



DONNA SCHAPER

TIME

From Famine
to Feast

Donna Schaper writes about life in a way that challenges, excites and ultimately inspires. – Douglas Beane, Playwright

DONNA SCHAPER **TIME** From Famine to Feast

Help! I just don't have enough time!

If this sounds like you, know that you are in good company. There is a time famine out there – a pervading sense that we have more to

do than we can possible get done in the time we have – and most of us live with some version of it.

The trick, of course, is to move from famine to feast, from a sense of not having enough time, to a sense of freedom, enjoyment, and fulfillment within the time we have.



Donna Schaper is the Nora Ephron of religious writers. She has voice, voice, and more voice. – Rev. Alexander E. Sharp, Executive Director, Clergy for a New Drug Policy

***Time: From Famine to Feast* came just in the nick of time!** There is not a conversation that goes by where I don't find myself talking with someone about

how busy, stressed, overwhelmed, inundated and frenzied they feel. Technology has resulted in a new unspoken rule that says we are to be constantly available and never turn off. But the world is ready for some new rules - rules that protect our spirit, our fun and our health. I love Donna's totally practical and spiritually based view. And I love her challenge to all of us to shift our perspective and to make different choices. Challenge accepted! I am already crafting my new time feast! – Carissa Reiniger, Founder & CEO, Silver Lining

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TIME

**FROM FAMINE
TO FEAST**

Reading *Time: From Famine to Feast* felt like sitting down over a cup of tea to work through some of my deepest concerns about how to live a meaningful life with one of the wisest women I know. Packed full of poignant observations about how we can befriend, tend and spend our most precious resource, Donna Schaper leads us on a spiritual quest for “personal coherence” with wit, humor and some serious “aha” moments. This insightful, practical and efficient book is a must-read for anyone seeking new ways to dig out of your deadening time hole and “calmly plot your resurrection.” – Jennifer Crumpton, Author of *Femmevangelical: The Modern Girl's Guide to the Good News*

Time: From Famine to Feast will change your view of time, and quite possibly the quality of your life. This is one of the best books for congregational teaching that I have ever read. It has the power to change lives. The title says it is about time. It is really about life and meaning. You will experience more of both if you heed its wisdom. – Rev. Alexander E. Sharp, Executive Director, Clergy for a New Drug Policy

Donna Schaper writes about life in a way that challenges, excites and ultimately inspires. – Douglas Beane, Playwright

Time: From Famine to Feast came just in the nick of time! There is not a conversation that goes by where I don't find myself talking with someone about how busy, stressed, overwhelmed, inundated, and frenzied they feel. Technology has resulted in a new unspoken rule that says we are to be constantly available and never turn off. But the world is ready for some new rules – rules that protect our spirit, our fun, and our health. I love Donna Schaper's totally practical and spiritually based view. And I love her challenge to all of us to shift our perspective and to make different choices. Challenge accepted! I am already crafting my new time feast! – Carissa Reiniger, Founder/CEO, Silver Lining

The clock shown on the front and back covers and overleaf
is at the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, France.



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to Feast**



WOOD LAKE

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INTRODUCTION

Never Enough Time

Say the words “time famine” and people immediately know what you mean. Some people call the time famine “time poverty,” or the “time suck.” Others call it the war against rest. Still others just whine, “I don’t have enough time. I never have enough time.” We could imagine these complaints as fear of mortality. Of course we don’t have enough time. We get the days we get. But more pervasively, these complaints are practical statements. I have more to do than I have *time* in which to do it. I want *more* than I can get in the time I am allotted. That is the time famine. It involves our consent to a scarcity metaphor for life, one that we set up ourselves by not defining what we mean by *more*, *less*, and *enough*.

The time famine becomes a deeper disease as well. It goes viral. It turns a spiritual and psychological corner after it attacks our calendars, sleeping habits, and even our lunch practices. *The New York Times* recently published an article showing how people no longer do business lunches. A quick portable coffee will do.

