

THE FEMINIST EX-FUNDAMENTALIST: LEAVING AN AUTHORITARIAN CHRISTIAN PAST

by JoAnne Lehman

Saloma Miller Furlong, ***WHY I LEFT THE AMISH: A MEMOIR***. Michigan State University Press, 2011. 190p. (appendices.) pap., \$19.95, ISBN 978-0870139949.

_____, ***BONNET STRINGS: AN AMISH WOMAN'S TIES TO TWO WORLDS***. Herald Press, 2014. 350p. (recipes.) pap., \$15.99, ISBN 978-0836198584.

Susan Campbell, ***DATING JESUS: A STORY OF FUNDAMENTALISM, FEMINISM, AND THE AMERICAN GIRL***. Beacon Press, 2009 (reprint pap. edition, 2010). 224p. (notes.) pap., \$16.00, ISBN 978-0807010723.

Elizabeth Esther, ***GIRL AT THE END OF THE WORLD: MY ESCAPE FROM FUNDAMENTALISM IN SEARCH OF FAITH WITH A FUTURE***. Convergent Books, 2014. 224p. (discussion questions; author interview.) pap., \$14.99, ISBN 978-0307731876.

Rachel Held Evans, ***EVOLVING IN MONKEY TOWN: HOW A GIRL WHO KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS LEARNED TO ASK THE QUESTIONS***. Zondervan, 2010; reissued in 2014 as ***FAITH UNRAVELED: HOW A GIRL WHO KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS LEARNED TO ASK QUESTIONS***. 240p. (notes.) pap., \$15.99, ISBN 978-0310339168.

Cami Ostman & Susan Tive, eds., ***BEYOND BELIEF: THE SECRET LIVES OF WOMEN IN EXTREME RELIGIONS***. Seal Press, 2013. 328p. pap., \$16.00, ISBN 978-1580054423.

This essay looks at the stories of women who have taken their leave of the extremely authoritarian Christian faith systems in which they were raised — systems they found limiting, oppressive, and even deeply damaging. Some eventually settled into expressions of Christianity that felt more open or progressive; some rejected religion completely. All grew up immersed and indoctrinated in rigid and patriarchal belief systems, and managed against the odds to move on to something else. Yet each story and its outcomes are unique.

I limit my focus here to women leaving sects or movements in a seemingly narrow segment of conservative, Protestant, and mostly white Christianity in the U.S. — not only because this is the segment I am most familiar with from my own history and research, and not only because to broaden the scope would make this review the length of a book, but also because I think this segment is misperceived and too lightly dismissed by liberal and feminist circles and the GWS environments of today — particularly in terms of those movements' history of and potential for harm. Although each group in this category is different from the others, all hold to some notion of biblical literalism and inerrancy; all believe in a literal, personal hell in the afterlife where nonbelievers will be eternally punished; all adhere to some concept of women's submission to male "headship" as God's design; and all enforce behavior codes, although

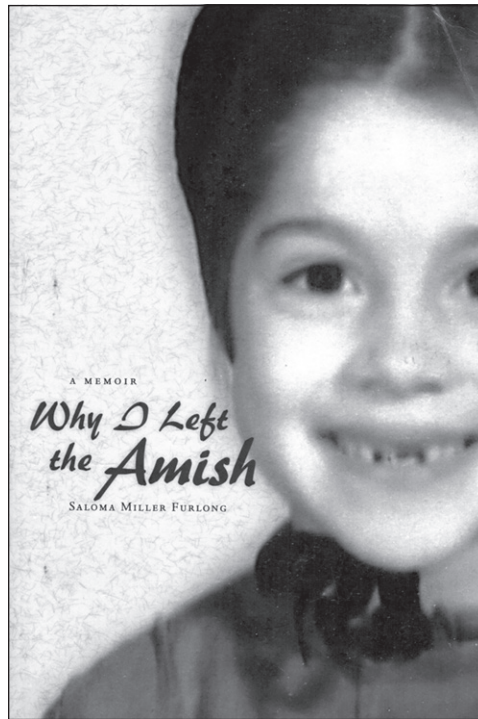
the codes may not be static or even spelled out. A girl-child raised in such an absolutist environment, especially if her parents are fervent and faithful followers, is ill-prepared to "choose" her religious beliefs, or anything else, as she reaches adolescence and adulthood, and she will face fierce resistance if she decides to leave that world. That so many manage to do it is remarkable.

