



*Go, and do thou likewise*  
 FRIENDS OF DUKE CHAPEL



**Friends Newsletter**  
*Second Quarter 2009*

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# FINDING PEACE

*by Sam Wells, Dean of Duke Chapel*

Death is a daunting matter to think about. It's sometimes even harder to talk about, especially with those whom we love. Even though we proclaim our faith in the resurrection of the dead and the way Jesus dismantles death's hold on our imaginations, most of us still try to avoid thinking or speaking about it.

When my parents died it was a relief to find they'd left clear instructions as to what was to be done with their remains. It saved endless heartsearching within my family – for example, should their ashes be buried in a place important to them, or accessible to us? I know a family that still has their son's ashes in an urn in their house 10 years after his death because they can't resolve this kind of question.

It's become clear to me that Duke Chapel is a place where many people can imagine wishing their remains to be buried. The Chapel is place for many where they have met God, for some where they met or married their spouse, for countless people where they have spent some of the happiest moments of their lives. And so I have been investigating what it might involve to create opportunities for remains to be kept in appropriate locations around the Chapel.

The term columbarium originally refers to a compartmentalized dovecote, arising from the Latin columba, meaning dove. Given that only a very limited number of people are eligible for burial in the Chapel, any initiative would require creating a columbarium (or more than one) in the

vicinity of the Chapel with niches for the reception of cremated remains in what are known as cinerary urns.

I am anticipating four dimensions that might be involved. There might be a below-ground columbarium on the Chapel grounds between the Chapel and the Bryan Center. Nearby there might be an above-ground columbarium with niches for urns. Inside the Chapel, in the crypt, there might be a wooden cabinet to contain a very small number of cinerary urns in cases designated by the Board of Trustees. In the Memorial Chapel there might be a book of remembrance with 365 double spread pages and people might be listed by their date of death. The Chapel attendant might accordingly turn

the page once every day. The book might be available for viewing in a locked glass case for protection, and

**Duke Chapel is a place where many people can imagine wishing their remains to be buried.**

families might be able to make an appointment to have a page turned.

These are all possibilities. At this stage I am letting you know of them so that you are aware such discussions are taking place. These are sensitive matters, and it may well be that you have suggestions or concerns about these ideas. If so I would encourage you to raise these with Lucy Worth, who is heading up this period of investigation and planning.

Death is never an easy subject, but in my experience one thing can make it a little better and one thing can make it a lot worse. *Continued on back cover.*

## Rehabilitation and Relationships

# IN TANZANIA

by Matt Gay, Trinity '11

*The Betty and Bob Hall Award was instituted in 2007 by trustee-emeritus A. Morris Williams, Jr. (Trinity 1962) to support Duke University students' participation in Christian-related service projects. Mr. Williams set up the endowment in honor of the parents of Sara Hall Brandaleone (WC 1965), whom he greatly admired. Sara and Bruce Brandaleone joined Mr. Williams in funding the endowment. This reflection from the first Betty and Bob Hall Award winner, Matt Gay (Trinity 2011), provides powerful testimony not only to his experiences, but to the lives of the donors and of the Halls.*

As my plane landed in Dar es Salaam the morning of May 9th, I remember feeling overwhelmed, but at peace. I was engulfed into another culture, one where people express joy in light of their miserable circumstances. A place where time is not an issue. A place where the person that you are currently talking to is more important than where you have to go later in the day. A world where everything operates at a much slower pace.

I fell in love with the Tanzanian culture. Although the roads were filled with potholes, the power and water supply was inconsistent, and the food didn't always settle, everything seemed to make sense. I suddenly didn't care about the luxuries I have experienced for the last 19 years of my life. Life was simple and I cherished it.

Uzima Kamili' means 'whole life' or 'life to the full' in Swahili. Life was indeed full in Dar, not solely in a spiritual sense, but in a physical sense as well. The experience that I had at the Comprehensive Community Based Rehabilitation Center in Tanzania (CCBRT) reaffirmed what I thought I've always wanted to do. Founded by the Christian Blind Mission, CCBRT is "Tanzania's leading provider of professional medical, rehabilitation and social services for patients with disabilities." It aims to "improve the quality of life of people living with disabilities and HIV/Aids, their family members, caregivers and HIV/Aids orphans to enable them to become full members of society." Only eight years young, the sprawling campus contains an eye department

and a rehabilitation department. I spent the first week working with ophthalmology patients alongside Tanzanian nationals and specialists from the UK. The remainder I spent in the orthopedic clinic, pediatric clinic, and the physiotherapy and orthopedic workshop.

