



St. John's United Church of The United Church of Canada

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<https://www.facebook.com/groups/16465565858>

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Office Hours: M-F, 9am–1pm

PASTORAL LETTER

Oct. 24, 2025

Last Thursday night, I stayed up very, very late working on Alberta MacLellan's "Celebration of Life" sermon. She didn't want us to call it a funeral because she didn't want anyone to be sad. Well, parts of it were by nature and there were lots of laughs and lots of tears. As I said in the opening remarks that I would have challenged Alberta on that because I believe in a good "church" funeral and that I put the "fun" in funeral! I do my best to keep it uplifting and there was a lot of laughter at her gathering. It's like a family saying, "We don't want anyone to be sad! It's a celebration of life!" and then everyone cries through the eulogy, which is then followed up by a song like "Hallelujah" by Leonard Cohen or "In the Garden." But I digress.

Alberta's son, Vaughn, shared a eulogy of her life that was all-encompassing. It doesn't surprise me, given that he's a lawyer. I asked him for a copy of it afterward. He did make me laugh when he said that his mother had guided St. John's through its identity crisis all those years ago. When it was time for the reception, there were so many stories of Alberta. So many friends who'd never connected before; family who came from Nova Scotia, whom we all had never met. We all had her in common. A lot of people introduced themselves to me, which was nice because there are so many connections to our church.

When it came time to go to the cemetery, I drove in the hearse. You have all heard me say often that "we're all just walking each other home," and this felt like that. When we arrived at the cemetery, the staff were there as we carried the casket to the grave. One young woman said, "That's a beautiful casket!" and her co-worker agreed and said that he'd never seen one like that. When I'm with the cemetery staff before the family arrives, I always tell them about the person. I said, "Alberta loved young people and she would have known your names and where you're from!" Sadly, a week later, forty headstones would be knocked over by vandals in the historic section of the cemetery. "They've survived 150 years over there," said cemetery President, Jim Rogers.



After the Service of Committal was over, the family stood at the graves of their mother and father. Alberta was laid to rest beside her husband, Dr. Don MacLellan. Alberta and Don had adopted several of their children, and here they were together, after decades of being a family, still being a family held together in love. We all gave hugs and said our goodbyes. I went back to the church to do some work for Sunday, even though I was extremely tired and very sad, and very thankful for the life of Alberta. Later on, the Funeral Home Director arrived at the church with arrangements of flowers and trays of sandwiches that were left over. As we carried them into the freezer in the Karing Kitchen, I said to him, "I hope you're done for the day," and he said, "I hope you are too." We were both tired.

Since it was Thanksgiving weekend, it was so vibrant outside with the leaves turning colour in the cemetery and all around the church. By this point, I had a headache and decided it was time to close the books and go for a walk. My wife had driven to Sackville to bring our daughter home, and she came to get me later in the day. The next day, they all went to the Green Pig while I wrote. I first stopped at the market for a limenade! A guy who used to come to church said, "You're looking good, Aaron!" I smiled and said hi as I marched towards that juice!



On Thanksgiving Sunday, there was a really nice crowd in church, almost 150. We blessed the backpacks of the children who had returned to school and prayed for teachers and support workers and those who feed children breakfasts and lunches. We have 20 children registered for Sunday School, and it was nice that so many of them could be there with us that day.

After church, I went to People's Park Tower to lead the Thanksgiving service there. They are always so warm and welcoming, even if I don't always know the hymns. I just sing them loud anyway. It's usually things like, "There is power in the blood!" We had communion. Our church provides the musicians and chooses the hymns. Rev. Mel Fawcett joined me on the piano this time. He's a fabulous player, and he can do the old style of hymns that I remember from years ago with the embellishments and improvisation. He knew these hymns well!

When I announced the first hymn at People's Park as being #81, a woman shouted from her pew, "No! It's #54!" I said, "No, it isn't! It's #81!" She said, "It's #54!" I didn't realize that I had stomped on someone's territory, so after the first hymn, I just looked at Mel, and we did the hymns that she had picked instead of the ones we chose. Never pick a fight with a Pentecostal. They have Holy Ghost power on their side. I'm not sure what power we have in the United Church; however, I'm sure it's probably the theological equivalent of hummus or some other vegetable dip.

