

F
A
L
L

N
E
W
S
L
E
T
T
E
R

2
0
2
1

Boston University School of Theology
**ANNA HOWARD
SHAW CENTER**

Volume 39 Issue 1 Fall 2021

**WE ARE CALLED TO
CHILL AND HEAL**



IN THIS ISSUE

Shaw Center Staff	Multicultural Expo	3-4
Nataly Romero	A Race of Endurance and not Speed	5
Kasey Kelly	Riley - August 2016 an excerpt from a forthcoming book	6-7
Seigen Johnson	Soul Comfort	8
Rev. Dr. Wendy von Courter	Prophetic Resistance Needs Hydration	9-10
Chavala Condor	<i>Albada</i> (Dawn Song) - an excerpt	11-12
	Anna Howard Shaw Center Lecture Series	13
	Meet Our New Staff	14



As many students, staff, and faculty returned to BU campus this academic year in the middle of pandemic with fear, anxiety, and hope, we, the Anna Howard Shaw Center, struggled to provide more healing and hope for our community. Even though we were very exhausted and tired both individually and communally, we did not want to lose hope for our lives. Holding ourselves with hope, we decided on the theme "Chilling and Healing" for this year. We are called to Chill and Heal as practices to help each other overcome the perpetual threats of COVID-19 and many forms of injustice along with the usual stresses of academic life. The presentations at our 5th Annual Multicultural Expo are exemplary of why "Chilling and Healing" are so important to us. At this event, we practiced chilling through fellowship around a table of food from four different cultures: Korean, Nigerian, Mexican, and Thai. We healed through uplifting the diverse cultures in our community by listening to and learning from each other.

Our program began with a traditional Indonesian narrative shared by Ruth Kause, which reminded us of the importance of honoring our mothers. Then we were transported to Uganda through Kenneth Baiza Mukonyesi's presentation about Ntoroko culture. He taught us about his culture by sharing photos of his family, traditional foods, and wedding ceremonies. Their stories told us how ancestral stories and cultural practices powerfully impact our lives and give us empowerment and pride to see ourselves.

Yewon Park, the president of the Korean Student Association, taught us about the Dalgona game - featured in the popular television show *Squid Games*. We learned Dalgona (Korean snack) was popular for children of Yewon's generation as well as her parents' generation (1960s) that lived through Korean War and postcolonial



Korean history. After trying the Dalgona treat for ourselves, Madison Chau shared the significance of Pho in her Vietnamese culture and for Vietnamese refugees. Whenever we see a Pho restaurant in the U.S., we will remember the story of the refugees who are trying to hold on to their culture through food. Both their stories reminded us that our people create and share these foods as the sources of power *to survive and laugh together* even in the mist of their suffering.

Next, we learned about the importance of Spirituals and sharing Testimony in African American culture from Cynthia Perry and Omari Aarons, the Vice President and President of the Association of Black Seminarians. They shared how Spirituals, Sorrow Songs, and Testimonies are aspects of their culture that feed their souls and bring them healing. The International Student Association shared folk tales from three different cultures. First, Huili Zhu and Aixin Yi presented on "The Monkey King." Huili shared that despite the expansive diversity across China, "The Monkey King" is a story familiar to all Chinese people. Claudia Alvarez Hurtado taught us that although there are no fairy tales or superhero stories in Colombia, they have stories that capture the sarcastic humor of Colombians. Sori Kang narrated "The Man Who Never Lies," a folk tale



MULTICULTURAL EXPO

from Africa. Felix Jibrin and Andrés De Arco (Harvard Divinity School) helped Sori tell the story by acting as the king and the wise man Mamad. As these various stories were shared and performed, we witnessed abundant wisdom. Our event became the place of not only cross-cultural storytelling but also cross-cultural power sharing through joy and laughter.

Finally, Laura Montoya Cifuentes highlighted the healing power of laughter during her presentation on plagiarism in Colombian music. We learned some Spanish words and sang, "*Noche, Playa, Lluvia, Me Amas?*" (Night, Beach, Rain, Do you love me?) She got us up out of our seats to dance and sing to a song by Mexican singer and heartthrob Luis Miguel. The movement of our body was not just lifting our bodily energy up, but also touching our wounded souls. As we moved and engaged with each other through our voices and music, we truly experienced healing and chilling.

