



Connecting with your parish family • December 2021

CLARA'S CORNER

I have memories of packing up the car just before Christmas and making the long journey to my grandparent's home. It was often frigidly cold, and the trip took nearly 12 hours. Upon arriving, the door would open wide with my grandmother filled with joy and excitement as she ushered us into the warmth of the house. There were wonderful smells coming from the kitchen and before we could get our coats off, she was making tea and offering a little snack to tied us over until dinner. Her idea of a little snack included multiple platters of meats and cheese, homemade buns, and all kinds of sweet treats. We knew that this was only a foretaste of what was yet to come. Grandma would signal it was time to set the table. The dining room table was extended out to the fullest length, several card tables would be set up at the ends of the table and others in the living room, along with various TV trays and coffee table.

Grandma, who had been busily cooking while we set the tables, was pulling things out of the oven, filling

bowls and platters. She would open the fridge and would keep pulling things out to add to the buffet. She was like Mary Poppins with her garment bag, pulling amazing things from an invisible place. She would keep looking around and wondering if she had enough, and we would laugh because there was enough to feed the whole neighbourhood! It was her way of opening her heart and home in a gesture of genuine love and welcome. For her, hospitality was about everyone having a place at the table, and no one going away hungry. Often, someone would bring an extra person or two who had nowhere to go at Christmas. We knew we could do that because of Grandma and her gift of hospitality.

I love this image of a table of plenty. It speaks of the generosity of God and how we are to open ourselves to God and neighbour in a spirit of hospitality and welcome knowing that with God there is always room for one more. Jesus was welcomed at a stable, welcomed into the hearts of Mary and Joseph, and by those who

came to see him. They came from near and far, eager to welcome this child. May we be eager to open the doors of our hearts to Christ in a new way this Christmas as we open our hearts to those around us.

Blessings,

Ven. Clara+

Peek Inside

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CHRISTMAS SERVICES

Christmas Services

This Christmas our parish is open for worship! We will also be livestreaming the Dec 24th Candlelight Service at 9pm.

Christmas Eve – Dec 24th

3pm—Family Service

Join us for a special Children's Christmas Service with our Rector. Learn about the Christmas story, the nativity, and more with Ven. Clara. This service is not livestreamed.

9pm – Candlelight Service

Livestreamed and in person at the Church, this is a beautiful service with music and the lighting of our Christmas candles. If you want to feel like you are going to the "Midnight" service – the Service will be available to be watched at any time after the conclusion of the 9 pm in person service.

Christmas Day – Dec 25th

10am – Christmas Day BCP Service

Join us Christmas Morning at 10am for a traditional BCP service. This service is not livestreamed.

Boxing Day—Dec 26th

10:30am — Lessons & Carols with Eucharist Service.

Join us on Sunday, Dec 16th for a 10:30 am lessons and carols service with Eucharist. This service will not be livestreamed. Please note there is no 8am service on Boxing Day.

WORSHIP & OFFICE

The parish office hours are 9AM – 12noon, Monday—Thursday. We welcome you to join us in 2022 for our regularly scheduled services

Regularly Scheduled Worship Services

Morning Prayer:

Monday-Friday 8:30 AM — Zoom
**excluding stat holidays*

Contemplative Prayer:

Monday nights 7:00 PM — Zoom

11 AM Mid-Week Service—BCP

Wednesday — *in person only*

8AM Holy Communion—BCP

Sundays — *in person only*

10:30 AM Holy Eucharist—BAS

Sundays — *Livestream & in person*

After-Service Fellowship

Sunday after each service — *outside*
**weather permitting*

On How To Be A Manger
by Barbara S. Germiar

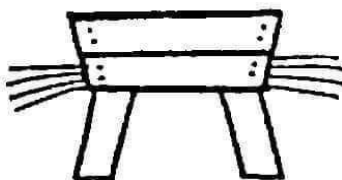
Be empty

Be sturdy

Be soft inside

Be still

Be ready



PWRDF REPORT

PIMATISIWIN (def'n) :

– *The good walk.*

2021 has been a 'different' year! Perhaps it's a year to GIVE presents differently also. Perhaps it's **the** year to give the gift of water to communities in need of clean water. With finding unmarked graves at former residential schools, "*The reality is that we're overcome by grief and difficulty,*" says Indigenous Archbishop Mark MacDonald. Perhaps it's an opportunity to show Indigenous brothers and sisters that they matter & aren't forgotten.