Afterward, I said hello to some church friends who live at People's Park. My wife and daughter were out running errands for our turkey dinner that night, so I texted her that she could come get me at any time. We had invited the Rev. Susan Estabrooks for dinner, and she politely accepted our invitation, and she even brought a pumpkin pie she had made. It's nice to invite new people to dinner. We loved having her, and she is a wonderful and knowledgeable conversationalist with a terrific sense of humour. Allie played the piano for us after supper, which was nice as she doesn't play so much anymore.



That night, we were also joined by our niece from Saint John, Katie, and her partner, Caleb, who manages the Imperial Theatre in Saint John. I said, "Tell me about the ghosts!" Unfortunately, they seem to have only a boring ghost who is fascinated with elevators. A friend of mine, who is part of a ghost-hunting show in Nova Scotia, was filming in Cape Breton at the old Malagawatch Church at the Highland Village in Iona. She messaged me, "Is it haunted?" I said, "No, the spirit went out of that place ages ago." Not that I am sure that I believe in such things, but it's a fun topic to get people going!

Later that night, I felt unwell. I knew something was descending on my body as my sinuses filled and my muscles ached. I had been around hundreds of people in small spaces over the past few days, so I figured someone had given me something. Alberta's sons had messaged me the day before about dropping off items from her house at the church. On Monday morning, I said a prayer to Lazarus that I might be resurrected. I had told the guys I was under the weather, but they didn't seem to mind as they had a short window of time to drop these items off, and I kept my distance as much as possible as we loaded stuff into the church basement. One of them said, "I'm surprised you're at the office on Thanksgiving Monday!" I just smiled. Lori-Ann had taken Halo and the kids for a walk in the park, so I waited for them to come get me after we finished unloading.

Lori-Ann had meetings in Fredericton later in the week, so I was on deck for keeping everyone alive for a few days. On Saturday afternoon, I had a wedding for a couple who were both widows but they had found love again. They knew each other in high school, and I was very touched by their story. I drove to their home in Riverview in the rain. I walked into the house, filled with people sitting in chairs in the living room. Elsa Sage was at the door, so she and I had a little talk. She was the Maid of Honour, and she looked beautiful, so I said, "Let's take a photo!"



Before the wedding, I met a man to whom I said, "You look familiar," and he replied, without a smile, "I'm a member of your church!" I leaned in and squinted and said, "I don't think you are. I would know." He told me that he had quit years ago because of the controversy surrounding a former minister, the Rev. Bob Hussey. Bob and Doreen have gone on to their glory, and I think it's time we left them alone and let them rest. We're all abundantly human. The church has moved on. We aren't even the same church anymore. After 21 years as your minister, I'm tired of rehashing the old arguments from well before my time with former members who won't move on or let go of the past.

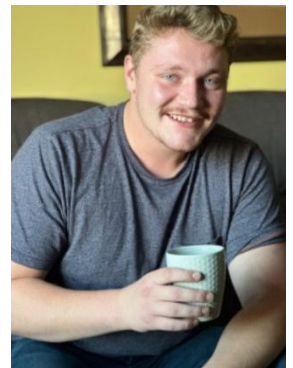


When I walked into the kitchen, I came face-to-face with my old elementary school teacher from Sydney Mines. Jerry used to be my neighbour, too, and it was so wonderful seeing her again after two decades. We gave each other the biggest hug, and she almost broke a rib now that she teaches yoga! We caught up on life a bit. She's such a wonderful person. She's one of those teachers who never gave up on her students, and she challenged each of us to be the best students. Everyone knew you didn't get away with anything when it came to her. Her husband was there, and he was a music teacher. It was nice to finally meet him! Jerry knew my mother very well, and she always said that I was her favourite student. More than that, she always wished that if she had boys that they would turn out like me. I asked, "Did they?" She laughed and said, "NO!"

When it came time for the wedding to start, music played, and the groom and his brother took their place. The bride walked down the hall, and she was stunning as her groom greeted her. I never make eye contact with the couple in those moments because it's so personal. I just bow my head and smile. The photographer was a firecracker, and as everyone took their place, I stood back and let her get photos of all of these friends and family standing there. They wrote their own vows, which were quite funny. One line included that she would always make him breakfast and that she would open the foil on the butter, which is a sensation that he dislikes. I thought, "I get that!" I pronounced them husband and wife and immediately ducked around the corner per my instructions that I wasn't to be in that particular photo!

We signed the papers and made it official, and I offered a blessing on both of them. I noticed when I was standing in the kitchen that the urns of their previous spouses were on display in a cabinet, along with the urns of former rescue dogs, and I thought, "You know what? I get it." When I mentioned it to the groom, he smiled and said, "Yes, when it comes time, we'll all be buried together." There are some kind and good people in this world, and I was very pleased to have just married two of them.

