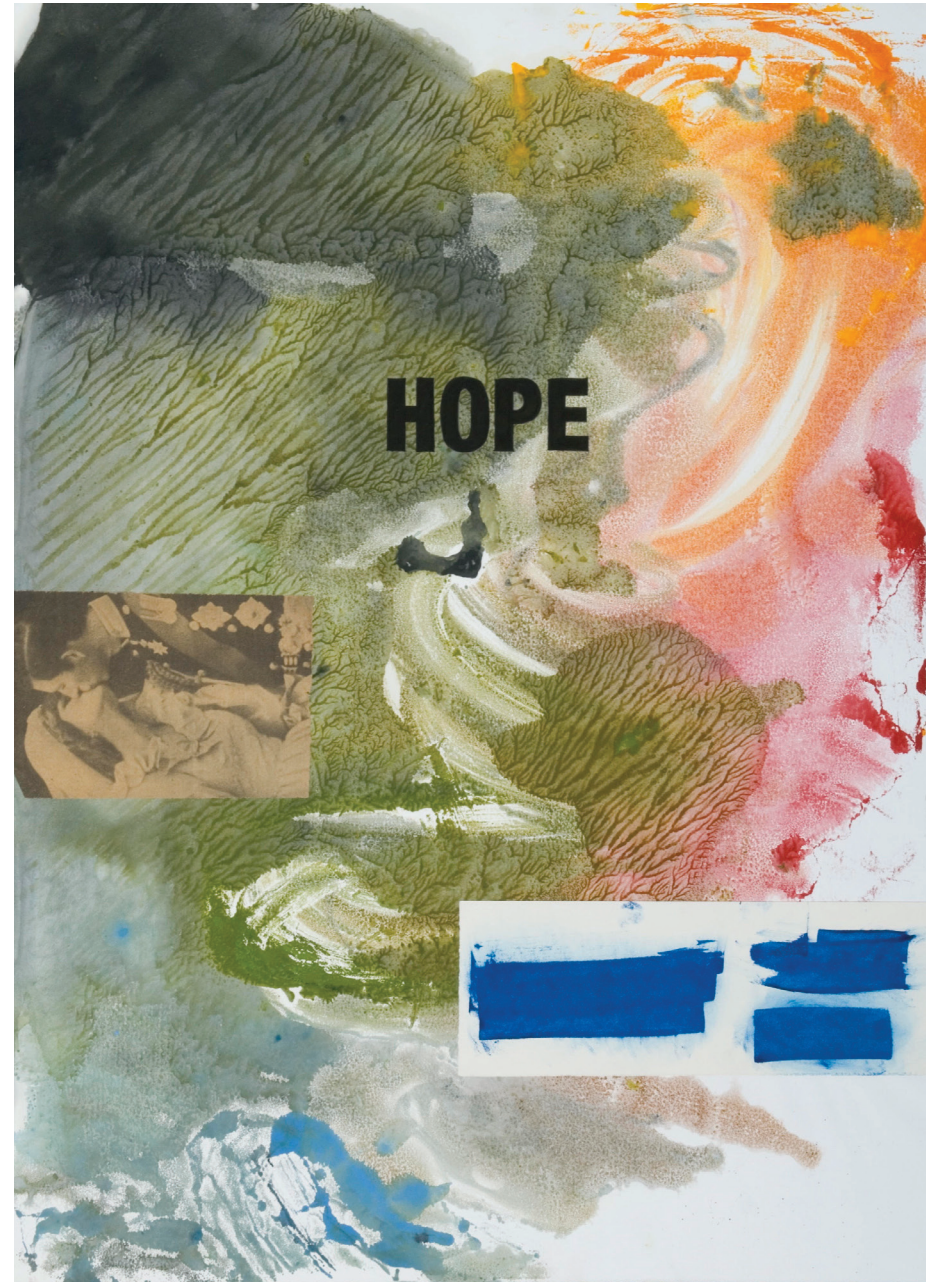
Why had the voices not warned me that I would be piecing myself together

for years to come? That I would need to reassemble each and every room of my God-Jesus-Holy Spirit house. That in doing so, I was clearing the space for God to fully consume me, and that maybe one day I would link hands with the entire diaspora, rising to fly toward freedom. Faithfully, the voices of my ancestors journeyed alongside me back to America. Today, I listen a bit deeper. My house is still under construction, but the voices persist. They say, "Ascend."

Hope Suite

TEXT AND ARTWORK BY
MARK L. SMITH

Hope Suite is a series of 44 original collages on paper that I created between 2008 and 2014. Each work contains the word *hope* in a distinct world language. My intent in this project is to create peaceful connections between diverse global cultures. It is, in essence, a box of hope, at a time when it is much in need.



Hope — English
MARK L. SMITH



Hope — Chinese
MARK L. SMITH



Hope — Spanish
MARK L. SMITH

LYMAN GRANT

The Journey

After Arnold Schoenberg, *Moses and Aaron*: “O Wort, du Wort, das mir fehlt!”

