



## **Holy Ghost Orthodox Church**

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Rev. Father Robert Popichak, Pastor

23 Station Street

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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.

**Father Bob will be unavailable the next two weekends—if you need the services of an Orthodox priest during that time, please contact John Paouncic, Parish Council President! He will return on Sunday, October 3<sup>rd</sup>!**

**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 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

**Sunday, September 26 NO SERVICE IN SLICKVILLE**

**EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST**

**SUNDAY BEFORE THE EXALTATION OF THE CROSS; COMMEMORATION OF THE  
FOUNDING OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE; FOREFEAST OF THE  
EXALTATION; HIEROMARTYR CORNELIUS THE CENTURION; MARTYRS CRONIDES,  
LEONTIUS, & SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA; MARTYRS SELEUCIUS & STRATON IN  
SCYTHIA; MARTYRS ELAIS ZOTICUS, LUCIAN, VALERIAN, MACROBIUS, & GORDIAN  
AT TOMI IN ROMANIA; HIEROMARTYR JULIAN-PRESBYTER OF GALATIA;  
VENERABLE PETER OF ATROE; GREAT-MARTYR KETEVAN-QUEEN OF GEORGIA;  
SAINT HIEROTHEUS OF IVERNON MONASTERY-MOUNT ATHOS; SAINT CORNELIUS  
OF PADA-OLONETS-DISCIPLE OF SAINT ALEXANDER OF SVIR & WITH HIM SAINTS  
DIONYSIUS & MISAIL**

*Tone 1*

II Corinthians 9:6-11

Matthew 17:14-23

## **BULLETIN INSERT FOR 12 SEPTEMBER 2010**

### **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

**TROPARION—TONE 7**

By Thy Cross, Thou didst destroy death!  
To the thief, Thou didst open Paradise!  
For the Myrrhbearers, Thou didst change weeping into joy.  
And Thou didst command Thy disciples, O Christ God,  
To proclaim that Thou art risen, granting 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 7**

The dominion of death can no longer hold men captive,  
For Christ descended, shattering and destroying its powers!  
Hell is bound, while the prophets rejoice and cry:  
The Savior has come to those in faith!  
Enter, you faithful, into the Resurrection!

**PROKEIMENON—TONE 7**

**READER:** The Lord shall give strength to His people! The Lord shall bless His  
people with peace!

**PEOPLE: The Lord shall give strength to His people! The Lord shall bless  
His people with peace!**

**READER:** Offer to the Lord, O you sons of God! Offer young rams to the  
Lord!

**PEOPLE: The Lord shall give strength to His people! The Lord shall bless  
His people with peace!**

**READER:** The Lord shall give strength to His people!

**PEOPLE: The Lord shall bless His people with peace!**

**ALLELUIA VERSES—TONE 7**

It is good to give thanks to the Lord, to sing praises to Thy name, O Most High!  
To declare Thy mercy in the morning, and Thy truth by night!

**BEHEADING OF THE PROPHET, FORERUNNER OF THE LORD, JOHN  
THE BAPTIST September 11**

The Beheading of the Prophet, ForeRunner of the Lord, John the Baptist:  
The Evangelists Matthew (Mt. 14: 1-12) and Mark (Mk. 6: 14-29) provide

accounts about the Martyr's end of John the Baptist in the year 32 after the Birth of Christ.

Following the Baptism of the Lord, Saint John the Baptist was locked up in prison by Herod Antipas, holding one-fourth the rule of the Holy Land as governor of Galilee. (After the death of king Herod the Great, the Romans divided the territory of Palestine into four parts, and into each part put a governor. Herod Antipas received from the emperor Augustus the rule of Galilee). The prophet of God John openly denounced Herod for having left his lawful wife—the daughter of the Arabian king Aretas, and then instead co-habiting with Herodias—the wife of his brother Philip (Lk. 3: 19-20).

On his birthday, Herod made a feast for dignitaries, the elders and a thousand chief citizens. The daughter of Herod, Salome, danced before the guests and charmed Herod. In gratitude to the girl he swore to give her anything, whatsoever she would ask, anything up to half his kingdom. The vile girl on the advice of her wicked mother Herodias asked that she be given at once the head of John the Baptist on a plate. Herod became apprehensive, for he feared the wrath of God for the murder of a prophet, whom earlier he had heeded. He feared also the people, who loved the holy Forerunner. But because of the guests and his careless oath, he gave orders to cut off the head of Saint John and to give it to Salome. By tradition, the mouth of the dead head of the preacher of repentance once more opened and proclaimed: "Herod, thou ought not to have the wife of Philip thy brother." Salome took the plate with the head of Saint John and gave it to her mother. The frenzied Herodias repeatedly stabbed the tongue of the prophet with a needle and buried his holy head in a unclean place. But the pious Joanna, wife of Herod's steward Chuza, buried the head of John the Baptist in an earthen vessel on the Mount of Olives, where Herod was possessor of a parcel of land (the Uncovering of the Venerable Head is celebrated 24 February). The holy body of John the Baptist was taken that night by his disciples and buried at Sebasteia, there where the wicked deed had been done. After the murder of Saint John the Baptist, Herod continued to govern for a certain while. Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea, later sent to him the bound Jesus Christ, over Whom he made mockery (Lk. 23: 7-12).

