

SPRING 2023

JOURNEYS

A PUBLICATION OF ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH



PRISON MINISTRY

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HENRY O. HEAD

MAC MAYFIELD

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JUSTICE FOR ALL

MAC MAYFIELD

In January 2023, Kathy McGregor and I traveled to Atlanta and attended the Multi-faith Conference to Ending Mass Incarceration. It was hosted by the historic Ebenezer Baptist Church and the equally historic but less widely known Temple Synagogue. The purpose of this annual conference is to bring together faith communities so that we can work together to help stop the human rights catastrophe of mass incarceration.

At the conference, a sermon was preached on a passage from the gospel of John. In it, the resurrected Christ stands on the shore and calls out to the apostles, who have been fishing all night without a catch. Jesus, who is not yet recognized, tells the apostles to put their nets down on the other side of the boat, changing their luck and resulting in a bountiful haul. The challenge from the pulpit was for us to interrogate our current systems, to challenge our current perceptions, and to have the courage to try a

different way of doing things. We know, intellectually, that it does not make sense to do things the same way over and over again and expect different results. So perhaps, if we do something different and put our nets down on the other side of the other side of the boat, we might encounter more favorable outcomes.

I was not always aware of the problems of incarceration, and I certainly did not always know that these problems exist here locally. Several years ago, when Ann Harbison was a Justice of the Peace on the Quorum Court, we would have coffee together in the Welcome Center after the 7:30 service. I remember her being so upset about how all these pre-trial people were being held at the Washington County Detention Center. I was retiring around that time and started looking into this issue, mainly because Ann was mentioning it frequently. You start to peel that onion and you can quickly see how terrible this can be for people, especially those who don't have the resources

YOU START TO PEEL THAT ONION AND YOU CAN QUICKLY SEE HOW TERRIBLE THIS CAN BE FOR PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE THE RESOURCES TO MAKE BAIL. THEY CAN LOSE THEIR JOBS, THEY CAN LOSE THEIR KIDS, AND THEY ARE STUCK IN JAIL FOR A LONG TIME JUST WAITING FOR THEIR DAY IN COURT.

to make bail. Once someone gets caught up in that system, they can lose their jobs, they can lose their kids, and they are stuck in the jail for a long, long time just waiting for their day in court. I'm talking about nonviolent offenders, traffic tickets, vagrancy—it's like we've somehow created a debtor's prison. This is truly disruptive for people and their families. It's devastating.

Most of the time, failure-to-appear warrants happen because people need to work or they need to be responsible for their kids. If someone needs to get from Elkins to Farmington, for example, and they don't have a car, then they're either hitchhiking or spending all day trying to get to the district court. And the court usually wants people there at 8:00 am, but there is no guarantee that they'll be able to leave by any certain time. So you can imagine the kind of stress that can put on people and their families.

When The Bail Project came to Northwest Arkansas, one of the gaps they worked to address was matching volunteer drivers with people needing transportation to court-related appointments. One of these people lived about three miles from me, and I started driving him to a regular weekly appointment with his parole officer. We spent a lot of time together and I got to know him. Talking with him, I couldn't help but think, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." I know I did

some stuff as a teenager that I am not proud of, but the difference here is that the cops gave me a break and a ride home. Not everyone is so lucky.

That's what really sparked my passion for this issue—making connections with these people, and being able to recognize what we share in common as well as the unjust structures that affect us differently. In the early days of the pandemic, David Jolliffe asked me to help bring lunch over to the homeless camp in South Fayetteville. I started going over there and sitting down to talk with people, many of whom are considered felons. That was an experience that I had not had before and I'm not sure I would have had otherwise. Up until then, I wouldn't have normally come across these people in my day to day life or I might have crossed the street if I saw them walking toward me.

I've been taught a lot of things in my life that I know intellectually, but they take longer to sink in on a deeper level. In Atlanta, we learned that abolition is still relevant today. Local policing has its roots in controlling enslaved people, and many of our penitentiaries in the south are located on former plantations. Our justice system and social structures continue to carry biases that result in unequal outcomes that are often based on race. Scripture is wonderfully full of references to visiting the prisoner and shaking the walls down and opening the jail.



