



Holy Ghost Orthodox Church

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GREAT LENT

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], Father Joseph Kopchak, Father Charles Mezzomo, Father Anthony Dimitri, 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, Mildred Manolovich, Evelyn Misko, Jeanne Boehing, Alex Drobot, Rachelle, Jane Golofski, Doug Diller, Harry Krewsun, 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 7-year-old girl with rheumatoid arthritis, Isabella Olivia Lindgren—a 3-year-old with a brain tumor, Dillon, Ethel Thomas, Donna, Nick Malec [Maxine's brother], Erin, 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, Sue Segeleon, Mike Gallagher, Michael Miller, 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, Marjorie Pershing, Tom Marriott, Joe Farkas, Liz Obradovich, Liz, Halyna Zelinska [Bishop Daniel's mother], Mary Ann, Charlotte, Peter Natishan, Michael Spak, Andrew Mark Olynyk, Deborah Finley, Claire Senita, Brandi Thomas, Eleanor Kelly, Bryan, Ben Bonifield—a classmate of Alex, Peter Special, Amy Boe, Doris Artman, Maureen Sams, Nancy Barylak, Shirley Tkacik, Carol Kowalcheck, Martin Golofski, Joe Paouncic, and Daria Masur. ARNOLD: Stefania Lucci, Steve Sakal, Homer

Paul Kline, and Steve Ostaffy. We pray that God will grant them all a speedy recovery.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR: ANNUAL PARISH MEETING—NEXT SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 2009 AFTER THE OBEDNITZA. We will also elect board officers, if needed!

Please remember David Weaver in Mosul, James John Logue George Senita, & John Kirkowski assigned to Iraq, Matthew Machak, Tonia Dec, Michael Repasky, 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, March 15 **Divine Liturgy** **10:30 AM**
SAINT GREGORY PALAMAS-ARCHBISHOP OF THESSALONICA
SYNAXIS OF THE VENERABLE FATHERS OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA, HIEROMARTYR THEODOTUS-BISHOP OF CYRENIA,
VENERABLE AGATHON-MONK OF EGYPT, MARTYR TROADIUS OF NEO-CAESAREA, VIRGIN-MARTYR EUTHALIA OF
SICILY, 440 MARTYRS SLAIN BY THE LOMBARDS IN ITALY, VENERABLE SABBAS & BARSANUPHIUS-ABBOTS OF TVER,
SAINT ARSENIUS-BISHOP OF TVER, ENLIGHTENER JOB [BORECKJI] METROPOLITAN OF KIEV AND ALL RUS’
Tone 6
Hebrews 1:10-2:3
Mark 2:1-12
Parastas in Blessed Memory of Bernie O’Masta—Betty O’Masta

Thursday, March 19 **Ecumenical Service—Saint Sylvester RC Church** **7:00 PM**
Rev. Carl Jones speaker

Sunday, March 22 **OBEDNITZA** **10:30 AM**
VENERATION OF THE HOLY CROSS
HOLY 40 MARTYRS OF SEBASTE, MARTYR URPASIANUS, RIGHTEOUS CAESARIUS-BROTHER OF SAINT
GREGORY THE THEOLOGIAN, RIGHTEOUS TARASIVS
ANNUAL MEETING
Tone 7
Hebrews 4:14-5:6
Mark 8:34-9:1
Litany in Blessed Memory of Tillie Kuzman—Debbie & John Pauncic

Parastas in Blessed Memory of Frank & Helen Riznow—Riznow Family

Thursday, March 26

Ecumenical Service—Parkview Baptist Church
Father Bob speaker

7:00 PM

Sunday, March 29

Divine Liturgy 10:30 AM

SAINT JOHN CLIMACUS—JOHN OF THE LADDER

MARTYR SABINAS OF EGYPT, MARTYR PAPAS OF LYCONIA, MARTYRS TROPHIMUS & THALUS OF LAODICEA, APOSTLE ARISTOBULUS OF THE 70-BISHOP OF BRITAIN, HIEROMARTYR ALEXANDER-POPE OF ROME, MARTYR JULIAN, SAINT SERAPION-ARCHBISHOP OF NOVHOROD, SAINT CHRISTODULUS-MONK & WONDERWORKER OF PATMOS, MARTYR ROMANUS AT PARIUM ON THE HELLESPONT

