



St. Paul's is a family, commissioned by Christ, gathered together in faith to glorify God and nurture spiritual growth through worship and service.



Our Sunday Service begins at 10:45 AM. We are located at 319 Prescott Street at the corner of Mary Street in Kemptville, Ontario.

The Sunday Service at our sister church Knox begins at 9:15AM. They are located at 2227 Simms St. in Mountain.

St. Paul's Matters

www.stpaulskemptville.ca

Fall—2013

Offering Your Boat to Jesus

Luke 5:1-11

Once while Jesus was standing beside the lake of Gennesaret, and the crowd was pressing in on him to hear the word of God, ²he saw two boats there at the shore of the lake; the fishermen had gone out of them and were washing their nets. ³He got into one of the boats, the one belonging to Simon, and asked him to put out a little way from the shore.

Then he sat down and taught the crowds from the boat. ⁴When he had finished speaking, he said to Simon, "Put out into the deep water and let down your nets for a catch." ⁵Simon answered, "Master, we have worked all night long but

have caught nothing. Yet if you say so, I will let down the nets." ⁶When they had done this, they caught so many fish that their nets were beginning to break. ⁷So they signaled their partners in the other boat to come and help them. And they came and filled both boats, so that they began to sink. ⁸But when Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, "Go away from me, Lord, for I am a sinful man!" ⁹For he and all who were with him were amazed at the catch of fish that they had taken; ¹⁰and so also were James and John, sons of Zebedee, who were partners with Simon. Then Jesus said to Simon, "Do not be afraid; from now on you will be catching people." ¹¹When they had brought their boats to shore, they left everything and followed him.

Every time my family goes camping, my children insist to take their fishing rods with them hoping to catch some fish. Although I do my best in helping them to make their dream a reality, but we never caught one fish.

I know nothing about fishing. I realized it was not my gift. You have to sit calm for hours in order to possibly catch a small fish. I cannot do that. Those who like fishing say it is relaxing, for me it was boring and time wasting!

Luke tells us in his Gospel chapter 5:1-11 that this

was not the case with Peter. Peter loved fishing. Jesus knew that fishing had a special place in Peter's life so He approached him from a fisherman's perspective. Jesus used Peter's boat as his pulpit to teach the crowd about God's kingdom and to call Peter to follow Him.

Jesus will use whatever you have to reach out to

you. Each of us has something that God can use, an ability, a talent, a gift, a profession, a family, anything. Jesus will use anything you allow Him to use.

As we read the story in Luke 5:1-11, we may think that the climax of the story is the miracle

that Jesus performed by asking Peter to fish in the deep waters. Although expert fishermen count deep waters as not a good place for fishing during the day, Peter obeyed the word of Jesus.

Luke tells us that "When they had done this, they caught so many fish that their nets were beginning to break."

For me, I see the climax of the story is in Peter's response. Peter, after seeing this miracle said to Jesus: "Go away from me, Lord; I am a sinful man!"

Peter encountered the divine. Fish do not matter for him anymore. His life changed forever. Peter went fishing, instead he was caught. Jesus changed Peter's profession into a fisher of men.

The invitation of Jesus for us is always there. Offer Him your "boat", which means your heart, your talent, your passion, your time, your everything. The problem for most of us is that we are scared when we face the demands of ministry in our church. Jesus is ready to use anything that you have. Remember how He fed more than five thousand people from five loaves and two fish. Anything you have can be used.

Have you offered your "boat" to Jesus?

In His Service, Rev. Samer Kandalajt



Ray and Josie Porter Put the “Great” in Great Grandparents



On August 2nd, 2013 Ray & Josie Porter became First Time Great Grandparents to Kendall Alene Connell. Kendall was born at Brockville General Hospital and weighed 8 lbs, 11 ozs and was 23” long. Her proud parents are Jeffery Connell and Kaleigh McNeil. First time grandparents are Scott and Debbie Connell (Ray’s eldest daughter). In this picture, Kendall was almost 24 hrs. old. Congratulations!

Time to Fill Some Shoeboxes, St. Paul’s!

St. Paul’s is once again supporting Operation Christmas Child run by Samaritan’s Purse. That’s where members of our congregation fill shoeboxes with hygiene items, school supplies, toys and candies. The shoeboxes are then distributed to children in needy parts of the world regardless of their race, gender, religion or age.

The contents of these shoeboxes cost so little, yet they mean so much to children who have next to

nothing. This year St. Paul’s Mission Committee is urging congregation members to encourage family members, relatives, neighbours, and people in their workplace to also participate as the need for shoeboxes can never meet the demand.

Last year St. Paul’s filled 96 boxes, so let’s see if we can surpass that as 200 boxes have been dropped off. The program runs till Nov. 10th, so get packing and thank you for your support



Food, Fun and More Food for Welcome Home Sunday



St. Paul's decided to celebrate its 162nd anniversary in North Grenville by throwing a party. We invited people who had some connection to our church to come visit us again.

