

# CORNERSTONE

October, 2025

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Kanata, Ontario  
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[www.stpaulshk.org](http://www.stpaulshk.org)

**St Paul's**  
ANGELICAN CHURCH



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

## Sunday Services

**7:45 a.m.** – Said Service and Eucharist.

**9:00 a.m.** – Traditional/Choral Holy Communion. Nursery available. Children's Ministry meets downstairs for lessons and crafts.

**11:00 a.m.** – Praise Music Holy Communion. Nursery available. Children's Ministry meets downstairs for lessons and crafts.

All services are available online through the church website. The Book of Alternative Services is also available online:

<https://www.anglican.ca/wp-content/uploads/BAS.pdf>

## Other Services

**Wednesday 10 a.m. Bible Study** In-person on the first week of each month and via Zoom other weeks. See inside for details.

**Memorial Prayers** First Sunday of November, January, March and May, following the 11am service.

## Inside this issue:

- **Message from Fr. Stephen**
  - **Get Connected Pew Cards**
  - **A Thanksgiving Story**
  - **Christmas Bazaar**
  - **Volunteer Fair**
- ...and more!**

November edition deadline:  
**Tuesday, October 28, 2025**

Please send submissions to:  
[cornerstone@stpaulshk.org](mailto:cornerstone@stpaulshk.org)



## A message from Father Stephen

### The Kids are Alright

For most of us, looking back to the long summers of our youth means looking back at a mix of boredom and adventure. I remember long days complaining to my mother about how boring everything was: there's nothing on TV!

I've read all my books! It's too hot outside! Yet, I also remember that, after much complaining, I would finally get on my bike and head out to explore the neighbourhood. It meant making friends with new kids, starting road hockey games, and building forts on the abandoned property at the end of the block.

These are the stuff of my generation's memories, but increasingly these are alien experiences for my children's generation. When I walked my neighbourhood this summer for example, I rarely saw children in the forest near my house, didn't run into a single lemonade stand, and rarely even saw kids riding on their bikes without parental supervision. Something has changed in the way children grow up, and in the way we parent them today. We seem more anxious in letting children out of our sight, and work hard to shield them from risk. I'm convinced that this change hasn't all been good.

Today we are more aware of the dangers present in children's lives, and as a result we do our best to protect them. Yet, perhaps we have grown so anxious to protect them that we have ended up depriving them of the joys and the character-building challenges which help them grow into mature adults. To understand what I mean by this, consider the things that went into you becoming the mature adult you are today. How did you learn social skills which help you navigate work relationships, friendships and romance? How did you learn to solve problems and assess risks?

For most of us, the foundations of our adult social skills were laid down in the unsupervised interactions we had with other kids growing up. When you got into a fight with the girl next door, you either had to learn to get along again or you couldn't play on her

swing set. When you met the boy who just moved into the neighbourhood, you had to summon up the courage to introduce yourself or you wouldn't get to roam the neighbourhood with him on your bike. These are typical childhood experiences, but they teach us something early on about how we relate to others. As children, we start a journey of learning which carries through into adulthood, giving us confidence to navigate the world as we grow. But when children are always supervised, and when adults sort out their problems for them, they lose out on these opportunities. The result can be an inability to sort out challenges as adults.

In fact, psychological studies are increasingly suggesting young adults are growing less able to navigate many of the challenges adults face. Psychologist and author Jonathan Haidt notes that young adults now spend less time face-to-face with friends, are less adept at the art of conversation, are less able to consider ideas and viewpoints different from their own, are more prone to anxiety and other mental health issues. They are also less likely to form stable, long-lasting romantic relationships when compared to older generations. None of these problems are caused by over-protective parenting alone, but Haidt and others point to our increasing unwillingness to give children freedom as one of the important factors undermining their ability to navigate adulthood.

So how do we start giving kids more freedom, when we know there are so many dangers out there? In fact, the dangers we fear are far less common than we think. Crime rates, for example, have plummeted over the past 30 years. In Canada, your child is about as likely to be hit by lightning as she is to be abducted by a stranger. She is also more likely to be injured as a passenger in your car than she is to be hit while walking. The greatest horrors which haunt parents' minds are in fact increasingly rare. There are dangers, of course, but reasonable exposure to danger is part of being human. Trying to insulate ourselves from all danger is an impossible, and disheartening task.

