

Herald

St. Alban's Mission:
"Christ-Centered, Radically Embracing People and Creation"

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS
OF SAINT ALBAN'S PARISH, SALISBURY, MARYLAND

Pentecost

I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you. JOHN 14:18

In Loving Memory of

 *Ellen*
Girardeau





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Sunday Worship



SUNDAY, JUNE 5:

Deacon Mass, Rite I Service, 9:30am

SUNDAY, JUNE 12:

Holy Eucharist Rite II Service, 9:30am
Parish Picnic Following Service.

We Welcome Faith Lutheran Church

SUNDAY, JUNE 19 (NO MUSIC):

Holy Eucharist Rite I Service, 8:00am

SUNDAY, JUNE 19:

Holy Eucharist Rite I Service, 9:30am

SUNDAY, JUNE 26:

Deacon Mass, Rite II Service, 9:30am

TUESDAY, JUNE 28:

Vestry Meeting, 7:00pm

St. Alban's: Christ-Centered, Radically Embracing People and Creation



This is our identity as a parish, which we articulated with these words. We endeavor to follow Christ in welcoming "all sorts and conditions of [humanity]." We offer baptism and eucharist to all, and the pastoral offices of reconciliation, ministry to the sick, and Christian burial to those who ask. We do not discriminate with regard to gender, ethnicity, or sexual orientation or identity, or mental capacity. With regard to marriage, our policy is to meet all couples desiring a Christian wedding. The legal requirements, both civil and church, must be met. We do not discriminate on the basis of gender. However, the clergy may decline to officiate for other reasons.

Angels' Corner

True Friendship
Is a Knot Which
Angel Hands
Have Tied.



A Message from **Deacon Alisha**

Alleluia! Christ is risen! The Lord is risen indeed! Alleluia!

Christ who is risen is the light in our darkness, our hope in despair, the triumph in tragedy.

We celebrate Christ's resurrection in the Easter season. We remember and celebrate our Easter joy and hope as we claim the fifty days after Easter to Pentecost (pentekoste from the Greek meaning fifty.) It is a time for us to be together in faith, hope and love.

Easter is an event in the past. the surprise discovery by the women on that first Easter Day that the unexpected had happened – Jesus whom they had buried in the tomb on the evening of Good Friday, now stood before them in the Garden. Jesus rose from the dead. Jesus broke the bonds of death and now offers us the hope and knowledge of new life, even in death. It is an event also for the present. Christ is risen, this day and every day.

A few people have asked why the Confession has been omitted from the service in recent weeks. I can assure you that that is not simply a typo! It is traditional, at least in Episcopal churches, to omit the Confession from services during the Easter season. This is done to help remind us that Christ lived, died, and was raised again in order to achieve for us the forgiveness of sin. Because we pointedly remember this great act of forgiveness in Easter season, (and because the rubrics allow it) we do not always say the general Confession. So, no need to worry, the general confession will be returning soon.

May you find hope and joy in the Risen Christ during this Easter season and in every season of the year.



JUNETEENTH 2022

Juneteenth, also known as “Emancipation Day” or the “Day of Freedom,” is both the somber and celebratory day to commemorate the Thirteenth Amendment abolishing slavery. Though long celebrated in Black communities, the holiday is only recently gaining more widespread acknowledgement. As we celebrate with cookouts and other gatherings, it's important to remember the need for self-reflection and education on the path of acknowledging and healing from the past.

*Emancipation Day Celebration in 1900 —
Austin History Center, Austin Public Library*

Senior Warden's Corner

Jim Cockey - June 2022



We continue to live into our Covenant with Faith Lutheran. On Sunday, June 12, we will host the members of Faith for a celebration of the Covenant. We are planning a liturgy that celebrates our special relationship with Faith, and blesses the formal, signed Covenant. We will then share food at our annual picnic. The Vestry and the Faith Council also met for a brainstorming meeting on 5/11 at Faith. We are developing ideas for shared ministry.

We all long for a rector. While we search, we know that God continues to be active in our parish. One sign of that is the Society of St. Andrew (SoSA). In June, SoSA will be setting up their regional office in our Hope classroom, facing the community garden and the solar panels.

The Society of St. Andrew is a faith based food ministry, founded in 1979. SoSA maintains regional offices throughout the southeast, and distributes food nationally. <https://endhunger.org/about-sosa/> Their mission statement is: "The Society of St. Andrew brings people together to harvest and share healthy food, reduce food waste, and build caring communities by offering nourishment to hungry neighbors."

Jean Siers will be the Regional Director, working out of office space in our Hope classroom. She will be hiring a local program director. When Jean was scouting out locations for the planned Delmarva regional office, she was attracted to St. Alban's by seeing our community garden and solar panels on the website. Deacon Alisha King worked in SoSA gleaning efforts with her former church in the Shenandoah Valley. Alisha says that the gleaning efforts were an exciting and fun outreach opportunity for the church. I look forward to welcoming the SoSA staff to St. Alban's.

Welcome Committee

The Welcome Committee met Wednesday, May 18 to assemble the goodie bags for WiHi teachers. We enclosed a note from St. Alban's with each bag. 200 bags were delivered to WIHI for teachers and staff.

The Welcome Committee is working on redoing the red bags for newcomers. Paulette Primus and Sue Merritt are both interested in joining St. Alban's. Sharon Walsh wrote an article about the Hokes for the May Herald. She is working on articles about other new members. Arlene White has set up an Angel Brigade of volunteers to contact members for birthdays and anniversaries. Next meeting is June 6.

Janet Flaherty has contacted the office about St. Alban's. She lives at Mallard Landing and is a member of St. Alban's cathedral in DC. She is not able to come to church right now, has an email address but isn't using it yet. Mary has contacted her and will keep in touch with her and deliver her mini-chalices.

Saint Alban's Altar Guild Ministry

Linda Torbert and Sandy Grim, Co-Chairs

The Altar Guild is a ministry - a gift of time and talent that serves God in His house as the liturgical partner of the priest. The Altar Guild is responsible for preparation of the celebration of the Eucharist or any of the other sacraments and offices of the church. These services are included in the *Book of Common Prayer*.