The first week at CCBRT was hectic, as I was working with doctors who saw 80 patients a day (1 every 5-10 minutes). These dedicated doctors didn't even stop for lunch! I made countless diagnoses of cataracts, glaucoma, and retinal diseases. In this part of the world, people often live with eyesight in one eye, and it is only when the second eye begins to fail that they seek medical attention, so doctors are often restoring vision from near blindness. Every day at the hospital, I was confronted by the lives of patients who struggle to live with the burdens of blindness, malaria, and other disabling diseases. However,







these people have a joy and hope amidst all the suffering that surrounds them, and I found myself greatly admiring them.

As I switched gears to work in the rehabilitation wing, my prayer remained that as I looked at the suffering before me in Tanzania, that my heart would be filled with the compassion for the suffering, and that I would also be able to provide the comfort that only God can bring.

In the orthopedic clinic, my service focused on children who had clubfeet. I attended a workshop where I learned the Ponseti method; a relatively inexpensive, yet effective method of manipulating clubfoot through a series of casts. Each week, another cast is applied and the improvement is striking. I was thrilled at every opportunity to serve these infants and their mothers. I also worked on surgically correcting neglected clubfeet in older children, with wires and metal braces - a much longer and more painful procedure.

I spent time with the children and adults who were suffering not only from clubfoot, but also from bowlegs, spina bifida, hydrocephalus, polio, cerebral palsy, cleft lip, burns, and obstetric fistulas. The relationships I made with the patients in the wards were mutually beneficial. From them I learned to live in joy in spite of my circumstances. They seemed thrilled to have me spend time and share a part of my life with them. Although I only spoke a little Swahili and they didn't understand English, they quickly realized that I was there to make them laugh. Whenever I walked into the wards, my friends would come running to see what the *mzungu* (Swahili for white man) was up to. I had a ministry to about 15 children and their parents as they resided in the ward during my stay. The kids all knew me as *Mathio*, a student from America, who loves to make children

laugh and was fond of the phrase "*Mungu anakupenda wewe*" (God loves you.)

I was able to witness a few of these children's surgeries and then follow up with them, often impressed by how brave they were. Ayubu, a quiet boy of 11 was constricted to crutches and was unable to walk on his right leg. Just three days after surgery, Ayubu was out and about on the playground with the other children and me. Adwana, who is from a village that relies on fires to keep warm at night, suffered a severe burn on his face and neck, which produced scarring that impaired mobility. After reconstructive surgery and skin grafts, Adwana stayed at CCBRT to undergo physiotherapy. Many infants in the wards suffered from hydrocephalus, spina bifida or both. The mothers struggled to find peace in a culture where they were looked down upon for delivering babies with such birth defects, but they also expressed hope and always welcomed my encouragement and care.

During my visit, I visited the Amana hospital with a medical student from the Netherlands. Although Amana didn't do anywhere near the amount of surgeries that CCBRT did, and they only had a few doctors, this hospital saw many more patients. I was in awe as I walked through the gate and saw how overcrowded the waiting rooms were. My friend explained to me



*My prayer remained that as I looked at the suffering before me in Tanzania, that my heart would be filled with the compassion for the suffering, and that I would also be able to provide the comfort that only God can bring.*



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that most people in Africa go to public hospitals for delivering babies. This particular hospital had fairly large labor and gynecological wards. As I walked into the labor wards, I was overwhelmed as the screams and sight of the women hit me with full force. Painkillers were not used in this hospital, nor are they readily accessible anywhere else in Africa. A dozen women were lying on separate beds, screaming their lungs out whenever a contraction started. No family was present. The nearest young lady near me started moaning for some assistance and as I looked over, it was obvious that her water had just broken. I rushed over along with the medical student and waited for the delivery. At this labor ward, I served as a doctor; I actually assisted on a delivery. It was a bit traumatic, yet exhilarating. It's a miracle really. When you're sitting there holding a newborn infant, just having pulled a baby into this world, you start to think of the perfect design that God has for us, creating us in his image. It just happens that his image isn't all that attractive this early in the game.

