



## **Holy Ghost Orthodox Church**

714 Westmoreland Avenue

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**Rev. Father Robert Popichak, Pastor**

23 Station Street

Carnegie, PA 15106-3014

[412] 279-5640 home

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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, 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, Father Cuthbert Jack, 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, Andrew Mark Olynyk, Deborah Finley, Claire Senita, Brandi Thomas, Eleanor Kelly, Bryan, Peter Special, Amy Boe, Doris Artman, Maureen Sams, Nancy Barylak, Shirley Tkacik, Carol Kowalcheck, Martin Golofski, Joe Paouncic, Anthony Yerace, Joanne Brodrick, Khrystyna Chorniy, Anthony Cormier [2-year-old with cancer], Diane Waryanka, Nathan Forbeck, Joseph Baloga, Andy Torick, Sarah Doyle, Carmella Berardesca, Samuel Peters, Jean Stutchell, Pearl Hanczar, 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.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY to Judy and Rich Previc who celebrated their 35<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary on August 10<sup>th</sup>. May God grant them Many Happy, Healthy, Prosperous, and Blessed years!

Please remember 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 Seventh Grade and Matt’s Fifth 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 30

Divine Liturgy

10:30 AM

12<sup>TH</sup> SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

AFTERFEAST OF THE DORMITION, MARTYR MYRON-PRESBYTER OF CYZICUS, MARTYRS THYRSUS, LEUCIUS, & CORONATUS & OTHERS AT CAESAREA IN BITHYNIA, MARTYRS PAUL & HIS SISTER JULIANA & COMPANIONS OF SYRIA, MARTYR PATROCLUS OF TROYES, MARTYRS STRATON, PHILIP, EUTYCHIAN, & CYPRIAN, VENERABLE ALYPIUS THE ICONOGRAPHER OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA, VENERABLE PHILIP-MONK OF YANKOV-VOLOGDA, NEW-MARTYR DEMETRIUS OF SAMARINA IN EPIRUS, BLESSED THEODORETUS-ENLIGHTENER OF THE LAPS-SOLOVKI

**Tone 3**

**I Corinthians 15:1-11**

**Matthew 19:16-26**

*Litany in Blessed Memory of David Yenni—Fr. Bob*

*Parastas in Blessed Memory of Agnes Rossi—Diann Curcio [Neice]*

Sunday, September 06

Divine Liturgy

10:30 AM

13<sup>TH</sup> SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

HIEROMARTYR EUTYCHIUS-DISCIPLE OF SAINT JOHN THE THEOLOGIAN, MARTYR TATION AT CLAUDIOPOLIS, VIRGIN-MARTYR CYRA OF PERSIA, VENERABLE GEORGE LIMNIOTES THE CONFESSOR OF MOUNT OLYMPUS, TRANSLATION OF THE RELICS OF SAINT PETER-METROPOLITAN OF KIEV, VENERABLE ARSENIUS-ABBOT OF KOMEL, NEW HIEROMARTYR COSMAS OF AITILIA-EQUAL-TO-THE-APOSTLES, SAINT DIONYSIUS-ARCHBISHOP OF AEGINA, ICON OF THE THEOTOKOS “PETROVSKAYA”-“OF SAINT PETER OF MOSCOW”

**Tone 4**

**I Corinthians 16:13-24**

**Matthew 21:33-42**

*Litany in Blessed Memory of Josephine Roman & Susie Pelczar—Fr. Bob  
Parastas in Blessed Memory of Robert Vetosky—Cindy Vetosky & Family*

Sunday, September 13

Divine Liturgy

10:30 AM

14<sup>TH</sup> SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

PLACING OF THE CINCTURE OF THE MOST HOLY THEOTOKOS, HIEROMARTYR CYPRIAN-BISHOP OF CARTHAGE,  
SAINT GENNADIUS-PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE, SAINT GENNADIUS SCHOLARUS-PATRIARCH OF  
CONSTANTINOPLE, SAINT JOHN-METROPOLITAN OF KIEV