The team is active at any time worship is taking place. This includes Sunday morning services, baptisms, weddings, funerals, and services for special days, particularly during Lent, Easter, Advent, and Christmas seasons.

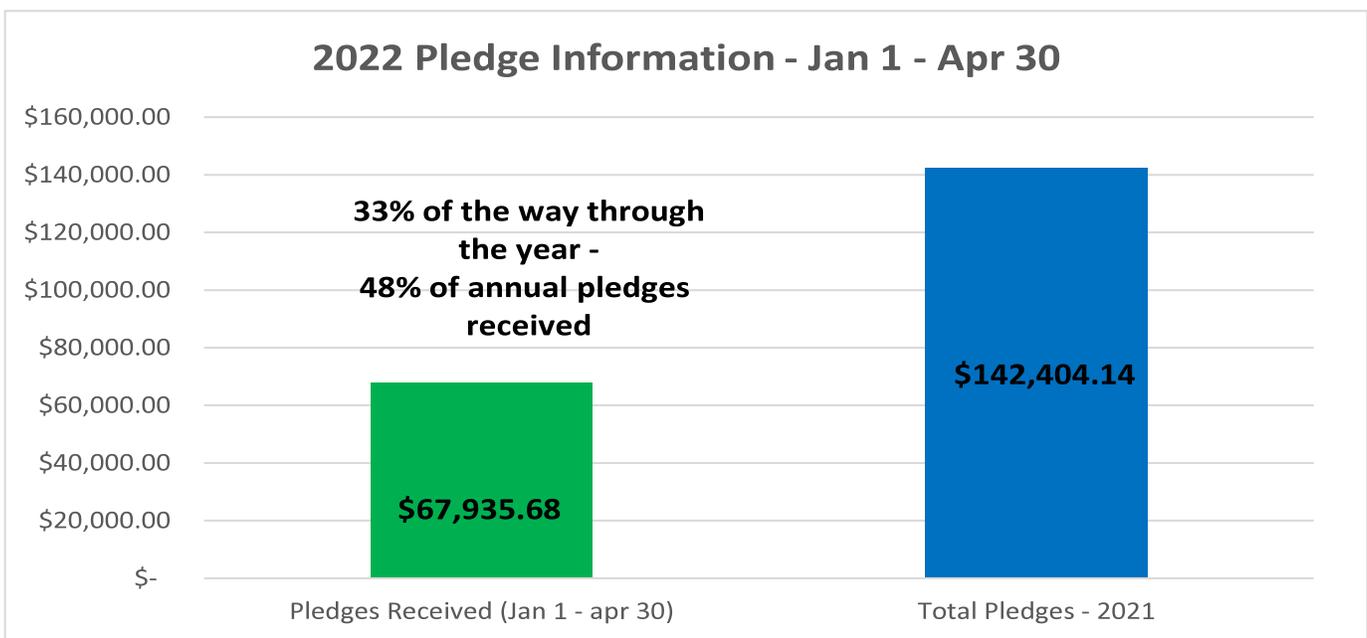
St. Alban's has been blessed with dedicated Altar Guild members for many years. In the past three years, we have experienced a gradual loss of members. However, we are fortunate to have a wonderful team who has continued to do the work with fewer people. Since COVID, our team has decreased from five teams with three to four members on a team to eight members total. We are grateful to have such a committed group consisting of Linda Torbert, Jim Cockey, Katherine West, Deb Rossi, Carrie Connelly, Sandy Grim, Sona Morrison, and Toby Porter. Judy Gracey, a long time Altar Guild member, has retired but is always willing to lend a hand when needed. We are behind the scenes of worship services – rarely seen, but always there.

New members of any age and gender are invited to join the Altar Guild. We are eager to welcome and train anyone who feels called to serve on the Altar Guild. New members will find a group of friendly people committed to this ministry.

Serving on the Altar Guild is not a chore or a list of duties, but a ministry. If you feel called to this ministry, please contact Linda Torbert (ltorbert@yahoo.com) or Sandy Grim, (sandongrim@verizon.net). You may visit the sacristy after any service to speak to an Altar Guild member and learn more about this opportunity to serve. A willing heart is all that is required.

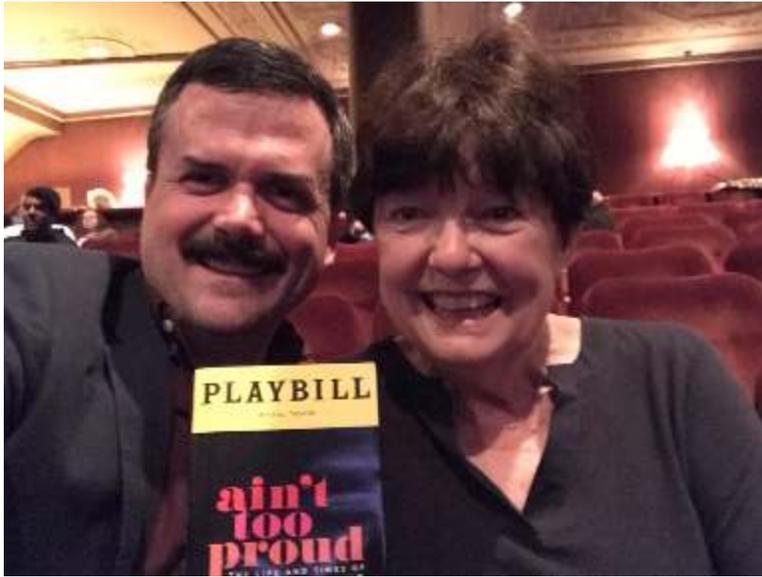
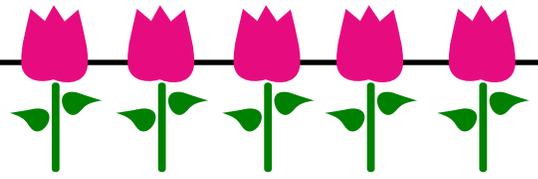
In Memory of Ellen Girardeau, Jean Rickards and the many others before them who served on the Altar Guild.