Tone 8

Hebrews 6:13-20

Mark 9:17-31

Thursday, April 2

Ecumenical Service—Holy Ghost Orthodox Church
Rev. Tom Holmes Speaker

7:00 PM

BULLETIN INSERT FOR 15 MARCH 2009

SAINT GREGORY PALAMAS

ARCHBISHOP OF THESSALONICA

**SYNAXIS OF THE VENERABLE FATHERS OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA,
HIEROMARTYR THEODOTUS-BISHOP OF CYRENIA, VENERABLE
AGATHON-MONK OF EGYPT, MARTYR TROADIUS OF NEO-CAESAREA,
VIRGIN-MARTYR EUTHALIA OF SICILY, 440 MARTYRS SLAIN BY THE
LOMBARDS IN ITALY, VENERABLE SABBAS & BARSANUPIUS-ABBOTS
OF TVER, SAINT ARSENIUS-BISHOP OF TVER, ENLIGHTENER JOB
[BORECKJI] METROPOLITAN OF KIEV AND ALL RUS'**

TROPARION—TONE 8

O Light of Orthodoxy! Teacher of the Church! Its confirmation!
O Ideal of Monks and invincible Champion of Theologians!
O wonder-working Gregory, glory of Thessalonica and Preacher of Grace!
Always intercede before the Lord that our souls may be saved!

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

KONTAKION—TONE 4

Now is the time for action! Judgment is at the doors!
So let us rise and fast, offering alms with tears of compunction and crying:
Our sins are more in number than the sands of the sea;
But forgive us, O Master of All,
So that we may receive the incorruptible crowns.

PROKEIMENON—TONE 5

READER: Thou, O Lord, shall protect us and preserve us from this
generation forever!

PEOPLE: Thou, O Lord, shall 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, shall protect us and preserve us from this generation forever!

READER: Thou, O Lord, shall protect us and preserve us.

PEOPLE: From this generation forever!

ALLELUIA VERSES

Praise the Lord from the heavens! Praise Him in the highest!

The righteous will be remembered forever; he is not afraid of evil things!

A PICTURE OF GOD

On the first Sunday of Great Lent we celebrate the Sunday of Orthodoxy, which commemorates the restoration of holy images. The Iconoclast heresy sought to destroy all imagery in the Church, thinking that the commandment of Exodus 20: 4-5: *You shall not make for yourself a graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; you shall not bow down to them,* was still in effect. The Fathers of the 7th Ecumenical Council (Nicea, 787) declared that since God became true man in the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, He as well as the Saints of God could be pictured and their icons venerated, not in and of themselves, but because they represent holy people transformed by divine grace and it is those holy ones who are venerated. It took 56 years for the restoration of icons to be accomplished. On the 1st Sunday of Lent AD 843, the Church celebrated for the first time the “Triumph of Orthodoxy”—the victory of the true faith over heresy.

An icon is a picture. In Byzantine art it is a very specific type of picture, very unlike a photograph and Western art which seek to portray physical reality. By certain conventions icons show the Saints not as they looked on this earth, but as they appear spiritually in eternity—transformed by God’s grace.

In Genesis 1:26 we read about our own creation: *Let us make man in our image according to our likeness.* The Greek word used here is *eikona* – icon. You and I are made as icons—pictures-- of God. This is not physical of course, because God is bodiless, but spiritual, in our soul and its faculties of intellect and will. This snapshot of God in us can be marred by sin, but not destroyed. There is always something of God in each of us. In those open to His Grace this icon can be transformed to become more and more like our Lord, in holiness.

As we celebrate this feast today, let us look at others in a new and different way and try to see in every man, woman and child the picture-icon-image of God in which they were created.

As long as we live self-centered lives, we cannot forgive our neighbor - our ego will not allow it. Once our lives our God-centered, however, we are able to forgive others as God forgives us. Let us remember that God's mercy and forgiveness to us is often hidden in our mercy and forgiveness to others.—**Synaxarion of the Lenten Triodion**—e-mail via Father George Livanos

Gentle Lessons

When I'm feeling down, I like to whistle. It makes the neighbor's dog run to the end of his chain and gag himself.

A penny saved is obviously the result of a government oversight.

The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing at the right time, but also to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

The older you get, the tougher it is to lose weight, because by then your body and your fat have gotten to be really good friends.

The easiest way to find something lost around the house is to buy a new replacement for it.

He who hesitates is probably doing the right thing.

Did you ever notice: The Roman Numerals for forty (40) are 'XL.'

If you think there is some good in everybody, you obviously haven't met 'everybody'.

If you can smile when things go wrong, you must have someone else in mind to blame.

The sole purpose of a child's middle name is so that he can tell when he's 'really' in trouble.

There's always a lot to be thankful for if you take time to look for it. For example, I am sitting here thinking how nice it is that wrinkles don't hurt.

Did you ever notice: When you put the 2 words 'The' and 'IRS' together it spells 'Theirs.'

Ageing: Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

Some people try to turn back their life's odometers. Not me, I want people to know 'why' I look this way. I've traveled a long, long way and some of the roads weren't paved.

When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to youth, think of Algebra.

You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.

One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young.

Ah, being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.

