



November - December 2024

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KAIROS

The Voice of Austin
Presbyterian Theological
Seminary Students and
Community



Thankful, Thanks Be To God!



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Submitted by Kate Roberts, Senior

Note- this is a prose form poem

“Do you think there’s such a thing as ethical vegan cheese?” she asked me, her eyes already tearing up at the inevitable answer from my lips. “No.” I say. “I used to think there was,” she continued, “then I found out it’s all owned by the same company. Dairy, soy, gluten free, they divide it up to give the illusion of choice but in the end it’s all the same coffers and all the same coffins made cotton soft with the lining of our beautiful, undisputed greenbacks.” I sigh. I know this to be true and yet I want comfort to be provided. I want to be the wisdomer, the wiser, the know better. After all, what else am I offering to this youthful bloom of 26? My stretch marked thighs and a voice frayed and changed from the many lovers names I called out before we ever met? So, I try. I remember similar depths of discovery and devastation. Of realizing that the terror of choice is just an illusion that sedates us- much like the dairy cows plied with chemicals to make them docile even when their calves are taken not five minutes after birth. Even when they’ve watched a baby be yanked away, do you think they feel like I do now? Gut punched with the truth that we are all part of the machine, and that nothing that lovers whisper between kind kisses will ever fix that. I will not lie to her or obfuscate or downplay. I thank God that she is too smart for that, and in the same breath curse God for the brilliant mind that has caused her the pain that is so immediately recognizable to me. “Maybe,” I propose, “maybe there is no ethical vegan cheese. But maybe there are some things that we can make a little less shitty.” This draws a smile from her that will not create relief, the same way that my smile is not one of relief for me. But it is something. Smiles are not nothing. Giggles and tastes of rain and sore bruises gained by the ecstasy of love are not nothing. And it may all just be a distraction, but if a distraction is all that we have shouldn’t it be a good one? If we really are headed to hell in a handbasket, shouldn’t we enjoy the last fruits that the basket has to offer up? I think even in a world with no ethical vegan cheese there might still be room for goodness. There might still be space for something a little less shitty that we can grow and protect. And as talk of mixed media dairy changes to long lengths of silence only broken by the pleasure filled sighs of release, I pray that I haven’t lied to her. I pray that there is still use in the rage and the sighs and the sleep that we both contain. I pray that I am right to fight for her sake, and for mine.





