



Holy Ghost Orthodox Church

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ON THE MEND: Please keep the following parishioners and others in your prayers for recovery from their illnesses and injuries: Metropolitan Constantine, Patriarch Pavle, Archimandrite Raphael, Father Peter Natishan, Father Gerald Olszewski, Father Jakiw Norton, Father Dragan Filipović, Father Elias Katras, Father Stevo Rocknage, Father Paul Stoll, Father Igor Soroka, Father John Harvey, Father Deacon Joseph Bulkanowa, Ollie Pendlshok, Walt & Evelyn Burlack, Joshua Agosto and his family, Harley Katarina Rahuba, Mike and Hilda Holupka, Eva Malesnick, Helen Likar, Stella Peanoske, Joe Nezolyk, Nick Behun, Terry Reinhart, Bernie O'Masta, Grace Holupka, Virginia Bryan, Joseph Sliwinsky, Maria Balo, Linda Mechtly, Mary Mochnick, Mary Pekich, Mildred Manolovich, Evelyn Misko, Amy, Nigel Daniel, & Daniel Pocura, Jeanne Boehing, Alex Drobot, Rachelle, Jane Golofski, Doug Diller, Harry Krewsun, Sandy Gamble, Glen Lucas Burlack, Bernie Vangrin, Mary Alice Babcock, Dorie Kunkle, Andrea, & Melissa [Betty O'Masta's relatives], Mary Evelyn King, Stella Cherepko, Sam Wadrose, Khoruia Joanne Abdalah, Cameron [a boy in Matt's class], Faith—a 5-year-old girl with rheumatoid arthritis, Isabella Olivia Lindgren—a 2-year-old with a brain tumor, Dillon, Ethel Thomas, Donna, Jeff, Nick Malec [Maxine's brother], Bill, Erin, Jimmy Fennel [7th Grader], Jim Markovich, Jeff Walewski [thyroid cancer], Carol [Lotinski] Rose, Michael Miller, Dave May, Grace & Owen Ostrasky, Claudia [Horvath] Gradicheck, Alverta, Margaret Mueller, Gary Zurasky, Michael Horvath, Patti Sinecki, David Genshi, Pete Special, Rita Very & family, Sue Segeleon, Mike Gallagher, Mildred Walters, Michael Miller, Betsy Mallison, Mike Pelchar [Liz's brother], Jim Logue—throat cancer, Michael, Amy, Liz Stumpf, Aubrie—6-month-old with Cystic Fibrosis, Kathy Ciranni, Ester Tylavsky, Ed Jamison, Theodore Nixon [neonatal ICU], Charles Johnson, Donna Kerr [stroke], Amy Forbeck, Michelle Corba Kapeluck, and Daria Masur. **ARNOLD:** Stefania Lucci, Kay Tomson, Ann Ostaffy, Steve Sakal, Elisabeth Arasin, Homer Paul Kline, and Steve Ostaffy. We pray that God will grant them all a speedy recovery.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO OUR SEPTEMBER BABIES: Debbie Paouncic on the 4th, Liz Obradovich on the 5th, Stella Peanoske on the 5th, Mark Brunermer on

the 13th, and Troy Scott on the 22nd. May God grant them all Many Happy, Healthy, Prosperous, and Blessed Years!

Please remember ALL American servicemen and women in the Middle East in your prayers. May God watch over them and all American servicemen and women—and bring them all home safely!

PLEASE REMEMBER TO BRING YOUR “BOXTOPS FOR EDUCATION” AND CAMPBELL’S SOUP LABELS TO CHURCH. There is a shoebox in the basement for Alex’s Fifth Grade and Matt’s Third Grade collections. THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR HELP! *Alex and Matt*

REMEMBER—PRAYERS ARE ALWAYS FREE!

Communion Fasting: nothing to eat or drink after midnight, EXCEPT in cases where your doctor tells you to eat or drink something for medical reasons: medication, diabetes, etc. If you have a question, please call Father Bob.