During the third week at CCBRT, I was beginning to get "in the groove." Although I still helped with the Tanzanian club-foot project, many doctors in the hospital knew me by name and sought out opportunities to teach me. One of the doctors that I really appreciated was a pediatrician who set up a clinic in the rehabilitation wing twice a week. She patiently translated the patients' conditions and complaints and taught me several clinical procedures for finding development milestones in the children. She allowed me to conduct physical examinations of each patient, such as measuring the size of the children's heads, paying attention to developmental reflexes, and listen-

ing to their heartbeats. Most of the patients that we treated suffered from underdevelopment. I remember observing a five-year old girl who still could not walk or speak. Several of the patients had polio, cerebral palsy or complex seizures. Polio is an infection that

also affects the spinal cord, causing damage to the nerves that control movements. It is a leading cause of physical disabilities in children in this area, unfortunately because of poverty. It runs rampant through areas where there are sanitation problems and children are malnourished. Although these children had limited mobility and slow development, they all expressed a hope in being healthy. Through the interactions with the children and their parents, I felt my stomach churning as I longed for the joy they expressed.

Another physician with whom I loved to spend time, was Dr. Janis Perialis, who has dedicated his life to serving God in sub-Saharan Africa. Over the years, he has served in several mission hospitals in Tanzania and loves sharing his faith with his colleagues and his patients. I admired not only his work ethic, but also how he infused his faith into his medical profession. Before each operation, he took the time to pray with the patients and his medical team. Trained in plastic surgery, he now performs operations over a variety of different disabling troubles. He operates on anything from burn contractures, to cleft palate, to vaginal fistulas. I appreciated the compassion he showed and jumped on every opportunity to observe his surgeries. Although he receives little pay, he enjoys what he does and finds genuine satisfaction in allowing a girl to live a normal life without the pains and embarrassment of cleft palates or obstetric fistulas. Cleft lip and cleft palate are openings either in the upper lip or the roof of the mouth. It is an embarrassing birth defect especially for women, who if left untreated, struggle to become married. The gap can be closed by surgery and the best results occur when the child is still young. Most patients are



able to regain a normal appearance as well as advances in speech and eating habits. For Dr. Perialis, this procedure is relatively straightforward; however, it makes the world of difference in the lives of these patients. He also treats obstetric fistula, which is a hole between the bladder and the vagina, resulting often from prolonged labor. One of his patients, of whom I witnessed the Vesico-vaginal fistula (VVF) operation, was in labor for three days. After progress during labor had slowed significantly, she was brought to a local clinic in order to have a Caesarean section. She was told that this clinic didn't have the resources for such a procedure and told her that she must go to a regional hospital. The baby was finally delivered stillborn, and she suffered a fistula as a result. She leaked urine wherever she went, for 6 long months. Dr. Perialis told me, "This is a disease for poor people," because if a patient has the money to get a Caesarean section when it is needed, then fistulas don't happen. He treats around 150 VVF patients a year, as he is only 1 in about 20 in all of Tanzania who can do the operation. He tells me that the psychological damage is the worst thing about this disease as the women are often isolated from their communities. The care that he gives offers opportunities to share his faith.

During my stay, I visited a Salvation Army compound also in Dar. This compound is home to 250 kids with disabilities who receive medical care from CCBRT. Here, the children receive boarding and schooling as well as orthopedic care. My friend brought me to the orthopedic workshop where he was making prosthetic limbs, braces and shoes for the children. Again, I was struck with the camaraderie and joy that the children displayed. Those that could hobble around pushed others in wheelchairs. I found it encouraging spending time with some of the children who receive regular check-ups at CCBRT.