Saloma Miller Furlong left her Amish family and community—and thus her entire known world—in the late 1970s. Susan Campbell left the "church of Christ" denomination (emphatic about its "small c") in the 1980s. Around the turn of the millennium, Elizabeth Esther began to extricate herself from a cultish "end-times" movement known as The Assembly; and Rachel Held Evans "evolved" from fiercely defending conservative Christian beliefs to "learning to ask questions" in the early years of this century. In the one anthology reviewed here (*Beyond Belief*), the essays I focus on are by women who left fundamentalist Christian backgrounds. Other pieces in that volume introduce contributors' experiences with other Christian-identified sects (e.g., Jehovah's Witnesses, the Mormon Church, the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, Christian Science) as well as with other religions, including Islam, Hassidic Judaism, and the Rev. Moon's Unification Church.

How & Why She Left

Being Amish means much more than holding a certain set of religious beliefs, although it is that too. An Amish community is a culture, a language, a network of families, and a dictated and monitored way of living that aims *not* to convert the rest of the world, but to remain separate from and unstained by it. The religious beliefs, though, are inextricably bound up with the rest. The Amish are unlikely to use the term “fundamentalist Christian,” yet they share some core beliefs with those who do so identify. A literal hell is the eternal fate of those outside the fold. Christ and the (inerrant) Bible are central. And men are God’s designated leaders, meant to be fully in charge both of the home and of the church.

In *Why I Left the Amish* and *Bonnet Strings: An Amish Woman’s Ties to Two Worlds*, two separate, nonsequential volumes that overlap and intersect as they focus on different parts of the author’s life in and outside an Ohio Amish community, Saloma Miller Furlong tells her story with powerful directness and simplicity that seem to spring from her “plain” background, yet resonate with astounding grace. She wrote *Why I Left* as she was pursuing higher education for the first time — decades after leaving the Amish, after marrying and raising two sons. This memoir tells of her early life, but from the vantage point of middle age, when she is not only in her first weeks of Smith College’s Ada Comstock Program (“designed for women who had not finished college at the traditional age”), but also traveling “home” to attend the funeral of her father, about whom and with whom she has finally achieved a sense of peace. Reflections about this trip in the present are interspersed with the story of Furlong’s childhood and youth, up until she first fled her family and community, at age 20, for a new life in Vermont. *Bonnet Strings*, published a few years later, fills in the



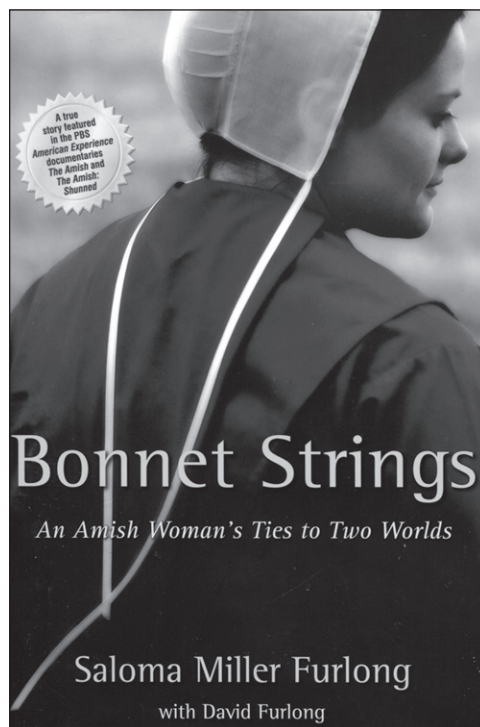
period from that first departure through her subsequent, not-quite-voluntary return to Ohio (to try again to be the Amish woman her community required), to her final leave-taking a few years later.

Furlong says that ultimately, she wasn’t a good fit for the Amish world — that for her, it “was a mismatch from the start—being born with a nature that just did not fit into my Amish culture” (*Bonnet Strings*, p. 11). She maintains that many other Amish people fit just fine into the culture and live perfectly happy lives in it. PBS producer Callie T. Wright,¹ in her foreword to *Bonnet Strings*,

expresses this sentiment even more explicitly, writing that for those Amish people who “find identity, comfort, and hope within the Amish community,” the “choice to become members and live the Amish life doesn’t feel like a wrenching renunciation of their true self, because their true self exists, happy and fulfilled, within the Amish community” (p. 9).