Ultimately, as people of faith, we have something

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which should help us overcome our fear and give peace to our children in the midst of a world of dangers. We have a God who loves us, and who watches over us and our children. Scripture tells of a God who crafts human beings out of the earthly elements, filling them with His Spirit and blessing them as they went into the world to explore and fill it. He did not make unthinking robots when He made us, but creatures whom He knew would often choose wrongly, and who would lead themselves into places of deep suffering and loss. Yet, He allowed these creatures of His to make those mistakes in the knowledge that He would be close at hand to guide them back, heal their wounds, and help them slowly to grow into the people He made them to be.

As parents, we relate to our children in much the same way God relates to us. They are born as the fruit of our bodies, helpless and incapable of the simplest tasks. We guide and shape them, and over the years protect and provide for them in ways they do not see and cannot really understand. We do this with the goal of raising them into people who freely choose the good path without us forcing them to. And even as we age, we stand ready to help them in times of tragedy, sorrow and need — all because we



love them. So it is with God.

God loves our children because they are His children too. He watches over and protects them. He guides and teaches them. His grace empowers them to learn and to make wiser choices as they grow. He also stands ready to bind up their wounds and comfort their sorrows when setbacks or tragedies cross their path.

As parents who long to protect our children well, our lives will be a constant challenge to trust that these things really are true. Yet, when we trust God in the ways He asks us to, we find that our children flourish in ways they never could when we trusted in ourselves alone. For only when they experience life outside of our protection, do they come to know that there is still someone who protects and guides when we aren't around.

So what should we do as parents and grandparents? Trusting God doesn't mean letting our six-year-olds play with chainsaws. It doesn't mean abandoning all caution. But it does mean knowing our kids well enough to know what they can handle and then trusting God enough to let them take the kind of risks which helped you grow into the person you are today. Did your mom send you to the corner store sometimes to pick up a bag of sugar? Then maybe your child could do it, too. Did your neighbourhood adventures on the bicycle make you feel confident and independent as a kid? Then maybe it's time to give your children that same feeling for themselves.

You know your child, and know what they can do. Just don't forget to know our God and what He can do as well. Trust in His guidance as you let them experience the world for themselves, and trust in His loving care when you let them out of your sight. In doing so, you will be giving them a great gift: the knowledge that they have a strong protector always with them. He conquered the grave, and He can help your children conquer the challenges the world throws at them.

*Stephen+*

# Get Connected

You may have noticed a new addition in our pews in recent weeks. In an effort to ensure that folks have a simple and easy way of “getting connected” to everything St. Paul’s has to offer, the Stewardship Team has developed a Pew Card entitled, not surprisingly, **GET CONNECTED**. Simply take the card home with you for later perusal or write your thoughts on the back of the card and place it on the offering plate.

These cards are located at the ends of each pew and are designed to be of interest to anyone attending our church who may wish to:

- **Learn more about St. Paul’s:** We frequently have visitors, church shoppers or guests at funerals, weddings, or other events who may be curious about our church. The QR code provided offers these folks the opportunity to explore St. Paul’s on their own time and without any pressure.
- **Leave comments or suggestions:** Sometimes it’s hard to speak publicly about an issue or concern, or to even know to whom to direct your comments. The pew card offers a way of directing your thoughts to just the right person (anonymously if you prefer).
- **Want to help? Don’t know how or to whom you should speak?:** Opportunities to get involved or participate in one of our many events often arrive through announcements or through word-of-mouth. Pew cards provide a simple and convenient way to indicate to the appropriate person your wish to volunteer or attend an event.

When requested, responses to **GET CONNECTED** Pew Cards left on the offering plate will be reviewed by our Parish Administrator, Darlene, and by Fr. Stephen. As appropriate, individual ministry leaders associated with the topic will be advised and will follow up, based on the contact information provided.

Any questions concerning the **GET CONNECTED** Pew Cards can be addressed to our Stewardship Team at [stewardship@stpaulshk.org](mailto:stewardship@stpaulshk.org).

*St. Paul’s Stewardship Team*

**GET CONNECTED**

St. Paul's is home to a dynamic and welcoming community full of activity and energy. Whatever your age, availability, or interests, this is your invitation to join us!

**VISIT**  
stpaulshk.org/connect

To learn about our kids' and youth programs, study groups, volunteering, and other ways to get involved:

**WRITE**  
a note on this card ->

**SCAN**  
the QR code

**St Paul's**  
ANGELICAN CHURCH

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**DROP US A LINE**

Have a question? Want someone to contact you?  
Write your note below and leave the card in the offering plate, and we'll be in touch.

