

# Flock Quarterly



Volume 1, Issue 6

Lent/Easter 2022

*Good Shepherd's new magazine for parishioners by parishioners*

## RESTORE

Lent should be more than a time of fasting.  
It should also be a joyous season of feasting.  
Lent is a time to fast from certain things and to feast on others.

It is a season to turn to God. May we:

Fast from judging others; feast on the goodness in them.  
Fast from emphasis on difference; feast on unity of all life.  
Fast from apparent darkness; feast on the reality of light.  
Fast from thoughts of illness; feast on the healing power of God.  
Fast from words that pollute; feast on phrases that purify.  
Fast from discontent; feast on gratitude.

Fast from anger; feast on patience.  
Fast from pessimism; feast on optimism.  
Fast from worry; feast on divine order.  
Fast from complaining; feast on appreciation.  
Fast from negatives; feast on affirmatives.  
Fast from unrelenting pressures; feast on unceasing prayer.

Fast from hostility; feast on non-resistance.  
Fast from bitterness; feast on forgiveness.  
Fast from self-concern; feast on compassion for others.  
Fast from personal anxiety; feast on eternal truth.  
Fast from discouragement; feast on hope.

Fast from facts that depress; feast on truths that uplift.  
Fast from lethargy; feast on enthusiasm.  
Fast from suspicion; feast on truth.  
Fast from thoughts that weaken; feast on promises that inspire.  
Fast from idle gossip; feast on purposeful silence.  
Fast from problems that overwhelm; feast on prayer that supports.

Amen.

William Arthur Wald  
(Source: Episcopal Relief and Development)



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Welcome to the Sixth Issue of  
**FLOCK QUARTERLY**

Good Shepherd's magazine for parishioners by parishioners

*When to expect it . . .*

Issues likely appearing in the latter half of February, May, August, and November

*Types of material . . .*

Essays; Humor; Bible Reflections; Interviews with Parishioners;  
Short Fiction; Original Photos & Artwork; Original Poetry & Prayers

Issues are prepared by the staff of our monthly Good Shepherd Newsletter . . .

. Graphics Editor Laura Rosato and Content Editor Richard Reid

**Remember:** You're never too young or too old to contribute . . . material from our children and teens as well from adults of all ages are always welcome

Guidelines for Contributors

Text submissions in Word format or are handwritten - try not to exceed 2,000 words

Please do not send any material in the PDF format

Submit original photos and original artwork in the .jpeg format if you are able

If original artwork is 8 1/2" by 11" or smaller, it may be submitted for scanning into .jpeg

Issue Deadlines

Lent/Easter (by February 3rd)

Spring Ordinary Time (by May 3rd)

Fall Ordinary Time (by August 3rd)

Advent/Christmas (by November 3rd)

Email to Richard Reid ([writer2363@gmail.com](mailto:writer2363@gmail.com)) or telephone (cell: 585-766-7254)

General themes for any issue to inspire your submissions

family; hobbies; your vocation; religion; the weather; people/things/places you remember; a great day; something/someone you're thankful for; current events (but let's avoid being overtly political)

*Special issue themes that look ahead to the upcoming three issues to spark your creativity*

Spring Ordinary Time Issue Themes

Pentecost; Mother's Day; Father's Day; 4th of July; end-of-school; graduations; summer; vacations

Fall Ordinary Time Issue Themes

Pentecost; Labor Day; autumn; back-to-school; Halloween

Advent/Christmas Issue Themes

Advent; Thanksgiving; Christmas; the new year; the old year just ending; winter; Epiphany

*You are part of the Good Shepherd flock . . . please contribute to Flock Quarterly!*



# INTERVIEW

## “The Proof is in the Pudding”

An interview with parishioner Dick Robinson by Content Editor Richard Reid



*Editor's Note: At Good Shepherd's Annual Meeting on January 23, 2022, Richard "Dick" Robinson officially stepped down as Treasurer after serving in that role for 14 years. Dick and his wife, Virginia (Ginger), married 56 years, have been members of Good Shepherd since the mid-1970s when Rev. George Anderson was rector. He retired from Xerox in 2006 after spending 32 years there in the area of computer technology support and project management. They have three adult children, daughters Erin, and Wendi, and son, Sean, and two grandchildren. Rather than summarize a lot of additional personal details about Dick here, we refer you to the two-page interview with him that appeared in the September 2012 issue of Good Shepherd's Newsletter. If you don't have a copy, please contact the Content Editor (writer2363@gmail.com) who is happy to email you a copy. The current interview has been edited for brevity and clarity.*

**Richard Reid (RR):** When you first became Treasurer, one of your stated goals was to produce a better budget, one that would be more easily understood by parishioners who could use it as a decision-making tool for a host of parish issues. Do you feel you accomplished that goal and why are you stepping down?

**Dick Robinson (DR):** I do feel that goal has been met, but, as they say, the proof is in the pudding. I expect the people of Good Shepherd will answer that question for me. As for the timing of my decision, it's largely the recognition that we have good processes and an excellent support staff in place. It's much better now to make an orderly transfer of responsibilities to Bruce Dunn, the incoming Treasurer, while I'm around to answer questions about policies, processes and the like. As part of the transition, the Vestry has decided to revive the Finance Committee made up of Fr. Lance, the wardens, the receiving and disbursing treasurers, and members of the parish. I will assume the role of chairperson.