**Tone 5**

**II Corinthians 1:21-2:4**

**Matthew 22:1-14**

*Parastas in Blessed Memory of Michael Holupka—Mike Holupka*

## **BULLETIN INSERT FOR 30 AUGUST 2009**

### **TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST**

**AFTERFEAST OF THE DORMITION, MARTYR MYRON-  
PRESBYTER OF CYZICUS, MARTYRS THYRSUS, LEUCIUS, &  
CORONATUS & OTHERS AT CAESAREA IN BITHYNIA, MARTYRS  
PAUL & HIS SISTER JULIANA & COMPANIONS OF SYRIA,  
MARTYR PATROCLUS OF TROYES, MARTYRS STRATON,  
PHILIP, EUTYCHIAN, & CYPRIAN, VENERABLE ALYPIUS THE  
ICONOGRAPHER OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA, VENERABLE PHILIP-  
MONK OF YANKOV-VOLOGDA, NEW-MARTYR DEMETRIUS OF  
SAMARINA IN EPIRUS, BLESSED THEODORETUS-ENLIGHTENER  
OF THE LAPS-SOLOVKI**

### **TROPARION—TONE 3**

Let the Heavens rejoice! Let the earth be glad!  
For the Lord has shown strength with His arm!  
He has trampled down death by death!  
He has delivered us from the depths of hell,  
And has granted the world great mercy!

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

### **KONTAKION—TONE 3**

On this day Thou didst rise from the tomb, O Merciful One!  
Leading us from the gates of death.  
On this day Adam exults as Eve rejoices;  
With the prophets and patriarchs  
They unceasingly praise the divine majesty of Thy power!

### **PROKEIMENON—TONE 3**

**READER:** Sing praises to our God, sing praises! Sing praises to our King, sing praises!

**PEOPLE:** **Sing praises to our God, sing praises! Sing praises to our King, sing praises!**

**READER:** Clap your hands, all peoples! Shout to God with loud songs of joy!

**PEOPLE:** **Sing praises to our God, sing praises! Sing praises to our King, sing praises!**

**READER:** Sing praises to our God, sing praises!

**PEOPLE:** **Sing praises to our King, sing praises!**

### **ALLELUIA VERSES—TONE 3**

In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me never be put to shame!

Be Thou a God of protection for me, a house of refuge, in order to save me!

# **Wine Tasting and Dinner**

## **To benefit**

## **International Orthodox Christian Charities**

**Thursday, October 15, 2009**

**At**

**Little Athens Restaurant**

**518 Locust Pl**

**Sewickley, PA 15143**

**(412) 741-1230**

**Appetizers starting at 6 p.m.**

**Main Course Choice of:**

**Lamb Souvlaki, Chicken Phyllopita, Roast Beef, or Fish Plaki**

**Dessert Choices of :**

**Baklava, Galactobureko, or Rice Pudding**

**Tickets: \$60.00 per person**

**Due to limited seating tickets must be purchased in advance.**

**To Purchase Tickets (preferred method) go to**

**[www.iocc.org/pittsburgh](http://www.iocc.org/pittsburgh)**

**OR contact Sophie Farah at 412-341-6869**

Checks can be sent to Nick Terezis, c/o IOCC, 2412 Alexander Mnr. E., Steubenville OH 43952

**Please RSVP by Sunday, October 11, 2008**

**Enjoy an evening of fellowship, food, and fine wine!**

### **a word from the desert**

There was in Alexandria a virgin of humble appearance but of overbearing disposition. She was exceedingly rich, but never gave an obol to a stranger, virgin, church, or poor man. Despite the many rebukes of the fathers, she did not turn herself away from material wealth. Now she had some relatives and she adopted one of them, her sister's daughter, and night and day without any longing for heaven she kept promising her all her wealth...

Now they say that the blessed Macarius wished to "tap a vein" of this virgin to alleviate her greed. This Macarius, priest and superior of the poorhouse for cripples, devised the following ruse. In his younger days he had been a worker in stones, what they call a gem engraver. He went to her and said: "Some precious stones, emeralds, and hyacinths, have come into my possession. Whether they are simply a find or stolen property, I cannot say. Their value has not been ascertained, since they are priceless, but they can be had by anyone who has five hundred coins. If you take them, you will get your five hundred coins back from one stone; the rest you can use to pretty up your niece."

