



For All the Saints

September 2014

Dear Friends,

Even though it is always sad to see summer end, and even though the forecasts about the coming winter are usually ominous, fall tends to bring a sense of excitement – the promise of new beginnings -- as the season gets under way. By the looks of things, though, from what commentators are saying and essayists are writing, people seem to be having difficulty this year accentuating the positive. In one op-ed piece alone, the words confusion, emptiness and hopelessness were among the descriptions of the present malaise. To quote a currently popular phrase, “It is what it is.”

That said, it is still true that hope is the centerpiece of who we are, and the Bible is our primary source-book. This time, most helpful are the stories – the familiar ones we grew up with and that our youngest parishioners still like to illustrate. Those Bible stories are filled with unlikely heroes and heroines. The story of David and Goliath remains the classic tale of an unlikely victor overcoming incredible odds to defeat an opponent way more powerful than he. The story of Moses parting the Red Sea to free the Israelites from bondage in Egypt would not have been predicted by anyone looking on at the time.

To her family and friends, the teen-age Mary would have seemed an unlikely choice to be the mother of God’s son, and Mary herself knew this. Her beautiful poem, “Magnificat,” which appears in Luke’s Gospel, begins, “My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord, my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, for he has looked with favor on his lowly servant....” All through the Bible, just when a story’s ending seems obvious, when a situation seems hopeless, everything is suddenly turned upside down. Good Friday turns into Easter and death turns into life.

It is still God’s world, which means that eventually, good will prevail. For now, it is one step at a time, one person at a time, each of us doing the best we can. And may God keep us hopeful.

Jane+

– *All Saints' News* –

BACK TO 8 & 10!

The summer worship schedule was a pleasure for July and August, and it ends on Labor Day. **Sunday, September 7 brings back two celebrations of Holy Eucharist, 8 am and 10 am.**

The All Saints' Choir will be back. And if you've been away, you should come back too!
The Wednesday Service has resumed at 9 am.

THE LOCK-IN, SEPTEMBER 19-20

Please see Chris Harris' piece on the Youth page about this major event for the parish, hosting youth groups from the Watchung Convocation for an anti-hunger project and a host of other activities. Chris is coordinating everything with the Diocese and our own participation.

Here's how you can help. On Sunday, September 7th, we're planning a delicious fundraising Coffee Hour when you will be invited to enjoy the food while also supporting the Lock-In. **We will also offer four parishioners the leaf-raking services of our Youth Group for a market-rate donation.** Sign up for this.

LET'S GO SEE "TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD," SEPTEMBER 28

With **Mark Douches** in a starring role, we are arranging a theater party for the 2 pm matinee on Sunday, September 28. The play is based on the classic 1960 novel by Harper Lee, which became a successful film in 1962 – and for which Gregory Peck won an Academy Award.

"To Kill a Mockingbird" is being presented at the Union County Performing Arts Center: Hamilton Stage in Rahway. Tickets are \$25. (We'll do a Restaurant Adventure after the show – details to follow.) Meanwhile, please sign up to join us at the theater.

FINALIZING THE DIRECTORY

If you haven't looked at your listing in the forth-coming directory, please see the rector.

SUNDAY MORNING CONVERSATION BEGINS SEPT. 28

Something new this year – articles from *Christian Century* that will, hopefully, encourage lively conversation. The materials will be available weeks ahead and a schedule published, so you can come when a topic especially interests you. Gather in the Guild Room from 8:45-9:30.

WE BLESS ANIMALS OCTOBER 5

The annual blessing of animals honors St. Francis of Assisi, whose birth in 1182 was probably in early October. Francis was said to have a special relationship with all of nature. Bring your pets at noon to the front lawn outside the Parish House. (If it rains, we'll be near there!)

ADOPT-A-WEED

We are perpetually blessed with an abundance of weeds, which can be costly when we have to call in professionals to remove them. Our Buildings & Grounds Committee is dividing up the grounds so parishioners can sign up to maintain small, reasonable parcels. Sign up in groups of two or three, and then whenever there's a need, weed your parcel, mulch it, love it!

WOULD YOU LIKE A PIANO?

There is one more piano than the parish can comfortably accommodate, and we will happily donate it, and even share the cost of moving it out. The piano is on the lower level of the Parish House in the Sunday School area. Call the office if you're interested.

--The All Saints' Family --

Marlenes Luvins and Tony Teixeira were married at the parish on Friday afternoon, August 22 in a lovely service with family and friends participating. Eight choristers sang to support Marlenes, who is a member of the All Saints' Choir.

Mark Douches will star as "Cunningham" in a production of "To Kill a Mockingbird," Harper Lee's classic story. Performances will be in late September and early October at the Union County Arts Center in Rahway. We last saw Mark several years ago as part of the Barber Shop Quartet in "The Music Man." (Actually, we see him most Sundays, in the All Saints' Choir!)