Participate in Advent Conspiracy (a global Christian movement to reclaim the true generosity and transformative power of Jesus' love). This year, PWRDF starts another chapter of our work together, through the

Mishamikoweesh
Water Partnership.

You can give to St. Paul's and designate a gift to the **PWRDF Mishamikoweesh Water Partnership.**

Upcoming PWRDF Services:

Dec 16

The Most Rev Linda Nichols
Primate
Anglican Church of Canada

Previous services:

Are available on
[PWRDF.org/webinars](https://pwrdf.org/webinars)

ACW REPORT

Our ACW group has continued to meet on zoom and stay connected through emails, phone calls, and attending Sunday services. The Dorcas mission to the north is over for another year, but we continue to prepare for next year. Yvonne Oliver brought us some beautiful wool that we can use for next year and we were grateful to receive last minute knitting for our Dorcas mission from Audrey Moxon (just a few weeks before her passing) and her daughter Marilyn, as well as Edith Erb (friend of Randy Milligan's mom, Pat) from Vancouver.

On Friday November 5th, long time member Isabel Murray turned 99! She had a day filled with cards, flowers, well wishes and was treated to a special birthday dinner from her grandson Jamie. We wish her continued good health and happiness in her new home at Nanaimo Seniors Village.

On November 10th at the All Souls service we honoured past members Joyce Langhelt, Sandra MacKinnon, and Sandra Robinson. It was a beautiful service of remembrance of church members who had passed this year and candles were lit in their honour. All our active members were involved in this year's Virtual Marketplace either by planning, marketing, donating, preserving, creating, knitting, crocheting, baking, cooking or buying the wonderful items for purchase. It was a huge undertaking and an amazing success!

On November 19 over 50 ACW members from different provinces listened to the podcast by Susan Purney Mark, who lives on nearby Pender Island on the topic of *sacred Cloth, Textiles of Faith*. It was interesting to see the different ways cloth has been used by different faiths all over the world in their solemn ceremonies and traditions.

We look forward to our December zoom when we get to wear festive sweaters and hats. We will be voting on our new executive for 2022. The best thing about zoom is not having to worry about finding a parking space. Our goal is to meet in person in the new year.

Member Eileen Low had to leave the group in November and we wish her the very best in the future. Sadly, Lorrain Jordan passed away the last week of November after a lengthy illness. We send her family our sympathy.

Joy Adams Bauer will be handing out the 30 Joy bags that we filled for our community project with the food cards from St. Paul's on the third Tuesday of December.

Blessings to all this Christmas as we celebrate the birth of Jesus.

Marilyn Browning
ACW President

MARKETPLACE REPORT

Thanks to all who donated for Our Virtual Marketplace 2021. This includes our Shopping-by-Order as well as our Virtual Auction! We had a wide variety of items, including gift baskets, gift cards, paintings, and toques. There were a few hiccups but by the most part all ran smoothly. This would not have been possible if not for the hard work of Elaine Collinson Baker, Sue McDonald, Carol Shaw, and Norma Humphreys. We have raised over \$4200.00 for the parish!

Congratulations to everyone! Your kindness and generosity was very encouraging; it felt like a pat on the back.

Sincerely Kathy McRae
Marketplace Coordinator

128 MARKETPLACE PIES!



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

CHRISTMAS AT ST. PAUL

When I was asked to share some St Paul's memories of Christmas past, I found myself back in 2017 on November 25 when I was first in charge of the Christmas Marketplace luncheon. It was only the second time the new hall had been used for this special event. Patricia Sheen, Sue Gueulette, Heather Lester and myself were on the organizing committee. The suggestion was to have a hot lunch, with the smells and spices of Christmas.

After I finally settled on the menu, it was time to check out all the different grocery stores to find the best "deals" on the ingredients I needed, thanks to donations from Amy Fleming, Joy Adams Bauer and a Superstore community grant. It was so much fun decorating the tables with crisp white linen, pine boughs, white mums, red roses, candles and ornaments. I left the design for the centerpieces in the capable hands of Ann Webb. Amy Fleming, Don Gillett, Norma Humphrey, Mary Jackson, Alison Lowry, Betty Forsyth, Bonnie Culp and my sister-in-law Paige Fisher worked like busy bees in the kitchen preparing festive holiday baked ham, cheesy scalloped potatoes and baby spinach salad.

