

My family, Steven, my husband, Hannah and Madeline, and I came to St. Peter's in September of 2007. My wonderful friend, Anne Gibson, who watched my girls after school, said her boys sang in the kids' choir at St. Peter's, Glenside and would they like to join. I said yes (like they even had a choice. One of our first Sundays at church, there was a ministry fair where people had tables set up to recruit people for different ministries. I was like a kid in a candy store! It was there I truly learned what St. Peter's did for the community inside and outside of these walls.

I also joined St. Peter's during a time of transition. Ruth Kirk had just left. St. Peter's was in a state of flux. Many were worried but I wasn't. At our former church, St. John's in Morrisville, which was a Lutheran church, they had been going through the same process when we joined. The process worked for them. Trust and have some faith dear St. Peter's, I thought.

My years at St. Peter's have include being a Sunday school teacher, thrift shop employee (I mean worker), rummage helper, Women's Group, fundraising, pumpkin patch, pig roast, pilgrimage dinners, attendee of trivia nights, Soup Salad and Song, Christmas pageants, fellowship, pancake suppers and talent shows, Easter brunch (which WILL be back this year), Easter egg hunts, children's sabbath, Rally Days, church picnics and whatever and wherever someone or something needed a hand, or an attendee, I tried to be there.

With all that said, the thing I am most proud of is my time on vestry. I was blessed to be on vestry when we decided to partner with St. Phillip's. I remember meeting Bob McCrory for the first time. "What a guy," I thought! Everyone there at St. Phillip's was wonderful and if they wanted to be a part of us, we were lucky to have them, and I am so very glad that they decided to come here!

Now here we are: a church post pandemic. Years lost; people lost. I especially want to acknowledge St. Peter's saints. Bob McCrory, Warren Wanlund and Kathy Domenic who passed during the pandemic. Three people who were wise, who loved this church and us; Bob McCrory was so kind. Warren had wise words and loved the church. Kathy with her dry wit and humor. I miss them a great deal!

And now, WE ARE HERE! Older, wiser, a little shell shocked from what has happened, but we are here. This IS what St. Peter's means to me...a community that has endured and will flourish again, TOGETHER!!

Amen.