



HARVARD-RADCLIFFE CLASS OF 1966

Dear Classmates,

October 2025

Last reminder to submit something, anything, under your name in the **Red Book**. If you haven't got ready access to the link button, send your submission to me and I'll get it to the right place.

Bob Willard:

We had an enjoyable & educational 2 week late Summer trip throughout the UK, starting in Scotland, Wales, the Lake District, etc. and ending in London, doing and seeing most of the typical tourist things. Especially enjoyed a private lunch on one of the remaining large English estates where we learned how modern economics and today's UK taxes challenge the old families in keeping the land together and that the younger generations don't want the job. And of course, enjoyed a tour of Buckingham Palace and gardens, which conveniently was open. The magnificent art was unexpected and quite extensive. Lastly, Delta has a new club at JFK A/P that sets a new standard and we recommend getting to the A/P early to enjoy it.

John Sitter:

I may have the dubious distinction of being the oldest academic casualty of the current administration's assault on research universities. Six years ago, I returned in retirement to Emory University, where I had taught since 1980 until leaving in 2004 to take a job at Notre Dame. From 2019 to now, I have taught occasional courses in environmental literature and sustainability studies. I had planned to teach the interdisciplinary "Introduction to Sustainability" one more time this coming spring; but Emory, like many universities, has been scrambling to cover the loss of research funding and the addition of taxation, began by cutting many part-time positions.

My own situation is a trivial matter, but the threats to very talented younger colleagues in the university and at the neighboring CDC are alarming. Personally, it's on to other, if not greener, pastures, which perhaps will include teaching ecopoetry and ecofiction to older adults. (My current recommendation in the latter category is Ian McEwan's new novel, *What We Can Know*.)

Paul Wilson:

In the past ten years I've taken a lifetime hobby—old car restoration—to a new level. Using the design themes and construction methods of an Italian coachbuilder, I've made bodies for several classic Alfa Romeos. I've admired postwar Italian sports cars all my life, and owned many of them, so the design part was easy: I have a mental picture of every contour and detail of my favorite cars. Shaping flat steel into fenders and doors and grilles was more challenging. But they did it back then, and with simple hand tools. So why shouldn't I be able to do what they did? I was self-taught, and learned many things the hard way. But the result was satisfying. On a 1947 Alfa chassis that had originally had a Ghia cabriolet body I made a teardrop-style coupe. On another, I built a roadster. I'm now working on a variation of a famous show car made by Bertone in 1954, BAT 7. Here's a picture of the roadster.



Barbara Richardson:

Actually, she's not making this submission. Your editor is. Barbara sent in a submission for the **Red Book**. Another reminder! And she also included a photo. As you know, this edition of the red book won't have photos. So, I thought I would post her photo here as a **Poster classmate who submitted a Red Book write-up!**



Hilary Josephs:

I am writing to you about the written part of the Radcliffe history project. According to the *Harvard Magazine* **Alice Abarbanel** is being honored for her work on the oral and written portions of the project. I am copying **Jill Dike** on this message to you because she is the person who corresponded with me about the archive created at the Schlesinger Library. The archive and its executive summary can be accessed online. More than 30 women from my class responded with answers to the questionnaire (in other words, about ten percent of the graduating class). My overall impression is that most people did not have a good experience in college, although they went on to happy and productive lives. I am grateful that my experience at Radcliffe was positive, but for very specific reasons. I think that this article would be interesting to both male and female members of the class of 1966.

Taiwanese increasingly reluctant to give their lives to defend island, opinion poll finds

Analysts said the findings suggest growing 'fatigue from constant talk of war' in the face of escalating tensions with mainland China

[Lawrence Chung](#) in Taipei

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Growing numbers of [Taiwanese](#) are unwilling to give their lives to defend the island, according to a new opinion poll.

In a recent survey by My Formosa, respondents were asked if people should be prepared to pay any price – including death – to protect Taiwan's status and prevent reunification with the Chinese mainland.

The poll found that 52.2 per cent of those questioned were unwilling to do so – an 8.4-point rise compared with a similar survey carried out two years ago – while 40.8 per cent were willing, down four points on the previous survey.

When asked which approach would best safeguard Taiwan's security and help prevent war, a majority – 58.3 per cent – favoured resuming government-to-government talks with Beijing and easing people-to-people exchanges.

