

# Simple Gifts

April 2010  
Vol. VII, Issue VIII

*The All Souls Journal*

## Who Are You Looking For?

-by Rev. Marlin Lavanhar, Senior Minister



Author, Mary Gordon writes, *I have an Irish friend who is the person I have known best who most closely embodies the holy, although he would hate to hear me saying that. I asked him if he thinks Jesus is God. "I do," he says, "only I'm not quite sure*

*what God is."*

Does anyone really know what God is? Most people, if they are honest, realize that they are not exactly sure. God is a tiny word that points to an immense mystery. In the formative years of the Unitarian church, in the 16th-19th Centuries, a primary question that defined the church was, "Is Jesus God?" In the last two centuries the more fundamental question in the church has become, "What is God?"

The exploration of various concepts of God includes everything from the mystical to the naturalistic, and from the theistic, deistic and pantheistic to the atheistic. The openness to search and question the nature and substance of God and ultimate reality has been a defining characteristic of our tradition. In this tradition we have found ways to stay in community by agreeing to disagree when our answers diverge. Humility counsels us to realize that none of us know with certainty the exact nature of God

and ultimate reality. That is why, today, Unitarians are no longer defined by the old question, "Is Jesus God?" but are now more interested in, "What do you *mean* by God?"



**Salvation:**

*Saving  
Souls*



*My  
Testimonial*



*What is Your  
Salvation?*



*An Open Heart &  
the Will to Live*

Today, whether a person believes that Jesus is God or not depends, in large part, on how the person defines God. And this question still remains, “What is Jesus’ role, if any, in salvation?” Once again, we have to begin by clarifying what we mean by salvation. The Latin root of the word salvation is *salus* meaning health, whole, and holy.

To be saved, then, involves being made whole and healthy. Those things which lead a person and our world toward health, wholeness, and integrity, save us. The list includes compassion, love, and understanding. On the flip side, things that create division and brokenness and ill health, such as hatred, intolerance, addiction, corruption, and violence, lead us away from salvation and can, therefore, be considered sins.

Salvation is movement toward health and wholeness, and sin is movement toward brokenness and separation. For some, the teachings and example of Jesus have helped them move toward health and away from destructive behaviors. These persons may consider Jesus their savior. Others have discovered direction and salvation through Buddha’s teachings, Islam, Native principles, or other systems of ethics and philosophy.

At All Souls, we are not particularly concerned about *how* someone arrives at health and wholeness (salvation). Yet salvation, as defined above, is important, and we recognize that part of our religious task is to help individuals and society move toward greater unity and wholeness.



That is why at All Souls you could hear someone say that “Jesus is *a* savior” or “Jesus is *my* savior,” but it is extremely unlikely to hear anyone say “Jesus is the *one and only* savior.” That is because we have discovered that there are probably as many paths to salvation as there are names for the divine. We have also discovered that speaking in absolutes regarding a concept as large as God often leads toward more division and separation.

So the next time someone asks you if Jesus is your Lord and Savior, you might ask them what they mean by Lord and by Savior. †

# Saving Souls

-by Rev. Tamara Lebak, Associate Minister



When I think of what has saved me over my lifetime thus far, the question is most often answered not by *what* has saved me but by *whom* I have been saved. Each of us has already been saved by someone.

We were all cared for by another human being when we could not have nourished or cared for ourselves, or we would not be alive today. This was not owed to me. I did nothing to deserve survival. So grace and salvation are deeply intertwined.

As an older child, my salvation came through nature and my relationships with animals, especially my pets. These nonjudgmental beings helped me make my way through the turbulent waters of my parents' divorce, new schools, and the pains of growing up. As a teen, I was saved by academia – specifically the teachers who consistently and persistently believed in my ability to succeed. It was this stability through the most violent part of my childhood that was the star by which I found my way through my step-father's abuse, post-traumatic stress, and drug use.

