



MAPPING THE  
JOURNEY:  
EMPLOYING HOLY  
IMAGINATION IN THIS  
CHAOTIC LANDSCAPE

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# Cultivating authentic holy or eschatological imagination

NOT  
ESCAPISM/FANTASY



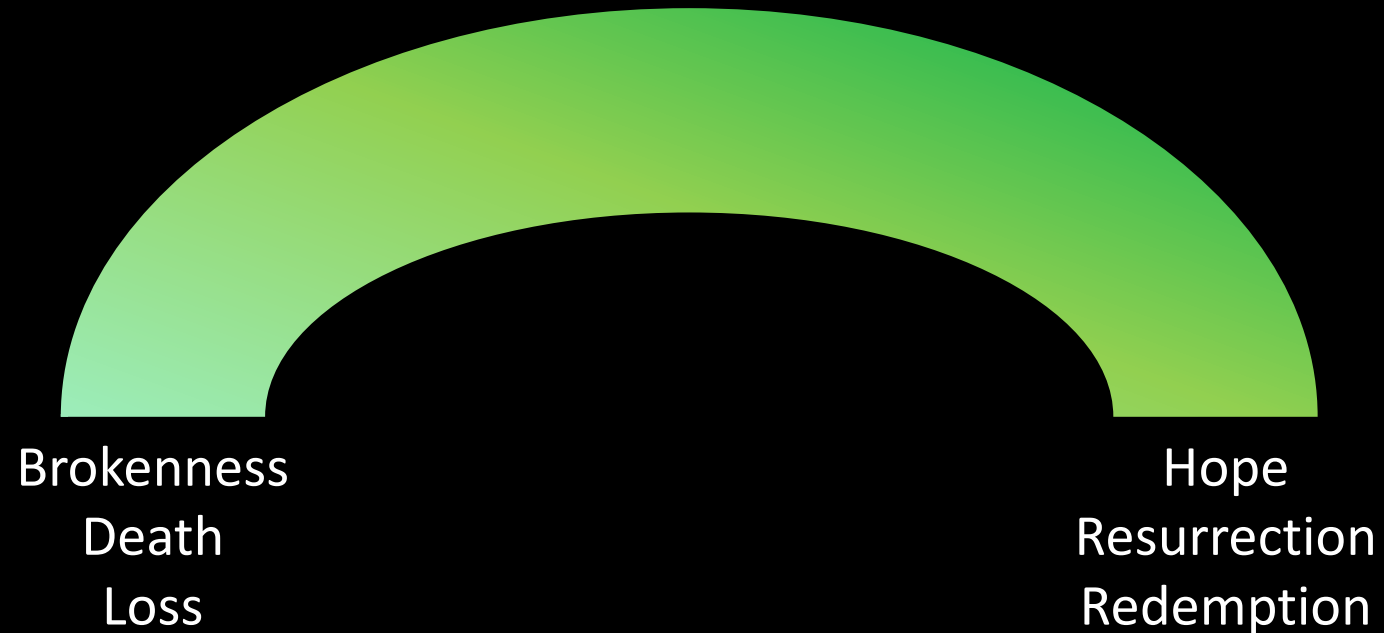
NOT IMAGE OF RESULTS  
OF OWN  
ACCOMPLISHMENTS