First you forget names, then you forget faces. Then you forget to pull up your zipper. It's even worse when you forget to pull it down.

Long ago when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today, it's called golf.

Lord, keep your arm around my shoulder and your hand over my mouth...AMEN..!!

a word from the desert

A certain man traveling to Constantinople from the East fell among robbers who stole from him everything that he had with him, mutilated his body, cut the sinews of his knees and leaving him half dead, went their ways; but by the providence of God they had not inflicted any mortal wound on him. Some wayfarers who came to that place picked him up and carried him to the city of Ancyra, for it was close to that city that this had befallen him. There they took him to the bishop who ordered him to be conveyed to the hospital and cared for there. But while his wounds were tended he was not able to walk. He therefore made this request of the bishop, 'I was traveling to Constantinople in fulfillment of a vow making my way to our lord Daniel, who stands on the column, when I met with this accident; and now that, thanks to you, I have been healed it behooves me to fulfill my vow. I pray you, therefore, servant of God, to send me safely to Constantinople to the holy man' The bishop, since he thought that this was a pious request, gave him money for his expenses, also a beast and two men to conduct him to the holy man Daniel. So the men took him and brought him to the holy man's enclosure and then carried him and laid him in front of the column. The man cried aloud and told the holy man the reason for which he had come and related what had happened to him and how he had been saved by the help of God and the bishop. The holy man sent thanks to the bishop for the kindness he had shown to the

man and after furnishing those who had brought him with supplies for their journey he dismissed them in peace with presents for the bishop. He handed over the man to some of the servants with orders to carry him and bring him to the enclosure daily at the hour of prayer, and to anoint him with the oil of the saints; the man's legs hung down as if they did not belong to him. After a few days, one Friday when the Saint had said the prayers as usual and all had said 'Amen', the man suddenly leapt from the litter, and stood on his feet and said with a loud voice, 'Bless me, oh servant of God'. And he quickly ran up the steps and embraced the column giving thanks the while to God.

from the Life of Daniel the Stylite, 87

Daniel the Stylite, commemorated 11/24 December

This was sent to me by my sister-in-law. It is a first-hand account from Gerry McNamara, a Partner at Heidrick & Struggles, an executive recruiting firm, who was on (New York/Charlotte) US Airways Flight 1549. It is an internal memo to the members of his firm. It is very well written, is descriptive, and gives this man's honest reactions to the events around him.

Hub Kirkpatrick, Crafton H.S. '59--Tarpon Springs, FL

Thursday was a difficult day for all of us at the firm and I left the office early afternoon to catch a cab bound for LaGuardia Airport.

I was scheduled for a 5 pm departure, but able to secure a seat on the earlier flight scheduled to leave at 3 pm. As many of us who fly frequently often do, I recall wondering if I'd just placed myself on a flight I shouldn't be on!

Just prior to boarding I finished up a conference call with my associate, Jenn Sparks (New York), and our placement, the CIO of United Airlines. When I told him that I was about to board a US Airways flight, we all had a little fun with it. I remember walking on the plane and seeing a fellow with grey hair in the cockpit and thinking "that's a good thing...I like to see grey hair in the cockpit!"

I was seated in 8F, on the starboard side window and next to a young business man. The New York to Charlotte flight is one I've taken what seems like hundreds of times over the years. We take off north over the Bronx and as we climb, turn west over the Hudson River to New Jersey and tack south. I love to fly, always have, and this flight plan gives a great view of several NY landmarks including Yankee Stadium and the George Washington Bridge.

I had started to point out items of interest to the gentleman next to me when we heard a terrible crash—a sound no one ever wants to hear while flying—and then

the engines wound down to a screeching halt. 10 seconds later, there was a strong smell of jet fuel. I knew we would be landing and thought the pilot would take us down no doubt to Newark Airport. As we began to turn south I noticed the pilot lining up on the river—still—I thought—en route for Newark.

Next thing we heard was "Brace for impact!"—a phrase I had heard many years before as an active duty Marine Officer but never before on a commercial air flight. Everyone looked at each other in shock. It all happened so fast we were astonished!

We began to descend rapidly and it started to sink in. This is the last flight. I'm going to die today. This is it. I recited my favorite bible verse, the Lord's Prayer, and asked God to take care of my wife, children, family, and friends.

When I raised my head I noticed people texting their friends and family....getting off a last message. My blackberry was turned off and in my trouser pocket...no time to get at it. Our descent continued and I prayed for courage to control my fear and help if able.

I quickly realized that one of two things was going to happen, neither of them good. We could hit by the nose, flip and break up, leaving few if any survivors, bodies, cold water, fuel. Or we could hit one of the wings and roll and flip with the same result. I tightened my seat belt as tight as I could possibly get it so I would remain intact.