Intent on his every word, the maiden took the bait and fell at his feet. "I beseech you," she exclaimed, "do not let anyone else have them." Then he invited her, "Come to my house and see them." She was not willing to wait, however, but put down the five hundred coins for him, saying, "Take them as you wish; for I do not want to see the man who puts them up for sale."

He took the five hundred coins and gave them for the needs of the hospital. Some time elapsed, and since the man seemed to have a very great reputation in Alexandria, and a love of God, and was charitable he was active until he was a hundred; we spent some time with him ourselves well, she was discreet about reminding him. Eventually she found him in the

church and asked him, "I beg you, what did you decide about those stones for which I gave you the five hundred coins?"

He said in reply, "Just as soon as you gave me the money, I put it down for the price of the stones. If you wish, come and see them in the hospital, for they are there. Come and see if they please you; if they do not, take your money back."

Now the hospital had the women on the upper floor and the men on the ground floor. And leading her he brought her up to the entrance and asked: "What do you want to see first, the hyacinths or the emeralds?" She replied: "As you please." He took her to the upper floor, pointed out the crippled and diseased women, and said: "Look, here are your hyacinths!" And he led her back down again and showed her the men: "Behold your emeralds! If they do not please you, take your money back!" Turning about then, she left, and going back she became ill from much grief, because she had not done this in God's way.

*Palladius Hist. Laus. 6. 1 9*

**From the sayings of St. Augustine:** "God resists the proud, but gives grace to the humble."

### **The \$2.99 Special**—e-mail via Mike Holupka

We went to breakfast at a restaurant where the 'seniors' special' was two eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast for \$2.99.

'Sounds good,' my wife said. 'But I don't want the eggs.'

'Then, I'll have to charge you three dollars and forty-nine cents because you're ordering a la carte,' the waitress warned her.

'You mean I'd have to pay for not taking the eggs?' my wife asked incredulously.

'YES!' stated the waitress.

'I'll take the special then,' my wife said.

'How do you want your eggs?' the waitress asked.

'Raw and in the shell,' my wife replied.

She took the two eggs home and baked a cake.

**DON'T MESS WITH SENIORS!!!**

### **Department of Health Warning**

If you receive an e-mail from the Department of Health, telling you not to eat canned pork because of Swine Flu, just ignore it.

**It's just Spam.**

From the sayings of Abba Poemen:

**"The beginning of evil is heedlessness."**

**Please see Alex downstairs after church to review and correct contact information for our updated Holy Ghost Parish directory. This will only be distributed INTERNALLY, that is, within the parish, and is NOT for outside use! If you have any questions, please see Alex, Pani Gina, or Father Bob.**

## **Not for Lightweights—Real Live Preacher**

**A view of our Orthodox worship, as experienced for the first time by a Baptist minister, who shares his experience in the article linked below...sent to us by Joanna Laymon, our parish council secretary...*Stavroula***

**Subject: funny blog article of preacher's encounter with Orhtodoxy  
<http://www.orthodoxytoday.org/articles-2009/Preacher-Not-For-Lightweights.php>**

***Hi, all, This is a link to copy and paste to your browser to read when you have a few minutes and need a lift. This Baptist preacher is on sabbatical and visits different churches each Sunday. He is a writer and has more on his web site but this article was on Orthodoxytoday and elsewhere. He did go back for a second visit and writes more about that. (Also worth a read.) We found it funny in places as his experience mirrored ours. The comment about the Lord's Prayer being as close to "chanting" as he ever got in his***

***home church, certainly hit home with me! He's a "goner", if not now, then someday he'll make the leap. The comments people make on this article are also fun to read! Enjoy! Jo***

Last Sunday was the 4th of 13 in my sabbatical time. Each of them is precious to me. Each week I am choosing a place and a way to worship. I'm not a church tourist, hoping to see new things. I'm seeking spiritual experiences. I want to worship. Saturday night Jeanene and I still hadn't decided where to go. I experienced something common to our culture but new to me. The "Where do you want to go to church - I don't know where do YOU want to go to church" conversation. I found the Saint Anthony the Great website. It's an Orthodox church that has beautiful Byzantine art in the sanctuary. We decided to go there.

