

# GRACE NOTES

## Grace Episcopal Church, Pemberton, New Jersey

Volume 1, No. 3

September 2017

Almighty and ever-living God, we ask you to help us grow this year. May we see your hand at work in the world around us and enthusiastically join in. May we be living examples of the glorious transformation that comes from a relationship with your Son, Jesus. Grant us a heartfelt concern for those who need a spiritual home, and give us what we need to invite them into the marvelous new life you promise. In Jesus' Name we pray, Amen. (A Collect for Growth)

## Upcoming Events

- **Sunday, October 1**—Stewardship.
- **Sunday, October 15**—**Joy of Music**, Grace Church, 3 p.m. (reception to follow)
- **Monday, October 16**—**Vestry Meeting**, 7:00 p.m.
- **Saturday, October 21**—**Food Pantry**, 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.
- **Saturday, October 28**—**Flea Market**, 8 a.m.–2 p.m. This is an important fund-raiser for Grace Church and a service to our community, recycling items no longer needed and offering them at affordable prices. For information and to volunteer: Bill & Cindy Gaffney, [bigblue612@gmail.com](mailto:bigblue612@gmail.com); [cgaffney@pemb.org](mailto:cgaffney@pemb.org).
- **Sunday, November 5**—**Change Clocks** (Fall back, Daylight Savings ends)
- **Saturday, November 11**—**A Day for All Laity: Workshop at the Diocese of NJ, The Heart of Leadership**. From Vestry members and Youth Group leaders to Altar Guild members, Sunday School teachers, Welcome team members, and musicians all are encouraged to engage in this workshop on “the heart of leadership” with The Rev. Jay Sidebotham, Director of Renewal Works and renowned church cartoonist.
- **Wednesday, November 22**—**Ecumenical Thanksgiving Service with United Methodist Church**
- **Thursday, November 23**—**Thanksgiving Day**
- **Saturday, December 9**— **Grace Church Basket Auction**
- **Sunday, December 17**—**Advent Lessons & Carols**, 4:00 p.m, with potluck dinner to follow
- **Sunday, December 24**— **Christmas Eve** services, 5:00 and 10:30 p.m.
- **Monday, December 25**—**Christmas Day** service, 9:00 a.m.

# Mother Jane's Concluding Sermon for Grace Church

20 August 2017 (with revisions)

*Praise, praise be to you  
for amazing grace.*

In our reading today from Genesis (Gen 45:1-15), Joseph had risen to be “a father to Pharaoh and lord of all his house and ruler over all the land of Egypt,” after having been sold into slavery years before by his jealous brothers. He was weeping. If Joseph can weep, I've been thinking (“so loudly that the Egyptians heard it, and the household of Pharaoh heard it”), then I can give myself at least acceptance of any tears that would come. And come, they did, yesterday, as I heard the whine of the machinery which took the holly tree down outside the rectory — that tree I loved which was creating safety problems for the roof. In my mind I knew that the tree was coming down, but in my heart I was unprepared — some forty years of brave growth reduced to a stump and a pile of sawdust in the space of a couple of hours.

It's hard to be emotionally ready for change — especially when it's not something we have chosen for ourselves. And then, as I have been driving around this beautiful and gentle countryside I have been realizing how much I will miss this unique spot on the edge of

the Pinelands. I have been thinking with gratitude of all those in our congregation who have offered ways to become more attuned to this wonderful place — Dave with his kayak trips on Pinelands streams, Bill and Joan with their bike and birding trips, all those involved with our Green Chapel and Garden of Grace.