2022 Pledge Information - Jan 1 - Apr 30



\$9880.53 received year to date in plate income

Tom's Eulogy for Ellen



Good morning. I'm Tom, Ellen's son. On behalf of our family, thank you all for coming today. I know everyone thinks they have the best mom, but in my case, it's true.

My earliest memories are of being encouraged by Ellen, her telling me over and over how talented or how handsome or how smart I was. Of course, many times Ellen would say these things, even with clear evidence to the contrary.

An early memory is of her taking me to T-Ball practice, and me trying to hit the ball. Even as a 5-year-old, I knew it should have been easy. But I only ever hit the "T" and never the ball, unlike every other boy there. After the game, Ellen would sit me down and tell me how I was the best player out there, and somehow she would make me believe it. She would go on to do that my whole life.

Encouragement like that is a great gift for a parent to give to a child, and, as all of us here know, Ellen brought that same support and energy and sense of giving and encouragement to everyone she knew – friends, students, family, neighbors, colleagues, book club members, parishioners, her hairdresser, Jeanie – even the lawyers she worked with.

I think about all the academic degrees that many of us, even in this room, have, which Ellen played a key part in us getting.

I also think about Ellen's many students, whether at Salisbury State where she taught women's history, or at Sunday School here at St. Albans, or at Worwic Community college, where Ellen somewhat incongruously worked at the computer lab, which has always been surprising to anyone who knows Ellen at all, as she has never been comfortable with technology, to put it mildly.

But we shouldn't have been surprised at her success, even when teaching at a computer lab. Ellen had a natural gift at helping others.

She wouldn't just encourage you, she'd also do the work.

If your committee needed a secretary, she'd volunteer. If you were sick, she made food. If you needed money, she'd contribute. If you were down, she'd check in. And if you were a cat, she'd adopt you.

Another way she showed love is by giving gifts. She adored nothing more than finding the perfect gift for someone, and finding the "exactly-right" card to go with it. And while I'd like to say that she gave gifts with purity of heart, she also expected quick acknowledgement.

God forbid you or your child hadn't replied with a thank you; she'd let you and everyone else know that she was waiting.

One quick story about a gift she gave. Ellen and Doug often visited Ryan and me in New York City over the years. About 20 years ago, they were visiting us at Thanksgiving. We were hosting at our apartment near Penn Station and had invited our friends Sam and Becky O'Donahue and their two sons to join us – Max was a toddler and Milo had just been born. As Brits living in New York, this would be the family's first American Thanksgiving. During dinner, the newborn started an awful cough, making a high pitched and gasping sound. Ellen told Becky to take him to the ER, as it might be whooping cough. So the mom and dad left with the infant – and left behind their toddler, Max. Max, who barely knew any of us. I remember the door closing, his parents gone, and Max staring at us strangers with wide eyes, and a look of terror. Ellen knew what to do. She got a book, put him on her lap, probably told him about how bad I was at T-Ball, and Max fell for her, and eventually went to sleep. Ellen's diagnosis had been right, and much later the parents sent a friend to pick up Max. The next day, my mom insisted we go shopping so she could give Max a gift for being so brave. I forgot that story and couldn't have told you what the gift was. 18+ years later, Max is now in college, and his parents, when they heard about Ellen's passing, reminded me about that gift. It was a stuffed animal that – unbeknownst to anyone in my family – went on to become a kind of heirloom in the O'Donohue household, and one that Max, Milo and even their next brother, Freddie, would cherish for 20 years. Ellen would have loved to have known that. Because, more than anything, she loved to hear people's stories. Where they grew up, who their families are, what their children are doing. The smallest details of a person's life, she wanted to know, and then discuss. Dolly Parton was once accused of enjoying gossip, and her response was, "That is not true. I just have a very healthy interest in human nature." And that was certainly the case with Ellen.

I'm picturing her right now, with her dear friend Joan Demko, whom she has sorely missed these last few years. And I'll bet they're sitting together in a corner, looking down at all of us in this room and likely getting a good chuckle with each other, possibly as they talk about one of us. Or maybe they're laughing as they retell the story of the Famed Demko-Girardeau trip to Ireland, where only George and Ellen were brave enough to drive. They mangled the rental car over the course of the vacation, returning it to the rental agency with the bumpers gone, and the missing trim hidden away in the trunk.

Ellen loved stories like those – stories that combine friendship, humor and family. Which is a good thing, because Ellen also loved to write. I'm reminded of a quote from one of her favorite detectives, Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot, who said, "Wherever there is human nature, there is drama."

And Ellen loved to chronicle that drama. She had stories published in local papers, including The Washington Post. She wrote and produced a story for NPR. She contributed articles to countless newsletters. And she wrote for friends and family – stories just for you, that made you feel special.

And while you may think I missed Ellen on Mother's Day this year, when I most felt her absence was the day before: Kentucky Derby Day. To really know Ellen, you had to watch a horse race with her. She loved live sports, and the Derby was her high holy day. She'd have a gin and tonic, she'd place a well-informed bet, and then scream with delight at the TV, and as she collected her winnings. She would have loved last week's race and its astounding, come-from-behind victory.

Ellen was also fully committed to equality, especially gender equality. When she was at graduate school at UNC Chapel Hill, working towards her Masters in History while a single mom, she wrote her thesis on the first women to enter the medical profession as doctors, in 19th century England. It was titled, "Be each, pray God, a gentlewoman," a quote from one of the first women doctors. The title is a good reflection of Ellen, too – be honorable and proper, but also work towards justice. Ellen's love of modern women's history coupled with her devotion to reproductive rights and, for that matter, MSNBC, would have meant that the news last week about the Supreme Court's draft opinion would have left Ellen despondent.

But she wouldn't have stayed that way for long. She would have tuned into Rachel Maddow for moral support, and then she would have gotten to work, looking for ways to help.

She would have done that work, like so much of her work in this world, without a need for recognition. Ellen never liked attention to be placed on her, and even today, likely would have preferred we sing the great hymns that she

loved, and move on to the delicious food waiting for us after the service.

But after a lifetime of caring for many of us here today, she created a devoted community of friends and colleagues, from many intersecting circles, who love her.

