

TALK STORY 2

St. Jude's Episcopal Church // Where Jesus Talk is a Daily Walk



*LET THERE BE
PEACE ON EARTH*

Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me

Church Happenings

Easter morning dawned bright and sunny on the 31st of March. We met in the courtyard to light the new fire, to light the Pascal Candle and bring the light of Christ back into the church that had been darkened during Fridays ceremonies of Stations of the Cross. The Pascal Candle will remain lit until Ascension Day on the 9th of May. During the early days of the church this fire, once lit, remained burning 24/7 during these days but because of fire regulations things have changed. Now the Pascal Candle is lit by the first person that arrives at church and extinguished by the last person to leave. The flame reminds us that Jesus has not ascended into Heaven as yet and still walks among us. This is one of the “traditions of our church”, please don’t put it aside. The long Easter celebration will end on May 19th, The Day of Pentecost, altar colors will change to red and the fire of the Holy Spirit will descend upon us. Remember wear Red that day to show your spirit. This is another one of those “traditions”, a fun one (maybe we can talk Karen into breaking out the grill for hamburgers that day.)

We can’t forget our Mothers Day celebration on the 12th as we celebrate the mothers that are still with us and those who have gone ahead to be with Jesus. Come help us celebrate together.

Continued on the next page.

Showers in March were as usual. We had a total of 163 showers on Wednesdays with 160 sack lunches and Saturdays we showered 214 bodies and served 1029 plates of food. Thank yous go out to Anna and Karen who oversee this program, Anna is always cooking up something good for everyone, and for all the other hands and cooks that fill in when Anna isn't available. Thank you, thank you for all your service of outreach. We're looking for more that are willing to help cook, serve or whatever. Come one, come all and the money for food doesn't come out of your pocket, you can be reimbursed.

It has been fun spending time once again with The Rt. Rev. Brian Prior and catching up on old memories. He and wife Staci have been hard workers with us on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Come back soon and safe journey to your next adventure.

And in breaking news -- Deb and Gary have a new granddaughter. Sawyer Deborah Herrington born Sunday, April 28, 2024 weighing in at 7 lbs. 8 oz. Sawyer, mom, dad, grandma and grandpa are all doing well.



Soup Kitchen Volunteers Lori Kunkel & Arlene Araki

Photo by Marvelle Rau

Talk Story 2

The Rev. Dr. Susan Carter

Yesterday, I made plans for my funeral. But I still need to finish selecting the readings and music and hymns for the service. There is always more to do.

I already have a burial plot. Half of my ashes will go there. The other half to the Coast Guard to scatter in my beloved Great Lakes. Ashes to ashes, dust to, well...

It's not that I expect an early demise, a death soon. It's just that I understand dying is an active part of the living process. Dying is as much a gift to us, children of God, as living is. It is a natural extension of our existence, and the gateway to our next life.

YOLO? No, it's actually YOLT. You Only Live Twice.

While I was a seminarian in training to become a priest, I spent the required 300 hours as a chaplain intern on the floors of a hospital in a modest section of Detroit. Some of my classmates dreaded the experience. For me, it was amazing – even joy-filled. There was Jesus in every hall, on each ward, waiting to be encountered.

Making rounds at all hours, I came to appreciate the distinction between a “good” death and a “bad” death (my characterization). Those with faith, who were hospitalized and in the final hours of their lives, often exhibited a spirit of peace. It's not that they didn't rue leaving people and things they loved, but they were generally calm in their understanding that they were on the threshold of a new and more magnificent experience.

I yearned for those who lacked faith, who had no religious tradition. They frequently seemed paralyzed with fear about “the end.” There was little to do but sit with them as they leaked their fear.

