

CORNERSTONE

October, 2012

20 Young Road
Kanata, Ontario
K2L 1W1
613-836-1001
www.stpaulshk.org

St Paul's
ANGLICAN CHURCH



“A growing community called to know Jesus Christ and make him known in the world by our presence.”

Sunday Services

8:00 a.m. Sunday Morning – Holy Communion Said service

9:15 a.m. Sunday Morning – Traditional/Choral Holy Communion. Kids are invited to join the God Squad for children’s worship, crafts and games. Nursery care also available.

11:00 a.m. Sunday Morning – Praise Music Holy Communion. Kids are invited to join the God Squad for children’s worship, crafts and games. Nursery care also available.

Other Services

9:45 a.m Wednesday – Eucharist and Bible Study

2:00 p.m. Thursday – “Seniors’ Afternoon Out” Service and Social

9:30 a.m. to noon Sunday – EPIC, for youth aged 10 to 18

Inside this issue:

- Message from Father John
 - Two Sisters and a Funeral
 - GIFT Campaign Update
 - **Not your “usual” Sunday service**
 - Writing the Sacred: A Psalm-Writing Workshop
 - Christmas Bazaar
- ...and more!

November edition
deadline:

Tuesday, Oct 30, 2012

Please send submissions to:
cornerstone@stpaulshk.org



Let us Give Thanks!



A Message from Father John

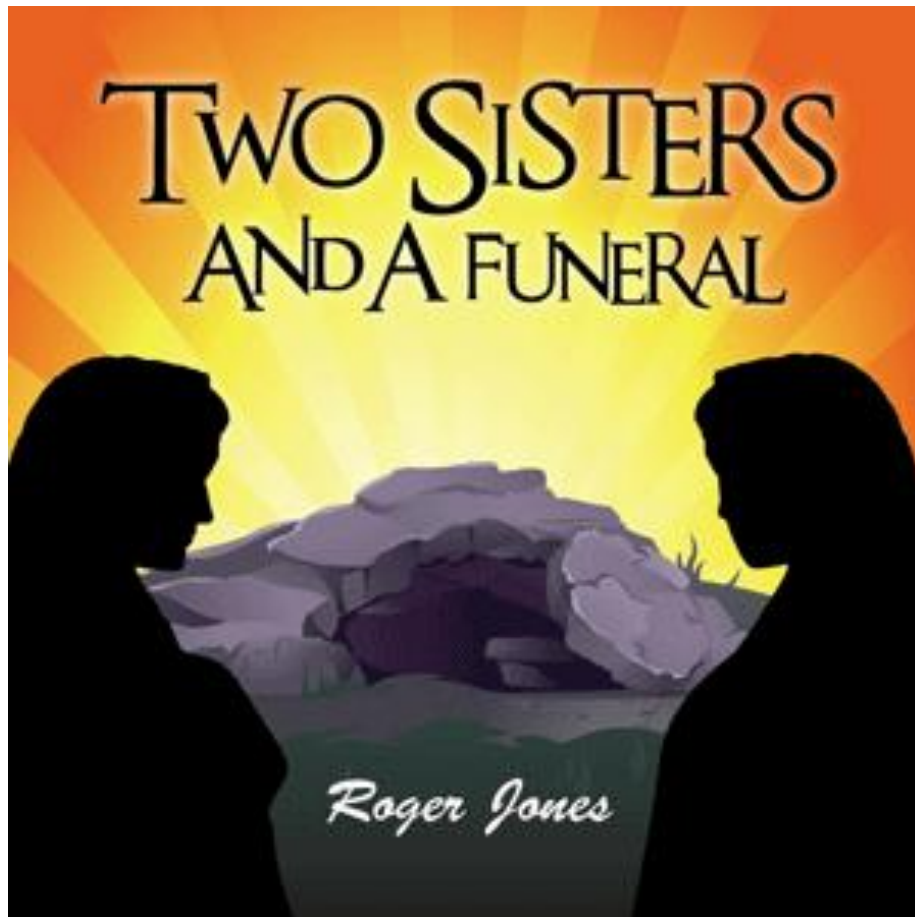
I love Thanksgiving. It is the time of year during which our hearts and minds turn toward God and all the wonderful and beautiful things he has given us. By necessity we, as creatures, need to spend time giving thanks to the Creator. I believe that our joy and satisfaction are determined by our ability to take stock of our lives and give thanks for the wonder and beauty of our time on earth.

