

# From St. James' With Love

Corner of Lake and Main  
P.O. Box 249  
Hammondsport, New York 14840  
May -June 2020 Newsletter

*St James Vision Statement:* God asks us to make His love visible in our lives and community. . . . let us not love in word or talk but in deed and in truth. (1 John 3:18)

## From the Rector's Corner

*"Dear brothers and sisters, when troubles come your way, consider it an opportunity for great joy. For you know that when your faith is tested, your endurance has a chance to grow. So let it grow, for when your endurance is fully developed, you will be perfect and complete, needing nothing." James 1:2-4*

This is a very different Newsletter – no updates on summer activities, no Vacation Bible School, no Second Sunday Movies, or Game Nights. But it reflects who “we” as St James Church are during this stay-at-home time: bare bones, trying to do our best, and remaining faithful. I invite you to spend some time in prayer and reflection as we ponder the “what is” and the “what is to come.”

Because it is all a Mystery. I like to think I am in control; of anything. Of everything. Being in control feels good. We can create our own destiny! We can go where we want when we want and there are no limits. But alas, that is the deceiver. I have never been in control. What I know from years of trying to be in control or longing to be in control is that it keeps me locked in falsehood. Keeps me in a box which is not abundant life. Blocks me from being open to the wonder of God’s amazing and incredible creation and possibilities.

God is so much bigger than what we can imagine. God’s creation is greater than we can comprehend. We say God has a plan and try to balance that with the gift of free will. How can I claim that free will while surrendering that same will to God? Do I trust God with my life, my will, and my being? What is God’s plan for me? For this world? For this virus? For our future? Right now there seems to be more questions than answers. And that creates anxiety and uncertainty. And we don’t like that. But we can learn to lean into the mystery. We can surrender ourselves to the goodness and mercy that IS God.

We know that God lives. On Easter morning God reminded us that Jesus is alive! We are shown that rebirth and new life are a promise and a path. But like the disciples, waiting, wondering, fearing, and hoping, we linger as the story unfolds.

May you find the peace of Christ which surpasses all understanding in this season of renewal and hope.

Peace,  
Lynne

### **Zooming Around the World**

I am so grateful that we can still come together for Sunday morning Worship at 9:00. And that we have people joining us from the winter abode, and friends have joined us, and I'm guessing some people are peeking in to the recorded sessions. We also Zoom Monday and Wednesday Bible Study, as well as Compline every night at 8:00. Although Zooming can create a few mishaps

The Rev Jay Sidebotham has been creating cartoons for the Episcopal Church for decades – here is one of his latest.



**THE PRIEST CARVES OUT SACRED SPACE AT HOME  
IN ORDER TO RECORD LITURGY FOR SUNDAY.**

### **Rogation Procession**

formerly known as "Beating the Bounds"

Wednesday, May 20<sup>th</sup> at 6:30 p.m.

Mark your calendar and save the date, this is an opportunity you won't want to miss, is what I said back in February. In a nutshell, in the traditional Rogation Procession we circumambulate (walk or drive) around Hammondsport praying for the people, government, businesses, agriculture, water, etc. This is a tradition more than 1500 years old. Rogation comes from the Latin rogatio which means "asking."

You will receive a copy of the Order of Worship before May 20<sup>th</sup> with instructions on how you can complete your own Rogation Procession – possibly with "social distancing" or in your car, or at home with a map of Hammondsport. This is a time to pray for the welfare of our community.

## **Thy Kingdom Come**

Ascension Day through Pentecost (May 20-31)

"In praying 'Thy Kingdom Come' we all commit to playing our part in the renewal of the nations and the transformation of communities." Archbishop Justin Welby. Thy Kingdom Come is a global prayer initiative started by the Anglican Church and Pete Grieg (Red Moon Rising) in May 2016 and last year had Christians from 172 countries and 65 denominations praying "Thy Kingdom Come."

