



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, Metropolitan Theodosius, Bishop Robert, 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 Michael Mihalick [MS], Ollie Pendylshok, 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, Grace Holupka, Virginia Bryan, Joseph Sliwinsky, Maria Balo, Linda Mechtly, Mary Mochnick, Mary Pekich, Mildred Manolovich, Evelyn Misko, 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, Cameron [a boy in Matt's class], Faith—a 6-year-old girl with rheumatoid arthritis, Isabella Olivia Lindgren—a 2-year-old with a brain tumor, Dillon, Ethel Thomas, Donna, Nick Malec [Maxine's brother], Erin, Jimmy Fennel [7th Grader], Jim Markovich, Jeff Walewski [thyroid cancer], Carol [Lotinski] Rose, Michael Miller, Dave May, Grace & Owen Ostrasky, Alverta, Gary Zurasky, Michael Horvath, Patti Sinecki, David Genshi, Rita Very & family, Sue Segeleon, Mike Gallagher, Mildred Walters, Michael Miller, Mike Pelchar [Liz's brother], Jim Logue—throat cancer, Liz Stumpf, Ester Tylavsky, Ed Jamison, Theodore Nixon, Charles Johnson, Amy Forbeck, Michelle Corba Kapeluck, Gloria Prymak [Liz's niece], Robert Hippert & family, Margaret Vladimir, Luke Emmerling, John Sheliga, Sabrina, George & Mika Rocknage, Elizabeth Mitchell, Robert McKivitz, Cliff Dow, Marjorie Pershing, Robert Paouncic, Tim Monta, Amy Kemerer, Tom Marriott, Joe Farkas, Liz Obradovich, Liz, Adam, Helen Pytlak, Timothy Sams, Halyna Zelinska [Bishop Daniel's mother], and Daria Masur. **ARNOLD:** Stefania Lucci, Ann Ostaffy, Steve Sakal, Homer Paul Kline, and Steve Ostaffy. We pray that God will grant them all a speedy recovery.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO OUR AUGUST BABIES: John Brunermer on the 1st, Maxine Kitch on the 7th, Janet Brunermer on the 12th, and Stella Cherepko on the 26th. May God grant them all Many Happy, Healthy, and Blessed Years!

Please remember especially in your prayers: Walter Burlack & Liz Obradovich.

Please remember David Weaver in Mosul, James John Logue assigned to Iraq, and 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 Sixth Grade and Matt’s Fourth Grade collections. THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR HELP! Love, 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, August 3	Divine Liturgy	10:30 AM
7TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST, PROPHET EZEKIEL, VENERABLE SYMEON OF EMESA-FOOL FOR CHRIST & FELLOW-FASTER SAINT JOHN, VENERABLE ONUPHRIUS THE SILENT OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA, VENERABLE ONESIMUS-RECLUSE OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA, UNCOVERING RELICS OF SAINT ANNA OF KASHIN, MARTYR VICTOR OF MARSEILLES, SAINT ANNA-MOTHER OF SAINT SAVA OF SERBIA		
<i>Tone 6</i>		
<i>Romans 15:1-7</i>		
<i>Matthew 9:27-35</i>		
<i>Litany in Blessed Memory of Samuel Mrvos, M. Denise Lawrence, Rudy Obradovich, Agnes Rossi, Mary Milanovich, Millie Kitch, & Michael Cherepko—Fr. Bob</i>		
Sunday, August 10	NO SERVICE IN SLICKVILLE	10:30 AM
8TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST, HOLY APOSTLES OF THE 70 AND DEACONS: PROCHORUS, NICANOR, TIMON & PARMENAS, MARTYRS JULIAN OF DALMATIA, EUSTATHIUS THE SOLDIER OF ANCYRA, & ACACIUS OF APAMEA, SAINT PITIRIM-BISHOP OF TAMBOV, SAINT IRENE OF CAPPADOCIA, SAINT PAUL OF XEROPOTAMOU MONASTERY OF MOUNT ATHOS, VENERABLE URSUS & LEOBATIUS-BROTHER-ABBOTS		
<i>Tone 7</i>		
<i>I Corinthians 1:10-18</i>		
<i>Matthew 14:14-22</i>		
Sunday, August 17	Divine Liturgy	10:30 AM
9TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST, HOLY 7 YOUTHS OF EPHEBUS: MAXIMILIAN, JAMBLICUS, MARTINIAN, JOHN, DIONYSIUS, EXACUSTODIAN-CONSTANTINE, & ANTONINUS, MARTYR EUDOCIA OF		

