

CURRICULUM VITAE

An Authorial Aside

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We might, I have often thought, gauge cultural change best simply by asking how people at various points in the past would have answered the question, “Who are you?” For the answer—the wife of Livius, the man of Guillaume, a servant of God, an Englishman, a butcher, a sinner, an employee of General Motors, a woman—takes us deep into social structure, values, and culture. It matters, then, that my own answer to this question—and not only for the purposes at hand—can be: I am a historian of the religion and culture of Western Europe in the period between the principate of Augustus and the Council of Trent. But what does that *mean* as an answer? One elaboration might be: I am the author of a set of books on the European Middle Ages. For surely, taken together, the contents of these books reflect what I “do,” although at first glance their range may seem less to provide a definition than to suggest an almost dilettantish curiosity. Nevertheless, it is a place to start. What have I done in my books? What do they suggest I am?

The first, *Docere Verbo et Exemplo: An Aspect of Twelfth-Century Spirituality*, dealt with ideas of edification in treatises of spiritual advice written by and for members of twelfth-century male religious orders. A doctoral dissertation that never quite grew up into a book, it nonetheless grappled with large issues of how self-conscious ideas about community relate to institutional structure, how ideals are passed on in socialization, how and whether one person can actually affect the

fundamental values of another. What, in other words, does it mean to teach? It attempted to devise a method of probing texts—their silences and slippages as well as their explicit agendas—to find places where groups with a shared heritage might reveal differences in basic assumptions. Then came *Jesus as Mother*, a series of essays, the best known of which focused on the use of maternal and female images in the religious writing of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries done by both women and men. And then: *Holy Feast and Holy Fast: The Religious Significance of Food to Medieval Women*, not—despite the title—so much about food as about women’s religiosity. Rejecting both a long and misogynistic tradition of denigrating women’s religious writing and a rather simplistic tendency, characteristic of the 1970s, to assume a “female” need for “female” images, it attempted a structural analysis of the characteristics of the surviving literature by and about women’s piety, contrasting that structure to the structures of men’s writing and practices and embedding female religiosity in the gender expectations and the religious practices of the society. Often paired with Rudolph Bell’s *Holy Anorexia*, it was in fact an argument against isolating a single aspect of religious practice, such as food abstinence, both from other food practices (such as Eucharist, food-multiplication miracles, or food distribution) and from other forms of denial and celebration (such as extreme asceticism or mystical ecstasy).

Half a decade later, *Fragmentation and Redemption*, another set of essays, explored the assumptions about body and person behind the female piety studied in *Holy Feast and Holy Fast*. And in 1995, *The Resurrection of the Body* tackled one of the basic assumptions of Western eschatology: the expectation (found in rabbinic Judaism and Islam as well as in Christianity) that the body returns at the end of time. Analyzing texts of mainstream theologians from the patristic period to the early fourteenth century, I attempted to employ the same method of reading for slippage, silence, and metaphor that I had used in *Docere Verbo et Exemplo*; then, not content with abstruse texts and offbeat readings, I also insisted that both explicit theology and implicit assumptions should be embedded in social practices concerning death, burial, and access to divine power. The result: a difficult book. But behind the complex method was a simple observation: if the body comes back—indeed, must come back—then the person is not an immortal soul but a psychosomatic unity. Conventional condemnation of the Western tradition as dualist (a condemnation obsessively repeated in modern textbooks, both conservative and poststructuralist) is hence fundamentally off base. Not only were medieval attitudes—both folk and philosophical—not body-hating; they also lead pressingly, perhaps unavoidably, to current questions about personal identity, including questions about the basis and construction of gender.

Most recently, another collection, *Metamorphosis and Identity* (published in 2001), explores twelfth- and thirteenth-century ideas of change itself. How can something change and remain the same thing? Why did medieval thinkers care

so much about the answer? Concerned with stories and techniques of metamorphosis, these essays diagnose a resistance to change at the heart of exactly those new discourses (such as alchemy, werewolf tales, Ovid commentary, treatises on spiritual growth, Eucharistic theology) that explore it.

Hence the topic of my most recent scholarly work is identity itself, the question that must be addressed by any autobiographer. Is there, then, an identity behind my own metamorphoses? a perduring self behind my history? One way of answering would be to see whether any set of concerns ties the books that I have written together. And upon only a little reflection, I find it easy to tell the story of my scholarship this way.