**RR:** Congratulations. During the 1990s into the early 2000s, didn't you either participate on or lead the Finance Committee and just what is the work of such a committee?

**DR:** Yes, I was long-active with the Finance Committee. In essence, the Committee's work is one of financial oversight involving reviewing goals, identifying gaps, and ensuring that appropriate parish organizations will provide solutions. The Committee will meet quarterly until it is once again deemed not necessary.

**RR:** What have been some of your major accomplishments as Treasurer?

**DR:** Good Shepherd now has a larger, more complex budget than in 2008 and needed a better way to track its finances. I'm very pleased with the decision to acquire the PowerChurch software which has enabled us to move from a local computer-based system to a server-based system so that remote access became possible. Instead of only being able to work on church matters at church, I could do so from home or even while in Alaska visiting family. Access aside, the software has brought together several previously separated tasks: accounts receivable, accounts payable, contributions, and membership. The result is that we more quickly have the data when we need it for better management of our finances and for making more informed recommendations and decisions by the Vestry. More recently a major successful project was our purchase of St. Andrew's Chapel from the Rochester Diocese for the princely sum of one dollar. You may think it was a simple, straight-forward transaction from one non-profit organization to another – and you would be wrong because you haven't reckoned with the Town of Webster. We had to prove to the Town that we were a bona fide non-profit – and that went well-beyond providing them with our federal tax-exempt number. The needed documents were not readily available but with good support from Fr. Lance and the diocese over a three-month period, we were able to comply with Webster's request for the needed information and to complete the transfer of ownership. As I said, it was a lot of work for one dollar.

**RR:** Has the Covid-19 pandemic affected your work as Treasurer?

*Continued*

**DR:** The work of Treasurer is best summed up in three words: plan, check, report – so, yes, it has, because an ongoing pandemic calls for responding to tremendous disruptions as well as finding new ways to do routine things. One challenge has been positive for us, if such a designation is even appropriate considering the sad events of the last two years. As the economic fallout from the spreading Covid-19 pandemic became obvious, Congress passed the CARES (Coronavirus Aid, Relief, and Economic Security) Act in late March 2020. Included in that law was assistance for small businesses through the newly created Paycheck Protection Program (PPP) to ensure that a small business could maintain its payroll, cover its overhead, and hire back any employees who had to be laid off or given reduced hours due to loss of business income. When it was determined that the scope of the assistance available included churches, I quickly gathered information on salaries, benefits, and ongoing expenses for the required period into a loan request document which was reviewed and ultimately approved by Key Bank and the Small Business Administration. We received a loan of \$37,745.00 which has been forgiven, having successfully proved the expected expenses were real to the SBA in the window period specified. Determined to make the best use of the “found money,” if you will, in November 2021, the Vestry voted to establish a liability fund for the Outreach Committee to use in ways to assist with needs in the community, the region, and elsewhere.

**RR:** In your 14 years as Treasurer, were there things you had as goals to achieve but were not able to accomplish?

**DR:** I’m pleased to say I cannot think of any gaps not addressed, at least partially, if not fully. Our assets have grown and remain greater than our liabilities while our income exceeds the amount budgeted for the year. These are particularly good facts, ones that every Treasurer loves to report to its organization. We have \$166,000 in our capital campaign fund. Good Shepherd is in very good financial shape. Given my age, there is no reason I shouldn’t step down as Treasurer and be available when needed through my position on the Finance Committee.

**RR:** Any personal plans with your workload much lighter?

**DR:** Continuing what I’ve always done: keeping in touch with family, traveling, golf and bowling. As I told you ten years ago, whenever I can shoot a round of golf in the 80s or 90s, I’m usually satisfied. My bowling average is in the 160s a game. I never had a perfect game, but I once came close with a 288, just 12 points shy of that magic number.

**RR:** Thank you, Dick, for your 14 years as Treasurer and for you and Ginger for sharing your lives and friendship for 45 years and counting with the parishioners of Good Shepherd.



# ESSAY

## A LENTEN REFLECTION

by Jim Morse

Well, Lent is almost upon us and Easter is only a few weeks away. It's not unusual for us to reflect on the life, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus during this season of the Christian year. For me it is particularly inspirational, but the challenge of Jesus' call to follow him periodically feels too profound to fully grasp much less achieve. After all, he is the son of God. And who am I? To aspire to live my life like his often seems beyond me. Perhaps it would be easier to understand if the gulf between us was not so great; if there were other examples of people living out their lives on the path that Jesus walked. Contemplating this, I find myself reflecting back on a repeated childhood event.

The memory is of an annual trip to shop for Easter clothes. Until my freshman year in high school, when my mother went back to work, there was little money for 'extras.' New dress clothes definitely fell into that 'extras' category. So where did these Easter clothes come from? My father's mother, Grace, had three sisters; Maud, Juanita, and Helen. (How are those for old-time names?) None of my great aunts had children. Actually, only Maud had ever married. So, my two sisters and I were the focus of their attention. They always gave us the best Christmas presents and bought us complete Easter outfits each year.

Every year I'd receive a new suit, shirt, tie, overcoat, shoes and underwear. In addition to dresses, shoes, and coats, my sisters' outfits also included the requisite Easter hat or bonnet. The clothes were a great treat, but, spending the entire day shopping with our great aunts was the best part. We'd always go on a Saturday. They'd pick us up early and drive about 40 minutes to Utica which was the closest city to where we lived.