There was also delicious spinach and mushroom quiche as the vegetarian option. There were home made meringue nests, fresh raspberries and cinnamon whipping cream for afters. Our famous coffee, tea and hot cider were available to imbibe. I encouraged the kitchen crew to wear fes-

tive head coverings and aprons. Meanwhile outside, Les Annesley coordinated the handsome white shirt and Christmas tied waiters to serve all the guests (Tony Foote, Boyd Shaw, Claude La Lande, Ted Barnett, Murray Lehman, Kevin Telfer to name a few). My dad, Ted Tidey was able to treat his nearby family to a delicious luncheon and have them meet his church friends.

The room was a buzz of happy shoppers checking out the fabulous Silent Auction prepared by Sue Gueulette and Sandra MacKinnon. Was all the work, time, stress and energy worth it? *You betcha!* It was wonderful to witness such fellowship in our church "where strangers become friends".

-Marilyn Browning



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

THE CHRISTMAS OF "THE FLYING FRIDGE"

I have been extremely fortunate to have never missed a Christmas celebration with my dear mother. Including the year I broke my ankle and had to have surgery on December 19 in Saskatoon and make it to Nanaimo by December 23. However, one other Christmas is more memorable and that is the Christmas of 1991. My husband Chester and I lived in Saskatoon and my mother lived in Brandon, Manitoba. Our usual practice at Christmas was to drive to Brandon through the frigid prairie listening to all of the Christmas specials on CBC radio. In 1991 Chester elected to remain in Saskatoon and my sister Felicity (who lived in Vancouver) and I cooked up a surprise for Mum. Having recently moved to the west coast, Felicity and her partner Carol wanted to spend Christmas on the prairie. They took the Greyhound bus from Vancouver to join me in Saskatoon where I would drive the three of us to Brandon in my VW Rabbit. It was minus 39 degrees when we left Saskatoon early in the morning in order to make the trip in one day. I was wearing a big fur coat I had bought at a thrift store in Saskatoon for \$20! Felicity also had a warm coat, but Carol was wearing a lighter jacket. It would have been fine to wear in the car if things had been "normal". However, shortly after we left Saskatoon we knew something was wrong because the car was not heating up at all. It was becoming colder and colder. By the time we

got to Regina, about 90 minutes away, Carol was feeling the cold. We stopped at a Mark's Work Wearhouse on the outskirts of Regina and she bought a couple of pairs of socks and a sweatshirt! When we stopped to get gas we found out the coolant was leaking and that's why the car wouldn't heat up. We stopped in Whitewood, SK for a bite to eat but left the car running because we were afraid it wouldn't start if we shut it off! We made it to Brandon and I will never forget my mother's face when Felicity and Carol jumped out of the car shouting "surprise". I think Carol was the one who christened the car the "flying fridge". We had the leak fixed in Brandon, had a wonderful Christmas with my mother and brother and made it safely back to Saskatoon. Then Felicity and Carol had to get on the bus for the trip back to Vancouver.

-Joy Adams Bauer

Holiday Bucket List

1. *Be* ~~Buy~~ presents
2. Wrap ~~gifts~~ *someone in a hug*
3. Send ~~gifts~~ *love*
4. *Donate* ~~Shop for~~ food
5. Make ~~cookies~~ *memories*
6. *Be* ~~See~~ the lightx

UNKNOWN

FB.COM/SIMPLEASTHATBLOG.COM

THE LORD PROVIDES

It was November 1970. My husband Denis and I were in a Small village in Cyprus. Denis, with permission from the national museum, was studying the Byzantine art within the churches. We had made arrangements for monies to arrive monthly from Canada and enroute through England. We had ordered a Christmas box from Marks and Spencer's, but by December 24th neither had arrived. Instead, we went foraging along the beach and fields and were thankful we had a small Christmas dinner.

After church on Christmas day neighbors started dropping by. We did not realize the warm generosity of our New neighbors, nor the Christmas day tradition of visiting. I did have tea and coffee to share, but everyone came with gifts of food: warm bread from the oven, sausages, cheese, and fish. Our larder was full, but our hearts were fuller. Just before New Years our Monies arrived, as well as the box from Marks and Spencer's, so we could visit our neighbors with our goodies to share. Epiphany is the day that gifts are exchanged, and the day celebrated with roasting a whole lamb: feasting and joy for the New Year.