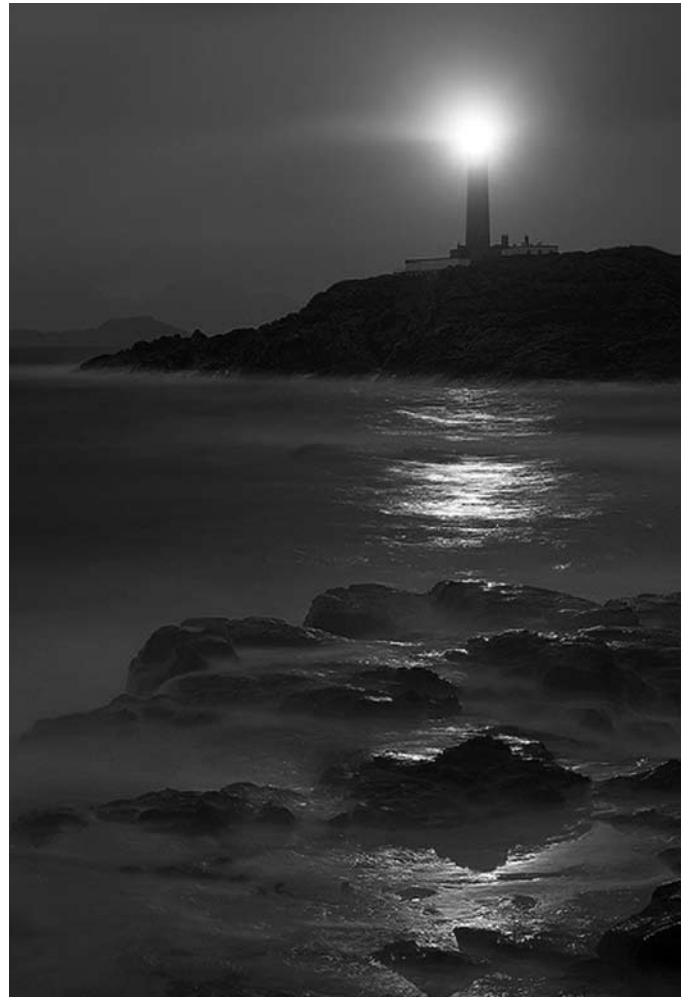
I have also been saved religiously. Finding a religious home where I can bring my whole self is a rock in my adult life that allows me to discover and use my gifts to their fullest potential. That is what salvation is. It is the removal of obstacles that prevent us from becoming our truest selves. It is a hand that reaches out when we need it. It is the hope nurtured by someone sharing how they made it through a journey similar to our own. It is the calm consistency of someone believing in us. It is knowing that we are not alone.

So if salvation is about being in relationship, and if we can be the agents of salvation in someone else's life, then being a part of a

chosen community is fertile ground for saving souls – others as well as our own.

It is in our church family that we have opportunities to practice being in relationship – where we can discover our gifts and help others do the same. It is in church where we can offer an ear or a hand in turbulent times, or share our story of hope in the face of suffering. It is in church where we remember that we are not alone on this journey. We don't have to say any magic words. We don't have to follow a scripted set of rites. We have already been saved. May we return the favor.

†



# Stories, Stones, and Salvation

-by Debra Garfinkel, Pastoral Care Minister



Once there was a man who had a nice life. He had meaningful work. He was respected by his neighbors. He and his wife loved each other. They had six children – all of them intelligent and in good health. His mother-in-law lived with them and that was good,

thanks be to God. In things they weren't rich, but they had enough; they had enough. Yes, he had a nice life.

Yet, something nagged at the man. During the day, as he was out and about doing the things that he had to do, he was content and occupied. Oh, to be sure, he was a bit envious of this man's herd of sheep or that man's magnificent garden, but it was nothing, really. And at the end of the day he returned home to his family and a satisfying meal and the joys of his robust and growing children. Still, something wasn't right. Something disturbed his peace of mind.