The treatises I studied in *Docere Verbo et Exemplo* seemed to me to betray an acute anxiety about the exercise of authority in community, and to my surprise I found that the male authors in question articulated their anxiety in complex female images. The title essay of the collection, *Jesus as Mother*, was simply a presentation of this surprised observation, but the essay raised further questions. For studying female images used by men led me quite naturally to ask whether and how cloistered women used such images. The comparison proved anything but simple, however; women did use the images differently, but the significance of the contrast was not easy to assess. Male and female roles do not provide equal access to power; hence women's differing use of gendered symbols and images reflects the whole sex-gender system—but how exactly does it reflect women's attitudes and assumptions? There seemed to be something wrong about assuming that gender was best explored through looking at gendered imagery or at explicit theories about gender.

Holy Feast and Holy Fast arose, then, from the simpler and more basic question: What were the dominant images of religious writing by and about women? It was an empirical question. And the answer was also a simple one: food. But the ramifications of taking food practices seriously in all their manifestations and trying to embed them in their social context led me inexorably (or so it seemed) to the study of body—not only as concept or image but also as lived. For the birthing, lactating, fertile female body *was* food, as was of course the body of God. I came to see corporeality, lived bodiliness, as the heart of women's piety, not only (or primarily) because women were conceptualized by medical, theological, philosophical, and spiritual discourses as especially bodily, but also because somatic phenomena (such as stigmata and other exudings, ecstatic states and encounters, miracles in which the Eucharist appeared as the human Christ) were central to what women were described as doing and what they said themselves. Body seemed, for the women I was reading, a means of access to God and glory, as well as a venue for self-control. Far from a soul-body split, what I found was a complex understanding of psychosomatic person.

Thus, the sense I discovered in medieval piety of women's corporeality led,

in the essays of *Fragmentation and Redemption*, to a study of body itself. If body is crucial to person, if it is the locus of religious approach and a partner in moral failure, then the markers body carries—sex, race, beauty, and so forth—must in some way be essential to self. Raising this question led me to engage with, and disagree with, certain feminist notions of body as trap and of Christianity as inherently dualist, but also with certain other feminist notions of body as empowerment. But, above all, it led me to write *The Resurrection of the Body*—an exploration of the profound paradox that must rest at the heart of a religion in which body is central to person yet hope resides finally in the stability and permanence of *requies aeterna*. For if self is psychosomatic and (because somatic) particular (sexed, colored, aged, right- or left-handed, short or tall, etc.), how can it be eternal (perfected or unchanging)? If body is crucial to person, if indeed matter (the principle of potency that makes it possible for a thing to become another thing) is necessary in a world of existing substances, how can anything perdure through time? *The Resurrection of the Body* was a historical argument about changing conceptions of the body-that-returns, and I explored those changes through a close examination of images and texts—a method of the sort I had developed already in *Docere Verbo et Exemplo* and *Jesus As Mother*. But, just as the food of *Holy Feast and Holy Fast* led to body, so the body of *Resurrection* led to the question of survival through change—to the ontological question itself. How can anything at all be? Hence *Metamorphosis and Identity*.

Both in method and in substance, certain concerns link my graduate-student days in the 1960s to the present moment in the new millennium: obsession with the question of individual identity (to which questions concerning body and gender are crucial); a conviction that binaries and dualisms fail fundamentally to capture the basic issues of the Western intellectual tradition; a stubborn commitment to beginning historical inquiry with the specific language (the arguments, analogies, images, borrowings, and silences) of texts rather than employing the popular pointillist approach of constructing a general picture of society illustrated by textual examples. But there are two obvious problems with the way I just told my own story. First, I—even the academic I—am not my books. Ever since, as a rather bossy nine-year-old, I organized my sister, the cat, and the eight-year-old twins from across the street into my “classroom,” teaching has been my primary love, my vocation. From the things I have chosen to do with my life, I can see that some basic need to communicate and share what I was learning drove me long before I was certain what that learning was. I worked with autistic children in the Massachusetts Children’s Hospital when I was an undergraduate and tutored retarded teenagers while I was in graduate school. In an almost insanely naive belief that an Ivy League institution in the early seventies could be pushed to welcome women scholars, I organized the Women’s Faculty Group at Harvard while I was an assistant professor there and subsequently, at

considerable personal cost but with heady determination, led the Committee on the Status of Women—a committee that failed completely (in the short run) to effect reforms. I moved to Seattle in part because I had ascertained that I could adopt a child as a single parent there (something I did not think would be possible in the mid-1970s in Cambridge, Massachusetts). In 1993–94, I took on the job of dean of General Studies at Columbia—a position that appealed to me exactly because “G. S.” is the college for nontraditional students (single mothers, adults who have made radical career changes, folks with—in some cases—the liability of academic failure behind them).