Psalm 25
Trust in the Lord

-Julie Foster

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT A TREE

Here is my story, which dates back to 1966. I had just come as an immigrant from England with my parents, arriving in Nanaimo on my 9th birthday. I recall it as a time of uncertainty and anxiety, and we were all too newly arrived to have made any friends yet. Money was even tighter than it was when we had lived in England, and Christmas was fast approaching.

My parents warned me that there was to be no Christmas tree this year as we wouldn't be able to afford one. I was devastated. My father had worked for the Forestry Commission in England, and I vividly remembered how he had been away for a few days the previous December delivering Christmas trees around the country, including the giant one for Trafalgar Square in London.

I had many happy memories of tramping through the woods with my family looking for our own tree, and exciting memories of helping decorate the tree-- especially with the few ornaments made from chocolate!

The thought of having no Christmas tree had me going to school the next day crying harder than I had at any time in the weeks around our leaving England and arriving in a foreign land. I still remember how distraught I was, and I was so upset that I actually refused to go to school on the day that my class decorated the classroom tree.

After the final day of school before Christmas holidays, I arrived home to find that there was a tree in our apartment!

I was so surprised and excited and relieved, as well as a little confused by this turn of events as I was unused to being aware that sometimes my parents told me fibs.

My parents had no sooner finished explaining to me the nature of fibs and white lies, when there was a knock on our door. Who on earth could that be? It was my classroom teacher, Mrs. Grey, bearing another tree!

When I had failed to show up to school on my class's tree decorating day, my teacher had shared with the class the reason for my absence.

My classmates had decided to each donate to me and my family the one tree ornament that they had each brought for the classroom tree.

Imagine the love and warmth that flowed through me, and no doubt through my brother and my parents as well, as together we decorated the fresher of the two trees with all these gifted ornaments and lights. Some of those ornaments survived for decades, but sadly I didn't inherit any of them after my parents passed.

Still, every year when I decorate my own tree, I think back to the kindness and generosity of Mrs. Grey and my Grade 3 classmates.

-Lyn Makepeace

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS LAUGH

THE RECTOR DROPS IN ON THE PAGEANT REHEARSAL





ENVELOPE SECRETARY

From the Envelope Secretary's Desk:
In February I undertook the challenge of learning the work of the Envelope Secretary. Allen Cunningham was able to pass on working knowledge of the Power Church Donation Program to familiarize me with the recording of the Envelope Collection procedure. With that and a lot of patience from Don Gillett and extreme faith that God would not desert me, here we are nearly at Years end.

The 2022 Envelopes will be ready for pick up after December 1 and will be on the table in the Narthex. Please take your envelope box home. Even though you donate through the Electronic Collection Plate (Preauthorized Debit) you may want your numbered envelopes to contribute to the various ministries eg: PWRDF. Some parishioners have requested that they do not receive envelopes. The envelope boxes come as a Church package, and I cannot request some be eliminated. Simply take your envelope and recycle them at home if you wish. Please speak to me if you wish to have envelopes or convert to the Electronic Collection Plate. The forms are on the counter at the Greeters desk on the Office level.

Income Tax receipts will be prepared in January.

Carol Shaw
Envelope Secretary

WARDEN'S REPORT

By the time you read this article, we will be part way through the season of Advent on our way to Christmas. In Anglican churches, Advent is marked with particular worship services filled with special hymns and readings and the progressive lighting of the Advent wreath of four colored candles representing hope, light, joy and peace. A fifth candle, representing the Christ child, is lit on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day.

Last year we were not able to gather in person during Christmas and Advent, but this year, we are planning to hold in person services providing there are no changes to current public health orders. If you haven't joined us for an in person service yet, please do! We would love to see you.

For many people, Christmas is a time to spend with family and I hope that many of you will be able to celebrate with family, friends and loved ones this Christmas. We have had a hard couple of years, but we still have so much to be thankful for. God is indeed good. And we wait in anticipation for the coming of the Christ Child. "Help us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the wise men." (Henry van Dyke)

Joy Adams Bauer
People's Warden

PRAYER SHAWL REPORT

The Prayer Shawl Ministry

The Lord bless you and keeps you; the Lord
make his face
shine on you and be gracious to you; the
Lord turn his
face toward you and give you peace.
Numbers 6:24-26

On behalf of the Prayer Shawl, I would like to thank the unidentified person who donated nine gorgeous prayer shawls to our ministry.