Blaise Pascal, the French philosopher and mathematician, constructed a logical analysis for belief in God. It is the central theme of his writing, *Pensées*. Known as The Wager, the Encyclopaedia Britannica offers this explanation:

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“[Pascal] argued that people can choose to believe in God or can choose to not believe in God, and that God either exists or he does not. Under these conditions, if a person believes in the Christian God and this God actually exists, they gain infinite happiness; if a person does not believe in the Christian God and God exists, they receive infinite suffering. On the other hand, if a person believes in the Christian God and God does not exist, then they receive some finite disadvantages from a life of Christian living; and if a person does not believe in this God and God does not exist, then they receive some finite pleasure from a life lived unhindered by Christian morality. As Pascal states, ‘Let us weigh the gain and the loss in wagering that God is. Let us estimate these two chances. *If you gain, you gain all; if you lose, you lose nothing. Wager, then, without hesitation that He is.*’” (Italics are mine.)

Pascal used game theory to explain his philosophy. In 21st language, he might have said, “heads I win, tails you lose.”

As Christians, we know and embrace the knowledge of the promise Jesus extended to all of us, including the thief hanging on a cross next to him. It is the promise of eternal life. None of us knows exactly what that looks like, but our faith supports our beliefs of its loving embrace.

Having presided in numerous funerals, I have often drawn on the lyrics written by Joni Mitchell: “We are stardust, we are golden... And we got to get ourselves back to the garden.” The Garden of Eden? The Garden in God’s back yard? Hard to say what it looks like, only that it is overwhelmingly comfortable.

Please let me state for the record, I am not aware of impending doom. Having survived multiple accidents (including skydiving), as well as cancer, it appears that God still wants me on the payroll.

Yesterday, I planned for my funeral and burial. It is honestly comforting to know there is a “next step” – one that is neither frightening no barren. At some point, I’ll get back to the Garden.

When the time comes, you are all invited – at a date yet to be determined.

Chronicle of the Commonplace

I'm not crazy after all

In the middle of the night, about a month ago, I awoke to the ringing of a cow bell. Keep in mind that although I live on a ranch, we do not bell our cattle. We used to bell our horses but that was about fifty years ago. Nevertheless, I do know what a cowbell sounds like. I went to the window, but could see nothing as it was pitch black out there. The ringing continued for a good 20 minutes, as I lay in bed pondering the cowbell situation. My bedroom is near the fence line which separates me from the “wild” area which encompasses the whole forest and the ringing was coming from the other side of the fence. There are wild cattle in there, descendants of Vancouver’s gift to King Kamehameha, but I know...there ain’t no wild cattle runnin’ around ding dongin’ a bell. I wondered if a neighbor had belled some other type of animal...It was a quandary.

Sleep finally sent me to dreamland for the rest of the night. The next morning, I called the Ranch manager, who also happens to be my son-in-law and asked him if we had belled any animal, or did he know of anyone who might have. It was news to him and no, he didn’t know anyone who had belled an animal. It didn’t take news to travel far before my phone rang and it was my daughter saying... Well Mom, I understand you are hearing things...do you even know what a cowbell sounds like? Good grief Mom...no one is belling their animals around here...you are hearing things that aren’t there! When the crew came, I told them the same story and although the response wasn’t as direct and bold, the insinuation that I didn’t know what I was talking about and that I had lost my marbles was evident in their reactions. I wasn’t dreaming and I’m not crazy and I do know what a cowbell sounds like, said I.

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Time went on and I didn't hear any more ringing...so thought to myself, if all of them think I'm losing it...maybe I am...Maybe that was the rain droplets hitting the downspout from the gutter. So, I told them all that what I heard must have been from the downspout and that was the end of the ding dong conversation, except for running into a neighbor who lives about a mile away in the wild area. I asked him if he had or knew of any belled animals, telling him that I had heard a cowbell. He said no and later that day, called Cynda to ask if I was losing it, as I was talking about cowbells and it didn't make any sense.

