

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



### *From Christie Sorensen, Vestry Member*

I remember a time driving along East Main Street in Wellfleet when I told my mother that I really felt closer to God in nature rather than in Church. I think I was in my early twenties, grappling with religion in my life and my relationship with God. Eagerly anticipating her response, I was happy when she expressed her approval of the sentiment.

I was a young child when I first crossed the threshold of the Chapel of St. James the Fisherman. All dressed up and in tow with my siblings, we squeezed into the pew several rows back from the front. Being little, I had a hard time seeing the minister so I would look down at my sandaled feet thinking of the fun day ahead at the beach or the pond. Eagerly awaiting refreshments (I'm guessing Oreos), I was curiously aware of the breeze blowing through the wide open doors and the smell of the dry pine needles in the air, as if the outside had

come in.

My family has been blessed with knowing several special places. It's the rustic simplicity and natural settings of these places that resonate so profoundly in me. During our "stay at home" order in St. Louis I went out to my grandparents country house, named Weeds & Breezes (which, on a more recent visit, was dubbed Needs & Pleases by an old high school friend). I felt a freedom from our locked in worlds in a way that I have not been in touch with before.

Listening to bugs buzz by, a distant plane and the wind in the treetops, smelling the familiar scents of the house and the land, standing under an old maple tree friend that has sheltered me from the hot sun, seeing the nesting phoebes over the back porch door and in the far distance the rolling hills beyond the muddy Missouri River, all gave me a sense of hope and a peace knowing of God's presence in my life.

St. James is one of these special places. Its simplicity and setting so open to the outside touches me in a way that brings me closer to God. My mother loved to write poetry and she often referenced nature's beauty at different times of day, like "the secret delight of hilltop mornings, mist rising from river and sea," and "the blanket of stars on windblown crystal nights or the bright still bath of full moonlight." These lines evoke feelings and memories deep within me.

Reflecting on her poems and these special places I come to realize that after all these years I have never been to the Chapel at dawn for the sunrise, or at night to see the star-filled or moonlit sky. For those of you who are unable to be in Wellfleet this summer I wish you to be in a special place close to nature. And, for those who can get by the Chapel at those different times of day, perhaps now is the perfect time to do it! While our friends' smiling faces will not always be there to greet you, the Chapel and it's natural surroundings will embrace you warmly.

With blessings,  
Christy Sorensen

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***Thoughts On***

## *The Feeding of the Multitudes Matthew*

### *14: 13-21*

This Sunday's lectionary features one of my most favorite bible stories - Matthew's account of the Feeding of the Multitudes (Mt 14:13-21). This episode in Jesus' ministry teaches us to take what we have, give thanks to God for it, divide it among the gathered community, and discover there is always enough to go around. In fact, there will be more than enough - leftovers for those who don't make it to the table.



What is commonly called “the miracle of the loaves and fish” can be compared to a potluck, only much more. The teachings are the same: the combination of community, sharing and faith leading us from scarcity to abundance. And in some ways, that is the very essence of Christianity.

Potlucks can only take place in a community. They can't happen alone. They are, by their very nature, a community event. Certainly, there will be private moments in a Christian life, but for the most part, our Christian living takes place in the context of community. The community takes what we have to offer, and the community gives back what we need.

Potlucks are about sharing. I believe the miracle of the story of the loaves and fish is that by his own behavior, Jesus taught people to share what they had and there was enough. Think about how he orchestrated the feast. He told the crowd to sit down on the grass. Then, he took what he had (actually what the disciples had), looked up to heaven, blessed it, broke it, and gave it to the disciples to distribute among the people. Now here's what I think happened. When the disciples began distributing what they had to offer, others came forward and began to share what they had to offer. Surely some of the 5000 people gathered had brought a basket or sack of food with them; some of them were probably on the way to and from the market. Others probably had a piece of bread, cheese or fruit in their satchel. Back in those days, few people left home for a day in the countryside without something to eat. It would have been foolish to leave home so unprepared. After all, there were no McDonald's on the highway. So when Jesus lifted up his food to God and instructed the

disciples to pass it among the crowd, people came forward with their offerings. “I have a little cheese, I have a loaf of bread, I have an orange, I have a bit of wine – let me share this as well.” And when the people shared, there was enough to eat, and there were leftovers.