This disturbance began lightly, as a feather tick-ling somewhere back, way back inside his head. Then, the man noticed it and the more he noticed it, the more he wondered what it was. Was he sick? He felt a bit empty, a bit hollow. His wife noticed and asked him about it. "Have you got troubles, my husband? Tell me so I may share your burden." But the man simply did not know how to describe what was happening to him. His mother-in-law said, "You don't look well. You don't eat. You aren't sleeping well. You barely pay attention to your children. Go to the Wise One. She'll know what your trouble is."

Really? The man didn't think things were as bad as all that, but his family was important to him, and if they thought he needed help, perhaps he did. "All right," he said. "I'll go consult the Wise One. While I'm gone, who will take

care of my work?" "We will! We will, Papa!" his three eldest children exclaimed. The man smiled. "I am indeed blessed among men. Be well, my family. I shall return soon." He embraced his wife, his children, and his mother-in-law, and then went on his way.

It was a three day walk to where the Wise One lived. The first day, the man tried to figure out what it was that seemed to be swimming around in his head. The sun was shining, the breeze was light and fresh, and all around were wild flowers and gentle beauty. He barely noticed where he was. That night, he slept fitfully beneath a willow tree. The second day, his back ached and he was thirsty. All that day, he focused on his aches and pains. He found a sheltered spot with great rocks and soft grasses where he fell asleep, exhausted. The third day, he had little energy, he missed his family, and he felt he was on a fool's journey. "This is ridiculous!" the man thought to himself. "I'm wasting precious time searching for what I don't know. How can I even think of going to the Wise One?" That's exactly when he arrived.

She heard him coming. "Greetings! I've been expecting you," the Wise One said to the man. He decided not to ask how she knew he was coming. "You are tired. Sit. Rest. Refresh yourself." The man gratefully accepted the bread and cheese and dates that she offered him. His thirst was quenched by a slightly sweet, cool tea. He began to revive. The Wise One watched him in silence with a calm expression. When he was finished, she spoke. "Now," she said, "tell me what brings you here. What's so important that you've traveled this long way, leaving behind those you love most?"

Again, the man decided not to concern himself with how she knew these things. She was right, and if she already knew this about him, maybe she could help him. "I am troubled by

something I do not know. It grows every day. I cannot see it. Yet, it is with me constantly. It is robbing me of my joy. Do I have a disease? Have I done something wrong? My family and I would be very grateful for any help you can give me.” Out of respect, the man had been looking down at the ground as he spoke. When he finished speaking, he looked up.

The Wise One’s eyes were clear and compassionate. “I see you. I hear your trouble. You are a good man with a caring heart. Tell me, of what did you think during your three day walk?”

The man told her. “Ah,” she said, “a good start. Now, go to the river and catch our dinner.” Well, he thought, she was the Wise One. The man walked to the river and was struck by its clear water and the melody it made as it rushed by. He was so entranced that he felt drawn to sit near its edge and gaze into it. Time went by. It could have been moments. It could have been hours. The man felt more at peace than he had felt in ages. He searched for smooth stones.

The man found a stone, felt the weight of it, and marveled at its color and perfection in shape. At that instant, something came to his mind. “Oh!” he gasped. Closing his eyes, he clutched the stone in his hands. Then, he opened his eyes, blew lightly on the stone, and cast it lovingly into the moving water. He remained there for awhile, finding and releasing more stones, until the sun began to turn to a soft golden color.

The man returned to the Wise One just as darkness was gathering. “How can I ever thank you, Wise One?” The man’s face shone with joy and gratitude. “Thank me for what?” she asked. “I very nearly lost myself. You saved me. You saved my life,” he said softly. The Wise One smiled kindly. “I listened to you and invited you to do the same. You made the choice. You saved yourself. Let’s eat.” The man realized he was hungry. He also realized he had caught no fish for dinner. The Wise One laughed. “It’s honey cakes and greens and soup.”