It's kind of silly to think about now, but going to Utica was a big deal as a kid. The small town where I grew up didn't have parking garages, regional or national clothing/department stores, or restaurants with fancy lunch menus like those that existed in Utica. The day was always an adventure. Some of the stops were the same every year. Other elements were changeable and left for us kids to select. Every year we'd stop to have lunch at noontime. And sometimes, we'd go someplace else for ice cream mid-afternoon.

My great aunts enjoyed our time together as much or more than my sisters and I. It was almost comical how they watched us like hawks to make sure we didn't get lost or disappear or something. I guess it was because they had never had kids of their own. Maybe they thought we were magical beasts that could appear and disappear at will. They each gravitated towards one of us and stuck with us through the day. My shadow was always Aunt 'Nita.' If you had known her, you would have thought I had drawn the short straw. She was almost always cranky and short-tempered. But, for some reason, she treated me like gold. I was her favorite. I could do no wrong. Of course, around her, I'd never even think of doing anything wrong; she was too nice to me to disappoint her.

Why was Juanita generally so prickly? I think being an old maid was at the core of it. As I got older, I learned that as a young woman, she had been engaged to be married. Before they were able to arrange the wedding, the United States entered World War I. Like most of the other young men in the area, her fiancé enlisted and was shipped off to Europe. He never came home. He was killed in France. To this day, I believe his loss broke her heart. I also believe that somehow, I reminded her of him.

Once home, we'd all have to put on our outfits so that our parents could see what we had gotten. And, of course, on Easter morning after church my dad would drive over to the house my great aunts owned. It was a large, well maintained, old Victorian. Dad would then take pictures of us standing on their front porch. Those pictures can still be found in photo albums my sisters and I have held onto through the years.

*Continued*



So why do I flash back to these memories every year? Probably because those trips took place at this time of year. Probably because they were memories of happy times. Maybe because they demonstrated my great aunts performing selfless acts of care for others as Jesus calls us all to do.

These relatives were all working-class people. They all worked five and a half days a week every year for as long as I could remember. And they only received 2 weeks of vacation every year. My grandmother, grandfather (Bert), and my three great aunts all worked in the same Duofold clothing factory. Between them, they collectively worked at the same factory for over 250 years. There was a big article in the local paper talking about them when my grandmother finally retired. Helen worked at the same job from when she was 13 until she was 78 when she retired to take care of Nita who had suffered a stroke.

Yet, despite their modest means, they all used their time, talents, and treasure to support their family, friends, and neighbors whenever and wherever they saw the need. Their lives served as an object lesson for me to see how to selflessly care for others as Jesus had encouraged his disciples to do. And their contributions demonstrated how collectively a number of small donations can miraculously serve to care for the needs of many.

I bet that like me, you can recall family members helping each other as warranted. So, in itself, this story is not unique. But similarly, I bet that like me, you can recall others with whom you've come into contact throughout your life that have also demonstrated a similar community commitment.

Mine have included a broad range of individuals with wildly diverse backgrounds:

My best friend since kindergarten, owns a CSA farm, and is frequently delivering produce for free to both customers who have lost their jobs and others in need in the community.

My high school wrestling coach provided encouragement and support to wrestlers lacking parental support as well as financial assistance to those that needed it to ensure appropriate nutrition.

A German immigrant and owner of a premier upholstery shop where I worked part-time in high school repeatedly made donations to local food shelves and community service agencies.

My college Russian language professor, an immigrant from Russia, provided opportunities for his students to visit a nearby monastery to attend services and enjoy meals with the monks while speaking Russian with them and learning that the cultures that separate us are not as wide as the humanity that links us.

A Puerto Rican chef with which I once worked was as concerned that our diverse staff appreciated each other and worked as a cohesive unit as much as he was concerned with the quality of our work.

The man that managed the lay-reader schedule at St. Georges church in Charlotte, with whom I became fast friends despite his advanced age, was constantly demonstrating inclusive attitudes towards strangers as well as church members.

May you enjoy a holy Lent and a very happy Easter. Through reflection, I hope that you too recognize people in your life that can serve to lead you onto the path that Jesus directs us to follow. While I will continue to reflect on the friends and acquaintances I have met, my primary recollection this time of year will continue to be the memory of my shopping trips for new Easter clothes. I pray that these memories will serve to keep me on track.



## **PRAYER**

### **PRAYERS TO BE SAID WITH ANGLICAN PRAYER BEADS**

Compiled by Debra Nelson

#### **Saint Patrick's Breastplate**

##### **The Cross**

I bind unto myself today the strong Name of the Trinity,  
by invocation of the same, the Three in One, and One in Three.  
Of whom all nature hath creation, eternal Father, Spirit, Word:  
praise to the Lord of my salvation, salvation is of Christ the Lord.

##### **The Invitatory**

Christ be with me, Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me,  
Christ beside me, Christ to win me, Christ to comfort and restore me.  
Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

##### **The Cruciforms**

I bind unto myself today  
the strong Name of the Trinity,  
by invocation of the same,  
the Three in One, and One in Three.

##### **The Weeks (choose one set of 7)**

1. I bind this day to me forever, by power of faith, Christ's Incarnation;
2. his baptism in Jordan river;
3. his death on cross for my salvation;
4. his bursting from the spiced tomb;
5. his riding up the heavenly way;
6. his coming at the day of doom;
7. I bind unto myself today.

