



Holy Ghost Orthodox Church

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ON THE MEND: Please keep the following parishioners and others in your prayers for recovery from their illnesses and injuries: Metropolitan Constantine, Bishop Robert, Bishop Daniel, Father Gerald Olszewski, Father Jakiw Norton, Father Dragan Filipović, 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, Archimandrite Lev, Father Nestor Kowal, Father Gabriel Rochell, Father Bill & Pani-Matka Sonia Diakiw, Pani-Matka Linda Oryhon, Father Paul Bigelow, Protodeacon Mykola Dilendorf, Father Emilian Balan, Evelyn Burlack, Joshua Agosto and his family, Harley Katarina Rahuba, Mike Holupka, Eva Malesnick, 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, Isabella Olivia Lindgren—a 4-year-old with a brain tumor, Ethel Thomas, Donna, Erin, Jeff Walewski [thyroid cancer], Michael Miller, Dave May, Grace & Owen Ostrasky, Alverta, Michael Horvath, Patti Sinecki, David Genshi, Sue Segeleon, Mike Gallagher, Michael Miller, Liz Stumpf, Theodore Nixon, 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, Doris Artman, Nancy Barylak, Henry & Shirley Tkacik, Martin Golofski, Anthony Yerace, Khrystyna Chorniy, Anthony Cormier [3-year-old with cancer], Nathan Forbeck, Sarah Doyle, Samuel Peters, Jean Stutchell, Charles & Esther Holupka, Wanda Mefford, Lynn (Bush) Gill, David Vallor, Henry Faraly, Betty O'Masta, Julie Eiler, Glenn Miller, Vince Ferro, Michael Pawlyshyn, Dorothy Lednovich, Kristin Batch Vaughn, Bob C., Allie—young girl with leukemia, Heather Kramer, Jane Wartinbee, Carmen Talmonti, Matthew—20-year-old with cancer, Nicholas Orlando, Mary Ann Kuzniak, Michael Woloschak, Michael Pryhodzenko, Sonia Luciw, Nellie Patsko,

Theresa Ditto, Mary Ann Musial, Mary Pelino, Donna Tickerhoof, David Buchholz, Yvonne Christy, Myron & Barbara Spak, Pete Niederberger, Jasmine Walker, Julia Duda, Lisa Pandle, Fred DeNorscia, Kris & Julie Hanczar, John Kennedy, Lloyd Sheakley [Pani Gina's uncle], Diane McDaniel, Loretta, Nancy, Carol, & Michael Sheliga, Gaelle Kelly Irma McDivitt, Sandy Gardner, Richard Trinclisti, Robin Young, Mckayla, Rachel, Tony Butecoff, Carl Reed, Georgia & Theodore Demopoulos, Jillian Bowman [10-year old with cancer], Renee' Richards, Lois, and Daria Masur. ARNOLD: Stefania Lucci, Steve Sakal, and Homer Paul Kline. We pray that God will grant them all a speedy recovery.

A SPECIAL THANK-YOU to Harry Batch and all who have assisted him in keeping up the beautiful flowers and plants in the memorial garden on the side and front of the church—God Bless you all!

a word from the desert: Abba Isidore said, "One day I went to the marketplace to sell some small goods. When I saw anger approaching me, I left the things and fled."

a word from the desert: It was said of Abba John the Persian that when some evildoers came to harm him, he took a basin and wanted to wash their feet. But they were filled with confusion, and began to do penance

Please remember James John Logue, George Senita, John Kirkowski, Matthew Machak, Michael Repasky, and ALL American service men and women in your prayers. May God watch over them and all American service men 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 Debbie Paouncic's class. THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR HELP!