Together in the firelight, the man and the Wise One ate and told stories. There was much laughter and a few tears. In the morning, she gave him a blessing and some more honey cakes and sent him on his way. The walk home was an amazement to the man. Had he truly already walked this path? He was seeing, hearing, and feeling things as never before. He was a changed man.



When he reached his family, they marveled and rejoiced with him. After that, word spread of this wonderful thing that had happened. And whenever someone asked him to tell how he was cured and saved from his disease, the man would invite that person to a quiet place and listen to their story. That’s where salvation begins – with your whole story.

May you be blessed with the courage to recall your life’s story. May you make sacred time and space to cast your troubles upon the waters. And may you find hope and healing and salvation as you make your way toward wholeness and Amazing Love. †

# My Testimonial

-by Kate Starr, Youth Director



*This is the story of when I was saved.* My first Sunday in college, I went with my roommate to her church. At lunch, she introduced me to some friends, one of whom invited me to come back to church with him that night for a class and another sermon. Since I didn't know anyone else in town or what they did on Sunday nights, I said ok.

The class was called "Witnessing Others to Christ." Everyone was asked to tell the story of when they were saved. Since I didn't have a story of when I was saved, it crossed my mind to cannibalize the ones I heard before to create one of my own. One person had been saved after an accidental overdose; one during his confirmation; one after losing her virginity at a Christian summer camp; one with her parents and 11 siblings at a revival; one happened with a television evangelist, another over a telephone prayer line; and one said he is born again every day. They were beautiful stories of forgiveness and love, redemption and intention, dedication and commitment.

But I couldn't lie. So when it was my turn I simply said, "Actually, I haven't been saved." Suddenly I was the sample group in the trial study. Chair legs scraped the floor as chairs turned to face me. All eyes looked deeply into mine. Now was their opportunity to witness another to Christ!

When all the testimonials were shared and class ended, the facilitator and my date approached me. "This is the time when I ask," the facilitator said gently, "would you like to be saved?" Still in the afterglow of the spiritual ecstasy these stories had evoked, I replied with conviction, "Yes." Boom! They both fell to their knees. I slowly

joined them and folded my hands in front of me as they had. "But I don't know what to say," I confessed. "Repeat after me," the facilitator instructed.

"Dear Jesus." *Dear Jesus.*

"Forgive me for my sins." *Forgive me for my sins.*

"Please come into my heart as my lord and savior."

*Please come into my heart as my lord and savior.*

"And guide me toward righteousness."

*And guide me toward righteousness.*

"I pray this in your father's name."

*I pray this in your father's name.*

"Amen." *Amen.*

And that was that. We all stood up. They hugged me. And we walked to the sanctuary for the evening service.



As I sat in the sanctuary listening to the preacher's sermon, my head began to spin. I was so confused. They all were using words I had no idea the meaning of: *testimonial, witnessing, intercessory prayer, the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, redemption, mercy, salvation...* And I began to cry.

"What's the matter?" my new friend asked. "I just got saved, and I have no idea what any of you are talking about," I answered. "Don't worry. Being saved doesn't mean you now know everything," he explained. "It just means you're ready and willing to learn." So to me, being saved is not that different from being a Unitarian Universalist. Becoming UU doesn't mean I now know everything, it just means that I am ready and willing to learn. About Jesus, and the Holy Spirit, and redemption, and mercy, and salvation.

So now, when people ask me if I've been saved, I tell them "Yes. Twice." †

# An Open Heart and the Will to Live

-by Linda Ford



We operate with a simple rule on the farm: If a sick animal shows us she wants to live, we will do everything we can to help her get well. The rule was at the forefront of my mind the day Lily was born. A lamb born to a ewe that was too young to be bred, Lily

came into the world without all she needed to survive the first few hours of life on her own.