After the event, participants shared that it was the most fun they have had in a long time and a

highlight of their semester. Many shared how healing it was to be together again after the pandemic and spending the previous year interacting with each other only through Zoom. Eating food, laughing, dancing and singing, honoring sacred stories, and learning about each other's cultures are the ways we embodied Chilling and Healing at our Multicultural Expo. This issue of our newsletter and the events we hosted throughout the semester are threaded together by our theme. We offer this edition of our newsletter to each of you as a space to Chill and Heal with us as our extended community.



The Shaw Center Staff would like to thank everyone who joined us at our 5th Annual Multicultural Expo! We would especially like to thank each of our participants:

Ruth Kause

Kenneth Baiza Mukonyesi

Yewon Park - Korean Student Association

Madison Chau

Cynthia Perry & Omari Aarons - Association of Black Seminarians

Huili Zhu & Aixin Yi - International Student Association

Claudia Alvarez Hurtado - International Student Association

Sori Kang - International Student Association

Felix Jibrin & Andrés De Arco

Laura Montoya Cifuentes

Co-hosts: Laura Montoya Cifuentes & Camille Obata



I was born in my beloved Peru. Even though Peru is a beautiful country, however, its societies are patriarchal. Since the church is a reflex from the community, Christian churches in Peru are patriarchal too. I received the call from God to be a pastor when I was a teenager; since then, the path that I have traveled has been one of resistance, where I have learned to heal my wounds and to rest. I am going to focus on one experience in my life.

My first experience is related to my call and my vocation. When I was fifteen years old, I attended one Christian Church. I was a teacher for Biblical School for children, and I enjoyed working as a teacher very much. I felt in my heart that I wanted to be a pastor, so I told this important feeling to the pastor's wife, and she responded: "You cannot be a pastor because you are a woman; you only can be a missionary because women pastors do not exist." I kept these words in my heart. The years passed, and I almost forgot the calling from God to be a pastor, but I continued serving in the church. After several years after, the situation in the church became complicated. I realized that was injustice, more concern for the money than the people and missional activities, and its theology became more oppressive. I asked myself if Jesus Christ would be like this. Tired of this situation, I decided to look for another church. I arrived at the Methodist Church as a visitor and rapidly decided to join this church.

One of the most exciting discoveries I made in the Methodist Church was finding some women as pastors. I did not hesitate to become a member of an inclusive church. I could understand God differently in this time of my life; I knew a merciful and loving Jesus Christ. It was a new encounter with divinity. This was a time of rest or me. I felt that I was in the arms of a loving God

who told me: "It is time for you to rest, regain new strength and heal the wounds that discrimination has left you. I love you profoundly, and I call you for the ministry". My beginning in the Methodist church was a balm for my wounds and an oasis in the middle of the desert. I felt within an inclusive church, a church that accepted me.

As the years have passed and I have become involved in the church, I have seen the patriarchy. Although the Methodist Church in Peru ordains women, there are currently only three ordained female pastors. I am a pastor of the Methodist Church of Peru and a candidate for ordained ministry. Getting to this point has not been easy.

When I was a child, the teacher always told us about the difference between a sprint race and an endurance race within physical education. She said: "In an endurance race, you have to keep your strength to reach the finish line. It is not about running fast and being exhausted at 50 meters. It is important to breathe properly." She was right! My journey ministerial is like endurance. To breathe correctly is to rest and heal. From times of rest and healing, I experience revitalization, which allows me to continue resisting patriarchy.



Nataly Romero she/her
Masters of Divinity Program, STH



The following is an excerpt from Kasey Kelly's forthcoming novel.

Star Wars director, J.J. Abrams, says, "Every story has at least a little truth in it. Every story comes from somewhere."

Rosalie is a black lab mixed with multiple owners. She walked long distance to see the numerous owners and stayed with each of them. These multiple owners with various backgrounds navigate issues related to racism, sexuality, and beliefs. One of the owners, Riley, is a Chinese female adoptee in her undergraduate studies, and her White mother is a professor. This story is an excerpt from my unpublished fiction novel.

Trigger warning: Anti-Asian hate and xenophobia, public intimidation

Riley-August 2016

She walked outside, heading toward the lake, and she saw Rosalie walking towards her.

"Oh, Hi Rosalie. Do you feel like walking with me?"

Rosalie wagged her tail and jumped a little.

"Okay, okay, let's go!"