AT ANY TIME—if there is an emergency, if you have questions, or if you just need to talk, please CALL FATHER BOB at [412] 279-5640.

Schedule of Services

Sunday, September 2 **NO SERVICE IN SLICKVILLE**
14TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—PROPHET SAMUEL, HIEROMARTYR PHILIP-BISHOP OF HERACLEA
& MARTYRS SEVERUS, MEMNON, & 37 SOLDIERS AT THRACE, MARTYR LUCIUS THE SENATOR OF
CYPRUS, MARTYRS HELIODORUS & DOSA IN PERSIA
Father Bob & Pani Gina in New Jersey for wedding
Tone 5
II Corinthians 1:21-2:4
Matthew 22:1-14

Sunday, September 9 **NO SERVICE IN SLICKVILLE**
EOF DIVINE LITURGY **10:00 AM**
15TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—VENERABLE POEMEN THE GREAT, SAINT HOSIUS THE
CONFESSOR-BISHOP OF CORDOVA, SAINT LIBERIUS-POPE OF ROME, VENERABLE POEMEN OF
PALESTINE, MARTYR ANTLIUSA, VENERABLE SABBAS OF BENEPHALI, HIEROMARTYR KUSHKA &
VENERABLE POEMEN OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA, GREAT-MARTYR PHANURIUS THE NEWLY-APPEARED
OF RHODES
Tone 6
II Corinthians 4:6-15
Matthew 22:35-46

Sunday, September 16 **Divine Liturgy** **10:30 AM**
16TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—HIEROMARTYR ANTHIMUS-BISHOP OF NICOMEDIA & MARTYRS
DEACON THEOPHILUS, DOROTHEUS, MARDONIUS, MIGDONIUS, PETER, INDES, GORGONIUS, ZENOS,
VIRGON DOMNA, & EUTHYMIUS, VENERABLE PHOEBE-DEACONESS OF CAENTHRAE, MARTYR
BASILISSA OF NICOMEDIA, MARTYR ARISION-BISHOP OF ALEXANDRIA, SAINT IONINIUS-
PATRIARCH OF SERBIA, SAINT THEOCTISTUS—FELLOW FASTER OF SAINT EUTHYMIUS THE GREAT,
BLESSED JOHN “THE HAIRY”—FOOL-FOR-CHRIST-WONDERWORKER OF ROSTOV, NEW MARTYR
POLYDORUS OF CYPRUS

Tone 7
II Corinthians 6:1-10
Matthew 25:14-30

Litany in Blessed Memory of Josephine Roman & Suzie Pelczar—Fr. Bob
Parastas in Blessed Memory of Michael Cherepko—Rosemary Pavlovich

BULLETIN INSERT FOR 02 SEPTEMBER 2007
14TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—PROPHET SAMUEL,
HIEROMARTYR PHILIP-BISHOP OF HERACLEA & MARTYRS
SEVERUS, MEMNON, & 37 SOLDIERS AT THRACE, MARTYR LUCIUS
THE SENATOR OF CYPRUS, MARTYRS HELIODORUS & DOSA IN
PERSIA

TROPARION—TONE 5

Let the faithful praise and worship the Word,
Coeternal with the Father and the Spirit;
Born for our salvation from the Virgin;
For He willed to be lifted up on the Cross in the flesh,
To endure death,
And to raise the dead by His glorious Resurrection!

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and
unto ages of ages. Amen.

KONTAKION—TONE 5

Thou didst descent into Hell, O my Savior,
Shattering its gates as almighty;
Resurrecting the dead as Creator,
And destroying the sting of death.
Thou hast delivered Adam from the curse,
O Lover of Man,
And we all cry to Thee: O Lord, save us!

