

The Guardian

FROM THE RECTORY

While I was on sabbatical, the Stewardship Committee chose the theme “Countless Gifts of Love” for our stewardship theme this year. I love this theme and its connection to the hymn, “Now Thank We All Our God.” Stewardship at its core is about perceiving that God is the source of our life, all that we have, and all that we are.

We might assume that this hymn was written by someone whose life was full of fortune and ease, but it was not: Lutheran pastor, Martin Rinkart, composed it in the midst of great hardship and loss. While living in the walled city of Eilenburg (present-day Germany) during the Thirty Years War (1618–1648), Rinkart provided refuge for fugitives and witnessed the loss of thousands of people during the plague of 1637. He was the only pastor to survive the plague in Eilenburg, conducting as many as 50 funerals a day, and a total of 4,000 that year, including his wife’s. This was the setting for the writing of these words of thanks.

In such instances, we realize that deep gratitude to God and an awareness of God’s mercies are not tied to fortune or lack, success or failure, gain or loss.

I am thankful for the beautiful and deeply meaningful lives of those individuals whom we have loved, but see no longer. In 2025, we have said goodbye to Betty Elwell, Greg Lesch, Phil Stimmel, Katra Faust, Shirley Hodgdon, John Carnahan, Ed McCatty, David Hayden, and Tom Ely.

While it is true that St. Michael’s has sustained much loss this year, I mourn the loss of our dear siblings in

Countless Gifts of Love

*Now thank we all our God,
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things has done,
in whom this world rejoices;
who from our mothers’ arms
has blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.*

Christ and I miss them terribly. I search for them in the places they used to sit in the church and in the chapel. At the same time, I am grateful for the countless gifts of love each of them was to us, each a unique reflection of Christ’s love.

I am thankful for our community’s resilience in supporting me in a restful and rejuvenating sabbatical time. St. Michael’s managed to thrive (and have fun!) with the

leadership of the Vestry, St. Michael’s staff, and our sabbatical priest, Thad Bennett. Thad brought his enormous heart and enthusiasm, inviting parishioners to share what God is doing in their lives.

I am thankful for God’s grace that continues to surprise, awaken and lead us through our ministries — ministries led by YOU, the lay people of St. Michael’s. At our September Vestry meeting, we had more resolutions and more thank-you cards than I can ever remember at a Vestry meeting!

In this meeting, we heard a proposal for a resolution that speaks against Christian Nationalism that will be brought to the Diocesan Convention, a resolution regarding St. Michael’s active Refugee Ministry, a proposal for an 18-month Elder ministry program that will support the pastoral and practical needs of our congregation, and a new eight-month formation program for adults who are seeking to be baptized.

Thank you, St. Michael’s. Let us continue to praise God “with hearts and hands and voices,” sustained by God’s abundant love and grace.

Mary
— Mary Lindquist, Rector

A THREAD RUNS THROUGH IT: DEACON LARS HUNTER REFLECTS

We each have a thread that runs through our life and, along the way, we cross threads with many people — some just once, and others again and again. Bishop Tom Ely was one of those people for me.

I first met “Tom” (which he insisted we all call him) at his April 2001 consecration as Bishop of Vermont at Norwich University, where I was representing Wilmington’s St. Mary’s in the Mountains in the procession.

As we all filed in through a hallway, there was Tom, greeting everyone who passed with a warm “hello” and a genuine welcome. He could have easily stayed in a back room, adjusting his vestments or checking his appearance for the many photographs that’d be taken. Instead, he stood among us, eager to meet the people of the diocese he would soon serve.

At the time, I was serving on the Rock Point Board, and I quickly began to get to know Tom as he joined us at meetings. He was kind and thoughtful, yet assertive when needed. He carried himself with a calm balance that I found both comforting and reassuring.

