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Tidings



St. Thomas' Episcopal Church is an inclusive and worshipping Christian community that accepts the challenge of living the Gospel.

The Rector's Column



The longer I've lived in Central New York, the more I've come to love Fall. I grew up with trees turning colors and leaf peepers on the prowl, so I'm well accustomed to Nature's dramatic costume change this time of year.

What I love so much about Fall here though is the excitement of it all. There's all sorts of markers of things to come. Winter looms on the other side of the first freeze, and that heaps some urgency onto the remaining days of sunshine and light jackets.

We all know Winter is going to hit soon, so we squeeze in a multitude of hikes, apple cider donuts, and Farmer's Market trips before the drifts pile high.

We also have work to do. There's storm windows to put up, furnaces to clean, heavy socks to

mend, and house slippers to find.

Winter will have its beauty, but there's plenty for us right now, made heavier with meaning because of what's to come.

I love Fall. There's a coziness to the entire season. Sunlight feels a little more precious. Hot drinks warm chilly fingers. Sweaters emerge along with scarves and bean boots. Even the critters begin to put on their shaggy coats.

All that to say, there's beauty all around us, all the time. Each season has its own gifts. Lean into what beauty there is right now--in shortening days, electric veins on maple leaves, and squirrels packing grass cuttings into nests. Lean into that beauty now, and if you look just right, you just might see God.

—Brooks+

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Join the Conversation Bible Study

In October, we'll turn our attention to the books of Galatians and Hosea.

Where: Hosea is among the minor prophets towards the end of the Old Testament, and Galatians is kinda in the middle of the New Testament.

What to Watch for: Hosea leans into God's love for God's people, and Galatians is Paul very much being Paul. (If you don't know what that means, come find out!)

References: With these books, there's not a ton of required pre-reading so much as a willingness to read through multiple lenses at the same time.

Content: Hosea wants the people to turn back to God. And Paul -- this is gonna sound wild -- also wants the people to turn back to God.

Lectionary: Hosea we might hear once a year. Galatians gets a lot of attention in Year C (but almost none in the other two years).

—Fr. Brooks

Sabbath Book

Now Is the Accepted Time

by The Rt. Rev. Stephen Bayne

Bishop Bayne was appointed the first Executive Officer of the Anglican Communion by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the middle of the 20th Century. This particular collection of his prayers and writings is a well-earned respite for St. Thomas' as it conveys deep spiritual grace in an extraordinarily calm and easy manner.

—Fr. Brooks

Nave Gazing

Unfortunately, St. Thomas' has held more than our share of funerals recently. In the section of the Book of Common Prayer set aside for Burial liturgies, there is a beautiful note which sums up the driving theology that surrounds those services. For this month's column, I'd simply like to let the beauty of those words speak for themselves:

“The liturgy for the dead is an Easter liturgy. It finds all its meaning in the resurrection. Because Jesus was raised from the dead, we, too, shall be raised.

The liturgy, therefore, is characterized by joy, in the certainty that 'neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

This joy, however, does not make human grief unchristian. The very love we have for each other in Christ brings deep sorrow when we are parted by death. Jesus himself wept at the grave of his friend. So, while we rejoice that one we love has entered into the nearer presence of our Lord, we sorrow in sympathy with those who mourn.”

—The Book of Common Prayer, page 507

—Fr. Brooks

Adult Confirmation Class

Interested in being Confirmed? Need a refresher on the Episco-basics? Just want a chance to hang out with some of the coolest folks Hamilton has to offer? Reach out to Fr. Brooks for more info!

Outreach

Hamilton Crop Walk October 15th

website: <https://events.crophungerwalk.org/2023/event/hamiltonny>

Registration begins at 1:00 p.m.

Walk starts at 2:00 p.m.

St Thomas' Highroad Walker Website:

<https://events.crophungerwalk.org/2023/team/highroad-walkers-st-thomas-episcopal-church>

Joining the team:

If you logged in last year, your username and password will be the same. If you don't have a login and want to join the team, click the blue **“Join the team button.”** When you do that you will see the **“sign up using email”** link on the right-hand side of the page. You can also log in using your social media log in.

Donating to the Crop Walk:

- Individual credit card donation? Make a donation via the team web page above
- Checks can be made out to “CWS/Crop.” In the note line write “Highroad Walkers (St. Thomas’). Turn them into any walker or Emily Hutton-Hughes. All checks written will be mailed in after the Crop Walk is over. Don't mail them yourselves.