Thy Kingdom Come is a global prayer movement that invites Christians around the world to pray from Ascension to Pentecost for more people to come to know Jesus.

praying 'Come Holy Spirit', so that friends and family, neighbors and colleagues might come to faith in Jesus Christ.

During the 11 days of Thy Kingdom Come, it is hoped that everyone who takes part will:

- *Deepen their own relationship with Jesus Christ*
- *Pray for 5 friends or family to come to faith in Jesus*
- *Pray for the empowerment of the Spirit that we would be effective in our witness*

We are invited to "Light up the World in Prayer." Jesus Christ is the light of the world and we are called to be the light of the world as we bear His image. On the Thy Kingdom Come website, there is a 'Light up the world' in prayer section with a whole suite of resources to equip you to encourage others to pray and shine their light. One of these activities, is a map of the world which we want to see filled with light. As each individual, family and church commit to pray, more lights will populate the map. Will you play your part, as we pray for the light of Christ to penetrate the darkness across the globe? To join go to: Thy Kingdom Come: <https://www.thykingdomcome.global/lightuptheworld>

## **Youth Group & Walk for Water**

New date and time TBD

"Inspired by the burden that millions of women and children bear every day walking an average of 3.5 miles to collect water that's not safe, we **Walk for Water** to raise awareness of the global water crisis and funds that save lives." This will be the final Youth Group event of the year - so the Youth will enjoy a meal, a message, and then we walk! EVERYONE is invited to Walk with the Youth, or to support them with prayers and a Pledge. In cooperation with the Methodist Church, we hope to schedule this event for a time later this year.

## **Hang onto your Stuff!!!**

**Village Wide Yard Sale date TBD**

## **Calling All Bakers, Crafters, and People Who Have Too Much Stuff**

We invite you to tuck your things aside until a new date is set by the Village. We have no doubt that we will find a way to bring out baked goods, crafts, and stuff to a Village that is craving some of our goods. But not yet.

## **Prayer List**

Fran, Dan, Ellen, Marietta and Jim, baby Eliza and family, Paige and Michael, Michael S., Tony, Brian, Steven, Alicia, Jennifer and family, Doug, Tammy S., Jerry, Phil, Wendell, James, Mike S., John, Amy, Lindsey, Hollie, Shawn, Curt, Jean F., Muriel, Charlie, Raymond, Janie, Rene, Heather, Eva, the Food Pantry, students and teachers, first responders, those suffering from addiction, those in the military, those who mourn

## **24 QUESTIONS YOUR CHURCH MUST ANSWER BEFORE WELCOMING PEOPLE BACK**

*Facts & Trends - April 27, 2020 by Ken Braddy (adapted)*

*Friends, I adapted this article down to 12 questions that you, St James Vestry, and the Diocese need to consider as we await reopening face-to-face. Feel free to Google the full article – here are some of the questions we face at St James.*

“Last week we all received good news: The country is going to slowly reopen, and that includes houses of worship. But if you think we’ll all rush back to church and pick up where we left off, don’t kid yourself—it’s not going to happen. Or at least it shouldn’t happen. We need to think and plan carefully so we don’t endanger people simply because we let our guard down and believed that the coronavirus crisis had passed. As believers let’s agree to live by faith and not operate in fear, but let’s also agree to be proactive and to act in wisdom towards members and guests, especially those among us who are most susceptible to becoming infected with COVID-19. We have a short time to prepare for the return of the church to the church campus.”

1. What changes will we need to make for Communion, Baptism, Choir?
2. What about Vacation Bible School?
3. Will we physically “pass the plate”?
4. What we will need to do to sanitize and sterilize every time we use the building?
5. What about the Church Dinners – the Smorgasbord has been cancelled, when will it be okay to reschedule? What needs to be in place to make fundraising possible?
6. What about Coffee Hour?
7. Will we supplement with Zoom while at St James?
8. Will we have Ushers? Or how will we greet and give out bulletins.
9. How will we engage in “social distancing” during the Service? Face masks? And where do we buy sufficient Purell?
10. When and if and how do we resume Sunday School? Bible Study? Thursday Worship? Church “Open” for Prayer?
11. Do we continue nightly Zoom Compline?
12. Do we invest in more technology (like a tripod and cameras)?