HOPE

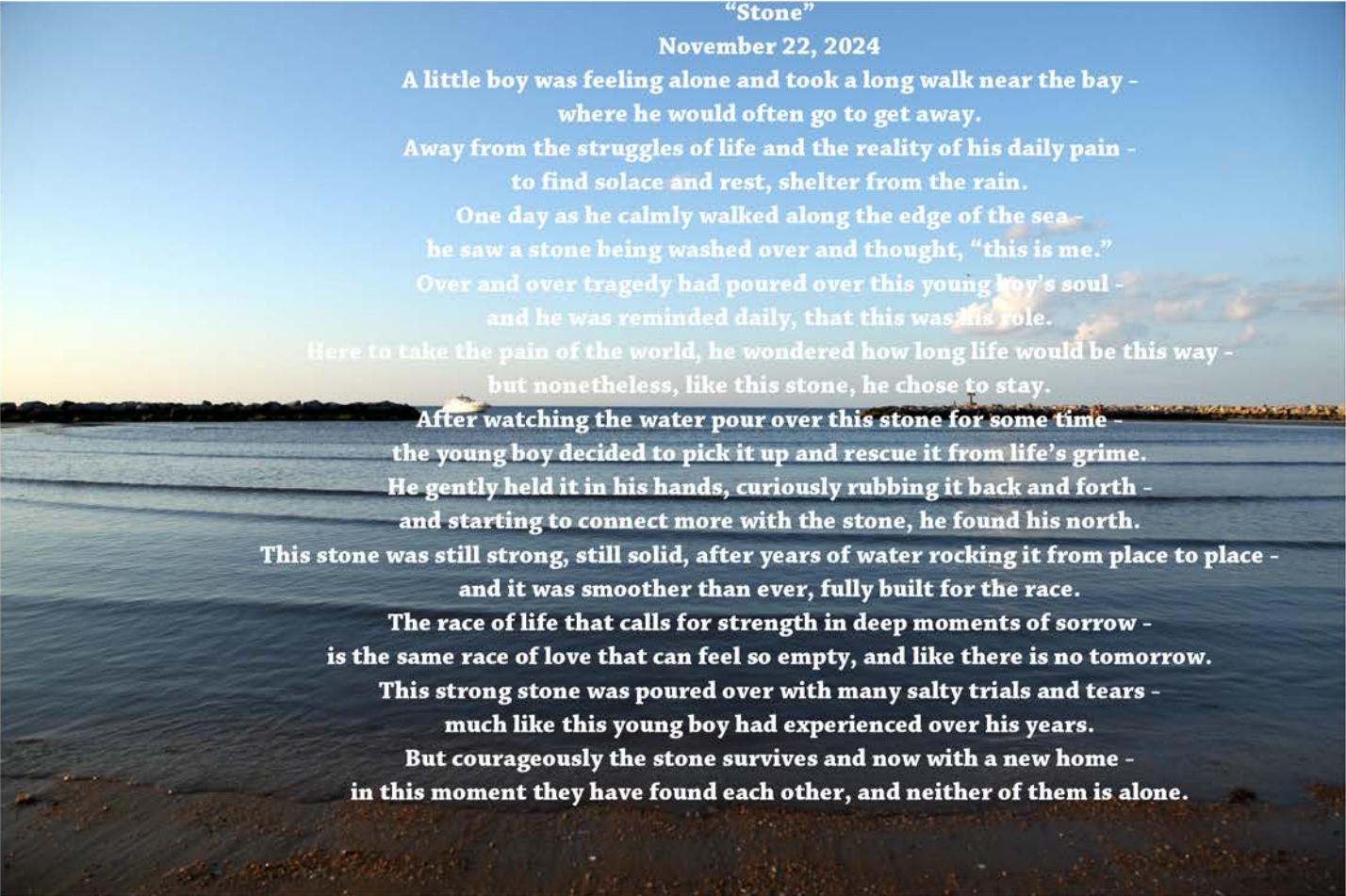


God is sovereign,
God still reigns,
God will provide,
The trials are not easy
The fire does not burn
The heat feels near
The oceans of tears seem to cloud our eyes,
Our feet too weak to stand.
Love our neighbor we must
Be light and sower of peace we must
Where the Spirit of God is there is freedom, regardless of circumstance
The race for love does not end,
Jesus died, Jesus rose again, and Jesus will come again

Submitted by Lucas Hall, Middler

"Stone"

November 22, 2024



A little boy was feeling alone and took a long walk near the bay -
where he would often go to get away.
Away from the struggles of life and the reality of his daily pain -
to find solace and rest, shelter from the rain.
One day as he calmly walked along the edge of the sea -
he saw a stone being washed over and thought, "this is me."
Over and over tragedy had poured over this young boy's soul -
and he was reminded daily, that this was his role.
Here to take the pain of the world, he wondered how long life would be this way -
but nonetheless, like this stone, he chose to stay.
After watching the water pour over this stone for some time -
the young boy decided to pick it up and rescue it from life's grime.
He gently held it in his hands, curiously rubbing it back and forth -
and starting to connect more with the stone, he found his north.
This stone was still strong, still solid, after years of water rocking it from place to place -
and it was smoother than ever, fully built for the race.
The race of life that calls for strength in deep moments of sorrow -
is the same race of love that can feel so empty, and like there is no tomorrow.
This strong stone was poured over with many salty trials and tears -
much like this young boy had experienced over his years.
But courageously the stone survives and now with a new home -
in this moment they have found each other, and neither of them is alone.

Seeing is believing, or so it has been said
I don't see nothing, but I've been fed
Symbolism, Signs, Rituals, & Rites
Faith flying high, no need for a kite
I have the evidence of things hoped for
I have the evidence of faith, its in my dreams
God comes to me at night and sometimes the day
She speaks for him; He's letting Wisdom play
Sophia's loud and sometimes proud
At midnight she whispers
All will be alright
Faith speaks and spins its mission
He tells me, "I'm proud, daughter, your a good Christian
Holy Water, Holy Faith, Holy Spirit, nothing fake
No charlatans in my wake!
Faith is guidance when bumpy, ain't smooth
Faith comes chill when I break the rules
Wild child, Faith is a citizen
Open your eyes, don't blink, be blind
Faith is a state of mind.

An Ode to the Book of Revelation

Even those who pierced him
You who are mighty and strong
Will regret what you done
A deed so serious and painful too
I am Lord Jesus and I beseech you!
On a cross you did offend me
Pierced my body but you did not end me
Every eye will see, And everyone will be told
Christ, The King rose to win indemnity
The hearts of humanity, The minds of many
Even those who pierced me will see
I am the great I AM
I am The Alpha and The Omega
Forever Son of Man
Yes, God of God, Jesus Christ
The faithful witness, The One who died
I am the Living One, The Loving One
I will come to you
Even those who pierced me
Amen. Come Lord Jesus Come.