I've known those stories for forever, but spending time with folks experiencing adversity and getting to know their stories is what really helped me start to understand issues around the justice system on a deeper level.

I've learned a lot along the way, but my information is nowhere near complete. I've learned that the warrant clinics that St. Paul's host are good because give people a space where they can be proactive in dealing with their legal issues and they don't have to look over their shoulder the whole time. They can help prevent people from going to jail and from losing their jobs and their kids. These clinics are also good because they help keep our law enforcement officers safe. One of the most dangerous things that police routinely do is knock on a door to serve a warrant.

In Atlanta, we learned about other types of clinics that churches and faith communities are hosting. One is called an expungement clinic, where people can come

in and get their records sealed through the prosecuting attorney. This means that a person has paid their time, their fines and fees, and their debt to society is considered handled. More importantly, though, it means that they can apply for jobs without having to disclose a mistake they made in the past. They would no longer be required to check that box on a job application that asks *Have you ever been convicted of a crime?* which can often be a dealbreaker. Also, by no longer being considered a felon, they would regain the opportunity to vote in elections on the issues that affect them. It benefits all of us to bring people back into our communities and for them to not be marginalized in these aspects.

I want to share a few more takeaways from the conference. We were given an exhortation to make our time count because it is truly God-given. Every inhale is a prayer for another moment, and every exhale is the granting of that prayer. This is something I have

SCRIPTURE IS WONDERFULLY FULL OF REFERENCES TO VISITING THE PRISONER AND OPENING THE JAIL. I'VE KNOWN THOSE STORIES FOR FOREVER, BUT SPENDING TIME WITH FOLKS AND GETTING TO KNOW THEIR STORIES REALLY HAS HELPED ME UNDERSTAND ISSUES AROUND THE JUSTICE SYSTEM ON A DEEPER LEVEL.

kept with me and often return to. I want to make my time count, but also, I continue doing this work because it really can be a lot of fun. It's a worthy cause, of course, and I could pat myself on the back (and I do, a little). But everybody I've met who is involved with this work is genuinely joyful about doing it. I am sure the Community Meals volunteers must feel similarly. You get to experience the comradery with the people who are working alongside you, and you also get to connect with the people who you're serving. It's very fulfilling.

We were reminded that our current cultural narrative about crime is driving many of our decision-makers to put resources in the wrong place. Are we really safer building more jail cells, or should we look to other solutions? The evidence of community support, mental health resources, and other humane services tells me that we should do something different and lower our nets on the other side of the boat. There are plenty of cheaper, more humane, evidence-based solutions happening in other places that we could at least try here locally.

People of faith have the best stories to tell and we at St. Paul's are in contact with lots of people affected by the justice system. We have so many ministries here dedicated to various aspects of prison work. The people of St. Paul's work to help prevent unnecessary

incarceration, we minister to people who are currently imprisoned, and we strive to support people who have returned to the outside world and are rebuilding their lives. We do a little bit of all of that here. As people of faith, we have an opportunity to change the narrative around incarceration from fear to love, and from punishment to redemption and true justice—and we can do this with God's help. ✚





WITNESSING GROWTH

SHANNON DILLARD MITCHELL

Like many other folks at St. Paul's, I was first made aware of the Magdalene Serenity House model from the work of the Rev. Becca Stevens in Nashville and the Thistle Farms project. When St. Paul's began exploring the idea of starting a similar program in Fayetteville, I attended the small group planning meetings and looked for ways I might be of service to this community outreach project. Once the Magdalene House group residence opened, I offered to help "wherever needed"—which is pretty easy, as I live just around the corner from the house.

Over the years I have volunteered in several capacities, but most recently I have served as a driver—transporting residents to meetings, appointments, and to their jobs. I appreciate the flexibility of this volunteer opportunity, as I can just plug in whenever I am available on a weekly basis. (And kudos to Liz, the volunteer coordinator for Magdalene House, who organizes the schedule on a spreadsheet and sends it out to all of the drivers so we can easily sign up, as needed.) I am an early riser, so this, plus my proximity to the house, makes it fairly easy for me to cover the early morning shifts, which might not be as convenient for other volunteers.