The last week at CCBRT solidified my love for medicine and serving others. Dr. Perialis asked me to scrub in with him on a couple surgeries. This was definitely one of the highlights of my trip. The first surgery was conducted on a four-year old girl who suffered a burn contracture that left her unable to walk on her left foot. The skin was so tight that her tendon had limited movement. Dr. Perialis demonstrated the z-plastic maneuver – a surgical technique which would allow her more movement. Before the second surgery, Dr. Perialis again took the time to pray with the patient along with his team. The patient was from a rural Masaai village and had suffered what appeared to be a snake bite almost a decade ago. Her arm hadn't been in use since, as the forearm somehow became contracted above the elbow. During the grueling five-hour surgery, I assisted cauterizing blood vessels as Dr. Perialis used three separate skin grafts to allow her to use her arm again. It was exhilarating being allowed to actually lend a hand in the operation. I now

have a concrete goal to dream about that will hopefully get me through organic chemistry and the other pre-medicine requirements.

After the end of my four-week service at CCBRT, I was able to spend a night on a rural medical compound run by Youth With a Mission. This experience exposed me to a different type of medicine. Run by a doctor and his wife, this clinic treats around 100 patients a day. As there is no operating room, patients come to this clinic to receive medication or get tested for malaria and HIV. I had the privilege of organizing anti-malarial drugs to dispense to patients as well as run blood tests for malaria and HIV. Through such a simple task of observing malaria parasites in blood samples, God gave me a peace while I stayed at this compound. I felt removed from the world; life was simple, yet abundant.

Life was full in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. I had a great exposure to medicine and medical missions. As I sense a medical calling to serve in a third world country, this experience was more than a learning experience for me. It confirmed what I thought I've always wanted to do. The Holy Spirit worked in my heart to share compassion with those that are suffering in Tanzania. There is an overwhelming need in this part of the world, and even though I realize I will never be able to solve all of the world's problems, I feel a weightiness on my heart to help relieve the pain and suffering in sub-Saharan Africa. One of the major lessons that I will take away from this trip is that my faith is not about me; it's all about Christ. I can rely on Jesus to grant in me a joy not based on circumstances, but a true and abiding joy. A joy of resting in and being secure in the knowledge that God loves me in Christ. This is full life.

*Connie Chu (Trinity '10) is the 2008 Betty and Bob Hall Award recipient and in the next issue we look forward to sharing her reflections from her summer in Durham.*



*I feel a weightiness on my heart to help relieve the pain and suffering in sub-Saharan Africa.*



*Dr. Stephanie Kaza (Buddhist), responds with panelists (L-R) Dr. Seyyed Hossein Nasr (Muslim), Dr. Norman Wirzba (Christian), Rev. Dr. Sam Wells (moderator), Rabbi Dr. Arthur Waskow (Jewish), and Dr. Umesh Gulati (Hindu).*

# THOU SHALT NOT WASTE

*by Stephanie Butnick, Trinity '09*

On March 30, I attended the Duke Chapel Faith Council's third annual Spring dialogue. The Faith Council is a group of campus chaplains, Religious Life advisers and clergy who represent the various faiths on campus. The goal of the group is to establish and support a conversation across the different faiths that is both relevant and productive.

This year's panel discussion was called "Saving this Earth: What Can Faith Traditions Tell Us About the Environment?" Among the five guest panelists, Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Judaism and Islam were represented. Each panelist had a faith-based background as well as ecological or environmental experience and interests.

You might think-as I did while driving over to the Freeman Center for the discussion-why this topic? Of all the things to be talking about right now on an interfaith panel, why the environment? I

didn't know what to expect from the panelists or the discussion.

When I arrived, tables were set up at the entrance to the Freeman Center with representatives from different campus environmental causes, and the main level of the Center was packed with attendees. Most of the audience was composed of graduate school students and adults from the community, but I was happy to see some undergraduates in the crowd.

Rabbi Michael Goldman welcomed the crowd and answered my question about the choice of topic. He said everyone in the room was committed to our planet.

**I LEARNED FAR MORE THAN I EXPECTED TO AND WAS CONSISTENTLY SURPRISED BY HOW IMPORTANT THIS DIALOGUE WAS.**

Despite differences in religious beliefs, all those in attendance were here to discuss the environment and that fact united them.