For the fifth year, **John Burk** volunteered at the Barclays Tournament, which took place at the Ridgewood Country Club in Paramus. He worked in Contestant Transportation. Officially, the Barclays is part of the FEDEX PGA Playoff. A portion of tournament profits is given back to local organizations, and John's volunteer work is credited to the Scotch Plains-Fanwood YMCA.

Facebook followers report that **Michael Spassov** is engaged to **Tatiana Vassileva**, a pianist and vocal coach from St. Petersburg, Russia, and graduate of the Eastman School of Music.

--YOUTH NEWS--

SUNDAY SCHOOL REGISTRATION, SEPTEMBER 7 & 14 CLASSES BEGIN SEPTEMBER 21 (In the Charlotte Baker Sunday School)

Thanks to Kelly & Glen Robertson, Joe Triola, Sherry Woodruff, and our own Wesley Jenkins for working this summer to get things ready. There's always more to do, but we're there!

All Saints' Hosting Convocation-Wide Anti-Hunger Youth Ministry Event

It begins Friday, September 19 at 8 pm and ends Saturday, September 20 at 7 am. All Saints' will play host overnight to a Youth Ministry "Lock-in" which will include other parishes in the Watchung Convocation. (So far, we know of St. Mark's Plainfield, St. Luke's Gladstone, St. Andrew's New Providence, and St. John's Somerville – and there may be more.)

The primary purpose and centerpiece of the Lock-in is for the young people to assemble 10,000 meals! A truck with the food will drive in that evening, and – from what I hear – the various separated parts of these meals will be combined by the "youths" in an awesomely orchestrated process that will get it all done in a mere one- hour-and-thirty minutes. The newly assembled meals will then go right back in the truck for delivery to those in need.

As has long been popular in the New Jersey Diocese and elsewhere (e.g. St. John the Divine in Manhattan), the lock-in is a fun, safe, chaperoned overnight sequence of activities. Beyond the evening's anti-hunger project noted above, other activities will include "icebreakers," pizza and snacks, a Eucharist, live music, games, and – for those so inclined – some sleep. The overnight ends with a breakfast being supplied by All Saints'. But our role goes further. In particular, our own Tommy Lepano is pulling together the live music for the evening with a set to include songs from Jars of Clay and U2, both bands known for their Christian and/or spiritual themes.

Given the prospect for fun, the importance of the cause, and the prominent role of our parish in this event, I gratefully ask your support in several ways. **First**, the Youth Group will need to raise some money for our contribution. Whether you give a small donation or participate in an imminent fund-raising activity, we thank you. **Second**, if you are a parent of one of our Youth Group-aged teens, please encourage them to sign up. (There's a registration link at the diocesan Youth Ministry website.) **Third**, if you have any games you think would be engaging for the "youths" that you would be willing to lend us such as a ping-pong table, please let me know! A big thanks to all of the parishioners who have already offered their assistance.

Chris Harris

--- Parishioner Profile ---

LAKE PLACID IRONMAN

By Tom Loop

I started my pursuit of triathlons about 6 years ago. I was driving back from a Boy Scout summer adventure when I wondered what the next “big thing” would be. Somehow I recalled something I had seen about triathlon competitions. My first one would be about 6 weeks later, a sprint distance one, in northwestern New Jersey. I’ve been hooked ever since.

Triathlons can consist of a variety of sports – “multisport” is usually the moniker given this type of competition – but it is predominantly comprised of swimming, biking and running. I liked to do all three, having been on a swim team in my youth, biked about my neighborhood, and even running some during my “corporate” days. Ah, but there is biking, and there is *Cycling*, and like all good, serious disciplines, there is a range from the casual participant to the intense, focused competitor. Given my nature, I started at the former and gradually moved to the latter.

I didn’t hear about the Ironman until some years after my initiation. I had moved from sprint distances which take about an hour or so to complete to the Olympic distance, measured in kilometers and taking between 2 and 3 hours. In 2011, I took on my first Half distance race – a distance more than twice that of the Olympic, with the swim at 1.2 miles, bike at 56 miles, and run consisting of a half marathon or 13.1 miles. I barely slept the night before that race, so anxious was I, and having to get up at 4:00 in the morning to set up my transition area didn’t help matters.

By last year, I felt I could TRY to take on the Full distance, the Ironman. A sort of Holy Grail of the sport, the Ironman already had a storied history with its start in Kona, Hawaii 36 years ago. The distances are daunting and contemplating them is not for the faint of heart. But I resolved to do so and looked into the nearest race to me. It would be Lake Placid, New York, the first location of the Ironman outside of Hawaii. I had heard the race fills up within an hour of registration opening so I vowed to try and get in. As it turned out, I was able to get a special “combination” registration during a 24-hour signup window before open registration: register for the 2014 Lake Placid Ironman and get the 2014 Syracuse Half Ironman thrown in, all for the low, low price of \$1000. I was in!