St. Mary’s in the Mountains was without a priest at the time and in need of both guidance and hope. Just weeks after the consecration, several of us traveled to Christ Church in Montpelier to attend a workshop Tom was leading on the ministry of all the baptized. His words were inspiring, but it was what happened afterward that truly shifted the path for St. Mary’s. One of our parishioners approached Tom and explained how much help we needed — and she made it clear she wasn’t leaving without a response.

True to form, Tom showed up in Wilmington just a couple of weeks later to meet with our congregation.

He was compassionate and supportive, yet direct. He told us we needed to raise a certain amount of money to afford a priest, and then asked one simple but profound question: “Why does there need to be an Episcopal Church in Wilmington, VT?”

That moment was a turning point. His presence sparked a renewed sense of purpose and energy, and our little parish began to thrive again.

Tom was there to lead the service, to bless us, and to offer encouragement as we stepped into our callings.

Later that year I graduated from the Diocesan Study Program — a three-year journey of spiritual and academic formation that led to my becoming a licensed lay leader marking the beginning of my formal ministry within the church.

Tom was there to lead the service, to bless us, and to offer encouragement as we stepped into our callings.

As time went on, I became more involved with the church — on the diocesan, provincial, and even national levels. In 2007, I was hired by the diocese to work as a companion in a groundbreaking new program in which six of us — including the Rev. Jean Smith — trained to support congregations experiencing leadership transitions.

I had the privilege of working with Tom on a number of occasions, helping churches across Vermont.

Over the years, Tom became a steady and welcome presence in my life. It felt natural that he was there — not just for me, but for so many across the diocese. One night at diocesan convention especially warms my heart: the Rt. Rev. Barbara Harris was our guest speaker, and I found myself at the bar with her, Tom, Thad, and a fellow parishioner. We were all in stitches, listening to her share humorous and heartfelt stories

continued

A THREAD RUNS THROUGH IT *continued*

about life and ministry. It was such a privilege to be included — to be welcomed into that circle of warmth and wisdom.

In 2014, as the Companion Program was beginning to wind down, I experienced a difficult situation with a church leader. Hurt and angry, I reached out to Tom, who made time to meet with me in Rutland. He listened — deeply and patiently — as I shared my frustration and pain. When I finished, he paused and said gently, “I don’t hear anger — I hear that you’re very hurt.” He saw through it all and spoke directly to the heart of what I was feeling. Having then arranged for the other person and I to come meet to work through our differences, his compassion and presence helped bring healing at a time when it was sorely needed.

My most tender memories are from the time Tom cared for me and my family during my late husband Jack’s illness. Diagnosed with cancer in 2009, Jack passed away in 2012. Throughout that time, Tom regularly checked in and became a friend to Jack, a Master Electrician Tom had hired to install a generator in his Newfane home. Jack had stayed active and engaged, continuing to work until just a week before he died. The work at Tom and Ann’s home gave him purpose and joy. When Tom was there, he helped alongside Jack and became a source of spiritual support.

He wasn’t just a bishop — he was a companion on the road.

Jack was reluctant to talk about end-of-life plans, but one day he came home from a visit with Tom and said, “Tom’s willing to do my memorial service.” I was surprised: bishops don’t usually officiate at the funerals of people who’d rarely attend church. A few weeks

later, I saw Tom at a meeting and told him what Jack had said. Without hesitation, Tom said: “Absolutely. It would be my honor.”

The service was beautiful — meaningful, heartfelt: people still talk about it to this day. Our threads crossed once again in 2019 when I met with him that spring during my ordination process to become a permanent deacon. It wasn’t an easy conversation, and he asked me to do things I wasn’t particularly happy about — but he was fair.

We met again before I was sent to the Commission on Ministry and it was he who contacted me the very next day to tell me I had been accepted as a postulant.

When I was ordained in 2022 and came to serve at St.

Michael’s, it was a joy to see him and Ann in the pews.

In the summer of 2024, Tom presented me with his deacon’s stole, the one he wore at his ordination to the transitional diaconate 45 years ago. I

wore it at his memorial service at St. Michael’s and will again for his service at the Cathedral on October 18.