She looked back to see Rosalie following her. They headed toward the lake.

They finished a half mile around the lake walkway, and she noticed Rosalie looked weary. Riley told her to stay before going inside the cafe. She finished paying for water bottle and turned around to find White men glaring at her. She tried to head for the doorway but only to find it blocked by a group of White people.

She couldn't breathe. She looked down to the ground and held a water bottle tightly. She could feel a group of White men around her.

"Why are you not working?" a male sneered. The rest of them grumbled and whispered.

She stayed silent, wanting to be invisible to will them away. She didn't know why they were targeting her in this setting.

"Oh, just ignore her," a female voiced.

She watched their feet moving away. She let out a breath shakily and walked out to see Rosalie sitting in the same spot where she left her.

Riley slowly sat on the bench and reached out to Rosalie for comfort. She saw her vision blurred and couldn't stop her tears pouring out. Rosalie was more occupied by how thirsty she was as she



nosed at the water bottle, catching Riley's attention. Riley frustratedly opened the water bottle and poured it out without any focus while Rosalie drank it. After emptying the bottle, she twisted the plastic as she stared out at the lake.

Why couldn't she catch a break? Without her White mom, she was like a foreigner. What was wrong with people?

She walked back to the house with dried tears with Rosalie in tow.

Her mom worriedly asked her, "What happened?"

Riley shook her head and went to her room.

A few days later, Riley and her mom were in a car before heading to her apartment.

Riley spoke up after silence.

"Mom, I was at Clara's cafe to buy a water bottle. But, that water bottle turned into something more. I was surrounded by White men. One said, "Why are you not working?"

Her mom confusingly said, "Why are you not working? What does that mean?"

Riley realized that her mom did not get it.

"They saw me as a foreigner! They saw me as an immigrant!"

"Maybe they are confused as someone who works there."

"Mom, no," she firmly said, "They viewed me as a Chinese immigrant. They don't see me as an American citizen. I was practically surrounded by White men. It was not until a White woman told them to ignore me. Then, they walked away."

"Oh."

"Yeah, Oh. I wish they had trained White adopted parents about racism."

"I can't help it if I don't know."

This excerpt ends there.

Thank you for reading it.

Kasey Kelly she/her and they/them
Masters of Divinity/Masters of Social Work,
STH/SSW



A few years ago, I came across a definition in a medical publication that described the healing process as one in which the body identifies injury, assesses damage, and attempts to repair in order to prevent re-injury. This definition sticks with me because it describes a process of awareness and response that is not so much one of renewal—a return to a previous uninjured state—but one that acknowledges that the impact of the present hurt will remain. The goal of healing then, isn't just to fix the brokenness. Healing is discovering a new way of being that incorporates the damage as useful information. We can learn from the experience so that we don't do any more harm. Neither do we entirely leave behind our pre-injured body. Rehabilitation allows us to access the memory of our pre-injured body as a support to learning a new way of being. We find wholeness in our awareness of our past, present, and future in this very moment. In this way, health and wellness are not the absence of injury or suffering and instead are the product of intention and compassionate response.

Spiritual practice mirrors the effect of physical rehabilitation. Our texts, rituals, ceremonies, and communities help us care for the myriad experiences of pain and loss that impact our spiritual well-being. Throughout the pandemic as the world struggles to make sense of the rift opened wide in our daily lives, I am comforted by the many spiritual practices and faith communities around the world that give life to generations of healing wisdom. These practices are a testament to our human capacity to find comfort and care for each other amidst devastating uncertainties.

One of the wonderful things about residential Zen Buddhist practice is experiencing the body's response to the rhythm of the changing seasons. During the fall seasons, there is often a particular

emphasis on slowing down. Letting one's body and habit energy fall into the space of deeper reflection while also restoring one's mental and physical energy. During this time, we celebrate Sejiki—often called “the Festival of the Hungry Ghosts”—which is a Buddhist ritual to honor deceased loved ones, feed the unresolved energies lingering in the world around us, and release the binds of harmful karma. The ceremony often involves colorful costumes, altar presentations of food offerings (similar to the Offrendra on Dia De Las Muertas), musical instruments to invite departed loved ones, and a well-being chant called the “Gate of Sweet Dew”. As the heart welcomes home memories of loved ones, the soul is filled with ease and joy. I offer the following Eko (transfer of merit):

May all beings be free from suffering, happy, and at peace.

