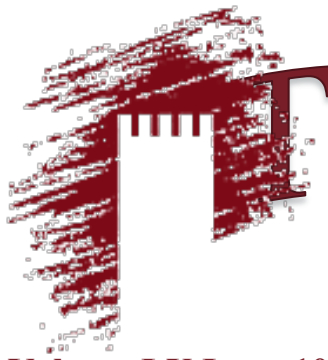




The Presby Record

A community beacon of faith, love and hope.

Volume LX Issue 10

The Last Leaf

October 2026

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places."

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in - let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-u on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She - she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day." said Sue.

"Paint? - bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice - a man for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth - but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle of the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting - counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together.

Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were - let's see exactly what he said - he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Beside, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'til I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along with the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old - old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf been trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and - no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

And hour later she said:

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win." And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is - some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now - that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and - look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece - he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

by O. Henry (1862-1910)

Communion Servers

October 4th

Dave Harvey - Set Up
Kristi Sutphin- Server
Jack Rogers - Server

November 1st

Raven Lanham - Set Up
Buck Ivey - Server
Valerie Wade - Server

Liturgists

Oct 4, 2026	Kathleen Jordan
Oct 11, 2026	Raven Lanham
Oct 18, 2026	Holly Greathouse
Oct 25, 2026	Dave Harvey

In Care Facilities:

Ann McCormick, Apt.106, English Meadows,
5 Bexley Dr, Scott Depot, WV 25560

Sadie Ashworth, 5 Rolling Meadows Dr.,
Room 118, Scott Depot, WV 25560

Susan Allowatt Apt. 135, Teays Valley Place 5
Bexley Drive, Scott Depot, WV 25560

Susan Allowatt, Apt. 135, Teays Valley Place
5 Bexley Drive, Scott Depot, WV 25560

Jackie Jones, Apt. 138, Teays Valley Place
5 Bexley Drive, Scott Depot, WV 255

Prayer Concerns Members:

Carolyn Reed	Alex Dayfield
Mike Clark	Mike Merguc
Dolly Locke	Bill Graham

October Anniversaries

Andrew and Katie Reyes	October 4, 2025
Kristi and Bob Sutphin	October 10, 1998
Ron and Sharon Peterson	October 18, 1981
Paul Romine and Julie Simon	October 26, 1997
Alex and Tony Dayfield	October 8, 2016
Matthew and Raven Lanham	October 22, 2022

Military

Captain Allie Curtis, US. Army (United States)
Hunter Parsons, U.S. Navy (Virginia)
Mickey Swartz, Aircrew Flight Equipment Technician, U.S. Air Force (Eugene, Oregon)
Lieutenant Jack Wiles, U.S. Air Force
PFC Joseph Sutphin, US Army

Prayer Concerns - Family and Friends

Victoria Reynolds (Wanda Bowman)
Flo Rogers (Jack's wife & Raven's mom) ongoing health issues
Jason Haught, complications from spinal surgery (Vickie Haught's son, Jack Rogers' nephew)
Jason Turley, major health concerns including leukemia (Laurie's son and Holly's brother)
Matt Waldie, lung cancer (Kathleen Jordan's friend)
Mary Jo Swartz, health problems(Kathi Curtis)
Annette Burns, liver issues (Ann McCormick)
Angie Saunders, pancreatic cancer (Raven's Cousin) Willie Williams & Millie Astin , ICU in Atlanta (Kathryn Weed)
Eva, MS, (Katie Reyes friend)
Debbie Losh, (Vickie Godbey)
Roger Schomburg, in the hospital (Kathryn Maddy)
Ricky Lanham, back/neck surgery (Matt's Dad)
Jesse & Josh Lanham, healthy pregnancy (Matt's SIL)
Niece of Cody and Hannah Caldwell, leukemia and not responding well to chemo.
Aunt and Uncle Strain, comfort in his final months (Wendy Harvey's Aunt and Uncle)
Tim Stuart, bone cancer (WVMAW)
Laura Hager, brain tumor & surgery (Gary and Beth Hager's Sister)
The Grafton Family, loss of John Grafton (Matt's Uncle)
Katelyn Moreford, surgery and medical decisions (Connie and Buck Ivey)