Well, guess what!! As I was lying in bed this morning, I heard a cowbell and it wasn't even raining. I quietly got out of bed went to the corners of the room to listen for noise from the downspouts and there was none. Went into the bathroom where a window was open and the cowbell was dinging away outside there somewhere. Looked out of the window toward the fence and low and behold there was a big red cow trying to get her head through the fence rails to eat my hibiscus plants. I hurried to get my phone so I could video this scene, with sound, as proof! In between my videos, I tried to call my daughter, but the cell reception is so bad we couldn't connect...She called on the land line thinking I had fallen and needed help, but I whispered into the phone...come up right now...the cow with the bell is back...never mind the downspout theory. So, up she came and snuck through the carport to hide behind the bushes to look at my "phantom" cow who at that point had her head through the fence rails and was munching on my hibiscus leaves. The cow pulled her head back through the rails along with a huge ding a ling ling ling. Cynda yells out...My Mom's not crazy after all...and the cow ran away. Vindication feels so good.

Hawaii 2024

By Peggy Kelly

Before I left Hawaii on February 7, 2024, I was asked to write an article about my trip to Hawaii in January and the first week of February, 2024.

My husband, Philip, and I arrived in Hawaii on December 29, 2023 and were greeted at the Kona airport by Karen Pucci and Anna Towner. Marie Lewis and I had agreed to house sit for Karen and Anna while they returned to California to visit family and friends. We were with Karen and Anna for three days until they departed on Monday, January 1, 2024.

This was my 6th time to Hawaii and Philip's first. Our house-sitting responsibilities included taking care of the cats, the dog, the plants, and tending to the house. Along with these responsibilities was the opportunity to use the vehicles for touring. Which we took advantage of using.

I was eager to go to the Na'alehu market that first Wednesday and pick up a few things. Philip was surprised by the number of vendors and the variety of items available including the fruits and vegetables, souvenirs, prepared food, and decorations for your home. It was an adventure.

Pastor Constance asked if we would mind including her friend Louise, who was visiting Hawaii with Pastor Constance, touring with us. So, we set out to the Kau Coffee Mill and Volcano, and Kilauea Kreations always on my list of places to visit while in Hawaii. As expected the volcano was different than the last time I was there in 2022. It is such an amazing creation; I am always in awe of the incredible beauty of nature. We ate lunch in Volcano Village, and we visited the art museum in Volcano. It was a great adventure.

Philip and I celebrated our 43rd wedding anniversary while we were there. We had dinner with Dan, Steve, Pastor Constance, and Louise. A wonderful way to celebrate our anniversary.

Marie arrived on Sunday, so that meant a shopping trip to Kona. And dinner someplace along the way. We ate at the Blackrock Pizza in Kona on our way home and enjoyed our dinner immensely.

That next week, we visited Akaka Falls with Marie, Louise, Philip, and myself. The first time I visited there was in 2017 with my 86-year-old mother.

We did not walk the trail then. This time, the four of us walked the trail. It was about a mile around the trail and absolutely beautiful. Another beautiful creation of nature. We stopped and had Shave Ice on our way home. My first time for Shave Ice on the island and it was a great treat. Very tasty.

That week we visited the City of Refuge and the Painted Church. Fascinating places loaded with history. They are both very serene, peaceful places to visit and give you some history of the island. Just enough to make you want to learn more about the history of the island.

We went back to the Volcano, but this time we took the Chain of Craters road through the National Park and down to the ocean. Wow, that was the first time I had taken that trip and it was amazing. Philip was fascinated by it. Philip also managed to get down to see South Point. We hit the market again, and Paradise Meadows a few times along with some other stands along the road before Philip left to come home.

After he left, adventures were had with Marie, Pastor Constance, and Pastor John Mark Beam. And we were busy. We went to Hilo to the Daiso store, the Pacific Tsunami Museum, and the Mokupāpapa Discovery Museum. We stopped in Volcano Village at the Thai restaurant on the way home. It was a long day, but another day of learning some history of Hawaii.

The four Amigos then took a whale tour out of Kona. We took off on our adventure out to sea to see and hear the whales. It was awesome. The tour lasted about 3 hours and we were able to see several whales. They also dropped a microphone that allowed us to hear the whales and the boat crew said that was the most “whale talk” they had heard when out on a tour. What a great adventure and a fun day that concluded with a Costco adventure and another stop at the Blackrock for dinner.