Bass

To the peak
 Was absurd
 Endless clock
 Tireless bird
 Taloned hawk
 Voice emerged
 Incised rock
 Thundered
 Holy wreck
 Law unblurred

Heavy trek
 Fear bestirred
 Heretic
 Lusts ungird
 Icon cracked
 Bushel fired
 Lunatic
 Undesired
 Hide and seek
 Abandoned

Meek
 Awed
 Maniac
 Heard
 O word
 My work

You the Word
 I lack
 The first word
 Lack

C. H. NYGARD

Untitled

My soul is a dove
housed in a cage of
bone and flesh.
She sings
and beats her wings
against the bars.

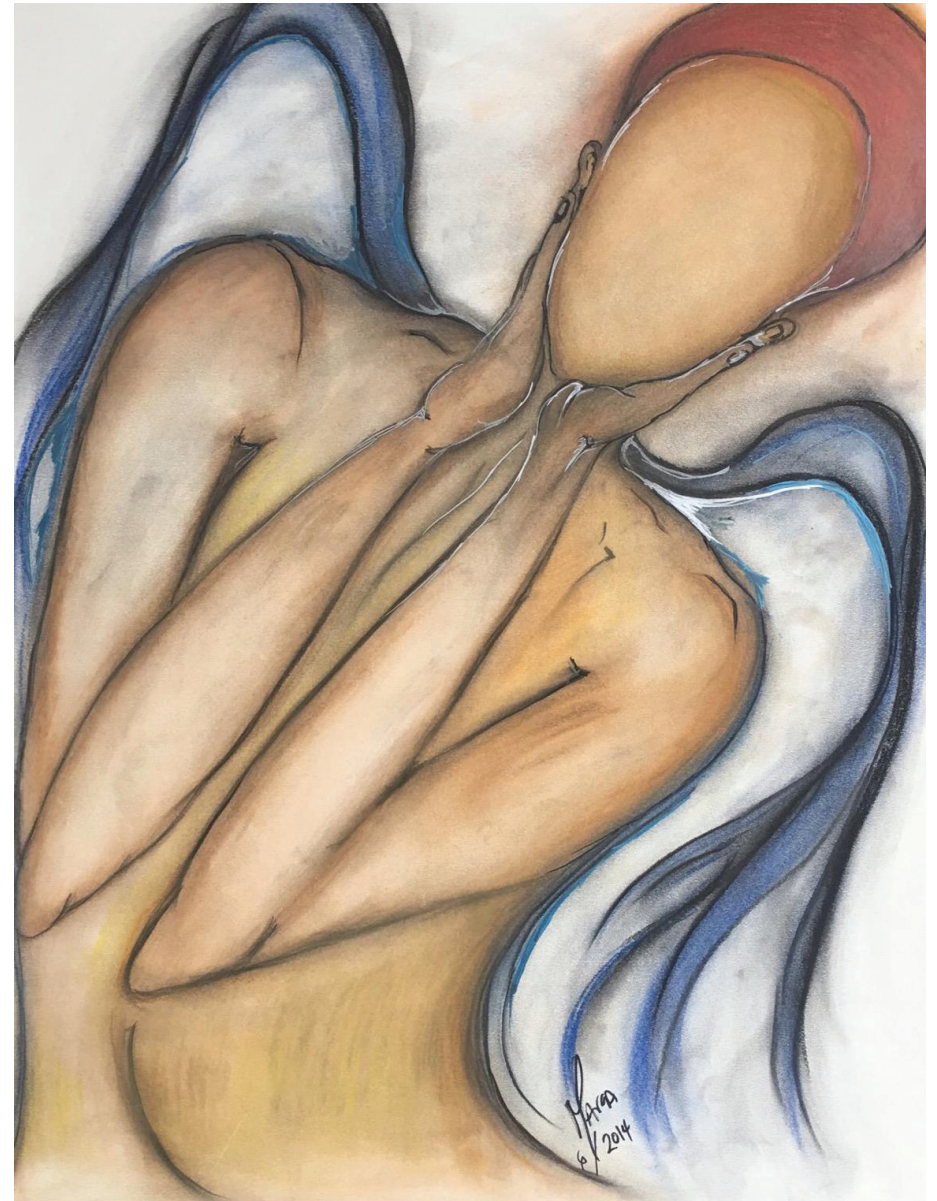


Real-Life Résumé

Conceived, Carried, Birthed, Cradled, Cuddled, Held, Molested, Kissed, Hugged, Fractured, Educated, Matriculated, Confused, Initiated, Associated, Tolerated, Targeted, Drugged, Twerked, Exposed, Assimilated, Appropriated, Snatched, Raped, Bonded, Collected, Angered, Extorted, Exploited, Denigrated, Ignored, Ousted, Burdened, Ignited, Enraged, Malevolent, Violent, Accused, Apprehended, Indicted, Incarcerated, Ambushed, Translated, Intimidated, Acclimated, Accrued, Tenured, Decimated, Evaporated, Cornered, Remembered, Championed, Tabled, Exhorted, Denied, Uplifted, Considered, Retried, Repatriated, Exonerated, Released, Delivered, Expatriated, Reclaimed, Reconciled, Rebirthed, Cradled, Hugged, Renewed, Connected, Enlightened—