And there is a second problem with my opening story. It is internalist intellectual history. The limits of such an approach are today obvious. I can describe the course of my work over the past forty years as the story of one idea or methodological conundrum leading to another: the topic of the individual in community leads to that of male anxiety, which leads in turn to a need for female comparisons, which comparison leads on to body and identity; a concern with the metaphor of a seal in wax as an image of socialization leads to a concern with the metaphor of reassemblage of particles as an image of resurrection. But ideas do not grow inexorably from other ideas; approaches do not blindly drive curiosity. Even if I can find a perduring intellectual self through the changing ideas, that self had an inception in family and society, and was pushed by social context at every twist and turn.

The point seems almost too obvious to make. But a noninternalist story is far harder to tell. Aware of a flood of recent work on autobiography and memory, as well as of postmodern suspicion of authorship (whether of texts or of lives), how can I say what was crucial in my own formation? Why did I become a medievalist—a historian of Europe’s remote past? Why did questions of identity, gender, and community rather than questions of power, status, and the economy animate me? Why, in a graduate-school environment where anthropology was the chic alternative and social history the rage, did I cling so to texts and language? When metaphysics (not to mention God) was dead and class conflict the fall-back explanation, why did ontology engage me? Why did paradox, not binary opposition, seem both my preferred mode of discourse and the key to much past thought as well? It is easy to see how the ways in which I did not fit my environment led to my troubles settling on an undergraduate major and later on a dissertation topic. (More than once as an undergraduate I found my papers marked with “A+ but this isn’t history!!”) Why did I not fit my cohort? And in what ways did I, of course, fit perfectly well?

Even if I understood more than I do, I could not tell my whole story here. So I have chosen to focus on two points in the life cycle that perhaps explain some of the themes that tie together the intellectual biography I fashioned above: my childhood and the period of my early thirties.

I was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1941, six months before Pearl Harbor. Four aspects of my childhood in particular seem to me now to have shaped the course my intellectual life took. The first is World War II. My earliest memories—those somatic, atemporal memories of early childhood in which objects seem to exist outside time and space—are related to the war: the air-raid warden's helmet my father wore; the little American flag I was given to carry up and down the street outside my house, reciting, along with other neighborhood children, "The war is over, the war is over"; a ration card my mother clutched as she waited in line at the butcher's. My earliest exposure to adulation was my father's for FDR; the earliest example cited to me of evil was the Holocaust; my first uneasy awareness of the psychological phenomenon I came later to understand as rationalization was my parents' defense of Hiroshima.

Europe shadowed my early years. My mother's closest friend in graduate school had been English; we sent her food during the war (I can just remember helping to pack the boxes), and after it was over, she sent us cartons of wonderful British children's books to say "Thank you." (Hence I grew up in a world where sweaters were "jumpers," car hoods "bonnets," and there was a real possibility one might suddenly discover one was descended from an earl or a baron.) High culture for my parents was European; the basic moral challenges were posed by European experiences. Although the Atlanta in which I grew up was preintegration, Deep South, and like every middle-class white child, I was cared for in part by a black maid, the real issue of otherness in my childhood was Jewishness. I think I was almost adolescent before I was really aware of segregation. Anti-Semitism impinged much earlier. My first close friend was Jewish and told me seriously that one should take only tub baths because gas might come out of showerheads. It was not long before I began to feel in some obscure way ashamed of inconsistencies and nastinesses in the Christianity I learned in Sunday school. I remember feeling not only angry but in some way at fault when I was told by the other children in third grade that I couldn't have Michael Bass (I still recall his name) as a boyfriend because he was Jewish. References to the guilt of the Jews in the Maundy Thursday liturgy troubled me from the time I was old enough to attend, all the more so because I suspected (perhaps unfairly) that my parents might defend such references if I admitted that I noticed.