Another adventure was to the Baumkuchen Vanilla Farm where they grow vanilla, mangos, pineapples, and make “Tree Cakes.” The owner provided a tour and told about the history of the “Tree Cake” and how the farm came to be there. Another first on the list of adventures in Hawaii.

We were invited to Cynnies to go up the mountain for the day. We arrived at Cynnies, met her other friends, and Cynda and Keith, and off we went to

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venture up the mountain. It was a beautiful day to go up the mountain. The ride was quite exciting, lots of bouncing about, but we made it up to the top to be awed by the beautiful view and surroundings. Cynda kindly prepared our lunch while we visited and explored. After lunch, Keith and Cynda took some of us out to the 1950 lava flow where once again, we were just amazed at the landscape and the effects of nature. It was a lovely day, and we greatly appreciated the hospitality of Cynn timer, Keith, and Cynda.

We took Pastor John Mark to the airport after another exciting day in Kona. We stopped at one of the markets in Kona to shop and found some great items. This market had mostly clothes, souvenirs, and home goods. We then made a Costco stop, stopped and ate at the Big Kahuna Grill on the waterfront, then off to the airport. It was sad to see John Mark leave. We had had some great car trips with devotional discussions on our trips. Wonderful journeys.

Marie, Constance, and I went back to Kau Coffee Mill, Volcano National Park, and Kilauea Kreation s quilt shop one more time. Both are favorites. When leaving Kau' Coffee Mill, we turned onto the road looking for a shortcut to continue our adventure north. We did not find a shortcut, but we did find a very peaceful retreat center with a Buddhist temple there. We explored the temple and appreciated the calm and serene surroundings at this retreat.

Another new adventure was Ho'okena Beach. We arrived there early, but the parking lot was already full, so back up the hill we went. We headed towards Kona with the intentions of going to the Greenwell Farms Coffee Mill. As we neared The Coffee Shack, Constance mentioned that it might not be as busy as usual and maybe we could get breakfast there. We stopped, had to wait 45 minutes, but it was well worth the wait. We had a great breakfast and ready to move on.

We went on farther north to the Greenwell Farms and took the tour of the Coffee farm and mill. They grow lots of things there. One of the most interesting for me was the peppercorns. I had never seen peppercorns being grown before.

Much thanks to Karen and Anna, and everyone in Ocean View and St. Jude's who helped make this a great home away from home.

More Fun 'n Games in the View

By Karen Pucci

Well. One night, not so long ago, we had friends down for dinner and treated them to an oven fire while dinner was cooking. The oven had been smoking...a lot...when it had been ignited. Then Anna opened the door and FIRE!!!! Small but robust fire burning in the back of the oven. Did not go out when the door was closed. So...out with the 10 + year old fire extinguisher. Uh....how does this work-exactly? One of the friends says PASS. Wha? PAS. Pull, Aim, Steam. Oh. Did that and voila, white snow EVERYWHERE but it did extinguish the fire. And my God the house stunk to high heaven...for days!

After the guests left, we started looking at the oven. Could not find a pile of ash or grease or anything. This is not a good sign. After a day or two of fretting, we decided to file an insurance claim. AND that took a few days. AI. You know that Artificial Intelligence that is supposed to make our lives better. Do not fall for it. Anything but. It would not give me property claims. Very big on auto but getting to property claims....It was not enjoyable. And when we finally got a claims agent, he was the most ill-prepared agent EVER. He thought Hawaii was all one big island with connecting bridges and ferries. He was astounded and he was not young. Obviously, never watched Hawai'i 5-0 or NCIS Hawaii. He could not find a national company to come out for the clean up.

So I found a local group, started by former ServPro workers, Hanai Bros out of Waimea. Justin answered the phone and they were out the next day to look at the house. It took several days for the claim agent to give his approval. Sheesh. Then he wanted to hire an "engineer" to look at the house and the oven. No engineer would come out or come over. So, he is relying on the local appliance guy's report which after the opening sentence, each sentence starts with "Which in turn, caused..." Bottom line, rodents ate all the insulation in the oven. The fire destroyed the mother board and the electrical connections. New stove will be needed. Oh boy.