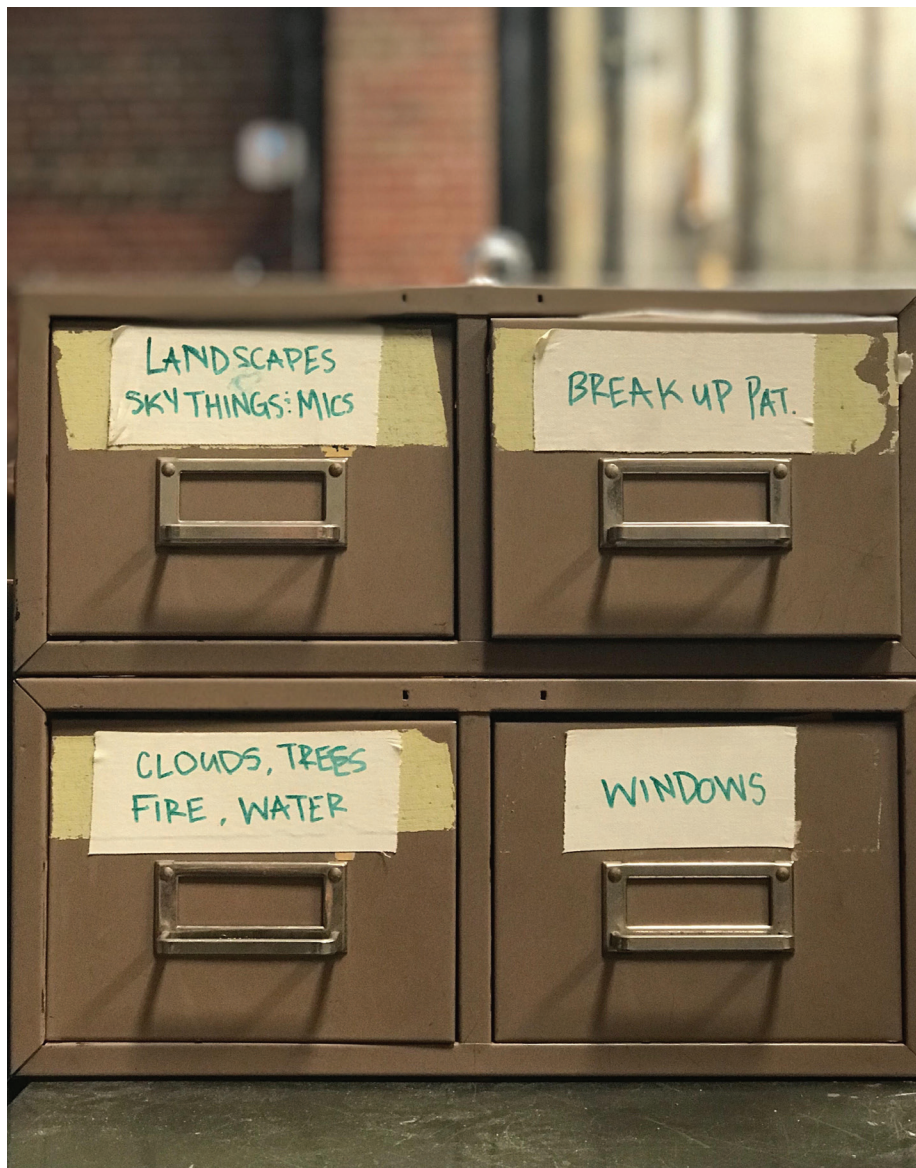
Exhaling, Emerging, Embracing, Evolving—

Alive.



Under Cover of His Wings

MARCA HENRIQUES



Backstage, Radford University, 2018
CARA ELLEN MODISSETT

BONNIE THURSTON

New Year's Irresolution

Today I threw away
the outdated calendar.
Like millions of others,
today I binned a year.
Some poor soul working
a rubbish scow on wheels
tosses the bag, lumbers off
into another trashy day.

But a year can linger
like the reek of rotting.
One cannot easily dispose
of the wounds and losses
of bygone months,
can long for the tingle
of those tiny triumphs,
those past tense pleasures.

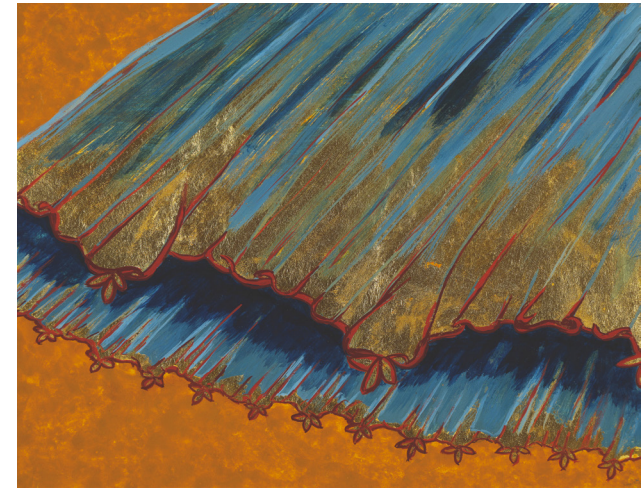
I do not choose calendars
of impossible beauty, or
(worse) uplifting maxims.
I tack new, empty squares

to their annual place,
wander off to consolation
of the teapot, grateful not
to know what comes next.