1. I bind unto myself the power of the great love of cherubim;
2. the sweet "Well done" in judgment hour;
3. the service of the seraphim;
4. confessors' faith, apostles' word,
5. the patriarchs' prayers, the prophets' scrolls;
6. all good deeds done unto the Lord,
7. and purity of virgin souls.

1. I bind unto myself today the virtues of the starlit heaven,
2. the glorious sun's life-giving ray,
3. the whiteness of the moon at even,
4. the flashing of the lightning free,
5. the whirling of the wind's tempestuous shocks,
6. the stable earth, the deep salt sea,
7. around the old eternal rocks.

*Continued*

I bind unto myself today the power of God to hold and lead,  
 2. his eye to watch, his might to stay,  
 3. his ear to hearken, to my need;  
 4. the wisdom of my God to teach,  
 5. his hand to guide, his shield to ward;  
 6. the word of God to give me speech,  
 7. his heavenly host to be my guard.

Words: attributed to St. Patrick (372-466)  
 translated by Cecil Frances Alexander, 1889  
 Adapted for use with Anglican Prayer Beads by Laura Kelly Campbell  
 email: [contact@kingofpeace.org](mailto:contact@kingofpeace.org)

### A Prayer based on the Hymn of St. Patrick

#### The Cross

I bind unto myself today the strong Name of the Trinity,  
 by invocation of the same, the Three in One, and One in Three.

#### The Invitatory

I bind this day to me forever, by power of faith, Christ's Incarnation.  
 Protect me, Christ, till thy returning.

#### The Cruciforms

Christ be with me.

#### The Weeks

Christ behind me, Christ before me.  
 Christ beside me, Christ to win me.  
 Christ to comfort and restore me.  
 Christ beneath me, Christ above me,  
 Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,  
 Christ in hearts of all that love me,  
 Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

#### Final Cross

Amen.

Printed in *Holding Your Prayers in Your Hands: Praying the Anglican Rosary*, by Krisitn M. Elliott & Betty Kay Seibt, Denton, Tx. 1997 and are "intended for use by every Christian who wants to lead a more dedicated life of prayer and service to God."



## A Celtic Prayer

### The Cross

In the Name of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

### The Invitatory

O God make speed to save me (us),  
O Lord make haste to help me (us),  
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit: As it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.

### The Cruciforms

Be the eye of God dwelling with me,  
The foot of Christ in guidance with me,  
The shower of the Spirit pouring on me,  
Richly and generously

### The Weeks

*Pray each phrase on a separate bead.*

I bow before the Father who made me,  
I bow before the Son who saved me,  
I bow before the Spirit who guides me,  
In love and adoration.

I praise the Name of the one on high.

I bow before thee Sacred Three,

The ever One, the Trinity.

*A Celtic Prayer by Sister Brigit-Carol S.D. [solitarieofdekoven@gmail.com](mailto:solitarieofdekoven@gmail.com)*

## A Litany for Lent

### The Cross

Have mercy on me, oh God, according to your unfailing love; According to your great compassion. Blot out my transgressions. Wash away all my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin.

### The Invitatory

You desire truth in the inward being: therefore, teach me wisdom in my secret heart.

### The Cruciforms

O Lord, open my lips and my mouth will declare your praise.

### The Weeks

Cleanse me and I shall be clean; Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

For I know my transgressions, and my sin is always before me.

Against you alone, have I sinned and done what is evil in your sight.

Hide your face from my sins and blot out my iniquities.

Create in me a pure heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

Do not cast me away from your presence, and do not take your Holy Spirit from me.

Restore me to the joy of your salvation, and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.

### Final Cross

Amen.

# ESSAY

## CRAZY, BUT NOT *THAT* CRAZY: ME AND JAMES TAYLOR

by Kim Yourch

*Editor's Note: Singer-songwriter James Taylor is an American institution. Ever since 1970 with hit songs like "Fire and Rain," "You've Got a Friend," and, "Sweet Baby James," Taylor has been a major influence in the folk rock, pop, rock, blues and country music genres. A six-time Grammy Award winner with more than 100 million records sold worldwide, he was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2000. According to Wikipedia, "every album that he released from 1977 to 2007 sold over one million copies." Turning age 74 this March, he's still writing songs and performing in concerts for a new generation of fans. Longtime Sunday School teacher Kimberly Yourch, who has attended Good Shepherd for close to 30 years, having been introduced to the church through husband Tom's mother, Judy Thompson-Yourch, talks about being a fan of James Taylor. She said to be sure to mention that she appreciates the encouragement and all the help the Content Editor gave her in preparing this article.*

I love my husband, Tommy, and he knows it. Let's establish that upfront. We've been married 33 years and he's still the love of my life. But he also knows I love James Taylor and have for nearly 29 years. Still, Tommy's okay with that because he knows that what I really love about James Taylor is his singing voice.

The first time I was aware that I heard it was in 1992, thirty years ago. Well, not quite. My son, Ryan, was born that November. It's only January when I'm relating this so it's really just a little over 29 years. Newly-born Ryan wasn't sleeping well which meant I wasn't sleeping much either. His schedule was 4 off, 4 on throughout a 24-hour cycle. Groggy, I turned on the TV one of those nights, finding MTV's "Unplugged" show. I heard this guy singing and playing his guitar and liked what I was hearing. I liked it a lot. He had a nice voice. After that fateful night, I became aware of hearing his voice on the radio. The first few times, I'd ask Tommy, "Who's that guy singing? Each time, my hubby said, it is James Taylor. I had trouble remembering his name. I am sure it was the sleep deprivation, but his voice – that was unforgettable.