The prayer shawls, presented for blessing, are available to anyone who needs comfort and encouragement.

This ministry serves the greater community, as anyone may request shawls for anyone within and beyond the St. Paul's congregation.

We met on Zoom during the pandemic; the group has resumed in-person gathering as of November 4, 2021, at our usual schedule. We wear masks during our meetings.

The Prayer Shawl Ministry meets twice a month, on the 1st and 4th Thursdays from 1 PM to 3 PM. All are welcome.

If you have any questions, please just reach out to the parish office and I will reach out to you to happily answer any questions.

Yvonne Oliver
Prayer Shawl Coordinator



PETER BLUEJAY'S CHRISTMAS — A CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS STORY BY SUE. G

PETER BLUEJAY'S CHRISTMAS

(In which Kizzie lends a hand)

It was the day before Christmas. Snow sparkled on the ground and on the trees and the air was fresh and cold. Peter Bluejay and Randy Robin sat on the sundeck railing at the big house and watched their cousins, the snowbirds, busy at the feeder.

"Gee, Randy, it's Christmas Eve and I still haven't got a present for my Mom. I just can't seem to find anything she would like," said Peter. "I know what you mean," answered Randy. "I haven't got anything either, and I'm running out of ideas."

Peter was looking at the big Christmas tree on the other side of the sliding glass doors. "You know what would be a perfect gift?" he asked dreamily. "A piece of that shiny silver stuff would make both our Moms a lovely necklace." "It certainly would" agreed Randy, eyeing the shimmering tinsel longingly, "but it's inside the house. How would we ever get any?"

Before Peter could reply, there was an alarmed chorus of chirps from the snowbirds, and they all flew up and out of the feeder. "It's that Kizzie again!", said Peter, as both birds flew to the safety of the tree. "What is she up to now?"

Kizzie, the neighbour's big black cat, was hungry, as usual. She knew the birds fed on the sundeck every

morning, and had skulked carefully up the back steps, hoping to surprise them. But, as her head appeared above the top step, she had been spotted, and her breakfast flew away. "Drat!", she thought. "How is it they always see me so quickly?" She was about to go back down the stairs when she noticed Ralph, the brown and white spaniel, snoozing just inside the sliding doors.

"No sense in wasting the whole morning" Kizzie said to herself. "I might as well have some fun with that old dog!" Kizzie walked up to the glass, and deliberately rubbed against it. Ralph kept right on snoring. Kizzie rubbed the glass again, and patted it with her paw. Still no response from Ralph. "Oh well" thought Kizzie, "I've got lots of time." So she sat down opposite the dog and stared at him as hard as she could.

Ralph stirred. In his dream, he had the uncomfortable feeling he was being watched. He opened one eye. "Humph!" he said to himself as he closed it again, "thought I saw a cat. ... A CAT!!" Both eyes were now open and, sure enough, there was that Kizzie, sitting very calmly on the other side of the glass door, looking right at him.

Ralph was on his feet in an instant, barking furiously. Kizzie, feeling quite safe because of the glass that separated them, began to stroll back and forth on the sundeck.

Ralph ran back and forth inside the house, causing the Christmas tree to rock from side to side every time he passed in front of it.

Peter and Randy had a good view from their tree, and were enjoying the whole thing immensely. "Boy, Ralph sure is making a racket!" said Randy. "If we can hear him out here, think what it must sound like inside."

By this time, Kizzie had tired of walking, and was sitting in the middle of the sundeck, washing herself. Ralph was jumping up and down inside, his bark beginning to sound rather hoarse. Just then, one of the children who lived in the big house dashed into the room. "Good grief, Ralph, will you stop that noise? Go outside if you can't behave!" And he opened the sundeck door.

"Yeow!" yelled Kizzie, "Time to go!" And she shot off down the deck stairs with Ralph right behind her, his feet barely touching the steps.

Peter and Randy were laughing so hard, they nearly fell out of their tree. "You know," gasped Peter, "we really shouldn't laugh at old Ralph. He does keep Kizzie in line for us. But he looked so funny!" Both birds watched delightedly as Ralph chased the cat back to her own yard, and glared at her fiercely through the fence to make sure she stayed there. A few minutes later, everything was back to normal. The snowbirds were squabbling in the



CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS STORY CONTINUED

feeder again, and Randy and Peter flew back to watch.