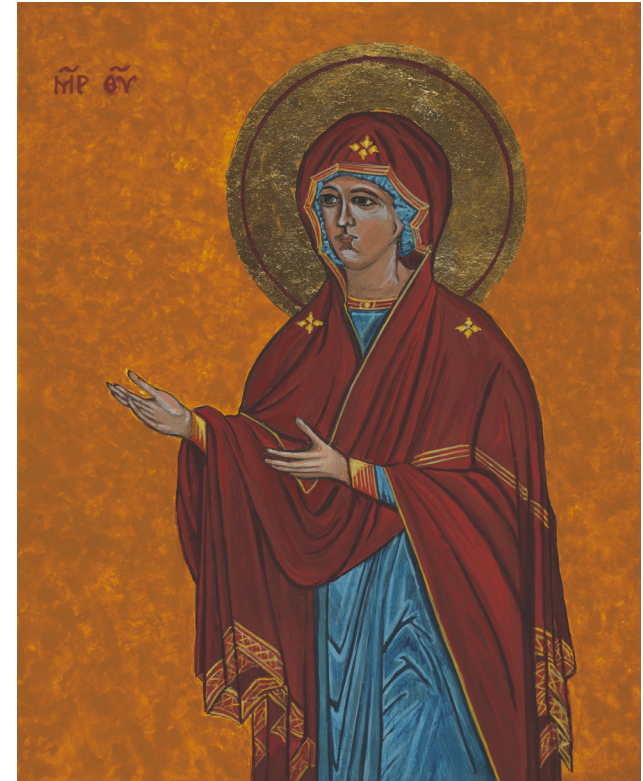


"The Lord is with you. Do not be afraid."

Annunciation — Gabriel
MARY GREEN



"The Holy Spirit will come upon you."



"Let it be."

**Annunciation — Holy Spirit
Annunciation — Mary**
MARY GREEN

BONNIE THURSTON

Disguise

One arctic morning
at the year's dead end
I was startled to see
on a frost-glazed branch
over an ice-covered creek,
a Kingfisher, crested, regal,
waiting for unwary prey,
or for watery winter sun
to irradiate his plumage,
or for me to recognize
with uncanny clarity
the avian disguise
of Christ, predisposed
to plunge, plunder, arise.



Kobuk River Valley, Alaska

GABE COLOMBO

JUDY BEENE MYERS

namaste

i can't name birds
by sounds of songs
or say exactly
if there is one cricket,
or two
or if they are
numberless—

i don't know the name
of the feathery pink flower,
its blossom popping up
at porch ledge level,
barely bending
in a nearly imaginary
breeze—

i witness reflections
from the window
across the yard
of all this and more;
the sky, the clouds,
the trees surrounded
by golden grasses
solemnly swaying
welcoming bows—



Triptych for an Ordinary Triduum



A cold Thursday night:
Cigarette smoke from undergrads,
Bus fumes,
Poems that light up the world
And then feed it to the wolf—
The world in the belly of a cold wolf
Howling in the cold night.
Yeats never found his Irish winter cabin
In a clay glade.
He was transfixed by his lover
That only the city could offer
On this particular night and year,
Aspiring to light,
Aspiring to the glamor of death by cigarette,
The wolf ever breathing in the bus fumes of
Poetry.

But
The cold night
Winds her way into
The glade of moldable clay—
Happiness is but a cold night
In the belly of this great wolf.

...

The pale lattice of shadows
In the Friday evening sunset
Tell me where to put
My weary feet—

My weary mind—

Beneath the soft quilt of their sharp lines,
 An architectural prayer blanket
 To soothe the traffic-ached soul.
 Climb me, they say,
 Climb me and look west
 And imagine the sunrise over
 Japanese maples in
 Hiroshima—
 Right now
 They are waking,
 The cool dew sliding over their
 Fresh wide orange and yellow leaves—
 Waking to the light of a blessed new day.

• • •

The broad green leaves
 Of the magnolia tree
 Drape themselves over a Saturday afternoon,
 The light limbering through the canopy as
 The pigeons chirp and flock in the streets—
 All the world keeping vigil—

For in this yard

Black lives
 Matter love is
 Love kindness is
 Everything.



R. T. CASTLEBERRY

Late, the Beauty

I stayed late in the street tonight,
felt the breeze chill come up,
saw the ice sky form, fog-dense.
Shirt tail out, I rock back in my boots,
scan the silhouette corners for
barroom staggers, a skater's weave.
From a rooftop nest,
long minutes of a heron's call
are quieted as a diesel Mercedes,
a Fat Boy Harley chop the air.
Miles away, a rescue siren shivers a seam.
A fence-framed angle of refracted light
draws me down the sidewalk.
Beside a neighbor's corner garden
I watch a cat's claw hunting leap,
the stories-high wash of
wind rippling a palm leaf canopy.
My boot tips skip a beer can,
heels scuff as they
move over grass to crumbling curb.
Hands in my pockets, shoulders up,
I'm staying in the street tonight.



Reflection of Thought

DELDA SKINNER

And a Butterfly Lands on the Back of My Hand



Spring '66, for my ninth-grade science project, butterfly net in hand, I spend
Evenings under street lamps capturing moths and afternoons in fields
capturing butterflies,
Each carefully placed into a jar with holes punched in cardboard over cotton
soaked chloroform.
On a Styrofoam board, I place a straight pin through its thorax and
Arrange each alphabetically by genus, labeling its common and scientific
names.
Neither capture nor detailed labeling provides much joy.
Over time the display moves from dresser to closet, closet to attic, attic to
trash,
But those butterflies look impressive on that Styrofoam board.