Another 28.2 per cent supported boosting defence spending to buy more weapons, while just 3 per cent believed Taiwan should fully comply with requests from US President Donald Trump.

The poll did not mention specific requests from Trump, but the US president has been pressuring the island on a range of issues, including defence spending, arms sales, tariffs and [investment in US-based chip manufacturing facilities](#).

When asked whether an armed conflict was ultimately unavoidable, 60 per cent disagreed, while 31.4 per cent agreed.

Analysts said the poll reflected deep public unease over rising tensions and a pragmatic desire to avoid confrontation as military pressure from Beijing intensified.

“Many people want peace and stability above all else,” said Max Lo, executive director of the Taiwan International Strategic Study Society, a think tank in Taipei.

“There is fatigue from constant talk of war, and ordinary citizens may feel powerless about what would happen in a real conflict.”

Scepticism over US reliability has also grown in recent months, adding to public anxiety.

“People in Taiwan increasingly feel they could be abandoned by the US, which no longer seems fully committed to standing by our side,” pollster Tai Li-an said.

He added that while earlier polls had found up to 70 per cent of those surveyed said they would “fight for Taiwan”, far fewer were willing to say they would “sacrifice their lives”.

A separate survey by the Taiwanese Public Opinion Foundation in May showed 57 per cent of respondents no longer viewed the US as a reliable partner, while less than one-third still saw Washington as dependable.

Its latest poll earlier this month also found [45 per cent did not believe Trump was serious about deterring Beijing](#) from attacking the island.

The findings came in the wake of an article published by Time magazine last week, that called on Washington to rein in Taiwan’s “reckless” leadership.

The commentary written by Lyle Goldstein, director of the Asia programme at the Washington-based think tank Defence Priorities, described [Taiwanese leader William Lai Ching-te](#) of the independence-leaning Democratic Progressive Party as a “brash new leader” who has “lurched toward formal independence”.

Goldstein warned that “Taiwan is the world’s most dangerous flashpoint” and that the US should “act with utmost prudence”, arguing that defending the island could risk “a potentially catastrophic great-power war”.

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His remarks drew a sharp backlash in Taipei. National Security Council secretary general Joseph Wu said on social media it was “pathetic” to ignore Beijing’s provocations and label Taiwan’s defensive efforts as reckless. “We’re investing in defence to preserve peace,” he wrote. “No surrender. Got that?”

Taiwan’s foreign ministry also said the island was “committed to maintaining the cross-strait status quo” and “seeks no escalation of tensions”.

Beijing, which views Taiwan as part of China to be reunified by force if necessary, has branded Lai an “obstinate separatist” and stepped up pressure on Taipei, including large-scale military drills around the island.

Most countries – including the US, Taiwan’s main arms supplier – do not recognise the self-ruled island as an independent state, though Washington opposes any attempt to take it by force and remains committed to supplying arms to defend itself.

In Memoriam: Once again, the HAA has not sent it to me yet. I'll include it with next month's newsletter.

Tom Black
co-class secretary

J. Chester Johnson:

For Racial Healing: #6 'Four, Long, One-To-One Lunches With The Father of Black Liberation Theology – Part 1'

Note: *Part 1 of this installment #6 relies in part on an article Johnson wrote for **History News Network** that was published on August 7, 2022: *A Writer Reflects on Four Enlightening and Challenging Lunches with the Father of Black Liberation Theology**

For several months before Sheila Walker and I met for the first time in early 2014, I struggled with the outcome occasioned by a series of four, expansive, consequential private lunches I had during the summer of 2013 with Dr. James H. Cone, celebrated author of **Black Theology & Black Power**. Since its publication in 1969, this Cone book has carried the distinction of being the founding text for Black liberation theology. In turn, Dr. Cone became known as the father or founder of Black liberation theology. To Cone, long-time distinguished professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, the gospel of Christianity had been hijacked and distorted by white churches.

According to Cone, “Although Martin Luther King, Jr., and other civil rights activists did much to rescue the gospel from the heresy of white churches by demonstrating its life-giving power in the black freedom movement, they did not liberate Christianity from its cultural bondage to white, Euro-American values.” (from page vii of **Black Theology & Black Power**)

In certain respects, the approach and protocol I’ve discussed for Black-white relations in this series had a partial and truncated trial run in those four lunches with Professor Cone.