May all awakened beings manifest their inner luminous wisdom.

May our practice bring forth endless compassion.
Mahaprajnaparamita

Wishing you the comfort and joy of dwelling in the healing energy of those rituals and traditions that offer your spirit deep and abiding rest.



Seigen Johnson she/her
Masters of Divinity Program, STH



The Peace of Wild Things by Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.



“Is it time to add water?” The question came from my wife, Gini, three hours after she greeted me outside of a jail in Northern Minnesota. We had traveled there two days beforehand to attend the Treaty Peoples Gathering. We came at the invitation of local tribal leaders inviting us all to “rise together” for climate, for our water, and for the treaties. We were called to put our bodies on the line in opposition to the construction of a pipeline through Anishinaabe treaty land. We were invited to join the generations-deep struggle to protect our water. To join our wise and courageous indigenous siblings – the water protectors.

During the peaceful protest, intended to draw national attention to this threat to our waters and to the violation of the treaties, I was thrown to the ground by an officer. I was arrested, strip searched, and confined to a jail cell for over 70 hours. As a white, older, clergy woman who might be assumed to be straight, I fared better than many of my BIPOC (black, indigenous, and people of color), queer, and disabled siblings during this peaceful gathering. Gini was part of the jail support team tracking the hundreds of water protectors who continued to be arrested throughout the day, night and following day.

Now, with the county jail far behind us and the beautiful waters of Lake Superior coming into view, she knew the answer my own mouth could not speak. Without a word, I got out of the car and delivered myself to the cool, crisp, clear water. As the water received my body, the experience bathed my spirit and soul. And I was made whole.

Prophetic resistance needs hydration of body, soul, and spirit. Taking care to tend our somatic needs, individually and collectively is not just necessary, it is a vital part of the resistance itself. This recent arrest* taught me something new and I am still learning how a somatic approach to resistance can be a powerful tool to heal but also to prepare and to equip justice seekers in the resistance. Following this action, Gini and other leaders arranged sessions for arrestees and jail



supporters to meet with a somatic healer. Our leader, E Wolff engaged each of us in somatic practices. E taught us about how our nervous systems function, guided us in body-based practices, and did so in the context of the work of “resisting, dismantling, and healing from white supremacy.”

Like Lake Superior, the somatic healing E offered, welcomed me into a container that allowed me to be held but present in my entirety. Just as the water engaged each cell in my body, the body-based exercises, led by their voice, rooted in the active commitment to collective liberation, made room for the trauma. But E took us further, inviting us to more fully connect and appreciate the sensory information available to us through our bodies and to use that information for self healing and resourcing in our resistance work. It was no small gift. And ever-powerful as we move forward, singly and in community, into the prophetic resistance our times so desperately require.

And so, perhaps tomorrow, I will return to the water, or dig my hands into our farm land, or walk in our woods, or sit with the birds. I will, as Wendell Berry so beautifully writes, “come into the peace of wild things.” But differently than before. With gratitude to the wisdom and leadership of our indigenous water protectors and to the somatic healers in the struggle.

*Wendy’s participation in acts of civil disobedience date back to July 31, 2010 when she was arrested in Phoenix, AZ as part of the National Day of Non-Compliance, a protest of the racial profiling bill, SB1070 targeting people of color. Since then she has participated in CDs and risked arrests related to immigrant justice, civil rights, women's rights, racial justice, LGBTQIA+ rights, and climate justice.

Rev. Dr. Wendy von Courter she/her
Mentor to the BUSTH UU Community of Learning,
Adjunct Faculty (UU Polity & Practices, Interfaith
Leadership), Activist, Farmer



The following is an excerpt from *Albada* (meaning: Dawn Song), which is a story from the life of Chavala Condor's mother.