**PERSIA, MARTYR ELEUTHERIUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE, NEW HIEROMARTYR COSMAS OF ATIOLIA-
EQUAL-TO-THE-APOSTLES**

Tone 8

I Corinthians 3:9-17

Matthew 14:22-34

Parastas in Blessed Memory of Victor Burlack & Stephen Kuzman—Burlack & Paouncic Families

BULLETIN INSERT FOR 03 AUGUST 2008
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST
PROPHET EZEKIEL, VENERABLE SYMEON OF EMESA-FOOL
FOR CHRIST & FELLOW-FASTER SAINT JOHN, VENERABLE
ONUPHRIUS THE SILENT OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA, VENERABLE
ONESIMUS-RECLUSE OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA, UNCOVERING
RELICS OF SAINT ANNA OF KASHIN, MARTYR VICTOR OF
MARSEILLES, SAINT ANNA-MOTHER OF SAINT SAVA OF
SERBIA

TROPARION—TONE 6

The angelic powers were at Thy tomb; the guards became as dead men.
Mary stood by Thy grave, seeking Thy most pure body.
Thou didst capture hell, not being tempted by it.
Thou didst come to the Virgin, granting life.
O Lord who didst rise from the dead: glory to Thee!

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

KONTAKION—TONE 6

When Christ God, the Giver of Life,
Raised all of the dead from the valleys of misery with His might hand,
He bestowed resurrection on the human race.
He is the Savior of all,
The Resurrection, the Life, and the God of all!

PROKEIMENON—TONE 6

READER: O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance.

PEOPLE: O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance.

READER: To Thee, O Lord, will I call. O my God, be not silent to me.

PEOPLE: O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance.

READER: O Lord, save Thy people.

PEOPLE: And bless Thine inheritance.

ALLELUIA VERSES—TONE 6

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the heavenly God.

He will say to the Lord: My Protector and my Refuge; my God, in whom I trust.

THE OLD COWBOY

One Sunday morning an old cowboy entered a church just before services were to begin. Although the old man and his clothes were spotlessly clean, he wore jeans, a denim shirt and boots that were very worn and ragged.

In his hand he carried a worn out old hat and an equally well read Bible.

The church he entered was in a very upscale and exclusive part of the city. It was the largest and most beautiful church the old cowboy had ever seen.

The people of the congregation were all dressed with expensive clothes and jewelry.

As the cowboy took a seat, the others moved away from him. No one greeted, spoke to, or welcomed him.

They were all appalled by his appearance and did not attempt to hide it.

As the old cowboy was leaving the church, the preacher approached him and asked the cowboy to do him a favor. "Before you come back in here again, have a talk with God and ask him what he thinks would be appropriate attire for worship in church."

The old cowboy assured the preacher he would.

The next Sunday, he showed back up for the services wearing the same ragged jeans, shirt, boots, and hat. Once again he was completely shunned and ignored. The preacher approached the cowboy and said, "I thought I asked you to speak to God before you came back to our church."

"I did," replied the old cowboy.

"If you spoke to God, what did he tell you the proper attire should be for worshipping in here?" asked the preacher.

"Well, sir, God told me that He didn't have a clue what I should wear. He said He'd never been in this church."

On Prayer

It is good...to pray always and not to lose heart, as the Lord says, And again the Apostle says, 'Pray without ceasing', (Lord Jesus Christ Have Mercy On Me) that is by night and by day and at every hour, and not only when coming into the church, and not bothering at other times. But whether you are working, lying down to sleep, traveling, eating, drinking, sitting at table, do not interrupt your prayer, for you do not know when he who demands your soul is coming (death approaching...). Don't wait for Sunday or a feast day, or a different place, but, as the Prophet David says, 'in every place of his dominion'.

Whether you are in church, or in your house, or in the country; whether you are guarding sheep, or constructing buildings, or present at drinking parties, do not stop praying. When you are able, bend your knees, when you cannot, make intercession in your mind, 'at evening and at morning and at midday'. If prayer precedes your work and if, when you rise from your bed, your first movements are accompanied by prayer, sin can find no entrance to attack your soul.

~St. Ephraim the Syrian

Religious Jokes--Bob Graham, Crafton H.S. '59, Winter Springs, FL

Dear God,

I think you'd be proud of me! So far today I've done all right. I haven't gossiped, lusted, lost my temper, haven't been greedy, grumpy, nasty, selfish or overindulgent. I'm very thankful for that.

In a few minutes, though, I'm going to get out of bed. From then on I'm probably going to need a LOT of help.

Amen.

God: "Whew! I just created a 24 hour period of alternating light and darkness of Earth."

Angel: "What are you going to do now?"

