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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, Bishop Robert, 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 Anthony Dimitri, Father Cuthbert Jack, Father Elias Warnke, Father Robert Holet, Archimandrite Lev, Father Taras Naumenko, Father Nestor Kowal, Evelyn Burlack, Joshua Agosto and his family, Harley Katarina Rahuba, Mike 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—an 8-year-old girl with rheumatoid arthritis, Isabella Olivia Lindgren—a 4-year-old with a brain tumor, Dillon, Ethel Thomas, Donna, Erin, Jeff Walewski [thyroid cancer], 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, Theodore Nixon, Charles Johnson, Amy Forbeck, Michelle Corba Kapeluck, Gloria Prymak [Liz's niece], Robert Hippert & family, Margaret Vladimir, Luke Emmerling, John Sheliga, George & Mika Rocknage, Robert McKivitz, Tom Marriott, Joe Farkas, Liz Obradovich, Liz, Halyna Zelinska [Bishop Daniel's mother], Charlotte, Peter Natishan, Andrew Mark Olynyk, Deborah Finley, Claire Senita, Brandi Thomas, Eleanor Kelly, Bryan, Peter & Karen Special, Doris Artman, Maureen Sams, Nancy Barylak, Henry & Shirley Tkacik, Carol Kowalcheck, Martin Golofski, Anthony Yerace, Khrystyna Chorniy, Anthony Cormier [3-year-old with cancer], Nathan Forbeck, Sarah Doyle, Samuel Peters, Jean Stutchell, Bonnie Blair [Pani Gina's mother], Charles & Esther Holupka, Wanda Mefford, Lynn (Bush) Gill, David Vallor, Henry Faraly, Betty O'Masta, Julie Eiler, Glenn Miller, Vince Ferro, Gregory Repa, Michael Pawlyshyn, Dorothy Lednovich, Wally Burlack, Kristin Batch

Vaughn, Bob C., Allie—young girl with leukemia, Heather Kramer, Pete Dimperio, Jane Wartinbee, Steven Sheakley [Pani Gina's cousin], Carmen Talmonti, Tom Fuller, Matthew—20-year-old with cancer, Nicholas Orlando, Constantine Hanczar, Mary Ann Kuzniak, Michael Woloschak, Michael Pryhodzenko, Joseph Mollica, 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 BIRTHDAY TO OUR SEPTEMBER BABIES: Debbie Paouncic on the 4th, Liz Obradovich on the 5th, Stella Peanoske on the 5th, Nickolas Andrew Davis on the 12th, 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 James John Logue George Senita, John Kirkowski, & Steve Brittain assigned to Iraq, Matthew Machak, Tonia Dec, Michael Repasky, Ed Litwin, and ALL American servicemen and women 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 Eighth Grade and Matt’s Sixth 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, September 5 **Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom** **10:30 AM**
FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST
APODOSIS [FINAL DAY] OF THE DORMITION OF THE MOST HOLY THEOTOKOS;
MARTYR LUPUS-SLAVE OF SAINT DEMETRIUS OF THESSALONICA; HIEROMARTYR
IRENAEUS-BISHOP OF LYONS; VENERABLE EUTYCHIUS & FLORENTIUS OF NURSIA;
SAINT CALLINICUS-PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Tone 6

II Corinthians 4:6-15

Matthew 22:35-46

Litany in Blessed Memory of Josephine Roman & Susie Pelczar—Fr. Bob
Parastas in Blessed Memory of Maxine Kitch—Anna Trachine

Sunday, September 12 Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom 10:30 AM
SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

**SAINTS ALEXANDER, JOHN, & PAUL THE NEW-PATRIARCHS OF CONSTANTINOPLE;
VENERABLE CHRISTOPHER THE ROMAN; VENERABLE FANTINUS-WONDERWORKER
OF THESSALONICA; SYNAXIS OF THE SERBIAN HIERARCHS: SAVA I, ARSENIUS I,
SAVA II, EUSTHATIUS I, JAMES, NICODEMUS, DANIEL, ARCHBISHOPS: JOANNICIUS
EPHRIAM II, SPYRIDON, MACARIUS, GABRIEL I, PATRIARCHS, AND GREGORY-
BISHOP; VENERABLE ALEXANDER-ABBOT OF SVIR; SAINT BRIAENE OF NISIBIS;
SAINT EULALIUS-BISHOP OF CAESAREA**

Tone 7

II Corinthians:1-10

Matthew 25:14-30

*Litany in Blessed Memory of Very Rev. Mitrat Father Peter Natishan—40 days—Fr.
Bob*

Parastas in Blessed Memory of Michael Holupka—Mike Holupka

Sunday, September 19 NO SERVICE IN SLICKVILLE
SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

**COMMEMORATION OF THE MIRACLE OF ARCHANGEL MICHAEL AT COLLOSSAE;
MARTYR EUDOXIUS & THOSE WITH HIM: MARTYRS ROMULUS, ZENO, MACARIUS, &
11,000 OTHERS IN ARMENIA; MARTYRS ROMILUS & WITH HIM MANY COMPANIONS;
MARTYRS CYRIACUS, FAUSTUS, ABIBUS, & 11 OTHERS AT ALEXANDRIA;
HIEROMARTYR CYRIL-BISHOP OF GORTYNA; VENERABLE ARCHIPPUS OF
HERAPOLIS; VENERABLE DAVID OF HERMOPOLIS; MARTYRS CALODOTE,
MACARIUS, ANDREW, CYRAICUS, DIONYSIUS, ANDREW THE SOLDIER,
ANDROPELAGIA, THECLA, THEOCTISTUS, & SARAPOAGON THE SENATOR IN EGYPT;
ICON OF THE THEOTOKOS OF THE KIEVIAN BROTHERHOOD**

Tone 8

II Corinthians 6:16-7:1

Matthew 15:21-28

BULLETIN INSERT FOR 05 SEPTEMBER 2010

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

**APODOSIS [FINAL DAY] OF THE DORMITION OF THE MOST HOLY
THEOTOKOS; MARTYR LUPUS-SLAVE OF SAINT DEMETRIUS OF
THESSALONICA; HIEROMARTYR IRENAEUS-BISHOP OF LYONS;
VENERABLE EUTYCHIUS & FLORENTIUS OF NURSIA; SAINT CALLINICUS-
PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE**

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.

