

TREELINES



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SPRING 2019

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On the Cover:

Associate Chaplain Julie McKenna, left, and Chaplain Robin Hatzenbuehler, right



From the CEO

Kent Phillips

Abundance, Again

In last year's Spring edition of *Treelines*, my topic was "abundance"; it is my topic again this year. I don't think this is a case of writer's block – one would have to be a bona fide writer to suffer such an ailment. Rather, I can't think of a better description of what we feel this time of year at Trezevant.

The celebrations of Easter and Passover remind us of abundant grace. The budding of flowers and the greening of our beautiful campus remind us of abundant renewal. Residents returning from their Winter hideaways remind us of abundant friendship. This time of year, we hold special events to honor our E. H. Little Society donors and our resident volunteers, reminding us of abundant service. And the mild Spring weather reminds us of abundant promise, following the misery of winter.

I would be remiss not to make special mention of our Rev. Robin Hatzenbuehler. By the time I write my next *Treelines* article, she and her husband, Dan, will be blissfully enjoying retirement in a beautiful part of North Carolina, an area I know well (which explains the jealousy in my voice every time the subject is discussed).

Robin leaves us with an abundant future. She introduced us to Rev. Julie McKenna, giving us a future with abundant spiritual leadership. She pressed for additional spiritual spaces on our sprawling campus to bring spiritual programming closer to those who need it (figuratively and literally). Residents now have abundant opportunity for spiritual expression and reflection. Robin was the force behind the effort to create the Little Chapel in Allen Morgan, the meditation room in The Terrace, and the soon-to-be-revealed prayer tree in the hallway behind Hope's Garden. Finally, Robin honors Trezevant's Episcopal heritage while intentionally and successfully reaching out to those of other faith traditions. I hope you would agree that our residents have abundant opportunity for spiritual participation.

To Rev. Robin Hatzenbuehler, we owe an abundant debt of gratitude.



From the **FOUNDATION**

Nora Conaway

I cannot deny it. This is my absolute favorite time of the year. Because the incessant rain and lower temperatures have been keeping me inside longer than usual, I have been champing at the bit to get outside to walk my dogs, get a little exercise, see walkers/runners I haven't seen in a while, and check out all the beautiful flowers that have been held in check for too long, now bursting into bloom at one time.

On the Trezevant campus, you see the resident gardeners, bringing out their shovels and hoes for planting their seasonal flowers and vegetables. Dog walkers are happy to not have to bundle up every time they come outside and there is a constant cacophony of sounds from the birds as they rejoice in the more hospitable environment.

Recently, I had the pleasure of hosting the annual E. H. Little Society luncheon honoring those individuals who have included Trezevant in their planned giving. It was held in the River Hall, directly overlooking the Mississippi River on the most glorious day so far this year. When folks were leaving, they were kind enough, as always, to give their thanks, showing their appreciation for the food and good company. But this day, they were also grateful for the beautiful sunshine, the rushing current of the river, the unusual height of the water level, and the three large, heavily-laden barges which had made their ways while we were sitting there.

It was a beautiful day to be out and about, to be in Memphis, and to share with friends. Come join us next time.

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From the **CHAPLAIN**

The Rev. Robin Hatzenbuehler

For one not known for her singing acumen, it is ironic that I so frequently get my inspiration from songs. And so it is that as I write this, my last Treelines article, the song that I am humming is by Jim Croce:

“If I could save Time in a bottle, the first thing that I’d like to do is to save every day ‘til Eternity passes away just to spend them with you.”

I have been so very blessed to have spent so many of my days with you all here at Trezevant. You have brought me twelve years’

worth of joy and happiness and fulfillment; of lessons and examples and memories – and delight. Thank you!

The time has come for me to enter the next stage of my life. And though I look forward to an adventure with my husband, who is the love of my life, I leave with a place in my heart for each one of you. I leave you in the good, capable, trustworthy hands of the Rev. Julie McKenna and in God’s keeping.

God’s richest blessings on each of you and my love.

Thank you, Sissy Long.

Two years ago, when Julia Allen told me that she wished to turn the reins of the Trezevant Treelines’ Our Stories section over to another writer, she suggested that I speak with Sissy Long. I mainly knew Sissy just to speak to and I certainly had no idea she was having books published. I took Julia’s wise word and Sissy graciously accepted the task.