Ryan was three, just before Chelsie was born, when I went to my first James Taylor concert. I've been to 16 since then. I'm not the only person at Good Shepherd who's a big James Taylor fan. I know Jeff and Yvonne Arnold are. So are the Therkildsens. In fact, Larry and I joke about who the bigger JT fan is but I always remind him, "Yes, well maybe, but I have more pictures with him than you do." I have three from different occasions and they're all included with this article.

The first time I came face to face with JT was in Pittsford, at a restaurant across from what now is the Del Monte Hotel and Spa. Why? Because Chelsie, at age 3, was performing in a ballet recital. She was one of the first on stage. With all the other children taking their turns, we had three hours until she was due back on stage for the finale. Most people know how hard it is to contain a 3-year-old for that length of time so our options were to walk the halls, or go have dinner. Big surprise: hunger wins. While eating, I look over Tom's shoulder and behind him, I see a man that looks just like JT. Eventually, this man gets up and talks to the chef. Now he really looks like James Taylor but I think, is that possible? I'm in Pittsford after all. After he steps away from the chef, I go up to the chef, quietly ask who he was talking to, and he says "Oh that is James Taylor". That when I decide I'm not leaving this place until I talk with him, too.

As we leave the restaurant, I do stop by his table. Excuse me, Mr. Taylor, but I just have to tell you that I'm a big fan. I love your voice and your songs' lyrics. I just saw you at the Canandaigua Arts Center. Graciously he thanks me. As I'm starting to walk away, trying to sound like a true and deep fan, I say a bit loudly, "Oh, by the way, I love, 'Mona'," expecting he will understand I'm referring to his song, "Mona," the one about his pet pig. Reflecting back on this later, I hoped the surrounding diners didn't think I had told James Taylor that I love a woman in a romantic way. I just wanted him to know how much I know his catalogue of music, including the obscure songs. I soon remember the large amount of expensive recording equipment with us in the car which we have along to capture Chelsie's performance. But there's no time to get it because we have to head back to see the finale, which we do. Then I kid Tom, telling him "I want to go back to the restaurant", saying "maybe he is still there". I may be a crazy fan when it comes to JT but I'm not *that* crazy. I'm not a stalker after all. I'm content, sort of, with just having crossed his path.

*Continued*



My first photo, the worst quality of all, was taken at the second concert I attended at the Canandaigua Arts Center. I was lucky enough to score tickets through my work and sat in a box seat. I was able to see everything and hang a poster I created without obstructing anyone's view. My poster stated: "Bucket List" 1. Great husband with a check mark next to it; 2. Beautiful Children with a check mark; 3. Picture with James Taylor – no check mark; & 4. Trip to Alaska with a check mark. I have been to a few concerts and not once has James come out at intermission to sign anything. This concert was different. He came out and all the people in my section made sure I knew he was out there. Yes, I quickly jumped into action and got to the front of the staging area and was able to give him a bag of

his favorite candy bars, and get my picture. Needless to say, I was ecstatic! So were all the people in my section for me.

My second picture was obtained by waiting on a hot summer day, July 1, 2018, when I was by myself at his concert in Buffalo (everyone is tired of going with me), and of course, I brought along his favorite candy to give him. It was 90 degrees that day, so I was seriously concerned about them melting, but I have them in a cooler on ice along with some water to keep me hydrated. I arrived at 2:00 pm for the 7:00 pm show and waited with about 6 other people at the gate for him to come out and sign things and talk with the fans.



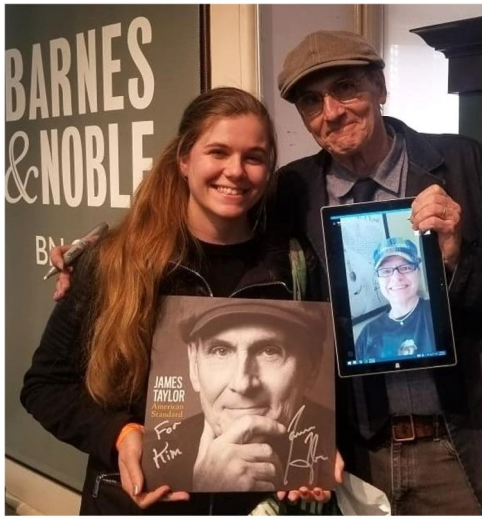
After Tom had tired of going to JT concerts with me, I took Chelsie to her first concert, at the Rochester War Memorial. I brought a photo of Chelsie in her pink tutu signed by JT from that first run in with him in

Pittsford, "just in case we were able to speak with him." These were the years he would allow people to place things on the stage and when returning from intermission, he would sign things and his people would return them to the owners. I was able to get 6<sup>th</sup> row tickets and after seeing people not show up for second row, Chelsie and I moved forward. What a great day that was: he had signed the picture image (see photo) but left a "?" mark after his name. I always say I have one of the most original signatures... who else has a "?" after JT's name on a picture of their daughter? I think he was questioning, "why do you want me to sign this?"