It seems a pertinent set of challenges and opportunities has stood before me at various times that brought me face-to-face with racism and the promise of racial healing and Black liberation. One point in time that cannot be omitted, which had a personal and inspired effect upon my understanding, involves my unexpected link to Dr. Cone.

I have come to realize the conversations I experienced that summer with Cone – just the two of us, Black and white, one-to-one – constituted an essential segment of my “white reckoning”, a moment in time when my racial past, impressions, conjectures, and perceptions came under examination by a newfound and sophisticated friend, whose distant background and my own for the subjects explored were similar, although we viewed them from historically obverse realities. After all, the two of us spent our youths – I was the younger – in small towns in south Arkansas around the same time with only six years in age and a relatively short distance of fifty miles separating us.

The thoughts rushed unbridled and unmeasured into consciousness as my wife, Freda, and I sat at the funeral for Dr. Cone on Monday, May 7, 2018, nearly five years following the intense discussions he and I shared over the 2013 summer. Seating capacity at Riverside Church on the upper westside of Manhattan in New York City where the funeral was held is just a little over 2,000. From the vantage point of the pew we occupied that day, Riverside Church overflowed with a scattering of whites amid an ocean of Blacks. Listening to nearby conversations, I realized many attendees had traveled long distances to arrive at the ceremony honoring this controversial, but seminal figure of philosophical and theological importance. As the funeral progressed, I felt a thrill about the degree of respect and acceptance his Black liberation theology had obviously gained across the country.

Thrilled. I cannot think of a better word to assert my response to the impressive reaction for Cone’s views of Black life in the United States by both the celebrated speakers and the large crowd, present for the occasion. Eulogies were plentiful that day from prominent Black leaders of America’s Black churches and theological, liberation circles, such as Cone’s friend, Dr. Cornel West; the senior minister at Martin Luther King’s Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, Raphael Warnock, one of Cone’s former students who would later, in 2021, be elected Georgia’s first Black United States Senator; and Dr. Kelly Brown Douglas, Cone protégé, prominent author in her own right, and, at that time, Dean of the Episcopal Divinity School at Union Theological Seminary.

At least for this white author, my own writings on racial healing cried out for the voice of James Cone. While I had the advantage of a first-hand racial reckoning with him in a two-way Q and A dialectic, Cone's books called whites to task in their beliefs and behavior toward Blacks and Black liberation. In many ways like Malcolm X, Cone's voice would be unheard at the nation's peril.

My extensive 2013 article on the Elaine Race Massacre had been published in a national literary periodical, a copy of which I provided to Cone. He and I inherited common knowledge about the region where the Massacre happened and the associated racial rituals, histories, practices, murders, and oppression that occurred there. We each recognized that so much about the Massacre was not unique for south Arkansas; only a matter of degree separated in 1919 a mass murder of Blacks from a single lynching – both were of the same flame.

A geographic mutuality brought us together, as he had shown considerable interest to learn much more about the Elaine Race Massacre with his curiosity about the subject ushering our first luncheon in mid-June. The lunches were spread over the summer, ending in late August. I was familiar with Cone's work, having read some of his theological writings. He probably knew little of me but for my authorship of the Massacre article and biographical highlights that accompanied it.

James Hal Cone had been born in 1938 at Fordyce, Arkansas, a town of about 3,400 persons, both in 1940 and 2020, located a little over forty miles northwest from my hometown of Monticello via a two-lane road with much of it unpaved eighty years ago. Situated in the timberlands of rural, south Arkansas, Fordyce's only claim to fame during the 20th century rested on the fact that it was the hometown of Paul "Bear" Bryant, the legendary, college football coach. Actually, Cone spent his youth in the smaller community of Bearden, some fourteen miles southwest of Fordyce and hosting a population of less than a 1,000 in both 1940 and 2020.

During the course of the 2013 summer, Cone recited for me a variety of stories about growing up in aggressively segregated south Arkansas and, more particularly, in Bearden. One such story dealt with watching a Black man being pistol-whipped in town at a four-way crossing by a local white, law enforcement officer; apparently, the policeman believed this older Black man had been too slow in accelerating his vehicle. Such gratuitous and arbitrary acts of violence, affront, and unfairness perpetrated by whites in and around Bearden wore on Cone for the rest of his life. He often invoked his parents' relevance and influence, sometimes summoning his father's name, "Charlie", seemingly to give Cone supplementary insights and additional fortitude to confront a moment of dilemma, uncertainty, or spiritual, psychological pain.