One place where our threads never quite aligned was in our baseball loyalties. Tom was a proud Yankees fan, while I’m a devoted — admittedly, passionate — Red Sox fan. We exchanged playful jabs now and then and we agreed to disagree.

With Tom’s passing, the thread that ran between us now glows with cherished memories. He had a big heart and a light spirit. He showed me what it means to be truly pastoral — to be a calm and steady presence, a beacon of hope, and someone who could bring joy into any room. He will be deeply missed by all whose lives his thread touched.

**With Tom’s passing, the thread
that ran between us now glows
with cherished memories. He had
a big heart and a light spirit.**

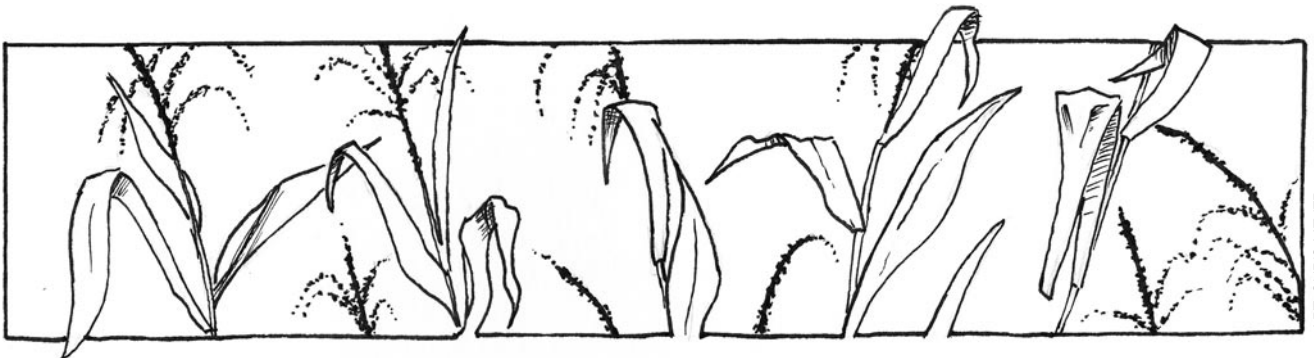
DAY OF THE DEAD: ALL SOULS' DAY

Dream Visitation #1

(for Timothy Scott Buchanan 01/24/47–08/25/17)

This morning before dawn,
my dad visited me in my dream.
He was here, where I live now
in Vermont, in a house he never did see.
I came down the wide staircase
with a lost dog that had spent the night
to find my dad
sitting in a chair near the kitchen.
As I walked into the lamp-lit room,
he rose and hugged me.
He wore a red plaid shirt
and his navy blue blazer,
signifying important business.
He was warm; it was him.
He held me tightly
in his arms. My tears streamed.
With a gasp, I asked him, *Dad!*
Where are you now? Where did you go?
And he said: *I am in the pixels*
of the pictures you are looking at
by which I think he meant
I am here
and everywhere.

—Megan Buchanan



ART: CHRIS MEYER

EL DÍA DE LOS MUERTOS: THE DAY OF THE DEAD

*An original VPR (Vermont Public) commentary,
prepared and broadcast Nov. 2, 2014*

On the Day of the Dead — *El Día de los Muertos* — Mexicans gather in homes and communities to pray for and remember friends and relatives who have died. On this day people build colorful altars with pictures and decorations that honor the dead and prepare *ofrendas* or gifts of the dead's favorite foods and drinks. They visit and adorn graves and churches with candles and flowers and tell stories and dance to the deceased's favorite music. It's all a grand celebration of the spirits of dead loved ones, who return to earth on November 1 and 2 to visit the living.

Though I did not grow up celebrating *El Día de los Muertos*, I now welcome this festivity into my life as an indigenous tradition of the Americas thousands of years old. In a country where talking about death and dying is practically taboo, dedicating a day to honoring our dead loved ones makes sense to me, because no matter our religion or faith, remembering our ancestors is an important part of living, for it keeps them alive in our hearts and minds. And, given our busy schedules, having a day and a ritual especially dedicated to the dead helps us remember the joys and gifts they brought to our lives.