—Emily Hutton-Hughes

Deficit Appeal

After just two weeks of fundraising for the 2023 Deficit Appeal, St. Thomas' has shown up in a big way! As of Sunday, September 24th, we have received \$13,986 towards our \$15,000 goal! On top of that, gifts have come in from at least 23 different households. Thank you!!!

If you would like to make a contribution, please indicate on your check or envelope “Deficit Appeal.”



Progress Outside

The painting is done! The walkway is done! The natural gas conversion is done! The roof cleaning is almost done! What an incredible wave of projects. Great work, Buildings Commission!

—Fr. Brooks

Make a Donation Online

Make a donation to our parish online with the link below. You will receive an email confirmation of your gift, and the Diocese will forward your gift and contact information to our parish for acknowledgment.

<https://cnyepiscopal.org/give/give-to-my-parish/>

When you go to the link above, you will fill out the donation form. In the Parish section, select “Hamilton: St. Thomas’ Episcopal Church” and in the “Gift note/designation” line be sure to type pledge, deficit appeal, or wherever you’d like your donation to apply.

**Sermon for the Seventeenth
Sunday after Pentecost:**

Matthew 20:1-16

Proper 20

September 24, 2023

The Rev. Brooks Cato

I don't know how old I was when I discovered I liked cemeteries, but do I know it was young enough to make my Mom worried. At first, all cemeteries were for me weird things to break up the monotony of long drives. Everybody knows you're supposed to hold your breath when you drive past a cemetery. Dead air's not good for ya, for one thing, but for another, you really don't want haints feeling the warmth of your breath and stalking the taunt of the living through the rest of your days. But I also remember my hillbilly family and their association with death. It wasn't until much later on I realized that the way hillbillies talk about the big sleep comes across as morbid to those that didn't grow up in the all-day shade of oak-lined hollers. See, my family talked about death like it was our next door neighbor. And in some ways, it kinda was. Death was as much a part of the rumor mill as what new horror Mrs. Collins decided to put in her tomato aspic. Death rose in nearly every conversation, attended every holiday dinner, visited on the most mundane of mornings. Death was a little like my Great-Grandpa: a welcome old friend on his best days and a holy terror on his worst. Death was family.

My Grandmother used to talk about how Death would pop over and check in from time to time, and sometimes he came hand-in-bony hand with my long-deceased Grandfather, the love of Grandma's life. They spoke a lot, especially in the final years before her memory started to go. Soon, she'd revert to a child in an old woman's body, sleeping in a long nightgown, with a frayed hair net and a teddy bear clutched tight. She still spoke to Grandpa and his dread escort, but less and less connected to our realm. She'd long ago left the holler and moved on top of a hill, and from that place, you could see almost 360 degrees of cattle fields and barely a neighbor's house in sight. From her porch, you'd regularly witness the drama of nature unfolding. A cow with hoof-and-mouth, an immobile snake drying into jerky on the picnic table, a bird teetering between this plane of

existence and the next after flying into Grandma's picture window. Death was all around, neither good nor bad, just there. Like rain or gravity or the pesky engine light in my Uncle's pickup that just wouldn't turn off. And truth be told, we kinda liked it that way. The ever present haunt of Death gave life a little more meaning and certainly made campfire stories and dark basements more electric.

It was a regular thing that Grandma would couch all of her stories and memories in relation to her own death. "When I die," she'd say, "I know I'll see Bill again. He's been waiting for me, but we'll finally be together. And I can't wait to see those beautiful blue eyes again. And I'll see Momma and Daddy, and your Uncle Tommy, and Uncle Sherman, and while there's a few I'd rather not see again, I know it'll all be ok." Grandma also shared recipes with the urgency of her expiration date well in view. Biscuits, especially. She desperately needed us to know how to make her biscuits -- and so did we. One time, she finally wrote it down when it dawned on her that if she wasn't around next Thanksgiving, no one else would get 'em right, and that wasn't the sort of thing a person with one foot in the grave could stomach.