Suddenly, Randy gave an excited cry. "Look, Peter! On top of the step! Isn't that a piece of that silver stuff?" Sure enough, a single piece of tinsel lay in the snow. "It must have got caught in Ralph's fur when he ran past the Christmas tree" said Peter. "Kizzie really did us a favour for a change. If she had not got Ralph to chase her, this never would have ended up outside!" The two birds broke the tinsel in half, and went home to wrap their gifts.

Early next morning, Peter's family opened their gifts. Peter was very pleased with the new hockey stick that his brother has made for him from a twig, and he had a real puck made from a black checker his father had found outside on the lawn. Peter watched, as his mother opened her gift. "Oh, Peter!" she breathed. "What a beautiful necklace. Wherever did you get it?" "Well, Mom, believe it or not, you have Kizzie to thank for it." The family demanded to hear the whole story, and they all had a good laugh when Peter was finished.

Breakfast at the big feeder was extra good that morning - there were lots of Christmas cake crumbs tossed amongst the seeds.

After breakfast, Peter's mother put on her necklace, and the whole family flew into town to the old church on the Square. There, they joined

several of their friends in the branches of the tall tree by the gate. As the snow began softly falling again, they listened to the organ and the choir tell again the beautiful Christmas Story.

The big house is our family home in Quarterway, and it really did have a huge feeder. The dog and cat are real, and Peter is actually a Stellar's Jay, but that doesn't scan as well!

-Sue Gueulette

A NOTE OF THANKS

I would like to thank everyone who sent cards and emails, flowers and baskets, and made phone calls of sympathy and support on the death of my son, David. And thank you for all the prayers raised on his behalf, both before and after his passing. He had a long and exhausting battle for three months - we are grateful he is at peace at last.

We had a wonderful celebration of his life, full of music and prayers and singing. Bishop Logan McMenamie, a longtime friend, gave the homily, and he ended with a poem he had written when David died. I would like to share it with you, with his permission

AT THE LAST, A TRUMPET WILL SOUND By Bishop Logan McMenamie

A life that began in music,
A part of all he lived,
Embedded in the melody,

POEM CONTINUED

Each step on a journey,
Enwrapped with notes,
Each medical procedure,
Infused with soundtrack.
At the last, a trumpet will sound.

Teaching others the joy,
Imparting beat and harmony,
Forming rhythms,
Encouraging texture and form,
Lessons of timbre,
Directing dynamics,
Planting seeds for the future.
At the last, a trumpet will sound.

A struggle with health,
Victories along the way,
Setbacks felt and known,
Each step encouraged
By family and friends,
The toll of procedures,
Emotion and pain.
At the last, a trumpet will sound.
Years catching up,
Paying the price,
Treatments sought,
At the last peace attending,
A legacy left,
Music in the heart,
Placido felt,
Departure gifted.
At the last, a trumpet will sound.

A life began in music,
Instilled as he died,
The finale drew near,
Coda heard,
Sound recognized.
At the last, a trumpet sounded!

And it did - when Logan had finished, a lone trumpeter
Standing behind the altar,
played a verse
Of "Amazing Grace". Amen.

TREASURER'S REPORT

It is encouraging to see that the offerings have increased over the last month, we should be in better shape at the end of the year than we have been through the first 10 months of this year.

Plus, we had a successful Christmas Marketplace. At the time of writing this, the Marketplace profit stands at \$4,253.91. It is shy of what we brought in last year, but there is still a few more dollars to come in.

Special thanks to all those who donated and worked to make this a successful fundraiser.

Don Gillett
Treasurer

CHRISTMAS IN THE 1990'S—ST. PAUL JUNION CHOIR



FACILITIES UPDATE

As we reopen, we've begun actively partnering with other nonprofit organizations to serve those most vulnerable in the community. We're providing space and resources for Nanaimo Foodshare, as they run a weekly lunch from our hall and hand deliver to-go meals to people along the streets of downtown.

We've been partnering with the 7-10 club, and others, to host special Thanksgiving and Christmas community dinners. We've formed new relationships with the Nanaimo Chamber Orchestra, and have just begun collaborating with a program for Older Adults Eating Well—together. What we're seeing now is a shift towards intentional partnership that wouldn't have been possible pre-pandemic.

Alicia Vanin
Parish Administrator

ART CORNER

Feeling Artsy?