Which is one of the reasons I wanted to speak today – to express my thanks to all of you for returning that love, and supporting her – especially the St. Alban's community, as well as the nurses and therapists who have helped her over these last several years.

Here's the truth: I know what God's grace looks like on earth, because I've seen it first-hand in the love and care you have shown her. Robin, her home health aide. Thank you for your kindness and gentleness, and allowing her to be a part of your family. Pat and Rod, for essentially keeping Doug and Ellen fed, and me housed and laughing, for the last several years.

And I don't even think I can talk about this next person without breaking down. So I'll just say that if you ever wonder if saints do walk among us, they do. Thank you, Carrie and the Connelly family. Your love truly knows no bounds.

And to Doug, her husband. You being with Ellen this past year allowed her to stay home, in her beautiful blue bedroom that she loved so much, surrounded by tulips, her favorite flower, and photos of all the people she adored, who are here now, in this room.

And for the prior forty years of marriage, thank you, Doug, for keeping Ellen laughing, loving and engaged – not just with you, but with culture, ideas and a spiritual life. That's the blessing of a lifetime.

I thought I might end with a quote from one of Ellen's favorite books, which she read to us, out loud, on the beach at Sandbridge, one summer, many years ago. From Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*:

"When tired at last, she sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to her, a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea."

Thank you.



Memories of Ellen

Shared by: Sharon Walsh



From Mary Kay Benn: Ellen was a very special person. She was a friend to all. She was working for local attorney Robin Cockey when my mother had her car accident coming down from Pennsylvania. She helped Mom with the lawsuit against the company that caused the accident. Because of Ellen's work, Mom won and got more money than Robin expected. Thank you, Ellen. We'll miss you.

From George Demko: My Friend "Helen" A group of St. Alban's friends has been celebrating birthdays at each other's homes for many years. We have appetizers and wine or beer followed by dinner and exchange of cards and gifts. It is our custom to say a brief blessing before dinner, usually the responsibility of the man of the house. One year Joan and I were hosting Ellen's birthday dinner, and as we arranged ourselves around the table solemnly bowing our heads and holding hands, I began the prayer: "Dear Lord we're so grateful for this opportunity to celebrate the birthday of our dear friend **Helen**...." Everyone began snickering- except for Rod Layton who laughed uproariously- and I don't think the prayer ever went any further. Ellen, of course, took it well and blamed it on the pre-dinner wine. Actually, It worked out well for me: at subsequent dinners Joan offered the blessing. **The Quest for Colmcille** : In June, 1999, Ellen, Doug, Joan, and I ventured to Ireland. Our first stop was Dublin for the Bloomsday (June 14th) celebration, during which James Joyce fans flock to Dublin to trace the travels of Leopold Bloom in the novel Ulysses. (This was to humor me. The rest of our party had little interest in Joyce or Ulysses.) After 3-4 days in Dublin, we rented a car and headed west. First stop was New Grange, a prehistoric burial site, then on to County Donegal in far northwest Ireland where Doug had booked a cottage from a priest colleague. Ellen and I were the drivers, Doug the navigator, and Joan's responsibility was to periodically chant, "Left side of the road, left side of the road" and help us figure out how to safely exit the innumerable roundabouts. Our thatched cottage (from Joan's journal: "Our little cottage is lovely") was in the middle of nowhere, so I wasn't sure how we were going to entertain ourselves for a week. Doug, however, had developed a 'theme' for this part of trip: we would search out historical markers of the travels of St. Columba--Colmcille in Irish-- a 5th century Irish monk who had copied and preserved parts of the Bible and other early Christian texts after Rome was sacked. These markers were in fields, bogs and hillocks scattered around the remotest part of Ireland, along some of the narrowest and least accessible 'roads'. The plan was that Doug and I would wander out into the swamps, etc. looking for markers while Ellen had to drive on these pathways. I can only imagine the comments Joan and Ellen shared while Doug and I ran across the countryside looking for 'standing stones', but Joan's journal provides some insight: "The first two (markers) were interesting, but then Literati and

Cognoscente (Doug and George) proceeded to track some of the other 15." As you may imagine, our little rental car did not fare well on this trip. By the time we returned to Dublin Airport, the front bumper was in the trunk! Since my name was on the rental agreement, Ellen, Joan, and Doug were nowhere to be found when it came time to return the car. After I faced the music with the rental agency, they mysteriously reappeared. Fortunately, the company was very understanding. Joan's summation: "Will be glad to see my little house, but we have had two wonderful weeks!"

From Mae Esh: Ellen's and my cherished friendship over the years has been intertwined with a deep bond of experiences in which we shared stories of our lives, families, loves, joys, losses and fears. So many fine thoughts. So many fine moments. We shared a love for Nature in all its beauty. Long talks about watching our children and grandchildren grow in our world was always fun! Her smiles and laughs were so real, so contagious, so loving within all the contexts of topics that brought her smiles! Ellen possessed an amazing sharp wit. Her ever present love of learning- always so inquisitive, to seek a deeper understanding of the subject at hand. So bright- always searching for answers to her questions. And then still wondering with new questions! We shared a mutual interest of poetry, art and other cultures. We shared amazing stories of our own childhoods as well as our children and stages of our adult lives that will live on forever. We laughed and cried together as good friends often do. We could be our true selves with one another. There was never any judging-just silent understanding and admiration. When we shared our altar guild work, we always promised each other that "whatever story was shared in the sacristy stayed in the sacristy." And we kept this promise! She loved wonderful art featuring cats of all sorts! There is no such thing as "ordinary cats!" And how we adored our cats! We felt we absorbed their knowledge of Life itself! And they taught us much of what we knew and know to be true. Far more than any knowledge base we could ever establish, for sure! Many giggles we have shared and will continue to share in spirit. Katie will miss her dearly--she will always know how much she was adored by Ellen. During her tough struggles with her extended illness, she worked hard at being brave and courageous, always keeping her faith within close reach. She came to realize it was alright to freely express herself as she knew she faced a tough journey. So valiant. She faced it head on with grace and courage with a strong conviction to act with all her might to face and embrace her faith into her future, regardless of all the challenges it presented. She will always remain in my heart and soul so that I too may gain from her in depth knowledge and strength of trusting in our Lord and discovering final peace. Our friendship was indeed a precious gift and blessing. I

am so grateful and honored to have experienced our friendship.