October Birthdays

1 – Connie Ivey
2 – Katie Hughes, Owen Foster
3 – Billy King, Susan Baxter
8 – Michael Maddy, John Jones
13 – Mel Burch
14 – Melinda Cox, John Gaines
15 – Mike Harshbarger, Sharon Peterson
19 – Mike Dillon
20 – Molly Young
27 – Brett Pfof, Missy Coffman
28 – Ryan McCallister, Katelin Evans, Logan Roberts
29 – KO Bird, Donna Graham

Littles Story Time Team



OCTOBER is Fire Safety month and we will be celebrating Fire Safety with the Littles on October 9th. Fire Marshall Chris Collins will bring a fire truck for all the children to enjoy and they will receive some great informational tips also. Stop by around 11:00 am if you can.

We will read many books during the month of October about the Fall season and we will be making a lot of awesome Fall crafts. Watch for them on Facebook. We read these books this month: Little Blue Truck Lost and Found, Watermelon Seed, Bad Apple, and Daniel Loves Fall. Come and read to the Littles...we promise you a fun time.

A BIG thank you to Claudia McDonald, Evie and Ellie for your donation of wipes...we definitely go through a lot of them. A BIG thank you also to Sally Lane, Seamus and Aiden for donating four dozen fresh eggs to our congregation. We do appreciate you thinking of us.

Twenty to twenty-five children have been attending with their wonderful parents and/or grandparents. We always enjoy especially our time together when we pray or say grace before our snack. We are blessed!



Memorials

Given in memory of Denzil F. (Denny)

Dillon by:

Randy & Sally Noble for children's fund



Forgiven and freed by God in Jesus Christ, and empowered by the Holy Spirit, we commit ourselves to: nurture our faith through prayer and Bible study, support the mission of the church worldwide, work for justice and peace, and build an inclusive, caring community of women that strengthens the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) and witnesses to the promise of God's kingdom.

The women of the church are invited to gather Friday, October 9 at Cozumel in the St. Albans loop for lunch at 11:45am.

Bible Study

United Through Christ, Bound to Each Other: Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians
by Rhonda Mawhood Lee
Suggestions for Leaders by Sarah Leer
(the 2026–2027 PW/*Horizons* Bible study)

Join Presbyterian Women and learn about Paul's first letter to the church in Corinth. Our PW Circle has two options for you to join in this year's Bible study. An evening zoom on Tuesday, October 13, or in person on Wednesday, October 14 at noon.

As we learned last month, "where two or three are gathered," there will be conflict and disagreement. This is as true today as it was in Corinth during the Apostle Paul's ministry. Paul calls all Christians to remember that we are siblings in faith, united in Jesus Christ. Let's explore together what the world would look like if we treat everyone with the love and grace we extend to our chosen family.

The zoom is Tuesday October 13 at 7:00 pm. The link below is open at 6:45 for a time of fellowship.

Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85861031680?pwd=Nw4SR3Clr969qxLdwY9avWaru3wiai.1>

Meeting ID: 858 6103 1680

Passcode: 406332

In person Bible study is in the fellowship hall on Wednesday, October 14, and begins with a brown bag lunch and table fellowship. The study starts at 12:35 and ends promptly at 1:35 pm.

We look forward to seeing everyone at a Bible study!