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Your name: \_\_\_\_\_

Where can we reach you?  Email  Phone

\_\_\_\_\_

## Vestry Theme for this year

So, my dear brothers and sisters,  
**BE STRONG  
AND IMMOVABLE.**  
Always work enthusiastically  
for the Lord, for you know  
that nothing you do for  
the Lord is ever useless.

1 Corinthians 15:58 (NLT)

# Aunt Susanna's Thanksgiving Dinner

by Lucy Maud Montgomery

*This story was first published in 1907 and is now in the Public Domain.*

"Here's Aunt Susanna, girls," said Laura who was sitting by the north window — nothing but north light does for Laura who is the artist of our talented family.

Each of us has a little pet new-fledged talent which we are faithfully cultivating in the hope that it will amount to something and soar highly some day. But it is difficult to cultivate four talents on our tiny income. If Laura wasn't such a good manager we never could do it.

Laura's words were a signal for Kate to hang up her violin and for me to push my pen and portfolio out of sight. Laura had hidden her brushes and water colors as she spoke. Only Margaret continued to bend serenely over her Latin grammar. Aunt Susanna frowns on musical and literary and artistic ambitions but she accords a faint approval to Margaret's desire for an education. A college course, with a tangible diploma at the end, and a sensible pedagogic aspiration is something Aunt Susanna can understand when she tries hard. But she cannot understand messing with paints, fiddling, or scribbling, and she has only unmeasured contempt for messers, fiddlers, and scribblers.

Time was when we had paid no attention to Aunt Susanna's views on these points; but ever since she had, on one incautious day when she was in high good humor, dropped a pale, anemic little hint that she might send Margaret to college if she were a good girl we had been bending all our energies towards securing Aunt Susanna's approval. It was not enough that Aunt Susanna should approve of Margaret; she must approve of the whole four of us or she would not help Margaret. That is Aunt Susanna's way. Of late we had been growing a little discouraged. Aunt Susanna had recently read a magazine article which stated that the higher education of women was ruining our country and that a woman who was a B.A. couldn't, in the very nature of things, ever be a housewifely, cookly creature. Consequently, Margaret's chances looked a little foggy; but we hadn't quite given up hope. A very little thing might sway Aunt

Susanna one way or the other, so that we walked very softly and tried to mingle serpents' wisdom and doves' harmlessness in practical portions.

When Aunt Susanna came in Laura was crocheting, Kate was sewing, and I was poring over a recipe book. That was not deception at all, since we did all these things frequently — much more frequently, in fact, than we painted or fiddled or wrote. But Aunt Susanna would never believe it. Nor did she believe it now.

She threw back her lovely new sealskin cape, looked around the sitting-room and then smiled — a truly Aunt Susannian smile.

"What a pity you forgot to wipe that smudge of paint off your nose, Laura," she said sarcastically. "You don't seem to get on very fast with your lace. How long is it since you began it? Over three months, isn't it?"

"This is the third piece of the same pattern I've done in three months, Aunt Susanna," said Laura presently. Laura is an old duck. She never gets cross and snaps back. I do; and it's so hard not to with Aunt Susanna sometimes. But I generally manage it for I'd do anything for Margaret. Laura did not tell Aunt Susanna that she sold her lace at the Women's Exchange in town and made enough to buy her new hats. She makes enough out of her water colors to dress herself.

Aunt Susanna took a second breath and started in again.

"I notice your violin hasn't quite as much dust on it as the rest of the things in this room, Kate. It's a pity you stopped playing just as I came in. I don't enjoy fiddling much but I'd prefer it to seeing anyone using a needle who isn't accustomed to it."

Kate is really a most dainty needlewoman and does all the fine sewing in our family. She colored and said nothing — that being the highest pitch of virtue to which our Katie, like myself, can attain.

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“And there's Margaret ruining her eyes over books,” went on Aunt Susanna severely. “Will you kindly tell me, Margaret Thorne, what good you ever expect Latin to do you?”

“Well, you see, Aunt Susanna,” said Margaret gently – Magsie and Laura are birds of a feather – “I want to be a teacher if I can manage to get through, and I shall need Latin for that.”

All the girls except me had now got their accustomed rap, but I knew better than to hope I should escape.