Throughout the discussion, which was moderated by Dean of the Chapel Sam Wells, I heard insights not only on the environment but also on the human condition and the world we live in today. At one point, Umesh Gulati, Hindu scholar and former professor at East Carolina University, said, "You and I are not 'we,' you and I are 'one.'" The sentiment is oddly profound in the context of environmental awareness.

I realized that religious teachings of most faiths often relate to nature and our treatment of our surroundings, and the panelists' religious backgrounds-academic or personal-gave them unusual yet relevant perspectives.

For example, Stephanie Kaza, professor of environmental studies at the University of Vermont and a practicing Bud-



dhist, said that Buddhist thought promotes a non-dualistic view of nature. She used the Chinese concept of yin and yang to explain the relationship between man and nature as complementary opposites. Seeing man not at odds with nature, but instead as part of the same continuum, changes how we interact with our surroundings.

Yet the discussion was more than sound bites or prepackaged ideals. The panelists engaged each other and freely admitted the influence of different faiths on their study and work. Norman Wirzba, professor of theology, ecology and rural life at the Divinity School and the panel representative for Christianity, said he appreciated the meditative and contemplative nature of Buddhism and Hinduism, as well as the emphasis on prayer and law within Jewish and Muslim tradition.

Each member's distinct personality allowed him or her to speak for an entire group while maintaining an individual



*Duke students watch the discussion from the second floor.*

voice, with humorous comments interspersed to keep the tone light. And it was all surprisingly relevant.

During the question portion, an audience member flatly asked the panel about the separation of church and state. The questioner wondered how the panelists' words could be translated into actions and if activity had to have a strong theological basis. Rabbi Arthur Waskow answered practically, explaining that the religious community could bring a "profoundly religious commitment" to environmental issues, much in the same way religion has touched social issues.

I learned far more than I expected to and was consistently surprised by how important this dialogue was. Though based in different faith traditions, the conversation somehow transcended these differences and addressed civilization as a whole. It wasn't preachy or proselytizing, it was instead a social and cultural discussion among concerned individuals.

For that night, it didn't matter who you were or what you believed (or didn't believe). I began to see the subtle yet powerful work of the Faith Council. It seems the hardest part is simply getting people there.

Wells said the Faith Council starts conversations that wouldn't otherwise happen. That's exactly what Monday night's event did. I was forced to think in a new way, which is pretty impressive considering I had arrived armed with skepticism and confusion.

And, as Seyyed Hossein Nasr, professor of Islamic Studies at George Washington University, said at the end of the discussion, nature will ultimately have the final word.

*Reprinted with permission from The Duke Chronicle.*



*Rabbi Waskow talks to a small group after the main panel discussion.*



# A Letter from Honduras

Dear Friends,

*Thank you very much for your generous financial support and prayer. Without it, my Habitat for Humanity trip to Honduras over Spring Break would not have been made possible.*

The team consisted of a diverse group of individuals, comprised of students and Durham residents. We had only met twice before embarking on this trip, but over the course of the week, everyone got to know each other well.

We worked in Santa Rosa de Copan, a small town in the western region of the country. It is nestled in the mountains, which makes the view quite splendid. The lush natural scenery was something that I particularly appreciated about Honduras. Everything is so green!

During the course of the week, we collaborated with local masons and volunteers to work on parts of several different houses. There were a number of tasks that were at hand. Since our team consisted of slightly more than 20 people, it was possible to break up into sub-units for greater efficiency. There was dirt to be sifted, cement to be mixed, adobe bricks to be made, and foundations to be laid. Fortunately, the weather was ideal for outdoor work. It was not overly hot, and it did not rain. The work was hard, but enjoyable. It was wonderful to have the chance to work alongside locals and get to know them. At the end of the week, our team participated in a house dedication ceremony. We gathered with the locals and new homeowners, and celebrated the time we spent working together. There was food, refreshments and games for the children. The mayor of Santa Rosa de Copan also paid a special visit to the worksite.



The schedule for the week was pretty packed. In between work on construction projects, we visited an orphanage that consisted of girls ranging from ages 5 to 19. We spent time playing, singing and talking with them. We also attended mass with them one night, where some of the girls led worship. Another day we visited an orphanage for toddlers and had the opportunity to run around and play with them.

