



@mackenzian

# KEYNOTE

## Enough Room at the Table

By Keisha E. McKenzie, PhD

*Disturb us, Adonai, ruffle us from our complacency;  
Make us dissatisfied. Dissatisfied with the peace of ignorance,  
the quietude which arises from a shunning of the horror, the defeat,  
the bitterness and the poverty, physical and spiritual, of humans.*

*Shock us, Adonai, deny to us the false Shabbat which gives us  
the delusions of satisfaction amid a world of war and hatred;*

*Wake us, O God, and shake us  
from the sweet and sad poignancies rendered by  
half forgotten melodies and rubric prayers of yesteryears;*

*Make us know that the border of the sanctuary  
is not the border of living  
and the walls of Your temples are not shelters  
from the winds of truth, justice and reality.*

*Disturb us, O God, and vex us;  
let not your Shabbat be a day of torpor and slumber;  
let it be a time to be stirred and spurred to action.*

Baruch atah, Adonai, m'kadeish HaShabbat.

(Blessed are you, Adonai, who sanctifies Sabbath or makes it holy.)<sup>1</sup>

Thank you all for inviting me into your community this week and for being so welcoming to Yolanda and me. It's felt like something of a family reunion: the Dutch, English, and Korean cousins we Scottish English Jamaicans didn't know we had. Thank you!

The title of this talk, "Enough Room at the Table," is also the title of the documentary Marilyn mentioned about how to host dialogue about faith, gender, and sexuality in conservative Christian spaces.

But that's not the reason I wanted to use it here tonight.

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<sup>1</sup> This keynote was first presented at the Room for All National Conference, Holland, Michigan, September 2017. The opening prayer comes from [Mishkan T'filah: A Reform Siddur](#).



I wanted to talk about it with you because “Enough Room at the Table” is an assertion, a claim, and a faith statement. I believe that there is enough room in the Christian community, in civil society, and in the mind and heart of God for each of us; my ability to be present and participate doesn’t rely on yours being taken away. And I believe that our conversations about welcome, inclusion, justice, and creative difference—all very different from mere tolerance, by the way—should not and must not be based on logics or theologies of scarcity.

My faith leads me to believe that human flourishing isn’t a pie that can be diminished by your or my eating to our satisfaction. And so when I talk about Christianity, the Church, and epic queer awesomeness, I’m talking about it all with the assumption that, all appearances aside, it’s not a game that can be won or lost, and no peace or communion can be formed with the raw materials of abuse, violence, or manipulation.

To be worth pursuing at all, our vision of well-being—the sitting at the welcome table I remember singing joyfully about in my first congregation—that vision must be expansive enough and colorful enough to include all of God’s children... not merely “one of these days,” as my ancestors hoped, but also today, here, and now.

If there’s enough room at the table, I ask three questions: What’s being served? Who’s being served? And what’s the state of the table today?

### **What’s being served at the table?**

Across time and culture, communal food is one of a few constants. The traditional British Christmas is all about poultry, root vegetables, Brussels sprouts, and mince pies. Easter in Jamaica involves oranges, a sweet bun sweetened with molasses, all-spice, and dried fruit, and processed cheddar cheese. The Fall holiday tables in the United States often include turkey or tofurkey, corn, green beans, dressing or stuffing depending on which part of the country you’re from, and as many pies as celebrants will eat.

Then of course, there’s the Christian tradition, the meal I came to know as Communion, or the Lord’s Supper. In most Seventh-day Adventist congregations, it’s a sip of red grape juice in the tiniest glass cups known to humanity and a bite of unleavened whole wheat bread. The whole setup is guarded by the deaconesses and there’s no alcohol in sight. (We are the descendants of Methodists.)

The day after my first intervention, when my family began the process of trying to shame me back into the compliance of a heterosexual self-concept,



I tried to make sense of the breach in our relationship by imposing order on my kitchen. At the time I was a grad student living by myself in the high plains of West Texas. I'd come out to myself just 18 months beforehand.

Back then I often described my awakening as the day dawning, not the dramatic, violent, disruptive striking that Saul of Tarsus said he experienced on the road to Damascus. For me, recognizing that my sexuality was fluid, that I was part of the bi community—that was a seeping, slow revelation, like a gentle PowerPoint transition, or one color filter merging into another.