“So you're reading a recipe book, Agnes? Well, that's better than poring over a novel. I'm afraid you haven't been at it very long though. People generally don't read recipes upside down – and besides, you didn't quite cover up your portfolio. I see a corner of it sticking out. Was genius burning before I came in? It's too bad if I quenched the flame.”

“A cookery book isn't such a novelty to me as you seem to think, Aunt Susanna,” I said, as meekly as it was possible for me. “Why I'm a real good cook – ‘if I do say it as hadn't orter.”

I am, too.

“Well, I'm glad to hear it,” said Aunt Susanna skeptically, “because that has to do with my errand her today. I'm in a peck of troubles. Firstly, Miranda Mary's mother has had to go and get sick and Miranda Mary must go home to wait on her. Secondly, I've just had a telegram from my sister-in-law who has been ordered west for her health, and I'll have to leave on tonight's train to see her before she goes. I can't get



back until the noon train Thursday, and that is Thanksgiving, and I've invited Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert to dinner that day. They'll come on the same train. I'm dreadfully worried. There doesn't seem to be anything I can do except get on of you girls to go up to the

Pinery Thursday morning and cook the dinner for us. Do you think you can manage it?”

We all felt rather dismayed, and nobody volunteered with a rush. But as I had just boasted that I could cook it was plainly my duty to step into the breach, and I did it with fear and trembling.

“I'll go, Aunt Susanna,” I said. “And I'll help you,” said Kate.

“Well, I suppose I'll have to try you,” said Aunt Susanna with the air of a woman determined to make the best of a bad business. “Here is the key of the kitchen door. You'll find everything in the pantry, turkey and all. The mince pies are all ready made so you'll only have to warm them up. I want dinner sharp at twelve for the train is due at 11:50. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert are very particular and I do hope you will have things right. Oh, if I could only be home myself! Why will people get sick at such inconvenient times?”

“Don't worry, Aunt Susanna,” I said comfortingly. “Kate and I will have your Thanksgiving dinner ready for you in tiptop style.”

“Well I'm sure I hope so. Don't get to mooning over a story, Agnes. I'll lock the library up and fortunately there are no fiddles at the Pinery. Above all, don't let any of the McGinnises in. They'll be sure to be prowling around when I'm not home. Don't give that dog of theirs any scraps either. That is Miranda Mary's one fault. She will feed that dog in spite of all I can do and I can't walk out of my own back door without falling over him.”

We promise to eschew the McGinnises and all their works, including the dog, and when Aunt Susanna had gone we looked at each other with mingled hope and fear.

“Girls, this is the chance of your lives,” said Laura. “If you can only please Aunt Susanna with this dinner it will convince her that you are good cooks in spite of your nefarious bent for music and literature. I consider the illness of Miranda Mary's mother a Providential interposition – that is, if she isn't too sick.”

“It's all very well for you to be pleased, Lolla,” I said dolefully. “But I don't feel jubilant over the prospect

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at all. Something will probably go wrong. And then there's our own nice little Thanksgiving celebration we've planned, and pinched and economized for weeks to provide. That is half spoiled now."

"Oh, what is that compared to Margaret's chance of going to college?" exclaimed Kate. "Cheer up, Aggie. You know we can cook. I feel that it is now or never with Aunt Susanna."

I cheered up accordingly. We are not given to pessimism which is fortunate. Ever since father died four years ago we have struggled on here, content to give up a good deal just to keep our home and be together. This little gray house — oh, how we do love it and its apple trees — is ours and we have, as afore-said, a tiny income and our ambitions; not very big ambitions but big enough to give zest to our lives and hope to the future. We've been very happy as a rule. Aunt Susanna has a big house and lots of money but she isn't as happy as we are. She nags us a good deal — just as she used to nag father — but we don't mind it very much after all. Indeed, I sometimes suspect that we really like Aunt Susanna tremendously if she'd only leave us alone long enough to find it out.

Thursday morning was an ideal Thanksgiving morning — bright, crisp and sparkling. There had been a white frost in the night, and the orchard and the white birch wood behind it looked like fairyland. We were all up early. None of us had slept well, and both Kate and I had had the most fearful dreams of spoiling Aunt Susanna's Thanksgiving dinner.

"Never mind, dreams always go by contraries, you know," said Laura cheerfully. "You'd better go up to the Pinery early and get the fires on, for the house will be cold. Remember the McGinnises and the dog. Weigh the turkey so that you'll know exactly how long to cook it. Put the pies in the oven in time to get piping hot — lukewarm mince pies are an abomination. Be sure..."