Summer '18, I often spend days developing a butterfly garden:
Butterfly bush, bee balm, phlox, aster, black-eyed Susan, and milkweed just
for monarchs.
Sitting on the patio one day, thinking about nothing, thinking about
everything,
Mostly just breathing in the sun, and a butterfly lands on the back of my
hand.
I feel each of its six legs as it explores my hand.
Knowing neither scientific nor common name nor how butterflies breathe,
I feel its breath.

Fall '98, resigning as mental health center CEO, I invest my life journey into
serving God.
Seeking ordination, with book in hand, evenings spent at my desk reading
theologians and
Mornings and afternoons in class or library studying the natures of God.
Each orthodoxy debate carefully studied according to council and heretic,
Able to explain the Creed in detail, the natures of God according to each

theologian,
And the heresies, even those still believed, using Greek, Latin or English as
needed.

Neither the knowledge gained nor doing well on the General Ordination
Exam
Provides much joy, but God looks impressive on that Styrofoam board.

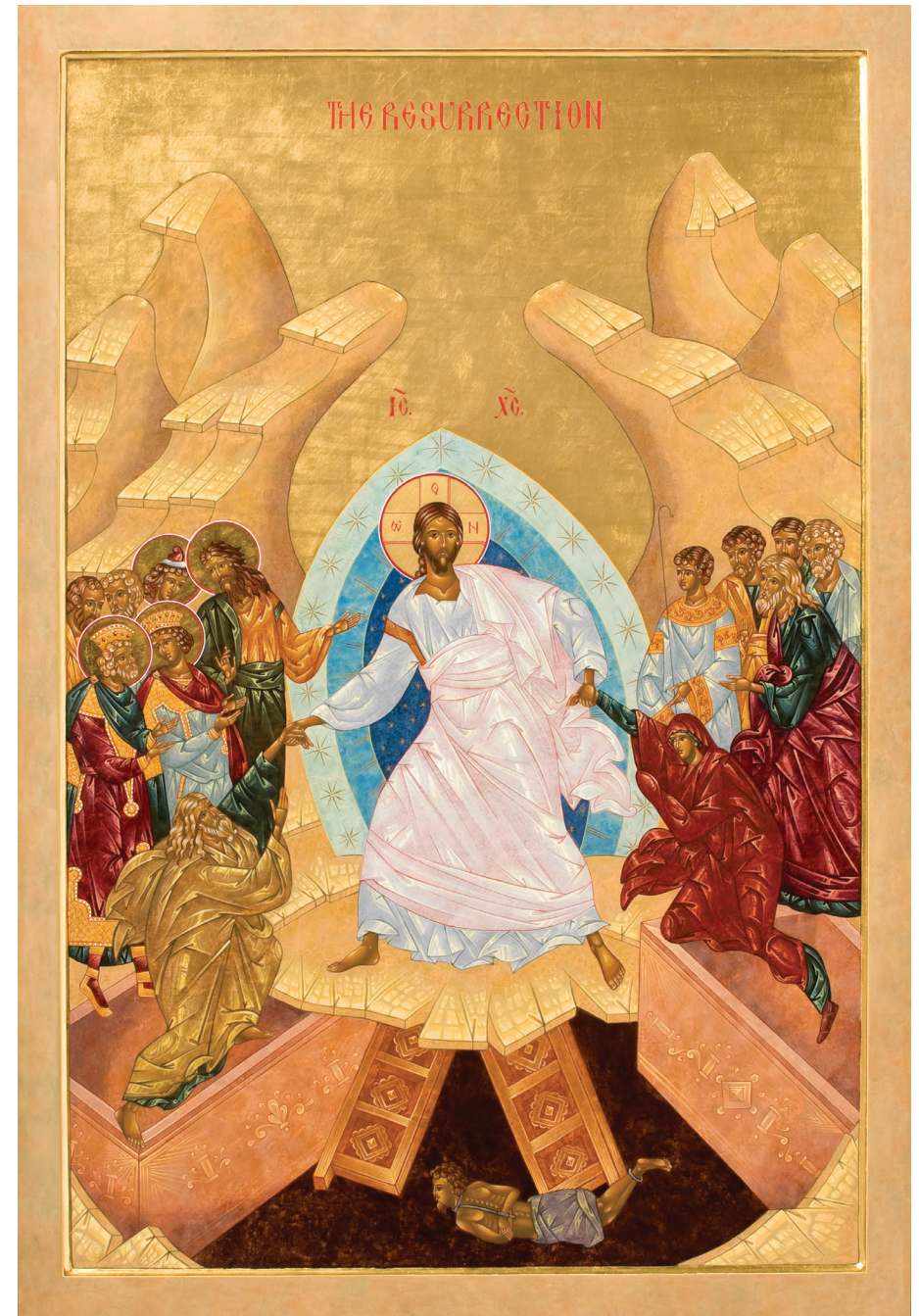
Fall '11, giving thanks for my priesthood and the joy in baptizing infants and
The thin places, as souls crossed the threshold from this kingdom to the
next.

Time to retire as God gets lost in ecclesiastical debates over who's welcome
and who's not
And parish debates over whether the flag's presence in worship takes
precedence over God's.