Grandma would stand on the porch and watch you drive off, never moving from her spot until the car was out of sight and the sound of the exhaust well out of earshot. Before you got in the car, though, she always said goodbye with a little more meaning heaped on, like I may never see you again. And while she was wrong about that a lot of times, eventually she was right. The last time I saw Grandma before she died, she didn't really know who I was. Brooks the Grandson did not exist, but this random fella must be a childhood friend whose name's lost to the ether. Nice enough, but no one special. That was tough, of course, but there was a beauty in the encounter. Even with Death standing in the corner, Grandma's kindness to strangers shown through. When I left that day, there was a tiny moment where maybe she did know me or at least recognized someone important enough to walk to the porch and wave into oblivion. Before I left, she said "The next time you come back to these hills, it'll be when I'm going in one." And she was right. The next time I saw her, she breathed her last, and Death sighed a welcome relief into that little farmhouse on a hill.

I've spent a lot of my time strolling through cemeteries and graveyards

and memorial gardens and mausoleums and crypts and what have you. There's something about being around the dead that puts me at home. Maybe it's the way the dead don't pretend to be anything else. Maybe it's that they're as comfortable with Death as my people. Maybe it's not your thing, but I swear to you, it's deeply healing for me to visit those morbid gardens. I get to know you a little better that way, too, but more than anything, it's almost like if I can visit the dead here, maybe word'll get back to my ancestors, like a mycelial network of haints and spirits keeping an eye on how things are going on this side of the veil. All that to say, I love cemeteries. My people went Remembering to all the family's graves every year, traipsing — ok, trespassing — to some backyard stones long since sold off — in someone else's backyard. There were more traditional ones, too, those found in an actual graveyard attached to a church my Great-Great-Aunt built with her own stubborn hands. She was buried back there, right next to a tree whose roots pushed her stone a little higher than its neighbors'. Grandpa with the blue eyes was buried nearby, and Grandma used to point to the empty place next to him and her own name already carved onto the stone, and say how much she longed to lay there beside him. She'd rub her knotted hand across her name and wonder out loud what day would fill in the fateful blanks.

In New Mexico, I found an ornate cemetery in the desert, white-washed and crumbling. In Thailand, I slept in the woods behind the open-air village crematorium, and stunned the locals when I told them I liked living in the woods with all their spirits. In Arkansas, Lord, I have no clue how many old burial places I orbited. Tennessee had one of the best places to commune with the dead, where drooping foliage and heavy fog felt like you could hop onto a grave marker and climb all the way to the heavens. Up here, as a foreigner in a foreign land, there's something strange to me. The cemeteries here don't have as many people in them. Living people, I mean, there's not as many folks wandering around, strolling, visiting. I don't know what, if anything, that says about life and death up here, I've just noticed it. Knowing this place and knowing some of your stories, it's not a lack of concern or love or anything like that. It just doesn't feel as, I don't know, spooky? I don't think I'm the first to notice this. There's a reason Southern Gothic exists but Northern Gothic doesn't.

The cemeteries here feel a little more sterile, a little less alive. At least most of them. There's one I found the other day driving around somewhere south of Earlville. I was completely lost. I'd never be able to find this place again. Maybe it was a sort of Brigadoon for the Dead, but it was chock-full of the first graves I've seen up here that felt right. Pine needles made the whole ground squishy. Tree roots pushed gravestones as high off the ground as my kneecaps. Time wore names away and moss became a structural element welding cracks together. It even smelled right, a damp and musty scent of home and phantasmal rest. It was good for my bones to know that it's possible to find a place where they can rest, even way up here.

I guess I bring all this up because Death has come to visit with us for a while. That's not unusual. Normally when he's here, he sits unseen in the farthest pew back, tucked way back there with his hooded head resting against the back wall. I think he knows, when we say "All are welcome," we mean it, even when "all" includes riff raff like him. But once in a while, I've seen him sitting a little closer, sometimes next to one of you or squeezed in up here with me. And that's all well and good. This place has that old feel of churches full of life and well-accustomed to Death. It's his place as much as anyone's. But lately, he's wearing out his welcome. It's hard to hold the relief he can bring, the tragedy he's known for, the celebration of our own lives, and all our plans for the coming days; it's hard to hold all of that at once. And y'all, we've been holding all of that at once a lot. I much prefer when Death arrives for a long weekend. This month-long stay with even more on the horizon, it's too much. You know that. I know that. Truth be told, I'm sure Death knows that, too. But, as an old friend of mine likes to say, "Death is no respecter of persons." Put differently, we're all equal in death, no matter who you were, what impact you had, how many touched souls you leave behind. It doesn't matter what kind of box houses your bones or which tradewind carries your ashes. Whatever Death initiates us into on the other side, we all get there.