Too weak to stand or lift her head, Lily needed help getting her first meal. I prepared a bottle and brought it out to the barn where she lay in the soft hay. Her nervous mama paced and called to her. I picked her up and put the nipple to her lips. Mama came over to us and licked Lily's back, stimulating her to suck, the two of us working together to give the lamb her best shot at life. Lily latched on to the nipple, emptying the bottle in a matter of minutes. I knew immediately she had a strong will to live.

I took Lily in the house as night fell and the temperatures dropped. I held her to my chest while I talked to Lisa on the phone. It's been a hard winter at the farm. We've lost some animals and my heart has been broken more than once. Lisa knew immediately what I needed as I described the situation. I had the basics down, all the necessary care to help keep her alive. But I was tentative and scared. Lisa affirmed all that I was doing, but quickly zeroed in on what was lacking.



"You have to open your heart to her. She's going to break it; you have no control over that. It may be tonight. It may be tomorrow. It may be ten years from now. But she will break it. So accept that and let her in."

I nuzzled Lily against my chest, and let her rest in my arms. I prayed for my heart to open. Tears fell as she nibbled on my chin. I felt a deep connection to her. I struggled with fear that she would die. I knew the odds. If a lamb doesn't get up on her own in the first few hours of life, she isn't likely to live. The impending sense of doom that had lingered since we lost the first animals in the Christmas Eve snowstorm crept in over and over again. I wanted her to live but I was afraid to ask for it, afraid to believe that it would happen.

I let her sleep near me. Every few hours, she stirred and I fixed a bottle. For nearly 48 hours, I fed her and stood her up. I talked to her and sang to her. I watched her struggle to get up on her own. Time after time, she'd almost make it, only to collapse with a thud. Until, finally, almost two days after she was born, she got up. Her shaky legs barely able to pull her up, she stood and in seconds began to walk around the room. She walked circles around me while I danced and laughed. I felt the wall that I had so carefully erected around my heart come crashing down. Salvation came to both of us. With an open heart and the will to live, joy returned and lifted us to the sky. †

# Daily Thoughts On

**APRIL 1**

The salvation of this human world lies nowhere else than in the human heart, in the human power to reflect, in human meekness and human responsibility. ~Vaclav Havel

**APRIL 2**

There is never time in the future in which we will work out our salvation. The challenge is in the moment; the time is always now. ~James A. Baldwin

**APRIL 3**

There is no morality by instinct. There is no social salvation in the end without taking thought; without mastery of logic and application of logic to human experience. ~Katharine Fullerton Gerould

**APRIL 4**

There is no salvation in becoming adapted to a world which is crazy. ~Henry Miller

**APRIL 5**

This also is a part of the teaching of the Church, that there are certain angels of God, and certain good influences, which are His servants in accomplishing the salvation of men. ~Origen

**APRIL 6**

Three things are necessary for the salvation of man: to know what he ought to believe; to know what he ought to desire; and to know what he ought to do. ~Saint Thomas Aquinas

**APRIL 7**

How would it be possible if salvation were ready to our hand, and could without great labor be found, that it should be by almost all men neglected? But all things excellent are as difficult as they are rare. ~Baruch Spinoza

**APRIL 8**

We will not, on the altar of money, mortgage our conscience, mortgage our faith, mortgage our salvation. ~Peter Akinola

**APRIL 9**

I firmly believe that our salvation depends on the poor. ~Dorothy Day

**APRIL 10**

I have never felt salvation in nature. I love cities above all. ~Michelangelo

**APRIL 11**

I must assert in the most unqualified way that it is primarily and mainly for the sake of saving the soul that I seek the salvation of the body. ~William Booth

**APRIL 12**

The greatest enemy to human souls is the self-righteous spirit which makes men look to themselves for salvation. ~Charles Spurgeon

**APRIL 13**

If help and salvation are to come, they can only come from the children, for the children are the makers of men. ~Maria Montessori

**APRIL 14**

Ignorance has always been the weapon of tyrants; enlightenment the salvation of the free. ~Bill Richardson