Facilities & Worship Committee

9-22-26

Attending: Sara Kell, David Harvey, Mike Merguc,
Jack Rogers, Michael Clark

- New sump pump
- New A.C. fence at kitchen
- Mens room reno going well; construction by Cottrell Construction, electric by Sara Kell, Painting by Jack Rogers
- City called for sewer flush
- Change 2nd floor lights to LED
- Michael Clark is continuing to investigate audio ground buzz
- Audio Equipment received and turn over to Michael Clark
- Kitchen A.C. condensate line repaired
- Basement washer and dryer installed
- Roof repair pending in Fellowship Hall
- Mike Merguc replaced lights in the Sanctuary and will continue to do so as needed

Next Work Day November 14th, 10AM

- Old table repair for Christmas Baskets
- Organize basement game room
- 2 exterior sheds, prep and paint
- Weeding church grounds

Session Highlights September 15, 2026

- Meeting was opened with prayer by the Moderator.
- August 18, 2026 minutes were approved.
- September 15, 2026 Session Agenda approved with amendments.
- August Income and Expense statements were approved as provided.
- Approved Kanawha County Humane Association to use church parking lot for a low-cost vaccination clinic.
- Jack Rogers reported on activities of St. Albans Ministry Alliance.
- Jennifer Burgess reported on the Christmas Basket program. First Presby commits to 50 Christmas baskets in 2026.
- Designated Christmas in October for Christmas Basket collection.
- Approved November 1st for a Jericho House music fundraiser to be held at First Presbyterian Church.
- Approved lease of a new copy machine.
- Approved paying Administrative Assistant to attend Session meetings.
- Set Sunday, October 4th for a congregational meeting to elect an elder.
- Next Stated session Meeting is Tuesday, October 20 at 6:00 pm.

A note from Eloise Waugh:

Hi, Please keep me listed under friends.

Phone 704-621-1813.

Address same:

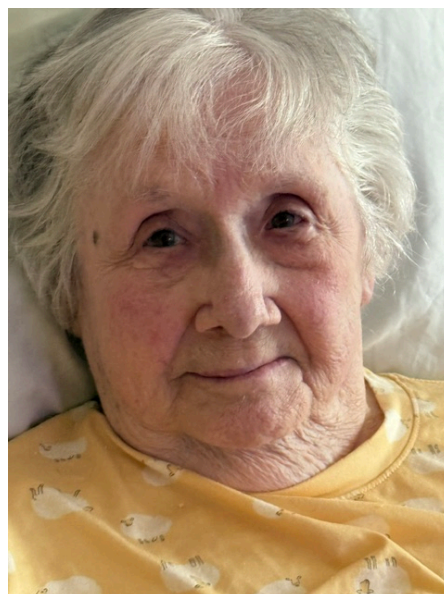
Eloise Waugh

Oak Park Health Rehab Center 2851 Tampa Road, Bed 1

Palm Harbor FL 34684

Falleloise.waugh@yahoo.com

Hope all is going well. Happy Fall.



VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR CHILI COOKOFF!

Volunteers are needed for First Presby's participation in the Fall Y'all Festival on Olde Main Plaza. The Plaza will be shut down to vehicular traffic on Saturday, October 17 to welcome chili lovers to a chili cookoff competition with the proceeds going toward the mission of "fostering a safe, healthy and vibrant community supporting the St. Albans Police Department K-9 Unit and youth focused initiatives promoting education, mental health and physical well-being".

The cookoff is open to the public from 12:00 noon – 6:00 p.m. Raven is making the delicious white chicken chili which was the only white chili in our previous competition two years ago. Jennifer is making bite-sized pieces of Tex-Mex cornbread which was also the only cornbread at the competition.

We need volunteers to take the necessary essentials (canopy, tables, chairs, etc.) to the Plaza and teams of 2-3 for several shifts to serve and another team to tear down and take the equipment back to the Church. Set up runs from 8:00 – 11:00 a.m. and the booth must remain set up and open until 6:00 p.m. when the event ends and prizes are announced.

During one of our congregational meetings earlier in the year where we explored and expressed what we want our church to be, most responses related to increased community involvement and visibility. Our Church is heavily involved in activities and donations which are important but not highly visible to the entire community.

Participating in the chili cookoff gives us a chance to be right in the middle of a popular community activity and provides a chance for us to make new friends and greet old ones. If one can trust the long-term forecast, it will be a day of sunshine and a high temperature of 71 degrees!

Please consider helping for a few hours. Those who need them can earn community service hours. IT WILL TAKE A TEAM FOR THIS TO WORK!

