



Talk Story



St. Jude's Episcopal Church ~ Where Jesus talk is a daily walk.

92-8606 Paradise Circle
P.O. Box 6026
Ocean View, Hawaii 96737

(808) 939-7000
www.stjudeshawaii.org

Volume 8 ~ Edition 8
November 2021

Community Thanksgiving



Annual Thanksgiving Dinner Carry-Out Only!!!

Saturday November 20 2021 10 am—12
pm or While Food Last!!

St. Jude's Episcopal Church

Menu: Turkey, Stuffing, Mashed Potatoes, Gravy,
Green Beans, Cranberry Sauce, Roll And Pumpkin Pie.

Take Home Thanksgiving Dinner

The cooks of St. Jude's will once again have a full Thanksgiving dinner ready for take out on November 20th beginning at 10:00 a.m. and ending at 12:00 p.m. or when the food is all gone.

It is our privilege to serve the community again this year and give thanks for all the blessings that God has provided for us.

In previous years we've been able to have a fully decorated set down dinner but due to COVID 19 we've had to do take out the last two years. We hope that next year we'll be able to decorate once again and sit around the tables to talk story. May you all have a blessed Thanksgiving.

St. Jude's Episcopal Church is Love in Action

Loving Out Loud

By Steve Stigall, Treasurer/Jr Warden

I became aware of a situation with a gentleman, who passively, has been around the church on occasion. Quiet man, soft spoken and gentle spirit. His caretaker, a member who was baptized in our church community,

See "Loving" continued on page 11



OKTOBERFEST & ALL SAINTS

BY CORDELIA BURT

On October 9th we were able to do an activity that we love to do. On that date we were able to cook an Oktoberfest dinner and serve it to our community once again. Maybe it wasn't as usual with everyone sitting around the tables at St. Jude's and listening to the "Last Fling Band" but we found a way of giving something back to our community. We filled 4 roasters with Brats, sauerkraut, potatoes, onions and carrots and gave take-out meals to 150 members of our community. It felt so good for us to be able to be of service once again. We have tried to find ways to serve everyone and still remain true to the restrictions passed down from church and government. Thank you for being patient as we struggle to find ways to help and give. Thank you to those who were able to give donations so that we could give those in need a good hot meal and celebrate Oktoberfest. Oh yes, there was chocolate candy for dessert.

All Saints'/ All Souls Day

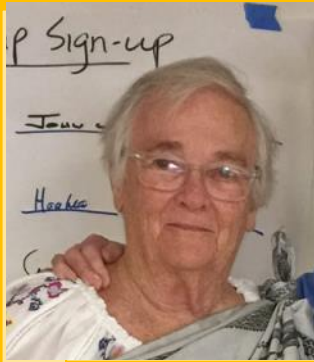
It is the custom at St. Jude's that All Saints'/All Souls day is celebrated on the first Sunday of November with the family giving the names of those they want remembered to the bulletin person so that the names can be placed in the bulletin for all to remember. A table is set in front of the altar with a white cloth and unlit tea candles. As the names of the departed are read



Cordelia and Thom prepare for the Oktoberfest.

Photo by Rev. Constance Garrett.

their candles are lit and it remains that way during the service. It is a bitter sweet time of remembering and when we can come together after service at Aloha Hour we enjoy sharing happy stories of remembrance. This year the church family lost it's oldest member when Marj Berry was called home at age 99. We all miss Marj and her wonderful smile and wit, but we rejoice that we will all be together again someday.



CHRONICLE OF THE COMMONPLACE

BY CYNNIE SALLEY

My first memory of Thanksgiving is about school happenings. I was in second grade and we were studying the early settlers in America. We made butter and we made candles and we harvested honey (with the help of a beekeeper). We studied about the Indians and the pilgrims. Way back then, considering that we were only seven years old, nothing was politically correct and everything was hunky dory between the Indians and pilgrims.

Around Thanksgiving time, so it must have been in early November, we started making our pilgrim costumes. What I remember, was that I was to wear a pilgrim male's outfit. I made my hat out of black craft paper. It was tall and came to a point and it had a large brim. Right in the middle of the front was a big white square with the middle cut out to look like a large buckle. And, I had a wide black belt around my waist with one of those buckles on that as well. And then, to really gild the Lily, I had a buckle on each of my shoes. I was buckled up and ready for the pageant.