After a special worship service, we served a

BBQ lunch, lots of salad and - of course - cake! There were even a few clowns, though only one was in costume.

It was good to see old friends and new having such a great time. Can't wait for the 163rd!

Ashley Connell was Golden this Summer



Ashley Connell qualified to compete at the Canadian Junior Nationals in July in Quebec and won a Gold medal. She also qualified in discus and finished with an impressive 8th place in Canada. She then attended the Ontario Junior Championships and finished off her season with an impressive Gold medal finish in shotput and a Silver medal in discus.

Ashley now attends Guelph University where she is on the track team and studying Food, and Agricultural Resource Economics.

DID YOU KNOW THAT OUR WEBSITE AT ST. PAUL'S IS UPDATED EVERY WEEK? IT IS A GREAT PLACE TO LOOK FOR PHOTOS AND INFORMATION. YOU CAN FIND IT AT:

**STPAULSKEMPTVILLE
.CA**

IF YOU KNOW OF FRIENDS OR NEIGHBOURS WHO WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE OUR NEWSLETTER BY EMAIL, CONTACT JIM ARMOUR AT j.armour@cogeco.ca

HOLY COMMUNION WILL BE HELD ON:

**December 1, 2013
April 13, 2014
June 1, 2014**

Life in the 1500s - Submitted by Allan Jorgensen



Most people got married in June because they took their yearly baths in May and still smelled pretty good a month later. Just in case, however, brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide any body odour. This is why we have the custom today of brides carrying flowers in the marriage ceremony.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all were the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. This is where the saying - "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water" comes from.



Houses had thatched roofs - thick straw piled high - with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof or in other words - "It's raining cats and dogs."

Floors in the 1500 were mainly dirt. Only the wealthy could afford something more.

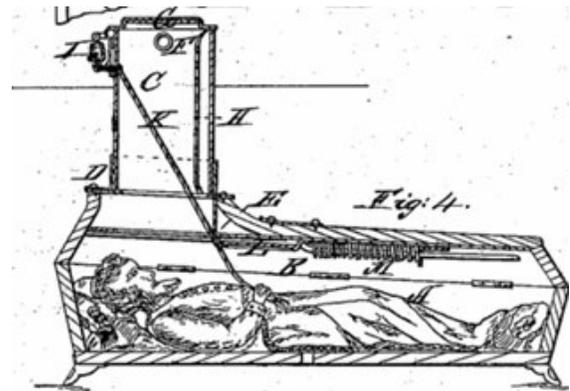
Everybody else was "dirt poor". The wealthy had slate floors that got slippery in the winter, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help people get their footing. By the end of the winter, so much straw had been added, it



would slip outside when the door opened. A piece of wood was then placed in the entranceway to keep the straw in place. It became known as a "thresh hold".



Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination of lead and alcohol would sometimes knock people out for a couple of days. Sometimes, they were mistaken for dead and they were prepared for burial. Before putting them in the grave, they were laid out on the kitchen table for 24 hours or so while the whole family gathered around to see if they would wake up. That's why we have the tradition today of holding a "wake".



Land was at a premium in the 1500s, so graves were often reused and the old coffins taken to a "bone-house". When reopening the coffins, about 4% were found to have scratch marks on the inside which meant that some people were being buried alive. As a result, a string was often tied to the wrist of a corpse that went through the coffin and to the surface where it was attached to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell. Out of this tradition came the phrases "saved by the bell" and "dead ringer".



Armour Family Pays a Visit to Northern Ireland

In April of this year, the Armour Family decided to take a trip to Jim's ancestral homeland - Northern Ireland. Along with the requisite visits to the Mourne Mountains, Belfast and the Giant's Causeway, they travelled to the Town of Ballymoney in County Antrim.

Ballymoney is perhaps best known as the site of the "dark" hedges, but it was also home to Jim's great grandfather - The Reverend James Brown Armour (1841-1928). J.B., as he was known, was minister of Trinity Presbyterian Church for 56 years and - in the words of local historian Alex Blair - an independent thinker.

J.B. Armour was a great supporter of tenants' rights, a separate Catholic University and ultimately, Home Rule for Ireland - which put him decidedly at odds with his ministerial colleagues at the time and the vast majority of his congregation.

Despite their political differences, the members of Trinity Church were steadfast in their support of J.B.'s ministry in the community and his role as headmaster of, what is now, Dalriada

School (www.dalriadaschool.com). They believed, as he did, that "If you deny the right of private judgement and free speech, how much do you have of Protestantism worth keeping? Nothing at all."



Jim was asked to read the scripture lessons on the Sunday they were there, which made him the fourth James Armour in 130 years to take part in a service at Trinity.