Joseph has changed so much his brothers didn't recognize him. He was weeping to be reunited with his family. And I may be weeping — now and in the days to come — because I am saying good-bye to my family of the last ten years. We have prayed together, we have broken bread together, we have undertaken some wonderful ministries that have been a beacon to our community, we love each other. And saying good-bye is not only sad but difficult, of course, because in the interests of the flourishing of Grace Church in the future, this really must be a firm and clear good-bye. I can no longer be your pastor in any way as my time concludes the end of this month. This leave-taking will free you to bond and, I hope, vision together with a new rector or priest-in-charge. I can assure you I will carry you in my heart forever and be grateful for the opportunity you provided for me to settle in here and to share so many of the special times in your lives and

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*I will honor the “leaving well” guidelines of the Diocese of New Jersey: Not to serve members of the congregation pastorally; not to be available to officiate at weddings, baptisms, funerals or other services at Grace Church except by specific invitation of the interim priest or the newly called priest, and then only for a weighty cause; not to attend any social activities at Grace unless invited by the interim priest or the newly called priest and not until after the new rector or priest in charge has been in place for a full year; not to have discussions of concerns about Grace Church with members of the parish; not to attend regular worship for the interim period and a period of a year after the new rector arrives; and to disengage from all parish-based social media platforms. These*

*guidelines “recognize that, during the tenure of a pastoral relationship, genuine and often lifelong relationships are formed and that there remains a need on the part of the priest and some former parishioners to maintain these long-standing, meaningful friendships. However, it should be noted that clear distinctions between the pastoral identity and the identity as personal friend must be clarified and appropriate boundaries concerning the former must be established. It should also be recognized that continued participation in the life of the parish at any level may be a cause for pain rather than encouragement toward the new reality and development of new boundaries.”*

our life together through Grace Church as the Body of Christ in this place. John O'Donohue writes of absence in his book of blessings:

“May you know that absence is alive with hidden presence, that nothing is ever lost or forgotten. May the absences in your life grow full of eternal echo.”

So I asked on Wednesday evening of our small group assembled at the Green Chapel for Holy Eucharist what theme they thought might best be lifted up this morning. I think I was expecting “change.” Dave suggested thanksgiving to God for our time together. But then, as if to ensure I didn't start taking myself too seriously, he said: “Well, but it's not as if Lucia is leaving.” And, yes, that's true — rectors come and go but good parish administrators are pearls of great price.

The theologian Søren Kierkegaard suggests that life can only be lived forwards, but it must be understood backwards. I suspect that the meaning of our time together, at least to some extent, we cannot yet see or even perhaps we may never fully see — at least not with the clarity and love with which God sees us.

As I've been thinking about an image for my ministry here at Grace in light of the readings this summer, the image of the sower keeps coming to mind, that exuberant sower, casting seed on all sorts of ground even beyond reasonable sense, and some of it — thanks to the grace of God, not thanks to the sower — producing yields of thirty, sixty, and one-hundred fold. No doubt some of that seed is not yet even sprouted here, but it will come.

In our reading, Joseph takes the long view of God's actions in the life of his family and with all his power is a model of Christ-like love and forgiveness. To his brothers who sold him into slavery in Egypt, he says “And now do not be distressed, or angry with yourselves, because you sold me here; for God sent me before you to preserve life.” This attitude recognizes God's providence and God's faithfulness, and gives us reason to live always with hope because we and others — most of them strangers to us — have been saved in Jesus. The Holy Spirit is at work in our lives, challenging us to hope in the midst of anxiety and loss, to hope against hope (to use the words of St. Paul), to hope in the wake of the horrific events in Charlottesville last week.

In our gospel for today (Matthew 15:21-28), we find a Canaanite woman addressing Jesus out of her concern for her daughter. You know that relationships with Canaanite women for devout male Jews were

regarded as scandalous and detrimental to the faith. But Jesus has sought out those who are scorned by others throughout his public ministry. Unlike many of Jesus' own people, the Canaanite woman addresses Jesus as “Son of David,” emphasizing their difference from each other. This woman is the only instance in Matthew's gospel where faith is linked with the adjective “great,” in marked contrast to the five verses that combine “little” and “faith.” She does not let Jesus's seeming denial of any obligation beyond the “lost sheep of the house of Israel” or even his clear insult “It is not fair to take the children's food and throw it to the dogs” to deter her. She confronts Jesus again, she claims her own identity as being different, she challenges his prejudice. Through the guiding of the Holy Spirit she enables Jesus to see his mission in a broader, more inclusive and universal light — the light that will eventually include people like you and me. She is not afraid to confront God, to ask for blessing, for healing for her daughter. May it be so for Grace Church. May you have fearless confidence that Jesus and God's mercy are for you, so that you can be radiant in Christ for others, extending the light and love of Christ in an ever-expanding sphere.

