

**Celebration of the Life and Legacy
of
Pamela James Blumgart
July 22, 1952 - August 6, 2024**



**August 24, 2024
1:00 PM**

**Assistant Rector
The Reverend Caitlin Frazier**

**Director of Music
Jeff Kempskie**

PRELUDE MUSIC

As the procession enters the Nave, all, as able, please stand.

BURIAL RITE

I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Holy One.
Whoever has faith in me shall have life, even though they die.
And those who have life,
and have committed themselves to me in faith,
shall not die for ever.

As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.
After my awaking, my Redeemer will raise me up;
and in my body I shall see God.
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold the one
who is my friend and not a stranger.

For we do not have life in ourselves,
and we do not become our own god when we die.
For if we have life, we are alive in God,
and if we die, we die in God.
So, then, whether we live or die,
we are God's possession.

Happy from now on
are those who die in the Holy One!
So it is, says the Spirit,
for they rest from their labors.

THE COLLECT

God be with you.
And also with you.

Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember this day our sister Pamela. We thank you for giving her to us, her family and friends, to know and to love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate of eternal life, so that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth, until, by your call, we are reunited with those who have gone before; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The people are seated.

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

FIRST READING 1 Corinthians:1-8, 12-13

Read by Connie Dube

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. For now, we see through a glass darkly, then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

Hear what the Spirit is saying to us.
Thanks be to God.

REFLECTIONS

Jake & Molly Blumgart
Doug Erickson

Simon James, soloist

*Of all the money that e'er I spent,
I spent it in good company,
And all the harm that e'er I've done
Alas, it was to none but me.
For all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall,
So fill to me the parting glass,
"Good night and joy be with you all."*

*Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They are sorry for my going away,
And of all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Would wish me one more day to stay.
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not,
I'll gently rise and softly call
"Good night and joy be with you all."*

*Oh, of all the gifts that e'er you gave,
None were more precious than your love,
And of all the memories of all our days,
They scarcely were to me enough,
Yet in our hearts, and in our minds,
Your loving light will always shine.
So now with you our prayers fly,
in grief and love we say goodbye.*

SECOND READING Don't Hesitate by Mary Oliver

Read by Molly Blumgart

If you suddenly and unexpectedly feel joy,
don't hesitate. Give in to it. There are plenty
of lives and whole towns destroyed or about
to be. We are not wise, and not very often
kind. And much can never be redeemed.
Still, life has some possibility left. Perhaps this
is its way of fighting back, that sometimes
something happens better than all the riches
or power in the world. It could be anything,
but very likely you notice it in the instant
when love begins. Anyway, that's often the
case. Anyway, whatever it is, don't be afraid
of its plenty. Joy is not made to be a crumb.

REFLECTIONS

Marcy Seitel
Tony James

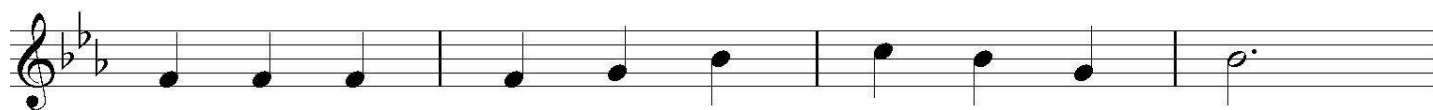
The people stand and sing as able.

HYMN 488 Be thou my vision

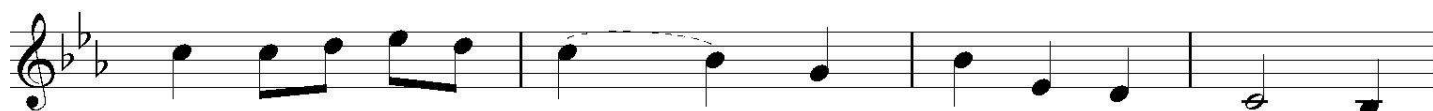
Slane



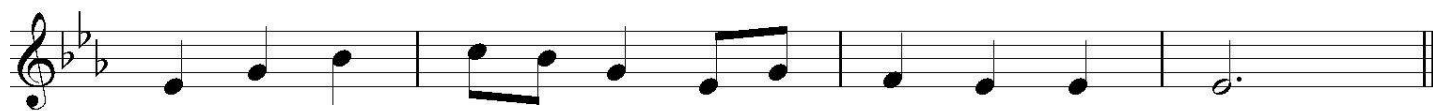
1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
3 High King of hea - ven, when vic - tory is won,



all else be nought to me, save that thou art—
I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
may I reach hea - ven's joys, bright hea - ven's Sun!



thou my best thought, — by day or by night,
thou my great Fa - ther; thine own may I be;
Heart of my heart, — what - ev - er be - fall,



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
thou in me dwell - ing, and I one with thee.
still be my vis - ion, O Ru - ler of all.

The people are seated.