Early on in my process, when I was deconstructing my theology a lot more than I was concerned about who should be able to have relationships, one of the straight, married friends I debated church doctrine with online caught me commenting flippantly about gay people keeping their sexuality in check. I'm sure I said that I just didn't get the big deal. If I could stay conventionally disciplined without expecting a door prize, I'd said to him, why couldn't other people?

How obnoxious. I didn't yet realize I knew anybody who was gay. I certainly didn't know "LGBTQIA" was a category I'd end up using and identifying with myself. I was simply sitting at the Shared Table of Christian community speaking out of prideful ignorance. I had no sense of how much my unexamined beliefs asked other people to give up, because I had no sense of how much it required me to give up too. You don't know what you don't know.

One of my first cracks of daylight came from my friend gently asking me if I could see the difference between me having the socially approved option of dating other single adults even if I chose not to exercise it, and me forbidding other people from ever doing the same, from expressing sexually or forming families if either was authentic to them. My brow furrowed that day and didn't resolve until I'd unraveled more of my own story. I'm still grateful for that friend, our conversation, and the internet that made it possible.

The day of my first intervention, then, I woke up to a call from my mother, who was living in Jamaica and is still there. "Good morning," she said, as I shook the fog of sleepy confusion from my brain. "I'd like to see you today. If you have time."

It turned out that Mum wasn't in fact in Jamaica but camped out at a hotel 10 minutes from my apartment. She had brought with her her middle brother, my uncle, who usually lives in the suburbs of Ontario, Canada.



Between the two of them, one a nurse and teacher, the other a social worker, both of them ordained church elders, I endured about five hours of inquiry (interrogation), appeals (beseeching), and prayer about my dawning non-fundamentalism and my non-heterosexuality. I don't think about that period a lot now—but sometimes wonder whether my family is more troubled that I'm not a fundamentalist than that I'm not straight. Of course in their mind the two are related, as if honoring God and faith means dressing up as cis or heterosexual. I learned that day that there was very little I would be able to tell my family about myself that would satisfy them if it didn't match the pat answers in our denomination's Bible literature.

After our many hours and much praying, I invited them to my apartment for Friday dinner. I felt carved up and so stitched myself together with the preparation of food.

I chopped up onions, celery, and carrots and threw together a green split peas stew; I diced and seasoned potatoes with pesto and pan-fried them; I gently steamed collard greens until the dark leaves glistened in the pot; and I let my mother and uncle into my space.

They sat on my couch and ate my food.

When they were done, and I put the plates away, my mother set her jaw and told me that she would never accept that I was bisexual and that she'd mourn me as if I was in jail or had murdered somebody. My uncle told me that my much learning had made me mad and he was sure I "knew better" because I knew what the Bible said—and of course what it said was both plain and obvious to anyone without a burned conscience.

These attacks and accusations, which I'm sure the queer people in the room have heard many versions of before, didn't land on me as fact, and thank God I didn't let them take root. I'll admit that when Mum threw up her hands and called me a maverick that might have been a little bit true (lol)... But even if the other accusations about perversity and willful warping of scripture weren't true (I did have moral standards, I did take creation, the Bible, and church tradition seriously enough to study it carefully) what my relatives said hurt me because of how much I knew they meant what they said. They weren't just overwhelmed in the moment. No, I came to realize that there actually was very little room in their ideological world for me to breathe, and it was more important to them that they could seal the Keisha-shaped cracks in their belief system than it was that I might stop gasping.



For the sake of my psychic health, I've blocked out a lot of the rest of my conversations with Mum and Uncle and the three interventions that followed between 2010 and 2015. Many of the letters and emails I received during that time are either sealed in an envelope or several layers deep in an email folder in an account I now mostly use for internet shopping. I don't carry the antagonism around with me; it's far too much weight for me. And even in the process of deciding what to share with you this week, I've glossed over a great deal. When I share from these experiences now, I only share parts that I think will most help the people I'm speaking with—more commonly without a mic or a large audience.

That's a choice on my part and there are advantages. Firstly it stops me from trafficking in trauma porn—mine, my family's, or other people's. Secondly, it means I'm not always anchoring myself to toxic memory, the kind of remembering that fractures the self, carving the child from the queer and the faithful church-goer from the meditating church-skipper. Thirdly, it means I don't have to orient my evolving life solely or even primarily around what others have done or said to me.