Please contact Raven or Jennifer if you can help. It's a great community activity and a chance to meet up with friends, old and new! Support our K-9s!

There is a sign-up sheet posted on the bulletin board just outside the kitchen. If you have any questions, please contact Raven at the Church or Jennifer at 304-421-3780.

- Stuffing – 6oz Box
- **Cranberry sauce – 14oz Can**
- Cake or Brownie mix – 15-20oz Box
- **Frosting – 16oz Can**
- **Vegetable oil – 48oz Bottle**
- Sugar – 4lb Bag
- Flour – 5lb Bag
- **Canned fruit – 14.5–15.25oz**
- **Green beans – 14.5–15oz Can**
- **Yams – 14.5–15oz Can**
- **Corn – 14.5–15oz Can**
- Spaghetti – 16oz Box
- **Spaghetti sauce – 24oz Jar**
- Mac and cheese – 7.25oz Box
- **Juice – 64oz Bottle**
- **Canned soup – 10.5–11oz – Vegetable, Tomato, Chicken Noodle**
- **Pork and beans – 16oz Can**
- Cornbread mix – 8.5oz Box
- Cereal – 11–16oz Box
- Pancake mix – 32oz Box
- **Syrup – 24oz Bottle**
- **Peanut butter – 16oz Jar**
- **Jelly – 18-20oz Jar**
- Crackers – 16oz Box
- Cookies – 13oz Pack



LEAVE A CAN, TAKE A CANDY - CHRISTMAS IN OCTOBER!

Our Christmas in July can collection went so well that Session has approved to start our collection in the month of October! Thank you for your generous donations in July.

We are quickly approaching the time when we prepare Christmas Food Baskets to help the less fortunate in our community. Beginning Sunday, October 4, you can again contribute CANNED food only toward the program. These can be name brand or store brand. Because the food will not be distributed until mid-December, we request canned only – no bagged or boxed items. Even though those items may still be within a “use by” date, they could get “buggy” while in storage awaiting distribution. Items are in bold and underlined to the left. **PLEASE ENSURE THAT THE ITEMS WILL BE WITHIN THE “USE BY” DATE AT LEAST THROUGH JANUARY 31, 2027.** We will start collecting bagged and boxed next month.

You can leave the items on the front of the left side of the stage close to the piano. While there dropping off your contribution, be sure to help yourself to a piece or two of Halloween candy!

First Presby has always taken pride in this project, and your support is greatly needed and appreciated. Thank you in advance for supporting this important community project. If you have questions, please contact Jennifer Burgess at 304-421-3780 or jenniferburgess54@gmail.



First Presbyterian Church of St. Albans

BIBLE STUDY

Join us for Wednesday Night Bible Study at 6:30 p.m. Come early for a delicious dinner at 5:45 p.m., followed by Bible study, fellowship, and fun games for all ages.

STARTS 26 AUGUST | 5:45-7:30
201 KANAWHA TERRACE



Bryan White

October 4th, 2026, @ 6:00pm-8:00pm

Alban Arts Center

Bryan White is a CMA, ACM, and Grammy award-winning country music artist, producer, and songwriter. Throughout his prolific recording career, he's charted 21 singles, of which 6 were number 1

St. Albans Haunted Trail

October 2026 @ 7:30 pm - 10:00pm

St. Albans City Park

Dates: October 9, 10, 16 & 17, 2026

Admission: \$5 per person

Parking: Free at the ball field

Hayride: Free from the ball field up to the line

Concessions: Available for purchase

Benevolent Ministries & Community Events

Kenny Sutton Memorial Bass

Tournament

October 10 @ 7:00am - 3:00pm

Roadside Park

The Kenny Sutton Memorial Fishing Festival is a one-of-a-kind event that combines competitive fishing with community spirit.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show

October 30 @ 8:00pm - 10:00pm

Alban Arts Center

Complete with sass from the audience, cascading toilet paper and an array of other audience participation props, this deliberately kitschy rock 'n' roll, sci-fi gothic musical is more fun than ever!