Although I admire both Wright’s and Furlong’s respect for those who choose to remain Amish, and their desire not to offend or assign blame — and although I would never argue that happiness and fulfillment are impossible for anyone, in almost any circumstance — such a pronouncement seems an overgeneralization; moreover, I think it overlooks the problematic nature of *choice* for someone born and raised in a rigid, exclusive, separatist environment, where “choosing” otherwise condemns one to the prospect of eternal torture, not to mention actual ostracism from all that was familiar and comforting in this life.

Nevertheless, it clearly wasn’t a good fit for Furlong, whose mismatch with the system was exacerbated by her father’s apparently low intelligence, his untreated mental illness, and his violence, as well as by brutal



mistreatment (including incest) by an older brother who himself had probably been raped by outsiders. Of course, tragic dysfunction and child abuse occur in many families and many settings, religious or not. But in Furlong's closed and patriarchal community, it was impossible to get those abuses acknowledged, much less addressed in any satisfactory way.

Furlong describes a special meeting of church members (she was an official member, so she had to participate) to hear a confession from her own father about having "gone too far" in disciplining his daughters. In fact, her father frequently went after his wife and children in a rage, and his beatings caused injury. The (male) church leaders were inclined to give the (male) offender some slack, though, because, as they saw it, the violence was "not entirely [his] fault. If the wife and children would be more obedient, then [he] wouldn't have this problem" (*Why I Left*, p. 141). They then asked each church member, individually, for an audible "yes" or "no" to the proposed terms of forgiveness. The problem, as Furlong felt acutely, was that she *had* to say yes to what the male leaders wanted:

The torture of sitting there on the backless bench with the deacon shuffling closer and closer to me, getting one submissive yes after another from the girls before me, was almost more than I could bear. Then he stood in front of me and it was my turn to say yes. I knew that the women in the church were not allowed to oppose anything. They had to tell their husbands if they disagreed with the policies of the church, and then it was the men's duty to relay that information to the bishop. According to this policy, I had no choice. (*Why I Left*, p. 141)

This was a common experience for women in the community. "[L]ater that day," Furlong writes, "I asked [my mother] if a woman had ever opposed anything in the church. She said, 'Not that I know of'" (p. 142).

In 2004, back in Ohio to attend her father's funeral after many years away, Furlong experiences a powerful feeling of reconciliation with the Amish community as the members silently stand around her, 400 strong, at his casket. Even in the details of the funeral seating, though, she notes the lasting patriarchal influence of her religious culture of origin:

Here was the symbol for all to see of how the men in the family had stayed Amish and all of the women had left: Brother Joe sat at one end and Brother Simon at the other, representing the Amish

part of the family, with Sarah, Susan, and myself and our spouses in between. I don't know if this says more about our family, or the community in general. Certainly the men in the community benefited more than the women from the requirement that women be subservient to their men—father, brothers, and husband. But we also had Mem's [mother's] example to go by: she had stayed in a difficult relationship in which she was more than capable of taking the lead than Datt [father], yet this was unacceptable within the community. She had rebellious feelings about having to be subservient to someone who was unreasonable and less intelligent and capable than she was, yet she strove to conform to the Amish ways. (*Why I Left*, p. 62)

Perhaps the average American feminist (is there one?) would dismiss the Amish experience as exotic or not quite real, especially if we haven't personally known anyone in that world. But notice: even from such an insular and patriarchal culture, individuals much like ourselves, but with amazingly different pasts, do emerge into feminist spaces. Saloma Miller Furlong is now a Smith College graduate working at Amherst, speaking her mind in PBS documentaries, and reflecting on her experiences in ways that help others struggling with similar situations.²