It is now her turn to express her desire to work on some other projects which have been getting less attention. It has been a true delight to work with Sissy. Her content has always been well considered, beautifully expressed, and presented in a timely manner. I am grateful to her for her thoughtful work and friendship and will miss poring over a story with her. Thank you, Sissy!

Growing Originals

I get some of my best ideas in the shower or when I am mowing the lawn. Did you know that the Minnesota man who invented the 3M Post-it Note got his life-changing idea while at church choir practice! The creative brain is working even when we are focused on other tasks.

Very few of my ideas are original. I see something; I hear something, which gives me inspiration. Then I tweak it; I am a tweaker. I am not a builder, but a remodeler. Our son is a “maker”, a builder of sets, props and costumes of his own design. He gets that from his father, not me. Original thought is exceptional, but I lean heavily on others. Nothing wrong with that in my opinion.

I love to be around lifelong learners and Trezevant is full of them. As seniors you are still doing. I am watching and I am learning. I watch

what you plant in your garden plots. I listen to how you talk to each other. I note what you are reading. I observe how you express kindness and comfort. I notice what you are involved in and how you spend your time. I see your self-discipline and determination. I witness how you deal with change, struggle and death. I hear what brings you joy and peace.

We are all originals and therefore exceptional, but I am leaning on you. I've planted some new things, discovered some new Memphis destinations, read some new books, and used some new words- because of you. I am tweaking as I go. The inspiration is endless and therefore so is the new growth.

Thank you and Happy Spring!

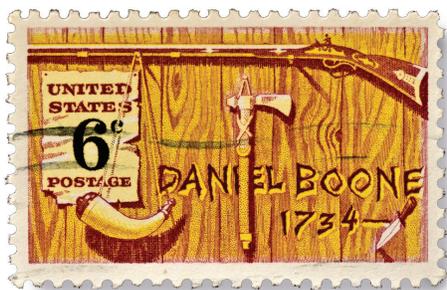
—Retail Robin



Our Stories

by Jack Richbourg

When you think of a pioneer, you usually conjure up images of a big-shouldered Paul Bunyan complete with plaid, woolen shirt or Daniel Boone dressed in a coon skin cap and deer hide, but the pioneer who sat across from me had on a black, A-line dress with sensible shoes and a pretty, paisley shawl. Anne Carriere, doesn't look like a pioneer. Barely over five feet with short gray hair, she might be confused for your own "Gram-Gram."



At dinner, I asked her, "If it's not too personal, tell me your call story." I was interested in what motivated a female, to enter the traditionally male sanctuary of priesthood. Her eyes brightened as she smiled and began to tell me her story.

"No, it's not too personal. I was feeling lost. At 34, I began thinking about what I wanted to be when I grew up."

Anne had married architect, John Carriere, and was a teacher until her two children (one of each) came along. Unhappy with

the denomination of her youth, she began church shopping, finally settling on the Episcopal Church. She loved Grace St. Luke's (GSL), volunteering for every lay job available, but something was missing.

"I needed to discover what to do with the rest of my life," she explained. "So I took an aptitude test." The result: Anne should be a bartender or a house mother! Extremely unhappy with those two vocations, she thought about how much she loved her church work; how much it meant to her. "I know! I'll be a church deacon," she thought. Thrilled with this epiphany, she dashed into her priest's office, and declared breathlessly, "I want to be a deacon!"

"Oh, you mean you want to be a priest," he clarified.

"I do? Okay. I want to be a priest!"

At that moment Anne's black, A-line dress with sensible shoes and pretty, paisley shawl morphed into a plaid, woolen shirt. Unaware of it, she now wore a coon skin cap and deer hide. She had become a pioneer just like Bunyan and Boone because the moment she said, "I want to be a priest," no Episcopalian woman had ever been ordained a parish priest in the history of the State of Tennessee.

"You'll have to talk to the Bishop," her rector said. Anne did just that. He supported her although



others did not. She enrolled in Memphis Theological Seminary, and on graduation with her Master of Divinity, despite objections to her gender, she became a deacon. Later, on a hot day in July, in a church with broken air conditioning, a perspiring Anne Carriere became a priest.

She served GSL as Associate Rector, and nine years later she visited the Bishop, again. "I think I've learned all I can as associate rector. I want my own parish."