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The clean up has happened and it involved around 60 moving grade boxes of various sizes. We are still unpacking and triaging as we go. Boxes will be re- purposed. I know. No one was hurt, damage was inconvenient but not serious. We were quite fortunate and God does watch out for us fools. None the less, I would really like to run away, preferably to a place with a LOT of booze.

<i>May Birthdays</i>	
19	Buffy Hites
26	Greg Guithues
28	Rev. Judy Hoover

<i>May Anniversaries</i>	
22	Judy Leavell & Ted Sokal

Pentecost: The Sunday fifty days after Easter on which the church remembers the bestowal of the gift of the Holy Spirit on the apostles (Acts 2:1). The name derives from the Greek name of the Jewish Festival of Weeks fifty days after Passover, when the event originally occurred. Because this event signaled the beginning of the apostles’ public proclamation of Jesus as the Christ, it is often called the birthday of the Christian church. Because it is also a traditional day for Baptisms, and because people at one time uniformly wore white garments in which to be baptized, the day also became known as “Whitsunday” (White Sunday). Now the color of the day is red, followed by white for Trinity Sunday, the rest of the season is green, except that in some places the Last Sunday after Pentecost is red or white.

COFFEE GRINDS. Once upon a time, I had gone to this place for business purposes. The owner and I got into it. I refused to go back. Eventually, the place sold-several times that I am aware of. Still had no interest in going. It's just a coffee shop, right? However, I heard a rumor that Nat, the wife-and chief cook-in the late Thai Grindz food truck, had landed there. It took us a while to get up there. By the time we did get in a visit, she was no longer working there, but her influence was very present.

We went because they serve coffee. We had had a smokey fire in our home; all of our stuff was in boxes and we could not find anything...for days! As I write this, we are still in the same leaky boat. We needed coffee. Anna zipped up and got us a couple of specialty coffees. In spite of what locals think, their prices are competitive with most coffee places we have haunted. Plain coffee is less than \$4. Speciality coffees go up to 20 oz for about \$8. That is not that unusual for something that big. It was all Ka'u grown coffee and it was quite good.



The boxes.

We are only about 1/3 done with emptying the boxes..

Breakfast and lunch is where they excel. They have egg skillet dishes, bagels, burritos, breakfast sandwiches, lunch sandwiches and wraps, salads. The Grinds recently introduced a limited dinner menu and has extended its hours to 8 PM. We went up for that too. I had their special “cheeseburger” which does not appear on the menu (\$13.99) but a regular burger (\$12.99) with no cheese option does. For those of you who loved and miss Thai Grinds, the burger has landed here! The exact same burger with plenty of fresh produce on it and the same bun. It was DEEEEElicious!!!!

Anna had the curry “soup” (\$14.00) and it was as good. I sampled it. Very creamy, slightly curried but not drowning in it. We know these are Nat influences because they taste just like Thai Grindz menu items. Both meals were served on real dish ware. Nice change from the grab and go.

Besides those two items, \$11.00 spaghetti (meatballs are extra if you want), \$9.00 mac and cheese, \$18 poke bowl and \$15.99 steak salad are also available as well as the entire breakfast/lunch menu. BTW, on the Thai dishes, no additional spicing was offered.

Some coffee shop, eh?

COFFEE GRINDS. 92-8674 Lotus Blossom Lane, Ocean View (by the USPO). 6a-8p every day. Limited inside dining, some table and chairs outside. Take out available. Major credit cards accepted. 808 939 7545. EAT LOCAL!

Ascension Day: Day on the liturgical calendar commemorating Christ’s ascension and the end of his post resurrection appearances; comes forty days after Easter and always on a Thursday.

Trinity Sunday: The first Sunday after Pentecost, and the only day in the church year to commemorate a doctrine and not a person or an event. This day remembers God’s gift to us of knowledge of the divine nature.