Summer '18, missing neither those debates nor committee meetings,
Joy now comes in growing fruits and vegetables and working in my butterfly
garden.

Sitting on the patio today, thinking about nothing, thinking about
everything,

Mostly just watching a butterfly, and God lands on the back of my hand.





Early Morning Swim

MIKE EHMER

MARILYN ZWICKER

Weary of the Sun

After William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, V.iii

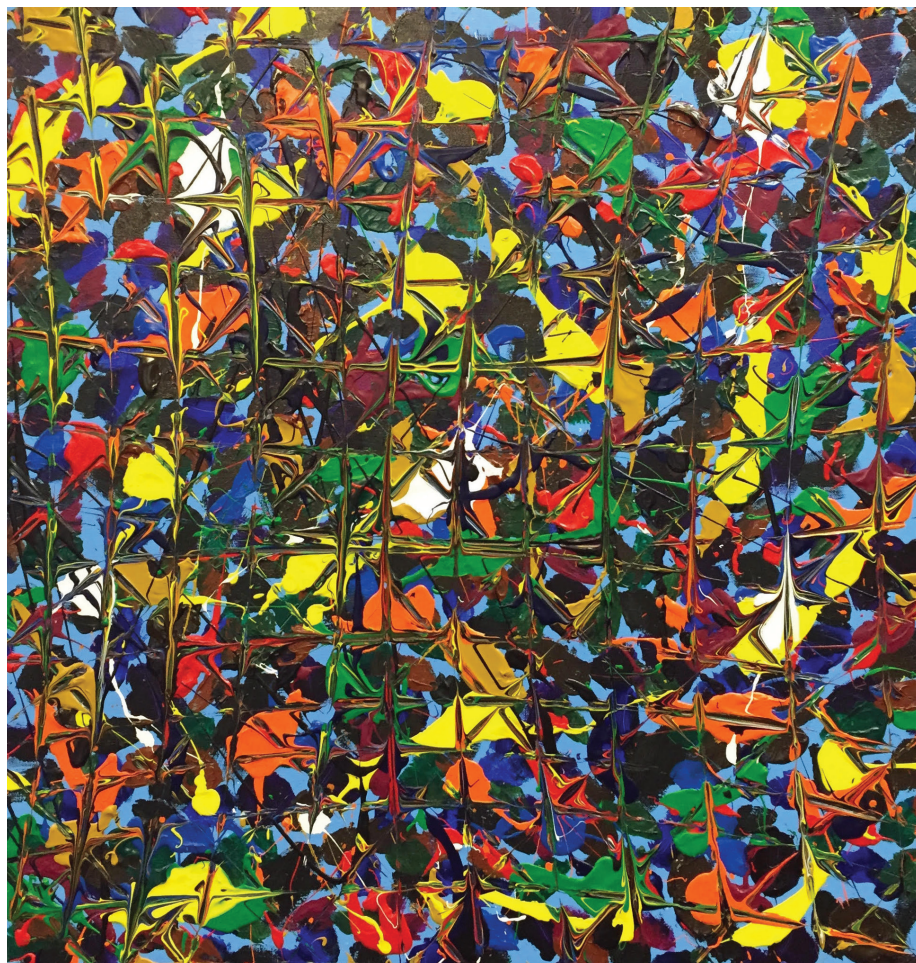
We were going
To change the world
Banding together
On farms vowing
Pure and conscious
Lives raising children
To live in a world
Of love not war
Hell no we won't go
But my generation
Has supported armed conflicts
For so many years
In so many places
I've lost track
We look back
At our long hair and laugh
At the self-medicating drugs
We took to alleviate the pain
That found its way into our lives
Now one of us is in charge
Mocking the rules we assumed
Were irrevocable
Checks and balances
Give me your tired your poor
Doomed by the very humanity
We wanted to rescue
We have grief anger
And still the sun rises and sets
The moon controls the tides

MARK L. SMITH

The Power

I languish
For hours
And days
Then I draw
One simple sketch
Just a No. 2 pencil
On the back of
A printed sheet
Of white paper
And I am
Transformed
Made okay
About the world





Relationships

JUSTIN LINDSTROM

CONTRIBUTORS

Megan Allen is a first-year M.DIV. student from the Diocese of Ohio. She enjoys painting and singing as spiritual practices and exploring creative ways to experience the Divine. On a beautiful day, she can most likely be found laying outside on the Motte.

Lindsey Ardrey is a first-year seminarian from the Episcopal Diocese of Louisiana. Lindsey is passionate about books, reading, creative writing, and participating in community living. She can most likely be found in the nearest library, and her great joy comes from sharing smiles and love.

Molly Bennett is a visual artist living in Austin. She is a retired educator whose media include oil, acrylic, paper, and found objects. In her work, she attempts to encourage viewers' imaginations through a window of the world as it is and as it might be.

Lize Burr is a writer and activist now in her third year at Seminary of the Southwest. Currently, she's working on *Stealing My Hat*, a collection of essays that explore the relationship between family and place. Her prose piece "Crossings" was featured in the 2018 East Austin Studio Tour.

Hannah Caddell is an eighth-grader at Sycamore Springs Middle School in Dripping Springs and the daughter of M.DIV. middler Bryn Caddell. Hannah likes spending time with her dogs, Mabel and Beatrice, and hopes to own her own coffee shop-bakery someday.