The Day of the Dead festivities include giving thanks to the dead for watching over and protecting the living in the past year. And while the idea of the dead protecting the living may seem a bit far-fetched, I know that many of the teachings I gathered from my own dead loved ones, are lessons I carry that protect me today. The truth is that we don't necessarily have to believe in these things literally. We can still connect with the dead in a loving way, forgiving their mistakes and enjoying the good times we shared with them.

Friday, November 3rd, the Brattleboro Area Hospice will invite all members of the community to build a remembrance table, which at the end of the afternoon will be filled with cards, pictures, ceramic skulls, chocolates, poems, flowers, candles, garlands, toys, drawings, and the names of those who have recently died written in large and small colored papers. The celebration will end with songs by the Hallowell Singers, a glorious chorus of volunteers who sing for the dying. At this collective memorial, tears and laughter, sadness and joy come together in a most human celebration.

To remember my family members, this November I will build a small altar in my study at home as my own homage to the ongoing presence in our lives of those who have died before us.

—©2014 by Evangelina (Vangie) Holvino

ALL ARE INVITED to participate in *El Día de Los Muertos* ofrenda/altar that will be built against the brick wall in the Common Room in the days preceding Halloween. We will celebrate those gone from our earthly life who have moved into the spirit world. Photos, food, flowers, and candles are customary. There will be a place to hang unframed photographs or you can bring framed photographs of your loved ones and set those upon the altar. Bring whatever offering you wish to add, and please place your name on the back of anything you wish returned. The altar will stay through the weekend's All Saints' and All Souls' Day, and come down November 4. Items for pickup will be in a basket in the Common Room afterwards. Thanks and blessings.

—Megan and Evangelina

VESTRY NEWS

AUGUST | This was Mary's first Vestry meeting after returning from sabbatical. Welcome back, Mary! After a devotional led by Gabriel (check out the band Drug Church's "Peer Review" for a taste of the theme) we moved into business.

Mary expressed her thanks for everyone's hard work while she was gone to keep our community running smoothly. She also gave updates on the new *Guardian* format, sound system for the Sunday livestream, and plans to schedule a sabbatical debrief with Thad, herself, and the Vestry. We also discussed updates and progress with various ministries and projects around the church, including new signage, choir lighting, tag sale planning, foyer groups, the refugee ministry, steps to becoming a sanctuary church, and the upcoming stewardship season.

John gave updates on plans for the church picnic as well. An announcement was also made that due to a new job (congratulations!) and changed work schedule, Gabriel will need to step down from the Vestry. This position will remain open until the next Vestry elections in January, where we will be looking to fill the empty spot for its remaining term (2 years). The meeting concluded with a prayer led by Susan and thanksgivings from all. —*Alex O'Pray*

SEPTEMBER | As a "rookie" vestry member, at each monthly meeting, I get a better understanding of what it takes to support our vibrant community.

The Vestry gathered at 5:00 pm for pizza with Thad Bennett to reflect upon the sabbatical time. A poem from Mary Oliver was offered by Belle Coles.

Cary presented "Hope for the Earth," the new name for the Creation Justice group. Cary and Rosie have been talking about the next effort, which is waste management, purchasing, and materials management: "Reducing our Consumer Footprint."

A large segment of the meeting was devoted to reviewing and voting on resolutions and proposals, such as the "Responding in Faith Resolution" to authorize David Treadwell and/or Jeff Lewis to present the proposed resolution to the Diocesan Convention on the Executive Order "Eradicating Anti-Christian Bias" and Christian Nationalism and the "Proposal for an Elders Ministry," the need of which grew out of the discussion group headed up by Jeff Lewis and Jane Sbardella.

The rest of the meeting was spent dealing with the many business and Building and Grounds details required to keep our beautiful church welcoming for worship. These included approving the annual audit and voting on a number of capital expenses: choir lights, septic/sewer issues, and livestream audio.