Even more than the distant shadow of Europe, Christianity loomed over my childhood. Themselves the children of devout and racist Southern Protestants, my parents had flirted with atheism while doing graduate study in the North, only to adopt the Episcopalianism of upwardly mobile Southerners when they returned to Atlanta and their first child was born. To my mother, trapped increasingly in the suburban-housewife role of the late forties and fifties, Christianity took on a consuming importance, justifying what she perceived to be the

necessary renunciation of much that she craved. She demanded a matching commitment to Christianity from her children.

Church was a requirement I experienced as both burden and liberation. Like any child raised in a liturgical tradition, I early acquired a sense of language as something almost tangible in its reliability; the rhythms of the *Book of Common Prayer* were something one could lean on, roll in, masticate as well as sing. But religion was a source of guilt as well; it required a purity of mind of which I was totally incapable and a conviction of one's own rectitude that I found untenable and uncharitable. At the same time, however, religion was a place where one could raise questions never permitted in school. Christ not only told his disciples to turn the other cheek; he also threw the money changers out of the Temple. It was Job, with his insistence that there is no justice, who received an answer from God, even though that answer, adducing hippopotami and whales, left something to be desired in philosophical coherence. There seemed to be, in the very contradictions I encountered, an element beyond either aesthetics or sanctimony. A bright but timid child, I was quiet and incurious during my first few years of school. In church, I was somehow intellectually alive. I didn't exactly pray there, and I was certainly never "saved." But I think I sometimes philosophized.

Christianity and Europe. Two shaping forces. But there was also, of course, the South. For I was Southern on both sides almost as far back (it wasn't far) as anyone could remember. Although my father came from a poor mining town in northern Alabama and his father had only an eighth-grade education, there was talk that my paternal grandmother was related somehow to Light-Horse Harry Lee. My mother's father was a country doctor in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, and her mother (whose father was only a conductor on the local railroad) had vast and stultifying social pretensions. Although it was never clear who exactly in her family had fought in the War between the States, she collected old cannon balls with fervor and took more pride in her membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy than in her role as soloist in the Baptist choir. Southern clans are full of secrets; Southerners talk with silences. "Yes, maybe" sometimes indicates a categorical "no"; a certain sort of smile means "I totally disagree." I was a teenager before I was fully aware that the issue of race lay like a gigantic fault line under family conversations and family gatherings. I was nearly an adult before I had any idea how much it cost my parents to challenge inherited assumptions about race, or understood the depth of meaning behind my father's repetition of what I thought was only a book title, "You can't go home again."

It is often said that medieval Europe has affinities with the antebellum South, and such affinity is sometimes adduced to explain the fact that there are rather a large number of American medievalists with Southern roots. This may

be so. But I attribute not so much my medievalism as my historicism to my Southern past. In my childhood still, the past lay heavy on the American South—the only region of the country to have lost a war, the only defeat in American history to have been “deserved” and “good.” In such an environment, the past is insistent, as fact and as moral challenge. How could one’s own grandparents believe in such wrong? I do not think I was drawn to the Middle Ages by any felt analogies between Fulk Nera of Aquitaine and Simon Legree, or between Scarlett O’Hara and Eleanor of Aquitaine. The Atlanta of my childhood had no special affinity with that of *Gone with the Wind*. But I am certain I became a historian because of my Southern roots and that I have always heard the emptinesses and slippages, and the assumptions, of texts so loudly because, as a quiet and observant child, I heard around me such complex, communicative, and ambivalent silences.

But if my childhood was framed by region, religion, and world historical events, it was also, like all childhoods, shaped by family. As an English teacher, my father was exempt from the draft, and, when I was very small, he became the surrogate parent for an entire neighborhood of children whose fathers were off at war. My house hosted the neighborhood Christmas party; my father took the children of the entire block trick-or-treating at Halloween. Sometimes withdrawn and awkward with adults, because of a continuing depression that perhaps foreshadowed the early-onset Alzheimer’s he would suffer in middle age, he was, to children, a magic parent—attentive, funny, and full of stories.