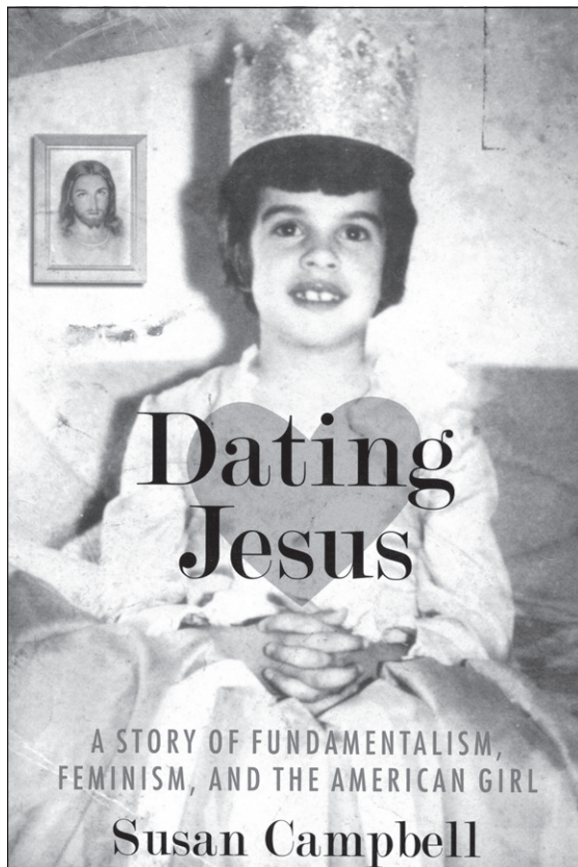
The Wrong Jesus?

The religious culture from which Susan Campbell, author of *Dating Jesus*, emerged was not as extreme — at least in observable ways — as Saloma Miller Furlong's childhood environment. Members of her childhood church denomination ("We are taught not to capitalize 'church' in 'church of Christ,'" she says [p. 14]) hold regular jobs and send their children to public school; and she gets to play baseball with the neighborhood boys, despite her mother's wishes for her to learn the womanly kitchen arts. Yet her religion is "a hard-backed, two-fisted faith," she declares, "that will ask everything of me" (p. 61).

The young Campbell loves Jesus with all her heart and throws herself into biblical scholarship and winning souls for Christ. But along the way, she is also "growing less comfortable with the compromises I've made in my head. I love Jesus, but if all believers are urged to stay on the straight and narrow, there seems to be an especially narrow road built for women" (p. 64). She has been "taught that women are to keep silent in the assembly, and so women are not allowed to talk in church at all" (p. 14), but this bothers her, and she picks an argument with her (male) Sunday school teacher about it. Although she debates his arguments handily ("I am

schooled in rhetoric”), he pulls rank and sends her to tend babies in the nursery for the rest of the hour (p. 22). “And so for now,” she accepts,

I will fulfill God’s highest purpose for me. I will train myself and pay attention when my Sunday school teachers talk about female virtues. I will learn what is expected of me, and I will surpass those expectations. (p. 23)



Dating Jesus — not only Campbell’s memoir but also a brief history of Christian fundamentalism and its early relationships to social justice movements, including abolitionism and women’s suffrage — is information-packed, highly readable, and wickedly witty. Campbell grew up to be a journalist with a regular column in the *Hartford Courant*, part of a team of news reporters that won a Pulitzer in 1999. Her writing skills are finely honed, and she could easily be a stand-up comedian too. Her wry humor infuses even the most factual parts of the text, including her numerous footnotes (one begins, “Precisely what happened when a soul was saved was a little sketchy to me” [p. 46]; in another,

as she recollects her pitiful high-school attempts at dating, she says, “I look at my virginity in a time just past the Age of Aquarius with a large dose of ambivalence. Jesus was a virgin, and I love Jesus, but...” [p. 125]). Her definition of *fundamentalist* nails it:

In short, a fundamentalist:

- Believes strongly in the inerrancy of the Bible and has little use for a contextual study of it. A more liberal evangelical—say, former president Jimmy Carter—does not cling to the idea of biblical inerrancy.
- Believes that people who aren’t fundamentalists aren’t really Christian. That is a hard point. To be a true fundamentalist, you must believe that your friends who aren’t fundamentalist are going to hell.
- Will not debate religion and sees no purpose in such debate. A popular bumper sticker in my home said, “God Said It, I Believe It, That Settles It.” A debate means the fundamentalist would be debating for God, and what if the fundamentalist isn’t up to it?
- Sees the Holy as entirely masculine—God the Father and Jesus the Son. The sexually ambivalent Holy Spirit is—as you might imagine—considerably far less powerful.
- Believes their church can be traced back to the New Testament. It is the one, true Church. Sorry, Rome. (p. 33)

Ultimately, her church’s patriarchy and rigidity propel Campbell out its doors after she reaches adulthood, but she remains “haunted” by Christ. “I still love Jesus,” she says (p. 185), and she can neither abandon that love completely nor settle for more trendy, relaxed versions of evangelical faith that might have served her well had she not had the other experience first. She and her brother agree that “[f]undamentalism broke off in us”:

Like a sword, fundamentalism was plunged into our bodies, and then it got broken off in us so that we will never, ever heal from the wound. Like Perpetual Jesus on the Perpetual Cross, we are the walking wounded. By now, the shaft is part of our organs... (p. 161)

The issues that keep the adult Campbell outside the faith (“I’m going to stand right here. As much as I miss har-

monizing with my fractured alto on the hymns that scared the shit out of me, this is me standing over here by myself” (p. 185]) include fundamentalists’ obsession with abortion, the brutal abuses perpetrated upon children in fundamentalist families, and a friend’s suffering at the hand of “ex-gay” ministries. She does, however, reach a point of realizing that perhaps the Christ of her childhood church “was the wrong Jesus” — “[o]r, rather, the entity I dated through high school and college and into my early adult years was emphatically not Jesus. It was someone’s idea of Jesus, but not the real one” (p. 204). Chapter 10, “Water Jugs,” explores New Testament stories of “the real one” and reflects on the probability that he (the real Jesus) was radically egalitarian, in opposition to the way “the traditional patriarchal Christian message” (p. 182) has portrayed him.

“The real Jesus wouldn’t have loved me less because of my gender,” Campbell concludes. Nor would he “have weighed me down with rules...that serve no real purpose... The real Jesus would have loved me for me.” And he “would have had a sense of humor about the whole thing, goddammit” (p. 205).³

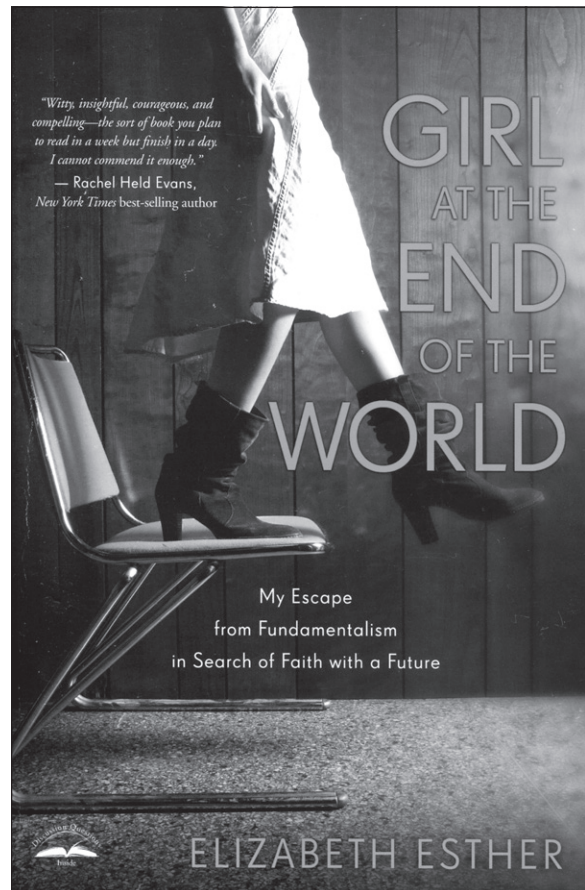
Revolution Gone Rigid

Girl at the End of the World, a dramatically chilling tale, is told evenly and without melodrama. Around the time Saloma Miller Furlong was leaving her Amish community in the late 1970s, Elizabeth Esther was born into a cult called The Assembly, started by her self-ordained-pastor grandfather, “Papa George,” as “a way to harness the Jesus Movement energy [of the early 1970s] and create his own personal brand of Christianity” (p. 7).

“In the beginning,” Esther writes, “The Assembly was vibrant, energetic, and revolutionary. It was *groovy*. The social experimentation of the sixties had broken down the walls of tired old religion, and a new generation was falling in love with Jesus. Roaring out of Southern California like wildfire, the Jesus Movement upended traditional Christian denominations and challenged the religious establishment” (p. 7). But by the time Papa George’s granddaughter was a precocious nine-year-old, preaching on street corners and “ready to die for Jesus” (p. 3),

the idealistic dream that had initially ignited our little band of born-again Christians gradually hardened into a rigid lifestyle...