Our team also visited a louffa factory near our worksite. Louffa is a type of plant that can be turned into bath sponges (which are pretty easy to find in stores like The Body Shop). This particular factory provides classes for children who cannot attend regular school because their families need them to bring in some income. These children work during the week, and attend classes on Saturdays and Sundays at the factory.

One of the things that struck me the most was the level of poverty in Honduras. I learned that approximately 90% of the country's wealth lies in the hands of about 20 families, which leaves 10% for everyone else. The stratification of wealth to such a degree is rather unsettling. Though we do see poverty here in the States, I do not believe that we truly understand what it entails. Turning right and left in Honduras, I saw poverty all around me. Overall, Santa Rosa de Copan is run down. Most buildings, which are remnants of the days of Spanish colonialism, are decaying. The streets are still cobblestone and unpaved. Nevertheless, the individuals I came in contact with were graciously content with their lives. Their lives were hard and they struggled to make ends meet, but I never heard them complain that it was unfair. This reiterated that the simple things in life, such as family, friends, and basic necessities are all that truly matter in the end.



Esther Lee, Trinity '11



# Won't you be OUR NEIGHBOR?

Duke Chapel is inviting interest in an opportunity to join in a **new endeavor of shared residential life** at 2003 Chapel Hill Road, Durham NC 27707. By residing together in one of Durham's poorer neighborhoods, participants will experience the opportunity to

- Live in relationship as **Christian companions** to one another and
- Live in relationship as **neighbors in the greater West End of Durham**

House residents may anticipate playing a formative role in shaping this new residential community. It is particularly suited for graduate students, single adults, empty-nesters, and retirees. The length of commitment is ideally longer-term, with an initial commitment of two years.

Responsibilities would include:

- **Sharing a common life**, for example, preparing and sharing meals together and with guests, regular maintenance/chores, a regular cycle of common prayer, gestures of hospitality, times of celebration, times of reflection, and other practices as determined by the residents
- Developing **meaningful personal engagement** within the Durham community, particularly by participating in neighborhood concerns and celebrations
- **Sharing expenses** of rent and utilities (\$550-650/month)

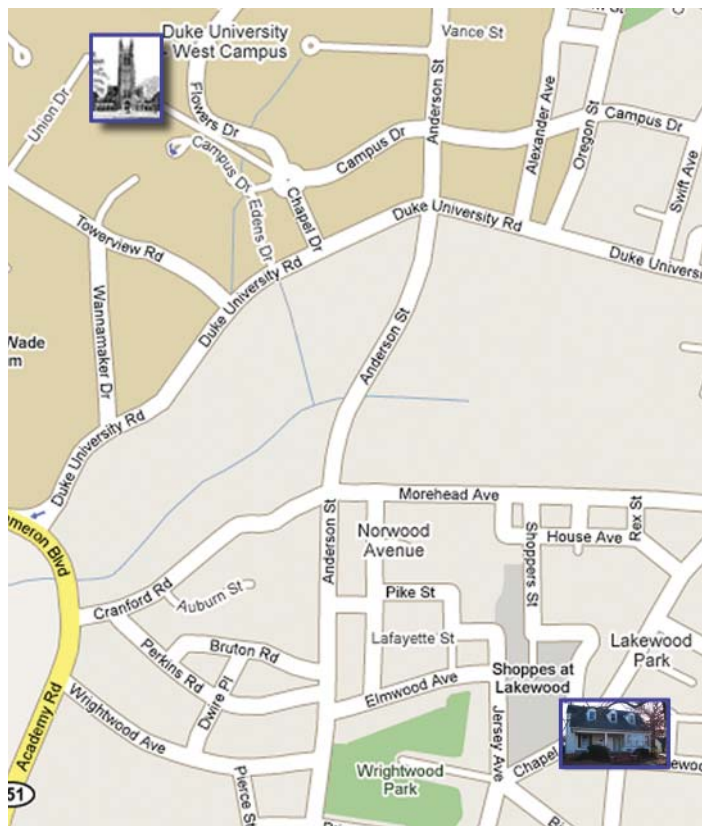
This shared life is intended to be a sign of Christian hope and, at the same time, to offer a lived context for theological reflection on issues of power and privilege, wealth and poverty. At the heart of this life is a genuine desire to **form meaningful connections** both with fellow companions in the house and with neighbors, to attend to God's presence, and to be open to transformation through all of these relationships. This is inspired by Jesus' example of challenging the powers by forming an accountable community and living in friendship with the poor.