*N.B. Sunday, August 20<sup>th</sup> was such an extraordinary and bittersweet day — Grace Church at its best. Charlie and I extend special thanks to all those who organized the service and activities, led by Kathy Waugh, to our choir and special musicians (Mike Gephart, Tomaso Collik-Migliaccio, Scott Myers, Tara Perrien, Catherine Sabin, Scott Sabin), to our wonderful hospitality team led by Sadie Durham (with assistance from Peg Mosher and many others), to the Men's Group (especially Dave Tuck and Bill Gaffney who prepared great chicken barbecue and hot dogs), to all who shared such delicious food, to our always faithful readers, acolytes, and ushers, and to everyone present and those who sent gifts and good wishes, and to Janet Hunt and all who contributed to such a very special scrapbook. I will carry you in my heart and include you in my prayers forever. Thank you so much for all you did.*

*I began my year's employment as chaplain resident in the pastoral care department of Albany Medical Center and my studies in clinical ethics (bioethics) in a graduate certificate program through Albany Medical College on August, 28<sup>th</sup>.*

# Music and Me

by: Tara J. Perrien

There was always music in my house. I think it affected me before I was born. According to my parents, I was humming in the cradle. And I still remember looking up at my first piano book, after my mother started teaching me at age 3. I always wanted to be better, as quickly as possible (preferably with as little practice as I could manage after I turned seven).



Both my parents were music educators, and they shared their love of music with everyone, everywhere they went. In addition to regular teaching and substituting (sometimes for me), Mom played piano and flute, and was a church organist and choir director from college on through 50 years of church positions, until she passed in 2010 and went on to join the heavenly choir.

My father continues in his church ministry at 76, playing organ, piano, and low brass instruments while directing the choir. Both of my parents also played with the Lukens Band out of Coatesville, PA, various other bands and orchestras, and Mom accompanied lots of school musicals and Gilbert and Sullivan Society performances in the West Chester area.

I grew up playing piano, violin, flute, oboe, and baritone; and sang with the whole family, including my two younger sisters, for churches, nursing homes, and the local prison. It took me until middle school to realize that not everyone heard and understood music the way I did. I was stunned to discover that there were people who couldn't tell one note from another. Pitch recognition, like family harmonizing, was something I took for granted.

I managed to fit 23 different musical groups into my four years of high school; including multiple choirs and ensembles, marching, concert, and jazz bands and orchestra, plus 3 high school musicals. But it was also in high school that I truly realized how much my parents, especially my mother, struggled to manage on the money they made from their various musical positions

and teaching. Because of a need for more security in my future and my own anxieties growing up, I let my fears convince me that I could not make a career in music. I never wanted to struggle like that, so I continued to sing and play, but mostly for my own enjoyment or to help out my parents in their endeavors. I continued in this manner through college, the military and into civil service.

We moved around pretty frequently, as a result of my husband's military career, so it was hard for me to keep a home church. Since I moved to Browns Mills in 2005, I had been feeling the need to find a church where I could enjoy music and fellowship. It took me a number of years here to get past my inertia and look for a place. Grace Church appealed to me; partly because it reminded me of Old Christ Church in Philly; partly because it had an earlier service; and mostly because it had a pipe organ, a choir, and a Curtis/Juilliard graduate who had started as organist just that month. I came to the church, the week of what would have been my mother's 75<sup>th</sup> birthday, and was blessed by the music and the people. After meeting the organist and the choir director, I returned, joined the choir, and found a home.

Through the most unforeseen of circumstances, I find myself leading the choir that I love, learning about scheduling, conducting, and the Episcopal service. And despite some anxieties, it has been a blessing and a joy; and I realized, not long ago, that God answered a prayer I was unaware I asked. The ability to enjoy and share in music, with none of the feared struggles of a musical career, is an unexpected gift that I can never repay. I thank God, my parents, and Grace Church for the blessed opportunity.