THIRD READING Psalm 103:1-4, 8-18, 22

Read by Tony James

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
and all that is within me,
bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
and forget not all his benefits—
who forgives all your iniquity,
who heals all your diseases,
who redeems your life from the Pit,
who crowns you with love and compassion
The Lord is merciful and gracious,
slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love.
For as the heavens are high above the earth,
so great is his love for those who fear him;
For as far as the east is from the west,
so far does he remove our transgressions from us.
As a father has compassion for his children,
so the Lord has compassion for those who fear him.
For he knows how we were made;
he remembers that we are dust.
As for mortals, their days are like grass;
they flourish like a flower of the field;
When the wind has passed over it, it is no more,
and its place acknowledges it no longer.
But the steadfast love of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting
for those who fear him,
and his righteousness with their children's children,
with those who keep his covenant
and remember his commandments to do them.
Bless the Lord, all his creation, and all that he rules,
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

REFLECTION

Jane Rutherford

The people stand as able.

THE GOSPEL Matthew 5:13-17

The Gospel of Jesus according to Matthew.

Glory to you, Lord Christ.

“You are the salt of the earth; but if salt has lost its taste, how can its saltiness be restored? It is no longer good for anything, but is thrown out and trampled under foot.

“You are the light of the world. A city built on a hill cannot be hid. No one after lighting a lamp puts it under the bushel basket, but on the lampstand, and it gives light to all in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before others, so that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father in heaven.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Praise to you, Lord Christ.

THE HOMILY

The Reverend Michele Morgan
Read by The Reverend Caitlin Frazier

The people stand as able.

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

Read by Ian & Liza James

At the rising sun and at its going down;
We remember her.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;
We remember her.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring;
We remember her.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer;
We remember her.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn;
We remember her.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends;
We remember her.

As long as we live, she too will live,
For Pamela is now a part of us, as we remember her.

When we are weary and in need of strength;
We remember her.

When we are lost and sick at heart;
We remember her.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make;
We remember her.

When we have joy we crave to share;
We remember her.

When we have achievements that are based on hers;
We remember her.

For as long as we live, she too will live,
For Pamela is now a part of us, as we remember her.

THE PEACE

May the peace of God be always with you.
And also with you.

All, one with another, exchange a sign of peace.

WELCOME

The people stand as able.

THE COMMENDATION

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant Pamela with your saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of humankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, “You are dust, and to dust you shall return.” All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant Pamela with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Pamela. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light.

Amen.

Let us pray, saying together:

**O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered:
Make us, we pray, deeply aware of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and
let your Holy Spirit lead us in holiness and righteousness all our days; that, when we
shall have served you in our generation, we may be gathered to our ancestors, having
the testimony of a good conscience, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the
comfort of a holy hope, in favor with you, our God, and in perfect charity with the
world. All this we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

MUSIC The Lord Bless You and Keep You

Words from Numbers 6:24
Music by John Rutter

Simon James, soloist

The Lord bless you, and keep you:

The Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you.

The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace.

Amen.

THE BLESSING

Grief Blessing, Albert Maltz

May the sun bring you new energy every day,
bringing light into the darkness of your soul.
May the moon softly restore you by night,
bathing you in the glow of restful sleep and peaceful dreams.
May the rain wash away your worries,
and cleanse the hurt that sits in your heart.
May the breeze blow new strength into your being,
and may you believe in the courage of yourself.
May you walk gently through the world,
keeping your loved one with you always.
Knowing you are never parted in the beating of your heart.
And the blessing of God, Creator, Redeemer, and Sustainer, be among you, and remain
with you always. **Amen.**

THE DISMISSAL

Let us go forth in the name of Christ. Alleluia, alleluia!
Thanks be to God. Alleluia, alleluia!

POSTLUDE

*All are invited to join the family in Baxter Hall
immediately following the service for a reception.*



Liturgical Leaders & Worship Participants

Presider & Homilist	The Reverend Caitlin Frazier
Verger	Josie Jordan
Organist & Pianist	Jeff Kempskie
Vocalist & Guitarist	Simon James
Readers	Connie Dube, Molly Blumgart, Tony James, Ian & Liza James
Acolyte	Liz Layton
Video Director	Matt Dodge
Technical Director	Christoph Berendes



Pamela Blumgart

Pamela was born on July 22, 1952, in Philadelphia, PA to George Oliver and Suzanne Cartier James.

Her family – including her brother Tony – lived in Media, PA, just to the west of the city. From an early age she loved to read, and soon after college (the first two years at Gettysburg and then graduating from the University of Pennsylvania) became immersed in the world of architecture and preservation in Maryland. Her love of the written word also led her to become an editor, working for trade publications in Washington, D.C. That's how she met her husband, John David Blumgart, who asked her out at the library of a professional association on K Street where they were both working.