Well, after this concert, I met him and explained it was only because we had met him the day our daughter was dressed like this. Once again, he obliged with another autograph, this time on the back of the photo. My success that day went beyond mere ink: he consented to a kiss on the cheek! So, maybe I am a little crazy – crazy like a fox!







The third time we were photographed together – at least we were together from a technical perspective, as you’ll soon learn -- was in early 2020, just before the Covid-19 pandemic burst wide open in this country. Chelsie was living in New York City at the time. JT had just released his album, *American Standard*, a collection of songs the likes of, “Moon River”, “My Blue Heaven,” and “The Nearness of You,” on February 28, 2020. He would be signing albums at a Barnes & Noble in Manhattan. Could Chelsie try & get a signed album for me? Of course, she said. She got there early and managed to snare a bracelet which allowed her a short meet and greet with James. Now Chelsie had brought along her iPad so when she was about to step forward, she skyped me in so I could “be there” too. His handlers said they couldn’t recall this happening before but okayed it, adding, what a cool idea it was. So, there I am on the iPad being held by James Taylor. Chelsie also had the candy bars that James likes so much – I won’t say which one it is out of respect for his privacy – see, like I said, I’m not *that* crazy. He thanked me for having Chelsie

bring them. His handlers said he was going to love them as he was hungry.

I have also included a 5<sup>th</sup> picture. For my Mother’s Day gift of 2021 Chelsie and Chris, my best friend, planned a trip to Massachusetts to visit the Tanglewood Music Festival site. James has been supportive of the college there over the years, donating the profits from his concerts at Tanglewood to them. With his third wife, Caroline, JT has been living since 2001 in Lenox, Massachusetts where the Tanglewood concerts are. Lenox is part of the Pittsfield area of the state. When you consider our area has *Pitts-ford* and *Pen-field* and that Caroline’s nickname is, “Kim”, you can understand why I believe, among other reasons, that fate definitely and continually intertwines our paths. That doesn’t sound too crazy, right? Knowing that with Covid, we would not be seeing anyone there, I choose to create our own life-size poster so I could have a picture with my besties and James along with Ellen DeGeneres at the place where I have not heard him but would love to, someday. Why Ellen? I love her style: “Be Kind” and am thankful when I can catch her show because she always has a way of making you laugh and feel good! I’m sure if her show wasn’t on the West Coast, I would have a picture taken with her as well.



Sadly, with Covid rampant, JT no longer meets with his fans after concerts and signs autograph books or memorabilia for them. I can’t blame him, given his age and the deadliness of the virus. I consider myself in “retirement” when it comes to James Taylor. Still a fan, unquestionably, just not out there like I used to be. But if he comes within my 3-hour limit of travel, I will attend the show. Why 3 hours? I figure that is what keeps me a solid and dedicated fan and not a stalker. Before this text concludes, it’s time to answer a possible question you may have: why do I like James Taylor’s voice so much? For starters, you can understand him when he sings. You can hear all the nuances in the lyrics, whether he wrote the song or someone else. He lets you understand how he feels about the song and that helps you understand it better, too. Often, I feel his voice in my soul inviting my feelings to dance in a way that the same song sung by other people will not do. Does that make any sense? I thank God for James Taylor. I thank him for the lyrics. I thank his guitar and the band for the music. And I am thankful that he and Carly Simon, his second wife, had their son, Ben, who also sounds just like his father when signing. The voice still sings on for more generations.



## COLUMN

## A SAINT'S CORNER: A LOOK AT THE CHRISTIAN TRADITIONS

by Denise Junker

*Author's Note: This is the second essay in a series of four discussing the symbol of each Gospel writer.*



As stated in the last article, the four Evangelists are represented by four symbols as seen in the quotes from Ezekial 1:10-11 and Revelation 4:6b-8a. I've since learned an overall term for this: the tetramorph (which is Greek for "four forms or shapes"). It turns out that the four symbols being related to the Gospels as I am presenting them is not the only way they have been defined. But, through the years, the version I am following has become mainstream. These definitions were set by St. Jerome in a circa 400 C.E. commentary on the Book of Matthew. St. Jerome's scheme emphasizes the beginning of the Gospels. I have noticed that many of the depictions of these symbols utilize the winged

creature holding or standing on a book representing their Gospel books.

Mark as a winged Lion comes from the beginning of his Gospel. St. John the Baptist speaking "as a voice in the wilderness" is often associated with the lion's roar. And, in Biblical times, lions were prominent throughout the middle east and most of India. (Today, unfortunately, lions of the type portrayed are only in some of Africa and a tiny part of India.)

The biggest use of St. Mark's winged lion is seen in Venice. Still to this day, Venice uses the lion as their symbol based on a legend regarding St. Mark having a vision when he visited Venice. In the vision, an angel stated his "body will rest here." In true dramatic fashion, his bodily relics were smuggled into Venice but there it is believed they rest today in a grand Roman Catholic cathedral named for him, commonly known as St. Mark's Basilica.

Many churches are associated with St. Mark. In my research, I found many Roman Catholic churches that utilize the winged lion as their symbol whether in statue, stained-glass, or other displayed form. I was surprised to not easily find Episcopal St. Mark's congregations defining "why St. Mark's" or utilizing an obvious display of a symbol of St. Mark.