I have spent 14 years at St. Paul's Church, and for this I thank God. During this time, God has richly blessed both my family and me personally. I believe that Thanksgiving is a perfect opportunity for us as Christians to reflect on the true essence of stewardship. By tradition, this is the time of the year when we take the opportunity to offer our thanks for the bounty of the harvest and the wonderful cycle of creation. The beautiful colours of the trees and the crisp temperatures point us to the upcoming winter. The church has been decorated with the signs of the season. In these activities we are reminded of the Love God has for the

world. He has given us a world that supplies us with our needs and much more. He also challenges us to use our gifts to His Glory and Purpose. Stewardship is the management of the gifts we have received. Thanksgiving is an orientation towards these gifts. If we are thankful, we also become responsible for the way we use and share these gifts. There is no escaping the reality that God calls us to be accountable for the blessings we have received.

I am very thankful for all the blessings of this Parish and hope that we can come together on Thanksgiving Sunday and sing out our praises to our God. May you all recognise God in your life and work and may He continue to walk with us in our journey.

Peace Love and Laughter,



“Lord,” Martha said to Jesus, “if you had been here, my brother would not have died ...” Jesus said to her, “I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me will live, even though he dies; and whoever lives and believes in me will never die. Do you believe this?” (John 11:21-26)

Jesus is a welcome guest and friend at the home of Martha, Mary and their brother Lazarus in the village of Bethany. So when Lazarus falls gravely ill, the sisters send a message to Jesus: *“Lord, the one you love is sick.”* But by the time Jesus arrives, Lazarus has already been in the tomb for four days. **Two Sisters and a Funeral** tells the exciting story of a family transformed first of all by seeing their brother Lazarus raised from the tomb, and then the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world.

A Musical by Roger Jones

Saturday, October 27, 2012 @ 7:00pm

St. Paul's Anglican Church, 20 Young Road, Kanata

Directed by the Composer

Free Admission

a Freewill Offering for Roger Jones' ministry, Christian Music Ministries, will be gratefully received

On being a GIFT Ambassador: A Testimony

by Marcie Taylor

I don't know about you, but the prospect of actually asking a fellow parishioner for money - even for a worthy cause like our church's programs - is somewhat distasteful. Which is good, because as an GIFT Ambassador, that's NOT what I'm expected to do. We don't talk about what an individual or family can or can't afford. We don't talk about any "shoulds" - you should give this much, you should be able to afford that. We don't lay a guilt trip on anyone. We simply explain the various goals of the campaign, and how the funds will be allocated to important parish and diocesan initiatives.

I don't know about you, but the notion of prying into people's personal situations is extremely unpleasant. Which is good, because as an Ambassador, that's NOT what I'm expected to do. We simply review key information with those whom we visit, then leave a packet of materials to be reviewed privately so that decisions can be made privately.

So if those are the things that an Ambassador DOESN'T do, what does it mean to be an Ambassador? In my experience, being an Ambassador is really about building community. One way of building community is by sharing stories - our own, each other's, and those of our church and our faith. Our stories tell of finding meaning, of finding our unique selves, and of finding God in what can be a confusing and chaotic world. Our

stories tell of finding each other - fellow pilgrims on a journey. Our stories tell of transformative moments which opened the way for us and for others to experience the unexpected presence of God in our lives. Our stories tell of not having the answers, of searching for them, of living the questions, together. Our stories vibrate with the Spirit's wisdom - of discovering faith, of living faith, of struggling faith, of risky faith. Our stories, when shared, weave us together into community - the place where our faith becomes active.

Being an Ambassador is a privilege. I get to meet my fellow parishioners, to share stories, to learn of each other's interests, to hear their concerns and feedback, to discover what is important to them. Being an Ambassador is an opportunity. I get to talk about our church - where we are headed, what we are about. I get to respond to questions. Being an Ambassador is easy. I am passionate about our Parish, and I get to share my passion.

As an Ambassador, I receive so much more than I give. It has been wonderful for me - perhaps it would be for you too. Our team of Ambassadors would welcome you.

Marcie Taylor
All Saints-Westboro

It is not too late to join St. Paul's Ambassador team! We need your help.

To learn more, please contact Alison Stortz at 613-599-7176, or dstortz@magma.ca.



The Gift Card Program It's a win-win situation!