# How I Became an Episcopalian

## Part Two

by: Robert (Bob) Reeves



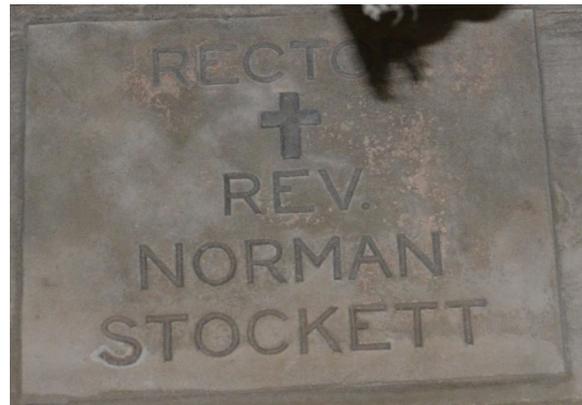
After the New Lisbon Methodist Church Sunday school closed, Mr. & Mrs. Nowell told my parents that the Pemberton Grace Church had a bus that would pick up children to get to their Sunday school. So my parents agreed and I took the church bus to Pemberton, as my parents had no car. Mr. Sam Cowell was the bus driver. He was the chauffeur and gardener for the Whites and also the father of five (5) children who all went to the Episcopal Church. The bus held about 50 children and started from Lemontown, now Garden Terrace in Ft. Dix, then across Pipe Line Road to New Lisbon, then to Magnolia, and finally to Pemberton. When we got to the church on Hanover Street, the bus was full. Sunday School was at 9:30 a.m.; my first teacher was Mr. Bert Jarvis (In this newsletter, there is a letter from Bert's granddaughter announcing a contribution to Grace Church organ fund in his honor). He later became treasurer and warden. His mother and father ran the florist shop in Pemberton. His father had a beautiful tenor voice and served as choir director. After Sunday school was over, I went to church with the Nowells. Church was at 11:00 a.m. It was very different from the Methodist service. They brought me home as they only lived three houses down the street. After a couple of years, they asked me to join the choir.

That church is now the Cranberry Blossom Florist building and the parish hall where we held Sunday school and choir rehearsal, is now the Masonic Hall (both are located on Hanover Street). At that time, the church was overcrowded and they were discussing building a larger church on Elizabeth Street next to

the parsonage. The White family had already donated the land. The architects were Morris and Erskine; Dan Stinger was the builder. He was a mason and carpenter. He was from Browns Mills and later became a member of Grace Church. He moved to Pemberton on Vincetown Road; his house is still there and is faced with the same Arney's Mount stone as the church. The church was started in 1936; finished in 1937. Our first service was held there on Easter 1939.



The basement of Grace Church contains a permanent record in its cement of those involved in the creation of the building.



The Reverend Norman Stockett was the rector of Grace Church when it was located on Hanover Street and was part of the team that designed, funded, and built the new church.

The new church was quite a distance from our parish hall, so they held Sunday school classes in the church which was very congested. Classes were held in the two alcoves in the back of the church, two classes in front of the Nave, another in choir stalls, one small class in back of the pulpit, another class was held upstairs where the

dispute occurred when Dr. Buy's house came up for sale (former Davis homestead). Some thought we should purchase the property and use the house for church-school rooms. We were using Fenwick Hall as classrooms plus the church. We made portable partitions to divide the hall into classrooms. After several parish meetings, the vestry decided to purchase the lot in back of the house for a parking lot and build White Hall for Sunday school classrooms.



The Jarvis family was well represented on the 1937-1938 Grace Church leadership team. Vestry members included F.C. Ashbolt, J. Bradney, A.A. Collins, A. Hippenstiel, J. Nowell and J.R. Rapp.

choir now vests, and yet another downstairs in the sacristy. The parish hall was kept for several more years on Hanover Street. We held our annual meetings there and covered dish suppers.