But every so often, like when the filmmakers of *Enough Room at the Table* came to our home in Maryland to talk with me last year, the food I make and share with others becomes a chance for me to remember in a new way: I can honor my past by folding it into a new story about better ways to enjoy a common meal with people I care about.

At some point I got the idea to make the same food for Daneen, Stephen, and their children that I'd made for my family in 2010. Unlike the first attempt, last year's meal was free of inquisition and free of suspicion. It was a space where I was fully received and I had enough room to breathe at a table I'd set for others. The split peas and the potatoes and the greens were just as good both times, but the meal was a lot more nourishing when I wasn't also the splayed bird.

Sometimes, I realized later, what's being served at the communal table is not "crumbs from the Master's table," but cyanide. It's toxic theology and relational habits dressed up as doctrine and right order. It's *The Way Things Have Been Done For 2,000 Years*, and I actually am sympathetic to that comfort with history. But appeal to tradition is also a logical fallacy, and those 2,000 years were much less homogeneous than some would like to think. With apologies to Jesus' comments on the law, history is made by humans. Humans weren't made for history, and our well-being must take precedence.



Sometimes what's on the table isn't food fit for eating or serving up for others to eat. Sometimes, through community policies and subcultures that carve us up, *we're* put on the table. Human beings are transmuted into food. We become the bread broken for the unity of our congregations. And even if the person prophesying about this sacrifice were to be the high priest of *your* community, know that it is *not good* that some should perish for the good of many. Social atonements of substitution yield a false peace and those who seek them are never fully satisfied.

### **Who's being served at the table?**

There's a scene in the narrative film *Seventh-Gay Adventists* where my Brazilian friend Marcos and other gay and allied friends from SDA Kinship are sitting together in the high bleachers at the 2010 General Conference session in Atlanta.

It's a big enough deal that they're there at all. So you understand: Adventists meet every five years in a global session of more than 2,000 delegates. Any lay member may also attend General Conference or GC, but only delegates can vote. More than half of GC delegates are church employees, and ordained. Because women are excluded from ordination, and self-accepting and/or out LGBTQIA people tend not to survive the gauntlet of heterosexist seminary training, General Conference delegates are disproportionately male, married, theology and divinity degree-holders, and presumptively heterosexual.

LGBTQIA people and organizations are not welcome at GC, and organizations known to be welcoming to us frequently struggle to get a table in the official exhibition hall. Yet in *Seventh-Gay Adventists*, one of these many delegates, a senior church official, stands at the podium charming a crowd of 70,000 people and begins to say something fluffy and sweet like "We're all one family."

"He's not talking about us," Marcos replies. We, LGBTQIA Christians, are not included in the Church's "we." We aren't accounted for unless we build enough confidence in community with each other to organize in the mainstream. We're actively squeezed out of fellowship and censoriously defined in policy statements. We're hyper-surveilled when we volunteer to serve. We are still, in many, many places, communities, and denominations, subject to church discipline whenever we are clear and honest about our sexual orientation or gender identity.



So when a denomination as heterosexist as mine says “we’re all one family,” it’s completely reasonable for an LGBTQIA person to look sideways and say, “Who’s we?”

“We the people”—the utterance, the chant, the written line—  
is always missing some group of people it claims to represent.  
—Judith Butler, Notes Toward a Performative Theory of Assembly

And this is why affinity spaces like SDA Kinship and Room for All are still necessary: we model for the Church what it means to live an expansive “we.”

The founders of SDA Kinship discovered each other in the mid-1970s by running adverts in *The Advocate*, an LGBTQ magazine that’s still running today. They had their first national conference in 1980 and formally incorporated in 1981. From the very beginning they’ve been a group that’s included LGBTQ people and heterosexual people, parents and relatives of queer people and the children and families of choice of queer people, and current members and employees of the Seventh-day Adventist church alongside those who grew up in the church and have since left its membership rolls.

From the very beginning Kinship has been as mixed a multitude as the children of Israel Moses walked out of Egyptian bondage. And from the very beginning it has been clear that “bondage” and “freedom” have nothing to do with whether a person feels called to stay in the church or move on, nothing to do with whether they are sexually active or not, nothing to do with marital or relationship status, and nothing to do with sectarian theology. There’s enough room at the table for all of that “we.”