Nonetheless, it was my tense, intellectual mother who was the weight in my heart, whose ambivalences and enthusiasms became my own. She had grown up as an only child in a small Virginia town, pushed by an unloving mother toward social ambitions she never shared. After undergraduate study at Hollins and an M.A. at the University of Virginia, she horrified her parents by becoming engaged to a tractor salesman. Her bargain, then: she’d give up the engagement if her parents would pay for her to go to Harvard and get a Ph.D. instead. To my grandmother, it was the lesser of two evils. My mother received her degree in the bottom of the Depression, with a dissertation on the problem of nonbeing in Plato’s *Parmenides*, written for Raphael Demos and Alfred North Whitehead; she married a fellow graduate student and returned to the South.

My father’s salary as a teacher of English at Georgia Tech was not high. Academic salaries were meager in the forties. We lived in a lower-middle-class neighborhood on the edge of a far wealthier Jewish community. (Part of my early fascination with Judaism was clearly owing to the fact that the intellectuals and cosmopolitans I encountered as a child were for the most part Jewish.) It was a neighborhood of stay-at-home mothers; housework, even when supported by black maids, was still backbreaking labor. My mother made our clothes, ironed far into the night, cooked produce my father grew in the back garden. Her frus-

tration was palpable. The slap of an iron on an ironing board still sounds to me angry. When her second child was born and she decided to give up her job at Georgia State College for Women to do what both she and my father felt was right—stay home with the children—she burned all her notes from graduate school in a fierce and self-punishing act of renunciation. I grew up with a sense, learned partly from my father, that high-achieving women were peculiar and threatening, that there was something shameful about my mother's academic past. I also grew up with a sense, learned from her, that to be female is to make acts of sacrifice and self-denigration. And yet she had inner resources beyond those I encountered anywhere else. I knew that, much as she loved me, she would never simply "let" me win an argument; even in trivial things, she held to truth. Much of my adolescence was devoted to trying to best her at something. If my father's rather commonsense curiosity about his region led me eventually toward history, my mother's skill at philosophical argument pointed me there also, but by a circuitous route. For the argument from historical context turned out to be my first successful weapon against her absolutism and analytical power. The one adolescent retort I could muster to which she had no answer (and I was a Southern daughter, so retorts were oblique) was simply: You think *that* because you grew up in Virginia in the 1910s, because you're a woman, because you went to Harvard, because you're a mother, etc. History became my weapon of choice. But even then, the targets against which I brandished it were almost always philosophical.

As I said above, I cannot tell my whole life story: adulthood is a long time. I am sixty-one, and I have been many different selves. But if I search for a turning point in which the course was somehow set, I think I find it in the early 1970s, and so I have chosen that as the other long moment about which to speak.

I received my Ph.D. in 1969 from Harvard, submitting my dissertation on the very day students occupied University Hall to protest the presence of ROTC on campus. I became an assistant professor as much by accident as by recruitment. Like the other students with top records in the department, I had been offered an instructorship in history; when the university abolished the rank of instructor, they had no choice except to fire us or promote us. They did a little of both, but I survived. With the university blowing up around me, I set out to teach, to mentor, and—noticing somewhat belatedly the absence of women—to organize pressure to increase their numbers. I am a little old to claim true sixties membership, but I too was propelled forward by a sixties sense of optimism and responsibility, of rebellion and relevance. I marched in the streets of Boston and sobbed my way through "We Shall Overcome." The night LBJ announced that he would not run again, I swarmed into Harvard Square with thousands of others, embracing and crying, certain we had changed the world.

By the mid-seventies, things were different. In 1971, my first marriage

ended in an acrimonious divorce. In the spring of 1973, I was not promoted by the Harvard history department. The following fall, my closest friend was murdered by a rapist. And the long shadow of my father's Alzheimer's (a new disease in those days, one that seemed shameful as well as horrible) fell across the entire half-decade. Despite successes in teaching, despite vigorous political work heading the Committee on the Status of Women, despite a position I was lucky enough to land at the Harvard Divinity School in which promotion might have come, I was lonely; my work had gone stale; I felt as mute as I had in kindergarten when it seemed that talents totally different from mine were required. I mourned for my marriage; I mourned for my friend; I mourned for my father. The Committee on the Status of Women had written a magnificent report (the prose was mostly Michael Walzer's), but there were still hardly any women at Harvard. (Eleven out of six hundred faculty members in 1972 were female; all were in the untenured rank.) I was uncomfortable with the sexual politics at the Divinity School, where I was sexually harassed (I had no language with which to label the phenomenon in those days) by several colleagues. I knew I needed to leave, but leave-taking is hard. I had heard the news of Kennedy's assassination in the Smythe Classical Library while reading Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*; I had read *Piers Plowman* for the first time cuddled in a blanket on the banks of the Charles River in springtime; passionate discussions with undergraduates over Plotinus as well as over Marxism were forever associated in my mind with the Dunster House dining room. My past—who I *was*—seemed inscribed on the very bricks and mortar of Harvard buildings. Because the world of Cambridge was increasingly for me empty of people, it was hard to think of leaving the place.