The brothers: Luis, Antonio, and Francisco. It was Francisco, named for his mother, who could never be separated from her, who brought her to Barcelona, with the daughters of his sister, Trina. He stayed at her side till the end, and when it came, he carried her with him forever, reminding his wife day in and day out that she would never be Paca. No, she wasn't. She was Victorina Mairal Larrosa, the daughter and sister of soldiers, and she was nothing like that sentence would suggest. She was beautiful and charismatic, had dreams of being an actress, would one day read stories and plays to her children as though she were on stage. My grandfather, who could recite entire poems by heart, undoubtedly loved that about her, but he wanted a woman who could get up at the crack of dawn if need be to put food on the table, like Paca and Isabel. My grandmother needed a large pot of coffee and a handful of anti-migraine medication to get up at all, and there were days when she did not put food on the table, because she had been too busy helping her sons find leaves for their silkworms. Paca and Isabel had kept the family from starving during La Guerra with the head of the house unemployed. Victorina could not keep the family fed for more than two weeks on a month's paycheck. When she finally walked out of the marriage, my mother assumed responsibility for the house and youngest brother. The paycheck lasted four weeks under the new regime, with money to spare for a blender.

There are things my mother wishes she had known, but who was going to tell her? In a world with no concept of mental illness, who was going to explain bipolar disorder and paranoid schizophrenia? When even the leftists believed that a woman's natural place is in the home, who was going to translate the grief and rage of a woman who had wanted more and would never live up to her husband's household deities?

Pobre Victoria, incapable of treading the path to godhood that her predecessors walked so effortlessly, of being ama, Católica, or even correcta, surrounded by those, her own daughter among them, who were legends worshiped by the sons and brothers, reminded of her failures with a consistency and cruelty a Calvinist could only envy, no one was ever going to declare thou excellest them all for her. No one, that is, except a daughter looking back, from a house that was not her father's, surrounded by a husband and children that loved her, and work that she loved as well. This was my grandmother's doing, for it was Victoria who repeated the mantra, again, and again, and again What you see in this house is not normal, remember. You get that university degree, and you leave this house, and you never come back. And just in case my mother should think that leaving was something you did only from your parents' house, Victoria had this lecture as well: If a man ever raises his hand against you, you take the nearest chair, you smash it over his head, and think that leaving was something you did only from your parents' house, Victoria had this lecture



as well: If a man ever raises his hand against you, you take the nearest chair, you smash it over his head, and you walk out and you don't apologize. So adamant was Victoria on this last point that my mother was forced to swear she would do so, but in the end, she simply chose better than to require hurling the furniture.

The full story can be found on the Anna Howard Shaw Center website

www.bu.edu/shaw/publications/newsletter-contributions



Chavala Condor she/her
Masters of Divinity 2022, STH Graduate



ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER LECTURE SERIES

13

**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

**SHAW CENTER THURSDAY
LUNCH IS BACK!**

GUEST SPEAKERS

AHSC STAFF:
CHILLING AND
HEALING



**THURSDAY SEP 9
12-1 P.M. COMMUNITY CENTER**

RSVP BEFORE TUESDAY 5:00 PM TO
SAVE A SPOT AND GET YOUR
LUNCH!
AHSCTR@BU.EDU

**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

**HOW YOGA SAVED MY LIFE
AND SPIRITUALITY**

GUEST SPEAKER

CHASITY JONES
SELENGA & LOLA
SELENGA
3RD YEAR MDIV



**THURSDAY SEP 16
12-1 PM COMMUNITY CENTER**

RSVP BEFORE WED 12:00 PM TO
SAVE A SPOT AND GET YOUR
LUNCH!
SHAWCTR@BU.EDU

**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

**ART AS SPIRITUAL PRACTICE:
EXPRESSING THE INTERNAL**

GUEST SPEAKER

JOCELIN THOMAS
2ND YEAR MDIV



**THURSDAY SEP 23
12-1 PM COMMUNITY ROOM**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00 PM
BY FILLING OUT
THE GOOGLE
FORM HERE →



**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

OUR DEAREST MUSIC

GUEST SPEAKER

JEONGWEON LEE
2ND YEAR MSM



**THURSDAY SEP 30
12-1 PM COMMUNITY ROOM**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00 PM
BY FILLING OUT
THE GOOGLE
FORM HERE →



**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

LOVE OF MUSIC

GUEST SPEAKER

EBIYE SEIMODE
2ND YEAR MDIV



**THURSDAY OCT 7
12-1 PM COMMUNITY ROOM**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00 PM
BY FILLING OUT
THE GOOGLE
FORM HERE →



**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

ANCESTRAL SPIRITUALITIES

GUEST SPEAKER

DEAN FOR
STUDENTS
DR. CRISTIAN
DE LA ROSA



**THURSDAY OCT 14
12-1 PM COMMUNITY ROOM**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00 PM
BY FILLING OUT
THE GOOGLE
FORM HERE →