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, July 31 **Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom** **10:30 AM**
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—HOLY FATHERS OF THE FIRST SIX
ECUMENICAL COUNCILS; MARTYR EMILIAN OF SILISTRA IN BULGARIA; MARTYR
HYACINTH OF AMASTRIS; SAINT PAMBO THE HERMIT OF EGYPT; SAINT JOHN THE
LONG-SUFFERING & SAINT PAMBO THE RECLUSE OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA

Tone 6

Romans 15:1-7
Matthew 9:27-35

Sunday, August 7 **Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom** **10:30 AM**
EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—THE DORMITION OF THE RIGHTEOUS ANNA-
MOTHER OF THE MOST HOLY THEOTOKOS; HOLY WOMEN OLYMPIAS-DEACONESS
OF CONSTANTINOPLE & VIRGIN EUPRAXIA OF TABENNA; HOLY FATHERS OF THE
FIFTH ECUMENICAL COUNCIL

Tone 7

I Corinthians 1:10-28
Matthew 14:14-22

Litany in Blessed Memory of Samuel Mrvos, David Yenni, M. Denise Lawrence, Rudy
Obradovich, Anna Harte, Agnes Rossi, Mary Milanovich, Millie Kitch, Michael
Cherepko, & Father Peter Natishan—Fr. Bob

Sunday, August 14 **Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom** **10:30 AM**
NINTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—PROCESSION OF THE MOST HOLY LIFE-GIVING
CROSS; HOLY SEVEN MACCABEES, THEIR MOTHER SOLOMONIA & TEACHER
ELEAZAR; NINE MARTYRS OF PERGE IN PAMPHYLIA
BEGINNING OF THE DORMITION FAST!

Tone 8

I Corinthians 3:9-17 & 1 Corinthians 1:26-29
Matthew 14:22-34 & John 19:6-11, 13-20, 25-28, 30-35

Parastas in Blessed Memory of Steve Kuzman & Victor Burlack—Debbie & John
Paouncic

BULLETIN INSERT FOR 31 JULY 2011

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—HOLY FATHERS OF THE
FIRST SIX ECUMENICAL COUNCILS; MARTYR EMILIAN OF SILISTRA
IN BULGARIA; MARTYR HYACINTH OF AMASTRIS; SAINT PAMBO
THE HERMIT OF EGYPT; SAINT JOHN THE LONG-SUFFERING &
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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.

One of us asked Abba Sisoës, "What is pilgrimage, Abba?" He answered, "Keep silent; and wherever you go, say, 'I am at peace with all men.' That is pilgrimage."

Spiritual Counsels of the Blessed Elder Paisios of Mt. Athos +1994

That we should not give credence to dreams, since they are nearly always demonic deceptions [Part 2 of 4]

"Sometimes God permits the devil to tempt us in our sleep, so that we may see that the old self has not entirely died. Other times, the enemy approaches a person in his sleep; and presents various dreams, in order to upset him when he awakes. This is why you shouldn't pay any attention to them. Cross yourself and the pillow, place an ikon on your pillow, and say

the Jesus Prayer until you fall asleep. The more importance you attach to such dreams, the more the enemy will come to disturb you."

And there was a man at the shrine of the holy Apa Mena (St. Menas, military martyr of Alexandria, early 4th century) whose name was Mark. And he was a brickmaker by trade and was extremely poor. And this is the reason why he was poor. He had been ailing with his liver for a long time and had spent all that he had on the doctors, so that he lacked bread to eat. And he had five children and himself and his wife.

The archbishop (Damian, non Chalcedonian patriarch 569 593) asked about him and was told, "He has had a severe illness. But God and your prayers came to his aid and cured him. But he has fallen into extreme poverty."

So the archbishop sent for him and told him to make bricks at the shrine of the holy Apa Mena till it was completed; and he gave him large alms. And the workman went and worked as the archbishop had told him. And after some days the alms were spent and his children were in need of bread, for, as we have already said, the man was extremely poor. For the builders and locksmiths receive their board and expenses daily, but this poor brickmaker did not; for it is not usual to give brickmakers their board and expenses but only their honorarium.

And while Mark, the workman, was still working, his wife sent to him from Alexandria, saying, "Why do you labor for nothing? Behold, your little children will starve to death here."