I can't remember what we acted out at the pageant but our parents came to view us in all of our costumed glory and we all were so proud of what we had accomplished. What I do remember about the pageant was that we not only had pilgrims in it, but Indians as well, with headdresses made out of craft paper with craft paper feathers that flowed almost to the floor. And of course, they had to have

their faces painted. For all I know, it was war paint but no one cared, because they looked so very exotic.

As I grew older, Thanksgiving gradually took on new meanings. I left the pilgrims behind and eagerly awaited Thanksgiving vacation, even though it was only four days.

At home, we always had scads of people for Thanksgiving dinner, which was traditional, ending with the horrible pumpkin pie I wrote about a few years ago. It took me a few years before I realized that the guests were all friends and acquaintances who didn't have families in Hawaii.

So the dining room table more than doubled in size and the white damask tablecloth and napkins came out, the silverware and the crystal glasses appeared and the dining room was transformed, ready for a banquet for fifty of us. My Mom knew how to entertain and did it so graciously.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO ALL!



TAI SHAN FARM

Groovin' with the Grazing Girlz

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By Karen Pucci

Well, how did y'all like that shake? 6.2 off of South Point and let me tell you, our house-on a cement pad-felt like it was riding an angry jackhammer. It seemed to last forever but when it stopped, whew! We had no damage that we could find anyway and the water and propane lines seem intact. We did not lose power nor cell phone service. Nothing fell off of our shelves. Only hung pictures left the evidence of a major quake. Many were very askew but other than that, nothing. Since then the house is cracking and groaning as it resettles. The dog did not react at all. No barking, whining, nothing. I tried to check on pier and post folks and all who I contacted said they were fine. A couple had things come off their shelves and walls at some houses but no one reported serious damage. All and all, we dodged a big one. Another 10 seconds and I think we would have a different story. It was pretty intense, rather scary for me anyway but thank God, really, thank God, it was not worse, no serious damage and no one had any serious injuries or heart attacks. However, this was a very pointed reminder to be prepared for an emergency.

TAI SHAN FARMS: The back story is kinda interesting. The current owners help to support their farm by selling its produce and products at Farmer's Markets. They produce the red flesh dragon fruit seasonally among other things. When the pandemic hit and we went into close down, they hit a wall. They decided to start selling their offerings at their farm site. They recognized the folks were still going to need to eat and having a nearby place for produce and other items would not be amiss. They were not wrong. They promoted themselves on Facebook and the community responded. Slowly but surely they began to expand to include parking, an open air but covered cooking and eating spot. It isn't a huge place at all, but their menu is pretty robust and continues to evolve. I finally made it up there for a to go order for us. Ester and Kevin welcomed me with ease and comfort. COVID protocols were in place. One of the unique

things about their menu is all the breads, bun and bakery products are gluten free. We sampled the Kevin burger with bacon (\$14.00). Really, they should just call it the Kevin Bacon burger. The steak and mushroom taco (\$4.00) and the steak barbacoa taco (\$4.00) were on my plate. All the burgers and steak items feature grass fed beef and this one came loaded with lettuce and tomato. Anna had them hold the "Kevin sauce". Burger came medium rare as ordered and she was pretty happy with it. The gluten free bun kinda threw her but she enjoyed it none the less. The burger is accompanied with crinkle cut fries. They were fine but not remarkable. However that "tasty sauce" that comes with it- whoa! I think it is a siracha based aoli. It has a little heat and kicks things up a notch. High on my yummy scale. My tacos were on small corn tortillas. No cheese with either one and I did not miss it at all. The steak and mushroom was my fave of the two. Lots of steak chunks and mushroom pieces, chopped colorful bell peppers, shredded lettuce and cabbage. The barbacoa was fine; I just liked the other one better. I have a feeling this will become one of our weekly go to spots. The menu includes fresh bakery items, lots of interesting fresh fruit smoothies, several types of burgers including an ahi one and a patty melt, some chicken items but they were sold out that day, sandwiches (the Cubano is on the list for my next meal), a breakfast menu with eggs even, fries, tater tots. Menu prices are competitive. Also they sell produce, fruits and products like jams, jellies, honey.