When our senior warden, Frank Chambers, died around 1940 our steeple was completed and donated in his memory by his wife Elizabeth White Chambers. In the late 1940's we discussed building Fenwick Hall. Mrs. White was a Fenwick and their home is still in New Lisbon as part of the Pinelands Commission. There was quite a controversy over where the hall should be built. The architect, Mr. Bueler wanted the entrance facing Davis Street. The White family wanted it as it now faces. Mr. Bueler resigned. So, Dan Stinger again became the builder. As you see all did not run smoothly. Another

Over the years, discussions were held about expanding the church, abandoning the rectory, and building a new rectory where Green Chapel is now (down by the Rancocas Creek). If you have ever been in the rectory you will see some of the reasons why. The builder couldn't read the blueprints and used inside wall measurements as the outside walls. So, all the rooms are about 16" smaller than they were designed to be and it is almost impossible to get beds upstairs, as the stairway is narrower than it should be.

*Next issue I will tell you about the fire.*

*What a great experience writing this has been for me.*



Steeple donated in honor of Frank Chambers seen from the Inch-by-Inch Garden



The construction workforce also recorded their names for posterity. The columns from left to right contain the names: Allen Stinger, Richard Paul, Bob L. Barckley, Carl J. Wahl, Edward Joyce, Harry Calkinis, Lewis E. Debow, Daniel K. Stinger, Ernest Scroogy, Albert Lewis, Alex Dugalski, Earl H. Shemilia, JA S Scott, Harold Simpkins, Horace Sweet, Albert Hopkins, H. Greenwald, A.J. Atkinson, Ivin Lucas, Allen Hippenstiel, Wm Chambers, M. Boudwin, Harry L. Grant.

# Grace Church's Holtkamp Pipe Organ, #1603

The Grace Church congregation officially moved into our new church building on Easter morning in 1938. A year before the building was completed, Grace contacted an organ builder and authorized the architect to revise the building plans to insure that the design and construction would facilitate music of the utmost beauty and clarity in every part. To avoid too much reverberation or echo, the walls are of a rough sand surface, together with wainscot, doors and trim of white cedar, a very soft wood.

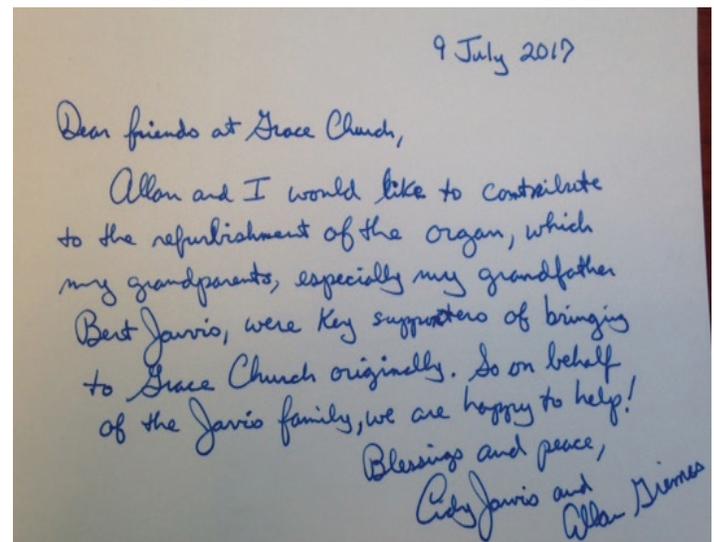
Our organ was built to our specifications by the Voteler-Holtkamp-Sparling (now Holtkamp) Organ Company, Cleveland, Ohio. Grace's senior warden Franklin Chambers and his wife invested much time and effort in their search for just the right builder. They fell in love with Holtkamp organs. The contract for Grace's organ was executed on January 18, 1938, for a total price of \$4,094.00. A service for the dedication of the completed organ took place on September 22, 1938; recital pieces were played by Parvin Titus, organist and choirmaster of Christ Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Our handsome organ is an early example of the now famous Baroque craftsmanship of one of America's oldest and most respected pipe organ builders, tracing its lineage to 1855. Walter Holtkamp, Sr. (1894-1962) was an early pioneer of the organ reform movement in the U.S. whose aesthetics were oriented to church music and composers such as J.S. Bach, Buxtehude, Couperin, and Frescobaldi, rather than to Richard Wagner and other 19th century orchestral composers. Exposed pipe-work is typical, to allow the audience to see and hear the organ better; its acoustics are exquisite. Ours is the first of seven organs built by this company in New Jersey. In 1978, our organ suffered extensive water damage as a result of arson and the subsequent fire suppression. Initial estimates of repairs were \$9,300.00; taking at least ten weeks to complete. The water destroyed the leathers; repair required completely disassembling the organ.