These aren't just the ramblings of a Southern preacher that believes in ghosts. The parable of the landowner paying

everyone the same wages no matter how long they worked, it's not about our stored up karma from good deeds. It's about the ultimate in fairness. No matter what, we all receive the same reward, the same gift of release from this world and the same grace of the next. There's hope tied in there, that even the stuff we feel the worst about won't keep Death at bay, and it won't keep the sweet gift of the other side at bay, either. Yes, it can be frightening. As much as I love the spirit-rich air of those hills of home, I'm also well-trained to avoid the woods at night and to head straight inside if there's whispers in the dark. The spiritual world is wondrous, but it is no tame lion. As frightening as this stuff can be, there's a gentleness, too. We talk of rest and sleep, even use words reserved for these moments: repose; passing, peace. It's reminiscent of a light and easy burden. The quiet of the grave is a song we'll all know well, universal and sacred and only the beginning of, well, I don't know of what, but I do know we won't be there on our own.

In the great Easter liturgies erupting in the Spring and peppering every other season in the church, we repeat a line from Paul. "Oh Death, where is your sting?" he boasts. It may be a dangerous thing to play with, but Paul is confident, as are we, that Death is not erased by our great story. Death remains, and Death remains a primary figure. But Death's dread duty is no longer bitter. Death's dread duty is the door we must walk through to reach our Promised Land. That can be a terrible first step, but it's a necessary one, and one we simply cannot avoid. But I don't want to give the impression it's all goodness and grace, celebration and joy when Death arrives. It can be, but much of the time, when Death comes, whatever sweetness the dying taste, the rest of us are left to deal in Death's wake. As our Prayer Book says, even Jesus wept at the grave of his friend. Death opens the door and walks us through to the hereafter while the rest of us are left standing on the porch waving as the last remnant of a beloved presence echoes out of earshot. And after too many of those visits, our collective grief piles up. Death brings all his baggage, and we wish he'd go on his merry way for a tour of somewhere else, anywhere else, until we catch our breath and find our feet again. But this is not our lot.

St. Thomas', we've been through a lot lately. Yes, we've been through a lot this month, but it goes further through all the scares of last year

and the creeping disquiet of the pandemic. Even before that, St. Thomas' navigated another wave gracefully just before I arrived. I know there were times prior, too, more than we're likely to turn up in old records. Our grief goes back centuries, something in our bones tied to too many things we can't name or touch but certainly feel. And it's there I want to leave us, for now. We've done this before, which is no brag-worthy feat. But we've been here before, and we know what to do. It's just a reality that "what to do" means feeling those things we try so hard never to have to feel but always will. Cry your tears, shake your fist at the sky, maybe even cuss at God. There's plenty of books and passages of the Bible that do just that. I figure, if it's good enough for them, it's probably good enough for us. And I'm fairly certain God can handle it. And in time, our memories remain sweet and grief manages to turn what should break your heart all over again into a growing fondness.

Maybe it's enough to lay a welcome mat on the porch like my Grandma did, wanting to make sure Death had a place to wipe his bony feet before coming in. She'd just swept up, you see, and could only imagine the kinds of places he'd been off to. Maybe there's some wisdom in those hollers yet. I know the next time I cram around a holiday table, there'll be a spot in some shadowy corner of my vision where that old, familiar friend smiles and speaks. "Not yet," he'll say. "Not yet, old friend. Your time will come. So for today and all your untold remaining days, love the life you have. Love your God. Love your neighbor. And Love the door I'll one day open for you."

On the Lighter Side



**Presiding Bishop Michael Curry
Out of ICU
September 24, 2023**

Following a surgery last week to remove an adrenal gland and attached mass, Presiding Bishop Michael Curry has been moved from the intensive care unit of the hospital to a standard hospital room. He will continue his recovery there, and updates will be provided as more information becomes available.

Please continue to uplift Bishop Curry, his family, and his whole medical team in your prayers.

—*Episcopal News Service, 9/26/23*

**St. Thomas' Episcopal Church
August Vestry Minutes**

The August Vestry Minutes will be approved at the October Vestry meeting and will be published in the next edition of *Tidings*.