Abba John the Short said, "The gateway to God is humility. Our fathers endured much suffering and so entered the city of God with joy."

GREAT TRUTHS LITTLE CHILDREN HAVE LEARNED:

No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.

When your Mom is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair.

If your sister hits you, don't hit her back: they always catch the second person.

Never ask your 3-year old brother to hold a tomato.

You can't trust dogs to watch your food.

Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.

Never hold a Dust-Buster and a cat at the same time.

You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk.

Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts.

The best place to be when you're sad is Grandma's lap.

Children in Church

A little boy was attending his first wedding. After the service, his cousin asked him, "How many women can a man marry?"

"Sixteen," the boy responded.

His cousin was amazed that he had an answer so quickly. "How do you know that?"

"Easy," the little boy said. "All you have to do is add it up, like the pastor said, 4 better, 4 worse, 4 richer, 4 poorer."

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," said the little boy, "I have to go to church on Sunday anyway, and I figure it will be more fun to stand up and yell, than to sit and listen."

A 6-year-old was overheard reciting the Lord's Prayer at a church service, "And forgive us our trash passes, as we forgive those who passed trash against us."

A boy was watching his father, a pastor, write a sermon.

"How do you know what to say?" he asked.

"Why, God tells me."

"Oh, then why do you keep crossing things out?"

A little girl became restless as the preacher's sermon dragged on and on. Finally, she leaned over to her mother and whispered, "Mommy, if we give him the money now, will he let us go?"

Ms. Terri asked her Sunday School class to draw pictures of their favorite Bible stories. She was puzzled by Kyle's picture, which showed four people on an airplane, so she asked him which story it was meant to represent.

"The Flight to Egypt" was his reply.

Pointing at each figure, Ms. Terri said, "That must be Mary, Joseph, and Baby Jesus. But who's the fourth person?"

"Oh, that's Pontius—the pilot!"

The Sunday School Teacher asks, "Now, Johnny, tell me frankly do you say prayers before eating?"

"No ma'am," little Johnny replies, "I don't have to. My mom is a good cook."

A little girl was sitting on her grandfather's lap as he read her a bedtime story. From time to time, she would take her eyes off the book and reach up to touch his wrinkled cheek. She was alternately stroking her own cheek, then his again. Finally she spoke up, "Grandpa, did God make you?" "Yes, sweetheart," he answered, "God made me a long time ago." "Oh," she paused, "Grandpa, did God make me too?" "Yes, indeed, honey," he said, "God made you just a little while ago." Feeling their respective faces again, she observed, "God's getting better at it, isn't he?"

Work Hard, Do Your Best, Keep Your Word, Never Get Too Big For Your Britches, Trust In God and Never Forget a Friend.

A TRIP TO COSTCO

Yesterday I was at my local COSTCO buying a large bag of Purina dog chow for my loyal pet, Biscuit the Wonder Dog, and was in the checkout line when a woman behind me asked if I had a dog.

What did she think I had, an elephant? So since I'm retired and have little to do, on impulse I told her that no, I didn't have a dog and that I was starting the Purina Diet again.

I added that I probably shouldn't because I ended up in the hospital last time... but I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in the intensive care unit with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms.

I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is to load your pants pockets with Purina nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry.

The food is nutritionally complete so it works well and I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in line was now enthralled with my story.)

Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me. I told her no, I stepped off a curb to sniff an Irish Setter and a car hit us both.

I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack because he was laughing so hard.

Costco won't let me shop there anymore.

Cheyenne

"Watch out! You nearly broadsided that car!" My father yelled at me.
"Can't you do anything right?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle.

"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving.."

My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt. Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back.

At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts...dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing.

At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders.

Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust.

Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind.

But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain.

Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article."

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed.

Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?"

"Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me.

When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly.

Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw.

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw. Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends. Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night. Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on.

As Dick and I buried him near a favorite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it...I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article. Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter. His calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father—and the proximity of their deaths.

And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live While You Are Alive. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second time.

"RETARDED" GRANDPARENTS—PRICELESS!

Written by a third grader, on what his grandparents do

[e-mail from Our Debbie!]

After Christmas, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent their holiday away from school. One child wrote the following:

We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live in a big brick house, but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Arizona. Now they live in a tin box and have rocks painted green to look like grass. They ride around on their bicycles, and wear name tags, because they don't know who they are anymore. They go to a building called a wreck center, but they must have got it fixed because it is all okay now, they do exercises there, but they don't do them very well. There is a swimming pool too, but they all jump up and down in it with hats on. At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape. Sometimes they sneak out, and go cruising in their golf carts. Nobody there cooks, they just eat out. And, they eat the same thing every night—early birds. Some of the people can't get out past the man in the doll house. The ones who do get out, bring food back to the wrecked center for pot luck. My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment and, says I should work hard so I can be retarded someday too. When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man in the doll house. Then I will let people out, so they can visit their grandchildren.