When you participate in the Grocery Gift Card Program, you get to spend every cent of your money on groceries and the store gives a portion of the money spent to St. Paul's, by means of a discount.

Participating stores include: Farm Boy (5.5%) Bulk Barn (5%) Food Basics/Metro (4%) Sobey's (5%) Loblaws (5%) Your independent Grocer (5%) Super Store (5%). The last three stores all use the same card.

Smart card technology allows you to purchase a card for \$100. You get the full \$100 to spend at the store. Each time you shop, the amount of your purchase is deducted, leaving the unused balance on the card for next time.

We accept cash, cheques or debit card.

Questions? Come and see us:
Larry @ 8,
Jean @ 9:15, and
Darell @ 11.
Or, please call Darell at
613-831-7580.



Coffee Hour and Bible Study

Ladies, if you are looking for a bible study, several of us from St Paul's attend the Wednesday morning Coffee time and Bible study group.

It is held at the **Kanata Community Christian Reformed Church**. 46 Castlefrank Road Kanata, just next to the Hazeldean Library. It runs on **Wednesdays from 9:30 a.m. to 11 a.m.** Childcare is provided for children aged 0 - 5 yrs. We run September to mid-May and don't meet during the school holidays.

We are also looking for volunteers for the kids' care. If you, or anyone you know, loves to be with children, please contact Krista Valenta to let her know your interest at 613-831-8632 or krista.valenta@gmail.com

Men's Retreat at Bethesda Renewal Centre

Men's Boot Camp, November 16-18, 2012
"Called to be Courageous"

To be held at Bethesda Renewal Centre.
Limited space. Mark your calendar now.

Watch the bulletin for more details and registration beginning October 14.

Ray Brûlé

Moustache Grower's Alert...

Movember is coming!!

For more information,
please go to:
<http://ca.movember.com/>



Men's Breakfast

Saturday, November 3, 2012, from 8 - 9:30 a.m.
at St. Paul's. Mark your calendars!

FWYC Evening Study Group

We will start on **Friday, October 19, 6 - 7: 45 p.m.** at **St Paul's Church Hall**. Kids' care will be provided.

We will be studying and discussing from a series which looks to inspire like the NOOMA ones did, called *I am Second*.

Please RSVP with your interest to Miriam at 613-836-0820 or lmnop@cia.com so I know how many helpers are needed for the children.



Not your “usual” Sunday service

by Helen Smith

The date was August 12, 2012. It was nearly 11 a.m. on a bright, sunny Sunday morning. Nothing specific was planned until the afternoon. It had been suggested that it was something worthwhile experiencing, so off to church we went.

In this case ‘we’ referred to me and five youth from the 1st Kanata Scouting Group. Three of us are members of St. Paul’s (me, Patricia Smith and Andrew Scott). The other three are from varying backgrounds and had varying degrees of interest and curiosity, stretching from the spiritual to the reluctant. I promised them that this was not something that they would have to do twice but we were all going to experience something quite unique and highly recommended.

The church was St. Luke’s Anglican Church in Pangnirtung, Nunavut. This was the 11 a.m. service, which was in Inuktitut. I did what I could to prepare the youth for the experience, which was tricky since I really did not know what to expect myself. I suggested that we look for similarities with our own experiences in the south and, for those who claimed no prior knowledge, experience or interest in organised religion, I suggested that this be viewed as a cultural experience and an opportunity to see more of the lives those who worship there regularly.

We filled a pew, just a few from the back. Looking around there were many familiar items, but nobody would have mistaken this sanctuary for one in the south. Only the hymn numbers were posted - no computer or screen here. There were no kneelers in the



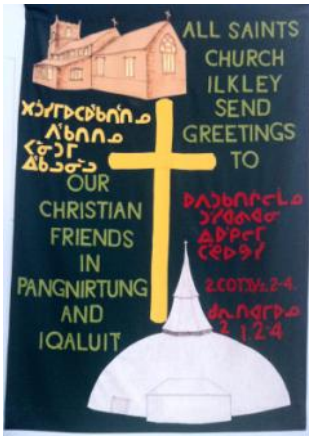
pews but the kneeler at the communion rail was covered in seal skin. The cross above the altar was made of narwhal tusks.