Trinity is one of four Presbyterian Churches in Ballymoney and perhaps the most active. There were over 200 people at the service the Armours attended and they were told that a new youth groups was being started - after a hiatus of about three years.

When asked if the break was due to a lack of numbers, the Minister laughed and said

it was the exact opposite. Trinity Youth Group was getting over 300 teenagers a week attending their sessions and the leaders were overwhelmed. The new Youth Groups is limited to local participants only and the total number allowed in has been capped at 120. Imagine that!

What's the Difference Between Presbyterians Sharing and PWS&D?



Sharing supports mission work in Canada through Canadian Ministries and around the world through International Ministries.

Presbyterian World Service & Development, The Presbyterian Church in Canada's development and relief agency, is not funded by Presbyterians Sharing, but support from The Presbyterian Church in Canada helps keep PWS&D's administrative costs low. PWS&D raises funds directly from congregations and individuals and through government (CIDA) grants. PWS&D has programs to overcome poverty in Africa, Asia, Central America and Eastern Europe.

PWS&D does not send mission staff, but International Ministries mission personnel, funded through Presbyterians Sharing, often work with partners who receive grants from PWS&D. Gifts of Change is a way to provide special gifts to programs supported by both Presbyterians Sharing and PWS&D, over and above your regular giving to these two funds.

Presbyterians Sharing is the national church fund that supports the overall mission and ministry of The Presbyterian Church in Canada. Presbyterians

These gifts help support our partners in different ways. Projects can be found in the Gifts of Change catalogue or online at www.presbyterian.ca/donate/giftsofchange.

Some of the gifts of change projects include - the "Fill a Minister's Tank" in the Cariboo Region of British Columbia that was a past mission project of our church school and youth group. Other noteworthy gifts include - buying bikes for ministers in the developing world, empowering women in Mississauga to break free of violence, ensuring that every girl has a classroom, and bringing hope to prisoners in Malawi.

If you are wondering what to get someone for Christmas this year, why not give them the gift that can really do some good in this troubled world.



Pilgrims' Progress - Submitted by Janet Stark



I have just checked off another item on my 'Bucket List'! That is, to walk a pilgrimage! I have recently returned from walking from the Loyola Ignatius Centre, Guelph to the Martyr's Shrine Basilica in Midland. My husband went with me, and it was an 8-day adventure! It is about 190 km in total, over back country roads, paved busier roads, an old railway bed and part of the Bruce trail.

We saw some beautiful farmland and overall had good weather. However, this 'project' was probably the hardest thing I have ever done, and I won't be signing up to walk the Santiago de Camino trail in Spain anytime soon! To all of you who have done so, I salute you!

First let me say that we didn't walk every step. This group had been walking for 10 years and knew that pilgrims sometimes needed help, so they had cars shuttled alongside us, available to offer a ride for part of the journey.

At the front of the procession of pilgrims, was a flagman called 'the rabbit'. At the end, the flagman was called 'the turtle'. This concept was coincidentally true of our partnership—I started out as the 'rabbit' in being full of energy, gung-ho and walking at a stiff clip. As the days wore on, I lost energy and strength and had to accept the 'ride' from time to time. My husband, on the other hand, started off as the 'turtle', being slow and hot and achy—but over time—he gained energy and strength.

The old fable about the hare and the tortoise is true—'slow and steady' wins the race! In all, we guess that Roger walked about 4/5 of the pilgrimage, and I walked about 2/3.

The important thing is that we walked the final steps together, into Midland, through the St. Marie among the Huron's settlement and on up the steps to the Martyr's Shrine where the church bells tolled, others cheered us on, and the priest was waiting for us to give the mass.

Other pilgrim groups arrived after us, the Brampton-Burlington group and a Polish group from Toronto that arrived in a huge mass, *also pushing little children in strollers!* They had been on the trail for 6 days. My room-mate at the hostel on the last 2 nights turned 75 on the trail! Imagine, and she had more stamina than me. She had operated her own retirement home in Guelph, single-handedly!

What did I find hard for me? The physical journey—walking

25 km per day and keeping up with the group. Sleeping on the ground in tents (it had been many years since I had done that) The next thing is that you had two choices of bathrooms along the way: 1. The woods 2. Wait till lunch and the arrival of the porta-potties!

I can tell you we all became very grateful for those bright blue cubicles! The other thing that I loathed (and Roger didn't mind at all—go figure!) was living with *no showers!* I kid you not—I stole a shower once, when we camped at a Coptic Christian Monastery! I even booked into the hostel at the Martyr's Shrine for the last two nights—to get both a good sleep and a good scrub!

My husband, the Scout that he is, stayed in camp and loved it. He also made a very good fire out of peeled birch-bark on a very rainy night, and used his first aid skills to tend to a pilgrim with low blood sugar. It was enough for me to just look after myself!