Shelby and Lillian went with us. On the way we warned them that this was going to be different. "They might not have changed their worship service much in a thousand years or so," I told the girls.

That was an understatement.

Saint Anthony the Great isn't just old school. It's "styli and wax tablets" old school. We arrived ten minutes early for worship and the room was already filled with people lighting candles and praying. There was one greeter. I said, "We don't know what to do." She handed me a liturgy book and waved us inside.

Pews? We don't need no stinking pews! Providing seats for worshipers is SO 14th century. Gorgeous Byzantine art, commissioned from a famous artist in Bulgaria. Fully robed priests with censors (those swinging incense thingies). Long, complex readings and chants that went on and on and on. And every one of them packed full of complex, theological ideas. It was like they were ripping raw chunks of theology out of ancient creeds and throwing them by the handfuls into the congregation. And just to make sure it wasn't too easy for us, everything was read in a monotone voice and at the speed of an auctioneer.

I heard words and phrases I had not heard since seminary. Theotokos, begotten not made, Cherubim and Seraphim borne on their pinions, supplications and oblations. It was an ADD kids nightmare. Robes, scary art, smoking incense, secret doors in the Iconostas popping open and little robed boys coming out with golden candlesticks, chants and singing from a small choir that rolled across the curved ceiling and emerged from the other



side of the room where no one was singing. The acoustics were wild. No matter who was speaking, the sound came out of everywhere. There was so much going on I couldn't keep up with all the things I couldn't pay attention to.

Lillian was the first to go down. After half an hour of standing, she was done. Jeanene took her over to a pew on the side wall. She slumped against Jeanene's shoulder and stared at me with this stunned, rather betrayed look on her face.

"How could you have brought us to this insane place?"

Shelby tried to tough it out. We were following along in the 40 page liturgy book that was only an abbreviation of the service we were experiencing. I got lost no less than 10 times. After 50 minutes Shelby leaned over and asked how much longer the service would be. I was trying to keep from locking my knees because my thighs had gotten numb. I showed her the book. We were on page 15. I flipped through the remaining 25 pages to show her how much more there was. Her mouth fell open.

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah. And I think there's supposed to be a sermon in here somewhere."

"They haven't done the SERMON yet? What was that guy doing who said all that stuff about...all that stuff?"

"I don't know?" I said.

"I have to go to the bathroom," she said. I looked around and saw the door at the back of the sanctuary swinging shut.

And then there was one.

I made it through the entire 1 hour and 50 minutes of worship without sitting down, but my back was sore. Shelby came back toward the end. When it came time for communion I suggested that we not participate because I didn't know what kind of rules they have for that. We stayed politely at the back. A woman noticed and brought some of the bread to us, bowing respectfully as she offered it. Her gesture of kindness to newcomers who were clearly struggling to understand everything was touching to me.

Okay, so I started crying a little. So what? You would have too, I bet.

After it was over another woman came to speak with us. She said, "I noticed the girls were really struggling with having to stand."

"Yeah," I said. "This worship is not for lightweights."

She laughed and said, "yes," not the least bit ashamed or apologetic.

So what did I think about my experience at Saint Anthony the Great Orthodox Church?

I LOVED IT. Loved it loved it loved it loved it loved it.

In a day when user-friendly is the byword of everything from churches to software, here was worship that asked something of me. No, DEMANDED something of me.

"You don't know what Theotokos means? Get a book and read about it. You have a hard time standing for 2 hours? Do some sit ups and get yourself into worship shape. It is the Lord our God we worship here, mortal. What made you think you could worship the Eternal One without pain?"

See, I get that. That makes sense to me. I had a hard time following the words of the chants and liturgy, but even my lack of understanding had something to teach me.

"There is so much for you to learn. There is more here than a person could master in a lifetime. THIS IS BIGGER THAN YOU ARE. Your understanding is not central here. These are ancient rites of the church. Stand with us, brother, and you will learn in time. Or go and find your way to an easier place if you must. God bless you on that journey. We understand, but this is the way we do church."