There were instruments (a drum set and an organ) but the choir processed singing *a capella*. The tunes were familiar, but the way that the words fit was certainly different. I could hum along but the Inuktitut phrasing was such that I did not breathe when the choir (numbering about a dozen) and the rest of the congregation did. The choir robes and the vestments would be familiar to us all. There were no books in the pews. Parishioners had their own well-worn copies in Inuktitut. It took a while but I believe that we were following the service of Morning Prayer. Since there was no bread or wine, it was a safe guess, which was confirmed later. The incumbent was not present, but two people shared the leadership of the service.

At one point, I thought that we were listening to the sermon. The gentleman who was at the front spoke for eight minutes (Yes - I timed him). Not bad a length, I thought. Then a woman from the congregation went to the front. She spoke the only two sentences of English of the day: She told us that they welcomed the students (us) and then shared that this was the first anniversary of the drowning death of her brother, Noah Metuq. So, the eight minutes was only the announcements! What followed were the testimonies of Noah’s sister and two other women who knew him well, talking about him and sharing. We had heard about this loss and knew that his death had hit the community hard. The impact of his passing upon the speakers and others in the congregation was clear, even through the language barrier. The service lasted two hours.

After one week in Pangnirtung our Inuktitut was limited but I listened hard to see what words I could recognize. We had learned that ‘ilni’ is son. That word was spoken often - no surprise there. ‘Qujannamiik’ is thank you, and we heard that too, especially after the offering. The congregation used other words which I recognized. Two young boys were there and spoke to their mother ‘anaana’ (not pineapple!). ‘Qallunaat’ is

(Continued on page 7)



their word for white people and ‘illali’ is ‘you’re welcome’, both of which we heard. We also recognized some of the congregants. Earlier in the week we had visited an elder called Evie. She was there and smiled at us warmly after the service. Gila, the elder who taught us how to make palauga, was also present, as was one of

the weavers to whom we were introduced later at the Uqqurmiut (Arts) Centre. She came with her 11-month-old grandson, who was as entertaining as young children are during a church service.

Apparently we were the ‘talk of the town’ having attended this two hour long service where so little English was spoken. The youth made a positive impression and the locals appreciated our presence.

The church is located across the street from ‘The Northern’, one of the two stores in town. The following Sunday I kept my promise and, as I predicted, no youth chose to join me as I headed to the 9:30 a.m. service, which was to be in English. There were four us, all adults. We had heard that the incumbent was back in town but, for whatever reason, there was no service in English that day. No worries. There is rock in front of the church door, which is quite easy to roll away. (The front door was not locked, and was no one inside!). We went inside and this time we could examine the church more closely. The kneeler for clergy near the altar was from St. Philip’s, Westmount in the Diocese of Montreal. The font was from Simcoe County in Ontario and was given in memory of a nurse. There was a hanging on the wall from All Saints, Ilkley. An internet search tells me that is a church in West Yorkshire, UK. I do not know if these items were given to St. Luke’s directly, such is probably the case for the wall hanging, or if they were donated from churches in the south when they were replaced. We spent about fifteen minutes alone in the church and then we left it, rolled the stone back in front of the door, and headed back for a coffee. (No Sunday morning is complete without a coffee!) A few hours later, when I headed to ‘The Northern’ I could tell that the 11 a.m. service was in full swing.

Our church visits were not over! Thanks to fog, our

return to Ottawa was delayed and we had a two-night stopover in Iqaluit. We had seen St. Jude’s Cathedral from the air as we flew north since we changed planes in Iqaluit, and its distinctive igloo shape is quite easy to spot.



During our time in Iqaluit, on a sunny Friday afternoon, several of us decided to stop by and see if we could see the inside. Russ Blanchet graciously showed us which door to use. Apparently many are asking to see inside these days but, once I shared how we had prayed for them when the cathedral was re-dedicated on June 3, and I explained why we were even in Iqaluit, he took some time to describe and explain how the new cathedral was different from the old one. The materials came from far and wide. There is a cross made from narwhal tusks, just like in Pangnirtung. The curved pews are from Pennsylvania. The biggest requirement for the new cathedral is that the materials inside it be as fire retardant as possible. There are no more cloth banners, for example. There is still work being done, but already it is a beautiful worship space.