From driving residents to various appointments, I've learned more about what the Magdalene House program entails. I have brought the women to 12-step meetings, to counseling, medical, and dental appointments, to meet with parole officers, and to the hair salon—all of which are part of the rebuilding process for these women. They have to look for employment, find jobs, and then get themselves to work, which would be impossible without reliable transportation. Most of the women begin saving for their own cars as soon as they begin earning money at their jobs, so although I miss driving them once they get their own vehicles, I recognize what a major accomplishment that is for them.

What I really enjoy about being a volunteer is getting to know the residents individually. At first they may be reserved and quiet, but as we are in the car together on a regular basis, they begin to share more about their goals and dreams for life after they graduate from the Magdalene House program. Many of the women are also mothers, and knowing how hard they are working toward rebuilding their relationships with their children and families is very inspiring. Being a



witness to the growth they make during their time at Magdalene House is one of the most rewarding aspects of being a volunteer, and I share with the staff the sense of pride in these women's achievements.

But there are disappointments and heartbreak, as well. The Magdalene House program is very structured and it does not work out for everyone. There have been several residents who have had to leave before they have completed the two-year program. A few years ago, I drove a young woman to work almost daily for many months—during which time I felt like I got to know her pretty well and we had some deep and meaningful conversations—but she broke the house rules and had to leave. That is always tough to see happen, especially when you have a built up a special connection with that person.

As the mother of two daughters, I understand how difficult it can be for any young woman to make it to adulthood without facing major challenges or

setbacks, and I am mindful that “there but for the grace of God...” is a true statement! It is humbling to be of service to these women who did not have such an easy time of it, but who demonstrate incredible resilience and willingness to improve their future by their participation in this program—and I am grateful for the opportunity to help contribute to their success.

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THE STORIES WE'VE BEEN TOLD

JANE V. BLUNSCHI

I am: funny, smart, warm, moody, spoiled, naïve, calm, rude, polite, stable, creative, artistic, a quick thinker, fat, beautiful, not that cute, sisterly, motherly, young, divorced.

I am not: funny, very smart, motherly, good at math, in possession of strong spatial relations, rude, polite, married, a mother.

I have been working with the Northwest Arkansas Prison Story Project since 2015, leading participants in exercises designed to help them tell their personal stories in a way that is concrete, specific, and vivid. To do this, I choose works of contemporary poetry and prose (mostly poetry, though) for the group to read and discuss, and I parse out a prompt from those works, and we write. I search the poem for some

anchor or foothold, a place from which to make a question.

I was taught how to do this by Katie Nichol, who was the director of creative writing for the program for several years. Twice a week for about four months, I sat in a circle with Katie and a group of incarcerated women and read and listened to Katie make questions from poems. Before long, I could see questions in the texts, too, and then I started seeing questions in every poem I read, no matter where I was sitting. I won't say that I have reliably reached answers to most of these questions in my responses, and sometimes I can't respond at all. Literature speaks to our emotions, and exploring the whys and wherefores can be exceedingly painful.

IN THE CIRCLES OF INCARCERATED WRITERS I HAVE WORKED WITH, I HAVE WITNESSED PEOPLE WORKING THROUGH THE DETAILS OF THEIR MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS TO TELL THEIR PERSONAL STORIES.

I am: a Virgo, left handed, a middle child, a good listener, caring, open-minded, my Mom's favorite, a picky eater, too sensitive, insensitive, tall, sarcastic, kind, tender-hearted, tender-headed, a writer.

I am not: a singer, an artist, a team-player, good at communication, easy-going, dishonest, caring, insensitive, tall.

We'd just wrapped a session in late 2019 when the pandemic began, halting our visits to the prison or anywhere else. Our attempts to return have been delayed by surges of Covid and scheduling challenges, but as of this writing, it looks like we'll be back in the circle of writers in March, to discuss Susan Burton's memoir, *Becoming Mrs. Burton*. I'm grateful for that.

I'll be bringing a different set of prompts this time, and we'll make some new questions to answer as we work, but for the first time in a very, very long time, I'll also bring answers to a few of my own big questions, and conclusions I have tentatively drawn. What I now know, after a time of long reflection on the stories I have heard from incarcerated women about their lives and a time of long reflection on stories about my own life is that we are living the stories people have told us about ourselves most of the time.