What I remember most are the increasingly strict rules and the insular, fundamentalist traditions we developed. Papa George’s interpretation of the Bible was hyperliteral: he demanded complete and total loyalty... Children were spanked from



six months old until they were teenagers. Women were required to dress very modestly and behave within strict gender roles. Everything, from how we ordered our daily schedules to our tone of voice, was monitored. (pp. 8–9)

Girl at the End of the World succinctly explains how a cult goes beyond fundamentalism:

Cults aren’t so much about beliefs as they are about methods and behavior... [I]t is the emotional seizing of people’s trust, thoughts, and choices that identifies a cult... Fundamentalism that becomes cultish destroys the God-given freedom of each person. Usually this is accomplished through fear. (p. 9)

Elizabeth Esther lives in that fear from early childhood until she is a young married mother herself. Although she longs for freedom, the control and fear wielded by the cult hold her in. She is forced to give up the extracurricular activities she loves in high school. She is not allowed to leave home

for college. Her courtship is directed by The Assembly's rules and expectations — although she does end up with a man with whom she feels hope, at least at times, of avoiding some of the cult's rigidity in their own life together. But in the process, she has to endure instruction in “biblical marriage” by her stern, cruel grandmother, and she fears that her husband-to-be, subjected to intense training in his own future roles, is swallowing it all whole.

I have been given a role to play. My marriage will be an Assembly marriage. There is no other way. — Our husbands are God to us. (p. 128)

After she is married, after she and her husband have children whom they quietly resist disciplining as harshly as the cult demands, and after outside criticisms of the group have started to be voiced, Esther and her husband gather the courage to confront her grandparents about the abuses in The Assembly, particularly the violence that her uncle — a church leader — has wreaked upon his wife and children for years. That confrontation, as they anticipated, marks their definitive break with the cult. It takes years of struggle and exploration beyond that, but Esther eventually finds herself drawn, surprisingly, to Catholicism, because of “this connection with Mary that's helping me understand Jesus again,” and because “Catholics embrace mystery” (p. 182). She even experiences healing and reconciliation with her parents — but not with Papa George or Grandma.⁴

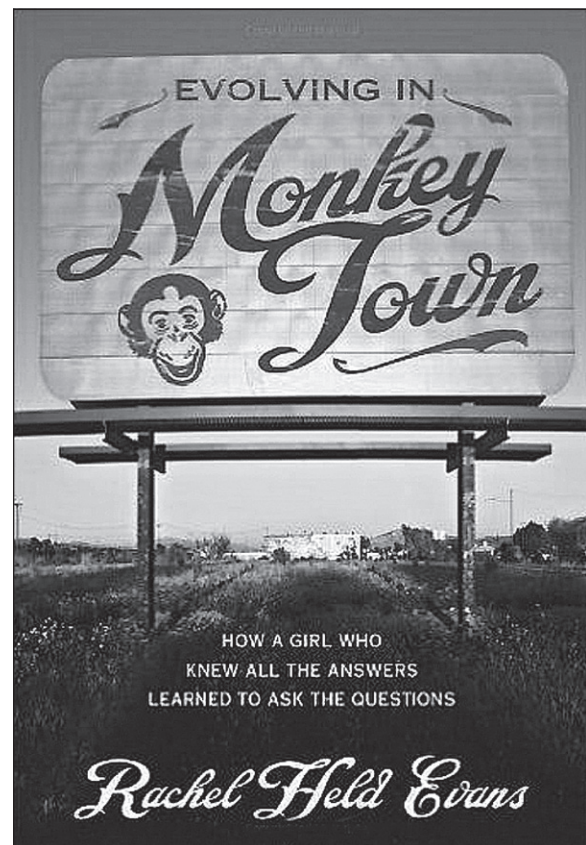
Getting God Right

Rachel Held Evans's *Evolving in Monkey Town*⁵ contrasts with *Girl at the End of the World* as well as with the other stories here. The religious environment of Evans's youth was not so much on the fringes (“the Bible Belt culture permeated every part of life in Dayton,” she writes of the town where her family moved when she was thirteen [p. 39]), so she did not experience the extremes of Christian “separateness” that Esther, Furlong, or even Campbell did. Her immediate family, moreover, seems to have been genuinely loving, healthy, and functional, and to have maintained some tolerance, despite its upholding of conservative faith, for questioning. Nevertheless, she was a fundamentalist Christian,

in the sense that I thought salvation means having the right opinions about God and that fighting the good fight about faith requires defending those opinions at all costs. I was a fundamentalist because my security and self-worth and sense of purpose in life were all wrapped up in getting God right—in

believing the right things about him, saying the right things about him, and convincing others to embrace the right things about him too. (p. 17)

Unlike the fundamentalism of a few decades earlier that Susan Campbell described, Evans's brand, and her generation of believers, *did* engage in intellectual debate, especially as she learned “apologetics” at Bryan College: “I learned not only how to define and defend a biblical worldview, but also how to dismantle opposing worldviews” (p. 72). But even so, by the time she graduated from college, her faith was evolving:



It started small — a nagging question here, a new idea there...but before I knew it...twenty years of unquestioned assumptions about my faith were suddenly thrown into doubt.