Grace Church's organ has provided music to the glory of God for close to 80 years and helped train many young musicians as they are building their careers as organists and choral conductors. Those who have served

Grace in the last decade while students at Westminster Choir College (WCC) in Princeton have moved on to Trinity Church (Princeton NJ), Christ Church (Shaker Heights OH), Riviera Presbyterian Church (Miami FL), First Presbyterian Church (Moorestown NJ), Grace Church (Gainesville GA), Grace Presbyterian Church, Houston, St. Matthew's Church, Nottingham UK, St. Thomas' Church (Whitemarsh PA), Ripon, Winchester, and Worcester Cathedrals (England), and the Caramoor Music Festival (NY) and have earned advanced degrees in music at WCC, the Cleveland Institute of Music, and University of Florida.

While we have undertaken some significant repairs of our organ over the years and provide regular tuning and maintenance, the estimate for restoration is in the range of \$45,000. We will soon have an updated figure. Please be in touch with the wardens or rector if you might be interested in underwriting the repair and restoration of one or more of the pipes as a gift in honor or in memory of a loved one.



9 July 2017

Dear friends at Grace Church,

Alan and I would like to contribute to the refurbishment of the organ, which my grandparents, especially my grandfather Bert Jarvis, were key supporters of bringing to Grace Church originally. So on behalf of the Jarvis family, we are happy to help!

Blessings and peace,  
Cody Jarvis and  
Allen Dimes

Grace Church received this correspondence from the descendants of W.A. (Burt) Jarvis, the church treasurer, whose name is inscribed in the basement (see the previous page for a picture).

# The Theology of After and In-Between

by: Tomaso Collik-Migliaccio

There is a little diner/restaurant in Hamilton, New Jersey which I have frequented for a long time now. It's not much to look at, but it has done a great business over the years. It's a place that is almost always busy, and always warm and friendly. The food is always good and fresh. For the most part, it's clean and welcoming. The waitresses are fast and chatty, kind of old-fashioned even though most of them are younger than I. Actually, going there feels more like eating with family than with strangers you don't know. It's called simply, "Fame".

Like a lot of other places just like it, there is something that happens every day from about 2 to 4 PM, and that something is — nothing. The breakfast and lunch patrons are all gone for the day and the dinner crowd has yet to arrive. For me, it's the perfect time to be there. The usual hustle/bustle is slowed to a human pace and the air grows quiet with softer conversation and the sounds of getting ready for the next shift. You feel that the staff can take a breath and so can you. It's that "in-between time" that I find so appealing. You can order and eat your meal NOT at the speed of light, but as a human being. You can read without being distracted, talk to a waitress, or just look out the windows. Now hold that thought for a moment.

My parents are both interred side-by-side in the Madonna Mausoleum, also in Hamilton. When my dad and I lived in Trenton, it was just a short walk or drive to Our Lady of Lourdes Cemetery where the mausoleum is located. The cemetery has a policy regarding the placing of flowers at the crypts of loved ones interred there that, at first thought, seemed rather unkind to me. With so many crypts there (the walls are covered with tombs from floor to the very high ceiling) at holiday times it is hard to accommodate all of the family requests for pedestals on which to place baskets or vases of flowers. Flowers are not allowed on the carpeted floor.