The lion is also demonstrated as either a symbol of royalty or as a strong and noble animal which are all appropriate interpretations in regards to the lion as representing Jesus. This does change the meaning of the symbol from representing the Evangelist and his Gospel to the specific Gospel's subject matter. One such broader use occurs in the writings of C.S. Lewis. He uses a lion in his Narnia series to represent Jesus; at least, many interpret it that way. But that is the issue with ancient symbol definition - the context the symbol is representing is not necessarily always clear.



# ESSAY

## GOING TO SEE WILLIE AND “UNCLE JOE”

by Richard Reid

Being blessed with a long life has its downsides. One of the minor ones is occasionally discovering that some long-held memories are not quite what you thought they were. Usually starting out largely as facts about past occurrences, over time, certain memories . . . sometimes evolve – I think that’s the best way to describe the process. In nature, evolution might improve a species, enabling the lucky ones to survive their changing environment. It may be that way also with people’s memories: recollections lose their sharp edges, bumps in the road seemingly level out, and the twists that once plagued us somewhat untangle themselves. That in their new state these memories have been transformed into something that is false in varying degrees is what usually first eludes us. While nothing in all these alterations necessarily may be a bad thing if they make life more pleasant for us, on the flipside, if you’re testifying in court, an unwelcomed day of reckoning could dawn. Often, it is only after making mistakes or bad decisions based on these faulty recollections that their true danger becomes apparent in life’s rearview mirror.

These musings serve to introduce my earliest surviving memory about going to a professional baseball game, likely from the late summer of 1957 when Uncle George (my mother’s brother) and Uncle Ray (my mother’s sister’s husband) went with Dad and me to the Polo Grounds to see the New York Giants. It couldn’t have been any later because the Giants played their last game in NYC on September 29 of that year prior to their move to the West Coast. Until the New York Mets were formed, except for the World Series, that was the end of national league teams in the Big Apple because the Brooklyn Dodgers also headed to the West Coast after the 1957 season.

The Giants’ home field, the Polo Grounds, long-since demolished, was then located at 157<sup>th</sup> Street and 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue in northern Manhattan under Coogan’s Bluff. Of the events in that day’s baseball game, I have no recollection, not even the name of the other National League team they played, much less the score and who won. One of the top players on the Giants at the time was Willie Mays, the team’s centerfielder and one of baseball’s best all-around players. In 22 major league seasons, including some time with the New York Mets late in his career, he amassed a lifetime batting average of .302, hit 660 home runs and had 7,095 putouts. Willie was also my baseball hero at the time before, as an older lad, I focused on Mickey Mantle and the Yankees. Likely I thought it would be a last chance for me to be at a stadium when Willie Mays played on the field since I probably thought the moon (which I could see) was closer than California.

If this wasn’t my first trip to a major league ball park, then it’s the earliest excursion I can recall. The huge crowds which would have been coming out then to experience the stadium before it closed represented the most people whom I had ever seen in my seven years on earth. It might even have been the most exciting day of my life up to that point which meant my early years were average and safely dull (like most of my life has been). The prospect of going should have occupied my thoughts for days if not a few weeks before – unless tickets were an unexpected August birthday surprise. I expect having two uncles along plus my father with me, meant I must have had a lot of snacks and souvenirs come my way that day. If only I had succeeded in keeping a ticket stub to mark the occasion, I’d have one fewer question about the day now.

In 1957, I imagine that Dad and my uncles were all Giants fans (otherwise, we might have gone to Brooklyn that day). When Ken Burns did his wonderful 18-hour documentary, “Baseball,” in 1994, he chose the title, “The Capitol of Baseball” for the episode on the 1950s because the three

*Continued*



New York City teams were all playing some of the best baseball around for much of that decade. I saw plenty of telecasts of local baseball games on our 14-inch screen when I was small, so I knew the game and the top players reasonably well even at my young age. Maybe Willie Mays would hit a home run! Wouldn't that be something to see in-person? Much better than on TV, I felt.

Actually, there was a second reason to be there that day – one that I had insisted on: we were going to meet “Uncle Joe” Bova, the TV host of “The Little Rascals Show.” The weekday program broadcast on WPIX channel 11 largely consisted of airings of Hal Roach’s old “Our Gang” shorts made from the mid-1920s until the mid-1940s. Joe would be making a personal appearance in a certain section of the stadium and we had gotten our tickets for that area. So, who did I want to see more: Willie or Joe? I’m sure I could have answered it at the time but now as I’m writing these words, it’s impossible to know for sure.

“Impossible.” Now that was a more well-chosen word than I envisioned when I first wrote it. Remember what I initially wrote about memories? I did a little Internet sleuthing while writing this essay to be sure of some facts. One that I turned up gave me pause: “Uncle Joe” Bova began hosting “The Little Rascals Show” on Monday, September 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1957, a gig which for him lasted until September 9, 1960. The last Giants game in NYC was six days after his first show aired. To promote its new host, would the producers have arranged a personal appearance that first weekend just as many kids were seeing him on TV for the first time only a few days earlier at best? After reflecting on it, I think that while it’s possible, my gut says it’s extremely unlikely. After all these years, a more plausible explanation is that I have been the victim of two ballpark trips blending together at some point in my life. That I went to the Polo Grounds with Dad and my uncles before the end of the 1957 season, I have little doubt. Maybe it was my only trip to the Polo Grounds or just the only one I remember. One thing’s certain: there’s no relative around to ask about it now.