The girls say GO GRAZE!

TAI SHAN FARM: 92-9095 Lehua Lane (above Hukilau (the lumber mill place), on the left, usually have a flag out if open) Ocean View, 808-929-9613. Credit cards accepted. Outdoor seating but very limited. PH orders are accepted. Hours continue to evolve so I would call first. Saturdays: 11AM-7PM; Sundays: 8am-5pm; Mondays: 4-7pm; Tuesdays: 4-7pm.



TURNING PAGES

BY ANNA TOWNSEND

Cooking is defined as "cooking, or culinary arts is the art, science and craft of using heat to prepare food for consumption."

Some love to cook, but hope someone else will do the dishes. Some would rather wash a mountain of dishes or get take-out meals to avoid doing more than making the morning coffee.

Then there are those who cook, but aren't very good at it. Some people simply cannot follow directions without mishap. The truly unfortunate are those with not a drop of common sense, like the college roommate who put her TV dinner in the oven without taking it out of the box! (Now the TV dinner includes "take out of the box" in its directions.)

Luckily we have Erica Bauermeister whose books reveal the passion and skill that Lillian has not only in designing new dishes for her restaurant, but in teaching a cooking class once a month. She realizes that her students are looking for more than learning to prepare a new dish even if they are unaware of it.

These individuals discover something new in themselves and about each other as they chop, simmer, taste and smell while in Lillian's kitchen. They wrap themselves in this newly found awareness and are now better prepared for the world outside of Lillian's restaurant.

The above is true in both Bauermeister's books: *The School of Essential Ingredients* and *The Lost Art of Mixing* (series). As a cook or baker will carefully consider what flavors to blend, textures to strive for while measuring the ingredients exactly right, Erica Bauermeister weighs every word, phrase and image just as carefully. I en-

joyed both of these books immensely as well as her *Joy for Beginners*. I know I will revisit these books, these friends more than once.

I have started Bauermeister's *The Scent Keeper*, but am not even to the middle yet. (I am blaming the EFM time that we are reading this year. It takes a lot of concentration for me, a bear of little brain.) At this point, I have met a very young girl who along with her father are the only inhabitants of the island. She idolizes her father as he seems to know everything about the flora and fauna of the island.

Interestingly one of the things he teaches her is how to smell. He tells her not to inhale deeply in the beginning as the smell will be too much at once and we won't be able to discern the individual elements that constitute that particular aroma. It would be like guzzling down the wine or shoveling down the food without tasting it.

You may have noticed that I did not provide any quotations. How could I when each word is a gem, each phrase an experience, and images involve the heart and the five senses?

Since the above mentioned books contain (some) magical realism, let me recommend a few more.

Mistress of the Spices: A Novel - Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni

Like Water for Chocolate - Laura Esquivel

Chocolat: A Novel - Joanne Harris, This is the first in a series of 4.

House of the Spirits - Isabel Allende, only the first section, but boy what a section!



HEARING GOD'S VOICE?

BY PHYL LAYMON

DO WE EVER REALLY HEAR GOD'S VOICE?

It's the end of October. All Souls' Day. The season of ghosts, goblins, and grinning pumpkins. Pint sized gremlins gleefully check out their loot, as they hurry from door to door. My favorite night of the year!

But, it is just a cardboard me that watches the festivities this night. I am old now, 58 years. I am alone. My once rainbow world became gray and dull exactly one month ago tonight.

I stop to tell Frank's picture "Good night!" as I trudge off to bed—to dream.....

Frank and I are coming out of a very white building. It is the brightest white morning I have ever seen! It almost hurts my eyes.

We head toward a beautiful white—very white—staircase, with a red velvet cord with gold tassels running down the middle! Like you would see in a museum display that we are not supposed to touch.

We must be very early! There is not another soul climbing the stairs. Frank is now on the other side of the red velvet cord. He is talking with some guy. He looks kinda familiar, but I can't quite place him.

I just keep climbing, knowing we will re-connect when we reach the top

of the stairs. I can see the elevator in the far distance.