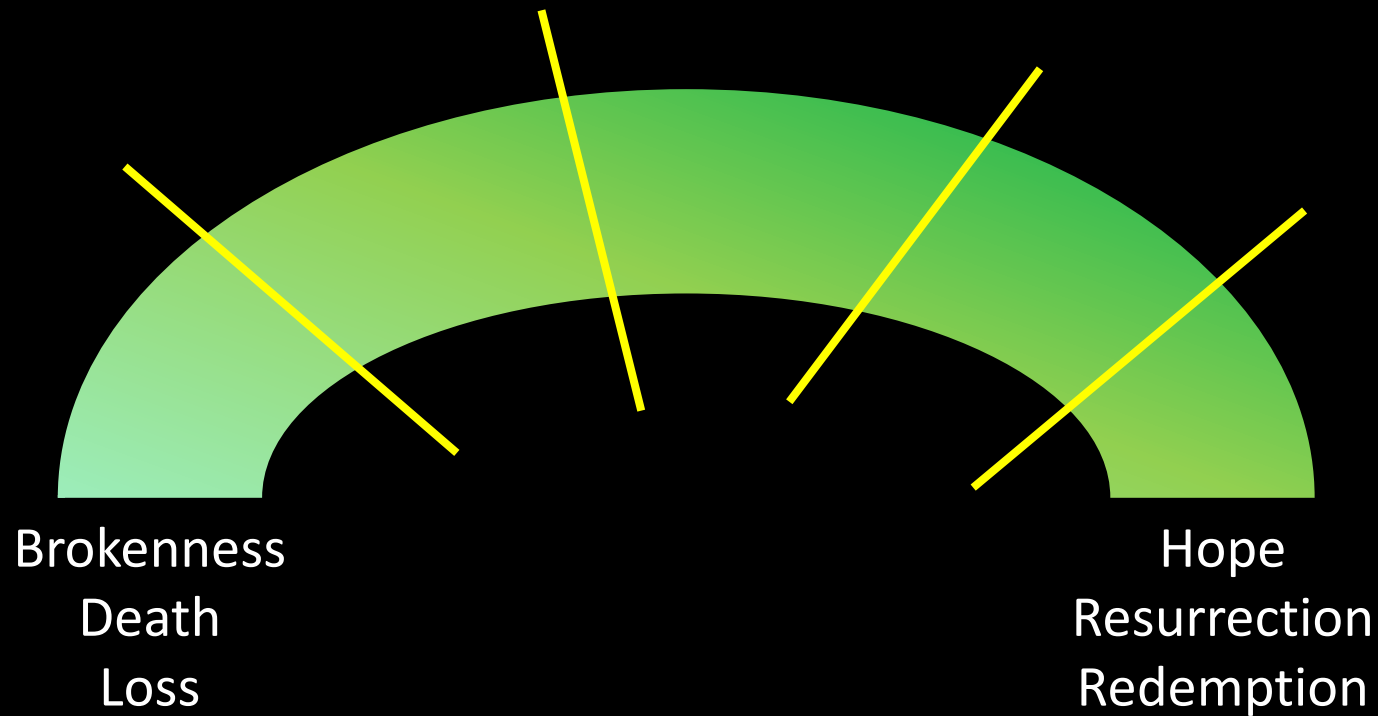
NOT IGNORANT OF  
PRESENT PAIN, GRIEF,  
HURT, OR TRAUMA



# Eschatological imagination lives in the tension



# Resists collapsing the tension



# Eschatological Imagination: Wheat Among the Weeds



<sup>24</sup>He put before them another parable: “The kingdom of heaven may be compared to someone who sowed good seed in his field; <sup>25</sup>but while everybody was asleep, an enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat, and then went away. <sup>26</sup>So when the plants came up and bore grain, then the weeds appeared as well. <sup>27</sup>And the slaves of the householder came and said to him, ‘Master, did you not sow good seed in your field? Where, then, did these weeds come from?’ <sup>28</sup>He answered, ‘An enemy has done this.’ The slaves said to him, ‘Then do you want us to go and gather them?’ <sup>29</sup>But he replied, ‘No; for in gathering the weeds you would uproot the wheat along with them. <sup>30</sup>Let both of them grow together until the harvest; and at harvest time I will tell the reapers, Collect the weeds first and bind them in bundles to be burned, but gather the wheat into my barn.’”

SEEKS FLOURISHING  
AMID, BUT WITHOUT  
IGNORING “WEEDS”