I think this is a gift to the wider Christian community that’s still deeply valuable. I see this decade not just as the era of the “None,” the religiously unaffiliated, but also of the “Done,” the religiously exhausted. Words like “post-evangelical” and “ex-vangelical” are more and more common in interviews and Twitter bios and in discussions about the future of the Christian faith, at least in this country. These are people challenging our faith and practice from the pew, from the margins, and from outside the church walls, and we are better for having them spurring us toward greater clarity, deeper integrity, and a broader commitment to humanity itself.

I’m excited about that, not fearful of it. What would make me fearful is if I thought the Christian community had none of the relational tools needed to be a healthy varied multitude. One of my favorite images from John’s Revelation is in chapter 7 when the prophet looks not with his eyes but with



his faith and perceives “a great multitude, which no one can number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues” standing before the throne and the Lamb, in white robes and celebratory palms.

What makes that multitude work? What stops it from falling apart in the face of the insecure Powers That Be dominating and controlling minoritized people? What rescues the multitude from the dysfunctional pattern of crowning someone the Other and then pushing them out of belonging, again and again?

For about 50 seconds I imagined that maybe if I thought hard enough, I could bring you the magic three-step answer, but I actually don’t have it. I only have what I’m wrestling with, which is the vision of the prophets of communion, the direct prayer and instructions of Jesus to be one, and my own faithful intuition that there is in fact enough room, that we are in fact supposed to be able to break bread together, and that our fellowship cannot be bought with the blood of queer people.

I’m inspired by the spirit of US Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm who once said, “If they don’t give you a seat at the table, bring a folding chair!” It’s a very different kind of persistence than the one affirmed in the story of the Syro-Phoenician woman. I suppose I am part-Shirley and part-Syro-Phoenician!

But it’s when I honor the Shirley within me that I have to acknowledge that some tables need to be flipped over, broken up, and replaced. I’m not qualified to tell you as members of Room for All or the Reformed Church in America which tables in your part of the communion should be diagnosed that way. But I’m pretty sure you have some. I’m pretty sure you’ve disagreed among yourselves how to deal with them. I can imagine that some of you are more comfortable with the current pace of change than others are. I sense that some of you are deeply troubled by the impact of continuing queer-antagonistic violence on the people of the church. I know that many of you desperately want a church that doesn’t require you to bring your own folding chair.

And I honor all of that in you.

In the midst of the process of collective change, I remember the words of Audre Lorde. “Survival,” she wrote, “is not an academic skill. It is learning how to stand alone, unpopular and sometimes reviled, and how to make common cause with those others identified as outside the structures in order to define and seek a world in which we can all flourish. It is learning how to





take our differences and make them strengths.” And then she makes the statement that more people are familiar with, that “the master’s tools will never dismantle the master’s house.”

But I think her previous statements about survival and solidarity are even more important, at least for us at this moment.

As we work to mature the churches we love, the families we belong to, and the societies we participate in, we have to as Lorde said “make common cause with those others identified as outside the structures” and stay grounded in our connection with them.

There is enough room at the table, but only if “the table” is ultimately the entire cosmos God created and so loved: only if “the table” isn’t just conventional power, institutional access, or the limited scraps of validation that are available to marginalized people squatting in the center. There isn’t just enough room for me. There is also enough room for you, and for all the people we can be tempted to Other while as individuals we rise within a scapegoating social order.

I’ve told the story a few times, of showing up one day at a retreat for women in ministry in my local Adventist conference perhaps now two years ago. I have a call to ministry that I express through my work with the LGBTQIA community and among people of faith and moral courage. One of these days you might hear that I ended up hiding in the book stacks at a seminary somewhere, but on *that* day I needed to be in fellowship with women pastors in the Adventist denomination who, despite having just been refused access to ordination by the global church administration, nevertheless serve under an alternate credential, commissioning. Same work, different title, separate and unequal (an old story).

There were some current women pastors in that space, some chaplains, some worship leaders, some precious and precocious girls, a raft of male church administrators—and me.

When they asked each of our tables to introduce ourselves, I was honest about the nature of my call and no one threw me out. But as the administrators began to speak about the church moving toward ordaining without regard to gender, and coming together to honor their core values and faithfully resist, they also began to introduce an Other. That Other was me... not *me*, because they didn’t know me, but people like me. People like you. People who are LGBTQIA. People who are LGBTQIA and Christian. People who aren’t but are in deep solidarity with us. People who insist



despite ongoing abominable treatment that our religion is not a straights-only faith and that we have what Liz Edman calls “queer virtues” and spiritual gifts to share in community for the edification of the Church.