R. T. Castleberry is a widely published poet and critic. His work has appeared in *Roanoke Review*, *Santa Fe Literary Review*, *Comstock Review*, *Green Mountains Review*, *The Alembic*, and *Silk Road*. Internationally, Castleberry's work has been published in Canada, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and New Zealand. He lives and works in Houston.

Robert Chambers seeks to impart, to the viewer, the emotional experience of the recorded moment. Can a two-dimensional reproduction of light patterns point the beholder's heart to beauty, mystery, creation, the eternal?

Deborah Cole spent 35 years as a business owner before deciding to pursue what (for her) matters most. Currently, Deborah is involved in speaking/teaching, writing, experiential traveling, and contemplative photography. Her book of essays and images, *Letting Go: How Less Becomes More*, is in progress.

Constance Maria Coleman-Fletcher, an M.DIV. student at Seminary of the Southwest and pastor of Liberty Chapel African Methodist Episcopal Church, dives into living and giving with a passionate pastoral spirit, a strongly artistic heart, a deeply linguistic mind, and an intensely musical soul, whenever and wherever possible.

Gabe Colombo is communications associate at Seminary of the Southwest and a writer, graphic designer, and urbanist. A 2017 Plan II Honors and urban studies graduate of UT–Austin, he will begin his Master of Architecture at the Harvard University Graduate School of Design this fall.

Barbara Digby began her photography career with black-and-white film and a home darkroom. Printing her own portrait work while her children, Sarah (29) and Will (26), were growing up, she made the transition to digital, focusing on color landscape photography as she traveled. She has been a contributor to *Soul by Southwest* since 2017.

Mary C. Earle is a completely amateur photographer who plays with her iPhone camera. A Southwest alum and retired Episcopal priest, she and her husband, Doug, are tended by Fiona the border collie and Leftovers the 22-pound cat.

Mike Ehmer (M.DIV. '99) serves as canon to the ordinary in the Diocese of Northwest Texas. He has enjoyed photography as a hobby since high school and continues to gain much pleasure from creating art with the camera lens. Mike and his wife, Sue-Ann, enjoy life in Lubbock, Texas.

Amy Evenson is a photographer and graphic designer currently living in Austin while her husband, Erik, attends Southwest (M.DIV. '21). She is passionate about spending time in nature, rescuing honeybees, watching classic monster movies, and mastering all of the recipes on *The Great British Baking Show*.

Jolynn Free is a financial advisor and MFA graduate of the UT Department of Theatre who began reading poetry for comfort following the 9/11 tragedy. Every year, she directs a program of Advent-themed poetry and music at All Saints Episcopal Church, Austin, where she and her husband, Gregg, were confirmed in 1983.

Lyman Grant recently retired from Austin Community College, where he served as dean of the Arts and Humanities Division. Now he spends his time writing, listening to music, and chauffeuring a teenage son.

Mary Green (M.DIV. '92) shares life with her husband, Bob, on beautiful, magical, mystical Whidbey Island, Washington. Her book, *Eyes to See: The Redemptive Purpose of Icons* (Morehouse, 2014), began a fulfilling ministry of helping others discover the power of icons for learning to see God everywhere.

Christine Havens is a proud alumna of Southwest (MAR '14). Currently, she is involved with the LOGOS Poetry Collective and a church plant in South Austin, and she hopes to publish a chapbook of poetry in the next year. Her poetry has been published in the *Anglican Theological Review*, Forward Movement's *O Wisdom: Advent Devotions*, and, of course, *Soul by Southwest*.

Marca Henriques was born in Jamaica, West Indies. She is a mother, grandmother, friend, artist, and educator. She hopes to be a voice for those who have no voice, to use her testimony to empower the powerless, and to inspire the fearful to live boldly.

Jill Jagmin is a graduate student studying Clinical Mental Health Counseling at Southwest. She likes writing poetry and filling up her punch card at Amy's Ice Creams.

Lynda Young Kaffie (MAPM '06), artist, spiritual director, and lover of nature, finds her vocation at the intersection of art and spirituality. The landscape, contemplative practice, and travel inspire her artwork. She once celebrated her birthday with a lesson on the flying trapeze. www.lyndayoungkaffie.com

Lauren Kay (M.DIV. '19) tries to remain in a state of wonder. Also, has cats.

Mary Keenan (DAS '18) is the soon-to-be curate at St. Mark's, Austin. Her theological education includes an M.DIV. from Yale Divinity School and Diploma in Anglican Studies from Seminary of the Southwest. She makes her home in Austin with her children, Asher and Maggie.

Cynthia Briggs Kittredge is dean and president and professor of New Testament at Seminary of the Southwest. She is a co-editor of *The Fortress Commentary on the New Testament* (Fortress, 2014) and the author of *A Lot of the Way Trees Were Walking: Poems from the Gospel of Mark* (Wipf & Stock, 2015).

Justin Lindstrom (M.DIV. '99) is associate rector for community formation at Christ Episcopal Church, San Antonio. Justin loves to paint as a spiritual discipline and practice.

Bill Livingston (M.DIV. '99) lives and hikes with his wife, Diane (a deacon), in the “land of waterfalls” of western North Carolina and experiences God in his butterfly garden and in leading *Caminamos con Dios*, hikes on which the Eucharist occurs along mountain and stream trails.