# Locating Ourselves as Discerners and Proclaimers of Eschatological Imagination

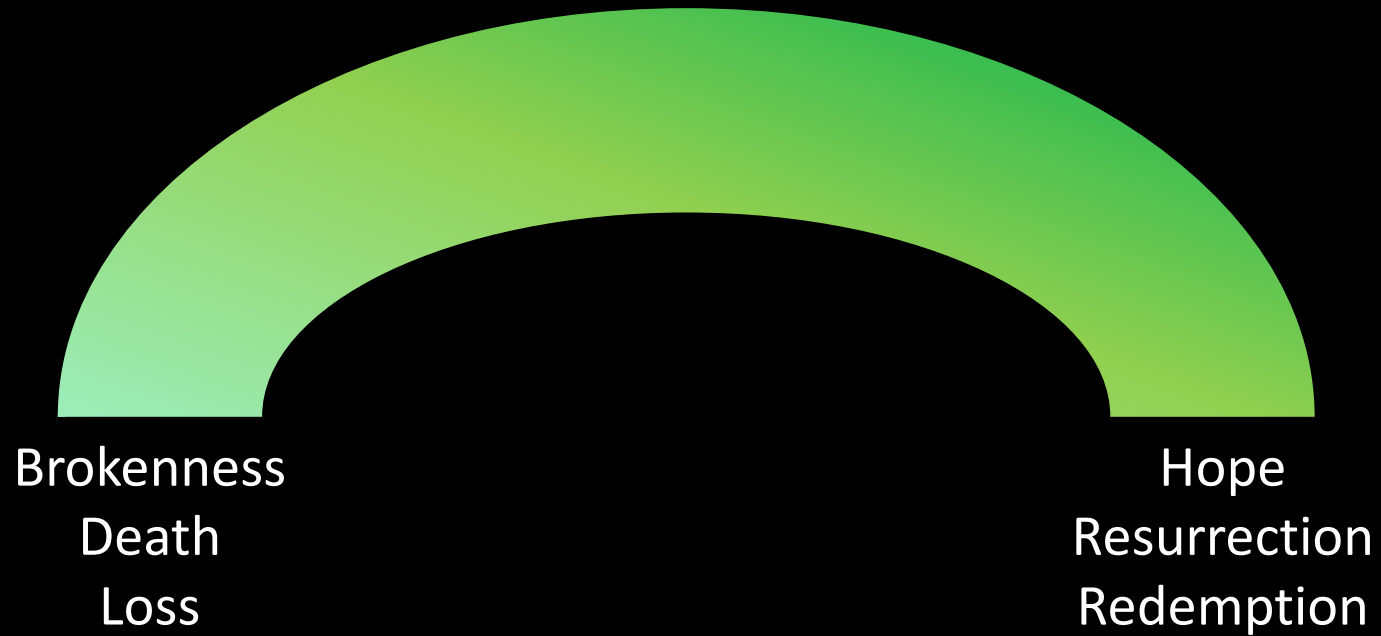


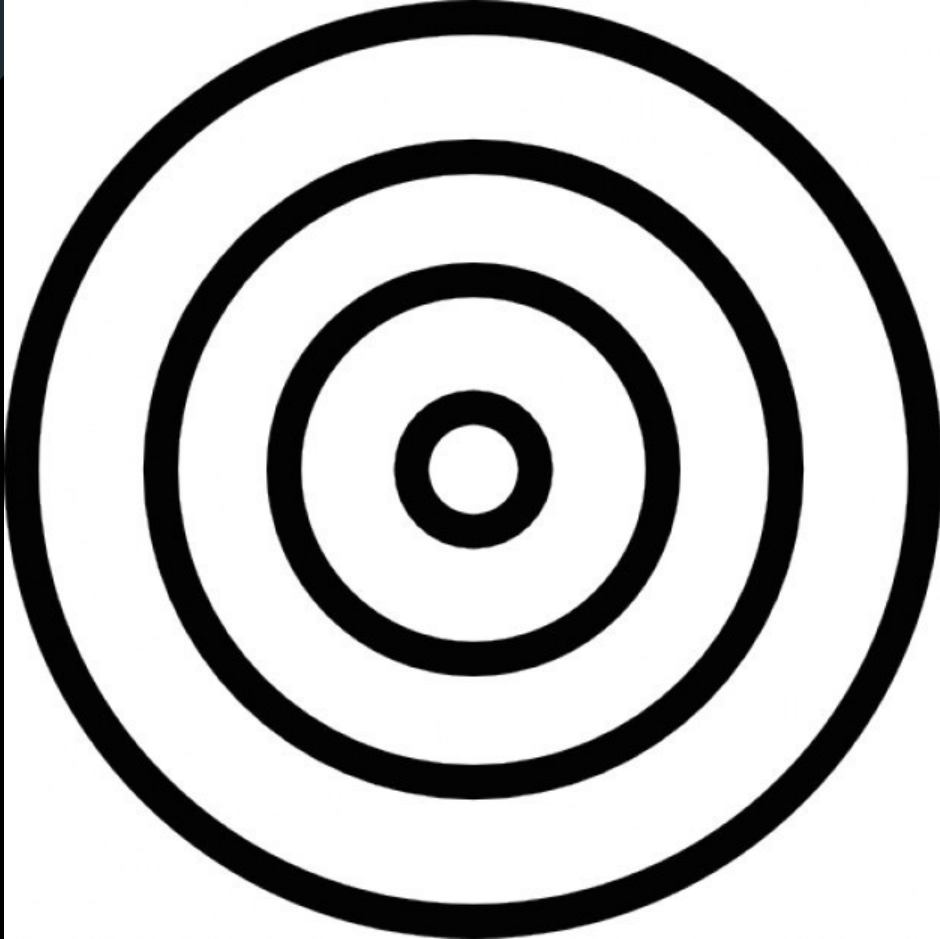


Don't Need  
to...



# Instead...





Be Honest about the  
location of the  
preacher/minister in  
relation to the  
congregation

# Habakkuk



“Prayer of Habakkuk” by Peter Gorban

I will stand at my watchpost  
and station myself on the  
rampart;  
I will keep watch to see what the  
Lord will say to me,  
and what the Lord will answer  
concerning my complaint.

~ Habakkuk 2:1

# John the Baptizer



Saint John the Baptist Bearing Witness ca. 1600 Annibale Carracci

# Women Surrounding Moses



- Shiprah and Puah, the Midwives
- Jochabed
- Miriam
- Pharoah's Daughter

PROCLAIMING  
HOLY  
IMAGINATION

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A scenic landscape featuring a dirt path that leads through lush green hills. In the background, there are rolling mountains under a vibrant sunset sky with warm orange and yellow tones. The foreground is dominated by tall grasses and a path that curves through the terrain. A dark, semi-transparent triangular overlay is present on the left side of the image, containing the text.

SUMMONING  
TOWARDS VS.  
PUSHING  
AWAY



# Invites Proclamation that...

- Is Invitational
  - Models such imagination in conversation with texts and everyday life
  - Accounts for the challenges and traumas of the present
  - Leans into Communal Wisdom
  - Resists always giving a “to-do” list
  - Invites action out of hope rather than obedience or despair
  - Hopes for biblical “literacy” towards cultivation of imagination
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# Embodying such Imagination in our Teaching, Ministry, and Preaching