And it’s not just this week or next week during which we don’t have enough time. The time famine is the despair that develops around our singed edges. It is the feeling that we may *never* have enough time. We may *never* get through what we need to do. We may *always* feel this way. Such experiences make us sad. The experience of the time famine erodes our desire and stamina for self-improvement. We find that we no longer bother with New

Year's resolutions. We imagine that we are stuck in famine. This "stuckness" hurts and saps our spirits, and it goes on to sap the spirit of our cultures and our families, our children and our parents. Evidence mounts that the time famine is no longer just for people who have three part-time jobs. The time famine is an equal-opportunity employer, engaging the upper, middle, and working classes, as well as all age groups.

Time feast

Systemic change rarely comes from stuck and sapped people, and this very lack of systemic change gives the time famine a curious permission to persist. So this book is not just about the time famine. The opposite of a time famine is a "time feast." It is like feeling rich rather than poor, unencumbered rather than encumbered. Instead of feeling poor, residing in a country called scarcity, we feel rich and reside in a country called wealth. We become like octogenarian Warren Buffet, the billionaire who swears he tap dances to work every day.

This book is also about the importance of *aim*. Very few of us *aim* to have the time famine; most of us just endure it. We also know that if we don't prioritize our life, someone else will happily do it for us. We are taught "you can have it all," even though we know this is a despairing form of nonsense. Here I want to take the winding, interacting tendrils off our bodies and lives and *aim* for *feast*. I want to show both how the time famine is "done" to us, and how we do it to ourselves. I want to move beyond the posture of victim into the posture of victor.

I am not saying we can cure ourselves of the time famine. That would be hubris. The powers that be really are the powers that be. The systems that hurt us really like our despairing passivity. Instead, I offer a spiritual solution to the time famine. I am *aiming* for spiritual non-participation. We *do* have control over our spirits, if not the systems that surround them.

I don't personally know anybody who doesn't live some version of the time famine. Even people with too much time on their hands, the unemployed or those very late in life, say they wish they could fill time with something good for themselves or for

others. It is difficult to find a retiree who thinks they have enough time in their day. But here's the thing. When we realize that we are in good company, sometimes we find a bit of comradeship, if not liberation. Recognizing the extent of the time famine helps us aim our way out of it.

Aiming for feast is the point. It is very nice to know where you are going and then to arrive there. You might even call the takeoff and landing at the intended place *happiness*. Or *focus*. In the good life, we take off at fuzzy and land at focused. We don't put up with famine, especially because we don't have to. *We arrive at feast by aiming for it*. Like a good pitcher, we aim for home plate. A less able pitcher throws the ball and hits first base. Or third base. A good writer hits a target. A less able writer starts off fuzzy and lands at fuzzy.

Some of us self-hijack. We agree to the terms of the famine rather than aim to change them. Instead of taking off and landing at the destination we intend, we participate in going off track and ending up where we don't want to be. We participate in how bad we feel by consenting to it.

Here I try to break the systemic and personal cycle of the time famine. In previous books, I have said that keeping a Sabbath is a form of civil disobedience. In this book, I add spiritual practices to Sabbath-keeping. I aim for feast – practically, spiritually, on the job, at home, and in our hopes for a coherent life; a life in which we are the driver and not the driven.

CHAPTER ONE

The Tangle that Keeps Us in the Time Famine



he systemic sources that keep us tangled in the time famine have been well documented by dozens of sociologists. Juliet Schor started with *The Overworked American*. She documented the unexpected decline of leisure. Benjamin Kline Hunnicutt followed with *Work without End*. *The Economist* magazine has discussed “time poverty” and *Time* magazine asked the plaintive question, “Why is everybody so busy?” *Time* answered its own question saying that we are genuinely more busy *and* that we *perceive* that we are more busy.