About Hymn

BY DAN GARRETT

"The world's favorite season is the spring. All things seem possible in May." - *Edwin Way Teale*

"Spring is when life's alive in everything." - *Christina Rossetti*

While most of these columns have focused on hymn texts and their writers, I would be amiss to not, at least this once, shine a light on a composer, and there is perhaps no better place to start than with Sir Arthur Sullivan (13 May 1842- 22 November 1900). While many are most familiar with Sullivan as the composing half of the 14 wildly popular Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas that ruled London stages during the Victorian period, Sullivan was the undisputed most popular British composer of his lifetime. It is equally appropriate to call him the most prolific of his time as well.

Born the son of a military bandmaster, Sullivan grew up in a world of music that would impact his own works for the rest of his life. To say he was prodigious would be an incredible understatement. He eventually mastered every wind instrument in the orchestra, as well as virtuoso status on piano and organ. His formal musical career began at the age of 12 when, despite his “advanced age” he became a chorister at the Chapel Royal, from there went on to the Royal Academy of Music on the prestigious Mendelssohn scholarship, then on to the continent where he would study with mentors who had been the students of Mozart, Beethoven, and Verdi. By his death, his published works included 24 operas, 11 major orchestral works, 10 choral works and oratorios, 80 popular parlor songs, 2 ballets, incidental music for several plays, numerous piano and chamber pieces, and more than 70 hymns and anthems.

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What, if anything, Sullivan believed, other than in his own drive to compose, has been the topic of many scholarly debates over the years, but it is clear he was driven to compose. Excursions into teaching fell short as he found that positions allowed him inadequate time to compose and perform. He never married, but had several significant long term affairs. As was the style of the time, there was a great deal of division between what one knew and of what one spoke. In an undeniable way, the prolific composer belonged to the Empire and the era, and when he died at 58, he was interred at St. Paul's Cathedral, on the order of Queen Victoria, despite his expressed desire to be buried near his father and mother.

While the popularity of Sullivan's work has waxed and waned multiple times since his glory era, the operas and the hymns have remained as indication of his incredible gift. More than a dozen works written or arranged by Sullivan appear in the 1982 Hymnal, including "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "Come ye faithful, Raise the strain", and many of us of a "certain age" will remember his lovely song, "The Lost Chord." For me, Sullivan is a reminder that God's incredible gifts are often bestowed on individuals of whom we might not necessarily approve. Thank God!

May And The Poets - by James Henry Leigh Hunt

There is May in books forever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books:—
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves,
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come rather, thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

Reflections from Bishop Brian Prior

“God is like the water of an overflowing fountain, generously showering all of creation with love. Or, God is like the expansive deep oceans that are like the vast depth of God’s faithful love.” —Dawn Nothwehr

A slow steady stream of humanity begins to congregate both outside and inside. It is truly a cast of characters, each with their own story and set circumstances. Some come on these days to have their basic needs met - a warm shower, a warm meal, a warm conversation. Others are here to lend a hand, lend an ear, lend a heart.

Theologian Fredrick Buechner suggests that when the world’s greatest needs are met with our greatest gifts transformation takes place for all. For as St Francis reminds us, “It is giving that we receive, it is loving that we are loved.” We are all connected like the branches on the vine when we abide in God’s love.

With the deep ocean in plain view the waters flow at St Jude’s bringing God’s love to friend and stranger alike, truly living out the way we are all connected. “Now, I can see that one loving gesture is practically divine. We have to do small things and believe a big difference is coming. It’s like the miraculous drops of water that seep through mountain limestone. They gather themselves into springs that flow into creeks that merge into rivers that find their way to oceans. Our work is to envision the drops as oceans. We do our small parts and know a powerful ocean of love and compassion is downstream. Each small gesture can lead to liberation. The bravest thing we can do in this world is not cling to old ideas or fear of judgment, but step out and just do something for love’s sake.” - Becca Stevens

You are a blessing!