After the wedding, I drove to meet with my friends Liz and Scott, whose 27-year-old son, Anthony, had just died on Thanksgiving Day. In the obituary, his parents wrote, "In Anthony's memory, if you or someone you care about is struggling, please reach out. There is never a wrong time to talk to a friend or comfort a loved one. Let his legacy be one of kindness, courage, and connection." A dear friend of ours was with them when I arrived. She had lost her young son the year before. They all go to the same church, and we all know each other from camping. Liz and Scott are the kind of parents every kid should have. Anthony was their only child.



Liz and Scott said to me, “We are being honest with everyone about Anthony’s death because it might save a life.” I often hear from parents in this situation who articulate, “If love were enough, they’d still be here.” Anthony was a bright light in our community. He gave so much to so many. On the outside, it looked like he had the world. But he was suffering. Scott and Liz now know and believe in their hearts that their son is with Jesus, as they have articulated it. They believe that he knows life more abundantly now that he is no longer in pain. But there will always be tears. I’ve known them for years. They come to church for Christmas Eve. We sat in their living room, the three of us, held hands, and prayed. Of course, I was crying as I left. But, since Jesus wept at the tomb of a friend, I think it’s ok for ministers to cry, too. It’s either that or an ulcer.

After church on Sunday morning, I met a family who were visiting from Cape Breton, which always warms my heart. Her name is Dr. Vanessa Ogundipe, who practices geriatric medicine in Cape Breton. Her husband is a doctor there, too, who specializes in infectious diseases and internal medicine. She was there with her two daughters. People were talking with them at coffee hour after church, so I walked up and said hello. She then told me her family’s connection to St. John’s Church, which I asked her to email so I could keep it straight. Dr. Ogundipe wrote:

“It was wonderful to meet you today. Here are the details I shared with you regarding my family’s connection to the church at the time of its construction. Jonathan Weir, of Scotland, was an elder of St. John’s United Church (then called St. John’s Presbyterian Church) from 1857, and part of the building committee at the time of its construction from 1882-1884. He owned a machine shop on Foundry Street and was also a member of the City Council of Moncton in 1892. He married Agnes Park, and they settled in Moncton and had 13 children. Vanessa Ogundipe (nee Weir) is the great-great-great granddaughter of Jonathan Weir, and great-great granddaughter of Robert Weir, with daughters Sophia and Gabriela Ogundipe, visiting from Sydney, Nova Scotia.”



While she was exploring the sanctuary after church, Vanessa discovered a window that mentions her family name. I took a photo of her and her daughters in front of it. What a lovely, life-affirming moment!

When I walked out of the sanctuary, a woman (originally from Pakistan, I believe) met me and said she hadn’t been to church in a while because she was a new mother. “Will you baptize or dedicate our baby?” she asked. I said, “I most certainly will!” She was so kind and sweet as she spoke of her family.

After church, we drove to the wake for Anthony. When we arrived, a group of young people wearing football jerseys was huddled in a circle with coaches. When they were finished, and only then, did people walk towards the door. There were so many people lined up that the funeral home staff had to arrange it so that we followed the walls along the building, so that more people could enter. A staff member came over and said hello to me. We saw Mike Read, the Funeral Home Director, whom I introduced to my wife. I sometimes forget that she doesn’t know all these people I spend so much time with, caring for people. Mike is, without a doubt, called to this work. I have so much respect for him. Ironically, Mike’s mom came to say hello at the last time I was with Alberta MacLellan and said that they were new friends, as she’s a resident there. Mike also comes to church on Christmas Eve, where he sat beside Scott and Liz last year, and they all remembered each other. His niece was dating their son when he passed. What a world.

When it was our turn in line, Lori-Ann hugged Liz, and they had a moment. I hugged Scott and said that Anthony had the best dad. I stood in front of the casket and said a prayer for Anthony. He was so young yet peaceful. The first people I saw as I walked away were my friends who had lost their son last year. They’re my age, and the father, a quiet and good man, looked at me, and though neither of us are huggers, I just grabbed him and squeezed. He looked at me, dressed all in black with a green plaid jacket on, and said, “Not hard to tell you’re Cape Breton clergy...” His daughter is my daughter’s best friend. He and his wife are Newfoundlanders, and she just may be one of the sweetest people I’ve met. They are related to Mike Ivany, a pilot who is part of our church. Lori-Ann and I cried walking back to

the car with our arms around each other's waists. I was done for the day. Afterward, we walked up the road to Cy and Pat Edmonds's garden to pick some vegetables. After a sad time, we needed that moment with friends and vegetables.