From the outset, Cone brought to each of our lunches, as a gift, a different, personally inscribed book he had written, and from the very beginning of our conversations, I was struck by the eagerness and transparency of this man in his mid-70s at the time. Throughout the summer, stories of Cone's life in Arkansas, including the years he spent in Little Rock studying at Shorter College and Philander Smith College before moving on to receive his doctorate from Northwestern University, would stream from him unencumbered. While a college student in Arkansas, he held a job as chauffeur for a prominent Little Rock businessman with the "n" word freely employed by his employer's associates, friends, and colleagues from the backseat of the automobile. Recounting these stories of being a chauffeur, Cone still remained incensed at the ignominy of having to don the obligatory driver's cap as part of his job.

Cone showed insistence at learning as much as possible about me: What was it like being white and teaching in the all-Black public school in Monticello before integration and what was the response then to my efforts by both the Black and white, local communities? How did my family react to my views and actions? How did I come to read Dietrich Bonhoeffer? How did my views about race develop to differ so tellingly from whites in south Arkansas, particularly from my own family? What did I think of James Baldwin and Malcolm X? Did The Episcopal Church make any reparations in connection with its apology and National Day of Repentance for the Church's role in transatlantic slavery, using a litany for the service that I wrote at the Church's request? How and why did I become so committed to the first permanent, physical memorial to the Elaine

Race Massacre? Conducting a deluge of personally weighty and sometimes, quite probing questions, he was continuously and implacably inquisitive, this renown professor at prestigious Union Theological Seminary, where he had taught since 1969, this man of profound humility, who, notwithstanding his very enviable oeuvre of remarkably written compositions, complained about the difficulty he faced putting word after word on paper.

He freely described and discussed the myriad of crucial subjects that occupied his focus and ruminations, including the steps and circumstances that brought him to Black liberation theology; his criticism of Reinhold Niebuhr's neglect of Black plight in Detroit and New York City, two cities where Niebuhr had been quite active; our mutual attention to the Detroit riots, the City of Detroit, and surrounding Wayne County, Michigan, two large, local governments where I served as an advisor earlier in my life and career; his belief that Blacks habitually hid their more visceral comments about white people; the Million Man March; his view that white subjugation of Blacks thrusts a higher burden of original sin on white folks; and his and my mutual recall of the integration of Little Rock Central High School, which happened in 1957 as I became a teenager and Cone, a nineteen year old.

Our final lunch in late August, 2013 proved to be the least satisfying – for us both, I believe. The conversation started very uncharacteristically with personal incriminations by Cone. He accused me, citing verbally an identical shortcoming of all whites for not paying enough attention to Malcolm X. He additionally upbraided me, referencing and castigating whites as a group generally, for not understanding Black circumstances and attitudes. Shortly into this unexpected jeremiad, I received a telephone call notifying me that my wife unpredictably needed to go to the hospital, and I should meet her there as soon as possible. Cone's demeanor shifted instantly and dramatically, demonstrating much concern and sympathy, but I needed to dash. So, our relationship ended quite abruptly and unsatisfactorily. He exhibited irritation with me for reasons that are still baffling, and I, in turn, felt offended at his aggression. We never reached out to each other again.

As a result of these summertime lunches with Dr. James H. Cone, I have often pondered and attempted to unwrap the enigma I have not yet fully grasped: why did he desire to continue many lengthy discussions with me? We never had a real agenda for any one of our talks. Until the very end, each of our meetings carried the redolent purpose of friends meeting for no reason other than to share notable experiences and personal propositions. After thinking about this question for years, I have resolved that I possibly represented an opportunity for Cone to enter into a previously unrealized conversation he had envisioned with an actual or imaginary white person from his past who would willingly acknowledge and comprehend the life in Bearden and south Arkansas that Cone endured and overcame from the 1940s and 1950s. Is it wrong of me to surmise that four summer lunches in 2013 created a retrospective for James Cone that brought his own history and views into clearer focus against a backdrop of passage with a white man?