Meditative coloring is a relaxing and reflective activity. Take some time to color this manger ornament, and hang it in your home.





St. Paul Anglican Church

100 Chapel St, Nanaimo, BC

Christmas Services

2021

Christmas Eve

Family Service

3:00 pm

(in person only)

Candlelight Service

9:00 pm

(in person & livestream)

Christmas Day

BCP service with Carols

10:00 am

(in person only)

Sunday, Dec 26

Lessons & Carols with

Eucharist

10:30 am

(in person only)

the Inn

HOUSING THE HOLY

Questions? Contact the parish office at:

250 753 2523

admin@stpaulsnanaimo.ca

DODD'S
FURNITURE & MATTRESS



FREE
COMMUNITY

PRE-CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY DINNER

SATURDAY DECEMBER 18TH.

4:00 – 7:00PM

ST PAUL'S ANGLICAN CHURCH
100 CHAPEL ST, NANAIMO

PER ISLAND HEALTH

- DINE IN REQUIRES PROOF OF VACCINATION
- TAKE AWAY ALSO AVAILABLE



BREAKFAST SERVED

*"FEEDING PEOPLE WITH DIGNITY & RESPECT
SINCE 1985"*



NEWS



FINAL NOTES



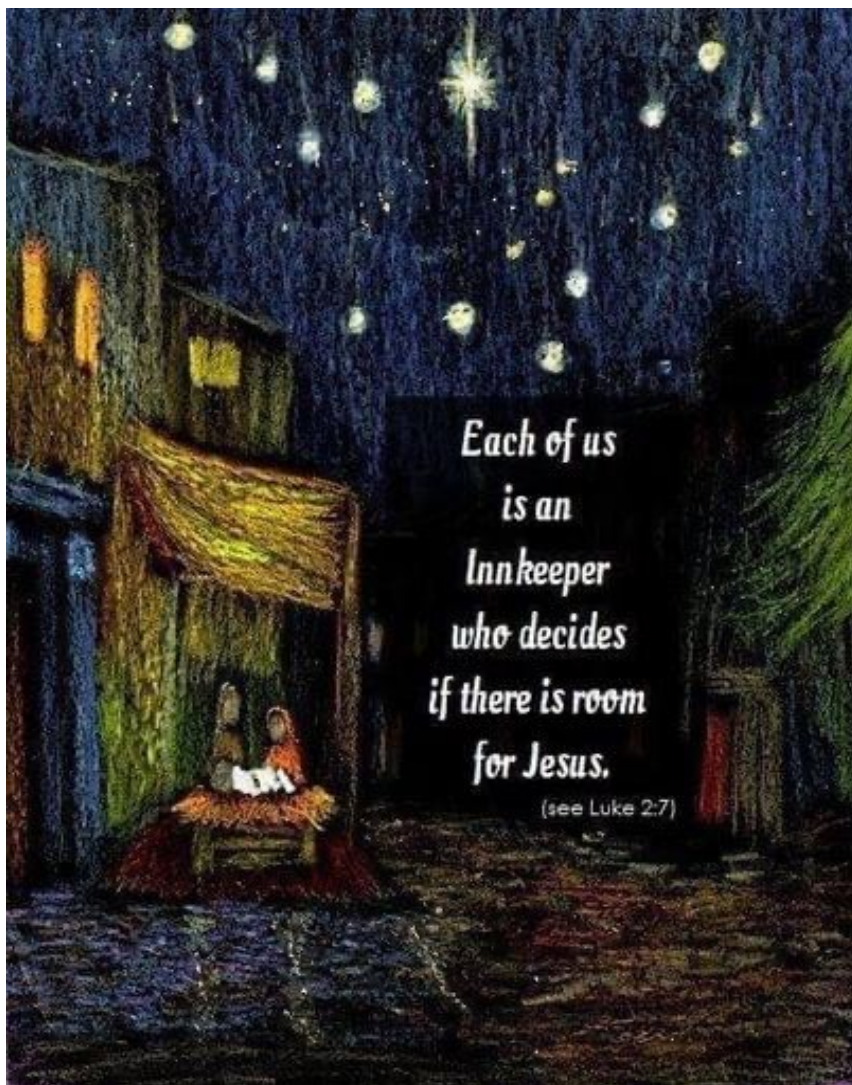
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Email: admin@stpaulsnanaimo



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