+Brian

May Dates to Remember

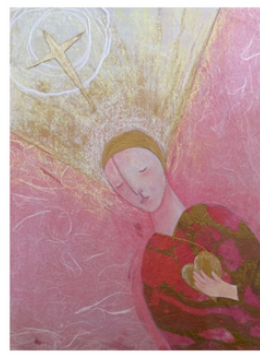
4	<p>8AM-11AM Lemonade Day Clean the church. All hands on board!</p> <p>Saturday Showers and Lunch: 9AM and on</p> <p>Please sign up for showers by 11:30AM</p>	18	<p>Saturday Showers and Lunch: 9AM and on</p> <p>Please sign up for showers by 11:30AM</p>
5	<p>Sixth Sunday of Easter (Rogation Sunday) 9:30AM Service</p>	19	<p>The Day of Pentecost (Whitsunday) 9:30 AM Services</p>
8	<p>Wednesday Showers and Brown Bag Lunch: 9AM and on</p> <p>Sack Lunch available for the first 30 attendees</p> <p>Please sign up for showers by 11:30AM</p>	22	<p>Wednesday Showers and Brown Bag Lunch: 9AM and on</p> <p>Lunch available for the first 30 attendees</p> <p>Please sign up for showers by 11:30AM</p>
11	<p>Saturday Showers and Lunch: 9AM and on</p> <p>Please sign up for showers by 11:30AM</p>	25	<p>Saturday Showers and Lunch: 9AM and on</p> <p>Please sign up for showers by 11:30AM</p>
12	<p>The Seventh Sunday of Easter The Sunday after Ascension Day</p> <p>9:30AM Service - Mothers Day</p>	26	<p>The First Sunday after Pentecost (Trinity Sunday) 9:30 AM Services</p>
15	<p>Wednesday Showers and Brown Bag Lunch for the first 30 attendees. 9AM and on</p> <p>Please sign up for showers by 11:30AM</p>	29	<p>Wednesday Showers and Brown Bag Lunch: 9AM and on</p> <p>Lunch available for the first 30 attendees</p> <p>Please sign up for showers by 11:30AM</p>



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003 REST AND LET LOVE



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009 HOLY SPIRIT



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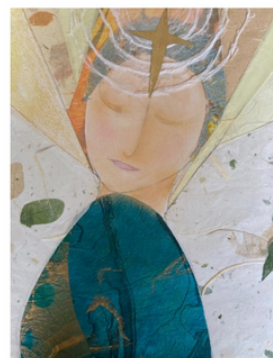
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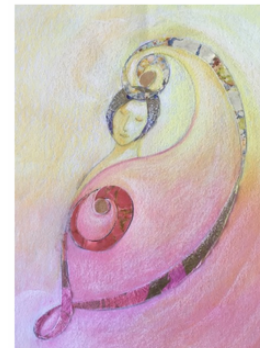
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016 SPREAD LOVE

Christ Cards made by Deborah Johnson. Please see next page for ordering information.

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SHIPPING		Subtotal	\$0.00
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	Tax	6.00%	\$0.00
		Total	\$0.00

Ministries at St. Jude's

Monday

8:30 a.m. - 11:00 a.m. Senior Nutrition Program

10 AM - Womens' Bible Study (online event)

2:30 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. - Pahala School Tutoring

Tuesday

9:00 AM - Education for Ministry (online event)

2:30 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. - Pahala Schol Tutoring

Wednesday

8:30 a.m. and on - Wednesday Showers. Please sign up by 11:30 a.m.

2:30 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. - Pahala School Tutoring

Thursday

1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m. - St. Jude's Hula Halau

3:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. - Ka'u Keiki Choir

Friday

8:30 a.m. - 11:00 a.m. - Senior Nutrition Program

2:30 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. - Pahala Schol Tutoring

Saturday

8:30 a.m. - and on - St. Jude's Showers and Meal Service

7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. - NA

Sunday

9:30 a.m. - St. Jude's Episcopal Church Service

1:00 p.m. - Full Gospel Worship Service

6:30 p.m. - First Assembly Worship Service

In Our Prayers

Thanksgiving

We offer thanksgiving for the many answered prayers we have received at St. Jude's.