I glance over at Frank who is now several steps ahead of me. The guy has his arm around Frank's shoulder. That's odd! Frank really isn't a touchy feely sort of guy. They seem to be having a convivial chat, though! Oh, well, almost to the elevators.

When I reach the top stair, there is no one on the landing. I assume they have taken the elevator to the next floor.

I enter the elevator and punch the up button. The elevator door silently slides closed. And just as silently, opens on the next floor, and the next, and the next! I don't even remember how many floors! No one!

Each floor, I get out and circle the tower—which leads right back to the elevator. At last, there is no other up button. I re-open the silent door and circle the tower one more time. Still, no one!

I descend, one floor at a time. Again, the silent doors open and close at each floor. And at each floor, there is no one!

I step out at the landing and sit down on the top step. I wait, and wait, and wait.

See "God's Voice" continued on page 10

In our prayers...

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Thanksgiving:

We offer thanksgiving for the many answered prayers we have received at St. Jude's.

This month we pray for:

Kindness, tender-hearted forgiveness and love in our relationships;

The people of our nation: give us a zeal for justice and the strength of forbearance, that we may use our liberty in accordance with your gracious will;

Health protection, in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic: for our kapuna, our loved ones, our leaders, our medical personnel, ourselves.

Healing: Doug, Cameron, Michael, Don, John, Evan, Pynne, Ginger, Richard, Deb, Ekua, Max, Thom, Tammie, Brian, Tom.

Strength and comfort for those who suffer loss.

Healing and restoration of broken hearts, families and relationships;

Safety for all who are traveling, comfort for those who unable to travel at this time.

Safety, wisdom and courage for front liners: for all those in protective or public service (law enforcement, firefighters, emergency responders, military personnel, teachers, administrators, clergy, physicians, nurses, medical team members, civil leaders, cashiers, truck drivers, postal employees, and all workers);

For protection from COVID-19, natural disasters, violence and tragedy: we pray for restoration of lives, financial loss and displacement of families forever impacted;

For our church and all her ministries, re-ignite us Lord, in a safe environment of warmth, music, Holy Communion and divine connection.

For our shower clients: that they will continue to feel our love, in the midst of crisis.

Blessings, wisdom, energy, enthusiasm, discernment and encouragement for the leaders of St. Jude's and for the many volunteers who keep our church operating; and for local, national and international world leaders, help us to work together.

Lord, hear our prayer.

All Saints Day Memorials

Chuck Nelson
Barbara Hatch
Dolores & Charles Loeb
Lorene & Quintin Hatch
Frank W. Laymon Sr
Douglas Laymon
Thelma Hickman
Happy Hickman
Sharon Turner
Jeff Mason
Casey Sears
Danny Hickman
Glenn Higginbotham
Yvonne & Gene Hartzell
Bill Harris
Bob Hudson
Jeannette Stewart
Hyacinth Duncan
Howard Duncan
Girard Brilliant
Ann Brilliant
Zindel Elmer
Frances Elmer
Andre” Bernard
K. C. Fancus
Barbara Clark
Nard Williamson
Barbara Lott
Luna Edwards
Herbert Shelton
Mr. Miller
Joseph Boos
Benjamin Weaver
Barbara Weaver
Roy & Shirley Pucci
Fred & Sylvia Towner
Bob & Ethel Miller

Leta Jane Lewis
George & Ester Pucci
Papa Lewis
Ruby Perry
Cousin Steve
Leslie Marion
Candy Larson
Leslie Theil
Edna Pucci
Bob Norton
Gianottis and Picards
Harriet Venbin
Colston Young
J. Michael Willetts
Cinda Boykin
Harry & Peg Buettner
Jack & Vella Mae Stover
Doreen & Kelly Kennan
Lou & Marge Bolla
Christine Geen
John DaVega
Rob Tveter
Sue Jane Donley
Janet Luster
Wayne Purvey
Veronica Rose White
Jonathan Shore
William Shore
Wilma & Stan Cutts
Dennis Fischer
Riley Madden
Betty Bergerson
Ellsworth & Margaret Marsh
Gary Marsh
Claud Sheridan
Joelle Boos
Maurice C Harlan



Ruth K Harlan
Trisha Raymond
Alexander Baitain
Philip A Taylor
Kathy Soloman
David Mattson
Erma Hendricks
Marla Hubbard
Burt Family
Harris Family
Colter Family
Keisker Family
Marj Berry
Laverne Mayzik
Alma Rose Pucci Rose
Joan Pucci
Jerry Wegweiser
Bill Russo
Wini & Monica Chow
Jean Allurd
Frank Hopkins
Patricia Miller Hopkins
Allan Humble
Fire Fighters & Police Officers
Veterans
Homeless
COVID victims
Those suffering addictions



I have an interesting story that made me scratch my head and want to thank whomever this person may be.