Of course we are. We look around us to find out how to be people, and how to live in the world. We learn about our strengths and weaknesses, our attributes and talents, and our virtues and shortcomings from our parents, siblings and other family members. We

are told what kind of student and citizen we are by the institutions we are in contact with. This is just a brief list of possible voices in the chorus telling our stories to us, and the messages we get are often deeply internalized, for better or worse.

In the circles of incarcerated writers I have worked with, I have witnessed people working through the details of their memories and impressions to tell their personal stories. Also present in those memories and impressions are the messages they have collected along the way about who they are, often based on the memories and impressions of other people and institutions, messages influenced and shaped by words and actions that have caused pain and disappointment, among other emotions.

I am: a poor student, a quick learner, an overachiever, at the top of my class, talented, average, full of promise.

I am not: talented, average, spontaneous, loud, quiet, friendly, reserved, extroverted.

Think of the stories you know about yourself. In bold here, I have offered details of the stories I have been told about myself—about who I have been told I am. You will notice that some of these details are simple facts: I am left handed; I am divorced. Some of them are opinions I have co-opted: my spatial relations? Not good (right?). There is overlap and contradiction. There is truth and there is some major bs that I am still attempting to lovingly unlearn.



It has always been sort of difficult for me to articulate the reasons why I have felt drawn to storytelling and working with incarcerated writers. Even more challenging is describing the way the act of writing and then telling a story while others simply listen can feel powerfully restorative and healing. What I know is that there is a certain amount of courage and dignity inherent in the action of writing and telling your own story, and that once you know it, your story is something that can't ever be taken away.

Will you tell the story of yourself with power and love?

Friends, I encourage you to give it a try:

I am:

I am not:

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NWACCC BAPTISMS

PHOTOS BY HENRY O. HEAD

On September 11, 2022, we celebrated baptisms and the renewal of baptismal vows for members of our Eucharistic congregation at the Northwest Arkansas Community Corrections Center in Fayetteville.



FOR PRISONS & CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Lord Jesus, for our sake you were condemned as a criminal: Visit our jails and prisons with your pity and judgment.

Remember all prisoners, and bring the guilty to repentance and amendment of life according to your will, and give them hope for their future.

When any are held unjustly, bring them release; forgive us, and teach us to improve our justice.

Remember those who work in these institutions; keep them humane and compassionate; and save them from becoming brutal or callous.

And since what we do for those in prison,

O Lord, we do for you,

constrain us to improve their lot.

All this we ask for your mercy's sake. Amen.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, PAGE 826





FOR THE OPPRESSED

Look with pity, O heavenly Father,
upon the people in this land
who live with injustice, terror, disease,
and death as their constant companions.
Have mercy upon us.

Help us to eliminate our cruelty
to these our neighbors.

Strengthen those who spend their lives
establishing equal protection of the law
and equal opportunities for all.

And grant that every one of us may enjoy
a fair portion of the riches of this land;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, PAGE 826



MAKING CONTACT

THE REV. KATHY MCGREGOR

CONTENT WARNING: DESCRIPTIONS OF VIOLENCE

In 1998 I was held up at gunpoint in the driveway of my home in Memphis by two young men wearing ski masks. My date for the evening was driving me home early as the date was not going as we had planned. The restaurant we had planned to have dinner was closed. The movie we had hoped to see was no longer playing. In the awkward silence of a date not going well, and for some reason that I can't recall, I told my date that I bet I could remember all the words to the song, *Ode to Billy Joe*. We pulled into my driveway just as I was beginning the second verse...*And papa said to mama, as he passed around the black-eyed peas. Well, Billy Joe never had a lick of sense; pass the biscuits, please...*when suddenly my date's car door was flung open and one of the young men placed a gun at my date's head.

By the time I realized what was happening, I was being pulled out of the passenger side by the other young man wearing a ski mask and wielding a gun. I tried to reason with him but it only took a moment for me to realize that reasoning with him wasn't going to work because of what I couldn't see in his eyes, clearly visible in the ski mask. His eyes. There was

nobody home. They were without light, depth, soul, or understanding. There was about as much a chance of reasoning with him as there would have been if I'd encountered a wild animal on a walk in the woods instead of in my driveway on a date gone wrong.