Participants should be eager to enter into this life with the same spirit in which other residences sponsored by Duke Chapel have engaged the West End. There are currently two other homes affiliated with Duke Chapel.

- One is home to current undergraduates and recent alums of Duke University (PathWays).
- The other is home to the Community Minister.

This residential presence has been received positively by the community because, in part, we intend to demonstrate an abiding, humble presence open to receiving wisdom and unexpected blessings. We have found many blessings in **seeking ways simply to be present** with one another and with our neighbors and to find joy in sharing the triumphs and tragedies of local life.

*Jim Wisner resides at 2003 Chapel Hill Road and invites others to consider living with him in community. Jim is the President of the Congregation at Duke University Chapel. Those interested should contact Abby Kocher, Community Minister for Duke Chapel ([abby.kocher@duke.edu](mailto:abby.kocher@duke.edu), 919-599-8010).*



# THE DRAW OF DURHAM

by Jayne Swank, Trinity '09, Lilly Fellow

*From a talk given at St. Stephen's Episcopal church in Durham in honor of their 50th Anniversary.*

This year for me is an amazing gift and opportunity. I graduated from Duke in May of this past year, and this year I am a part of the very unique Lilly Fellowship. This August, I moved into a house with the five other students and graduates in the program to begin ten months of living in Christian community and spending time in spiritual and vocational discernment. While I spend about 25 hours per week here at the church out here in Hope Valley, I also spend a great deal of time at the PathWays house where I now live, which is located in the West End, a rough neighborhood just blocks away from downtown Durham. I can't help but acknowledge the very obvious contrast of my daily routine. As I write this, the doorbell rings. To answer the door or not? Strangers often come to the door, and making decisions such as whether or not the door ought to be answered – which we decide based on criteria such as time of day or who is home – is part of the fabric of my daily life here.

And I love it! Indeed, I had a taste of what this experience would be like in the summer of 2007, when I lived in the house as an intern in the summer program for undergraduates. That summer, I split my time between working at Urban Ministries of Durham and working with the music program at Duke Chapel. I chose to participate in the summer program for a variety of reasons. After spending three years at



*Jayne Swank sings during a choir rehearsal at St. Stephen's Episcopal church.*

Duke, I was curious – what would it be like to stay in Durham for a summer? Until that summer, I had experienced very little of this vibrant city outside of dining out at some of the many restaurants when my parents came to town. I knew how to get to Ninth Street (Elmo's) and Main Street (Satisfaction), oh, and I-40 (Southpoint).

Of course, the university offers countless incredible and unmatched opportunities. Being a part of the outstanding music program at Duke Chapel; having small classes and tons of one-on-one time with professors of various disciplines; participating in a division 1 sport for a year; rubbing shoulders with world-class scholars and curious and motivated peers – these are the opportunities that universities such as my undergraduate institution have to offer. Not to mention the landscaping – the Duke gardens in early spring alone are worth the 500-mile trip from my home in Pennsylvania.

Indeed, the beautiful and relatively closed-off campus was one reason I was so eager to study at Duke. I wanted my four undergraduate years to be at a campus-oriented school, not a city-school. I did and I still do appreciate the community nourished by campus-oriented culture. Four years ago, I would not have imagined I'd be doing what I am today – spending not further years on campus, perhaps in one of Duke's graduate schools (I had envisioned that I'd be at the Nicholas School of the Environment!), but rather, staying in North Carolina to live and work in the city of Durham! I believe it was a part Duke's entrepreneurial spirit, a part Duke Chapel, and, ultimately, God, that has led me to the city today.