Potlucks are about having the faith that when we share what we have with the community, there will be enough. Once again, it is the principle of abundance versus scarcity: a radical, deviant, and creative principle that if lived out can change both individual and collective life on this earth. I think the story of the bread and the fish summarizes one of the most essential teachings of our Lord. That’s why it’s found in all four gospels!

When Jesus lifted the bread and fish up to ask for God’s blessing upon it, he was taking a risk. He didn’t know for certain if there would be enough. He had faith that there would be enough. And that’s what it’s all about: faith that there will be enough: enough food for the meal, enough money for the budget, enough time for the project, enough of whatever we need to fulfill our obligations to ourselves, our families, our communities, our world and our God.

And here’s the kicker, the punch line. Jesus always asks more of us than we think we have to give: more love to offer when we’re running on empty; more tests to take when we’re exhausted; more mouths to feed when the pantry shelves are bare; more bills to pay when the checking account is empty. Bring to me what you have, Jesus says. Bring me your skills and weaknesses; your strengths and fears; your burdens, challenges and responsibilities, your hopes, dreams and convictions; your past, present and future. Bring it all to me and I will make you adequate. I will make you enough for whatever you have to face, today tomorrow and then some.

Like many during this pandemic, I miss eating with others. While I am profoundly grateful that I have enough to eat, a safe place to eat, and a loving partner with whom to eat, I miss eating breakfast and chatting with neighbors at my local diner. I miss catching up with colleagues over a leisurely lunch. I miss gathering family and friends together at dinner parties. I also miss

potlucks, especially church potlucks, complete with jello molds, potato salad, and fried chicken. And, I miss the Eucharist, blessing and sharing bread and wine with people that I might not otherwise dine with at a breakfast, lunch or dinner table.

So, as I re-read one of my favorite bible stories this week, I remembered all those times around the table. And, as I long for the day when we can re-gather, I renew my vow to share my time, talent and treasure with others, believing Jesus when he says there is more than enough of me and you and our collective resources to go around, believing his promise that if we will share what we have, not only will there be enough, there will be leftovers. May it be so!



Blessings,  
Tracey Lind, Priest-In-Charge

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## ***Outreach Out of the Ordinary***

### ***Please give generously***

***The Chapel of St. James the Fisherman gives away one-half of its annual income to outer Cape Cod relief organizations. Last year this amounted to \$38,000, which was equal to the amount of summer plate offerings from our Sunday worship services. Even though we won't gather for worship in person this summer, we do hope to continue to donate to those organizations that we have supported in the past. This year's goal is \$40,000. You can help us meet our goal by sending a check to the address at the bottom of this newsletter, or via our website <http://stjameschapelwellfleet.org>***



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The Editor and Priest-In-Charge, negative COVID tests in hand, (yay!) are now on Cape (hooray!). Tracey would love to meet and have one-on-one or small group conversations in appropriately safe and socially distant settings. If this interests you, please email her at [traceylind@mac.com](mailto:traceylind@mac.com).

*We cannot gather for regular communion in the Chapel this summer, but we can keep in touch as a community. Please let us know how (and where) you*

are this summer, and whether we may share your news. You can reach us via email by responding to this message or contacting [stjameschapelwellfleet@gmail.com](mailto:stjameschapelwellfleet@gmail.com). Also, please visit us online via our website [stjameschapelwellfleet.org](http://stjameschapelwellfleet.org) and click this link to follow our [Facebook page](#).

God be with you while we are apart,  
Emily Ingalls, Editor



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