I want to reverse *Time*’s astute analysis and say that we can also perceive our way to a greater sense of *enough*. If perception is one root of the time famine and if we *do* control some of our perception, why can’t perception or reimagining ourselves as drivers rather than as driven not also provide a way out?

The question of fault and blame – and their accomplice shame – arises immediately. Is it my fault that I don’t have enough time? Is it the system’s fault or capitalism’s fault?

Some blame the political economy that doles out prizes for hard work and blames the genuinely poor for their poverty. “If only they would work harder,” we say, “then they wouldn’t be

poor.” The cousin to this argument is applied to everyone, sneakily, and not just to the poor. “If only we would work harder, then we wouldn’t be so time starved.”

The relationship between effort and virtue has been with us since the Industrial Revolution spawned the Protestant Reformation and its work ethic. Or the Protestant Reformation spawned the Industrial Revolution. Either way you see it, effort became a virtue and laziness a sin. Now, as we enter a new global revolution, with a new accompanying theology and spirituality, we discover that being “connected” is taking the place of effort. This translates to being “bad” if you don’t keep up with emails, or if you become separated from your cell phone, a modern rosary if there ever was one.

The causes of the time famine are large. They are systemic. They have to do with the way we work and how most of us commute to work. They have to do with the way we raise our children and never feel that we are giving them “enough.” They have to do with the way *more* and *better* took over our hearts as leading values. More and better replaced *enough* as drivers of our thinking and being.

But I don’t want to talk about the *causes* of the time famine in political, economic, or social terms. I want to talk about them in terms of the *inner way*, the way we have internalized the commandments of multiple systems and feel bad or wrong or in violation or out of compliance if we don’t obey our orders to be busy, active, connected, overworked, and time famished.

You could call my approach a spiritual solution to a large material problem. Or you could call it a spirituality of holy leisure. Or a “Sabbath-plus” way of life. Or a resacralization of the way time has become desacralized. Or a way to turn work into play.

Spirit is larger than systems

The initial antidote to famine is first food and water, stingily dispensed. But the *real* antidote is feast, and that is ours whenever we want it, as creatures of a God who graced us with life.

When we say we “don’t have enough time,” we are actually saying something deeply spiritual. Yes, we are going to die. That reality, as much as we try to bury it with clutter and texting, lies beneath the time famine. We are going to die. We won’t have enough time. Our only hope against that terrible if awesome mystery is to live the time feast now. When we *don’t* live in our own time, our few days on this earth, we die prematurely. We refuse the grace of God that brought us here in the first place. But if we live the time feast now, death can’t possibly hurt us. Spiritual freedom comes from facing death *and living*.

Spiritual freedom also requires a long hard look at why we obey our masters – those of the clock, the hourly “wage,” and the homogenization of time. Part of my spiritual solution or method for moving from the land of time famine to the land of time feast involves repenting the “sin” of internalizing capitalism. The time famine is not the sin. The sin is our participation in it.

By sin I mean missing the mark of our humanity, being distant from the Divine, or being *Incurvatus in se*, Martin Luther’s wonderful definition of sin as being curved in on oneself. All of these forms or expressions of sin have to die, along with the perception that we are more important than we are and that God is less important than God is.

When we consent to the time famine, we forget or ignore that we are human *beings*, not human *doings*. When we consent to the time famine, we become distant from that splash of surprise, or jingle of joy, or glimpse of grace that reminds us that God is nigh. We forget to praise, or we wander around town with our yoga mat slung over our arm and a grimace on our face. We act like God did not create us, or that God does not reside in our next breath. My friend tells me she loves her yoga class but can’t stand the breathing part. She just wants them to “get on with it.” Such impatience, when the possibility of praise surrounds! When we consent to the time famine, we get curved in on ourselves. We forget to look up, or at the person sitting across from us in the restaurant. That old *New Yorker* cartoon comes to mind. Instead of asking “Smoking or not smoking?” as the couple walks in, the waiter asks, “Phoning or not phoning?”

