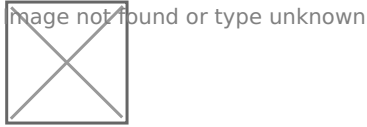
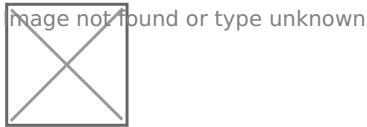


# Cape Elizabeth, Maine

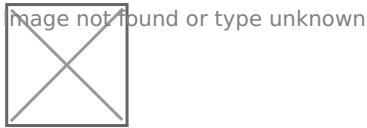
Post by "Joshua" of July 31, 2019 at 12:50 PM



With time to spare on a load to South Portland, I caught a ride to the seaside. What a delight it was to see the Atlantic again! I haven't stepped in it's waters since I was a boy. I started the day at Two Lights, and strode into the surf still wearing socks and shoes. This I later regretted, but was completely enchanted with.

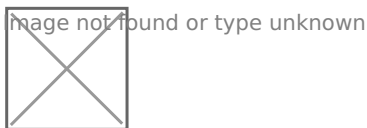


People were scattered on the rocks, watching the spray and the sailboats on a cloudless day; one man was fishing, and pulled in a striped sea bass while I watched.



The driver had directed me to the lobster shack for lunch, and there I soon bent my sloshing steps. I am lately a lover of Lobster Rolls, having tried them for the first time in Salt Lake City. Homemade blueberry pie to accompany, and all of it seasoned with a view of the sea. After this I walked the 6 miles up to Fort William's Park, the home of Portland Head Light.

This view inspired the following ditty (an emblem of our school?), and I was fascinated to learn of all the hands that go toward maintaining a lighthouse through the ages. New hands, new lenses to focus, new paint on the exterior; but an unchanging tradition of guidance, refuge and safe harbor.



## The Lighthouse

*Perched on shores of treacherous shoals*

*Where water heaves and, crashing, rolls*

*Beneath the beam that scans for souls,*

*The weathered prow and turning lens*

*That mortal after mortal tends*

*Stands firm unto the end of ends.*

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I finished the day with a stroll along the wharfside in downtown Portland; a well-made margherita pizza at the Portland Pie Co.; a cigar for desert by sundown over the city; and a third conversation with yet another driver as I returned to the truck.

(P.S. I also experienced sore feet and a small blister; the loss of my phone, and it's safe return; and the sight of a doomsday preacher in the park. Those and other pleasures I reserve for my later amusement.)

-Josh