"Laura, don't confuse us with any more cautions," I groaned, "or we shall get hopelessly fuddled. Come on, Kate, before she has time to."

It wasn't very far up to the Pinery — just ten minutes' walk, and such a delightful walk on that delightful morning. We went through the orchard and then through the white birch wood where the loveliness of

the frosted boughs awed us. Beyond that there was a lane between ranks of young, balsamy, white-misted firs and then an open pasture field, sere and crispy. Just across it was the Pinery, a lovely old house with dormer windows in the roof, surrounded by pines that were dark and glorious against the silvery morning sky.

The McGinnis dog was sitting on the back-door steps when we arrived. He wagged his tail ingratiatingly, but we ruthlessly pushed him off, went in and shut the door in his face. All the little McGinnises were sitting in a row on their fence, and they whooped derisively. The McGinnis manners are not those which appertain to the caste of Vere de Vere; but we rather like the urchins — there are eight of them — and we would probably have gone over to talk to them if we had not had the fear of Aunt Susanna before our eyes.

We kindled the fires, weighed the turkey, put it in the oven and prepared the vegetables. Then we set the dining-room table and decorated it with Aunt Susanna's potted ferns and dishes of lovely red apples. Everything went so smoothly that we soon forgot to be nervous. When the turkey was done, we took it out, set it on the back of the range to keep warm and put the mince pies in. The potatoes, cabbage and turnips were bubbling away cheerfully, and everything was going as merrily as a marriage bell. Then, all at once, things happened.

In an evil hour we went to the yard window and looked out. We saw a quiet scene. The McGinnis dog was still sitting on his haunches by the steps, just as he had been sitting all the morning. Down in the McGinnis yard everything wore an unusually peaceful aspect. Only one McGinnis was in sight — Tony, aged eight, who was perched up on the edge of the well box, swinging his legs and singing at the top of his melodious Irish voice. All at once, just as we were looking at him, Tony went over backward and apparently tumbled head foremost down his father's well.

Kate and I screamed simultaneously. We tore across the kitchen, flung open the door, plunged down over Aunt Susanna's yard, scrambled over the fence and flew to the well. Just as we reached it, Tony's red head appeared as he climbed serenely out over the box. I don't know whether I felt more relieved or furious. He had merely fallen on the blank guard inside

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the box: and there are times when I am tempted to think he fell on purpose because he saw Kate and me looking out at the window. At least he didn't seem at all frightened, and grinned most impishly at us.

Kate and I turned on our heels and marched back in as dignified a manner as was possible under the circumstances. Half way up Aunt Susanna's yard we forgot dignity and broke into a run. We had left the door open and the McGinnis dog had disappeared.

Never shall I forget the sight we saw or the smell we smelled when we burst into that kitchen. There on the floor was the McGinnis dog and what was left of Aunt Susanna's Thanksgiving turkey. As for the smell, imagine a commingled odor of scorching turnips and burning mince pies, and you have it.

The dog fled out with a guilty yelp. I groaned and snatched the turnips off. Kate threw open the oven door and dragged out the pies. Pies and turnips were ruined as irretrievably as the turkey.

"Oh, what shall we do?" I cried miserably. I knew Margaret's chance of college was gone forever.

"Do!" Kate was superb. She didn't lose her wits for a second. "We'll go home and borrow the girls' dinner. Quick — there's just ten minutes before train time. Throw those pies and turnips into this basket — the turkey, too — we'll carry them with us to hide them."

I might not be able to evolve an idea like that on the spur of the moment, but I can at least act up to it when it is presented. Without a moment's delay we shut the door and ran. As we went I saw the McGinnis dog licking his chops over in their yard. I have been ashamed ever since of my feelings toward that dog. They were murderous. Fortunately I had no time to indulge them.

It is ten minutes walk from the Pinery to our house, but you can run it in five. Kate and I burst into the kitchen just as Laura and Margaret were sitting down to dinner. We had neither time nor breath for expla-

nations. Without a word I grasped the turkey platter and the turnip tureen. Kate caught one hot mince pie from the oven and whisked a cold one out of the pantry.

"We've—got—to have—them," was all she said.

I've always said that Laura and Magsie would rise to any occasion. They saw us carry their Thanksgiving dinner off under their very eyes and they never interfered by word or motion. They didn't even worry us with questions. They realized that something desperate had happened and that the emergency called for deed not words.