"Let's see if one calls you," he replied, and one did. Anne finally achieved her goal and became rector of a church in Memphis, but all was not sweetness and light. There were bumps in the road ahead.

Two young men made an appointment with her. "We love this church. We want to join."

"Wonderful!" she said.



Anne Carriere

“But there is one thing we have to tell you. We’re gay. Is that alright?”

“Of course, it’s alright.”

The other said, “I would like to have a leadership role. Can I be a lector on Sunday?”

“Of course, you can!”

Anne could not discriminate based on sexual orientation after overcoming gender discrimination herself, but who would have dreamed such a loving conversation would lead to theological warfare? Sweetness and light quickly became a very long stretch of bumpy road. The church’s largest contributor was apoplectic that gay men were allowed to join the church and assume leadership roles.

“I don’t want my son under the influence of a homosexual in a leadership position in church!” But that was adverse to Anne’s view of universal love and the inherent worth of all human beings. Anne preached, brought in special speakers, held small group sessions, all to no avail. Vestry meetings became pitched battles.

On vacation, Anne prayed and meditated on the controversy. At the first vestry meeting after returning, she announced that she did not think the vestry’s goals and hers were compatible, and the first ordained female Episcopal parish priest in the

State of Tennessee resigned as rector of her first church.

“I failed at that church,” she said softly.

Oh, really? Maybe not. Some might say she succeeded by emulating Christ, by sacrificing her dream of being a parish priest for the greater principle of love of neighbor. Transformation can be a slow, plodding process, but you start, like Anne did, planting tiny seeds. After all, isn’t the kingdom of God like a tiny, mustard seed?

When crucifixion comes, don’t despair! Stick around for the resurrection because it’s just around the corner. Anne did. That’s the trouble with pioneers. They keep going despite setbacks. Anne landed on her feet helping at St. Andrews in Mountain Home, Arkansas. When their priest retired in 1998, the congregation asked Anne to replace him. She accepted, and the first ordained female Episcopal parish priest in the State of Tennessee now led a congregation in Arkansas. She served there for 5 years, ministering to male, female, straight and gay alike. In 2003, she retired and traveled the country in an RV

with her husband when she wasn’t helping other churches. Upon John’s death in 2016, she moved to Trezevant. Now, she volunteers at Methodist Central as a chaplain, and still helps out at GSL where it all began.

So, my friends, be aware. Don’t be fooled by petite, gray-haired, grandmotherly types in black, A-line dresses, sensible shoes, and pretty, paisley shawls. Look a little closer for that plaid, woolen shirt, coon skin cap and deer hide. You’d better show some respect because you just might be in the presence of a hardy, strong-willed, seed-planting pioneer.



Robin. Amen.

Spoiler alert....please allow me to start with a little personal reflection.
We will return to our regular programming in a few paragraphs.

— *Nora Conway* —

Close to forty years ago, at Grace-St. Luke's Episcopal Church, I met a chic-looking, soft-spoken young woman who, like me, was trying to navigate the pitfalls of young motherhood as best as we knew how, without a manual. We would see each other, with attendant children, at church each week, at the grocery store, or at gatherings at friends' homes.

As time went on, I began to see her less often because, after extensive soul-searching, she had enrolled in the Memphis Theological Seminary to study for the priesthood. After receiving her Masters of Divinity (eighty academic hours of classes-while-mothering), she returned to Grace-St. Luke's for her service as a deacon and, after her ordination, as priest and curate.

In 2007, she was called to St. Edward Chapel following the sudden death of the previous chaplain. I also began my tenure at Trezevant in 2007 and it has been such lagniappe for me to be able to visit with her on an almost daily basis. Today, she always eats what I eat, I wear what she wears (except, of course, for that collar) and we discuss the state of the world as it pertains to us each week at lunch.

Robin Hatzenbuehler has made an amazing difference in the lives of the St. Edward Chapel faithful, and they in her. Almost upon arrival here she had to pack everything up and move the chap-

el programs to the activities room (now the Bistro) for two years. She was immediately involved in the planning, design, and furnishing of the in-progress construction of the new chapel, and she quickly went from two buildings to three filled with sheep of the flock to tend. (Our Episcopal clergy have often referred to us as free-range sheep.)