New Foyer Groups are forming 9/26 with new facilitators. The meeting concluded with John Spooner reading a reflection by [W. H.] Auden on [W. B.] Yeats.

—*Belle Coles*



Joyce Vining Morgan with Majek (l.) and Büil, both from South Sudan, now studying at Augsburg University in Minneapolis after several months of preparation at SIT. (Photo: Cliff Wood)

LOAVES & FISHES: AN ODE TO OUR VOLUNTEERS

A Typical Week at
Loaves & Fishes:

On Monday, Lloyd and his band of merry workers (Marshall, Jim; sometimes David and Steve) meet at 8 am to go pick up bread, vegetables, fruit, and seafood from area groceries stores. Then up to 500 pounds of food gleaned from our Brattleboro neighbors is sorted and put away. “I love to schmooze with Heidi at Price Chopper,” Lloyd says: she helps him get more goodies.

Tuesday: Marshall picks up more food — up to 250 pounds — from Hannaford’s, the Co-op, and our CSA. Marshall is a dedicated worker who also helps a small group of friends with drives around town *and* he knows everybody!

Tuesday and Friday are prep, cook, and serve days. Along comes Cliff who organizes all the vegetables and fruits and then organizes volunteers Richard, Elaine, David A., Mindy, Margo, Ann, Josh, Diane, Carmella, and Donald who come to clean, chop, sort, and create salads and vegetables. As Cliff says, “Everyone is welcome to volunteer. I love finding the right job for each individual. And who to trust with a knife!”

It’s eclectic, widely capable, welcoming crew of workers. Amidst many conversations, Cliff is always willing to break out in song! Our birthday celebrator, too, Cliff collects names with birthdays each month, picks a Friday to celebrate *and* makes the cakes *and* decorates the table.



Thanks to all who volunteer, including Vestry members Susan and Belle! (Photo: Cliff Wood)

While cooks Josie, Ruth, John, Marylane, and David, who have come in at 6:30 am and liken themselves to the show “Chopped,” are preparing a few entrees and roasting or steaming vegetables, salads are prepared and dishes sorted. On any given day, meatloaf with its ever changing ingredients, roast beef coated in mustard and bacon,

mac and cheese with ham, Chinese stir fry with ginger beef, and enchiladas are some of the entrees coming out of the kitchen. Attention is given to menu items for people with dietary restrictions.

We never know what products from the Food Bank will be given a new life. “*Ooh*, five cases of crispy onions? Hmmmm... on top of the meat loaf?” We also prepare 150 meals to be served at Groundworks.

The Refugee Market is set up and run by Roberta with Linda R., Judy, Linda T, Carol, and Rosa. With its own refrigerator for eggs, yogurt, and frozen meats, fresh vegetables are also available as are flour, sugar, salt, oil, and yeast bought in bulk and prepackaged — all for giving away.

When it’s time to send meals out, Terri P. has already prepared boxes to be delivered to over 70 families and individuals. Terry R., Pam, and Ross have assembled up to 60 grocery bags with meals and treats for people at the motels and homebound. Extra food is added to

continued

LOAVES AND FISHES *continued*

the bags and boxes: frozen items, fresh fruits and vegetables, deli meats, and bread.

Goody bags with a drink, a dessert, and a treat (sometimes homemade by our bakers: Connie, Christopher, Joan P., and Wye) are created every Tuesday and Friday by two teams: Judy H., and Betsy, Blue, and Nikki, who says, “This is my church.”

At 10 am on Tuesdays and Fridays, Jeanne, Kim, Belle, Terri S., and Ruth start creating the boxed hot lunches while Kim faithfully communicates special diet requests to the servers.

Before we even open our doors to walk-ins, we will have served over 150 people.