PROKEIMENON—TONE 5

READER: Thou, O Lord, shalt protect us and preserve us from this generation forever.
PEOPLE: Thou, O Lord, shalt protect us and preserve us from this generation forever.
READER: Save me, O Lord, for there is no longer any that is godly.
PEOPLE: Thou, O Lord, shalt protect us and preserve us from this generation forever.
READER: Thou, O Lord, shalt protect us and preserve us...
PEOPLE: From this generation forever.

ALLELUIA VERSES—TONE 5

I will sing of Thy mercies, O Lord, forever; with my mouth I will proclaim Thy truth from generation to generation.

Thou hast said: Mercy will be established forever, and my truth will be prepared in the heavens.

Those Born 1930-1979--READ TO THE BOTTOM FOR QUOTE OF THE MONTH BY JAY LENO. IF YOU DON'T READ ANYTHING ELSE---VERY WELL STATED

TO ALL THE KIDS WHO SURVIVED the 1930s, 40's, 50's, 60's and 70's!!

First, we survived being born to mot hers who smoked and/or drank while they were pregnant.

They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a can, and didn't get tested for diabetes.

Then after that trauma, we were put to sleep on our tummies in baby cribs covered with bright colored lead-based paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets, not to mention, the risks we took hitchhiking.

As infants & children, we would ride in cars with no car seats, booster seats, seat belts or air bags.

Riding in the back of a pick up on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and NOT from a bottle.

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and NO ONE actually died from this.

We ate cupcakes, white bread and real butter and drank Kool-aid made with sugar, but we weren't overweight because, WE WERE ALWAYS OUTSIDE PLAYING!

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day. And we were O.K.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

We did not have Playstations, Nintendo's, X-boxes, no video games at all, no 150 channels on cable, no video movies or DVD's, no surround-sound or CD's, no cell phones, no personal computer! s, no Internet or chat rooms...WE HAD FRIENDS and we went outside and found them!

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits from these accidents.

We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever.

We were given BB guns for our 10th birthdays, made up games with sticks and tennis balls and, although we were told it would happen, we did not put out very many eyes.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just walked in and talked to them!

Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Imagine that!!

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law!

These generations have produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever!

The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas. We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned HOW TO DEAL WITH IT ALL!

If YOU are one of them, CONGRATULATIONS!

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated so much of our lives *for our own good.*

While you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how brave (and lucky) their parents were.

Kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors, doesn't it?!

The quote of the month is by Jay Leno:

"With hurricanes, tornados, fires out of control, mud slides, flooding, severe thunderstorms tearing up the country from one end to another, and with the threat of bird flu and terrorist attacks, are we sure this is a good time to take God out of the Pledge of Allegiance?"

My Doctor Is Priceless!!—Rodney Dangerfield???

Let me tell you about my doctor. He is very good. If you tell him you want a second opinion, he will go out and come in again.

He treated one woman for yellow jaundice for three years before he realized she was Chinese.

While he was talking to me his nurse came in and said, "Doctor, there is a man here who thinks he is invisible." The doctor said, "Tell him I can't see him."

Another time a man came running in the office and yelled, "Doctor, doctor, my son just swallowed a roll of film." The doctor calmly replied, "Let's just wait and see what develops."

One patient came in and said, "Doctor, I have a serious memory problem." The doctor asked, "When did it start?" The man replied, "When did what start?"

I remember one time I told my doctor I had a ringing in my ears. His advice: "Don't answer it."

My doctor sure has his share of nut cases. One said to him, "Doctor, I think I'm a bell." The doctor gave him some pills and said, "Here, take these. If they don't work, give me a ring."

Another guy told the doctor that he thought he was a deck of cards. The doctor simply said, "Go sit over there. I'll deal with you later."

When I told my doctor I broke my leg in two places, he told me to stop going to those places.

You know, doctors can be so frustrating. You wait a month and a half for an appointment, and he says, "I wish you had come to me sooner."