Like I said, the time famine is not the sin. The sin is our participation in it. The sin is our *perception* of it – and our *perception* of ourselves.

Our power to choose

The scariest thing I ever touched was not a spider or a snake or my family's frog or a jellyfish in the sea. The scariest thing I ever touched was my power to choose wellness or illness, happiness or sorrow, chocolate or black raspberry, to sleep longer or to wake sooner, to use a carrot or a stick, to stand my ground or to be flexible, to live for myself or for others, to tell my son he is selfish or my husband that he is missing my boat. Usually I choose some version of both and become powerless in the process. When we refuse to choose, we end up in the double-dutch game of trying to live the life *we* want, while also trying to live the life *they* want. Double dutch is when you skip two jump ropes at once. It is tiring to do that, especially when one rope is so much fun to jump all by itself. "Choosing both" is lethal. It puts us out of the driver's seat in our own life. Somebody or something else steers us. We find that we are *driven* in the true sense of that word. Again, I call that sin, missing the mark. We get stained by sin. The ink stains your fingers, as one choice after another that we make, or refuse to make, makes us who we are. The ink of centuries stains our fingers. Does the ink come out? That is the kind of question the time famine uses to plague us. Will things ever be different? Will we ever have a day when we are the person we want to be, when we receive the gift of creation to be who we are?

My friend said she had a good birthday and I asked what made it good. "Because I was the person I want to be all day long." Good answer, right?

Another friend has rapidly advancing MS. When I asked her recently how it was going, she said, "I am living the life I choose."

I pushed. "So much choice has been taken away from you."

She pushed back. "I am living the life I choose in the circumstances I have."

Another good answer. Each person answered back feast to famine.

The “How” of It

Here’s a summary of the method I suggest. It is spiritual in the first beat and practical in the second. The practical observances of non-participation become spiritual wealth, breaking the cycle of entrapment to time and opening us to another way.

Shift your time “frame”

Consider daylight saving time. Daylight saving time went into effect in the United States for the first time in 1918, but Benjamin Franklin was the first person to come up with the idea of changing our clocks to take advantage of the longer days. He was serving as a delegate in Paris in 1784 and noticed that Parisians tended to sleep late in the mornings. He wrote a tongue-in-cheek essay arguing that sunlight was going to waste in the mornings and would be much more appreciated in the evenings. By changing the clocks and shifting the daylight hours later, he wrote, people could take advantage of more natural light and save money on candles and lamp oil.

Likewise, some of the spiritual “trick” in time feasting involves changing your clock and changing the way you see your clock. Caroline Woolard, an artist, is building a clock at our church. This clock, called “The 99-Year Movement,” has a 99-year dial that counts in 1-year increments, making one full revolution every 99 years. By counting days and years rather than seconds and minutes, Woolard says that this timepiece “aims to honour the movements in land trusts.” She is trying to help us think environmentally, artistically, and immortally. She wants the long view and so do most of us. When we have a longer view – or even a playful attitude about time – we are already living in the feast.

In other words, a lot depends on how we *frame* or *perceive* our experience of time. The first step, then, in moving from time famine to time feast is to refuse to believe that the time famine is inevitable. Every chance you get, question the system that put you into speed-up mode in the first place. Withdraw permission from those who say, “this is the way it is,” or “this is the best possible world.” Do so gently. Keep a smile on your face when you question those who abuse power. Do not combat or fight the

time famine! Go Judo on it. Transform its energy into *your* energy. Throw back positive energy on its negative energy. Perceive what you had been perceiving and then re-perceive it. Make a habit of re-perceiving.