...I questioned what I thought were fundamentals—the eternal damnation of all non-Christians, the scientific and historical accuracy of the Bible, the ability to know absolute truth, and the po-

liticization of evangelicalism. I questioned God: his fairness, regarding salvation; his goodness, for allowing poverty and injustice in the world; and his intelligence, for entrusting Christians to fix things. I wrestled with passages of Scripture that seemed to condone genocide and the oppression of women and struggled to make sense of the pride and hypocrisy within the church. I wondered if the God of my childhood was really the kind of God I wanted to worship, and at times I wondered if he even exists at all. (p. 22)

As she and others of her religious generation “encountered new cultures and traditions,” she reflects, “it became harder and harder to convince ourselves and others that evangelical Christians in America had a monopoly on absolute truth... The assumption that God belongs to a certain country, political party, denomination, or religion seemed absurd” (p. 204).

Evans, unlike some who leave fundamentalist backgrounds, still identifies very strongly as Christian, although in a more progressive and feminist sense now, and she is a popular speaker to large audiences of others who do as well.⁶

Religion in the Extreme

Beyond Belief, the final resource on my list, is an anthology. All of its stories are about women in “extreme religions” as the title indicates, but only a few fit this review’s leaving-fundamentalist-Christianity theme. Readers will be interested in “Church Bodies” (pp. 2–15), about Naomi J. Williams’s Calvinistic upbringing; “Touch” (pp. 111–125), Elise Glassman’s story of growing up homeschooled and independent Baptist, yet managing to read Judy Blume; Pamela Helberg’s “Body Language” (pp. 126–136), about being dragged as a teenager to her pastor for healing prayer to cast out her demons of lesbianism; “The Imperceptible Head Shake” (pp. 278–285), by Julia Scheeres, who at 13 had been “a budding ‘women’s libber’—that most hated and denounced creature among conservative Christians—although I didn’t know it yet” (p. 282); and Valerie Tarico’s story, in “Duct Tape and Baling Wire” (pp. 286–292), of life growing up in “an independent Bible church”:

[W]e were taught that the Bible was the literally perfect word of God, a blueprint for this life and the next... I never took my salvation for granted... and hell, with its tortured hordes of burning souls, was a scary place. (p. 287)

The other contributions in the anthology are worth reading, too, and the volume as a whole is a useful starting point for looking at wider issues of religious fundamentalism and how feminists might engage with them. In any case, the introductory words of editors Susan Tive and Cami Ostman are relevant: “In *Beyond Belief* you will find appreciation and gratitude for experiences of faith side by side with deep resentment and anger... It’s our hope that you’ll see yourself, your friends, and even a few of the people who irritate you in these pages—and that your curiosity will be piqued and your compassion stimulated” (pp. x–xi).

This review was meant to introduce *Feminist Collections* readers to a few stories that resonate deeply with me, and that might have encouraged me — a leave-taker of fundamentalist Christianity myself — at earlier times in my life, had they been available. I hope it has raised the awareness of feminists to the existence of these leave-takers, and to the possibility that people like them might now, or soon, be sitting in our classes, even teaching our classes, or attending NWSA conferences with us — not to mention the many more who might want to leave their fundamentalist Christian cultures of origin, but feel trapped in their circumstances and unable to shake off a worldview so deeply inculcated in them since childhood.⁷ I hope it inspires compassion for all of them, and a greater understanding of what they have endured. I hope it might also inspire further study about the many realms of religious fundamentalism, and more memoirs.