I'm going back again on Sunday. I started to write, "I'm looking forward to it." But that's not right. I'm feeling right about it.

And feeling right is what I'm looking for.

*Update: This was actually written on May 26 or 27. I went back to Saint Anthony the Great on Sunday. I found I was following along a little better.*

*I'm REALLY getting a lot out of Orthodox worship. Shelby and Lillian declined to go with me this time.*

## **Saint Anthony the Great - Part 2**

Sunday I went back to Saint Anthony the Great. Jeanene and the girls did other things, which was fine with me because I was wanting to keep my thoughts tuned to my experience and prayer. I love my children, but when they are with me there is always a piece of me that is keeping tabs on them.

I was so excited too. Really very happy to be there and hopeful that perhaps the Eternal Creator might have something for his imperfect child to learn that day. Saint Anthony the Great has a coffee and conversation hour after the service, so I planned to stay for that as well.

The first week I was very interested in the candles that the faithful lit and put in boxes of sand near several of the icons. These were little tapered candles that burned down, conveniently, about the time the service was over. I asked the greeter if I might light a candle. She was surprised and seemed very happy. "Yes, of course," she said. She told me that the candles represented the light of Christ coming into the world. I feel that piece of faith is held in common with our church as well. We light candles for the same reason.

I took my candle down front and prayed that I would be open to hearing from the Spirit of God during worship. I placed my candle with the others lit by various pilgrims at worship. For the entire service I kept an eye on my candle as it burned softly until it was only a tiny stub.

This week I decided not to spend any of my energy trying to keep up with the service in the liturgy book. Instead I wanted to watch everything and hear as much as I could. I found that I was able to follow the chants much better with only one week's experience under my belt. I fell in love with the sound of them. Various readers have different tones and particular styles. Everyone calls the pastor "Father" at Saint Anthony the Great. Father's voice came singing out from behind the Iconostas during the service. His voice is very resonant, and he has his own particular way of ending a phrase. There is a step down in tone and then - just at the end - he lets the tone trail off even further. Dum dum dum dum dooooooo...eeee.

I am easily hypnotized by repetitive and interesting sounds. Once in college I was driven to a state of absolute peace by the sound of a woman cutting

thick paper with a heavy set of scissors. Snip. I closed my books and sat there with my head in my hands until she finished whatever she was doing. I felt like I'd had a full massage.

I think a lot of my peace on Sunday came from the simple fact that I didn't have to understand everything. I was not the minister or anyone with a burden of comprehending the whole. I was one of God's little ragamuffins, a kid who wandered in from the street. No one expected much of me, and I felt God would be pleased if I just stood quietly and enjoyed the sounds and the beauty while being mindful of God's presence.

This week I noticed people sitting down during the homily. A number of people dropped to the ground like the crowds around Jesus. I sat down with them, and let me tell you that after standing for an hour, a seat on the floor is more comforting and comfortable than the softest lounge chair in the world. Ahh, the floor. A chance to rest my back before the push to the end of the service. Blissful.

And then it was over. It seemed much too soon. I was a bit surprised that almost 2 hours had passed. I sat at the back and watched everyone file forward to greet Father, who hugged people and chatted. I got to wander around and look more closely at some of the icons too. Stunningly beautiful.

During coffee hour I had a delightful chat with an enthusiastic woman named Tina, who became an Orthodox Christian 15 years earlier. She knew a lot of church history. It was nice chatting with her. Some others came to say hello as well. In time it came out that I am a Baptist minister on sabbatical, which was surprising for them. But just for a moment. Everyone has a story about how they arrived at Saint Anthony the Great. That was my story. And it was okay.

And now the dilemma. What shall I do with my remaining 8 Sundays? I'll never see everything I would like to see. And two of those Sundays I'll be out of town. I'm considering just going to Saint Anthony the Great during this time. I like what this place does to me. I like the way I relax and become accepting of my place there. On the other hand, Jeanene may want to go somewhere else. Well, that's part of the fun of these days. I don't have to decide anything. We'll see what happens.