"Aggie," gasped Kate behind me as we tore through the birch wood, "the border—of these pies—is crimped— differently—from Aunt Susanna's."

"She—won't know—the difference," I panted. "Miranda — Mary—crimps them."

We got back to the Pinery just as the train whistle blew. We had ten minutes to transfer turkey and turnips to Aunt Susanna's dishes, hide our own, air the kitchen, and get back our breath. We accomplished it. When Aunt Susanna and her guests came we were prepared for them: we were calm — outwardly — and the second mince pie was getting hot in the oven. It was ready by the time it

was needed. Fortunately our turkey was the same size as Aunt Susanna's, and Laura had cooked a double supply of turnips, intending to warm them up the next day. Still, all things considered, Kate and I didn't enjoy that dinner much. We kept thinking of poor Laura and Magsie at home, dining off potatoes on Thanksgiving!

But at least Aunt Susanna was satisfied. When Kate and I were washing the dishes she came out quite beamingly.

"Well, my dears, I must admit that you made a very good job of the dinner, indeed. The turkey was done to perfection. As for the mince pies — well, of course Miranda Mary made them, but she must have had

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## Wednesday Bible Study

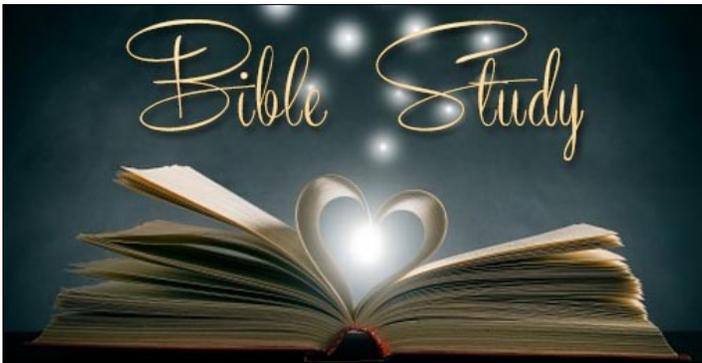
### 10am, In-person or Zoom

Each week we discuss the Bible passages for the coming Sunday and consider how they apply to our lives. Everyone is welcome!

On the first Wednesday of each month, the study will be held in person only in the church and will be combined with the Eucharist. On the other Wednesdays, it will be held only on Zoom.

Link to join our Zoom study: <https://us06web.zoom.us/j/83161909398wd=1JHZuIAUvWKbvyHJYvoE2vPPYwjUwN>

Meeting ID: 831 6190 9398  
Passcode: 281739



## Compline Service

### Saturday, October 18, 7pm

Compline is an ancient service of night prayer, song and chant. It was traditionally the last service of the day in monastic communities, and focuses on thanking God for the day spent.

Our next Compline service will be on the Feast of St. Luke, Saturday, October 18, at 7:00 p.m. This contemplative candlelight service incorporates hymn, chant, prayer and silence.

Please join us, and invite a friend!



## Calling all Knitters!

### For the Kanata Food Cupboard

We are looking for people to knit or crochet hats and mittens to be distributed by the Kanata Food Cupboard. Yarn will be provided. If you are able to help, please contact Ann Piche at [pkatolson@hotmail.com](mailto:pkatolson@hotmail.com).



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extra good luck with them, for they were excellent and heated to just the right degree. You didn't give anything to the McGinnis dog, I hope?"

"No, we didn't give him anything," said Kate. Aunt Susanna did not notice the emphasis.

When we had finished the dishes we smuggled our platter and tureen out of the house and went home. Laura and Margaret were busy painting and studying and were just as sweet-tempered as if we hadn't robbed them of their dinner. But we had to tell them the whole story before we even took off our hats.

"There is a special Providence for children and idiots," said Laura gently. We didn't ask her whether she meant us or Tony McGinnis or both. There are some things better left in obscurity. I'd have probably said something much sharper than that if anybody had made off with my Thanksgiving turkey so unceremoniously.

Aunt Susanna came down the next day and told Margaret that she would send her to college. Also she commissioned Laura to paint her a water-color for her dining-room and said she'd pay her five dollars for it.

Kate and I were rather left out in the cold in this distribution of favors, but when you come to reflect that Laura and Magsie had really cooked that dinner, it was only just.

Anyway, Aunt Susanna has never since insinuated that we can't cook, and that is as much as we deserve.