Our drivers arrive to help get lunches into the proper bag or box. Coordinated by William, that team — Brian, Sher, Tim, Becky, Chris, and Craig — ensures that 90 people get food delivered along three routes to the Quality Inn, Hayes Court, Dalem Chalet/the High Rise, individual residences, and Food Works which receives 40 meals to distribute. As Becky says, “I love my people and love giving them their food.”

Those mornings, too, Jack arrives with his famous corn bread and Parry brings a few main dishes she’s made at home to relieve the pressure on our cooks. Annie and Breeze come to play music to keep us dancing as we work. Lloyd, our onion slicer supreme will stop chopping, whip out his recorder, and start playing with the musicians. (John, Stephen, Richard, and Tully have also joined us.)

At 11 we start serving out the little door by the stage that Terri and Jeanne have packed with giveaways: meats, vegetables, fruit, frozen meals, coffees, teas, eggs, milk, and pet food. Jeanne will ask each person

their preference for a hot meal and help them choose from the bounty on the stage. Usually another 100 meals are sent out the door to various responses: “Thank you church ladies!, “Bless you!” “Whadda ya got!” “Ooh none of that hot stuff!” “Lots of sweets, please!” “Lamb?...a big yes or emphatic NO!”

Then there’s cleaning up: we have a group of dedicated dishwashers: Susan, Tim, and Mary. Sometimes a school group from BUHS, Leland and Gray, or Marvelwood will volunteer, too. Tables need to be washed down, and floors swept and mopped. (Somehow Cliff, who says, “My father taught me well!” has the energy to do the floors.)

David hangs out to the end making sure closets are locked, refrigerator and freezers secure. He is also our fix-it man who repairs plumbing, electrical equipment, and the grease trap. He can take apart the quirky

warming oven, find the broken part, order it, and then replace it. He keeps our cranky equipment running.

Wednesday: This is the day the Food Bank order is picked up by David’s crew: Jim, Marshall. Raj,

John M., and Ron (with trucks), Steve, and Terri. Up to 3500 pounds of dry goods and refrigerated and frozen food are picked up and stored among three storage rooms, five freezers, and four refrigerators amidst lots of sorting and laughter. “What do with 20 pounds of bay leaves?” “What is vegan mayo?” “How many ways can you use gluten free pasta?”

Loaves & Fishes runs on the spirit of our loyal volunteers. I thank them all for their incredible efforts to feed “anyone who is hungry” and we thank the Tag Sale Committee for their support: they keep the money flowing.

—Ruth Tilghman

Before we even open our doors
to walk-ins, we will have served
over 150 people.

READER'S CORNER: EVERY SOUND PRESENT

"To be fully alive [...] is to wait [...] to be on the edge of your seat all the time." So Rev. Dr. Colin Heber-Percy paraphrases Julian of Norwich in his book *Tales of a Country Parish: From the Vicar of Savernake Forest*. I picked up a copy of this book at The Toadstool

Bookshop in Keene a few weeks ago. Written from Rev. Heber-Percy's reflections of his rural parish during the height of the coronavirus pandemic, it has a resemblance to another book I read recently called *Winters in the World: A Journey Through the Anglo-Saxon Year* by Eleanor Parker. Each is segmented according to the four seasons.

A few sentences after he shares Mother Julian's paraphrase, Rev. Heber-Percy describes the impact Winter is having on his community. In

one paragraph, his world is lush — on the edge of overwhelming. Plants become "silver brooches," "cobwebs to lace." "If the sun were to come out, diamonds would spill everywhere. The weather has made of my garden a duchess's dressing table."

I was canoeing at the Retreat Meadows the other day. There are so many nooks and crannies in that area. Concealed inlets. Masses of water lily pads. Water clear enough to see fish swimming through submerged forests. I paddled into one of these inlets with a glob of lilies at the edge. The lily pads are interesting enough to look at. Big green discs that I can imagine dragonflies piloting onto like an organic helipad. One was flowering. A sunlit yolk in the center of symmetrical

white blades. Suddenly, I got very emotional. It was the kind of sensation when I witness a thing that contains all things within it, and it's so small. It's the kind of feeling that makes me want to revise Boromir's observation in *The Fellowship of the Ring*: "Is it not

a strange fate that we should suffer so much fear and doubt for so small a thing?"