And yet, there is a much larger story and continuing relevance to explore than this one issue of why these lunches mattered to Cone. Rather, the reason and potency for the disconnection between us during our fourth and final luncheon together will be examined in the next installment of "For Racial Healing".

Next Time: For Racial Healing: #6 'Four, Long, One-To-One Lunches With The Father of Black Liberation Theology – Part 2'

For Racial Healing: #6 'Four, Long, One-To-One Lunches With The Father of Black Liberation Theology – Part 2'

The end of #6, Part 1 of "For Racial Healing" described the interchanges that caused the fourth and final lunch and discussion between Dr. James H. Cone and me during the summer of 2013 to conclude unsatisfactorily. Over time, I came to believe that Cone was speaking not just to me, but to a broader audience; however, at lunch, I simply couldn't and didn't recognize that process, which I have decided was my shortcoming. Relatedly, this attempt at a one-to-one

relationship to address racial healing had crumbled before me as a result of my own defensiveness and lack of understanding, flexibility, and perspective. It would take several months before I tried again to reach racial healing with Sheila Walker, consistent with the context and protocol I have suggested in this series of "For Racial Healing".

Cone's words seemed to be framed with anger and often targeted at me personally, and afterwards, the moment had proved baffling. Before that episode, I had been encouraged by the nature and quality of our discussions. After all, there was much we shared: two men from south Arkansas, for example, who made New York City our home for most of our adult lives. We both also committed ourselves to racial matters with my participation only partially as significant as his life's work, highly celebrated in many parts of the theological and racial liberation worlds. Cone's contributions had been one continuous testimony for Black liberation, supported by polymathic knowledge of the Judeo-Christian scriptures, as observed through the lens of this expert who believed that much of the Christian message had been seized by European and American white values and attitudes that facilitated racism and Black subjugation.

Here was a man, true to his word, as demonstrated not by his writings alone, but also by his time and dedication to students regarding a number of subjects we examined over the summer of 2013. I believe our goodwill about the issue of race passed a test soon after we met for the first time. Still, he may have had questions about how I scored. One could suspect that Dr. Cone may have asked himself a question or two: how deep did the commitment by this Johnson fellow run to the racial struggle? Or is Johnson just interested in getting more information for another article? Maybe, these or other possible concerns crossed Dr. Cone's mind.

I would later characterize the luncheon conversations with Dr. Cone as advances we took together into our own version of authentic passion. Notwithstanding the unanswered questions he may have posed to himself about my motivations, I think he trusted me. His favorable views about my long article I provided to him on the Elaine Race Massacre, published by a national literary journal, and my biography which he additionally and verbally extracted were probably reassuring to Dr. Cone to stymie any lingering concerns about my credibility.

After a long time ruminating over that rapid dissolution of our fourth and final luncheon, I concluded that he showed more faith in the depth and durability of our exploration into authentic passion, one-to-one, than I had demonstrated. Although Cone bluntly pursued, at our final lunch, his views about whites, as frequently applicable through me, which I incorrectly took to be individual recriminations, I had, in my own way, betrayed the goodwill that had previously developed between us. One person, who had read the *History News Network* article I wrote about the lunches, which I described earlier in Part 1 of #6 of this "For Racial Healing" series, emailed a message to me with special attention to my response toward Cone's criticisms:

"How unfortunate that your final conversation was cut short at such a critical moment. If only there could have been another opportunity to re-engage in that difficult conversation, to go even deeper than you both had (especially Dr. Cone who seemed to have come to that final lunch ready to be more real than ever with you). I'm sorry that you didn't have the opportunity to learn directly from him, what he had gained from your conversations."

It now seems quite obvious that he expected I would recognize the new attitude that had neither surfaced before nor, even casually, been interspersed into our conversations, and yet I failed to see it for what it was. I have to conclude that he trusted me more than I trusted him.

This current piece has been written, in part, as a warning to whites who enter into racial healing relationships committed to authentic passion for discovering fundamental connections between Blacks and whites to understand, empathize, heal, love, and co-inhere. By a warning, I mean that whites should be wary of accepting or overestimating their own abilities to trust the relationship as much as their Black partners will. There is something in whites that can cause us to become immediately defensive when the Black partner begins to speak with an honesty, if not anger, about her or his feelings or ideas regarding the perceived indifference, travesty,

insensibilities, and arrogance that whites have carried with impunity and self-indulgence. Dr. Cone had been open and honest for a purpose at our fourth lunch, and I unfortunately took offense. I retreated into a defensive world that could protect me from the unhidden and unabashed that are, without question, part of the authentic passion exercise. My reaction to Dr. Cone was the automatic shield of white behavior where we are too often limited in our capacity to trust as fully as we think we can.