Church visiting was not our prime objective when we travelled to Nunavut with the 1st Kanata Scouting Group this past August. All four members of my family were fortunate enough to make the trip as part of the group of twenty-two. Sixteen hiked in the Akshayuk Pass which offers the opportunity of hiking across the Arctic Circle followed by camping at the base of Mount Thor, the highest vertical drop on earth. The hikers were in the park for ten days, followed by time in Pang. I was with the ‘exchange group’ which stayed in the hamlet for the duration of the trip. As we had hosted a group of thirteen youth and chaperones for a week in early July, exploring and experiencing our nation’s capital, in August it was our turn to experience the hospitality of our northern hosts. Peter and Derek were amongst the hikers while Patricia and I experienced life in Pang, including the church service which I have described. All in all, we learned a lot about Inuit traditions and current concerns while we created many memories with our Pangnirtung hosts!

Further information is available from us or on-line at <http://www.1stkanatascouts.org/Home/baffin>

Helen Smith

Christmas Bazaar

Welcome one, welcome all, to the Christmas Bazaar
Thursday November 9 and Saturday November 10.

Thanks to all members of St. Paul's for your support year after year. We appreciate everything you do – whether you donate, volunteer your time to help, or come and shop. Again this year we count on all of you to help make this year as great as last year. Wow, what a year!

We need your Christmas baking, jams, jellies, knitting, crafts, jewellery, books (but no cook books, please), small gifts for our children to purchase for members of their families, quilts and item for the white elephant table. Please donate only items that you would be willing to buy. Do you do wood working and want to share some of your talent? We will be having a wood working table.

This year, we will not have the toy table, nor the silent auction. You may see the silent auction pop up somewhere else later this year.

We are getting excited with time counting down – less than 35 days to go!

We will be having our wonderful chili dinner put on by the men on Friday night. Come on in and enjoy.

On Saturday at lunch time we will be putting on lunch. Come, sit and relax while we wait on you. These are both wonderful meals and an opportunity for fellowship.

There are still many jobs available. We need you! If you want to be part of this wonderful event, please give us a call at 613-226-6813 or email: heather.colls@rogers.com.

Heather Colls
St. Paul's Christmas Bazaar



WANTED: TENORS & BASSES, SOPRANOS & ALTOS



Wanted: Singers for St. Paul's Chancel Choir - 9:15 Worship Service.

If you enjoy singing, the Chancel choir could use your talents. We in particular need Tenors and Basses. Rehearsals are every Thursday from 7:00 to 8:30 p.m.

On Sundays, you get the best seats in the house!

For more information, speak to Director/Organist Ann Faurbo or any member of the Choir, or email: music@stpaulshk.org

Thanks,
AnnFaurbo

Are you Hot on the Ice?

St. Paul's Curling Club needs you!

We curl every other Saturday evening from mid-October to March, starting at 7pm at Nepean Sportsplex. No experience or equipment necessary.

Don't get cold feet – come out and have fun!

Please contact Dave Dobson for more info: dabdobson@gmail.com.



Writing the Sacred: A Psalm-Writing Workshop

Sunday, November 11, at St. Michael and All Angels Anglican Church

On Remembrance Day, author and poet Ray McGinnis will speak at our 10 a.m. service. He will offer a reflection on the Psalms, poetry and what these offer to both church and society when we are called as a people to remember. In the Gospel lesson from Mark 12:38-44 Jesus presents his listeners with a choice to consider the way of the scribes (of his time) and the way of the poor widow. Ray will explore these two different paths for opening to God's spirit in our lives and for creating peaceable communities.

Writing the Sacred: A Psalm-Writing workshop.

The Hebrew Psalms are among the most loved books of the Bible. The 23rd Psalm, for example, has been put to music by as diverse a range of artists as Johann Sebastian Bach, Duke Ellington, Bobby McFerrin and Lucinda Williams. From the Psalms we hear honest and direct expression of emotion as the psalm-writers express to God, including thanksgiving, lament, confession and trust. As a person raised in the church, Ray McGinnis has had firsthand experiences of the power of the Psalms to speak to people at times of gratitude, sorrow, wisdom and vision. He brings an understanding for both the musicality and poetry of the psalms, and provides information to help others grow in their appreciation of the psalms. The Psalms not only offer us glimpses of the cries of the spirit by people of faith from long ago, but as a stepping stone for leading each person in our contemporary society to a deeper relationship with God.

As someone who has kept a practice of writing in a journal for many years, Ray knows firsthand the power of reflective writing. At this Psalm-writing workshop you are invited to come play with words. You are invited to come and nurture your spirit as you discover through simple step-by-step activities, ways to make your own new psalms. Come and explore the thin spaces where reflective writing and spirituality meet. This workshop is designed for both those who enjoy writing and those who have never put pen to paper. This is a workshop open to older children, youth and adults.