He and his accomplice marched us both into the farthest corner of my backyard with our hands up and their guns at our backs. They forced us to our knees, hands still up. Thinking we were about to be executed, the world suddenly changed. Time seemed to slow down. Then something else happened: I could feel each drop of dew under my knees. I could smell the grass as I never had before and practically *feel* the grass growing; and I could hear night sounds as if that sounded like a beautiful symphony; and, curiously, the sound of my date's car keys arcing through the air and landing in the yard next door. And then the sound of their footsteps running away. The moment of utter clarity that I assume one can only feel when one thinks they are about to die, left and returned to the more appropriate response that surviving such trauma brings on.



SOON, I DIDN'T SO MUCH AS PRAY THE PRAYER AS THE PRAYER BEGAN PRAYING *ME*.

It didn't take long for PTSD to settle in after the driveway ordeal. At the time of the hold-up, I was serving as Parish Nurse for a United Church of Christ in Memphis, and I sought council with my minister, Cheryl. I told her about the lack of humanity in my assailant's eyes, how it looked like there was nobody home. I told her how hopeless I felt and she suggested that this really wasn't such a hopeless situation for me, after all. Because my life had been spared, she reasoned that I now had the power to pray for a psychic change for these young men. She suggested that I could pray for their humanity to return. She said that praying for them might save them from themselves and might even save some other potential victims. I thought this was a terrible idea and I said so. What about me!? I could not see past wanting to save myself at this point. But Cheryl insisted that I at least try. She made me promise that I would after she prayed the first prayer to get me going.

At first, home alone with my PTSD, the prayer felt awkward and stupid, and it was full of resentment. I was never very good at prayer and now I was even worse at it. Rev. Cheryl was a very important person in my life, though, and had helped me find my way out of the way of myself many times before so I deeply trusted her and, as much as I didn't believe this would work, I began praying for a psychic change for those young men.

As badly as my prayer for my assailants began, it soon fell into the rhythm of my other prayers. Soon, I didn't so much as pray the prayer as the prayer began praying *me*.

It wasn't long before I settled into becoming more comfortable pulling into and out of my driveway

without a panic. Eventually the young men were caught. I didn't go to court when their charges came up, so I didn't get another chance to look in their eyes. But the prayer never left me. For years I added others to that prayer and I prayed for psychic change in people and things gone wrong without much conscience thinking. And then something else happened.

* * *

It was 2016 and I was headed down I-49 from Fayetteville, Arkansas to Little Rock, then I-530 through Pine Bluff into a flat and depressed Delta landscape, twenty-nine miles to Varner Supermax Prison down Highway 388. I was travelling with Matt Henriksen, the creative writing director for the Prison Story Project, along with the poet, Geoffrey Davis. We were following the St. Paul's Episcopal Church van carrying six actors and a musician. We were headed to Varner Supermax Prison's Death Row to present writing we collected from eleven Death Row writers over the previous six months in the form of a staged reading. Our theatre director, Troy Schremmer, had edited their writing into a script and our actors would present their work to them before we took their writing to the public.

Geoffrey was sitting in the back seat and he was nervous, contemplating what it would be like to encounter the men on Death Row for the first time. Matt and I had been going to Varner to work with the men once a month for six months. Geoffrey knew our hearts were deeply invested in this work and in the men we had come to know and love. He trusted us for good advice. He asked me what I thought was the single most important thing he might do upon meeting the men. I told Geoffrey to look them in the eyes.



DEATH HOUSE BY DON DAVIS, WHO LIVES ON DEATH ROW IN ARKANSAS. CONSTRUCTED WITH FOUND MATERIALS. GIFTED TO KATHY MCGREGOR.

I do not remember telling him this. I only learned that I answered his question in that way, months later, when all of the Prison Story Project team were sitting in a group therapy session with a kind therapist, as we grappled with our grief over the mass executions of men on Arkansas' Death Row just 6 months after we had left our writers there. Four of our writers were on a list of eight men to be executed by the state, two at a time, just after Easter 2017. There wasn't much time before one of the 3-drug protocol drugs expired, so the "kill by" dates were set to the "use by" date on the drug's label.

When Geffrey told the therapist that I suggested he "look them in the eyes," I suddenly recalled the prayer that Cheryl had asked me to pray all those years before. It was a stunning moment for me.