On Tuesday afternoon, the Pastoral Care and Membership Committee met. They reported over 446 visits and contacts made for the current year, which is on par with this time last year. Our church is well cared for by this group.

That night, we went to the gym where I hated myself for an hour. I kept thinking that this was productive pain as I sweated on the machines. A man who used to come to church came over to me and said, "This is three weeks now, Aaron!" I smiled and nodded as I tried not to die. Lori-Ann was doing great as she went from exercise to exercise. Eli had his swimming lesson. While I was sitting in the lobby, I noticed a woman in her 70s or 80s come in and start talking to the staff. I made the assumption that there were mental health issues here and that she may struggle with homelessness. The staff were very good with her. She came and sat next to me and started counting coins. I tried not to look as I think everyone needs a bit of dignity. She said, "I'm sorry to interrupt you." I smiled and said, "Not at all." A little while later, a ReConnect team of three women arrived, and the three of them knelt down in front of her to offer concern and support. I could tell that they were getting information and trying to figure out how best to help her. There are good and kind people in our community.



The next day, we were all vaccinated for our COVID-19 and Flu shots. I decided to get them both in my right arm since I'm left-handed, a decision I regret today! Yesterday, when I drove Lori-Ann to the office, we were taken by how beautiful the Petitcodiac River was. I later went to get baked goods for her mother from Nanna's bakery. As I stood in a long line, I found some hope that

people still line up for freshly baked bread. Jesus told us that he is the bread of life. To be honest, I sure could use more of it.



On Friday, we will attend the celebration of life for Jennifer Johnston, wife of Will, and daughter of Fred and Betty Plant. Jennifer was well-loved by so many, both in her personal life and her professional life as an RCMP officer. Earlier that day, I have the wedding rehearsal for Connor and Mika. Connor is Neil Fraser's grandson.

This Sunday, we will observe All Saints Sunday. We will read the names of those in our lives whom we have lost this year, or who are still very close to our hearts. Shelley Arsenault will play "For All the Saints" as we do so. It will give us a place and a time to offer up our sadness and grief to the God who weeps with us.

On Wednesday, Veterans and students from Sunny Brae Middle School gathered at Elmwood Cemetery where they placed nearly 850 flags on the graves of veterans. It's Moncton's oldest cemetery, and this is the third year in a row that this has happened. "It's really heartwarming to see young kids that enthusiastic about getting out and doing this," said cemetery president Jim Rogers, who has had a rough week, after so many stones were vandalized. He said that a lot of the Veterans felt good about speaking with the students. In an interview with CTV News, Grade 7 student James Tibar said it was a good experience. "I talked to one of the veterans. It's just very nice. It just makes you think of all the people who gave their lives and were willing to give their lives," said James. "It just feels good to be here." I agree, James.

The Rev. Aaron Billard
Minister



The bulletin and pastoral letter are dedicated in Loving Memory of
my Loved Ones
by Marilyn Hill

MEMORIAL

Donations have been made to St. John's United Church in loving memory of
my dear friend, Darilyn Hill
by Carolyn Beers
Larry McLaughlin
by Carolyn Beers

NOTICES, UPCOMING MEETINGS & EVENTS

Check our website at www.stjohnsmoncton.ca
 for **Sunday online Worship links**, calendar, and more.

Oct. 26	Sun.	11:00 a.m.	WORSHIP and Sunday School - All Saints Sunday - Grocery Sunday (see note)		
Oct. 26	Sun.	1:30 p.m.	3:30pm Choir Louisbourg Concert		
Oct. 27	Mon.	2:00 p.m.	UCW (monthly-Fellowship Room)		
Oct. 27	Mon	7:00 p.m.	Al-Anon (weekly-Owen Fraser Hall)		
Oct. 28	Tues.	7:00 p.m.	Church Council (monthly-Owen Fraser Hall)		
Oct. 29	Wed.	6:15 p.m.	Sparks, Girl Guides of Canada (weekly-Owen Fraser Hall)		
Oct. 30	Thur.	7:00 p.m.	Choir (weekly-Choir Loft/Fellowship Room)		
Oct. 30	Thur.	7:15 p.m.	Pathfinders, Girl Guides of Canada (weekly-Social Hall)		
Oct. 31	Fri.	1:00 p.m.	Set up for Indoor Yard Sale		
Oct. 31	Fri.				
Nov. 1	Sat.	8:30 a.m.	Fall Indoor Yard Sale (see note) (Social Hall)		
Nov. 1	Sat.	12:30 p.m.	Singing with the Saints at Aberdeen Park (see note)		
Nov. 2	Sun.	2:00 a.m.	 Turn your clocks back on Saturday night.		
Nov. 2	Sun.	11:00 a.m.	WORSHIP and Sunday School		