In times of war and in peacetime we remember universal including themes of war, conflict, peace, sacrifice,

vision and hope. Often a society turns to poetry to express something that prose often does not satisfy. Our spare words of poetry somehow agree with the somberness of the day.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Lawrence Binyon, For the Fallen (excerpt)

As this workshop falls on Remembrance Day, there will be some time during the workshop to remember and opportunity to write Psalms of remembrance and peace.

Come and discover how God is still speaking to us in these times.

When: Sunday, November 11, 2012, after the 10 a.m. service

Where: St. Michael and All Angels Anglican Church, 112 Bel-Air. Contact: stmikes@bellnet.ca

Signed copies of Writing the Sacred will be available for sale during the workshop for those who wish to purchase a copy priced at \$26

About Ray McGinnis

Ray McGinnis is author of Writing the Sacred. He is a graduate of the Center for Journal Therapy in Denver and leads journal-writing workshops at health care facilities. He has studied at the Banff School of Fine Arts in Banff, Alberta, Canada, with a focus in poetry. Ray serves on the Advisory Board of the Institute for Poetic Medicine, based in Mountain View, California. He leads poetry and nature walking workshops, prayer writing workshops, Psalm-writing workshops and journal writing workshops. He is also a writer for the Seasons of the Spirit Church School Curriculum.

A popular presenter, Ray has taught over 11,000 participants at writing workshops across North America. His website is www.writetothetheart.com. He lives in Vancouver.

A notice from the Diocese of Ottawa

God Lives Under the Bed

I envy Kevin. My brother, Kevin, thinks God lives under his bed. At least that's what I heard him say one night. He was praying out loud in his dark bedroom, and I stopped to listen, 'Are you there, God?' he said. 'Where are you? Oh, I see. Under the bed...'

I giggled softly and tiptoed off to my own room. Kevin's unique perspectives are often a source of amusement. But that night something else lingered long after the humor. I realized for the first time the very different world Kevin lives in.

He was born 30 years ago, mentally disabled as a result of difficulties during labor. Apart from his size (he's 6-foot-2), there are few ways in which he is an adult.

He reasons and communicates with the capabilities of a 7-year-old, and he always will. He will probably always believe that God lives under his bed, that Santa Clause is the one who fills the space under our tree every Christmas and that airplanes stay up in the sky because angels carry them.

I remember wondering if Kevin realizes he is different. Is he ever dissatisfied with his monotonous life?

Kevin is up before dawn each day, off to work at a workshop for the disabled, home to walk our cocker spaniel, return to eat his favourite macaroni-and-cheese for dinner, and later to bed.

The only variation in the scheme is laundry, when he hovers excitedly over the washing machine like a

mother with her newborn child. He does not seem dissatisfied.

He lopes out to the bus every morning at 7:05, eager for a day of simple work. He wrings his hands excitedly while the water boils on the stove before dinner, and he stays up late twice a week to gather our dirty laundry for his next day's laundry chores.

And Saturdays — oh, the bliss of Saturdays! That's the day my Dad takes Kevin to the airport to have a soft drink, watch the planes land, and speculate loudly on the destination of each passenger inside. "That one's goin' to Chi-car-go!" Kevin shouts as he claps his hands.

His anticipation is so great he can hardly sleep on Friday nights.

And so goes his world of daily rituals and weekend field trips. He doesn't know what it means to be discontent. His life is simple.

He will never know the entanglements of wealth of power, and he does not care what brand of clothing he wears or what kind of food he eats. His needs have always been met, and he never worries that one day they may not be.

His hands are diligent. Kevin is never so happy as when he is working. When he unloads the dishwasher or vacuums the carpet, his heart is completely in it.

He does not shrink from a job when it is begun, and he does not leave a job until it is finished. But when his tasks are done, Kevin knows how to relax. He is not obsessed with his work or the work of others. His heart is pure.

He still believes everyone tells the truth, promises must be kept, and when you are wrong, you apologize

instead of argue. Free from pride and unconcerned with appearances, Kevin is not afraid to cry when he is hurt, angry or sorry. He is always transparent, always sincere. And he trusts God.

Not confined by intellectual reasoning, when he comes to Christ, he comes as a child. Kevin seems to know God - to really be friends with Him in a way that is difficult for an 'educated' person to grasp. God seems like his closest companion.