The judgment of God came upon Herod, Herodias, and Salome, even during their earthly life. Salome, crossing the River Sikoris in winter, fell through the ice. The ice gave way for her such that her body was in the water, but her head trapped beneath the ice. It was similar to how she once had

danced with her feet upon the ground, but now flailing helplessly in the icy water.

Thus she was trapped until that time when the sharp ice cut through her neck. The corpse was not found, but they brought the head to Herod and Herodias, as once they had brought them the head of Saint John the Baptist.

The Arab king Aretas in revenge for the disrespect shown his daughter made war against Herod. Having suffered defeat, Herod suffered the wrath of the Roman emperor Caius Caligua (37-41) and was exiled with Herodias first to Gaul, and then to Spain. And there they were from view.

In memory of the Beheading of Saint John the Baptist, the feastday established by the Church is also a strict day of fast—as an expression of the grief of Christians at the violent death of the saint. On this day, the Church makes remembrance of soldiers, killed on the field of battle, as established in 1769 at the time of a war of Russia with the Turks and the Poles.

### **Too Busy for a Friend?**

*Via e-mail from Peggy Dimperio*

One day a teacher asked her students to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name.

Then she told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed in the papers.

That Saturday, the teacher wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and listed what everyone else had said about that individual.

On Monday she gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. 'Really?' she heard whispered. 'I never knew that I meant anything to anyone!' and, 'I didn't know others liked me so much,' were most of the comments.

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. She never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another. That group of students moved on.

Several years later, one of the students was killed in Viet Nam and his teacher attended the funeral of that special student. She had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. He looked so handsome, so mature.

The church was packed with his friends. One by one those who loved him took a last walk by the coffin. The teacher was the last one to bless the coffin.

As she stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to her. 'Were you Mark's math teacher?' he asked. She nodded: 'yes.' Then he said: 'Mark talked about you a lot.'

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates went together to a luncheon. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting to speak with his teacher.

'We want to show you something,' his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket. 'They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it.'

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times. The teacher knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which she had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him.

'Thank you so much for doing that,' Mark's mother said. 'As you can see, Mark treasured it.'

All of Mark's former classmates started to gather around. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, 'I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home.'

Chuck's wife said, 'Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album.'

'I have mine too,' Marilyn said. 'It's in my diary.'

Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. 'I carry this with me at all times,' Vicki said and without batting an eyelash, she continued: 'I think we all saved our lists.'

That's when the teacher finally sat down and cried. She cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

The density of people in society is so thick that we forget that life will end one day. And we don't know when that one day will be.

So please, tell the people you love and care for, that they are special and important. Tell them, before it is too late.

**May Your Day Be Blessed As Special As You Are—God Bless**

Protocol Number 828

**BARTHOLOMEW**

By the mercy of God

Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome and Ecumenical Patriarch

Grace and peace unto the Plenitude of the Church

From the Fashioner of All Creation

Our Lord and God and Savior Jesus Christ

**Beloved Children in Lord,**

Our ever-memorable predecessor, the late Patriarch Demetrios, who possessed a deep awareness of the gravity of the environmental crisis, as well as of the responsibility of the Church to directly and effectively confront the crisis, issued the first official encyclical dealing with the protection of the natural environment more than two decades ago. Through this encyclical, the Mother Church officially established the date of September 1st, - the beginning of the ecclesiastical year - as a day of prayer for the protection of the environment, declaring it to the plenitude of the Church throughout the length and breadth of the world.

At that time, our Church insightfully emphasized the significance of the eucharistic and ascetic ethos of our tradition, that manifests our most important and most crucial unique contribution toward the proper and universal struggle for the protection of the natural environment as a Divine Creation and shared inheritance. Today, in the midst of an unprecedented financial crisis, humanity is facing many and diverse trials. But this trial is related not only to our individual hardships; this trial affects every aspect of human society, especially our behavior and perception of the surrounding world and the way we rank our values and priorities.



It is important to note that the current grievous financial crisis may spark the much-reported and absolutely essential shift to environmentally viable development; i.e., to a standard of economic and social policy whose priority will be the environment, and not unbridled financial gain. Let us all consider as an example what may happen to countries that are suffering today on account of the financial crisis and poverty, such as Greece, which at the same time have exceptional natural riches: unique ecosystems, rare fauna and flora and natural resources, exquisite landscapes, abundant sunlight and wind. If ecosystems deteriorate and disappear, natural sources become depleted, and landscapes suffer destruction, and climate change produces unpredictable weather conditions, on what basis will the financial future of these countries and the planet as a whole depend?