THE YELLOW SHIRT

The yellow shirt had long sleeves, four extra-large pockets trimmed in black thread and snaps up the front. It was faded from years of wear, but still in decent shape. I found it in 1963 when I was home from college on Christmas break, rummaging through bags of clothes Mom intended to give away. 'You're not taking that old thing, are you?' Mom said when she saw me packing the yellow shirt. 'I wore that when I was pregnant with your brother in 1954!'

'It's just the thing to wear over my clothes during art class, Mom. Thanks!' I slipped it into my suitcase before she could object. The yellow shirt became a part of my college wardrobe. I loved it. After graduation, I wore the shirt the day I moved into my new apartment and on Saturday mornings when I cleaned.

The next year, I married. When I became pregnant, I wore the yellow shirt during big-belly days. I missed Mom and the rest of my family, since we were in Colorado and they were in Illinois. But that shirt helped. I smiled, remembering that Mother had worn it when she was pregnant, 15 years earlier. That Christmas, mindful of the warm feelings the shirt had given me, I patched one elbow, wrapped it in holiday paper and sent it to Mom. When Mom wrote to thank me for her 'real' gifts, she said the yellow shirt was lovely. She never mentioned it again. The next year, my husband, daughter and I stopped at Mom and Dad's to pick up some furniture. Days later, when we uncrated the kitchen table, I noticed something yellow taped to its bottom. The shirt! And so the pattern was set. On our next visit home, I secretly placed the shirt under Mom and Dad's mattress. I don't know how long it took for her to find it, but almost two years passed before I discovered it under the base of our living-room floor lamp. The yellow shirt was just what I needed now while refinishing furniture. The walnut stains added character. In 1975 my husband and I divorced. With my three children, I prepared to move back to Illinois. As I packed, a deep depression overtook me. I wondered if I could make it on my own. I wondered if I would find a job. I paged through the Bible, looking for comfort. In Ephesians, I read, 'So use every piece of God's armor to resist the enemy whenever he attacks, and when it is all over, you will be standing up.' I tried to picture myself wearing God's armor, but all I saw was the stained yellow shirt. Slowly, it dawned on me. Wasn't my mother's love a piece of God's armor? My courage was renewed. Unpacking in our new home, I knew I had to get the shirt back to Mother. The next time I visited her, I tucked it in her bottom dresser drawer. Meanwhile, I found a good job at a radio station. A year later I discovered the yellow shirt hidden in a rag bag in my cleaning closet. Something new had been added. Embroidered in bright green across the breast pocket were the words 'I BELONG TO PAT.' Not to be outdone, I got out my own embroidery materials and added an apostrophe and seven more letters. Now the shirt proudly proclaimed, 'I BELONG TO PAT'S MOTHER.' But I didn't stop there. I

zig-zagged all the frayed seams, then had a friend mail the shirt in a fancy box to Mom from Arlington, VA. We enclosed an official looking letter from 'The Institute for the Destitute,' announcing that she was the recipient of an award for good deeds. I would have given anything to see Mom's face when she opened the box. But, of course, she never mentioned it.

Two years later, in 1978, I remarried. The day of our wedding, Harold and I put our car in a friend's garage to avoid practical jokers. After the wedding, while my husband drove us to our honeymoon suite, I reached for a pillow in the car to rest my head. It felt lumpy. I unzipped the case and found, wrapped in wedding paper, the yellow shirt. Inside a pocket was a note: 'Read John 14:27-29. I love you both, Mother.' That night I paged through the Bible in a hotel room and found the verses: 'I am leaving you with a gift: peace of mind and heart. And the peace I give isn't fragile like the peace the world gives. So don't be troubled or afraid. Remember what I told you: I am going away, but I will come back to you again. If you really love me, you will be very happy for me, for now I can go to the Father, who is greater than I am. I have told you these things before they happen so that when they do, you will believe in me.'

The shirt was Mother's final gift. She had known for three months that she had terminal Lou Gehrig's disease. Mother died the following year at age 57.