## Christmas Bazaar

Nov 28 and 29. Help needed!

Mark your calendars and invite your friends!

**St. Paul's Annual Christmas Bazaar**

Friday, November 28, 4pm to 8pm  
with Chili Supper

Saturday, November 29, 9am to 1pm  
with Luncheon

**Volunteers needed!** This is an important fundraiser for the church and it takes many hands to make it work. Please consider offering your time and talents – there are opportunities to help before, during and after the event. A sign-up sheet is available in the narthex.

**Donations needed of new and gently-used items:** Baked goods, jams and jellies, Christmas decorations, Silent Auction items, toys, books and CDs, gently-used household items, artwork, jewellery, handbags and scarves, knitted and crocheted items, etc. Please set these items aside and bring them to the church the week before the bazaar (drop-off times will be announced closer to the event). **NOTE:** Jewellery can be placed in the basket in the narthex beginning October 26.

**Calling on all St. Paul's Soup Makers:** At this year's Christmas Bazaar we will once again be selling soup, frozen in 500 ml containers. If you are interested in making and contributing soup (recipes and containers can be provided), please contact Laura Pummell at (416) 931-3235 or (647) 740-3354, or email [laura.pummell@rogers.com](mailto:laura.pummell@rogers.com). Thank you!

For more info please contact me,  
Moir Green  
613-592-3376  
[mmgreen@live.com](mailto:mmgreen@live.com)



# VOLUNTEER



## Volunteer Fair

October 26, 10:15am

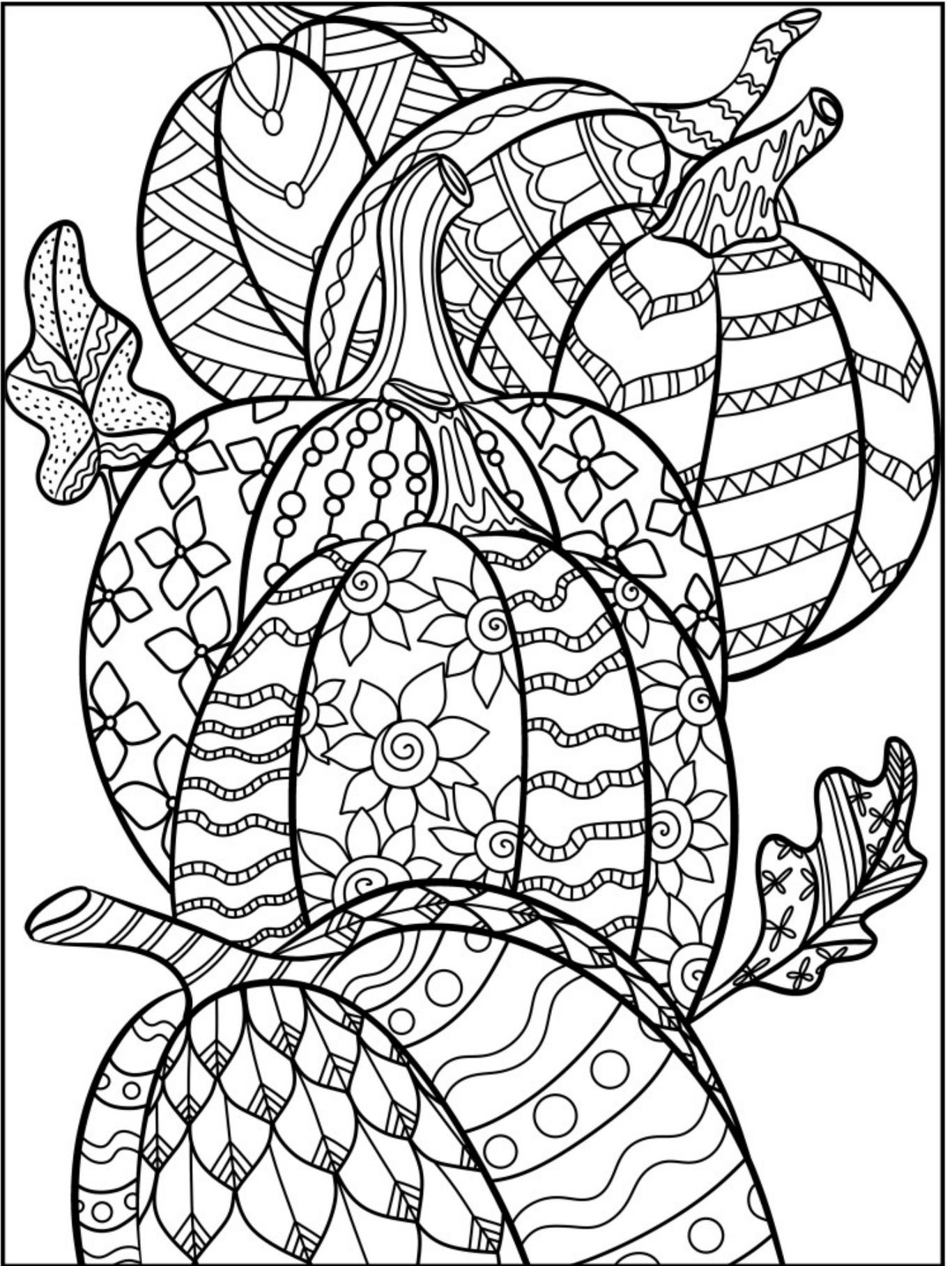
The mark of a vibrant church is not its bricks and mortar (or steel and glass), it's the busyness of the people who attend, support, and nurture the programs and activities within the church and into the community beyond.