From Kathy Hayne: Like everyone in our congregation who knew Ellen, I have many wonderful memories of her. She was so up on everything happening in the world. She had a wonderful sense of humor. She was kind and gracious. One of my warmest memories of her is watching her with young children. She would engage them in conversations and truly listened to them. One could see the exchange was important in the faces of the children. Ellen knew how to engage them and from the look on Ellen's face, I know she enjoyed those moments too. One of my grandchildren referred to her for a long time after meeting her as "my friend Ellen." High praise but so deserving.

From Beth Jones: I've been wrestling with the request to share memories of Ellen. It's not that I don't have memories of her; rather I'm having trouble pinpointing the best one to somehow illustrate all that Ellen was to me. What I will always remember is how she made me feel. When I first walked into St. Alban's, Kathy Hayne insisted that I meet Ellen, likely because she knew that a welcome from Ellen would ensure we'd be back. She was right. Over the past 25 years, Ellen and I have had many conversations, usually beginning with "I've been meaning to ask you..." or "Tell me more about..." or "how is/are (insert family member)." I imagined Ellen's mind as an amazing catalog full of index cards with all of our names on them, complete with notes and details of our lives so that when she saw any one of us she could flip through and ask the right question and then listen to the answer, no matter how rambling or confused. She'd end such conversations with her hand on my arm: "Well I know you'll do the right thing" or the her highest praise: "I'm proud to know you." Ellen's greatest gift was making sure that we all knew we were seen, heard, valued and loved. Our greatest gift to her will be to continue to do that for one another.

From Pat Layton: Some years ago my sister-in-law gave me a t-shirt reading "Girls Raised In The South GRITS." Ellen was that girl! She could rise to any occasion with courage and grace, and she definitely faced her last days with both. I loved the story of Ellen being kept awake by a loud party next door, putting on her raincoat over her nightgown, and knocking on the door (not knowing a soul who lived there) and asking them please to quiet down so that she could sleep. She always claimed that she wasn't a great cook but just a year ago she made a wonderful strawberry pie that will live in my memory for a long time. And she didn't share the recipe! I loved her sense of humor, her devotion to Lord Peter Wimsey, her outrage at people with uninformed opinions, her wide eclectic reading, and her ability to retain so much of what she read and learned. She was a great person to have on your Trivial Pursuit team. She was a great friend and companion. We will no doubt be telling Ellen stories for years to come!

From Frieda Malcolm: In addition to the kind attention that Ellen always paid to Emily, and the many ways she contributed to the ministries of St. Alban's, I remain grateful for the interview and subsequent *Herald* article she wrote on my work as a parish priest. She made it sound as though I was extraordinary when I didn't feel it. She was a consummate encourager to so many.

From Sheila McJilton and Pat Hendrickson: What will we remember about Ellen Girardeau? I know she accomplished much in her lifetime, yet what I will remember about her will be her kindness to Pat and me, her wicked sense of humor, and her ready smile. Many years ago, Ellen invited Pat and me to come to lunch at her and Doug's home on Isabella Street—a home she loved so much. What I remember best about that day was her deep, gracious, Southern hospitality. She hardly knew either of us; yet she welcomed us to her dining room table, where we feasted, and to their living room, where two well-loved cats kept the four of us company as we talked, laughed, and got to know each other better. I have learned that what is most important in this life is not our lauded accomplishments. The things we accomplish, our education, our life's work, our hobbies—those are important. But more valuable than these, I believe, are relationships, connection, love. Ellen knew about those important things. She knew when they were not present, and more importantly, I think she knew when they were—and she cherished those. In turn, I hope and pray that all who gather today, and those from afar, cherished *her* as much as she deserved. I know that Ellen did not deserve grief, loss, estrangements and pain. None of us does, and yet too often, life throws at us unexpected stuff. The only option we sometimes have is to decide how to deal with that stuff. Like most of us, I am sure that some days, it was easier for Ellen to do that than on other days—because she was a human being, after all. As we all grieve the loss of this wonderful human being today, Pat and I choose to remember her laughter, her love, her inclusion, and that wicked sense of humor accompanied by a twinkle in her eye and ready smile. As someone who gets the great gift of leading God's people in Holy Eucharist, I promise that when I do that this week, I will do so, in sure and certain knowledge that one of God's saints is there with us. Along with angels, archangels, and all the host of heaven, Ellen Girardeau may no longer be at the holy Table at St. Alban's, and we may not be able to see her. But she does, indeed, sit at God's Holy Table on the other side—holding a seat for Doug, and all the rest of her family and friends. You are out of pain, dear Ellen. May you rest in peace, and in the arms of Jesus.

From Jane Morgan: I was so honored be included in St. Alban's choir at Ellen's Celebration of Life. This brought me back to other times in the choir. We had often sung Hymn 232, "By All Your Saints Still Striving." That particular hymn has ten, yes ten, supplemental verses that name and praise many of the saints. However, nowhere to be seen was a verse to acknowledge Saint Alban. I asked Ellen if she would be willing to pen a verse for Alban. Her response was, "It would be great to see Saint Alban included. There are a lot of institutions that use his name, and it would be nice if people not connected in some way to the name had an idea of what had made him stand out." *For Alban, who did follow the path our Lord did tread And offered up his own dear life in another's stead. We thank you dearest Savior. You filled his life with grace, And through his selfless sacrifice we see your blessed face.* This was approved for use in the Diocese of Easton by Bishop "Bud" Shand, and first sung on St. Alban's Day, in June of 2004. May we honor our saint by continuing to sing praises that she wrote.

From Kim O'Grady: When I think of Ellen, her sweet smile and gentle laugh are the first things that come to mind. She was always smiling. Ellen was also very giving of her time. When we made dinners for the Men's Cold Weather Shelter, she was there. When we had receptions at church, she was there. Ellen was a huge part of my church family. She embodied the spirit of St. Alban's. Ellen will be missed.