Upcoming Events

- October 4, 5:00 PM:** Good Neighbor Grant Commission
- October 8, 1:00 PM:** Blessing of the Animals
- October 9th:** Office Closed
- October 15, 2:00 PM:** Hamilton Crop Walk
- October 22:** Vestry Meeting
- October 23:** Building Commission Meeting
- October 27:** Friday Night Lights!
- October 29:** Hamilton Ecumenical Youth Group

Sunday School continues

- 9:00 AM:** Teen Class
- 9:45 AM:** Godly Play & Nursery
- Following the service:** Adult Forum

Save the Date

November 5: All Saints Jazz Eucharist



Prayer Of
St. Francis
Of Assisi

*Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace;
where there is hatred, let me sow love; where
there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt,
faith; where there is despair, hope; where
there is darkness, light; and where there is
sadness, joy.*

*O Divine Master, grant that I may not so
much seek to be consoled as to console; to
be understood, as to understand; to be
loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we
receive, it is in pardoning that we are
pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born
to eternal life.*

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www.salesianmissions.org

49980 PC27

Prayers of the People As of September 28th

For those in need: Edith Allen, Leslie Andersen, Tom Bartlett, Tom Brackett, Irene Brown, Frank Cost, Aster Dinku, Joan Fales, Don Fenner, Justin Fitzgerald, Jerry & Roseann Fitzgerald, Lisa Gee and her children, Daniel Ghent, Kristen Gregory, Kaia Harding, Amanda Harlan, Nancy Heck, Marlene Houck, Oliver Jenks, Christopher Johnson, Sandra Jones, Janna Keser, Kerry Linden, Patrick McGraw, William & Elena Muenckler, Pat Osowski, Anthony & Vincent Pacillo, Joe Rupp, Candace Schult, Mark Spearing, Pat & Damon Simonds, Patricia Tayntor, Ed Vantine, Deb Willis, Joan Winkler, David, Jane, Janice, Lance, Nancy, Nick, Paul, Rebecca, Scot, Thomas, Vicky, Grace, Chad, Justin and Shasta.

For the Departed: Susan Hopper (09/18), The Rev. Elizabeth Gillett (09/20).



Flowers for the Altar

Just a reminder that if you would like to honor or remember a loved one with flowers on the altar, you can do that by making a donation to the Flower Guild (\$35 is recommended). Write a check to St. Thomas' Church and in the memo write Altar Flowers. Envelopes for flower donations are provided at the back of the church. You may either place the envelope in the collection plate during the Sunday morning service or mail or drop off your check in the Parish Office no later than the Wednesday prior to the Sunday you want your loved one honored or remembered so that the name(s) can be included in the bulletin. You can also fill in a date on the flower calendar in the Parish Hall.

Thank you.

—Rose Novak & Jana Laxa for the Flower Guild

October Thanksgivings

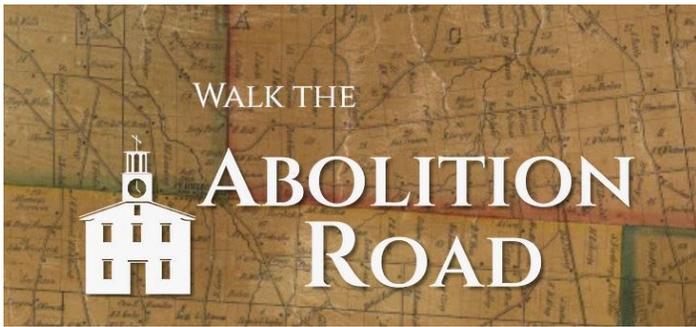
Birthdays: Harold Cole (10/01), Daniel Bouk (10/02), Zachary LaFrance (10/03), Jane Gieryic (10/08), Ed Page (10/09), Sue Geier (10/17), Wynn Egginton (10/18), Joan Ford (10/18), Nancy Heck (10/19), Kathleen Catania (10/20), Andrew Hengst (10/20), Courtney Trueworthy (10/25), Ryan Dye (10/25), Daniel Wheeler II (10/26), Daniel Jerome (10/27), Holly Stevens (10/31).

Baptism Anniversaries: Patricia Tayntor (10/04), Max Michelson (10/05), Stephanie McClintick (10/07), Greg Owens (10/07), Michelle Dye (10/08), Kenji Yoshino (10/10), Luke Marshall (10/11), Virginia Sakal (10/12), Daniel Wheeler II (10/12), Regina Conti (10/15), Kerry Linden (10/20), Tristan Martin (10/20), Amy Jerome (10/22), Anthony Sitts (10/27), Wynn Egginton (10/31).

