

MY STEWARDSHIP STORY by Leslie Pedlow

From as early as I can remember, I attended church with my Nana. We were often there early, before the other parishioners arrived, where I sat quietly in the front pew watching Nan quietly and reverently move about the sanctuary. I now know that she was a dedicated Altar Guild member. Once she was done, she came to sit in that front pew with me as other small children gradually joined us until two pews were overflowing. I was amazed that there was always a tissue, a peppermint or whatever was needed in the moment readily at hand. My Grandma was everyone's Grandma. It turned out that she was also key in the "Little Helpers" Ministry. I remember the teas she helped with, the baking my Mom did for sales I never saw, the dimes in the Building Fund tin at dinner time. Many Examples!

As Nan was in her last months and unable to get to church (I admittedly had lapsed) she would draw me into her room and ask me to make a delivery for her. She directed me to the "special drawer" where she kept her weekly offering envelopes. While she wasn't able to get to church, every envelope held a \$20 bill. Back in the early 80's that was a lot of money, especially for my Grandparents. I was astounded. It was clear that in her life, the priority was to make her offering first, before anything else. Those envelopes were delivered to the church treasurer and I understood that it was a privilege and honour to do so on her behalf. An Example!

When Ken and I moved to this area, we made a conscious decision to make church a part of our lives. We landed at St. Mary's. Although working during the week, after a short time I asked "where can I help". I found myself helping with the Altar. Within a couple of years the Treasurer wished to retire. I can do that, I thought. It wasn't long afterwards that I realized it was the pregnancy hormones talking. As the Treasurer, it didn't take long to put the pieces together about the costs of running a church and we gave what we could. About the same time, Ken was asked to sit on Parish Council and to be Rector's Warden! Thus the beginning of our stewardship journey – giving time, talent and talents.

Through all of life's stages: becoming a stay at home mom, a single-income household, three children, aging and ill parents, retirement, my own health issues, there have been no excuses for letting up. I have tried to lead and inspire others by example, just as I was. I would never ask something of someone that I wouldn't ask of myself.

So, what's your story?

Leslie