Submitted by Carson Hollis, Senior

Noël: November 6, 2024

by Rev. Carson Hollis

In the shadow of King-elect Herod,
where anticipation of political violence hangs
in the air more densely than the humidity,
Bethlehem dank with disquietude,

a Virgin sings her lullaby.

And in that small glimpse of joy,
all is right with the world.





"Grow regardless!"

Submitted by Ochūba Okam Ochūba

Still I Rise

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise?
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise

Maya Angelou

Submitted by Emma Edwards, Junior

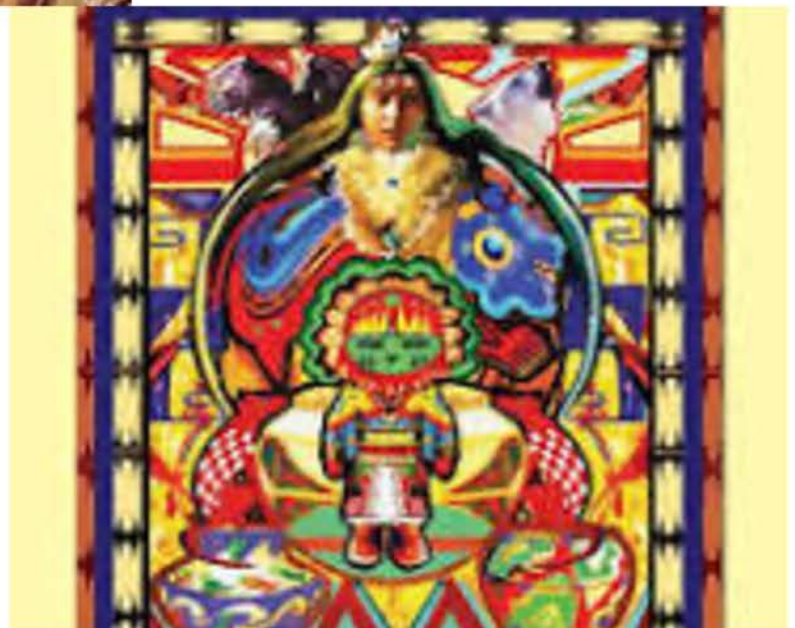


Indigenous peoples have persisted and survived — a testament to their resilience and resolve. Today, Native communities are leading the way forward and continuing to strengthen the fabric of the United States. They have long served in the United States military and currently serve in the highest levels of government — including the Secretary of the Interior, Deb Haaland, America’s first Native American Cabinet secretary. In every field and sector, Native peoples are pushing for progress and contributing to our shared prosperity. Thanks be to God.



Students in Professor Jensen’s Introduction to World Religions class were treated to “Fry Bread” & a Presentation: Through Native Eyes by Evaleen Longhorn Perry

We learned that Mrs. Perry is from the Kiowa Tribe & Navajo Tribe
Favorite Foods she makes:
Fry Bread
Mutton Stew (mutton is sheep)
Green Chile Stew; in these ways, she preserves the richness of Native Culture



Best of Fall Semester 2024

Blessing of the books & Laughter too...
Tell me a story & I will tell you who you are...
Hugs are great. Humanity at its best here at APTS





Shout out to Sarah Gomez for extraordinary face painting skills. Amazing!



We had the best time ever!!

APTS Camping is Awesomesauce:)

Camping is actually really good for your mental health. Time in nature, soothes the human mind.



Healthy You: Mind Body & Soul

Walking the *Labyrinth is a simple way to help us return into the center of our being. This spiritual practice can also be a mental health practice. Walk in with what you hold in mind and heart, as you progress through, leave those concerns behind, release them to God.

**The labyrinth in the floor of the nave at Chartres Cathedral in France is the most well known of the medieval design and is the pattern used in the canvas replica at Washington National Cathedral.*

www.cathedral.org/cathedral/labyrinth

Here are some additional resources that may be helpful:

NAMI Central Texas, counseling & mental health in Austin, TX (512)693-2000

988 is available 24/7

Take a daily walk, your mind will thank you!



Talk, Talk, Talk, get it out, it helps!