Marriage Anniversaries: Melanie & Michael Clough (10/01), Kate & Henry R. Foss II (10/06).

On the Lighter Side





Walking the Historical Abolition Road

On October 21, 1835, 600 abolitionists met in Utica NY to form a state antislavery society. Twice the 600 delegates were confronted by an angry mob and thrown out of the Bleeker Street Church. Gerrit Smith invited the delegates to meet the next day in the safety of Peterboro, NY. Through the cold and rainy night 300 men made their way to Peterboro up over the hill through Vernon Center. One hundred four delegates rented an empty lumber barge in Utica and traveled the Erie Canal to Canastota. From Canastota they walked up the steep elevation to Peterboro. The People of Peterboro fed the abolitionists, and at 11:00 am on October 22, 1835 the inaugural meeting of the New York State Antislavery Society was held in the building that is now the Town of Smithfield Municipal Building and the home of the National Abolition Hall of Fame and Museum.

On Saturday, October 21, 2023, at 8:00 am on Canal Street in Canastota, the National Abolition Hall of Fame and Museum of Peterboro will commemorate that historic 1835 event with an interpretive sign unveiling and a brief reenactment which captures the arrival in Canastota of the abolitionists. Max Smith's rendition of "O Freedom" will be followed by Choirs Along the Canal featuring the Sylvan Beach singers and the Magical Music Squad, a children's chorus from Grace Episcopal Church in Syracuse. At 9 o'clock registered walkers will trace a portion of the historic nine-mile trail from Canastota to Peterboro by taking a short 2.7 mile walk from the Canal Town Museum to Clockville for another reenactment and sign unveiling, and then return to Canastota for a celebration party. "This inaugural five-mile walk can be accomplished by most people in two hours" said Terry Greene, volunteer walk organizer. "We will maintain a comfortable pace

walking along a beautiful stretch of road in Central New York."

"The goal," explained Marilyn Higgins, event creator, "is to celebrate unity in Central New York and shine a light on a largely unrecognized, pivotal moment in the history of the abolitionist movement. We seek broad participation to make this dramatic local history a source of pride and inspiration for freedom loving people everywhere."

This project is funded in part through the support of the New York State Canal Corporation and Erie Canalway National Heritage, and from the generosity of sponsors. Registration to walk and ride is at www.AbolitionRoad.org. Registrants will receive a long-sleeved tee shirt with the event logo. More information can be found at: 315.308.1890 and NAHOFm1835@gmail.com.

Gerrit Smith of Peterboro invited 600 abolition delegates (who were mobbed out of Utica) to meet in the safety of Peterboro, NY on October 22, 1835 to form the New York State Antislavery Society. Smithfield Community Center in Peterboro NY: Site of the inaugural meeting of the New York State Antislavery Society October 22, 1835.

October 23, 2022: The first Abolition Walk tracing the footsteps of abolitionists who walked from Canastota to Peterboro to form the New York State Antislavery Society. The second Abolition Walk will be launched at 8:00 Saturday, October 21, 2023 at 122 Canal Street in Canastota NY. (Image by Clifford Utter).

National Abolition Hall of Fame and Museum

P.O. Box 55
5255 Pleasant Valley Road
Peterboro, NY 13134

www.nationalabolitionhalloffameandmuseum.org
Email: nahofm1835@gmail.com





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A Prayer

You have created us each with unique gifts, talents, and passions. Give us courage to live into the fullness of who you have created us to be. Help us see the passions of others as we work alongside one another.

—Sojourners

Consider This

“Forgiving them doesn’t mean letting them back in. It means you’ve learned to accept the pain they caused and you’ve learned how to move on from it. And that’s where that ends but also that’s where you begin. Now bloom.”

—R. M. Drake

Looking for Contributors

Interested in adding something to our monthly newsletter? We're looking for contributors to spice up *Tidings* and add some variety! Pictures, poems, articles, book reviews, insights -- anything that's brought you closer to God. Please make submissions to the Church Office by the 20th of each month, and we'll consider them for publication.

A Prayer

“May God guide our nation in creating a more just economy that truly honors the dignity of work and the rights of workers.”