God: "Call it a day."

A drunken man staggers in to a Catholic church and sits down in a confession box and says nothing.

The bewildered priest coughs to attract his attention, but still the man says nothing. The priest then knocks on the wall three times in a final attempt to get the man to speak.

Finally, the drunk replies, "No use knockin' man, there's no paper in this one either."

A missionary was walking in Africa when he heard the ominous padding of a lion behind him. "Oh Lord," prayed the missionary, "Grant in Thy goodness that the lion walking behind me is a good Christian lion."

And then, in the silence that followed, the missionary heard the lion praying too: "Oh Lord," he prayed, "We thank Thee for the food which we are about to receive."

After a church service on Sunday morning, a young boy suddenly announced to his mother, "Mom, I've decided to become a minister when I grow up."

"That's okay with us, but what made you decide that?"

"Well, I'll have to go to church on Sunday anyway, and I figure it will be more fun to stand up and yell than to sit down and listen."

COFFEE HOUR LIST—there is a new sign-up list for coffee hour on the bulletin board downstairs. Please look at the schedule and chose a date or two when you can bring goodies to share after Divine Liturgy. Also, please let Sonia know what you will bring so she can plan the “extras” that we need for coffee hour!

NO SERVICE IN SLICKVILLE NEXT WEEK: Father Bob and his family will be out of town next week from Thursday, August 6 through Sunday, August 10. Unfortunately, he was unable to arrange for a replacement for Sunday so there will be no service at Holy Ghost. If you are in need of the services of a priest, please

contact President John Paouncic, who has contact numbers for the area Orthodox clergy. Also, please visit one of our neighboring Orthodox parishes and see the beauty of our sister jurisdictions. If you wish to visit another parish, please contact the priest early to let him know that you will be coming to communion—this is common courtesy and proper etiquette! Also, if you have any questions, please see Father Bob.

*Whether you're Christian or not, this man's message is a powerful message of his FAITH in God. It's from Tony Snow, about the cancer that eventually stopped him physically and the spiritual lessons he learned.
May his memory be eternal.--Best, Michael*

Cancer's Unexpected Blessings

When you enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death, things change...by Tony Snow in Christianity Today

July 20, 2007

Commentator and broadcaster Tony Snow announced that he had colon cancer in 2005. Following surgery and chemo-therapy, Snow joined the Bush administration in April 2006 as press secretary. Unfortunately, on March 23 Snow, 51, a husband and father of three, announced that the cancer had recurred, with tumors found in his abdomen-leading to surgery in April, followed by more chemotherapy. Snow went back to work in the White House Briefing Room on May 30, but resigned August 31. CT asked Snow what spiritual lessons he has been learning through the ordeal.

Blessings arrive in unexpected packages-in my case, cancer.

Those of us with potentially fatal diseases-and there are millions in America today-find ourselves in the odd position of coping with our mortality while trying to fathom God's will. Although it would be the height of presumption to declare with confidence What It All Means, Scripture provides powerful hints and consolations.

The first is that we shouldn't spend too much time trying to answer the why questions: Why me? Why must people suffer? Why can't someone else get sick? We can't answer such things, and the questions themselves often are designed more to express our anguish than to solicit an answer.

I don't know why I have cancer, and I don't much care. It is what it is-a plain and indisputable fact. Yet even while staring into a mirror darkly, great and stunning truths begin to take shape. Our maladies define a central feature of our existence: We are fallen. We are imperfect. Our bodies give out.

But despite this-because of it-God offers the possibility of salvation and grace. We don't know how the narrative of our lives will end, but we get to choose how to use the interval between now and the moment we meet our Creator face-to-face.

Second, we need to get past the anxiety. The mere thought of dying can send adrenaline flooding through your system. A dizzy, unfocused panic seizes you. Your heart thumps; your head swims. You think of nothingness and swoon. You fear partings; you worry about the impact on family and friends. You fidget and get nowhere.

To regain footing, remember that we were born not into death, but into life-and that the journey continues after we have finished our days on this earth. We accept this on faith, but that faith is nourished by a conviction that stirs even within many nonbelieving hearts-an intuition that the gift of life, once given, cannot be taken away. Those who have been stricken enjoy the special privilege of being able to fight with their might, main, and faith to live-fully, richly, exuberantly-no matter how their days may be numbered.

Third, we can open our eyes and hearts. God relishes surprise. We want lives of simple, predictable ease-smooth, even trails as far as the eye can see-but God likes to go off-road. He provokes us with twists and turns. He places us in predicaments that seem to defy our endurance and comprehension-and yet don't. By his love and grace, we persevere. The challenges that make our hearts leap and stomachs churn invariably strengthen our faith and grant measures of wisdom and joy we would not experience otherwise.