Of course there are and will be many more questions, and changes, that emerge as time goes on. We pray that we do everything right, and we repent of the decisions that will miss the mark. In the meantime, we continue to praise God for the many blessings we are experiencing in this new way of life and worship.

### **One St James Story of COVID-19**

Abby Reinhard and her husband Josh, along with children Caroline, Leo, and Amelie come to St James mostly in the summer. Although they are members of Christ Church, Pittsford we rejoice when they have the opportunity to worship while staying at their Lake home. A few weeks ago you received a prayer request for this family, and then the news of her Dad’s death. Here is their story.

*‘We hear you, Dad’: A daughter stays on the phone for hours and hours as her father dies alone from coronavirus. USA TODAY, April 19, 2020 Trevor Hughes*

Abby Adair Reinhard pressed her iPhone tighter to her ear, straining to hear the soft rhythm of her father's breath.

In. Out. In. Out.

Five miles away, in a hospital bed in Rochester, New York, her father lay dying.

At first, his breaths were steady white noise that any other day would fade into the background. As the hours passed, his breathing became harder. Tortured. Heavy with mucus.

Reinhard – a mom, a wife and a daughter – spent the next day and a half listening to her father die, praying he could hear her voice. Moment by moment, she detailed those agonizing hours in a wrenching Facebook post.

*The terror I've felt today is unlike anything I've ever experienced, and I can only imagine how hard it has been for you, Dad. I'm so sorry you are going through this nightmare.*

Don Adair, 76, was a father of four and a grandfather of five. A retired attorney who doted on his family, he'd traveled with them to Europe, sat on the floor to open Christmas presents, grinned wide at their graduations and bounced them on his knee.

Now, he lay alone in a bed, isolated from other patients at Highland Hospital. He'd fallen at home a few days earlier, and hospital staffers were helping him fight a minor infection.

Not a problem, Reinhard thought at first. Her dad, her rock, never got sick.

Then he developed a fever and a cough – coronavirus.

Reinhard, 41, called her brother, Tom, in Texas. It was late on April 4. They wondered whether an asymptomatic patient in the hospital had passed along the infection. They talked about how the prognosis was good, how his symptoms were minor.

It's a conversation so many Americans are having, fretting late at night, consulting doctors and scouring the internet for signs of hope, looking at the statistics that say most people will never get really sick.

"He was very strong, physically. I'm sure he'll be fine, is what I told myself," she said. "We went to bed thinking, chances are he's going to be OK."

Her husband made the kids french toast. They watched online Palm Sunday services, in which the pastor urged them to approach uncertainty with faith, not with fear.

Then came the call. A Highland nurse said things Reinhard tried to understand: "Aspiration ... deterioration ... suffering ... not much time."

The nurse put the phone to Adair's ear. He couldn't talk, but he could listen.

Pacing in her bathroom, Reinhard struggled to catch her own breath, to hide her sobs from her three kids. To listen. To speak.

"I love you," she said.

"Thank you."

"I'm sorry."

"I forgive you."

*You settled down in between coughs, and I searched my heart for what to say.*

*I talked about our precious times at the lake. I remembered you playing your guitar around the campfire, and I clung to that image as if it were my saving grace.*

The lyrics of those old campfire songs seemed so fitting now – "Milk and honey on the other side" and "He's got the whole world in his hands."

Laundry overflowed the basket in the corner. She talked, listened, prayed. She felt like part of her was outside her own body. It was too much to take in.

After half an hour, she realized she could conference in her siblings – Tom, Carrie in North Carolina and Emily in Denmark. They stayed on the phone for hours, singing more campfire songs, telling stories, remembering their childhood.