**APRIL 15**

Don't be an art critic. Paint. There lies salvation. ~Paul Cezanne

**APRIL 16**

It is more noble to give yourself completely to one individual than to labor diligently for the salvation of the masses. ~Dag Hammarskjold

**APRIL 17**

Literature has been the salvation of the damned, literature has inspired and guided lovers, routed despair and can perhaps in this case save the world. ~John Cheever

**APRIL 18**

My salvation was a free gift. I didn't have to work for it and it's better than any gold medal that I've ever won. ~Betty Cuthbert

**APRIL 19**

No man is excluded from calling upon God, the gate of salvation is set open unto all men: neither is there any other thing which keepeth us back from entering in, save only our own unbelief. ~John Calvin

**APRIL 20**

Once you fully apprehend the vacuity of a life without struggle, you are equipped with the basic means of salvation. ~Tennessee Williams

**APRIL 21**

Courage is a kind of salvation. ~Plato

**APRIL 22**

Individual science fiction stories may seem as trivial as ever to the blinder critics and philosophers of today - but the core of science fiction, its essence has become crucial to our salvation if we are to be saved at all. ~Isaac Asimov

**APRIL 23**

For even these are no less bestowed on him of pure grace, than are righteousness and salvation themselves. ~Johann Arndt

**APRIL 24**

We believe that salvation is to be found in wholesome work in a beloved land. Work will provide our people with the bread of tomorrow, and moreover, with the honor of the tomorrow, the freedom of the tomorrow. ~Theodor Herzl

**APRIL 25**

Human salvation demands the divine disclosure of truths surpassing reason. ~Saint Thomas Aquinas

**APRIL 26**

The first step in a person's salvation is knowledge of their sin. ~Lucius Annaeus Seneca

**APRIL 27**

I conclude that it is a fundamental mistake to think that salvation, justice, or virtue come through merely human institutions. ~Jeane Kirkpatrick

**APRIL 28**

Real music is not for wealth, not for honours or even the joys of the mind... but as a path for realization and salvation. ~Ali Akbar Khan

**APRIL 29**

Salvation for a race, nation or class must come from within. ~A. Philip Randolph

**APRIL 30**

Human salvation lies in the hands of the creatively maladjusted. ~Martin Luther King, Jr.

# Salvation

## A Mighty Cloud of Witnesses: Jill Tarbel

-by Kathy Keith, Executive Director

Jill Tarbel wore her scooter like an accessory. It was an article that improved and supported her life, rather than an encumbrance. And woe unto anyone who improperly parked in a handicapped parking place – they might find themselves with a not-too-loving note lipsticked to their windshield – or anyone who left anything that blocked her access, especially to her favorite spot in the sanctuary – smack in the middle at the back, where she could inspect the minister’s person as well as evaluate his/her performance. She held nothing back.



sues.

At one point the idea of turning the Sonen Library into a church bookstore was proposed. Jill heard about it and assured the minister that she would chain her scooter to the Library before she’d see that happen. The bookstore was placed elsewhere.

A final tribute to her community activism came with the renaming of East 30th Place between Peoria and Woodward Avenues. Our church building now resides at the corner of Jill Zink Tarbel Street and South Peoria. Be sure to give a wave as you go by! †

A victim of polio as a child, Jill was always willing to visit the church school classes, to give our children the opportunity to get to know a person in a scooter – rather than a handicapped person.

The scooter empowered Jill to make a better life for herself and others. According to her eulogy, All Souls’ church building became handicapped accessible only after Jill told Rev. John Wolf that she would come in with a sledgehammer and take matters into her own hands if he didn’t act soon.

Her activism was not limited to accessibility is-



**O**ur church program-year (September-May) is fashioned around nine theological themes. Each theme plays a part in the development of a well-grounded religious and spiritual life. The church’s offerings each month are by no means limited to the themes. However, these topics provide an axis around which many elements of church life gain more meaning and depth. They provide us with a set of common stories and ideas that become elements of an ongoing community conversation. Be warned: Seriously engaging these themes could transform your life!