We hold, therefore, that there is a dire need in our day for a combination of societal sanctions and political initiatives, such that there is a powerful change in direction, to a path of viable and sustainable environmental development.

For our Orthodox Church, the protection of the environment, as a divine and *very good* creation, embodies a great responsibility for every human person, regardless of material or financial benefits. The direct correlation of the God-given duty and mandate, *to work and preserve*, with every aspect of contemporary life constitutes the only way to a harmonious co-existence with each and every element of creation, and the entirety of the natural world in general.

Therefore, we call upon all of you, beloved brethren and children in the Lord, to take part in the titanic and righteous battle to alleviate the environmental crisis, and to prevent the even worse results that derive from its consequences. Let us motivate ourselves to harmonize our personal and collective life and attitudes with the needs of nature's ecosystems, so that every kind of fauna and flora in the world and in the universe may live and thrive and be preserved.

September 1st, 2010  
Your beloved brother in Christ and fervent supplicant before God,  
+ **BARTHOLOMEW** of Constantinople

"Happiness is open to all, since, when you boil it down, it merely consists of contentment with what you have got and doing what you can for other people." Baden-Powell

*The following is a REPEAT from last week—with the entire clip included!*

**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.\*

If you wish to gain victory over the passions, enter within yourself through prayer and God's help; then descend into the depths of your heart and

there track down these three powerful giants -- forgetfulness, laziness, and ignorance. It is these three who uphold the ranks of our spiritual adversaries: supported by these three, all the other passions, returning to the heart, act, live, and gain strength in self-indulgent and uninstructed souls. But if by means of great attention and persistence of mind, and with help from above, you find those evil giants that are unbeknown to many, you will easily drive them away with the weapons of righteousness -- with the remembrance of what is good, with the eagerness that spurs the soul to salvation, and with knowledge from heaven.

*St. Mark the Ascetic, 5th century*

To love our neighbors as ourselves, to live according to the commandments of Christ, will lead us to the garden of Gethsemane, where Christ prayed for the whole world. *Archimandrite Sophrony, 1993*

The Lord, indeed, is the Lover of mankind, so full of tender compassion whenever we turn completely toward Him and are freed from all things contrary. Even though we, in our supreme ignorance, childishness, and tendency toward evil, turn away from true life and place many impediments along our own path because we really do not like to repent, nevertheless, He has great mercy on us. He patiently waits for us until we will be converted and return to Him and be enlightened in our inner selves that our faces may not be ashamed in the Day of Judgment.

If that seems difficult and troublesome to us because practicing virtue is hard, but, more so, because of the insidious suggesting of the adversary, still He is very full of compassion, long-suffering and patient as He waits for our conversion. And when we do sin, He is ready to lift us up for He desires our repentance. And when we fall, He is not ashamed to take us back, as the Prophet says, "When men fall, do they not rise again? Or if one turns away, does he not return?" (Jer. 8:4) We only have to have a sincere heart and live in vigilance and be converted immediately after seeking His help and He Himself is most ready to save us. For He looks for our ardent will, as best we can, to turn toward Him. When we show good faith and promptness glowing from our desiring, then He works in us a true conversion. *St. Macarius, Spiritual Homily 4.16-17 4th century*

Together with great asceticism and deep humility, ascetic father Tychon also had the gift of ceaseless prayer, even when he was asleep. "When one prays," he would say, "the prayer should become one with the heart, just as you stick two objects together with glue." He would also say that "Before anyone starts a project, he must first pray to God, `Illuminate me

and give me strength.' And when the project is finished he should say, 'Glory to God!'" *from An Athonite Gerontikon*

### Orthodox Priest and Mastushka Stoychev Operate Personal Care Home

Father Rumen and Mastushka Katya Stoychev are now operating K & R Caring Hands Personal Care Home located at 2105 Grandview Avenue, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, 15132. The phone number is 412-672-4771.

Father Rumen is an experienced parish priest currently in the Orthodox Church in America with previous service in the Bulgarian Orthodox Church. He also is a trained and experienced emergency medical technician. Mastushka Katya has a Master's in Business Administration and a Master's in Nursing. She is an experienced nurse working in a Veterans Hospital.

Father Rumen and Mastushka Katya are creating a loving and caring atmosphere in the facility with a commitment to quality care and a clean, healthy environment. Father Rumen and Mastushka Katya described their motivation in opening the personal care home and their interest in quality care when they participated in the Fourth Annual Healthcare Seminar at St. George Serbian Orthodox Church in Carmichaels, Pennsylvania. At that time also, Mastushka Katya gave an extensive presentation on the subject of pain and the responses to pain by World War II veterans, Viet Nam veterans, and veterans of current wars.

The K & R Personal Care Home is a resource for individuals seeking a facility with a commitment to quality care and an Orthodox orientation and administration.

*Father Rodney Torbic*

**A REMINDER: There will be NO SERVICES in Slickville the next two Sundays! We'll be back October 3<sup>rd</sup>! God Bless!**