'You Have Been Called'

Picture yourself in a hospital bed. The fog of anesthesia has begun to wear away. A doctor stands at your feet; a loved one holds your hand at the side. "It's cancer," the healer announces.

The natural reaction is to turn to God and ask him to serve as a cosmic Santa. "Dear God, make it all go away. Make everything simpler." But another voice whispers: "You have been called." Your quandary has drawn you closer to God, closer to those you love, closer to the issues that matter-and has dragged into insignificance the banal concerns that occupy our "normal time."

There's another kind of response, although usually short-lived-an inexplicable shudder of excitement, as if a clarifying moment of calamity has swept away everything trivial and tinny, and placed before us the challenge of important questions.

The moment you enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death, things change. You discover that Christianity is not something doughy, passive, pious, and soft. Faith may be the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. But it also draws you into a world shorn of fearful caution. The life of belief teems with thrills, boldness, danger, shocks, reversals, triumphs, and epiphanies. Think of Paul, traipsing through the known world and contemplating trips to what must have seemed the antipodes (Spain), shaking the dust from his sandals, worrying not about the morrow, but only about the moment.

There's nothing wilder than a life of humble virtue-for it is through selflessness and service that God wrings from our bodies and spirits the most we ever could give, the most we ever could offer, and the most we ever could do.

Finally, we can let love change everything. When Jesus was faced with the prospect of crucifixion, he grieved not for himself, but for us. He cried for Jerusalem before entering the holy city. From the Cross, he took on the cumulative burden of human sin and weakness, and begged for forgiveness on our behalf.

We get repeated chances to learn that life is not about us-that we acquire purpose and satisfaction by sharing in God's love for others. Sickness gets us partway there. It reminds us of our limitations and dependence. But it also gives us a chance to serve the healthy. A minister friend of mine observes that people suffering grave afflictions often acquire the faith of two people, while loved ones accept the burden of two people's worries and fears.

Learning How to Live

Most of us have watched friends as they drifted toward God's arms not with resignation, but with peace and hope. In so doing, they have taught us not how to die, but how to live. They have emulated Christ by transmitting the power and authority of love.

I sat by my best friend's bedside a few years ago as a wasting cancer took him away. He kept at his table a worn Bible and a 1928 edition of the Book of Common Prayer. A shattering grief disabled his family, many of his old friends, and at least one priest. Here was a humble and very good guy, someone who apologized when he winced with pain because he thought it made his guest uncomfortable. He retained his equanimity and good humor literally until his last conscious moment. "I'm going to try to beat [this cancer]," he told me several months before he died. "But if I don't, I'll see you on the other side."

His gift was to remind everyone around him that even though God doesn't promise us tomorrow, he does promise us eternity-filled with life and love we cannot comprehend- and that one can in the throes of sickness point the rest of us toward timeless truths that will help us weather future storms.

Through such trials, God bids us to choose: Do we believe, or do we not? Will we be bold enough to love, daring enough to serve, humble enough to submit, and strong enough to acknowledge our limitations? Can we surrender our concern in things that don't matter so that we might devote our remaining days to things that do?

When our faith flags, he throws reminders in our way. Think of the prayer warriors in our midst. They change things, and those of us who have been on the receiving end of their petitions and intercessions know it.

It is hard to describe, but there are times when suddenly the hairs on the back of your neck stand up, and you feel a surge of the Spirit. Somehow you just know: Others have chosen, when talking to the Author of all creation, to lift us up-to speak of us!

This is love of a very special order. But so is the ability to sit back and appreciate the wonder of every created thing. The mere thought of death somehow makes every blessing vivid, every happiness more luminous and intense. We may not know how our contest with sickness will end, but we have felt the ineluctable touch of God.

What is man that Thou art mindful of him? We don't know much, but we know this: No matter where we are, no matter what we do, no matter how bleak or frightening our prospects, each and every one of us, each and every day, lies in the same safe and impregnable place-in the hollow of God's hand.

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The person who is possessed by material things is always subjugated to unhappiness and anxiety, for on the one hand he trembles for fear that they take his things away from him, while on the other he trembles for fear that his soul be taken from him. Now, the miser whose hand is sore from his tight hold on things, also squeezed his own heart, and turned it into stone.

In order for him to be healed, he must visit unfortunate people, to suffer, so that he will be forced to open his hand slowly, slowly, and his heart of stone will also start to soften. It will become a human heart and in this way the gates of Paradise will also open.

Elder Paisios the Athonite