Where to start? Training for the half distance involved almost daily trips to the Y for an hour or so workout. But the Ironman was really more than just twice that distance; it required a whole new training regimen, a reforming of my life. I got a book, “Be Iron Fit,” by a noted competitor and New Jersey native, Don Fink. This was not just about physical training, this was also time management of the first order. Out of three training plans he offered (Just Finish, Intermediate, and Competitive), I chose the Competitive plan – if I was going to go for it, I was going in a big way, I suppose.

The plan required 6 days of training a week, for 30 weeks – 7 months! – evolving to 2 workouts a day, 12 a week, after the first 10 weeks of training. As the race was at the end of July, I would have to begin at the start of the year, in the dead of winter. Any thoughts of shirking were soon quashed when I heard the stories: people collapsing in the middle of the 112- mile bike section; a runner taken off the course at mile 14 of the marathon portion by roving medical staff when he appeared erratic with a diagnosis of severe dehydration; swimmers bailing out on the second 1.2 mile lap. Dutifully, I started logging my workouts in a spreadsheet: distances, times, treadmill pace levels, heart rates, power in watts, weight; physical

condition, thoughts, hopes, goals. It's all there, this single-minded pursuit of the impossible, slowly made possible; gradually, but inexorably reeled into reach. Over the 450 plus hours of training, I constantly mulled my times for each leg of the race: for swim, I figured 1:05; bike, unsure, but would try under 6 hours; and run under 4 which started looking better and better towards the end of the training.

During the training, my body started to transform. I was hungry ALL the time. I lost a few pounds. I didn't have much to spare anyway, so this gave me some concern. I engaged a nutritionist for three months to analyze and recommend a sustainable diet for my body, The Machine. "Full fat yogurt!", "more protein!", definitely more carbs, and Pop Tarts. Pop Tarts, for Pete's sake! I moved to 5 meals a day, plus energy snacks during workouts. I really could eat just about anything I wanted. It was fascinating and yet awing at the same time.

Three weeks before race day, I started my "taper" period, where I gradually reduced the training load in order to let the body recover in time for the race. Three days before the race, I headed up to Lake Placid. Site of the 1980 and 1932 winter Olympics, Lake Placid is in the Adirondacks and features Whiteface Mountain, a point the bike course goes by. In fact, much of the bike course involves hill climbs and drops. When I scouted the course in early June, the roads were in poor shape due to the rough winter: potholes, long, wide cracks, and washboard like pavement due to frost heaves. Reports had it that *the* steep descent in the bike course, dubbed the Keene descent for the town it ends in, had been repaved just recently. This would be key as one could reach speeds of 50 mph on that winding drop of 1000 feet over 7 miles. Driving up, I could see a vast improvement in the road – one less thing to worry about.

Not much sleep the night before the race. I had to get up at 3:30 am, even though the race venue was only one mile from the hotel. We had an hour or so to finish setting up our transition area, the art of storing items needed for each leg of the race just so. For bike, that meant helmet, sunglasses, bike shoes, water; for run, shoes, socks, run belt. And of course, there is the constant nag of food and water. I loaded up my bike with energy gels, energy drink, some fig newtons, salt tabs, and jelly beans – all easy to intake during ferocious pedaling. Finally, there are the sundries: towels, spare water, sunblock, foot powder, Vaseline. Weather was not looking too good, though: thunderstorms forecast. I crossed my fingers.

At 6:30 am under overcast skies, the horn sounded and I was off, the adrenaline in full rush. Joining a scrum of swimmers, we all vied for a view of the underwater cable marking the swim course line. The first quarter-mile is pretty much a free-for-all, with everyone swimming over everyone else – thank goodness for wetsuits! On the return leg of the second lap, I could feel rain pelting down. Not good, I thought: that will make the Keene descent challenging. T1 is the term for the first transition, from swim to bike, and required everyone to strip off their wetsuit (assisted by "peelers") and run about 500 yards to the transition tents. Made it in under 5 minutes! With a 1:05 swim, I was slightly ahead of my goal – fantastic! Grabbed my transition bag from the labeled racks and morphed into a cyclist: clip-on bike shoes, no socks, helmet and sunglasses, with an extra dose of sunblock for my arms and neck. (My triathlon suit, a one-piece sleeveless affair, tripled as swimsuit, bike and run suit.)