- Contextually-Engaged
  - Employ complex and honest stories
  - Innately Dialogical
  - Entrust this Work to Congregation
  - Shape our preaching and teaching forms
-

# Nurturing Holy Imagination

- Biblical Texts
- Everyday Moments of Flourishing
- Attentiveness to God Amid Brokenness, Hurt, and/or Grief
- Poetry, Art, and Music
- Moments of Defiance
- Moments of Humor



WHERE DO YOU  
FIND SOURCES OF  
HOPE, DEFIANCE,  
AND IMAGINATION?

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"Blessing in a Time of Violence"

by Jan Richardson

Which is to say  
this blessing  
is always.

Which is to say  
there is no place  
this blessing  
does not long  
to cry out  
in lament,  
to weep its words  
in sorrow,  
to scream its lines  
in sacred rage.

Which is to say  
there is no day  
this blessing ceases  
to whisper  
into the ear  
of the dying,  
the despairing,  
the terrified.

Which is to say  
there is no moment  
this blessing refuses  
to sing itself  
into the heart  
of the hated  
and the hateful,  
the victim  
and the victimizer,  
with every last  
ounce of hope  
it has.

Which is to say  
there is none  
that can stop it,  
none that can  
halt its course,  
none that will  
still its cadence,  
none that will  
delay its rising,  
none that can keep it  
from springing forth  
from the mouths of us

who hope,  
from the hands of us  
who act,  
from the hearts of us  
who love,  
from the feet of us  
who will not cease  
our stubborn, aching  
marching, marching

until this blessing has spoken  
its final word,  
until this blessing  
has breathed  
its benediction  
in every place,  
in every tongue:

*Peace.*

*Peace.*

*Peace.*