You can imagine my grief, not knowing all of the mausoleum rules, the first Christmas after my mother's passing when I found that there were no pedestals left for me to place a holiday bouquet. I was devastated. Mom loved the holidays and our home was always extensively decorated. Well that was eighteen years ago; I have learned to adjust. As a matter of fact, last month I called the cemetery office, the manager and I having become

rather old friends at this point, to say that I would not pester her for a pedestal for Mother's Day (the biggest flower holiday of the year). I waited until the end of the month and requested a pedestal for just the last week. My request was granted with no fanfare at all.

Think of the Cathedral about an hour after Sunday service, or sometime later in the afternoon. The light slants through the stained glass at a different angle. You can stretch out your legs. You can sit back and really speak to, or for that matter, listen to the Lord speaking to you. Think of the "Watch" on the night of Maundy Thursday. Sitting or kneeling, or even walking around the Cathedral proper, in the middle of the night can bring sweet peace.

So much of our lives seem to involve having to be "first" — whether it's in the airport, the supermarket quick check-out line, or just driving on a highway. When you think about it, there can be a whole new way of thinking, behaving, praying, or mediating in the "in-between or after time". I believe we miss a great deal in overlooking this gift given to all of us, so many opportunities just slip through our hands. Remember, Jesus slipped away a lot to think, meditate, and pray. Sometimes in the gospel stories we get the impression that He was always doing or saying something momentous. It may seem that he was always calming a storm, or healing someone, or feeding a multitude, not to mention preaching in a temple or arguing with a Pharisee or two. Not so. If you read closely, you'll see that there are many "in-betweens" in the gospels and they all mean something. They amount to taking a spiritual break from the hurly-burly of His public life. And since we are always being asked to imitate our Savior, why not this as well?

Now summer used to be a time to kick back and slow down a little. Not so anymore. We've been conditioned to believe that we have to cram every little minute with every conceivable activity — from kids' summer camps to taking a cruise. We are told emphatically we must "GET OUT THERE!!!" May I suggest something a little different?

Perhaps this summer we could spend a little more time in the presence of the Lord — after service. Perhaps,

instead of having to absolutely go to that ball game, we might spend the time just gazing at God's starry heaven and appreciating its beauty. Perhaps instead of running off to the next big sale at Macy's or Kohl's, we might linger over our morning coffee and read some of the psalms. Instead of watching the latest "breaking news" on CNN we might simply look out of our window to marvel at the glorious changes in summer weather. We might start keeping a prayer journal for the summer, or take some "in-between or after time" to walk through the quiet of a nearby cemetery. God calls at all times of the year, summer is not an exception. Summer can be a whole different way to use our time. Even those moments that don't seem like very much can be a time to

get to know our faith in a myriad of ways we have never given ourselves a chance to think about.

So as this summer draws to a close, try practicing a little theology that no one need know about. At the pool, or in the kitchen, on the way to work, or on vacation — when that "nothing special/waiting for something to happen" moment presents itself, try the "theology of in-between and after". So many good things can happen, even when you think the time isn't important — and it's such a surprise at what we find.

Happy Summer.

This article was originally published in *The Trinity Times* in 2015.

## Grace Memorial Garden



*A place of reflection and prayer, where we give thanks for our loved ones who are with the saints in light.*



Please consider an endowment to Grace Church honoring a loved one interred in the Grace Memorial Garden.

## Grace Episcopal Church

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Paula Asch, Director of Christian Formation  
 Tara Perrien, Choir Director  
 Carlo Sitoy, Organist  
 Lucia Sharapoff, Office Administrator  
 Kathy Waugh, Sexton  
 PARISH OFFICE HOURS:  
 Tuesdays–Fridays, 9 a.m.-2 p.m.

### Leadership Team

Wardens: Kathy Waugh, Bill Shorman  
 Vestry: Paula Asch, Sadie Durham, Bill Gaffney, Kathleen Gruver, Rick Hunt, Tara Perrien, Wayne Sabin, Dave Tuck, Joan Hess  
 Clerk: Tara Perrien  
 Treasurer: Ingrid Welsh  
 Rector: See Discernment Committee  
 Editorial Team: Kathy Waugh, Tomaso Collik-Migliaccio, Jane T. Brady-Close  
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