Gena Minnix enjoys teaching in the counseling program at Southwest, gardening, and spending time with her family. This past fall, she was on sabbatical, which offered the gift of time to explore various writing styles and spend time with some of her favorite writers and poets.

Cara Ellen Modisett is a pianist as well as a former magazine editor, college English teacher, and public radio reporter. Her nonfiction has appeared in *Still: The Journal*, *Braided Brook*, *Memphis* magazine, *Flycatcher*, and other publications. A postulant for holy orders (priesthood), she will enter Virginia Theological Seminary this fall.

Judy Beene Myers, writer and poet, facilitates writing intensives at Appamada, a contemporary Zen Center, and offers programs at Seton Cove, both in Austin. Writing is her daily practice, combined with meditation and contemplative prayer. She has self-published *Blackbird Fly! A Mother's Story of Grief, Love and Hope* and *Ripple: Reflections, Poems, Memories*.

Rich Nelson (M.DIV. '04) is a priest, author, and spiritual director. He is the creator and spiritual guide of the *following The Way*® faith community, which explores living a life built around the Shema/Great Commandment. Learn more at www.followingtheway.me and www.revrichnelson.com.

C. H. Nygard (MAR '14) is a pastor and teacher in Louisville, Kentucky, where he resides with his wife, Erika, and daughter, Wilhelmine. Together, Cody and Erika write and illustrate children's books, play Americana music as the duo The Brown Mollies, and are generally connoisseurs of life.

Irene Pérez is a native of Venezuela and long-time Austin resident, Fine Arts graduate of UT–Austin, Applied Orthodox Theology graduate of the St. Stephen's Course, and currently a student in the CMHC program at Southwest. She has been an iconographer and iconography teacher for the last 20 years. She is married to Simon and has a son, Gabriel (17).

Thomas Rock is in his middler year at Seminary of the Southwest and is a candidate for holy orders in the Episcopal Diocese of Vermont. His most recent book, *Time, Twilight, and Eternity: Finding the Sacred in the Everyday*, explores sunrise and sunset as prayerful moments across cultures and faith traditions.

Delda Skinner is retired adjunct professor of pastoral ministry and graduate of Seminary of the Southwest. She has been a professional artist for 50-plus years and a spiritual director for 20-plus years. Her paintings have been published in more than 20 art books. She has taught at all levels of public and private school and has presented seminars and workshops in imagination and creativity for many years.

Mark L. Smith is a visual artist, PH.D. art historian, and gallerist. A co-founder of Flatbed Press and co-author of *Flatbed Press at 25*, he lives and works in Johnson City, Texas.

Kathy Thaden (wife of Tim Thaden, M.DIV. '04) says, “Working with broken stone or glass is transforming as elements are made whole again. Finding beauty in brokenness, I treasure discards from our ‘throw-away’ consumer culture.” Her mosaics range from abstracts to liturgical and commissioned art. Kathy also leads mosaic retreats and workshops. You can find her at www.thadenmosaics.com.

Having resigned a professorship and chair in New Testament at Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, **Bonnie Thurston** lives quietly in her home state, West Virginia. Most recent of her six poetry books are *From Darkness to Eastering* (Wild Goose, 2017) and *Practicing Silence* (Paraclete, 2014). She is an avid reader, gardener, cook, and classical music lover.

Mónica Tornoe was born and raised in Guatemala and currently lives in Austin, Texas. Formerly a lawyer, Mónica is a Christian, an activist, and an artist. She leads a certificate program in Spanish in the Instituto de Maria y Marta, an Education Beyond the Walls program at Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

Marilyn Zwicker, a retired high school English teacher, lives in Austin and has been writing poetry throughout her life. Traveling, writing workshops, and concerts, as well as current events and cats purring at dawn, all inspire her work.

SOUL BY SOUTHWEST

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

SOUL BY SOUTHWEST is published annually by the Center for Writing and Creative Expression at Seminary of the Southwest.

What: We print words and images that inspire, delight, question, and reveal, including short fiction, poetry, essays, reflections, photographs, and other visual artworks. We do not print academic or analytical writing, but we realize that genres are fluid. Please submit any questions about form or content to soulbysouthwest@ssw.edu.

When: Submissions are accepted between August 1 and February 1 of each academic year.

Whom: We seek contributions from students, faculty, staff, alumni, and the extended Seminary of the Southwest community.

How: All works will be considered, but we ask that that you keep these preferences in mind:

Poetry: 20–30 lines maximum, Times New Roman 12, double-spaced; maximum of five poems. Please submit each poem in a separate Word document.

Prose: 750–1000 words maximum, Times New Roman 12, double-spaced. Please submit each piece in a separate Word document.

Images: 300 DPI minimum, JPEG or TIF format. Photographs or scans of paintings, sketches, and other visual media are welcome; maximum of five images.

Where: We prefer that you send electronic files to soulbysouthwest@ssw.edu. You may also send hard-copy submissions to:

Soul by Southwest
C/O Dr. Claire Miller Colombo, Editor
Seminary of the Southwest
501 East 32nd St.
Austin, TX 78705

We will do our best to respond to submissions and inquiries within 30 days of receipt. Notice of selection for inclusion in the journal will be issued during the month of March.