Nov. 9	Sun.	11:00 a.m.	WORSHIP and Sunday School - Remembrance Sunday - A donation box and poppies will be available at our main entrances.	
Nov. 11	Tues.		church / office closed – Remembrance Day	
Nov. 11	Tues.	2:00 p.m.	Friendship Group (monthly-Fellowship Room)	
Nov. 12	Wed.		Deadline to order baked beans and brown bread (see note/order form)	
Nov. 14	Fri.	10:30 a.m.	Worship with the Rev. Aaron Billard at Royal Court Chapel , 6 th Floor, Coverdale Rd., Riverview If you are a resident there, we ask you to help us spread the word to members of the congregation who live there.	
Nov. 14	Fri.	1:00 p.m.	Set up for Bazaar & Coffee Party If you are available to help, please advise Brenda McFarlane (Social Hall)	
Nov. 15	Sat.	9:30 a.m.	Christmas Bazaar and Coffee Party (see note) (Social Hall)	

Announcements from other United Churches, Fundy St. Lawrence Dawning Waters Region 14 and the community are shown on the TV in the Owen Fraser Hall and also located on the bulletin boards located at the Alma St. entrance and outside the Church Office.

SOBEYS & SUPERSTORE GIFT CARDS are sold each Sunday in the Sanctuary before and after Worship and at the Church Office M-F, 9:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

We make 4% on every card sold. Your support is needed and appreciated.



WELCOME!

We would like to warmly welcome any new faces to our church family today! Please feel free to introduce yourself to a fellow member or reach out to our minister if you have any questions. We invite you to stay after the service for fellowship. Fill in the “welcome” envelope located on the table at our two main entrances and place in the offering box (no money required) or email the church office at stjohnsmoncton@gmail.com to let us know you are worshipping with us.



GROCERY SUNDAY FOR KARING KITCHEN

(Oct. 26 – last Sunday of the month)

The Outreach Committee would like to bring your attention to the Karing Kitchen’s need for these groceries: cornstarch, can milk, alfredo sauce and honey-garlic sauce. *White baskets will be at the main entrance for your donations.* Thank you.



DELIVERERS NEEDED

We need help to drop off envelopes to shut-in on a weekly/bi-weekly basis. The addresses are: Moncton Residence and Hennessey Rd. If you can help, contact the church office.





Saturday, November 1

8:30 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.

(Social Hall – use Karing Kitchen entrance)

You'll find clothing, books, toys, linens, household goods, and many more items for sale.

You Don't Want To Miss It!

We welcome your donations of 'slightly used' clothing, books, household items, etc., in good, saleable condition, for this UCW fundraiser. Please bring your donations to the Church before the sale (Monday-Friday from 9:00 am - 1:00 pm), but no later than noon on Thursday, Oct. 30. If you can help set up for the sale, please come to the Social Hall on Friday, **Oct. 31** at 1:00 pm. We also need volunteers to pack up on Sunday after church on **Nov. 2** and on Monday morning, **Nov. 3** at 9:30 a.m.



Come sing with the Saints at Aberdeen Park in Moncton on All Saints' Day, **November 1st** from 12:30-2:30 p.m.

This free, ecumenical, Christian gathering is open to everyone. We will gather outdoors, together, for an old-fashioned hymn sing; so dress warm! If you wish, bring a lawn chair, and don't forget your singing voice! A children's focus is set for 1:30 pm with children's songs and a simple craft. Looking forward to seeing you there!

IT'S BEANS AND BROWN BREAD TIME AGAIN! Use the form in your pastoral letter or blue form located at church main entrances. Place the form in the offering plate or give to one of the UCW ladies or contact: Brenda McFarlane 506-852-3550, Phyllis Perry 506-852-4761 or Church Office 506-858-8289 / stjohnsmoncton@gmail.com.