These ministers, bless them, believe that they can decouple ordination from gender and still exclude LGBTQIA people on the basis of the genders of the people we love. I listened to them in that retreat room smear our community in the name of protecting women ministers (some of whom are queer, just as some of our male administrators are queer). I watched people I respected nodding their approval of a divide-and-conquer message. And that was just one more time when it dawned on me that some people really do want a world where there *isn't* enough room at the table, where queer people, feminists and womanists, refugees and undocumented people, uncontrollable academics who insist on thinking thoughts beyond the approved dogma—these and other populations are meant to know that the church and the kingdom that the church midwives into this world is no sanctuary for them.

That was the day I dropped the idea that I could honor my call within the structures of mainstream Seventh-day Adventism. I'd been hopeful and creative and looking for ways forward for years: I grew up in it and it's just as much my tradition as it is anyone else's. I do still participate as I'm able to. I'm active in my local congregation in Maryland, and I'm building supportive community among current church members and post-Adventists in New York too. But my sense now is that the denomination's implicit and explicit resistance to LGBTQIA people within and beyond its pews means that its table is too small for my call.

I care about the Adventist community. And Adventism has shaped me in some really permanent ways. But sometimes you need to “empty the pews” in order to properly serve them. Jesus may have learned that lesson the day his folks in Nazareth tried to throw him off a cliff. And I resonate with how Lisa Nichols puts it: “I am much more valuable to my family and to my community because I was willing to let them go, go through the door myself, teach myself, learn myself, condition myself, and then come back and get them... But I had to go through a window time of 10 years of judgment. [That's] scary and it's lonely.”

It is. But it's part of the work.

### **So what's the state of the table today?**

“The state of the table” is a bit of a play on “the state of the union.” Never in my life did I expect to watch my fellow Christians publicly arguing for the right to discriminate against Others. It's not even that my siblings in Christ



wish to discriminate against LGBTQIA people specifically. It's that Christians are arguing for the right to discriminate against *anyone* to the degree that they're taking that rights-claim into civil courts, as well as pulpits and Sabbath and Sunday Schools in supposedly open, Christian-majority countries like the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom.

The Masterpiece Cakes Supreme Court case is one of the latest instances of discriminatory theology let loose in the world, and you'll hear more about it this fall from traditional media sources as well as from LGBTQIA Christian sources like Believe Out Loud. In truth, though, given Christian complicity with slavery and segregation, nationalism, and xenophobia, the argument that our faith grants us a "license to discriminate" isn't truly shocking. It's just radically inconsistent with the ethics of Christ.

I grew up on Uncle Arthur's Bible stories and Bible felt puppets. I know how to use felts to tell the parable of the Good Samaritan and I also know that the hero in that story is the one who serves, not the ones who refuse to. Just a few decades ago, at the height of the US civil rights movement, so-called agitators, peaceniks, and non-Christians taught moderate law-abiding churchgoers of the parenthood of God, the family of humankind, and the evils of segregation. Troublemakers within and beyond the church are still teaching us these lessons today, if only we will listen.

The day the Council on Biblical Manhood and Womanhood published their Nashville Statement, I was in the office, minding my own business. Frankly I would love to be able to mind my own business all the time. But the Nashville Statement made that impossible for two days. As I shared on Twitter that night, I wasn't even sure why it went viral. There wasn't a creative thought in it, yet it dominated Christian news coverage all day, and responsive statements from several other quarters of the Christian community kept it live for the rest of the week.

Yes, as others noted, there was something blinkered about drawing exclusive lines on gender, sex, and social roles during a week when hurricanes and tropical storms were decimating the Caribbean and US Gulf Coast states. Nature was utterly indifferent to what we think about people different from us. We were also just a few weeks past an explosion of violent White supremacy and a rare, open public discussion about the supremacy baked into US institutions and colonial legacy—something I know the Reformed Church in America has a special relationship to.