*Over the next many hours, our conversation with you is one I will treasure for the rest of my life. Although we were each sitting in Dallas, Raleigh, Copenhagen or Rochester, we were together, unpacking memories we had stored away long ago. The lake, the Cape, and our Europe trip. Games, projects and important conversations. We also sang more campfire songs. I pray that you could hear it all.*

Reinhard broke away from the call to talk to the doctors. She threw a winter coat over her yoga pants and sweatshirt and headed outside.

It wasn't cold, but she wasn't warm.

Walking her neighborhood, sobbing, she listened through her headphones as the doctors laid out his prognosis: He was so far gone, they told her, putting him on a ventilator would only prolong the inevitable. His lungs, destroyed by the infection, would probably never recover.

She read and reread her father's living will. He was so strong, and she wanted to hope. But she knew what he would want: Pain relief only. No ventilator. No dialysis. No CPR. When she made the decision, the doctor sounded relieved.

She saw her neighbors, and her neighbors saw her, crying on the side of the road. Their first instinct was to hug. They didn't. They couldn't.

Her decision made, Reinhard returned home and dialed back into her father's room. The nurses propped the phone on his pillow, so his children could hear him breathe.

As she listened to his breath, Reinhard settled at a desk and began to type. She wanted to capture the experience, absorb it.

*It feels so good to laugh and cry. To be connected on the phone with you and my brother and sisters. To bring the images of us from earlier years back to life. It also feels good to hear you breathe. That rhythmic, white noise is the background music to our call.*

At times, his breathing fell silent. Long seconds, a minute. She held her own breath, fearing what silence meant.

*Breathe, Dad. We need to hear you breathe.*

Then, finally, he would inhale, and she let out a long, grateful sigh.

*I have never loved and appreciated breath the way I love and appreciate breath right now.*

Evening fell, and Reinhard and her husband put their kids to bed. She typed out her feelings during the long hours and fell asleep to her father's breath.

Monday came. Adair was still hanging on. His breathing became harder, his lungs thick with the mucus that has come to define many coronavirus cases. Reinhard likened the sound to someone using a straw in a cup of paste. She wondered: Should she have pushed the doctors to put him on a ventilator?

*My own chest is feeling tight now, as I imagine your lungs filling, while the virus seeps in. You just moaned softly, and I don't know if you're trying to say you love us, or if you're in pain.*

*I pray you can see angels behind your closed eyes. That you can feel their love – and ours. That you can hear us on the other end of the phone. That you can sense the stirrings of your soul even while your body is becoming numb.*

*OK, here come faint, short flicks of white noise. Thank God. I just said the Lord's Prayer, in short bursts between my attempts at squelching my sobs so my kids can't hear me. I feel the pressure of the wailing behind my eyes, as I whimper like a dog, and wipe the tears away. I feel it in my throat now too, the pressure.*

*Grief is a strange thing. It comes in unpredictable waves. At one point earlier, I felt slightly guilty because I actually felt OK. And now here I am, pushing back against a huge wave of pain as it crests and I try to breathe through it. I'm breathing. You're breathing. We're OK.*

The phone went silent. Ten minutes without a sound.

*You're back! The phone had slipped. Thank you, God. Now we hear short, shallow breaths – each one a miracle. You're here. We're here. With obvious relief, we're each telling you again how much we love you. Baby Skylar is hiccuping on Carrie's line. This is life, and this is death. The newborn baby on the phone with the grandfather she'll never meet.*

*We hear you, Dad.*

She could hear the nurses repositioning him. They were heroes, she thought, risking their lives for his comfort. "Goodnight, Don," she heard one say. "I'll see you tomorrow."

The siblings tired. The stories slowed. Reinhard ate a slice of pizza. Her 8-year-old daughter, Caroline, popped in to ask if Grandpa Don sounded better. Reinhard told her, truthfully, that he sounded more calm.

"Yes!" Caroline said. "There have been a lot of recoveries." Then her smile faded. "And a lot of deaths."