Indeed, I withdrew from the faith and trust Cone placed in me. I felt a surge of an inherent, age-old arrogance of power, when challenged, which did not take the seemingly combative and often direct language well as an opportunity for discovery but took it as an attack on my state of mind. *He said that whites, more generally, and I needed to read more Malcolm X to understand the attitude of the Black person.* (I had read Malcolm X). *He also said that whites and I needed to fathom the lives of American Blacks to grasp the anger and hate felt by most Blacks toward whites in this country. He said that if whites and I heard honest voices from the Black community talk about their real feelings toward the lack of empathy by whites, we whites would never let those Black voices appear on a stage or on television again.*

I abhor the thought that my disagreement with Dr. Cone's propositions had anything to do with an historical Black-white dissonance, but can I deny it? My response had become virtually an animal instinct I couldn't resist until I learned to recognize it as possibly being my attempt to retain my whiteness, which evades the other, the new and unfamiliar that could change us in order for Cone and me together ultimately to see beyond the moment to understand, empathize, heal, love, and co-inhere.

A germane question then becomes: what had Dr. Cone expected my answer to be to his accusations (personal and more general)? Looking back on the moment, considering that our verbal exchange was meant to be an attempt to reach and continue a relationship, supported by authentic passion, what had he anticipated my answers to be as a result of his words? If he thought I would react as I did, as though his words were solely an intentional, personal attack, then I'm disappointed that his view of me would have been so questionable. Of course, what I should have done was simply hear from him completely without interruption. His comments – now, I believe – were devised to be historical in nature. Surely, he was not attempting to occlude me with hostility. After all, he participated in arrangements from one lunch to the next; I do not believe he wished for me to leave on account of his words, not after the other, long sessions and lunches that brought him from the upper westside of Manhattan.

In so many ways, I can conclude that I may have been merely a conduit for his thoughts and enunciated message at that time. Perhaps, a silent reaction would have been inconsequential to Dr. Cone, consistent with a goodwill attempt at abiding by authentic passion and allyship. Why else would silence then have been my best choice? For it would have left our options open, available as the two of us wished to pursue at will. Defensively, I shut down access to continue our search. In turn, he had reason to think we had arrived at the terminus of possibilities for further discovery. I revealed how far I could go before I would cease pursuit in allyship. Where could we go from there? Notwithstanding his courteous and thoughtful manners concerning my need to attend to my wife at the hospital, he also realized that I had, unwittingly or by lack of empathy or by my own sheer stupidity, stopped the quest. Otherwise, I believe I would have heard from him later. Knowing the obvious, I did not attempt to contact Dr. Cone again.

So, why additionally have I spent these words on my failure to move the authentic passion exercise by Dr. Cone and me deeper and more thoroughly into a relationship? For one reason, I believe that for every Black-white, one-to-one dialogue with the goal being an affirmation of authentic passion, demonstrated by an enhanced bond we may call love and full allyship, the challenge of a termination to the quest, similar to the one I described with Dr. Cone, may occur, and I am certainly recommending a different tack than the one I took. Second, even if one fails experientially with one partner in the pursuit of an allyship, it does not mean that future relationships, Black-white, one-to-one, cannot be available.

I learned much from my time and attempts with Dr. Cone, and soon thereafter – only months later – I met Sheila Walker, and we immediately began work that ultimately guided us to a remarkable Black-white allyship through authentic passion. I simply did much better with Sheila for reasons that are not quite clear. For example, she could criticize me as Dr. Cone had done – in her instance, for my inability to forgive Lonnie fully. Yet, I did not retreat into a defensive chamber and shroud. Sheila and I pursued our various, answered and unanswered questions that could impact our Black-white attempts (and often, successful attempts) to break through to full allyship. Unfortunately, I never had the chance again to accomplish the same degree of breakthrough with James H. Cone that Sheila and I attained.

Next Time: Sheila Lorraine Walker: Lesson in “Authentic Passion”