When he received his wife's message, he was exceedingly distressed. He said to this eldest son who was working with him, "Let us leave the work today and find out how things are at home. Blessed be God who requites us according to the sins we have committed." And his heart was troubled exceedingly as he thought upon the plight and distress of his children and he began to weep and lament. And when he had washed his hands in order to go to the city (some 40 km. to the NE), his son said to him, "Father, behold the day is done and we shall not be able to reach the city now. Let us finish our work today. Tomorrow, please God, we shall go." His father said to him, "No, we shall go this moment."

While they were talking together, behold the holy Apa Mena himself came to them, mounted on a white horse and in the guise of a soldier. He said to him, "Why have you washed yourself today? It is not yet time."

He said to him, "I am a poor man, my lord, and my children suffer from hunger. I wish to go and see them."

Apa Mena, in the guise of a soldier, said to him, "Finish your work today and I myself will give you your wages to take home to your children." And so the man worked till the next day, for he said within himself, "Better

I go home with something than that I go empty-handed and my children starve to death through me."

Next day at the ninth hour the holy Apa Mena came to him again, still in the guise of a soldier, and the workman bowed and did reverence to him. The saint said to him, "Are you going to the city today?" He said to him, "Yes, if you please. If you had not told your servant yesterday to wait till today, I should have gone yesterday to have news of my children, lest they starve to death." The holy Apa Mena dismounted from his horse. He took a clay brick from those which the workman had made.

Apa Mena said to him, "This is your wages. Take it home and live on it with your children and come and finish your work."

The man was bewildered. He said, "If you are going to deal with me as you agreed, my lord, why, do so. If not, let me go and see my children so that they may not starve to death through me." Apa Mena said to him, "This is your wages."

The man said to him again, "If this is my wages, why, I can fill my house with bricks." Apa Mena in the guise of the soldier said to him, "Even if you can make them, nevertheless take this with you to the city till I come and give you your wages."

The man said to him, "If this is my wages, what shall I do with it?"

And when the blessed soldier was saying these things and the workman stood arguing with him, his son said to him, "Hush, father. We will take it with us to the city for him lest he beat you and you have a worse illness and we suffer from hunger. If you had not been ill before, this poverty would not have befallen us." And he held his peace. He took the brick and put it in the basket along with his brickmaker's mould. He went his way sorrowing. And when he was a little way from the soldier, he took out the brick, intending to throw it away.

His son said to him, "Nay father, lest he seek after it and not find it and beat us. I believe that he may be a soldier of the augustal rank who has given us this brick to take to the city for him and he will remember us by it and give us our wages. Unless he had wished to give us our wages because of our poverty, what would be the need of this brick in the city? Scarcely can we drag our bodies there and we are to carry this great burden."

His father answered and said to him, "When we arrive in the city, we shall make a brick for him. Did I not make this one? I shall make this other also from the clay in the holders." His son said to him, "Do you not know that this clay is different from the clay in the holders? Perhaps he wants this clay for some purpose. Give it to me and I will take it to the city for him; for it is better to bear a burden than bear the wrath of an augustal who you cannot save yourself from."

And his son took the brick and carried it to the city. And when he got home, his mother spoke very despondently to him, saying, "If only you had been here, you would have drawn water for whoever wished. We shall find our food from day to day." She also said to them, "Why did you not come the day I sent for you?"

He said to her, "A soldier of the augustal rank cheated us, saying, "Do your work for me today and tomorrow I will give you your wages." Afterwards he cheated us of our wages and instead put another burden on us, telling us to take it to the city for him. And behold, it is in our basket along with our mould."

His wife put her hand in the basket and took out the brick, intending in her anger to throw it away. And when she had taken it out of the basket, she said, "You yourself do not know what he gave you, brother. I myself was surprised when you told me that he had given you a brick of clay. Behold now, I see that is bronze."

Her husband cried out, "As the Lord lives, I made it myself with my own hands."

And while they were saying that it was bronze, behold it was transformed and became beaten gold. At once they knew that it was the holy Apa Mena who had given them the brick.

The man's wife said to him, "Perhaps it was really the augustal soldier and he gave you the gold brick, tempting you."

Her husband said to her, "Sister, do not disbelieve us. This was a clay brick, one of those which I had made along with my son, and the soldier took it in his hands and put it in our basket. And when we had got away from him, I took it out, intending to throw it away; and it was the same sort of brick as at the first. If my son had not stopped me, I would have thrown it away."