Off through the town I went, with thousands of spectators yelling, waving, and urging along the first three miles of the route, then to the first ascent up to the top of the hill. It was pouring rain now, with occasional cracks of thunder. The long, single-file line of us were creeping up the hill in low gear, about 9-10 mph, trying to ignore the thunder. Though I had practiced the Keene descent two days before when it was dry, strangely, I did not feel threatened by the wet conditions. The focus was laser-like on the road and the rain just coursed off edges: off helmet, bike, limbs, and face. I had wondered what speed I might reach in the actual race and was not surprised to find out afterwards that my max was 46mph. Scary thinking about it now, but at that time, one doesn't think, not a lot, anyway.

Somewhere between 81 and 82 miles I crashed. The road was flat, dry by this time (it had stopped raining after the first 56-mile loop), and in pretty good shape, I remember. I have no recollection of how it happened, but one moment I was purling along and the next I was being helped off the ground by some spectators. My right side was very sore; all I could think of was how I was losing time standing there. I sort of did a quick check of my “systems” and found I could walk and gather items off the road – my water bottles, namely. I heard the man say he had called an ambulance, but I couldn’t figure out why that would be necessary. After 6 or 7 minutes I declared I was going to get moving. The man looked skeptical, corrected my direction of travel, and watched me pedal away. My right side was bloody, but did not interfere with the ride, and the bike seemed whole, if a bit stiff to ride. I would later find that the front wheel had been jammed against the brake the remainder of the ride. Thirty miles to go and by now I had given up on my ambitious placement goals. I just wanted to finish.

At T2 – the bike to run transition – I got some assistance in the transition tent. A bit of cleanup on my leg and shoulder then off to the run. It was painful to complete, but that adrenaline rush I was still enjoying served me well. Perhaps it was all the training – long runs of several hours on weekends past – or just the thought that this might be the only time I do this distance, kept me in it. I stopped at every water station, about every 1.5 miles, and made sure I was not going to be pulled off the course due to dehydration. The race staff weighs you at check-in and writes the weight on your medical summary. Then if you find yourself in the medical tent, they can see how much water you have lost and rehydrate you, usually by sticking an IV in you. (At the end of the race, I went to the medical tent. The guy next to me had lost 12 pounds. 12 POUNDS!)

By mile 23, I climbed the last hill the second and final time, and started the final push to the finish. My right side hurt a lot – ribs and collarbone, I thought, needed checking. Counting my breaths along the final three miles brought me into the old Olympic speed-skating oval, the finish line for the race, with stands of cheering crowds. The legendary Mike Riley, founder of Active.com, announced each and every finisher, in his trademark cadenced utterance, “Thomas Loop, YOU..ARE..AN..IRONMAN!!!” 12:05 was what my watch recorded – a far cry from my sub-11 hour goal, but I was happy with it nonetheless. The official results will show 11:26, but that is because the race director decided to only count the first lap of the swim for all, as those participants who entered the water later had to be pulled out prematurely due to the lightning threat. I would have several weeks to recover, starting just two days after the race, when I would return home. In the meantime, I decided to sign up again for next year – this time I would beat it!



By Tom Loop

ALTAR FLOWERS AND SANCTUARY LAMP

We invite you to keep flowers on the altar as a memorial or thanksgiving. The cost is **\$40.00**. Keep the **Sanctuary Lamp** burning for a week to remember loved ones or offer thanksgiving. The lamp is **\$10.00**. **Make checks payable to the Altar Guild** and put in the **memo** line that the check is for flowers or the lamp. Sign up in the narthex, or call the office.

Available Dates

Altar Flowers: **September** – nothing available

Sanctuary Lamp: September 14, 28

MISSIONARY OUTREACH

The second Sunday of each month is Sharing Sunday when we ask for donations to help local families through Heart for Humanity.

September – Baby/toddler items: disposable diapers, ointments, powder, wipes, shampoo, etc.

October – Laundry Supplies (small detergents, bleach, stain removers)

November – Health & Beauty Supplies (deodorant, shampoo, soap, toothbrushes for children & adults, toothpaste, floss, mouthwash, Q-tips, cotton balls)

Please keep our Food Basket filled every Sunday with non-perishable items. This is also a way to help local families through Heart for Humanity.

The Rev. Jane Rockman, *Rector*
MaryRose Clark, *Organist and Choir Director*

The Rev. John R. Neilson, *Rector Emeritus*
Irene Carlucci, *Secretary*
Wesley Jenkins, *Sexton*

Wardens

Jenine Williams Richard Johnson

Vestry

Todd Bouverot	John Brewer	Lauren DiSarno	Anne Goetz
Chris Harris	Joanna Hurley	Bob Okell	Glen Robertson
Michelle Smith-Crona	Liz Trimpin	Kevin Walsh	Susan Winkler

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