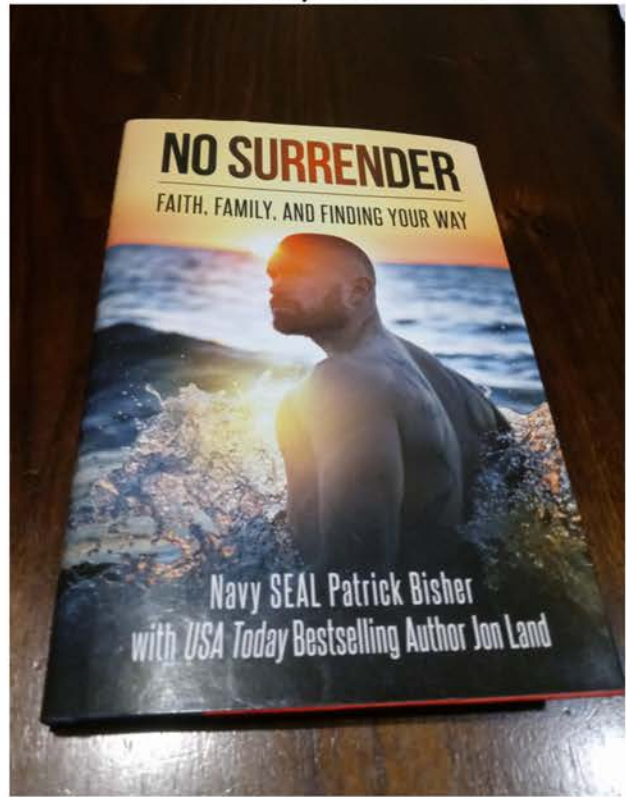
Both resources are confidential & you can remain anonymous



Happy Birthday Yal!

Celebrating our Campus Classmates
& Happy Birthday to anyone Kairos missed:)

- Awrish Javed - October 31
- Chelsea William - October 31
- Rhodalyn Jetton - October 29
- Tashara Angelle - November 2
- Kennedy Thedford - November 6
- Rhya Stepanova - November 6
- AynNichelle Slappy - November 9
- Rochelle Henderson - November 14
- Joshua Henderson - November 15
- Virginia Nobel - November 19
- Tara Litton - November 21
- Sarah Rutherford - November 22
- Abby Barker - December 13
- Emma Edwards - December 16
- Emily Fenwick - December 19
- Hannah Hoffman - December 27



A Look Ahead To Happenings During Winter Break & Beyond

- Mid Winter Lecture Series, Jan 27-29...this is also a great Jan term class you can add
- Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Chapel Service & Black History Month Celebration, February 2025
- HESED Lecture Series & Events, March 28 - April 1, 2025...get involved, love, justice, mercy
- Poets of Faith (POF) group meetings open to all = Mondays @6:15pm - Spring 2025
- Need a class Spring 2025? Want to be excited? Need to ignite your entrepreneurial spirit? Add the new Innovation Ministry Class (name may be diff). Your fellow classmates completed their SpirEnt=Spiritual Entrepreneur cohort! It was 18 months of Wow, this is amazing:) Kudos to Professor Carolyn Helsel & Rev. Carrie Graham for superior leadership, compassion & learning.



Be sure to check out campus flyers, TV screens & our community announcements & cell phone alerts for all the great things going @APTS

Stay tuned for.....Ask Kairos

Dear Beloved APTS Community, in an upcoming Kairos I am introducing a new section called "Ask Kairos"
Think of it like Dear Abby, so please send your questions to kairos@student.austinseminary.edu
It will be fun & I will not publish your name so sign off with something fun!

Thankful

We have many blessings here at APTS, many reasons to be thankful for the privilege to study & learn from brilliant hearts & minds. This is the season whereby many celebrate various occasions & get together with family & friends. In my church we would say, "Jesus is the reason for the season!" Let us remember in our hearts those who may not celebrate this season due to different religious traditions, loss of loved ones, too much commercial enterprise, those hurt by the church, or unbelief. Ponder Colossians 2:6-7 "Just as you received Christ Jesus as Lord, continue to live your lives in him, rooted and built up in him, strengthened in the faith as you were taught, and overflowing with thankfulness." (NIV) May we all be rooted in thankfulness this holiday season & beyond.

-Rochelle



The Editor would like to thank all students who submitted & Usama for odds & ends with all things Kairos :)

Kairos is a publication for all members of the APTS community to share their visual art, photographs, poems, opinion pieces, and creative writing with each other.

Submissions for Kairos are accepted ongoing throughout Fall & Spring semester only. Themes may be posted periodically. Feel free to reach out if you have any questions or would like to discuss ideas.

Rochelle Henderson, a Middler MDiv student, is the editor of Kairos. You can reach her by emailing kairos@student.austinseminary.edu