**September - Vocation & Calling**

**October - Unity**

**November - Gratitude**

**December - Peace**

**January - Grace**

**February - Prayer & Spiritual Practice**

**March - Letting Go**

**April - Salvation**

**May - Truth**

# Spiritual Practice - Tending Our Gardens

-by Debra Garfinkel, Pastoral Care Minister



*April showers  
bring May flowers.*

Last month's theme of *Letting*

*Go* moved us to a place of change and new growth.

This month's theme, *Salvation*, can be experienced in

many different ways. It is breaking free into the Love that supports us and sustains us in right relationship with ourselves and with each other. The waters of our sweat and tears that come during our time of reflection, confession, and then our release, combine with the living waters of the Great Mystery. Then, one beautiful day, we wake up and see all that work and waiting blossoming before our eyes.

I invite you to tend a real garden and approach it as tending your spiritual garden. If you are someone who doesn't particularly enjoy digging in the dirt or claim to have the touch of death when it comes to gardening – no worries! There are many different kinds of gardens. Consult with someone who has a great imagination – someone with a child's open heart and mind. That will give you ideas. Here are a few of mine:

- Plant some seeds in a pot for your porch or a windowsill – whatever you would like to grow.
- Find a place in your yard that you've been meaning to spruce up. and make a special garden there.
- Create a water garden, place a water feature or fountain where you will see and hear its beauty.

As you tend your garden, allow your heart and mind to focus on being fully present. Notice how the air smells, what sensations you feel in your body (rough, sharp, cold, hot, etc.) and what you see, hear, and perhaps even taste. Notice what thoughts and emotions arise. What are your intentions for this garden? What do you want to cultivate? Claim this as your sacred space.

Every gardener will tell you that gardening is a constant process. Some plants thrive and others fail. Sometimes the ground is rich and fertile and sometimes it seems most inhospitable. Being a gardener can yield unforeseen benefits. But it requires patience and effort.

May your spiritual garden bloom and grow toward harmony with the divine. Remember, as we tend our individual gardens, we also tend a community garden of all souls. Our practice of working and growing together sets us on the path to freedom and salvation. Let us grow! Let us grow! Let us grow! †



# What is Your Salvation?

Nature



Walden Pond

Community



2010 Coming of Age Class

Art



Window in Arlington Street Church

Church



Arlington Street Church

Exercise



Boston Common

Balance



Rock Towers Near Thoreau's Cabin

Photos by Tanner Phillips

# *A Photo Journal from the 2010 Boston Pilgrimage*

## *Heritage*



*Sleepy Hollow Cemetery*

## *Knowledge*



*Boston Public Library*

## *Peace*



*Walden Pond*

## *Music*



*First Church of Christ, Scientist*

## *Life*



*Boston Common*

## *The Journey*



*Walden Pond*

# Salvation – Personified

*-by Kate Starr, Youth Director, & Rev. Tamara Lebak, Associate Minister*

Salvation was raised in what his father, Endurance, called “the sticks.” Endurance fled the city with his wife, Trust, and their only son to live off the land by grit and gumption. It had made Salvation somewhat of a loner. He’d leave the warmth of the Franklin stove sometimes before dawn – finding solace in the solitude of the hills and hollers – until darkness made it difficult for him to find his way back home.

Salvation often brought back injured or abandoned animals. He’d concoct some salve to sooth a rash or gash, or bind the broken wing of a bird that had fallen from its nest. It made him proud to watch the wounds heal; the broken bones mend. His mother wanted him to become a veterinarian.

Salvation also enjoyed setting the fires to clear new farm land, chopping down the old oak and hickory trees, even scraping the moss and lichens from the vast rock outcroppings. He found it fascinating that new life emerged on the scarred earth, sometimes slowly but inevitably. He found it a paradox that after destruction, there is always renewal.

Salvation earned a little spending money during the summer as lifeguard at the local swimming hole. He was known in three counties for how long he could hold his breath under water. On the weekends, he taught lessons – swimming and survival skills.