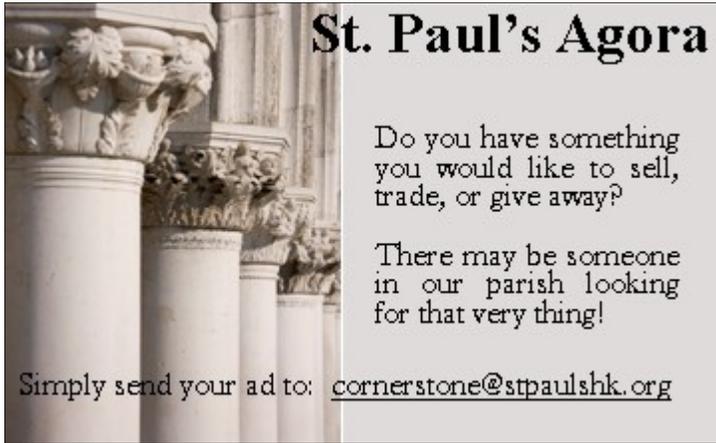
St. Paul's is truly blessed to be such a thriving church with many, many members who volunteer their time, energy, and skill to participate and lead our many ministries, not just during Sunday worship services but throughout the entire week. Without this strong volunteer core, St Paul's could not begin to fulfill its mission to serve God and His church.

As with most communities, members come and go. Their interests change over time. They grow in their faith, in their knowledge and skills, and in their comfort in calling St. Paul's their church home. This provides many opportunities for existing members to undertake new volunteer challenges. It's also an excellent way for (relative) newcomers to be welcomed into the St. Paul's family.

On Sunday, October 26, between the 9:00 a.m. and 11:00 a.m. services, a Volunteer Job Fair will be held in Rutter Hall during coffee hour. Please prayerfully consider your membership in St. Paul's and whether you could volunteer some of your time in an area of your choice. No experience necessary!

Members of our various ministries will be on hand to address any questions you may have. Volunteer sign-up sheets will be available to show your interest in keeping that St. Paul's vibrancy going.





## St. Paul's Agora

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!

Simply send your ad to: [cornerstone@stpaulshk.org](mailto:cornerstone@stpaulshk.org)

### 'Quilts for Kids'

The Tuesday morning Quilters have beautiful hand-quilted items for sale. Prices range from as low as \$20 up to \$55. This is a fundraiser for the church. Please support us. If you wish to purchase a quilt, please contact Joan Ferrier at 613-270-1104.



### Local Garlic for Sale

Looking for organically and locally grown garlic? Contact Darlene Glason [dglason@disroot.org](mailto:dglason@disroot.org). \$25 per mixed dozen with 3 of 6 varieties.



 <p><b>Bradley Hiscock McCracken Lawyers</b></p> <p><a href="mailto:pbradley@bhmlaw.ca">pbradley@bhmlaw.ca</a> <a href="http://www.bhmlaw.ca">www.bhmlaw.ca</a></p>	<p><b>Paul K. Bradley</b> B.F.A., M.F.A., J.D.</p> <p>Business Law Wills and Estates Real Estate</p> <p>Phone: 613 825 4585 Fax: 613 825 5101 1581 Greenbank Road Ottawa, Ontario K2J 4Y6</p>
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