Keep a Sabbath

Originally, Jews kept Sabbath for a full day in order to keep their culture together during the Diaspora, when they lost their land and homes and had to wander. For centuries, many Jews and Christians set aside a day of the week for rest in imitation of God's seventh day in the creation story. Six days we work, on the seventh we rest. Today, we no longer work agriculturally, nor even industrially. More and more, we work online. Those of us privileged enough to work the "old way," in the field or from 9 to 5 weekdays, can probably still keep a weekly Sabbath. Many of us cannot, however, and find ourselves ready for a spiritual transition for the new work realities we face.

Also, since the invention of the electric light bulb, we have been able to be awake more and more. We adjust light and clocks and no longer imitate nature's rhythms of night and day. Our sleep is changed and we are unlikely to "day dream," or to have visions in our half sleep, or simply to lie down staring at the stars in the sky. We have evolved to manipulate our sleep with "alarm" clocks, a notion that would make the ancients laugh. We are out of compliance with the natural order by the way we work.

Action and reflection, grace and works, doing and being: humans need rest and peace as much as we need agency and affiliation. We were built that way. Rest is in our DNA. Honouring our need for Sabbath rest is a way of keeping the seventh day in a world that homogenizes time.

So refuse to be naive about the importance of Sabbath-keeping. Keeping a little Sabbath – whether it is Sunday or Saturday worship, an evening truly "off," or a ten-minute daily meditation that empties your brain – is a form of civil disobedience, and spiritual civil disobedience is another step on the way out of the time famine into time feast.

What is a little Sabbath? It is a time when you are down, not up; receiving, not giving; being, not doing. It is time set apart

that is different from ordinary time. It is departure from your allotted time into God's time, which is as much your home as your allotted time is. It is special time, when we reflect on our actions and let them seep into our souls. Sabbath is moving into the eternal from the daily, to a little bit of heaven from a lot of earth. It is sacred time. Sacred time is the time of praise and gratitude. It is not measured in minutes and hours but in something larger, as big as eternity. Ashes to ashes, stardust to stardust, I like to say.

Befriend your mortality ... and *live*

Many of us act as though time is this big fat fixed thing that oppresses us. We perceive time as untouchable, unmanageable, as having its own immortality while we don't have ours. Consider instead the multiple time zones in which humanity lives. It may be morning for me now, but for others it is evening. For me, it may be summer now, but for others it is winter. Time and mortality are relative, not fixed. Likewise, our own mortality is not a bludgeon, a hammer ready to fall, so much as a motion, a movement, a form of being for now, which will be a different form of being later.

Accept, even befriend, your own mortality more deeply every day. At the same time, accept the gift of your life more powerfully every day.

“Creature! I am a creature! I was made for feast. I am built for feast.” Pray these words. Meditate these words. Slip into praise as often as possible; it will become gratitude, and you won't find the words *would*, *could*, or *can't* on your lips. They will dissolve into *will* and *can*.

Appreciate time. Be present.

Turn time management into a spiritual activity, one that is about your mortality and your creation, your choice to feast in the midst of famine. In fact, be very careful about using the word *management* in regards to time. Why would time need to be managed? Time needs to be *appreciated*.

I have a friend who never responds either or yes or no when someone asks her to do something that will require a commit-

ment of time. Instead she says, “I’ll let you know in three days.” She does this as a very intentional, spiritual discipline. She gifts herself with 72 hours to discern what is most important to her. How can she best use her time in a way that nourishes her soul and brings the most meaning to her life and the lives of others?

Someone said to me that she thought most clergy were a mass of “quivering availability,” meaning living for others as though they were slaves to their own service. I took that to heart and have learned to say no to *availability* and yes to something like *presence*. Often to be present, I need to be absent. One of the main roads to the land of enough is to withdraw permission from others to tell you what to do with your time.

Just be sure that when you say no to people, you don’t say it with negative energy. Say no with Sabbath strength, understanding that you are a person of focus, not fear; a person of choice, not compulsion. Let people know that you are the driver of your life and that you are learning what Kierkegaard means when he says in his famous title, “purity of heart is to will one thing.” Use your Sabbath as a discipline to will one thing.