**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

TALES OF A LABYRINTH

GUEST SPEAKER

DEAN
SUJIN PAK



**THURSDAY OCT 21
12-1 PM COMMUNITY ROOM**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00 PM
BY FILLING OUT
THE GOOGLE
FORM HERE →



**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

**THE POWER OF STORIES AND
DISABILITY PRIDE**

GUEST SPEAKER

MICHELLE
EASTMAN
3RD YEAR MDIV



**THURSDAY OCT 28
12-1 PM COMMUNITY ROOM**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00 PM
BY FILLING OUT
THE GOOGLE
FORM HERE →



**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

**THE GODDESS AND MY
SPIRITUAL AWAKENING**

GUEST SPEAKER

CLAUDIA
ALVAREZ
1ST YEAR MDIV



**THURSDAY NOV 4
12-1 PM COMMUNITY ROOM**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00 PM
BY FILLING OUT
THE GOOGLE
FORM HERE →



ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER & **TOM PORTER PROGRAM ON RELIGION AND
CONFLICT TRANSFORMATION**

**WAR AND RESILIENCE IN COLOMBIA
•THE FOTOVOZ PROJECT**

GUEST SPEAKERS

YEISON GONZALEZ
CLAUDIA ALVAREZ
LAURA MONTOYA
OSCAR GUANA
STH MDIV-MTS



**THURSDAY NOV 11
12-1 PM / ROOM 325 STH**

RSVP HERE →
BEFORE TUESDAY
5:00 PM



**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

GUEST SPEAKER

YEWON PARK
2ND YEAR
MDIV



**THURSDAY NOV 18
12-1 PM ROOM 325**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00
PM HERE →



**ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER
THURSDAY LUNCH LECTURES**

HOW WAS YOUR SEMESTER?

GUEST SPEAKER

CHOI, HEE AN
DIRECTOR
ANNA HOWARD SHAW
CENTER



**THURSDAY DEC 2
12-1 PM ROOM 325 STH**

RSVP BEFORE
TUESDAY 5:00 PM
HERE →




Mikhala Heil

*Senior Program Coordinator
Contextual Education Office*

Mikhala Heil (she/her) graduated from the School of Theology in 2019 with her MDiv in the Chaplaincy Track. Mikhala completed her CPE Residency in May of 2020, to become a nanny. Her hopes to “ride out the pandemic” in her cocoon changed as she learned of an opportunity to Chaplain to women and infants in Milwaukee, WI. These tiny, but mighty, patients afforded her the opportunity to develop her passion for “a good death,” and communally supported grief and bereavement. She is happy to be back in bean town, however, where her heart feels most supported and held. She is currently dreaming up adventures playing her guitar, admiring fall leaves, or trying new recipes. Mikhala is a lifelong learner, musician, and advocate for children receiving nurturing, high quality education, and access to nutritionally dense food. Her ministry focus is driven by the motto, “feed my sheep.” Mikhala is proud to serve as the Senior Program Coordinator for the Office of Contextual Education.



Jaziya (Jaz) Osman

*Administrative Coordinator
Office of the Associate Dean for Academic Affairs*

My name is Jaziya (but you can call me Jaz) and I am the new Administrative Coordinator for the Associate Dean of Academic Affairs here at STH. I was born and raised in Casablanca, Morocco and moved to the United States for my undergrad at Boston College. A fun fact about me is that I used to work at Disneyland! I am so excited to be joining the STH community and happy to give anyone Morocco travel tips. In my free time, I enjoy reading, walks in nature, going to lots of museums and theme parks and facetimeing my dog Chili who is back home in Casablanca!



ANNA HOWARD SHAW CENTER NEWSLETTER

Volume 39, Issue 1 Fall 2021

MANAGING EDITOR

Rev. Dr. Choi Hee An

EDITOR

Camille Obata

Boston University is an equal opportunity,
affirmative action institution.

0609 974050

Please send donations to:

Boston University School of Theology
Anna Howard Shaw Center
745 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts 02215

Or online at bu.edu/shaw

Boston University School of Theology
Anna Howard Shaw Center

745 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts 02215
17-353-3075



NONPROFIT
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
BOSTON MA
PERMIT NO.1839



Anna Howard Shaw Center Newsletter
Volume 39, Issue 1