From Dee Rinehart: I will remember Ellen Girardeau as a faith-filled woman of great warmth, steeped intelligence, ready good humor, enormous charm, and the strength of a true "steel magnolia." Before Ellen and Doug moved to Salisbury to begin his call to St. Alban's, they invited me to visit them at the rectory of Christ Church, Easton. Doug was finishing his tenure as interim rector. Ellen's welcome was instant and genuine. We settled in for a good visit, and I noticed their two beautiful long-haired cats, one of which was inspecting this stranger. Ellen introduced her cats, declared she said, to save visitors and furniture from harm. We had a cat at that time and traded stories of cat antics. She let the cats out to the garden and with a chuckle asked me to watch. While one of them inspected the plantings, the other went immediately to a tree and with determination jumped to climb the trunk. Well, the cat landed back on the ground, unharmed physically but with bruised dignity, and sat looking at the tree with bewilderment. Ellen explained that this feline appeared to have "either great optimism or short-term memory issues," as the cat repeated the behavior with regularity. (One of my favorite teacups, a gift from Ellen, has a cute cat on it.) I enjoyed my time in their home immensely. Ellen had a gift of making the person with whom she was speaking feel like a person of great worth. I think of our baptismal promise to seek Christ in each person. Ellen lived that with natural grace. I am thankful for the richness that Ellen added to the lives of those in my St. Alban's family and to my own life. We are all better people for having known her. Rest well, dear Ellen.

From Peggy Selser: Always Remembered, Ever Loved: *"No love, no friendship can cross the path of our destiny without leaving some mark on it forever."* -by Francois Mauriac I first met Ellen at a Halloween party, an event organized by the people of St. Alban's as a "meet and greet" for the new rector and his wife. The year was 1987, and my first sight of the Girardeaus was of Doug entering the former parish hall wearing a hat with a duck bill and floppy ears. Ellen was a petite, dark-haired lady with a delightful southern accent. Doug, Ellen, and I would grow to know one another over the next few months and years, because at that time I was the treasurer of St. Alban's and worked closely with Doug. Our first get-together was a lunch at the Girardeau's home hosted by Ellen. I realized on that day that Ellen was always going to be at Doug's side to assist him in his ministries. She was well-loved by the people of St. Alban's and was rarely seen without a huge smile on her face. From my spot in the choir, I could always see Ellen in her place in the pews at the late service on Sunday mornings; she was always attentive to Doug's message and to the offerings of the choir. Ellen was an extremely patient person. When I added the extra volunteer job of Senior Warden to my already full box of tasks, Ellen was always understanding of my frequent need to speak with Doug regarding church matters. She showed good humor throughout our days and years together. The year that Ray Zeigler retired from the choirmaster's job at St. Alban's, my husband Alan and I held a retirement party for him at our home which was attended by many who were sad to see

him leave. I am setting this up to tell a short story about Ellen and others. Kathy Hayne, Joan Demko, Ellen, and I were away from the main group who hovered in the kitchen and family room. We began by chatting about the food that we were eating. This led to a conversation about weight, not an uncommon subject for women. All four of us were sitting on the sofa in the living room and commiserating about our difficulties with losing weight, or at least not gaining any. I still viewed Ellen as a perky, petite woman. She did not agree. The chat ended with lots of laughter about the way we view ourselves. Before rejoining the rest of the group, the four of us looked at each other and all at the same time said an elongated, "Moo." We never discussed our weight again. Ellen possessed the unique ability to comfort others in their time of need. When Matt Drew was in a biking accident with his young daughter, Ellen stayed at the hospital all evening, taking care of Matt's other child, so that he could focus his entire attention on his daughter's injuries. All ended well as Ellen took over the care of Matt's family. I watched her as she tended to the needs of the child and doubted that I could have had the capacity to do the same. During the tragic events of September 11, 2001, Ellen's son Tom lived in New York City. That day, I paced the floor, deliberating whether or not to place a phone call to Ellen, knowing that she would be very apprehensive about Tom's safety. I did not want to be intrusive, but I also wanted to be a friend. Realizing finally that Ellen would reach out to me, should Alan Jr. be in harm's way, I connected with her later that day to find that she had heard from her beloved Tom, and that he had not been affected physically by the collapse of the Towers. Love for her family and friends radiated from Ellen's soul. In recent years, Ellen suffered from an illness that caused her to be hospitalized and unable to continue doing the many things that she loved in life. The last time that I saw and spoke with her was when Alan and I visited her on a Sunday evening at Tidal Health. Although frail, she was the same talkative and smiling Ellen that I had known for more than thirty years. She fought her illness with great courage. She will be forever missed, and her friends will continue to hold her in their hearts. Her life was well-lived, and her spirit will ever surround us. *"...Well done, good and faithful servant; you have been faithful over a little, I will set you over much; enter into the joy of your master"--Matthew 25:21*

From Sharon Walsh: Ellen was always about YOU. Her conversations always zeroed in on the other person, and if that person was a child or teenager, she had a laser focus and extraordinary ability to connect. I remember especially her close relationships with Ben Layton during his battle with cancer and with Ellen and Anna Drew after they lost their mother, Erin. However, getting Ellen to talk about herself took some effort unless you asked about her son Tom. Their bond and her love for him were profound—and that was one of the first things I learned about her when we had lunch a couple months after she and Doug arrived. I loved the way her eyes danced and her wonderful laugh when something was funny, and since Ellen could find humor in lots of places, I observed that many, many times. Ellen was a model of hospitality, kindness, and love blended with a whip-smart mind. That is a combination that I admired every time I was with her. She was a St. Alban's one-of-a-kind personality and presence, and those of us who knew her will count having her in our lives as a great good fortune and blessing.

INTRODUCING NEW CHOIR MEMBERS By: Sharon Walsh



The soprano section of the St. Alban's choir welcomed Kathy Slaughter as a full-time member about two years ago. Some years earlier, Kathy began singing at special services at St. Alban's and at the summer service at St. Bartholomew's even though she was then attending Trinity United Methodist Church and singing in their choir. Encouraged by her friends, Arlene White and Kathy Hayne, and repeatedly invited by Veronica Tomanek, church musician, Kathy is now grateful and proud to sing with the St. Alban's choir. She has found people in the choir "incredibly warm and friendly," and she likes the fact that "we take the music seriously but we don't take ourselves too seriously."