Find a partner

Do none of these things alone. You will fail. Find a time-feast partner and get him or her to help you. Make sure they know your plan to move to feast from famine. Give them permission to challenge you if you fail. Do the same for them. Stay away from people who want to drive your car. Help them drive their own. Steward your energy so that the people around you are with you, not against you. Note that positive energy increases and renews; negative energy depletes and starts whining about how it doesn’t have enough time to be different or better.

Don’t judge. Forgive yourself. And rejoice.

My nephew Chris stopped thinking about his audiences when he said he was tired of people being so “judgey.” That was a good use of a word. We spend so much time being judgey of ourselves. We also worry that people will go judgey *on us*. Withdrawing permission from others to tell you who you are offers a profound release into God’s grace and God’s kingdom and commonwealth

of time. Many call the kingdom of God or the commonwealth of God the *time* of God. That is where we want to live. God tells you who you are – and says you are wonderful. Why bother with other viewpoints?

Remove any sense of blame or shame from yourself or others if you fail and move back to the land of famine. The speed-up is not your fault, nor can you liberate yourself from it alone. Anne Lamott says we are always looking for someone to blame. Instead, why not forgive ourselves and get back on the path of life? Why not make a habit of changing, knowing we will have to change again?

Celebrate this. Rejoice in little steps, a few hours of Sabbath deliverance, a growing sense of freedom in you for feast.

Aim. And don't be afraid to miss.

Finally, after non-participation, after befriending our mortality, after managing our time spiritually and developing a community that will help us, in the land of no-judgement and forgiveness, beyond blame and shame, we return to the question of aim. What are we aiming for and how can it become time feast instead of time famine?

I am always careful about using the word aim because people think it is sneakily judgey. “What if I miss?” they ask. If we overdo our efforts at time feast, we will find ourselves right back in time famine. Less is more. Less is really more, especially because it leads to the time feast. Part of the route to the time feast involves not trying too hard to hit our mark. Grace is our engine and our energy, not works. The system wants us to never fail and to always succeed. The system wants achievement. But we don't *achieve* the time feast. We *live* in it and *appreciate* it. There is a difference. One of the best habits of feasting people is failure. We aren't afraid to fail. We know life is much too important to be taken seriously. We understand failure and know it is the freedom to succeed.

Susan Lewis, an art historian, said that she had “target panic.” She studies archery. She went on to say that the secret to personal mastery is to learn to love an “almost hit” or a “near win.” The longer we try to become perfect, the longer we will endure target panic and refuse to enjoy what the archer enjoys, which is getting

close to where we wanted to be. “Converting success into mastery is learning to appreciate the almost-win,” she says. There is no problem in this world that you can’t make worse, especially when you spend life over-functioning in order to avoid criticism. There is nothing so perfect as imperfection.

When I talk about aim, I do mean the bull’s eye. I also know very few of us will hit our bull’s eye. Aim is best when it goes for our personal best, nothing more and nothing less. My son plays a lot of ultimate Frisbee. He even played in a World Ultimate Frisbee Championship in Europe. He was taught by the alternative culture of this game that winning is not the most important thing. What was most important was naming his personal best and aiming for it in each game. When his team lost the world tournament by one point, I was devastated. He was not. He had wanted to make fewer than two turnovers in the game and to throw for three goals. He threw for six and had three turnovers. I’d say he made his goal. I’d say he is more free than I am of the way the systems try to drive us.

Getting Started (The practice)

1. Carefully assess yourself. How time starved are you? Make a scale from one to five, with five being so serious that your spiritual, mental and physical health are threatened, so much so that you may die prematurely from your lack of nourishment and the presence of stress. Take a personal retreat in which you give yourself a diagnosis. Test it on your best friend. If you find yourself closer to a one than a five, rejoice. Help others achieve your tranquility and ability to feast. If you find yourself closer to a five than a one, get help, starting with your friend. Tell him or her what you intend to do and who you intend to be in a year from now. Calmly plot your resurrection.
2. Assess your spiritual muscles. Are you in good shape? Or do your spiritual muscles suffer from a lack of exercise? Again use a scale of one to five and repeat the above exercise.