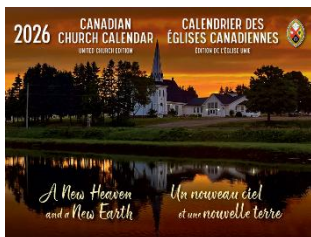
Prices are: ½ litre Beans + 1 loaf Bread = \$7.00

1 litre Beans + 1 loaf Bread = \$10.00

Deadline for orders is Wed., Nov. 12.

Pick up is Sat., Nov. 15 between 9:30am-12 noon.

If you are able to help us by making a pot of beans, please contact Brenda McFarlane or Phyllis Perry.



2026 CHURCH CALENDAR:

A New Heaven and a New Earth

Celebrate United Churches across Canada! Focusing on the theme of A New Heaven and a New Earth this bilingual calendar features colourful photos from communities of faith across the country plus all the special days, church seasons, and lectionary dates.

The Church Office is taking orders for this calendar. Cost is \$9.50 (tax included). If you are interested in ordering one or more, sign the order sheet located at the main entrances or contact the Church Office. Payment may be made by mail (mail slot on door), e-transfer or included in your offering envelope (on bottom line titled, "Other" - note "2026 Calendar").

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR and COFFEE PARTY on Saturday, November 15, 9:30 a.m. -12 noon



featuring our bake table including fudge, pickles, jams and jellies, along with the beans and brown bread and the ever popular “new to you” treasures.

(Social Hall – use Karing Kitchen entrance)

If you have donations, please drop them at the Church.

Pick up your beans and brown bread orders and plan to attend the **Coffee Party**

with tea, coffee and muffins. Freewill offering.

We will need lots of **help on Bazaar day**, so if you are available to help, please advise Brenda McFarlane.

100th ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL FUNDRAISER



As we celebrate the 100th anniversary of The United Church of Canada, we invite you to take part in a special fundraiser — a meaningful opportunity to honour or remember someone who has shaped your faith journey. Special recognition will be held on **Anniversary Sunday, Nov. 23**, to celebrate these lives. Forms are located at the Church main entrances and in our Facebook files.

TRANSFER OF MEMBERSHIP, PROFESSION OF FAITH AND CONFIRMATION

The Pastoral Care & Membership Committee, as part of their mandate, is to seek those congregants who wish to transfer their church membership or become a member of to St. John's. This requires a phone call or email to Karen at the Church Office (506-858-8289 or stjohnsmoncton@gmail.com). In case of transfer, we will contact your former church. We will receive new members on **Anniversary Sunday, Nov. 23**.

STEWARDSHIP SECOND – Remember that people of faith have been the key to some of the most incredible changes in our society. How does your faith call you to be a changemaker?

ST. JOHN'S UNITED CHURCH CARES... To notify the Minister of personal concerns, anxieties, illnesses, hospitalizations or deaths, or to pass along a prayer request, contact Rev. Aaron Billard at 506-858-8289 or sjucrev@gmail.com

CHURCH MINISTRY PERSONNEL AND STAFF



Rev. Aaron Billard, *Minister*
sjucrev@gmail.com



Karen Geldart
Office Administrator
stjohnsmoncton@gmail.com



Rev. Dr. Douglas MacEachern
Minister Emeritus
douglasimaceachern@gmail.com



Shelley Arsenault, B.Mus.B.Ed.
Music Director



Pat Arsenault, *Custodian*

Supper's Ready
Homemade
**BAKED BEANS &
BROWN BREAD**

Prices are:

½ litre Beans + 1 loaf Bread = \$7.00

1 litre Beans + 1 loaf Bread = \$10.00

Place your order by one of these methods:

- a) Return the form below in the offering plate
- b) Give it to one of the UCW ladies
- c) Call: Brenda McFarlane at 506-852-3550
or Phyllis Perry at 506-852-4761
or the Church Office at 506-858-8289 or
stjohnsmoncton@gmail.com

Deadline for orders is Wed., Nov. 12

Your order must be **picked up** at the
UCW Bazaar on Sat., **Nov. 15**
between 9:30am-12 noon at 75 Alma St.

HOMEMADE
BAKED BEANS & BREAD

Please prepare for me:

___ (qty) ½ litre Beans + 1 loaf Bread =
\$7.00

___ (qty) 1 litre Beans + 1 loaf Bread =
\$10.00

Name: _____

Phone: _____

**I will pick my order up at the
UCW Bazaar on Sat., Nov. 15**