FROM THE EDITOR



Kate Chadwick
kate@capemaymag.com

THE FOLLOWING (and rare) attack of nostalgia was prompted by our Islander in this issue, Jack Wright, who is of course the publisher/editor of *Exit Zero.*

Once upon a time, I was 10 years old and reading *Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott for the first time. In possibly the first major decision of my life that panned out, I made up my mind to be a writer like Jo March. While there were plenty of roadblocks en route to that destination, I eventually arrived. If you're a regular reader, you already know how happy I am to be here, and I'm thrilled to be writing this on my *actual* 11th anniversary at *Cape May Magazine.* There were a couple of stops along the way, but my tenure at *Exit Zero,* some 15 years ago, truly stands out.

I'm a lifelong fan of advice columns and back then I developed one of my own. Since I have no background in counseling, I hesitated, even though I've always been the go-to person for advice for the people around me, for reasons that still escape me. I felt that this columnist should have a different voice from my own. Then it became a matter of finding a place for her. My sister suggested *Exit Zero*, so I sent Jack a cold email. He responded immediately (one of my top 10 favorite qualities in a human), saying he loved the idea but had no room in the budget.

The next day he wrote back, asking for a dummy column (in which I'd make up the question and provide the answer) so he could get an idea of how I write. I sat down and wrote one in 10 minutes, and he hired me on the spot, initially to write the Answer Lady. Eventually I pestered him into hiring me full-time.

It's difficult to calculate the impact of that time in my life. Here I was, writing for a living—inconceivable! Jack gave me feature stories. I learned the tiniest bits about photoshop and InDesign. I felt the joys of a story pitch received with enthusiasm, and the agony of deadlines. The friendships I made there—Dan Mathers, Jon Roth, Jason Black, Beth Olivero, Jeanine Recupero, Jude Kulp—are ones I still maintain, to the degree that I can. Dan somewhat accidentally discovered that I could take a decent photo, something that had never occurred to me and is now one of my favorite things to do. One could say that these relationships could be chalked up to living in a small town, and while that's true, they also laid a foundation for who I would become.

We have some lovely stories for you in this issue, arguably the most picturesque time of year here. Whether you subscribe (you do, don't you?), read us online, or follow us on social media, we appreciate you. Welcome to spring in Cape May and thank you for reading *Cape May Magazine.*