This month we pray for:

Kindness, tender-hearted forgiveness and love in our relationships;

The people of all nations: give us a zeal for justice and the strength of forbearance, that we may use our liberty in accordance with your gracious will;

Health protection, in COVID post-pandemic: for our kupuna, our loved ones, our leaders, our medical personnel, ourselves. We pray for an end to health issues that impact the ebb and flow of St. Jude's ministries.

Healing: Pastor John Mark, Elaine, Faye, Cynnie, Angie, Austin, Phyl, Ginger & Brian, Sandra, Pastor Constance, Butch, Joey, Sigi, Buddy, Thom, Dan, Debbie, Fr. Kent McNair, Christian, Anna and Marvelle.

Comfort & Peace for all caregivers.

Strength and comfort for those who suffer loss.

Healing and restoration of broken hearts, families and relationships.

Safety for all who are traveling, comfort for all those who are unable to travel.

Safety, wisdom and courage for those in protective or public service (firefighters, law enforcement, emergency responders, military personnel, teachers, administrators, clergy, physicians, nurses, medical team members, civil leaders, cashiers, truck drivers, postal employees, and all workers);

For protection from COVID-19, natural disasters, violence and tragedy: we pray for restoration of lives, financial loss and displacement of families forever impacted;

For our church and all her ministries, re-ignite us Lord, in a safe environment of warmth, music, Holy Communion and divine connection. Bring us new volunteers to help us continue our many outreach projects;

Blessings, wisdom, energy, enthusiasm, discernment and encouragement for the leaders of St. Jude's, our visiting priests and for the many volunteers who keep our church operating; and for local, national and international world leaders, help us to work together for peace.

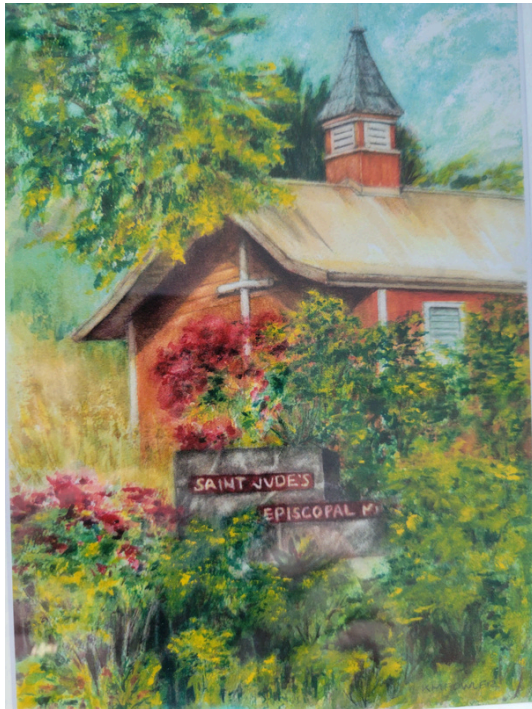
Lord, hear our prayer.

Talk Story 2 welcomes submissions!

Submission Guidelines: 500 words maximum. Uplifting, informational and reflective stories, news, recipes, photos, memories, etc. Photos must be submitted as jpgs & emailed as attachments. Talk Story 2 editors reserve the right to edit submissions.

Submit via email to: StJudesNewsletter@gmail.com. Deadline for newsletter submissions is the 20th of each month. Authors retain copyrights to their submissions. The views in these articles are the Authors own and do not reflect the opinions of St. Judes.

For more guideline details visit www.stjudeshawaii.org.



Talk Story 2

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P.O. Box 6026
92-8606 Paradise Circle
Ocean View, Hawai'i 96737
(808) 939-7555

Email : StJudeHawaii@bak.rr.com

Previous Talk Story editions available on our website at www.stjudeshawaii.org