Kathy's family moved to Talbot County from northern New Jersey when she was 13, and although she was confirmed in the Episcopal Church at about age 10, she attended St. Mark's United Methodist Church because it had a wonderful music ministry. Clearly, music has been and remains an integral part of her life.

After graduating from the University of Maryland, Kathy attended law school at Temple University in Philadelphia. She practiced law in Philly for 20 years with a very large firm employing over 700 lawyers but moved back to the Eastern Shore in 1993. She continued to practice law part-time but is now almost retired. However, she maintains her license to practice law in both Pennsylvania and Maryland.

When she attended her 35th high school reunion, she reconnected with her high school sweetheart, Glenn Slaughter, to whom she has now been married for 17 years. He retired after 36 years as a Wicomico County elementary and middle school teacher. He has one married son with two children who serves with the U.S. Navy in Japan.

Kathy has wide-ranging interests. In addition to the choir, she sings with the Salisbury Chorale and the newly-formed Vox Concordia. She is an active Master Gardener and Master Naturalist with Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge. She is also the non-university, non-scientist member of both the Institutional Research Board (IRB) and Institutional Animal Care and Use Committee (IACUC) at Salisbury University. In any remaining time, she enjoys travel, reading, golf (though she says she's "miserable" at it), hiking and birding. She recently learned to play MahJong.

Kathy is happy to be attending an Episcopal church again because she likes the familiar service and liturgy which she missed at the Methodist church. And the music is a very significant part of her spiritual experience. She feels that music is good for her soul and she tries to share the joy of worshiping through music whenever she sings.



The new young soprano voice recently added to the choir belongs to Zoe Michelle Bradshaw. She is currently a junior at Salisbury University where she is pursuing a double major in music and psychology. She comes to St. Alban's after Veronica Tomanek, our church musician, recruited her to add her talents to our group. Veronica knew Zoe Michelle as a result of accompanying her at a number of SU concerts.

Zoe Michelle lives in Mardela with her parents and younger brother. She has previously attended Snethen United Methodist Church in Mardela. In addition to her studies, rehearsals, and performing, she stays busy with a retail job where she works about 15 hours per week. She enjoys embroidery and playing Animal Crossing, a videogame. Zoe Michelle echoes the sentiments of many other newcomers to St. Alban's when asked what she likes most about the church: "The people are really nice."



Society of St. Andrew

**GLEANING AMERICA'S FIELDS
FEEDING AMERICA'S HUNGRY**

Jean Siers
Delmarva Regional Director

Society of St. Andrew, the nation's largest gleaning organization, is thrilled to announce the opening of our most recent regional office on the Delmarva peninsula, joining 9 other offices in the Southeast and Midwest! We are grateful to have office space in St. Alban's Episcopal Church, and to begin a partnership in ministry with you. My name is Jean Siers and I will be the Regional Director. Within the next few months, we will hire a fulltime Program Coordinator who will work with me to establish relationships with local growers, agencies, and volunteers.

Since our beginning in 1979, SoSA has focused on saving the good fresh fruits and vegetables that might otherwise go to waste on farms and in packing houses, and getting that good nutritious food to those in the community who need it most.

In the US, we waste more than 40% of all our food, and more produce is wasted than is eaten. Meanwhile, right here on the Delmarva peninsula, many families struggle to provide good food for every member of their household every day, which is the definition of food insecurity. For example, in Wicomico County, 13.6% of the population are food insecure, and 19.5% of children are food insecure. Just to our south, a stunning 27.5% of children in Somerset County live with food insecurity.

SoSA works with farmers and distributors to save that good food that would go to waste and get it those in our communities who are in need. We distribute to large food banks, local soup kitchens and food pantries, and directly to underserved neighborhoods. The field gleaning and the food delivery is, for the most part, done by volunteers. This keeps our overhead low and allows us to use donations to feed more people.

I am excited to get to know the Delmarva Peninsula! My husband Kevin and I are originally from Minnesota, and have lived in Charlotte, NC, for the past 34 years. We are looking forward to our new home and new relationships in Salisbury! Our son and daughter-in-law live in Baltimore and we are also happy to close that distance by a few hundred miles.

I have worked for SoSA for almost ten years and I feel passionate about the work I do! Each year SoSA saves more than 40 million pounds of food, keeping it from landfills, and making sure it goes to those who need it. Please feel free to reach out to me to learn more about SoSA, or to share ideas of how I can better connect with my new community! My phone number is 410-713-0895 and my email address is delmarva@endhunger.org. I'm looking forward to getting to know the congregation of St. Alban's, the greater Salisbury community, and the Delmarva peninsula!



FOUND FISHES By Vic Evans

One of the first symbols of early Christianity was the fish. It was an early statement of faith. The Greek word for fish is "ichthus" (ΙΧΘΥΣ). ΙΧΘΥΣ spells an acronym in Greek which means: "Jesus, Christ, Son of God, Savior."



The Greek letters break down as follows:

- I – Iota is the first letter of *Iesous* (Jesus)
- X – Chi is the first letter of *Christos* (Christ)
- Θ – Theta is the first letter of *Theos* (God)
- Υ – Upsilon is the first letter of *Yios* (Son)
- Σ – Sigma is the first letter of *Soter* (Savior)

Someone in St Alban’s past understood the importance of the fish symbol to Christians and purchase a large hand painted and stenciled canvas cloth (96”w x 77”h). This sizable cloth of unknown origin was found folded on a shelf in the back storage room early last year during storage reorganization following interior painting. The cloth is now a pleated wall hanging for all to enjoy that is located in th admin corridor near the nave entry and opposite the restrooms.



Found Fishes

*Acrylic on canvas cloth, 77” x 77”
pleated & stapled*

*Installed May 1, 2022
(Third Sunday of Easter)*

Found at St. Alban's in 2021:

- * Light canvas cloth, 77" x 96"
Hand painted & stenciled
Origin unknown
- * Top rail: ribbed closet pole,
Wood - 77"L, 1 1/2" dia.
- * Bottom rail : plumbing pipe,
Vinyl - 77"L, 3/4" dia.
(sand filled /taped)

The installation occurred on the Third Sunday of Easter when the Gospel reading was from John, Chapter 21.