The girls regularly confused him with the weekend guard, Rescue. Both were extremely attractive, but Rescue never taught them anything.

Salvation left home to become a park ranger. He wanted to leave the comfort and familiarity of the dark woods to live where creatures have found a way to thrive in the most brutal living conditions. He was assigned a post in the desert Southwest, where tan sandscapes replaced green landscapes and sheer rock buttes stood sentinel over miles and miles of what looked like nothingness.

Just like back home, Salvation found folks who were lost or hurt. In a few moments, he could help them regain their sense of direction, offer dressing for their wounds, or accompany them to safety. Afterward, they’d write letters, thanking Salvation for getting them

back on the path, back on track, really, for giving them a second chance at life. It was meaningful work.

But eventually, Salvation wanted more. He transferred departments and became a wilderness guide. It had felt good to be the hero – the savior – but these days, Salvation finds it even more rewarding to give people the skills they need to save themselves. †





*Simple Gifts* is published monthly by All Souls Unitarian Church, 2952 S. Peoria, Tulsa, OK 74114 (918) 743-2363 info@AllSoulsChurch.org

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### Resources for Further Reading

***Saving Paradise: How Christianity Traded Love of This World for Crucifixion and Empire***

Rita Nakashima Brock & Rebecca Parker. Boston: Beacon Press, 2008

A fascinating new lens on the history of Christianity, from its first centuries to the present day, this book asks how its early vision of beauty evolved into a vision of torture, and what changes in society and theology marked that evolution.

***God of the Oppressed***

James H. Cone Maryknoll. NY: Orbis Books, 1997

This landmark classic is written by one of America's greatest contemporary theologians. Liberation and reconciliation feature strongly in this work.

***When Children Ask about God: A Guide for Parents Who Don't Always Have All the Answers***

Harold S. Kushner. Schocken Books, 1995

A respected rabbi and author advises parents on talking to children about their fears, fantasies, hopes, and questions. Kushner believes we get into trouble when we teach children to think of God as a person who controls everything in the world. He offers affirmative ways of meeting God with this in mind. A book for every family.

***Heart of the Cross: A Postmodern Christology***

Wonhee Anne Joh. Louisville: Westminster John Knox, 2006

This challenging Christology by former Tulsan Anne Joh offers a brilliant postcolonial view into a theology of the cross and salvation. Her foundational exploration of the notion of jeong is being used by cutting-edge theologians.

**When submitting articles for church publications:**

- 1) Submit your text electronically via email. Plain text is best.
- 2) Include your name and daytime number.
- 3) Not all submissions will be published. Submissions may be edited.

Questions? Call Laurel Williamson at 743-2805, ext 305.

## April Highlights

<b>April 2</b>	Soulful Sundown - <i>Salvation Station</i>
<b>April 4</b>	Easter Sunday
<b>April 7</b>	All Souls 303
<b>April 8</b>	Day Alliance
<b>April 9</b>	Coffeehouse Monte Montgomery
<b>April 11</b>	All Souls 101 Leadership Council New Member Reception
<b>April 16</b>	Parents' Night Out Evening of Praise
<b>April 18</b>	Coming of Age BGLT Potluck
<b>April 21</b>	ROOTS Begins
<b>April 23</b>	Local Foods Dinner
<b>April 27</b>	Evening Alliance
<b>April 30</b>	Day Alliance Barbecue Fundraiser

All Souls Presents Alternative Worship  
in the style of  
*Prairie Home Companion:*

# SALVATION STATION

with  
*The Pendleton Family  
Fiddlers!*

**APRIL 2, 7:00 PM**

Childcare by reservation at 743-2805 ext. 308  
ALL SOULS CHURCH 2952 S. PEORIA TULSA, OK 74114 [WWW.ALLSOULSCHURCH.ORG](http://WWW.ALLSOULSCHURCH.ORG)