I believe that the last thing the victims of the men who were guilty of the murders they were charged with must have seen, was that same blank, soulless look that I saw in my assailants' eyes that day in my

driveway. But sitting in that group therapy session and being reminded of what I told Geffrey, I had the kind of realization that came from a place of knowing so deep and powerful in my soul that, in that moment, I knew that the prayer Cheryl started me praying all those years ago had been heard and answered. Not on my time, and maybe not on the young men in my driveway that day, but I imagine that God throws a pretty wide net when it comes to prayer answering. The men I had come to know and love so deeply in such a forgotten place as Death Row, guilty or not, looked us square in the eye with eyes that were full of humanity, compassion, self-forgiveness, redemption, worth, and love.

They say hope springs eternal. I found the place it springs from that day, sitting in a circle with a kind therapist, grieving with my dear friends, and experiencing a profound answer to a prayer that started nineteen years and three-hundred miles away.

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JUSTICE & OUTREACH MINISTRIES

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/OUTREACH

BECOMING BELOVED COMMUNITY works to dismantle racism and foster healing, justice, and reconciliation within our parish and the wider community. We meet the 1st & 3rd Wednesdays at 6:30 pm. You are invited to join us in our work, either as an active participant or by attending future events and workshops.

STAFF CONTACT Samantha Clare

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/BBC

COMMUNITY MEALS serves a hot, balanced lunch twice-weekly to hungry people from all walks of life.

LEADER Grace Cleghorn

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/COMMUNITY-MEALS

COMMUNITY MEALS ANGEL BASKET collects scarves, hats, gloves, and socks, which are then distributed in gift bags to our Community Meals guests at the annual Christmas dinner.

STAFF CONTACT Pete Kinkel-Schuster

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/ANGEL-TREE

ENNEAGRAM ESSENTIALS teaches teaches the Enneagram system of personality types to incarcerated women at NWACCC.

LEADER Kaye Bernard

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/ENNEAGRAM-ESSENTIALS

FRIENDLY FRIDGE offers a grassroots, crowdsourced solution to immediate and local need. Located just outside the Welcome Center, this refrigerator can be accessed 24 hours a day and be filled with properly labeled, dated, and sealed items.

LEADER Grace Cleghorn

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/FRIENDLY-FRIDGE

HARM REDUCTION includes needle exchange, condoms, and blood pressure checks. Harm reduction is available during Community Meals on Mondays and Wednesdays.

LEADER Kathy McGregor

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/HARM-REDUCTION

DICK JOHNSTON CHILDREN'S CAMP hosts kids age 8 - 12 years old who have at least one parent incarcerated. Kids from all over Arkansas—many of whom would not otherwise have a summer camp experience—are invited to participate for free.

LEADER Kristi Palmer

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/DJCC

JUSTICE FOR ALL helps to lower incarceration rates by supporting our fellow citizens with their court-related obligations prior to trial. Trained volunteers connect pre-trial defendants with social services and assist with reminders and transportation so that they may meet their appointments with the courts and avoid a devastating cycle of fines and fees.

LEADER Mac Mayfield

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/JUSTICE-FOR-ALL

LITTLE FREE PANTRY Located just outside the Welcome Center, the pantry can be filled with sealed, non-perishable items and accessed 24 hours a day.

LEADER Rebecca Gilmer

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/LITTLE-FREE-PANTRY

NWACCC EUCHARIST MINISTRY A team of clergy and lay volunteers meet weekly and celebrate a full Eucharist service with incarcerated women at Northwest Arkansas Community Corrections Center in downtown Fayetteville.

LEADER Evelyn Elledge

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/NWACCC-EUCHARIST

PRISON STORY PROJECT helps bridge the gap between inmates and the communities they are members of through the healing art of story.

LEADER Kathy McGregor

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/PRISON-STORIES

SCHOOL SUPPLY DRIVE Our annual school supply drive collects new backpacks and supplies for local elementary school students as they start a new school year.

LEADER Tara Lechtenberger

WWW.STPAULSFAY.ORG/SCHOOL-SUPPLIES



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Sundays: 7:30 am • 8:45 am • 11:00 am

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