

Greetings from the Chapel of St. James the Fisherman Wellfleet, MA



Suddenly September

by Emily Ingalls

Tracey and I are back in Cleveland and we miss you and Wellfleet already. What a nice time we had, short though it was. I think morning prayer on the foggy beach at low tide was a high point, as was catching up with our St. James **altar guild** friends at the annual (socially distanced) get-together at **Harriet Blanchard's** house.

We drove home loaded with oysters and smoked bluefish from the Wellfleet Marina and were quite popular for a few days! It's the tail end of peach and tomato season in Ohio and I have been canning, freezing and making jelly for days. My herb garden ran rampant while we were on the Cape and it looks like we will be eating a lot of pesto this winter, too. Speaking of tomatoes, I am grateful to **Barbara Ketchum**, who started some plants for us at her house this spring and so we had fresh homegrown tomatoes while in Wellfleet.

Many thanks to all who contributed reflections and news for our weekly newsletters over the summer: **Christie Sorenson, Mac Gatch, Steve Jacobson, Ann Coburn, Anne Doolittle, Ingrid Jacobson, Sesle Olsen, Tom Thaler, Pat Penza,**



Elizabeth Elliott and Stewart Wood. You gave us all a gift. Thank you also to **Herb Elliott**, who organized our worship on the beach.

Sheila Hoogeboom reports that a few days ago as she was finishing up her swim at Long Pond, she helped a woman chase down and catch her loose dog, and thus she met fellow St. James Parishioner, **Christie Sorenson** and her dog, Stanley.

St. James is a special community; far-flung and close together at the same time. Please take care of each other and keep in touch. We intend to send out a newsletter about once a month to update you on outreach, community members, vestry news, etc. If you are interested in contributing a reflection or have news to include for one of these, please send me an email at stjameschapelwellfleet@gmail.com.

Here's to a healthy, happy fall and winter season to all of you.

Emily Ingalls, Editor

Reflection by the Rev. Ann Coburn

As spring began to move into summer in California, I realized that I might not be spending my usual two and a half months in Wellfleet. Both my kids and grandkids were all on the east coast, including the youngest born in March, and that was the impetus I needed to see if I could get myself there with minimal risk. As a Delta frequent flyer, I had been receiving numerous emails letting me know the precautions they were taking to make for a safe and healthy journey. I also read some independent articles that gave high marks to Delta. So literally on a wing and a prayer I flew to the east coast. I am fortunate to have a cottage where I could quarantine for 2 weeks. During that time my daughter and her family fed me and visited with me, all of us masked, outside, and from a very safe distance.

The day my quarantine came to an end I received the best gift of all: an abundance of hugs and kisses from my grandchildren. Living alone I had not

had a hug since the second week in March. It made me realize how starved one can get from the lack of human touch and contact. Will we ever again greet someone with a handshake or hug or a kiss? Will we feel comfortable gathering in large groups in church or on the beach? Will we be wary of the stranger or avoid passing people on the narrow trails through the woods or caution our grandchildren about swimming too close to other people? Will masks become a regular part of our wardrobe, even when the virus has seemingly run its course? I don't know the answers to these questions. So much remains unknown.



My 7 weeks in Wellfleet were well worth the risk, but I missed Sunday mornings at St. James the Fisherman, sitting around dinner tables with friends, having family and friends visit this special part of God's vineyard, and being able to celebrate the life of Morgan Porteus, But there were precious memories I was able to take back to California with me: getting to watch another generation walk in the sand, fly kites on a windy day, ride bikes to the pond, eat ice cream at the pier, swing in the hammocks, jump in the waves, and eat lobsters on the deck.



I look forward to gathering around the table with all of you next summer. That is my hope and my prayer. In the meantime may you feel God's presence in your lives and look for the Spirit at work all around you.

Wedding Bells!

Congratulations to The Rev. Steve Jacobson and Diana (Didy) Erb on their upcoming wedding! Steve and Didy, now both widowed, actually met way back in 1973 when Didy

became engaged to Steve's friend, The Reverend Canon John Erb, a Canadian Anglican priest in Toronto Canada. The Chapel of St. James the Fisherman wishes them every happiness and many good years together.



A Message from Tracey Lind

As Emily said, we hit the ground running as soon as we hit Cleveland; she is knee-deep in the fall harvest and I have been finishing up photographs for my solo show at Foothills Gallery in Cleveland Heights, which opens Sept. 15.



I have been making photographs since the nineties, but I stopped printing in 2006 - life got too busy. This past January, I decided to review more than three decades of digital images. I was excited by what I found in my computer files. I was particularly intrigued by the beauty of eroding rust, concrete, fabric and wood. Then came COVID-19.

Like many of you, I have been viewing the world through the lens of pandemic. I have also been considering these days as a theologian, searching for the spiritual meaning of this virus. As an individual living with dementia, I've also been

experiencing this crisis through the eroding frontal and temporal lobes of my brain. In short, I have been thinking about the COVID-19 pandemic through the lens of erosion - the destruction of the familiar and the secure, and the birthing and creation of some yet unknown.

As I reviewed three decades of digital photos during my quarantine, I began to see the story of COVID unfold. Hence, I have titled the images as they spoke to me in the early spring. Perhaps, you will see something very different in my pictures.

I hope you will join us for a Zoom virtual gallery tour and artist talk on September 16 at 5:00 p.m. [Just click here to RSVP and you will receive a calendar invite](#). 10% of the proceeds from art sold during this exhibit will benefit the Association for Frontotemporal Degeneration (AFTD.org).

I am grateful for the ways we have found to stay connected, and I look forward to seeing some familiar faces online during the gallery talk.

Tracey

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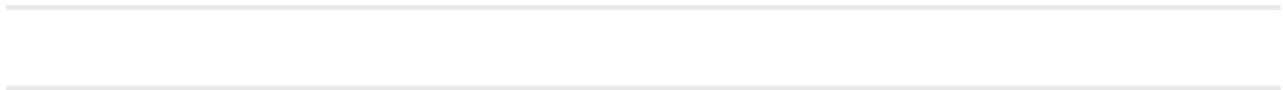




Photo by Tracey Lind

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