Their courtship luckily managed to survive a notorious second date, during which David unleashed his entire arsenal of jokes upon Pamela and was rewarded with scarcely a chuckle. After some years honing his humor, Pamela and David were married in 1982 and lived in University Park before deciding to buy a house on 31st Street in Mount Rainier in 1983, the block where they would live for the next four decades. There they raised their two children, Jake (1985) and Molly (1988), in a book-lined house filled with a rotating cast of cats (and one smelly dog).

Although they didn't initially know anyone in this little streetcar suburb on the border of Washington D.C., it is difficult to argue they could have made a better choice. Until the end of her life, the community that Pamela and David found in Mount Rainier strengthened their family and enriched their lives. Lifelong friendships were born in babysitting co-ops, town hall meetings, and little league practices; women she first met in the 1980s and 1990s sat on the front porch with her family on the morning Pamela died to mourn with, and comfort, her husband and children.

Around the same time that Pamela and David moved to Mt. Rainier, Pamela was also lucky to find an incredible community at St. Mark's Episcopal Church on Capitol Hill. After not having been to church regularly since departing for college, Pamela decided she wanted a welcoming and supportive spiritual community in which to raise her children. With the help of her brother, Tony, she found St. Mark's. Throughout the next 40 years, Pamela took an active role in church life, as an engaged member of one of its book clubs, vocal participant in many classes, editor of the website, and member of the Green Lions, as well as the St. Mark's Players (producing shows, editing the program, and driving Molly to and from a staggering number of rehearsals).

Pamela had a passion for architecture, and loved nothing better than to walk around an old city and make approving comments about historic buildings (and, often, disparaging ones about their contemporary counterparts). She shared this passion with her sibling, Tony, who became a professional architect. They remained close throughout her life, talking on the phone, and seeing each other in person as much as possible even after they were no longer as geographically close to each other.

Pamela's professional life as an editor was also linked to architecture, including a period with the American Institute of Architects. It was through her work with that organization that she became connected with the Facilities Guideline Institute (FGI), a nonprofit dedicated to the planning, design

and construction of hospitals and other healthcare facilities. She became so integral to the institutional memory of the organization that, in a 2022 award ceremony, her colleagues compared her to a walking, talking search engine of their field due to the depth of her knowledge. She continued working with FGI until almost the end of her life, albeit part-time in her last years, because of the immense meaning she got out of her work there. Pamela loved making writing stronger and ensuring that ideas were communicated clearly, and dearly treasured the friendships she had built through her work over the years.

The family's community in Mt. Rainier is also what led to another integral thread of Pamela's life: an annual vacation spot that became something like a second home. The family first started going to Vermont with their friends, and Mount Rainier expats, the Hannapels in 1990 and have headed up to the Northeast Kingdom almost every summer since. A reliable escape from the humidity of Washington D.C. in the summertime, vacations in Vermont provided peace and joy and ample opportunities for maple creemees, delicious baked goods, and hiking. Even when she could no longer climb mountains, Pamela could still be found walking to the Galaxy Bookshop, or the local coffee shop, or to yoga classes and acupuncture sessions in Hardwick.

Her capacity for friendship was limited only by the hours in the day, and almost until the end of her life she filled her time with book clubs, tea or coffee dates, and walks with her loved ones. Although she was shy as a youth, Pamela became more and more outgoing as she got older and in later life she would not hesitate to inform a stranger of her opinions. As a result of her fearlessness in social settings and curiosity about others, she kept making new friends into her 70s. Somehow, in addition to her own friendships, she always had the capacity to keep track of the names and biographical details of her children's friends—even those she had never met. She also took a keen interest in the life of her nieces and nephews, keeping tabs on their travels near and far, and applying a light pressure to make sure she stayed up-to-date and was able to share a meal at holidays.

Pamela's seemingly tireless ability to socialize, and her interest in people meant that she was rarely bored. Her love of reading helped too. She was rarely without a book and trained her children to always keep reading material on hand, so they would have something stimulating to do even in the duller situations. Even during her hospitalization in Vienna during a trip with her children this past June, she was perusing *On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous* (and trying to hide the dirty bits from the nurses).

In the last nine years of Pamela's life she battled cancer, facing a grim diagnosis in 2015 with strength and courage. She was not afraid to share what was on her mind with anyone, and she was a fierce advocate for her own care. (She made sure to ask the German nurses in Vienna what, precisely, were in all the pills they wanted to give her.)

Pamela approached the world from a different angle from most people, and her friendliness, outspokenness, and the care she showed to her loved ones (and their loved ones) will be missed terribly. Mt. Rainier, our little corner of Vermont, and our lives will not be the same without her.



*If you wish to make a memorial gift in Pamela's name,
please consider either of the following:*

The American Farmland Trust, part of the conservation agriculture movement
fighting against climate change: <https://farmland.org/donate/>

DC Greens, a local regenerative farm: <https://dc-greens.networkforgood.com/>