I was tempted to send the yellow shirt with her to her grave. But I'm glad I didn't, because it is a vivid reminder of the love-filled game she and I played for 16 years. Besides, my older daughter is in college now, majoring in art. And every art student needs a baggy yellow shirt with big pockets.

A true friend is someone who reaches for your hand and touches your heart.

The teacher gave her fifth grade class an assignment:

Get their parents to tell them a story with a moral at the end of it.

The next day the kids came back and, one-by-one, began to tell their stories.

"Johnny, do you have a story to share?," the teacher asked.

"Yes ma'am," Johnny replied. "My daddy told me a story about my Aunt Nancy. She was a pilot in Desert Storm and her plane got hit. She had to bail out over enemy territory and all she had was a small flask of whiskey, a pistol, and a survival knife. She drank the whiskey on the way down so it wouldn't break, and then her parachute landed right in the

middle of 20 enemy troops. She shot 15 of them with the gun until she ran out of bullets, killed 4 more with the knife till the blade broke, and then she killed the last Iraqi with her bare hands."

"Good heavens," cried the horrified teacher. "What kind of moral did your Daddy give you from this horrible story?"

"Stay the heck away from Aunt Nancy when she's drinking."

The Feast of the Dormition of the Most Holy Theotokos
Luke 10:38-42, 11:27-30

Mary, the Mother of God, was chosen from all women of all centuries to give birth to the Christ Child. Mary was blessed to have the most complete experience of unity with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mary was blessed to be with the Lord Jesus Christ from when He initially took on human flesh to the point when the Lord Jesus Christ departed this life on the Cross.

Mary is depicted on the icon of the Feast of the Holy Ascension.

Mary found favor with the Lord early in life. When announcing Christ's birth was to occur, the angel Gabriel told Mary: "Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have found favor with God."(Lk. 1:30)

The favor with God shown at the Annunciation continued even when Christ was suffering upon the Cross. The Crucified Jesus looked down from the Cross at His mother and said to His beloved disciple John, "Behold your mother! (Jn.19:27). The beloved disciple took her to his own home. (Jn.19:28)

God cared for and protected Mary. She is a protector and intercessor for believers praying to her. Today the Holy Orthodox Church commemorates Mary's departure from this life.

Today the Holy Orthodox Church focuses on Mary's translation to heaven.

Believers do well to think about Mary's purity and obedience. Believers do well to think about Mary's unity with Christ. Believers do well to think about Mary's ability to intercede with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Prayers to Mary are found throughout the Divine services of the Holy Orthodox Church. Mary's love for Christ and Christ's love for Mary inspire generation after generation of believers.

Believers are sustained in prayer to Mary. Believers are sustained in prayer knowing the Lord Jesus Christ listens to each prayer. This Feast of the Dormition of the Mother of God is an opportunity to turn to God in prayer.

This Feast is an opportunity to repent of our sins and seek the purity found in Mary's life. Today is an opportunity to commit ourselves to a life of obedience to God and ways pleasing to God.

The Holy Orthodox Church celebrates this feast and every feast with joy. The Holy Orthodox Church celebrates this feast and every feast with the expectation that believers will experience unity with Christ.

The Precious Body and Blood of Christ unites believers with Christ. The Beloved Theotokos knows unity with Christ. Today and everyday is a day for unity with Christ. Through the prayers of His Most Pure Mother, may we always experience unity with Christ.

St. George Serbian Orthodox Church, Carmichaels, Pennsylvania. Feast of the Dormition of the Theotokos. August 15/28, 2007. Father Rodney Torbic

PUBLICITY ANNOUNCEMENT:

Saint Sylvester Roman Catholic Church will host a Fall Tea on Sunday, September 30 at 12:30 PM. There will be food, refreshments, and lots of door prizes. Adults--\$10.00, ages 6-12--\$7.00. *Hat and gloves are optional!* Advance Tickets ONLY! Please call Bridget at 724-468-4094 for tickets or if you have any questions. Let's help support our neighbors!