In my moments of doubt and frustrations with my Christianity, I envy the security Kevin has in his simple faith. It is then that I am most willing to admit that he has some divine knowledge that rises above my mortal questions.

It is then I realize that perhaps he is not the one with the handicap. I am. My obligations, my fear, my pride, my circumstances - they all become disabilities when I do not trust them to God's care.

Who knows if Kevin comprehends things I can never learn? After all, he has spent his whole life in that kind of innocence, praying after dark and soaking up the goodness and love of God.

And one day, when the mysteries of heaven are opened, and we are all amazed at how close God really is to our hearts, I'll realize that God heard the simple prayers of a boy who believed that God lived under his bed.

Kevin, of course, won't be surprised at all!

Kelly Adkins

<http://www.christianitytoday.com/iyf/truelifestories/ithappenedtome/9c4034.html>

Just for Fun

An industrious turkey farmer was always experimenting with breeding to perfect a better turkey. His family was fond of the leg portion for dinner and there were never enough legs for everyone. After many frustrating attempts, the farmer was relating the results of his efforts to his friends at the general store get together. "Well I finally did it! I bred a turkey that has 6 legs!"

They all asked the farmer how it tasted. "I don't know," said the farmer. "I never could catch the darn thing!"

It's the day before Thanksgiving, and the butcher is just locking up when a man begins pounding on the front door.

"Please let me in," says the man desperately. "I forgot to buy a turkey, and my wife will kill me if I don't come home with one."

"Okay," says the butcher. Let me see what I have left." He goes into the freezer and discovers that there's only one scrawny turkey left. He brings it out to show the man.

"That's one is too skinny. What else you got?" says the man. The butcher takes the bird back into the freezer and waits a few minutes and brings the same turkey back out to the man.

"Oh, no," says the man, "That one doesn't look any better. You better give me both of them!"

Jimmy: Mmmmm! That turkey smells good and it's not even done yet. How long will it be?

Mom: About the same length as it was before I put it into the oven, I suppose.

Q: What sound does a turkey's phone make?
A: Wing! Wing!

Q: What's the best way to stuff a turkey?
A: Serve him lots of pizza and ice cream!

Q: Why did the turkey sit on the tomahawk?
A: To hatchet.

http://www.theholidayspot.com/thanksgiving/thanksgiving_jokes.htm#turkey



Do you have something you would like to, sell, trade, or give away?

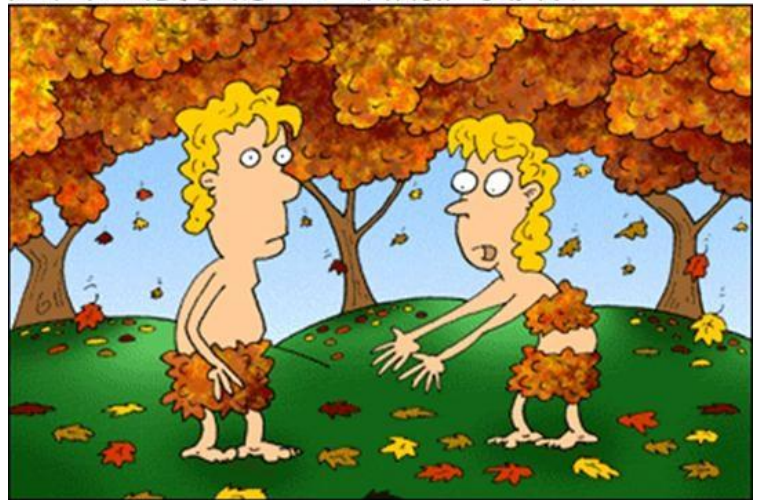
There may be someone in our parish looking for that very thing!

St. Paul's Agora

You are invited to place your advertisements in this section of the Cornerstone, free of charge. This is an opportunity for us all to come together to meet each others' needs. Kind of like a parish garage sale, without the rain! Simply send your ad to: cornerstone@stpaulshk.org

Please, no business advertisements, or offers of professional services. If you would like to purchase a space for your business card in the Cornerstone, please send an email to: cornerstone@stpaulshk.org. St. Paul's Church is not responsible for transactions conducted through this section.


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10-06-2006


WILL YOU PLEASE PICK UP ALL YOUR CLOTHES?

Submitted by Margaret Anthony

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