But the Nashville statement was completely unmoored from that context. It was also full of assertions that might be repeated in any LGBTQIA-resistant



Christian community. Maybe you've heard some those ideas at Hope College here in town. I certainly heard some at my Adventist college in Jamaica and I'll expect to hear more when I go to a Commonwealth decriminalization conference in Kingston this October. What's in the Nashville Statement is part of the state of the Christian Table today: it's *normal* for LGBTQIA people to be spoken about rather than spoken with, and for cisgender, heterosexual Christians to assume and be granted room to make grand claims about people they aren't in relationships of mutual accountability with.

As several groups including Room for All developed their own ways to address the exclusive statement and cast a counter-vision for inclusion and enough room, I reaffirmed for myself that while I don't know whether I'll always have the spoons to care about the pronouncements of organized Christianity and its self-appointed gatekeepers, I also don't have the option of not caring about its impact on real people and the world we share. I care too much about people to stop caring at all about the Church.

The Church isn't monolithic, I know, and the group that published the Nashville statement is a subset of a subset of threatened Christians whose vision for the world isn't being sufficiently validated. Their attempt to foreclose our continued learning from scripture, science, and experience didn't surprise me, and I was encouraged by the breadth of other Christian visions that emerged. I'm even more encouraged hearing from evangelical LGBTQIA people who say their families and friends somehow missed the coverage and life outside the statement's range continued as normal. If I can take it as more than a sign that people are weary of the high-alert mode of 2017 and completely opting out, I wonder if we might also be beginning to learn from the wisdom of Edwin Markham and resisting the urge to expel difference:

He drew a circle that shut me out—  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But love and I had the wit to win:  
We drew a circle and took him in!

This isn't me advocating for cheap reconciliation with people like the signatories of the Nashville statement who find my presence in the Christian community burdensome, work to restrict my place in US society, and dare to imagine a heaven without me. Nor am I saying that any of them would or should feel comfortable at this Shared Table where I've claimed there's enough room. I expect them to be as comfortable at this Table as the elder brother in Luke 15 was comfortable on the threshold of the gracious Father's



party. The elder brother's discomfort with being decentered is a holy thing and I'm not trying to take the edge off it for anyone I love. Jesus didn't.

As we move from the habits of "power-over" to the habits of "participation-with," we all have adjustments to make. Some of us are being called to step forward in new ways, to actively contribute, to express our queer virtues, and to lead from the periphery. Some others of us are being called to accept that the era of making pronouncements with no challenge, especially when you publish on the internet—that era is over forever, and the Other you summon with your declarations *will* respond in ways you don't approve of.

This interim may feel terrible and awkward, but we're growing up together. Where we're actively harming one another we must honor the image of God in the Other enough to stop. And we must also honor the spirit of God in the Other enough to listen for the truth in them.

I sometimes say I'm not on Side A or Side B but on Side Q for quality. I say that because though most people would describe my theology as affirming, I don't want sexual activity or marriage licenses to be the prime questions my ethics ask me to resolve. I believe there are standards for love, and we reveal our sense of them whenever we come to the Shared Table, no matter who we are or how we identify. Some love, assessed in terms of quality, depth, and fruit, isn't actually love and it need not be honored as if it is.

Civic courts don't evaluate relationship quality and many churches fail just as much. They weigh in on some kinds of violence and have \*this much\* of a concept of consent. But beyond that, if you can meet a minimal standard, you can get your license and be on your way. You can even be maritally miserable your whole life as far as legalism cares.

I believe the ethics of the Shared Table require more from us than legal misery. I feel called to a much higher standard for my relationships, myself, those I care about, and those I'm called to care about (that means you too).

The state of the Shared Table is weak with ongoing Christian-led violence against Others including LGBTQIA people in the United States and around the world. And yet the state of the Table is also strong, with communities like Room for All declaring with your lives and statements and meetings like this that "Enough Room" is a belief grounded in truth, with roots and fruit and leaves that can heal the nations. We have a heritage that goes back more than twenty years, more than forty; that goes back centuries to the very teachings of Jesus.



As Room for All said in its own statement last month, “The inclusive love of God revealed in the Word made flesh, the ever-breathing Spirit, and the wonder of creation calls us to confess our human and sinful tendency to define and fence [God’s] incomprehensible, unconditional love, and compels our dedication to support, educate, and advocate for the welcome and full affirmation of people of all sexual identities and gender expressions in the life and ministry of the Reformed Church in America.”

Thank you for your ministry, Room for All. And thank you for your calling to the Church and through the Church to the world. You are needed. You are valued. And I’m with you.

[END]