On saying this, they rose and prayed together in unison, glorifying the God of the holy Apa Mena...

...The brickmaker said to the goldsmiths, "Be quick and weigh it." And they found that it weighed 53 litrae. He had a gold paten made and a gold chalice and gave them to the shrine of the holy Apa Mena and he continued at his work.

And it befell that after working till evening he went again to take his basket and he found another brick in it, from among those which he had made that day. It was of fresh clay and smelled fragrantly.

And the man realized at once that the holy Apa Mena had put it in the basket. He again made his way home and when he arrived there he again found the brick to be gold.

The man became very rich and he set to work again with a great joy that gave him no respite day or night. (He reports the repeated marvels to

the archbishop, who in turn, informs the emperor. The emperor honors the bricklayer with the rank of stratelates.) And the people living in Alexandria and those living in Mareotis (the site of St. Menas' martyrdom) rejoiced that God had visited his people and wrought great wonders in turning the clay bricks into gold.

from J. Drescher, Apa Mena: A Selection of Coptic Texts Relating to St. Menas (Cairo, 1946)

*St. Menas (St. Mina the Wonderworker) of Alexandria commemorated
11/24 November*

WORDS TO THE WISE

1 Cor. 5

[9] I wrote to you in my letter not to associate with immoral men;

[10] not at all meaning the immoral of this world, or the greedy and robbers, or idolaters, since then you would need to go out of the world.

[11] But rather I wrote to you not to associate with any one who bears the name of brother if he is guilty of immorality or greed, or is an idolater, reviler, drunkard, or robber -- not even to eat with such a one.

[12] For what have I to do with judging outsiders? Is it not those inside the church whom you are to judge?

[13] God judges those outside. "Drive out the wicked person from among you."

1 Cor. 6

[1] When one of you has a grievance against a brother, does he dare go to law before the unrighteous instead of the saints?

[2] Do you not know that the saints will judge the world? And if the world is to be judged by you, are you incompetent to try trivial cases?

[3] Do you not know that we are to judge angels? How much more, matters pertaining to this life!

[4] If then you have such cases, why do you lay them before those who are least esteemed by the church?

[5] I say this to your shame. Can it be that there is no man among you wise enough to decide between members of the brotherhood,

[6] but brother goes to law against brother, and that before unbelievers?

[7] To have lawsuits at all with one another is defeat for you. Why not rather suffer wrong? Why not rather be defrauded?

[8] But you yourselves wrong and defraud, and that even your own brethren.

[9] Do you not know that the unrighteous will not inherit the kingdom of God? Do not be deceived; neither the immoral, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor sexual perverts,

[10] nor thieves, nor the greedy, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor robbers will inherit the kingdom of God.

[11] And such were some of you. But you were washed, you were sanctified, you were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the Spirit of our God.

From the sayings of the Paradise of the Desert Fathers

"The same Abba Theophilus, the archbishop, came to Scetis one day. The brethren who were assembled said to Abba Pambo, 'Say something to the Archbishop, so that he may be edified.' The old man said to them, 'If he is not edified by my silence, he will not be edified by my speech.'"

Ortho Thought for the Day (love changes us)

Nothing makes a man so humble as love. We perform the offices of servants to our friends, and are not ashamed; we are even thankful for the opportunity of serving them. We do not spare our property, and—often—not our persons; for—at times—dangers are also encountered for him that is loved. No envy, no calumny is there, where there is genuine love. We not only do not slander our friends, but we stop the mouth of slanderers. All is gentleness and mildness. Not a trace of strife and contention appears. Everything breathes peace. *St. John Chrysostom*