—Bishop Blaire, “A Labor Day Prayer”



Programs for Creative Writing




LED BY JOAN E. MCCARTHY & KIT BOYER

WRITERS ACCOUNTABILITY GROUP

Sep 14th, Oct 4th, Nov 1st, Dec 6th - 6:30pm

FREE



LED BY SUZANNE S. RANCOURT

EXPRESSIVE WRITING WORKSHOP

Oct. 21st 11am-3pm

\$50 fee; limited scholarship assistance available

Arts At The Palace.org
19 Utica St. Hamilton, NY

Visit us Online!



Writers Accountability Group (WAG)

The “Writers Accountability Group (WAG)” is a free monthly opportunity for writers of all ages, genders, and genres to come together in person to offer mutual support, motivate accountability and goal-setting, participate in writing exercises, share work, and offer helpful responses to the work shared. The **first session was Thursday 9/14**, 6:30 to 8:00 pm, with additional **sessions on the first Wednesday of each month — 10/4, 11/1, 12/6** — 6:30 to 8:00 pm.

These 90-minute sessions will be based on the philosophy set forth by Amherst Writers & Artists (AWA) founder, Pat Schneider: “every person is a writer, and every writer deserves a safe environment in which to experiment, learn, and develop craft.”

HOW IT WORKS: Bring your writing notebook and be prepared to share a writing goal for which

you’d like to be held accountable. Group facilitators will provide a prompt for a writing exercise during the session (or use the writing time for a work in progress). The process for sharing work for feedback will be discussed during the first session (Sept. 14, 2023). Facilitated by Women Writers Accountability Group (WWAG) alumnae Kit Boyer and Joan E. McCarthy.

Registration Not Required

—Joan E. McCarthy

A Prayer

As the leaves change and fall, remind us that you are a God of abundance. Remind us everything comes and goes in its time. Give us hope to endure as systems of this world die and are reborn.

—Sojourners

T-Shirt Sale

Free Coffee Tuesdays

St. Thomas' has free coffee in the Parish Hall every Tuesday, 9:00-11:00 am. Stay and enjoy a cup or take one to go.



St. Thomas' T-shirts are available in the office. Pay what you can or we're now asking \$10. Feeling generous? Offset someone else's cost at another \$10!

Available sizes: Adult S-XXL

Happening in the Area: AA Meetings in Hamilton

TIME	NAME	LOCATION / GROUP	ADDRESS / PLATFORM	REGION
Sunday, 7:00 PM	<u>Morrisville Serenity</u>	<u>Morrisville Serenity</u>	100 Eaton Street	Hamilton
Monday, 8:00 PM	<u>Hamilton On The Green</u>	<u>Hamilton On The Green</u>	27 Broad Street	Hamilton
Friday, 8:00 PM	<u>Hamilton On The Green</u>	<u>Hamilton On The Green</u>	27 Broad Street	Hamilton

St. Thomas' Episcopal Church
Scheduled to Serve
October 2023

St. Thomas' Episcopal Church
 12 1/2 Madison St.
 Hamilton, NY 13346

Telephone/Fax: 315-824-1745
 E-Mail: stchurch@cnymail.com

DATE	LECTOR	LEM	USHER	ALTAR GUILD	FLOWER GUILD	NEWCOMERS
October 1	OT Wynn Egginton NT Debbie Barker	Debbie Barker	Ed Page	Colleen McNerney	Sue Geier	Colleen McNerney
October 8 <i>Rite One</i>	OT Linda Jenks NT Kerry Linden	Susan Cerasano	Ed page	Ellie Weyter	Sue Geier <i>The altar flowers are in loving memory of Anne Lorenz</i>	Colleen McNerney
October 15	OT Rose Novak NT John Orr	Barbara Bowen	Ed Page	Emily Hutton- Hughes	Sue Geier	Colleen McNerney
October 22	OT Lynn Staley NT Kristin Strohmeier	Maureen Ghent	Ed Page	Jane Welsh	Sue Geier	Colleen McNerney
October 29	OT Emily Hutton- Hughes NT Jane Welsh	Amy Jerome	Ed Page	Ellie Weyter	Sue Geier	Colleen McNerney



Qidings
October 2023

St. Thomas' Episcopal Church
12 1/2 Madison St.
Hamilton, NY 13346
Address Service Requested

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