Recently Keola came home. He had been sleeping at St. Jude's on occasion within the last two months. A few Saturdays ago he came to a Bible study with me. When we went home, Keola said he knew one of the men at the Bible study from St. Jude's church.

I inquired about this and Keola gave me the following description. He said he came down in the middle of the night to use the church free Wifi. Keola went on to explain that he would talk story with the guy from our Bible study.

I thought, "Ohhh, thank God." A friend to sit and be safe with at the church in the middle of the night was a good thing! So when I saw my friend, just as Keola had described, I thanked him for being there at the church in the middle of the night. I told him that I felt that God was using him, whether he knew it or not. I explained that my boyfriend felt more comfortable at the Bible study because Keola was familiar with this gentlemen that he knew from St. Jude's.

In my gratitude, I thanked him, over again, but he stopped me. My friend replied to me, "I have never been to St. Jude's, and I would never go there in the middle of the night. That sounds scary."

I smiled at him, thinking that he was teasing me. "No lie, you're down there in the middle of the night. Its ok. You're not the only insomniac around here."

But my Bible study friend got real serious, shook his head solemnly and he said, "Marie, it was not me."



Well, I would like to thank whoever it was, that Keola has been talking to. This person made me feel assured that Keola was safer with this gentleman who became his friend. It was this friend that made Keola feel more comfortable at the Bible study too. Furthermore, Keola insisted that it was him.

I know Keola wears glasses, and could be mistaken; but can someone help me out here? I believe in angelic visitations. Was this, perhaps an angelic visitation at St. Jude's? I know Keola has his angels. But I still get worried as hell. I felt so much better when I knew of this friend of Keola's was sitting with him in the late night hours.

I wish I could thank the man personally, but for now I say, "Thank you God." If the angel I speak of is reading this, thank you from the bottom of my heart.

I personally like the idea that there is an angel that lives at St. Jude's. Maybe, I've met this angel also and I did not know. I believe. We can see angelic work at St. Jude's all the time at the church. The many outreach programs are evidence of God's divine presence.

But could it be that St. Jude's Episcopal Church in Oceanview has a big angel that hangs out late at night? Praise God.

God's voice

Continued from page 6

The sun is going down! I reluctantly start down the stairs. At each step, I stop and peer into the growing darkness. No one appears.

I am back in that same white building we had left so early this morning. The room has a very white bed. I continue to wait; at the foot of the stairs by day—and in this lonely room by night. I, again, lay my head on the very pristine white pillow.

I awaken to a very soft, gentle voice, saying, "He isn't coming back. He can't come back."

I sit up, crying! I am in my own room! In Anchorage, Alaska. It is All Saints Day.

Where did the words come from? Did I really hear them? Was it whispered on the wind? Or, did it come in the sheer silence? 1 K 19:11-13

I do not know the answer! But, I do believe that dream, that message, allowed me to move on into my scary new world.

Do I believe we can communicate with ghosts and goblins? Probably not!

But, I do believe God can do anything—even help a grieving widow regain her spirit.

It's a GOD thing!

Post Script

Frank watched over me that whole first year. I could actually feel his presence!

Then, on that first Anniversary, I had this very real vivid dream. There was a River and Frank was walking on the far side and I was on this side. There was this large crowd of pleasant looking people on the path ahead of him. They were all bea- coning and calling to him. I could see they were waiting for him. He was hanging back trying to tell me something—but the distance was too far to hear his words. I finally understood what he was saying, "I have to go now!" I again woke up, crying. The next morning I stood in front of his big picture to tell him, "It's okay, Frank, I am making it on my own! I, too, am ready to move on."