So, if I’m correct about not scheduling a personal appearance for the new TV host just days after he started on the show, then surely this event had to be at Yankee Stadium. Perhaps in 1958, when I was age seven, or just turned eight, Dad (and maybe with one or more uncles as well) went to see a ballgame and I went mostly to meet “Uncle Joe” making a personal appearance. Of course, by then, seeing Mickey Mantle’s exploits on TV had given me a new baseball idol so, sure, I also wanted to see the Mick blast a homer or two. It was inevitable: never getting San Francisco Giants games on TV in the Bronx made it so easy for a new baseball hero to arise before my eager eyes.

I feel we were there a long time before “Uncle Joe” appeared, perhaps during the seventh inning stretch. By then, whatever nerve I had possessed to go up and shake the TV host’s hand, something I had boasted to my parents that I would do, had evaporated under the day’s strong sun. I ended up in my father’s arms, bashful but still desiring to meet him. Dad, bless his understanding soul, carried me to see the friendly man on TV. Approaching, I saw quite a colorful giant compared to the little gray-shaded fellow I had welcomed into my home every day on TV. Shying away when he greeted me, I quickly turned back to see him smiling and bouncing his hat on his head to try to amuse me. The torrent of giggles that I unleashed immediately told him that he had succeeded. Whatever else transpired that day has since faded into the enveloping blue mists of time.

Memories can be a tricky thing. In retrospect, I may have been wrong for many decades about this memory yet that thought doesn’t bother me because now, instead of one, I have two recollections of memorable childhood days. It feels almost like I’m ahead; nothing wrong with that.

# ART

## SUNSETS

*Editor's Note: In 1962, astronaut John Glenn was the first American to orbit the earth, circling the globe three times. Reflecting later on that experience, he said, "I don't know what you can say about a day when you see four beautiful sunsets." Readers of this article: do you know how lucky you are? Without going into space, you get to see **thirteen** beautiful sunsets this day (plus a fourteenth, if nature obliges). Enjoy these spectacular photos taken by parishioners plus a few scattered thoughts about sunsets.*



"Taken from our backyard on a May evening, 2021"--  
Carolyn Pfrommer

I have a horror of sunsets,  
they're so romantic, so operatic."  
--- Marcel Proust, *Cities of the  
Plain* (1922)



"Bath, Michigan, June 29, 2021" —Bill Munch



"Sunset from my Webster window, May 21, 2021"  
Richard Reid

"Sunrise, sunset,  
Sunrise, sunset,  
Swiftly flow the days"  
-- Jerry Bock, lyricist,  
*Fiddler on the Roof*

*Continued*





"North Ponds Park, Webster, Oct 10, 2021" -- Jeff Taylor

*"Every sunset brings the promise of a new dawn"*  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson



"North Ponds Park, Webster, Oct 18, 2021" -- Jeff Taylor

*Continued*





“Heaven”-- Jeff Arnold

“What is life? It is the little shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset.”

--- Crowfoot, *Last Words* (1890) Blackfoot warrior



“Sunset over Rock Island Light House in the St. Lawrence River”-Kris Murray



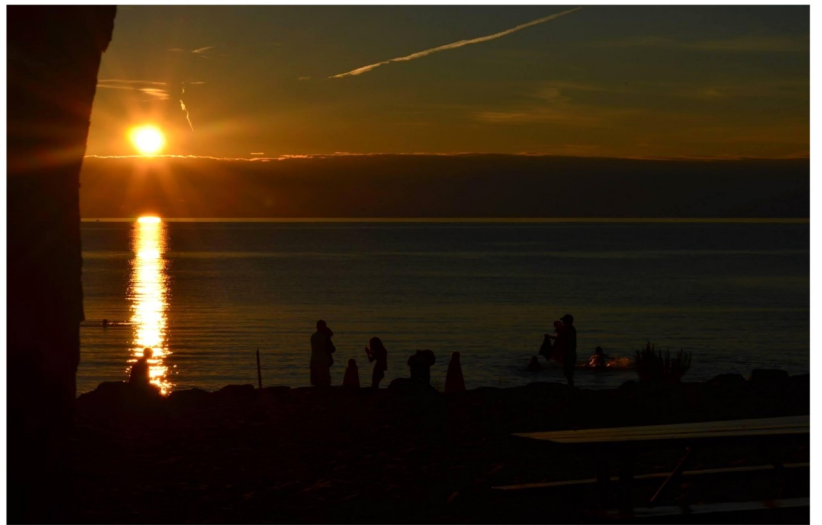
“Untitled Sunset”—Diane Babcock



“View taken at Frederiksted, St. Croix” —Allison Mayer

“For my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset,  
and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until  
I die.”

--- Alfred, Lord Tennyson,  
*Ulysses* (1842)



“Sunset in Empire, Michigan”—Mary White



Kara Masters -- "A California sunset hinting at all the angels in my mom's life in Webster"  
Photo taken by Kara's husband, Alex Gerulaitis.  
Kara's mom is parishioner Angela Masters.





*“Sunsets, like childhood, are viewed with wonder not just because they are beautiful but because they are fleeting.”*

*— Richard Paul Evans*

“Sunset from the top of Mount Marcy, highest peak in NYS, taken in September 2020 as part of a three peak, 21.5 hour hike. Literally a high point of 2020.”—Lynn Helmer



“Lake Ontario, 2015. Mailani takes in the sunset. This is one of my all-time favorites.”—Gwen Brennick