But in 1976, I left. I moved to the University of Washington in Seattle. That very summer, with unpacked boxes all around me, I wrote the article that became the title essay of *Jesus as Mother* and I filed papers to adopt a child as a single parent. Immediately, I knew the decision was right. The radical break—leaving Harvard, leaving the East, putting behind me the noise and ambition and sexism of an elite private university—gave me back myself.

Hence, if the roots of my historical sense and of my constant engagement with ontology lie in my childhood, my preoccupation with change and identity may have a more recent impetus. To move from one coast to another with only a cat for company is not really such a radical change, but to my thirty-five-year-old self it felt momentous; it took courage. My Harvard colleagues had after all advised against it. But in Seattle I was once again productive, energetic, intellectually curious.

The lessons of my new life were freeing ones, and other than I had anticipated. One could change and remain the same. Some of my keen sense of the way objects and bodies carry self was honed by that move. It was in Seattle that I realized how a table and a kitten rooted me in a continuing self, kept me every

day the same, far more than a stream of memories that pointed only backward. Just as the father I was losing to an insidious disease was in some way still present in the slant of an eyebrow, the quirk of a smile, although he no longer remembered his daughter, so I carried in my body who I was, although there was no one on the West Coast to provide the corroboration of a common past. Not only *Jesus as Mother* but also *The Resurrection of the Body* and *Metamorphosis and Identity* were born in that summer of unpacking, as I shed Harvard, took on the Pacific Northwest, and thought about change.

I have omitted much in even the moments I have touched on: the struggle to learn languages, the inspiration of teachers, the dawning of feminism in my consciousness and that of my generation, and above all the books that changed my life—Augustine when I was seventeen, M. D. Chenu when I was twenty-four, Peter Brown and Mary Douglas a little later, Bernard of Clairvaux, Bernard Williams, and Ovid later still. And I have left the story since 1976 untold except insofar as my own academic work gives glimpses. But I have covered enough, I think, to suggest a pattern—an identity, so to speak, behind the metamorphoses.

I will not sum up. Lives, like history itself, have no summation. Bodies endure, I think, but their stories are neither linear nor simple. The story I have told about myself, my family, my generation, my region, could be told in another way. If it ends with a kind of happiness, that is only a matter of my choice of where to end it. In the introduction to *Fragmentation and Redemption* (1991), I spoke of the historian's stance as "the comic mode." Writing at the height of the "linguistic turn"—historians' postmodernism—I stressed the perspectival and the partial. But what I said a decade ago about history strikes me as still true today—and not only about history but about lives and life stories as well:

The comic is not necessarily the pleasant, or at least it is the pleasant snatched from the horrible by artifice and with acute self-consciousness and humility. In comedy, the happy ending is contrived. Thus, a comic stance toward doing history is aware of contrivance, of risk. It always admits that we may be wrong. A comic stance knows that there is, in actuality, no ending (happy or otherwise)—that doing history is, for the historian, telling a story that could be told in another way. For this reason, a comic stance welcomes voices hitherto left outside, not to absorb or mute them but to allow them to object and contradict. Its goal is the pluralistic, not the total. It embraces the partial as partial. And, in such historical writing as in the best comedy, the author is also a character. Authorial presence and authorial asides are therefore welcome; methodological musing . . . is a part of, not a substitute for, doing history.

If I close by quoting myself, it is not arrogance, I hope, nor creative exhaustion, but rather a final assertion both that there is a perduring self behind all the

changes of a life (I still think what I thought ten years ago!) and that that self is always seen from a particular place and moment. Ask me in ten years and I'll tell you a different story. But it will still be one shaped by a Southern girlhood, a stay-at-home mother, a European war, the including and excluding red brick walls of Harvard, sunsets over Puget Sound, and the ideas of medieval theologians.