*I wonder how the coronavirus will shape my kids and their generation? I think now about what shaped you and your fellow Boomers. Vietnam... a war against communism in a distant land. Today it's the coronavirus ... a war waged against droplets in the air, all around us.*

Reinhard and her siblings agreed to take a break. They needed to care for themselves, as their father would have wanted. They went to sleep, but no one hung up.

Just after midnight, another call came in. She knew what it was. She braced for it.

*Gone. You're gone.*

She'd been on the line with him almost 36 hours. If she'd stayed on just one more hour, she could have been with him when he died. Maybe he didn't want his kids to hear him go.

*If I'm honest, maybe part of me didn't want to hear your last gasps of air.*

She looked down at her iPhone, still connected to his hospital line.

"I love you, Dad," she said into the phone.

She paused for a few moments. She pressed the red button to end the call.

*Here comes the pain again. So heavy.*

First, she emailed her writing to friends and family. They shared it with others. It inspired her husband's colleague to reach out to his estranged father. Moved by their reconciliation, Reinhard posted her writing publicly to Facebook. She wanted people to understand the toll of the virus. As a business owner, she understands why people are aching to get back to work. She has 36 employees, and she worries about them, too.

Reinhard hopes her words can help other Americans understand that coronavirus isn't an abstract threat affecting only big cities. It's everywhere. It takes loved ones who should have lived healthy lives for years to come.

"To experience that threat on an emotional level makes it more real," she said. "To be 6 feet apart from your mom when you're crying? I haven't been able to hug my mom."

They buried Adair in the lonely new way – a few words, the Lord's Prayer and "Amazing Grace." Nine people and five minutes at a graveside at the family plot 10 miles from where he died. Her siblings couldn't be there. She sent them a video.

"Can you imagine? Seeing a video of your dad's burial?"

Easter came, and her son turned 7.

She still talks to her father. She can still hear him breathing on the other end of the line.

*I hear myself gasping as well. He, no longer in his body. And I, not quite in mine.*

### **Upcoming Calendar**

**Sundays:** Zoom at 9:00 – see the weekly email or the St James webpage: stjames14840.org

**Monday:** Bible Study at 4:00 via Zoom – we are studying the Psalms

**Wednesday:** Women's Bible Study at 10:00 via Zoom – we are studying Matthew

**Compline:** every night at 8:00

**Vestry:** May 13<sup>th</sup> at 7:00 via Zoom

June 10<sup>th</sup> at 7:00 location TBD

**May 20<sup>th</sup>** 6:30 p.m. Rogation Procession – materials to be sent before May 20<sup>th</sup>

**Thy Kingdom Come** – you are invited to hold 5 people in Prayer for the 10 days until Pentecost

**Walk for Water** – Date TBD

**Village Yard Sales** – Date TBD

Lay Ministers  
May-June 2020

Date	Chalice	Acolyte	Readers	Ushers	Sunday School
May 3	L. Nichiporuk		S. Pulver M. White		
May 10	J. Grillo	J. Derr	K. Derr K. Packard	M. Piersons J. Persons	D. Noteware
May 17	M. White	J. Grillo	A. Edmister L. Graulich	N. Folts M. Dowdle	K. Derr
May 24	N. Forenz	M. Dowdle	M. White S. Pulver	J. Skinner C. Skinner	J. Derr
May 31	C. Skinner	J. Derr	K. Derr K. Packard	C. Manikas P. Manikas	J. Rogerson
June 7	J. Grillo	K. Derr	A. Edmister L. Graulich	L. Grillo M. Dowdle	N. Folts
June 14	M. White	J. Grillo	K. Derr A. Edmister	N. Folts M. Dowdle	D. Noteware
June 21	N. Forenz	M. Dowdle	L. Graulich J. Grillo	M. Piersons J. Persons	J. Rogerson
June 28	L. Nichiporuk	J. Derr	M. White S. Pulver	C. Manikas P. Manikas	K. Derr