Free Family Fall Festival

October 17 @ 1:00 pm - 3:00 pm

St. Albans City Park

Enjoy face painting, balloon animals, pumpkin decorating, an inflatable, food and refreshments.

Admission is free.

Fall Festival at Morgan's Kitchen

October 10, 2026 @ 8:00 am - 5:00 pm

Morgan's Kitchen, MacCorkle Avenue

Come join us for our annual Fall Festival at Morgan's Kitchen! Music, food, arts and crafts, and we will be making apple butter all day!



Fall Y'all Chili Cook-Off

October 17 @ 12:00 pm - 6:00

pm

Main Street, St. Albans

Join us on October 17, 2026, for the St. Albans Fall Y'all Chili Cook-Off! Live music, great food, and support for local causes. Free entry!

Christ's Kitchen & St. Albans Food Pantry

Christ's Kitchen and the St. Albans Food Pantry continue serving our neighbors.

Donations can be placed in the Fellowship Hall cart.

Volunteers are always appreciated.

Kitchen: Mon-Thurs & Sat, 10-1

Pantry: Tues & Thurs, 8:30-10:30

405 B Street

Top 5 pantry needs: hamburger helper, pasta sides, cake mix, pudding, and tuna.



Trunk or Treat

October 24 @ 3:00 pm - 5:00 pm

Marantha Fellowship

Bring the kids for decorated trunks, candy and Halloween fun.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ST. ALBANS WINTER MARKET

201 KANAWHA TERRACE

WHERE WINTER CHILL MEETS HANDMADE SKILL.
COME SUPPORT LOCAL MAKERS AND FIND ONE-OF-A-KIND CREATIONS

SATURDAY MARKETS
10:00AM-3:00PM

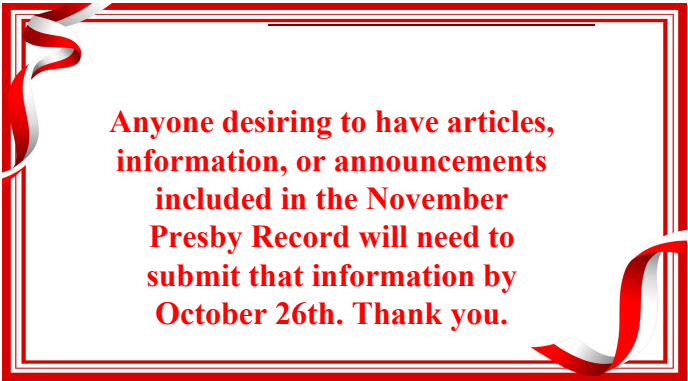
SEPTEMBER 26TH
NOVEMBER 7TH
DECEMBER 5TH

NIGHT MARKETS
5:30PM-8:30PM

SEPTEMBER 15TH
NOVEMBER 20TH
DECEMBER 18TH



First Presbyterian Church
201 Kanawha Terrace
St. Albans, WV 25177



Trustees

Class of 2026: Holly Greathouse
Class of 2027: Dewitt Bowman
Class of 2028: Buck Ivey

Officers

Class of 2028

Dave Harvey (2)
Adam Greathouse (2)
Buck Ivey (2)

Class of 2026

Kathleen Jordan (2)
Valerie Wade (2)
Kristi Sutphin (1)

Class of 2027

Jennifer Burgess (1)
Jack Rogers (2)

Church Staff

Ministers..... Every Member of the Congregation
Pastor
Administrative Assistant.....Raven Lanham
Custodian..... Jennifer Gil & Mike Merguc
Musician..... N. David Stern
TreasurerBuck Ivey
Tech Team Dave & Wendy Harvey, Betty King, Mike Clark

First Presbyterian Church
201 Kanawha Terrace, St. Albans, West Virginia 25177
Phone: 304 727-2241
Email: fpcs@firstpresbychurch.com
Web site: www.firstpresbychurch.com
Facebook: First Presbyterian Church of St. Albans

Note: The number in parentheses refers to first or second consecutive three-year terms in office.