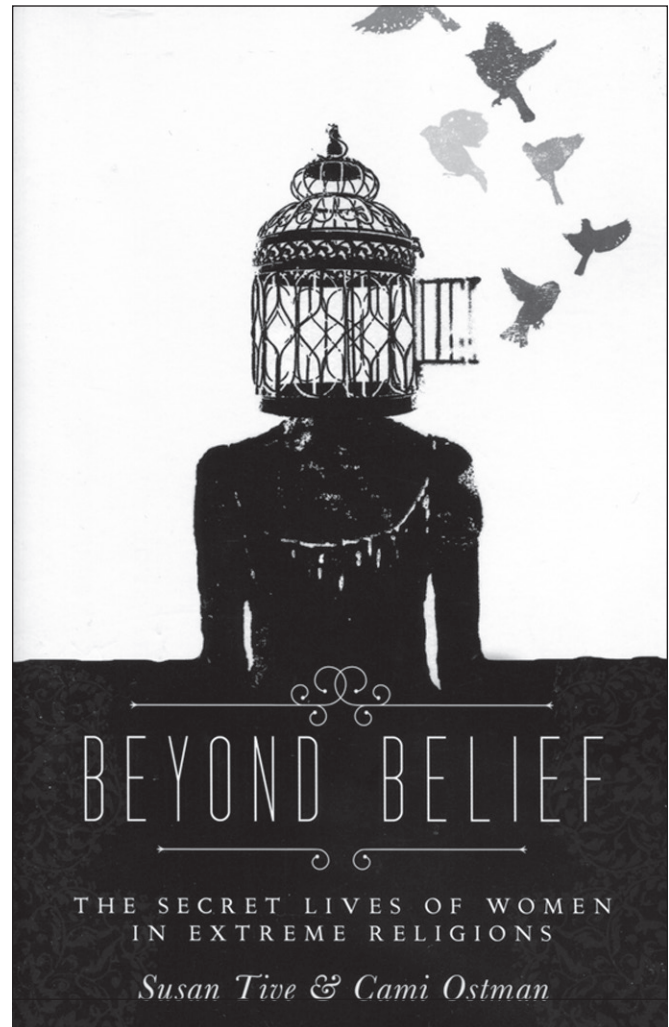
I want to end on a note of concern, even alarm: Childhoods like those described here — and ones even more extreme — are still being lived in fundamentalist Christian circles in this country, perhaps in even greater numbers than ever before. And the leaders of the newer waves of American fundamentalist Christianity are hugely influential in politics and government, unlike many of their forebears. We would do well to understand the origins of these political-religious trends and the people who have known those worlds from the inside.⁸

Notes

1. Between publication of *Why I Left the Amish* and that of *Bonnet Strings*, PBS produced two American Experience documentaries featuring Saloma Miller Furlong and other Amish and formerly Amish individuals: *The Amish* (2012) and *The Amish: Shunned* (2014). I recommend them for a look at the world Furlong was brought up in and the difficulty — even, for some, the impossibility — of leaving it.

2. Also see Furlong's website and blog at salomafurlong.com.
3. Susan Campbell blogs these days about Christianity, feminism, racism, and more at datingjesus.wordpress.com.
4. Elizabeth Esther writes more about her past and present at www.elizabethesther.com.
5. The title refers to the town of Dayton, Tennessee, where Evans grew up and attended college, and which had become known in 1925 for the famous trial in which Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan debated evolution. Note that the book was reissued in 2014 with the new title *Faith Unraveled*.
6. She is also the author of a new book, *Searching for Sunday: Loving, Leaving, and Finding the Church* (Thomas Nelson, 2015), and she blogs at rachelheldevans.com/blog.
7. Although beyond the scope of this review, there are helpful resources, many online, for those leaving or helping others to leave fundamentalist Christian backgrounds. One might start with some of the writers on Patheos: see www.patheos.com in general, the evangelical and progressive Christian sections in particular, and especially Libby Anne's columns at www.patheos.com/blogs/lovejoyfeminism and others at www.patheos.com/blogs/nolongerquivering. Psychologist and former fundamentalist Marlene Winell offers wonderful resources, including the book *Leaving the Fold: A Guide for Former Fundamentalists and Others Leaving Their Religion* (Apocryphile Press, 2006) and articles about the new diagnosis she has named, religious trauma syndrome (RTS).
8. The new fundamentalist Christianity is hyper-patriarchal (to a degree that might have shocked conservatives of the past), and very much engaged with politics. We see this in election campaigns, in policy debates, in legislative battles, and even on reality TV shows. These groups are explicitly anti-feminist — in fact, feminism is seen by some as Satanic — and they dominate the women and girls in their spheres with claims of divinely ordained male “headship” and female “submission.” For a fascinating examination of some leaders and families, see Kathryn Joyce, *Quiverfull: Inside the Christian Patriarchy Movement* (Beacon Press, 2009).

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