

April, 2011

Dear Friends,

Occasionally the wind blows soft and sweet here in Wellfleet, the temperature creeps unsteadily up, the early bulbs pop, there is bird song in the morning, and the usual goose couple protest loudly as man and dog walk over Uncle Tim's bridge. It must be spring.

Thus says Mac Gatch as he, Joe Zorawick, and I fuss over the summer schedule, rustle about in the hall closet for our Priest-in-Charge hats, and try to remember that which must be done (can't be left undone) before the doors to the Summer Chapel of St. James the Fisherman can swing open. For one thing, we have to find the keys!

Fortunately, Martha Wilson, our Warden, has been thinking forward, and all is made ready for the signal to go. The Smiths are tuning up, Harriet Blanchard wonders how many mice have set up housing in the sacristy, Bob Walter is oiling various tools, Bob Hubby peers at the roof, Cathy Hubby sharpens pencils, the landscaping people eye a couple of suspiciously leaning trees, and as the countdown proceeds, the Warden makes the predictable phone call. "Where's the spring letter?" Here it is.

We have a remarkably interesting lineup of preachers this year, one an Australian bishop. (I would say we conducted a worldwide search but in fact the man lives about three blocks from the Gatches at "The Little Church Around the Corner.") There is a wide range of experience and personality, anchored (or elevated, depending on your point of view) by three familiar faces. You can, as usual, expect to be challenged, informed, probed, perhaps exasperated, but in any case, refreshed, by what goes on.

You might be interested in knowing that Treasurer Finken was laid low last fall by a serious heart issue and has been recuperating in Chatam, a long slow recuperation requiring a lot of patience. He's done well.

We need only you to ring that old bell, smell that woody tang, brush the sand out of the way, get started in a serious way.

Wait a minute! I almost forgot (something I've had experience with these days). What about your donation to the Chapel? The enclosed envelope pines to be used for a good cause. In this climate we need to keep a close watch on our precious building, to pay staff (think of the clergy's annual trips to Los Vegas), and we need to restore our former commitment to local non-profits as best we can.

We will not forget to lift each other in prayer, pray for peace wherever there is war, remember before God our brothers and sisters in Japan, those who struggle for democracy in the Middle East, the twenty-five percent of children in this country whose families rely on food stamps, this Town as it struggles with responsibility for the environment and our precious history. In so many ways we have a lot of work to do. We need your help in all those ways.

Faithfully,
for the troika,
Jack