Rethinking instead: "Is it not a strange fate that we should flourish through such small things?"

Earlier in *Tales of a Country Parish*, Rev. Heber-Percy observes that "it is by virtue of silence that every sound is able to be present." His "duchess's dressing table" of a garden and my yolk-like lily are not sounds in a "hearing" sense, but they are each forms of presence. Our mutual, individual silences in

each of these moments revealing how much sound and presence creation has.

There is an Anglo-Saxon term in *Winters in the World* that I've picked up as something like a motto: *wyrd*. As Eleanor Parker translates it: "the inevitable forward movement of time."

Wyrd.

"To be on the edge of your seat all the time."

Every sound being present.

"So small a thing."

It's dizzying. But look at what we get to witness.

—Gabriel Sistare



PHOTO: GABRIEL SISTARE

OTHER FACES & PLACES



*On Sunday, September 14, we said farewell to Susan and Phillip Wilson who are moving to Burlington to be closer to family. Susan and Phillip were active in ministry at St. Michael's for 16 years. We will miss them greatly!
(Photo: Megan Buchanan)*



Jeremy Geragotelis, Chris Dubis, Joanie Pinella, and Janet Cramer in the Undercroft after the Service of Thanksgiving for Tom Ely on September 20, 2025.



Jerry and Perry Lin hosted the Parish Picnic this year



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO...

October 4	Nancy Ames
October 5	Valerie Abrahamsen
October 6	Ori Johnson
October 9	Judith Reichsman, Keira Caponcelli
October 10	Janet Cramer
October 11	Brendan McElhinney
October 12	Christy Fritz
October 14	Liz Harrison
October 15	Joanna Brown
October 16	Dan Houder, Judith Junkins
October 17	Dana McGinn, Jack Lilly
October 21	Mary Lindquist, Ed Sbardella, William Boggess
October 23	Michelle Meima
October 24	Lifei Osborne
October 25	Karren Meyer
October 29	Steve Harrison
October 30	Melanie Boese, Ellen Levesque
November 1	Willow Hesselbach, Donald Woodford
November 2	Patrick Meyer
November 3	Rich Melanson
November 4	Tian Ragle
November 5	Kierstan Landin, Oliver Ridgway
November 8	Miles Ackerman-Hovis, Jesse Ackerman-Hovis, Louise Moody
November 9	Ruth Tilghman
November 16	Judy Walker, Martha Guthrie
November 17	Kate McGinn, Ken Jacobs
November 19	Christopher Wesolowski
November 21	Rosalind Ridgway
November 22	Anne Brown
November 24	Pamela Crispe, Juniper Ridgway
November 28	John Laamanen, Laurie Chipfield
November 30	Maida McKenna

You're in good company: In October and November, important events for Episcopalians include the liturgical feasts of St. Francis Assisi, St. Luke, St. Simon, and St. Jude, among many others, as well as All Saints' Day, and the start of Advent. Notable figures from these months include the church's first bishop, Samuel Seabury, and the writer C. S. Lewis.

VESTRY

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**Please see Thursday E-Notes
and Sunday Bulletins for other
important dates and news.**

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CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

The Guardian

St. Michael's a Christ-centered community of practice awakening to the abiding presence of God



OUR WORSHIP TOGETHER

SUNDAYS	8:00 am	Quiet service of prayer and Eucharist
	10:15 am	Prayer, music and Eucharist. (in-person and online)
WEEKDAYS	8:00 am	Morning Prayer (online) and Tues.–Thurs. in Chapel
WEDNESDAYS	11:30 am	Centering Prayer (in-person)
	12:00	Eucharist (in-person)
THURSDAYS	5:30 pm	Contemplative service (in-person and online)
SATURDAYS	8:00 am	Centering Prayer (in-person)