3. Begin to untangle and untether from that which is wasting you. Non-participation and re-perception is the direction. List five things that must go. Don't replace them yet. Just let them go. Live empty for a while.
4. Imagine your own death as a beautiful thing. A complete thing. No regrets, just gratitude for living.
5. Begin to aim and to name your aim. Where do you really want to go? Where do you really want to end? Where are you now?
6. Write yourself a letter. Name the moment when you made a turn towards your destination.

Questions for reflection and discussion

1. Let's admit that we are in trouble. Let's not stay in denial but instead talk about how hard it is to get through the day. Say it out loud to your friends. How does the time famine bug and bother you?
2. Moving out of denial is hard. We think we should be stronger, more able. Do you think the time famine is your personal fault? If not, why not? If yes, why?
3. How can we help each other enjoy a time bounty? Are there things we can do to orient each other to feast and to a sense of "enough" time?

Prayer

Please help me become the driver of my own life. Let me not be driven. Let me drive. Amen.

Focus for the Week

Come to terms with your personal diagnosis. How famished are you? How full are you?



DONNA SCHAPER

The Rev. Dr. Donna Schaper, formerly at Coral Gables Congregational Church in Miami and before that at Yale University, is Senior Minister for Judson Memorial Church on the corner of Washington Square Park in Greenwich Village, New York City. She began this post in 2005, was ordained 40 years in 2014. As an elder, she is passionately concerned about leaving the next generation well-prepared for all they have to face.

Schaper's purpose in life is to provide spiritual nurture for public capacity. She likes to “kick hope into high gear” and show people what is possible through the magnificence of human community strategically focused and spiritually filled. Her plan at Judson is to be a steward of an extraordinary legacy and to carry the church into the 21st century in terms of organization, vision, resources, and courage. Schaper is no stranger to controversy, having led her Miami congregation through an institutional transformation that opened it to gays, Jews, anti-war protests, significant membership growth and fund and fun raising on behalf of the poor and outcast. Her 31 published books tell the tale of her interfaith marriage, her pioneering journey as an ordained woman,

her quiet spirituality and noisy activism. One of the first women trained by Saul Alinsky, the founder of community organization strategies, Schaper has focused on issues of political and economic development and interfaith and open rituals which support action for social change. At Judson she has pioneered work with the New York City New Sanctuary Movement to protect those immigrants being detained or deported unjustly as well as making Judson a home for Occupy and Occupy Faith. She has continued Judson's legacy as a haven for women who insist on the right to choose an abortion and opened the building to countless groups, including Hudson River Clearwater, Domestic Workers and Sex workers organizations, while maintaining its work on harm reduction kits, support for GLBTQ people and especially for homeless gay youth. She has initiated cooperation with NYU, especially through its Spiritual Life Center, now across the street, and has pioneered multifaith liturgy with the campus ministries at NYU. She has presided over a growing congregation and Sunday School and developed a community ministry program which has, over seven years, a total of 43 year-long interns who are prepared to do Judson's brand of public ministry from a parish base. She has also nurtured the arts through Bailout Theater, a site for emerging artists to perform in a cabaret atmosphere, while also bringing free food to the growing numbers who come, and developed the "Gym at Judson," a work-out space for the arts.

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- The story of Jesus and the churches that carry his message.

Wood Lake has been telling stories for more than 30 years. During that time, it has given form and substance to the words, songs, pictures, and ideas of hundreds of storytellers.

Those stories have taken a multitude of forms – parables, poems, drawings, prayers, epiphanies, songs, books, paintings, hymns, curricula – all driven by a common mission of serving those on the faith journey.