What started out as one weekly chapel service and two weekly classes has evolved into what is now two full-time chaplains and four volunteer chaplains handling four services and six classes a week. Two to three memorial services or funerals are held each month in either St. Edward Chapel or the recently-completed Little Chapel on the third floor of the Allen Morgan Center, and Robin has instituted the addition of Ash Wednesday, Holy Week and candlelight Christmas services, the Blessing of the Animals, and the Blessing of Hands, among others.

There is a chapel executive committee, which meets monthly, for those serving in the planning and execution of the chapel calendar throughout the year, and Associate Chaplain (soon-to-be Chaplain/Director of Pastoral Care and Religious Services) Julie McKenna has shared services in both Allen Morgan Center and the Terrace and has coordinated various programs, including the weekly visitations of therapy dogs in the Terrace



Julie and Robin ready for the Blessing of the Pets.

and AMC. The two chaplains are responsible for, not only, four hundred Trezevant residents but they are also available to respond to the spiritual needs of staff members.

Trezevant residents and staff participated in two of the Feed the Need programs, packing supplemental food for needy individuals (now evolved into Seniors Helping Seniors) and each week, members of the knitting ministry meet in the music room to knit blankets for humans and dogs, baby hats, and prayer shawls. Our CEO, Kent Phillips, has stated repeatedly that there is no other senior living facility anywhere around here which can, in any way, compare its spiritual program with that of Trezevant's. For the Trezevant program, Robin and Julie recently accepted the Excellence in Spiritual Care Award from the Health Care Chaplaincy Network, an award rarely given to any organization other than hospitals.

As in all things, changes come.

Robin will be retiring from Trezevant in June of this year. She, her husband Dan, and Goldens, Molly and Malcomb, will be pulling up stakes after almost forty-five years in Memphis and moving to Pittsboro, North Carolina where they will join one of her sisters in a small neighborhood outside of Chapel Hill. Her wisdom, humor, enthusiasm, optimism, and particularly, her gentle spirit have been so prevalent and uplifting in our daily lives here, and her presence will be greatly missed.

Fortunately, Julie has been working with Robin for the last four years and she knows what she has ahead of her. She is a board certified chaplain and, while she was trained as an elder (minister) in the Methodist faith, she plans to continue with the practice of using the liturgy of the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer for Sunday Chapel services. She will certainly have her feet on the ground and ready to go. Trezevant is actively seeking an ordained Episcopal priest to take over Julie's work in the Terrace and AMC and hope to have someone in place before Robin moves on to North Carolina.

We embrace the change in the knowledge that the spiritual program will continue to thrive because of the solid foundation on which it has been laid. I wish my old friend much happiness in her transition and my new friend the same.





Spring



A. John Stevens, Ken Clark, Jason Dear, and Kent Phillips showed off their assortment of tartans at the annual Robbie Burns Night party.

B. Peggy Bodine and Harry Wellford were a study in red tartan plaids.

C. Lavinia Skinner, Virginia Turner, and Presh Gill also sported their family colors for the Burns Night celebration.

D. Kent Phillips and Debby Schadt shared a farewell hug at the annual board party as Debby ended her six-year term on the board of directors.

E. Gloria Hodges and Cyndi Coury (former and current presidents of the Mary Galloway Home) enjoyed the food and good company at the annual board celebration.

F. CEO Kent Phillips, incoming Chairman of the Board of Directors John Ivy, and outgoing Chairman of the Board Casey Bowlin at the annual board reception.

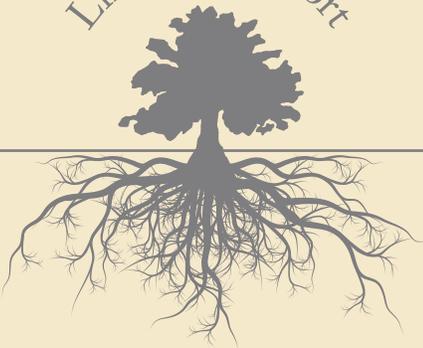
G. David Edwards and his dining services staff did a remarkable job of presenting a feast to the guests of the annual board reception.

H. Lorenzo Perez planted the ginkgo tree, generously donated by Tina McWhorter, near the Waynoka entrance.

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Chris Garrett is pictured in front of her two oil paintings, "Shoreline" and "Breaking Waves," on display in the Snowden Dining Room.

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