“After these things Jesus shewed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias. ...They went forth and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore: but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. ...And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.” John 21: 1-6 KJV

St. Alban's Graduates

By: Beth Jones



Although she is sure to make time for hanging out with friends, Rachel Justice is perfectly comfortable in a lab coat and goggles, a good thing for a chemistry major with a biology minor and a member of the Chemistry National Honor Society. During her time at Cedar Crest College in

Allentown, PA, Rachel found a home in chem and bio labs where she has been actively involved in research related to making alternative fuels. In fact, when she graduates with a bachelor's of science degree on May 14, she will also take with her a manuscript, a culmination of all of her research, and having completed her research capstone project entitled "Creating biodiesel from mutant version of the oleaginous yeast, *Cryptococcus neoformans*." Why study chemistry? Rachel appreciates that the labs are "full of colors and smells" and that chemistry provides her with a window to finding out "how things work and exist in the world." When she describes her research, she sounds joyful, even gleeful, proving that she has truly found her passion. Rachel is in the middle of a job search now, hoping to find research-related work in the Baltimore area. She says she'll consider grad school after a few years of job experience and well-earned break from academic life. Her road to success seems to be paved with equal parts of love of learning and hard work. If the future depends on Rachel and the next generation of chemists, we will be in good hands, indeed.



Like many young girls, Maddie Raygor loved to play with her American Girl dolls, but at an early age, she was already quietly taking her own path. She didn't just parade dolls around in the latest fashions; Maddie requested the dolls with crutches or wheel chairs so she could practice her budding physical therapist skills, likely well

before she could articulate such an impressive life goal. Fast forward to 2022: On June 1, Maddie will graduate from Mardela High School with a diploma, a certified nursing assistant (CNA) license, and as a member of the National

Honor Society, the National Technical Honor Society, and Mu Alpha Theta, the math honor society. While completing her high school requirements, Maddie also took college courses and completed the three-year health occupations program at the Parkside Career and Technical Education center. The CNA classes solidified her drive to pursue a career in health care, a passion she will take with her to Salisbury University this fall where she will major in exercise science with a focus on a medical path, preparing her for a graduate physical therapy program. While in high school, Maddie also shared her talents with the MMHS soccer team and marching band even while working part-time at the Deli at Pecan Square. Her laser-sharp focus, her compassion for others, as well as her ability to manage a demanding course load and schedule will certainly lead her to even more success in college.



Alex West is excited to graduate from Parkside High School on June 2 and begin his next adventure, studying business at Loyola University Maryland, no surprise for a guy who says he's "always been a bit of a hustler," in the best sense of the word. As proof, Alex describes his first sales experience in third-grade when he

peddled Star Wars smoothies as part of his school's entrepreneurship fair and "did really well." This experience inspired him to learn more about the business world by taking finance, entrepreneurship, and accounting courses in high school, applying them at a part-time job at Panera Bread. As a part of the Parkside soccer team, student government, and the Lion's Club's Leo student service organization, he further developed his many other teamwork and people skills. Although he was accepted at a number of schools, Alex found the perfect fit for his ambitions in Loyola—an excellent business program, terrific faculty, proximity to the city, and a beautiful campus. Loyola apparently also saw the benefits of this match and awarded him the Dean's grant and a housing grant to further entice him. Even before he sets foot on campus in August, he's already started making connections with classmates and new friends through the Zeemee social media app. With the perfect balance of personality, hard work, and drive to succeed, Alex is on his way to great things!



Ben Pereboom By: Ruth Baker

Ben Pereboom and girlfriend Katie Mulder are both graduating on May 22 from the University of Virginia, Batten School of Leadership and Public Policy with their Masters of Public Policy. After graduation, Katie will be working for the consulting firm Accenture. Ben is currently completing interviews for a federal Presidential Management Fellow placement. They plan to live in the Washington DC area.

picture of Ben and Katie at UVA.



St. Alban's and Community News



People of St. Alban's,

Once again, I am grateful beyond measure for your support. Thank you so much to you all who have reached out about Dave and my financial aid mishap! Thanks to you all, we will be able to cover what we need to cover.

This summer I am spending in discernment and prayerful preparation as I think about what my ministry might look like back in the Diocese of Easton. Two semesters left in seminary, then I will be able to serve the diocese that raised me up. Until then, I will hold you all in prayer as you too discern what your ministry will look like in the near future.

God's peace,
Suz Southern
Your Seminarian

 **Jeremy Cox**
1 hr · 🌐

It has been brought to my attention that I do a poor job of tooting my own horn. In that spirit, I present the slightly belated personal news that the podcast I produce for my employer has been recognized by [Covering Climate Now](#), receiving an "honorable mention" in its radio podcast category. You don't set out to win awards, but it's quite gratifying in this case since, less than two years ago, I couldn't tell you how to use Audacity and had no idea where to even begin with this story about climate change in the Chesapeake watershed. And when you look at which organizations were ahead of me in this awards category (the Guardian, Spotify, NPR's Marketplace), all I have to say is, man, that is some company to be in.

I owe an incredible debt of gratitude for my colleagues who directly made this possible: my editor Lara Lutz and our money guru Jacqui Cane.

I'm working on season 2, all about how a seemingly harmless tropical storm forever changed the Bay's ecological trajectory. See you there.



Happy Father's Day!

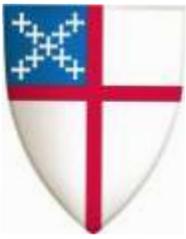
**Wizards
&
Wonders**

A Hero's Journey
with
Harry Potter



SAVE THE DATE: Spread the word, on August 15-19 from 5:00-8pm, St Alban's will be hosting a magical week of Vacation Bible School with Wizards and Wonders, A Hero's Journey with Harry Potter. Registration and volunteer sign ups will be out soon!





Saint Alban's Herald

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