*Gifts from the Friends are an essential part of the financial support for the PathWays program. For more information on the PathWays program, visit [www.chapel.duke.edu/pathways](http://www.chapel.duke.edu/pathways). To learn how you can support the PathWays program, please contact Gaston Warner at [g.warner@duke.edu](mailto:g.warner@duke.edu) or at (919) 414-4167.*

PathWays AT DUKE



# CONNECT TO THE CHAPEL

## iTunes at Duke University

Duke Chapel has over 140 sermons, talks, choir music, and other downloads available via Duke University's iTunes site. Most files are available in MP3 (podcast) format, and some are also available in Quicktime movie format. In order to download and listen to these files, you'll need to download iTunes from [www.apple.com/itunes/download/](http://www.apple.com/itunes/download/). After you've installed iTunes, just visit [itunes.duke.edu](http://itunes.duke.edu) and click on "Browse." Duke Chapel's content can be found under the Religion link on the left hand side.



## Sermons and more on YouTube

In addition to downloads on iTunes, Duke Chapel also offers sermons, organ recitals, and other public content on its own YouTube channel. To view, just visit [www.youtube.com/dukechapel](http://www.youtube.com/dukechapel). Our YouTube video collection includes the McClendon Organ dedication recital, a look inside the life of the Chapel Choir, and sermons from Dean Wells, Associate Dean Craig Kocher, and guest preachers.

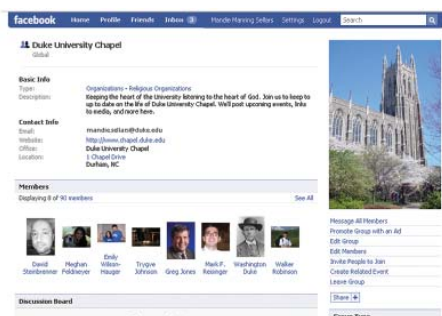
## Listservs

To receive emails from Chapel staff about upcoming events and community engagement opportunities, and student ministry, visit the following links below to add yourself to these listservs:

Upcoming Events: <https://lists.duke.edu/sympa/subscribe/chapel-events>

Community Engagement: <https://lists.duke.edu/sympa/subscribe/engagement-opps>

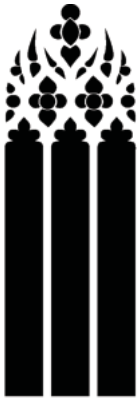
Student Ministry: <https://lists.duke.edu/sympa/subscribe/studentministry>



## We're on facebook

Duke Chapel will post news, links, upcoming events and more to members of our Facebook group. It's an open group and anyone with a Facebook profile can join. Search for Duke University Chapel within Facebook, or visit <http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=58520623290> and click on "Join Group."

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The Friends of Duke Chapel newsletter is published four times a year by Duke University Chapel, and mailed to all current Friends of Duke Chapel.

Duke Chapel's mission is to keep the heart of the University listening to the heart of God.

For more information becoming a Friend of Duke Chapel, contact Bonnie McWilliams at [bmcwil@duke.edu](mailto:bmcwil@duke.edu), or call 919-684-5955.

Visit us online at  
[www.chapel.duke.edu](http://www.chapel.duke.edu)

## DUKE CHAPEL NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

Now more than ever, we are asking for your support to continue the ongoing ministries of the Chapel. Your gifts are crucial to the maintenance and up-keep of the building, the support of Sunday worship and Chapel music, the funding of mission trips, and much more. As of April 11, we are seeing a *12% decrease in donors* over last year, a *13.6% decrease in dollars* contributed this fiscal year, and a *30% drop in pledges* for unrestricted gifts (for Chapel Annual Fund, Chapel Development Fund and Friends of Duke Chapel Fund.)

*Please use the envelope inserted in this newsletter to make a donation in support of Duke University Chapel.*



### FINDING PEACE, *cont'd from front cover*

What can make it worse is when the events and arrangements around a loved one's death are so distressing or unsatisfactory or divisive that they leave a wound almost greater than the bereavement itself. What can make it better is when the dying person and those close to them can plan and imagine the necessary arrangements in such a way that the horror and bewilderment is somewhat dispelled and they can

cherish one another through the whole process.

The prospect of introducing these elements at Duke Chapel is designed to offer individuals and families ways of finding exactly these kinds of peace, and to make available spaces to treasure and honor and commemorate. In doing so we recall that Jesus brings us peace – a peace the world cannot give.



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