I also discovered I don't like having to put on damp and dirty socks. When it rained there was no opportunity to get our things dried out, as they had to be packed and into the truck by 7 am!

What Roger found tough was being asked to keep silence for 30 minutes twice each day, (go figure!) to take the time for personal spiritual growth! He loves to visit! One time when the spiritual advisor said, "Silence is over," you could hear Roger yell, from the back of the procession, "YEAH!!!!"



What were the blessings in all this walking? We lived in a very close-knit community and were accepted totally, even though we were protestant. (There was only one other protestant, the executive director of the Wellington County hospice.)

Every day when we walked into our lunch stop, our camp chairs were set up in a circle and a nutritious lunch awaited us! At the end of a hot and dusty afternoon, we walked into camp to see a basin of cold water with Epsom salts waiting for our sore feet! And to add to all of this—volunteers had stayed back at camp and SET UP OUR TENTS for us each day! That was huge! I didn't even know how to set up my own tent, and one afternoon when I chose not to walk, two ladies that were at least 10 years older than me showed me how to do it! We also enjoyed veal cutlet, prepared hot and delivered by area parishes. Cold water, Gatorade and ice tea were always available. The volunteers moved our car along the way, so when we were finished in Midland, we just got in our car and drove home. No going through Toronto, and that is huge! Thank you!

Pilgrims' Progress (cont.)

I had the opportunity to 'clown' around one night as 'Jan-Anne the Nutcase' when spirits were low. I did a rap: "A rabbit and a turtle went for a walk...."; "The ants go marching one by one"; "When you walk through the storm...though your sox be tossed and torn...." and the story of "The goat, the donkey, the horse", that had watched us journey by with great amusement.



What were the spiritual gifts? The journey was designed as a spiritual journey. In deciding to join me for the walk, sort of at the last minute, my husband had said that "He would go for the health benefits of the walk" and not really for the spiritual things.

He joked with me that "We better not be having catholic mass before breakfast!" Well.... GUESS WHAT?!! We had mass every morning before breakfast! And Roger participated and loved all of it. He is an extrovert and loved meeting and sharing with all of the other pilgrims. Just shows us again that God has plans for us! Having him walk alongside me was a huge support and blessing to me that I hadn't planned on.

Our spiritual leaders, the Jesuit priests from Guelph were wonderful. Fr. Roger led us in spiritual discernment every evening in 'sacred circle'. (or as Roger kept referring to it— 'secret circle.') Fr. Burt gave us perfect homilies each morning... the ones that you think were designed just for you. He seemed to know what we needed each day. This wonderful man walked every step! He chatted easily with me for many miles on the first day before I even realized he was a priest!

For me, I learned that a pilgrimage is not just about the destination. It is definitely more about the journey. I had started thinking I was on a health journey with a sideline of spirituality, and I finished with a spiritual journey with a sideline of healthiness. I had to learn to accept help and the first time I got into the car to accept a ride, it was a blow to my pride. I contemplated all those pilgrims and pioneers that settled in this vast country and walked the miles and miles before cars were invented. I thought of the missionaries that were brutally killed, never renouncing their faith. I thought about all the blessings God has given me in my life: How fortunate I was to have 2 working feet; a supportive husband and family, a comfortable home and an opportunity to live my faith freely in my work and my church. **Thanks be to God!**

Dates to Put in Your Calendar



Youth Group Bowling Night on November 2nd
St. Paul's Youth Group (Grade 5 and up) is planning a fun night of bowling at the Kemptville Lanes on Saturday, November 2nd. Young people in the congregation are

encouraged to come out and bring a friend. Please RSVP to either Margaret Armour (m.armour@cogeco.ca) or Corina Blondin (cblondin@cogeco.ca) by November 1st.

Gingerbread Extravaganza

Decorate your own gingerbread house at what has become one of St. Paul's most eagerly anticipated events of the year. Circle November 29th in your calendar and invite your neighbours to come to what is always a fun night.



Christmas Bazaar, Bake Sale and Luncheon

November 9th is the date of our annual bazaar. There will be lots of delicious baked goods, some great ideas for presents and one of the tastiest meals on Prescott Street.



Church School Service on December 15th

Our traditional church school presentation will be held during the worship service on December 15th, starting at 10:45AM. It will be followed by a lunch and a visit from a certain someone. I can't tell you who it is, but his name starts with the letter "S" and it is not Samer.

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Poet's Corner – Submitted by Gerald Anderson

COME LITTLE LEAVES

"Come, little leaves" said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song-
Say you're sorry to see us go;

Ah! you are sorry, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them and they were content-
Soon fast asleep in their earthly beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle over their heads.

George Cooper



THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all
the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold No-
vember rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long
ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchids died amid the
summer glow;
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in
the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn

beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from
upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty
died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by
my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the for-
ests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

William Cullen Bryant