I never felt his presence after that, and I never dreamed of just him and me again! I still dream but it is always of us as a family.

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Loving

Continued from page 1

was reaching out to the wider Facebook community for help with some basic supplies.

After reading her appeal, I contacted her to number one, let her know that she is not alone. She posted a list of items needed. None of her requests were for money.

Bed Pads

Gasoline for generator

Anti-bacterial Wipes

Adult Incontinence Supplies

Ice

Basic Food Supplies

All of these items, we take for granted.

After conversation with the Bishop's Committee, we agreed on a final number to be able to spend to help out.

As I prepared to collect the items to be donated, I remembered some food items in the shed that were plentiful. I also began to purchase some of the medical needs when I received an email telling me we already had some bed pads and incontinent supplies from previous donations. **GOD DOES PROVIDE!!!**

I then thought about the gasoline

situation and I had the idea to approach my boss to make a donation. She immediately asked, what's needed? I told her about the gasoline and she said, get a gas can and we(the store team) will donate the gas.

The church had food supplies and medical supplies available and ready to be distributed. Partnered with a local business to provide gasoline for generated electricity.

This is how it's supposed to be. Helping one another, taking care of each other.

Our small church is all about helping each other in any way we can. I am proud to be a part of such a community.

I am my brothers' and sisters' keeper.





November Flavor of the Month



The Reverend Tom Eklo

Father Tom has been serving St. Jude's the second half of October from his home in the Midwest. If his health continues to improve, Father Tom will be serving St. Jude's in person, the month of November. Please keep Father Tom's health in your prayers, as he prepares to make the long flight to Hawaii, far from the doctors who have been treating his condition.

808 Required



Dial 808 To Make Local Calls

Just a reminder that beginning on October 24, 2021, all local calls, including those on the same island, will require you to dial area code 808 + telephone number.

The change comes as the Federal Communication Commission (FCC) adopts 988 as a new three-digit number to be used nationwide to reach the National Suicide Prevention and Mental Health Crisis Lifeline starting July 6, 2022. In order for it to work, all service providers must implement mandatory 10-digit local dialing. Be sure to update all your contacts with their area codes.

November Dates to Remember

13

- 7 All Saints/All Souls day
The Twenty fourth Sunday after Pentecost



BC Meeting on Zoom 12:00 p.m.

Daylight Savings time ends on mainland

- 11 Veterans' Day

November Birthdays

3 John Fowler

7 Ted Sokal

10 Ray Hatch

28 Sam Quenon

- 14 The Twenty fifth Sunday after Pentecost

- 20 Thanksgiving Dinner (Take Home)
for the community
10:00 a.m. – 12:00 p.m. or until food is gone

Anniversaries



- 21 Last Sunday after Pentecost
"Christ the King Day"

- 25 Thanksgiving Day

- 28 The First Sunday of Advent

- 29 Bible Study Advent Tea





Mondays¹⁴
10 a.m.
HST
On ZOOM

Fridays @ 9 a.m. HST
On Zoom

Check email for
Zoom links



Lemonade Party

First Saturday of the Month

9 to 11 a.m.

Monthly church yard clean up

All are welcome to join us!

Talk Story

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P.O. Box 6026 ~ 92-8606 Paradise Circle ~ Ocean View, Hawai'i 96737 ~ (808) 939-7555

Email : StJudeHawaii@bak.rr.com

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Publisher: St. Jude's Episcopal Church **Production Manager:** Richard Burt

Editor-in-chief: Cindy Cutts ~ **Contributing Editor** Don Hatch

Photographer: Cindy Cutts, Constance Garrett, Steve Stigall

Columnists & Contributors: Karen Pucci, Cynn timer Salley, Marie Burns

Phyl Laymon, Anna Towner, Cordelia Burt

Proofreader & Fact Checker: Beverly Nelson, Cordelia Burt, Cynn timer Salley

We welcome submissions!

Submission Guidelines: 500 words maximum.

Uplifting, informational and reflective stories, news,
recipes, photos, memories, etc.

For more guideline details visit www.stjudeshawaii.org



Photos must be submitted as jpgs & emailed as attachments.

Submit via email to: cynthiaanncutts@gmail.com

Deadline for newsletter submissions is the 20th of each month.

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