Abba Daniel told of another great old man who dwelt in lower Egypt, who in his simplicity, said that Melchizedek was the son of God. When the blessed Cyril, archbishop of Alexandria (412-444), was told about this, he sent someone to him. Learning that the old man was a worker of miracles and that all he asked of God was revealed to him, and that it was because of his simplicity that he had given utterance to his saying, using guile the archbishop said to him, "Abba, I think that Melchizedek is the son of God, while a contrary thought says to me, no, that he is simply a man, a high priest of God. Since I am thus plagued, I have sent someone to you that you may pray God to reveal to you what he is." Confident of his gift, the old man said without hesitation, "Give me three days, I will ask God about this matter and I will tell you who he is." So he withdrew and prayed to God about this question. Coming three days later he said to the blessed Cyril that Melchizedek was a man. The archbishop said to him, "How do you know, Abba?" He replied, "God has shown me all the patriarchs in such a way that each one, from Adam to Melchizedek, passed before me. Therefore be sure that it is so." Then the old man withdrew, having preached to himself that Melchizedek was a man. Then the blessed Cyril rejoiced greatly.

Abba Poemen asked Abba Joseph another question saying, "What should I do when the passions attack me? Should I resist them, or let them enter?" The old man said to him, "Let them enter and fight against them." So he returned to Scetis where he remained. Now someone from Thebes came to Scetis and said to the brethren, "I asked Abba Joseph if I ought to resist the passions when they approach, or let them enter, and he replied I ought not to allow them the smallest entry but cut them off immediately." When Abba Poemen learned that Abba Joseph had spoken to the brother from Thebes in this way, he got up and went to see him at Panephrisis and said, "Abba, I consulted you about my thoughts and you have said one thing to me, and another to the Theban." The old man said to him, "Do you not know that I love you?" He said, "Yes." "And did you not say to me: speak to me as you speak to yourself?" "That is right." Then the old man said, "Truly, if the passions enter you and you fight them you become stronger. I spoke to you as to myself. But there are others who cannot profit in this way if the passions approach them, and so they must cut them off immediately."

A brother said to Abba Poemen, "Give me a word," and he said to him, "As long as the pot is on the fire, no fly nor any other animal can get near it, but as soon as it is cold, these creatures get inside. So it is for the monk; as long as he lives in spiritual activities, the enemy cannot find a means of overthrowing him."

There was an elder living in the monastery of our holy father, Theodosios, who was a native of Sabasteia in Armenia, and his name was Patrick. He was of very great age, said to be one hundred and thirteen years old, very humble and given to silence. The fathers of that place told us that this virtuous elder had once been hegoumen of the community at Abazan. He had abandoned that position for fear of the judgment. "It was for great men to shepherd the spiritual sheep," he said, so he came here and put himself under obedience. He thought this would be more beneficial to his soul.

John Moschus, Leimonarion (The Spiritual Meadow) 95

a word from the desert: You aren't able to repent properly and to be alone in the heights of the love of God. That is to say, just God and you; just Christ and you. The love of Christ is offered and always passes through other people. *Elder Porphyrios the Kapsokalyvite (1906-1991)*

For St. Dionysios of Olympus, God was his total enjoyment, spiritual pleasure, and care during his ascetic struggles in Panagia's garden (Mt. Athos). Taking no care for his bodily sustenance, he fed only on wild chestnuts. But the all-merciful and all-caring God, to show His endless care and protection toward those who are His friends and servants, allowed the following to happen on a Saturday before the Great Lent.

A monk from the monastery of Zographou came to him and said, "Holy Father, the Great Lent is here. Take this food to comfort your weak body a little bit, and give thanks to God, Who provides abundantly and satisfies the entire world with His love." After he said this, he vanished, in spite of the saint's pleading for him to stay and share the food with him.

The saint was amazed that the fish brought by the unknown monk was still alive, and the cheese was so fresh that whey was dripping from it, and he praised the all-providing God.

from An Athonite Gerontikon

Prepare your heart for your departure. If you are wise, you will expect it every hour. Every day say to yourself: "See, the messenger who comes to fetch me is already at the door. Why am I sitting idle? I must depart for ever. I cannot come back again." Go to sleep with these thoughts every night, and reflect on them throughout the day. And when the time of departure comes, go joyfully to meet it, saying, "Come in peace. I knew you would come, and I have not neglected anything that could help me on my journey." *St. Isaac the Syrian, Homily 65 (7th century)*