As we came in for the landing, I looked out the windows and remember seeing the buildings in New Jersey, the cliffs in Weehawken, and then the piers. The water was dark green and sure to be freezing cold. The stewardesses were yelling in unison: "Brace! Brace! Brace!"

It was a violent hit - the water flew up over my window - but we bobbed up and were all amazed that we remained intact. There was some panic - people jumping over seats and running towards the doors, but we soon got everyone straightened out and calmed down. There were a lot of people that took leadership roles in little ways. Those sitting at the doors over the wing did a fantastic job...they were opened in a New York second! Everyone worked together - teamed up and in groups to figure out how to help each other.

I exited on the starboard side of the plane, 3 or 4 rows behind my seat through a door over the wing and was, I believe, the 10th or 12th person out. I took my seat cushion as a flotation device and once outside saw I was the only one who did....none of us remembered to take the yellow inflatable life vests from under

the seat.

We were standing in 6-8 inches of water and it was freezing. There were two women on the wing, one of whom slipped off into the water. Another passenger and I pulled her back on and had her kneel down to keep from falling off again. By that point we were totally soaked and absolutely frozen from the icy wind.

The ferries were the first to arrive, and although they're not made for rescue, they did an incredible job. I know this river, having swum in it as a boy. The Hudson is an estuary - part salt and part fresh water - and moves with the tide. I could tell the tide was moving out because we were tacking slowly south towards Ellis Island, The Statue of Liberty, and The Battery.

The first ferry boat pulled its bow up to the tip of the wing, and the first mate lowered the Jacobs ladder down to us. We got a couple people up the ladder to safety, but the current was strong pushing the stern of the boat into the inflatable slide and we were afraid it would puncture it...there must have been 25 passengers in it by now. Only two or three were able to board the first ferry before it moved away.

Another ferry came up, and we were able to get the woman that had fallen into the water on the ladder, but she just couldn't move her legs and fell off. Back onto the ladder she went; however, the ferry had to back away because of the swift current. A helicopter arrived on station (nearly blowing us all off the wing) and followed the ferry with the woman on the ladder.

We lost view of the situation but I believe the helicopter lowered its basket to rescue her.

As more ferries arrived, we were able to get people up on the boats a few at a time. The fellow in front of me fell off the ladder and into the water. When we got him back on the ladder he could not move his legs to climb. I couldn't help him from my position so I climbed up the ladder to the ferry deck where the first mate and I hoisted the Jacobs ladder with him on it...when he got close enough we grabbed his trouser belt and hauled him on deck. We were all safely off the wing.

We could not stop shaking. Uncontrollable shaking. The only thing I had with me was my blackberry, which had gotten wet and was not working. (It started working again a few hours later).

The ferry took us to the Weehawken Terminal in NJ where I borrowed a phone and called my wife to let her know I was okay. The second call I made was to

Jenn. I knew she would be worried about me and could communicate to the rest of the firm that I was fine. At the terminal, first responders assessed everyone's condition and sent people to the hospital as needed. As we pulled out of Weehawken my history kicked in and I recall it was the site of the famous duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr in 1804. Thankfully I left town in better condition than Mr. Hamilton who died of a mortal wound the next day! I stayed with my sister on Long Island that evening, then flew home the next day.

I am struck by what was truly a miracle. Had this happened a few hours later, it would have been pitch dark and much harder to land. Ferries would no longer have been running after rush hour and it would not have been the same uplifting story. Surely there would have been fatalities, hypothermia, an absolute disaster!

I witnessed the best of humanity that day. I and everyone on that plane survived and have been given a second chance. It struck me that in our work we continuously seek excellence to solve our client's leadership problems. We talk to clients all the time about the importance of experience and the ability to execute. Experience showed up big time on Flight 1549 as our pilot was a dedicated, trained, experienced professional who executed flawlessly when he had to.

I have received scores of emails from across the firm and I am so grateful for the outpouring of interest and concern. We all fly a great deal or work with someone who does and so I wanted to share this story - the story of a miracle. I am thankful to be here to tell the tale.

There is a great deal to be learned including: Why has this happened to me? Why have I survived and what am I supposed to do with this gift? For me, the answers to these questions and more will come over time, but already I find myself being more patient and forgiving, less critical and judgmental.

For now I have 4 lessons I would like to share:

1. Cherish your families as never before and go to great lengths to keep your promises.

2. Be thankful and grateful for everything you have and don't worry about the things you don't have.

3. Keep in shape. You never know when you'll be called upon to save your own life, or help someone else save theirs.

4. When you fly, wear practical clothing. You never know when you'll

end up in an emergency or on an icy wing in flip flops and pajamas and of absolutely no use to yourself or anyone else.

And I'd like to add: **Fly with gray-haired pilots!**

Death leaves a heartache no one can heal.....Love leaves a memory no one can steal.