



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: Archbishop Jovan, Bishop Robert, Father Jakiw Norton, Father Dragan Filipović, Father Stevo Rocknage, Father Paul Stoll, Father Igor Soroka, Father Joseph Kopchak, Father Cuthbert Jack, Father Elias Warnke, Father Nestor Kowal, Father George Yatsko, Father Paul Bigelow, Father Emilian Balan, Father John Nakonachny, Father Steve Repa, Deacon Dennis Lapushanski, Protopresbyter Peter Hotrovich, Protodeacon Joseph Hotrovich, Pani-Dobrodijka Sonia Diakiw, Joshua Agosto and his family, Mike Holupka, Eva Malesnick, Stella Peanoske, Joe Nezolyk, Nick Behun, Grace Holupka, Virginia Bryan, Joseph Sliwinsky, Linda Mechtly, Mary Mochnick, Evelyn Misko, Jeanne Boehing, Alex Drobot, Rachelle, Jane Golofski, Doug Diller, Harry Krewsun, Mary Alice Babcock, Dorie Kunkle, Andrea, & Melissa [Betty O'Masta's relatives], Mary Evelyn King, Sam Wadrose, Isabella Olivia Lindgren, Ethel Thomas, Donna, Erin, Michael Miller, Dave May, Grace & Owen Ostrasky, Alverta, Patti Sinecki, David Genshi, Sue Segeleon, Mike Gallagher, Michael Miller, Liz Stumpf, Theodore Nixon, Michelle Corba Kapeluck, Linda Hippert & family, Margaret Vladimir, Luke Emmerling, John Sheliga, George & Mika Rocknage, Robert McKivitz, Liz Obradovich, Halyna Zelinska [Bishop Daniel's mother], Charlotte, Andrew Mark Olynyk, Deborah Finley, Claire Senita, Eleanor Kelly, Bryan, Doris Artman, Nancy Barylak, Patrick Keenan, Khrystyna Chorniy, Anthony Cormier, 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, Vince Ferro, Michael Pawlyshyn, Dorothy Lednovich, Bob C., Allie—young girl with leukemia, Heather Kramer, Jane Wartinbee, Matthew—21-year-old with cancer, Nicholas Orlando, Mary Ann Kuznik, Michael Woloschak, Michael Pryhodzenko, Sonia Luciow, Theresa Ditto, Mary Ann Musial, Mary Pelino, Yvonne Christy, Myron & Barbara Spak, Pete Niederberger, Julia Duda, Lisa Pandle, Kris & Julie Hanczar, John Kennedy, Diane McDaniel, Loretta, Nancy, Carol, & Michael Sheliga, Gaelle Kelly, Irma McDivitt, Robin Young, Mckayla, Rachel, Carl & Margaret Reed, Theodore Demopoulos, Jillian Bowman, Lydia Wilson, Robert Pointon, Walter Cecelia,

John Persico, Jeff Miller, Mary Kernick, Glenn Miller, Jean Marie, Donna & Walter McCrackin, Doug Smith [Millie Kerr's son-in-law], Bonnie & Eugene Blair [Pani Gina's parents], Mel & Charlotte Malik, Paula Pasquinelli, David Hoenshell, Barbara Macino, Shelley Hill, Mikaela Kapeluck, Linda Cawley, Gerald Cogley, Helen Bozo, Corey Guich, Robert Vangrin, Juliana Leis, Susan "Billie" Mason, Pauline Witkowsky, Sera White, Donald Griffey, Deborah Smith, Nancy & Eric Dunik, Julian Strozh [child with cerebral palsy], Dr. Kirsten Ream, Patricia Corey, Michelle, Katie Swarm, Richard Dunst, Michelle, Jamie Gardner, Patrick, Linda Morris, Howard Simpson, Ronald Graham [Evelyn's nephew], Chris, Pastor Ed Bowen, David Hiles, Karen Johnson, Jennifer, Ann Quinn, Cher Mount, Frank & Janet Horrell, Jim Wandling, Susan Bertram, Rita McConnell, Gail, Pete Special, Sirena Sharp, Ron Paulovich, Patty Sinicki, Fred DeNorscia, Sandi Anderson, and Daria Masur ARNOLD: Stefania Lucci, Steve Sakal, and Homer Paul Kline. We pray that God will grant them all a speedy recovery.

Computer error message: PICNIC—Problem In Chair, Not In Computer

Since the icon talk was so well received, Alex and Pani Gina suggested having Fr. Bob answer questions of interest to our parish family. Alex will be constructing an "Ask Your Priest" box for your questions that will be placed in the parish basement hall. If you have a question, please write it down and place it in the box. Father Bob will try to answer as many questions as he can at Coffee Hour after Liturgy...if he doesn't know the answer, he will research it and have an answer for the next Sunday! We are all learning every day, so we will continue to learn together! God Bless!
Fr. Bob

PRAYER LIST: Please help update our prayer list. If you or someone you know no longer needs to be on the prayer list or if there is someone who needs to be on the list please let Father Bob know. Remember—Prayers are ALWAYS FREE! Thank you!

Please remember 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 ask 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 28 **Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom** **10:30 AM**
FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; HOLY FATHERS OF THE FIRST 6
ECUMENICAL COUNCILS; HOLY EQUAL-TO-THE-APOSTLES GREAT PRINCE
VOLODYMYR [IN BAPTISM BASIL] ENLIGHTENER OF KYIV-RUS; MARTYRS
CYRICUS & HIS MOTHER JULITTA OF TARSUS; MARTYR ABUDIMUS OF THE ISLE
OF TENEDOS

Tone 4

Romans 1:1-10; Hebrews 13:7-16; Galatians 1:11-19

Matthew 8:28-9:1; John 17:1-13; John 10:1-9

Litany in Blessed Memory of Millie Kerr—40 days—Fr. Bob
Parastas in Blessed Memory of Emil Pauncic—Debbie & John Pauncic

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4 **Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom** **10:30 AM**
SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; HOLY MYRRH-BEARER & EQUAL-TO-THE-
APOSTLES MARY MAGDALENE; TRANSLATION OF THE RELICS OF HIEROMARTYR
PHOCAS-BISHOP OF SINOPE; SAINT CORNELIUS-MONK OF PEREYASLAVL &
CONFESSOR OF THE OLEXANDRIV CONVENT

Tone 5

Romans 12:6-14; 1 Corinthians 9:2-12

Matthew 9:1-8; Luke 8:1-3

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

SUNDAY AUGUST 11 **Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom** **10:30 AM**
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; MARTYR CALLINICUS OF GANGRA IN
ASIA MINOR; NEW HIEROMARTYRS SERAPHIM & THEOGNOST; MARTYR
THEODOTA & 3 SONS IN BITHYNIA; MARTYR MICHAEL

Tone 6

Romans 15:1-7

Matthew 9:27-35

Parastas in Blessed Memory of Stephen Kuzman—John & Debbie Pauncic

BULLETIN INSERT FOR 28 JULY 2013
FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; HOLY FATHERS OF THE
FIRST 6 ECUMENICAL COUNCILS; HOLY EQUAL-TO-THE-
APOSTLES GREAT PRINCE VOLODYMYR [IN BAPTISM
BASIL] ENLIGHTENER OF KYIV-RUS; MARTYRS CYRICUS &
HIS MOTHER JULITTA OF TARSUS; MARTYR ABUDIMUS OF
THE ISLE OF TENEDOS

TROPARION—TONE 4

When the women disciples of the Lord
Learned from the angel the joyous message of Thy Resurrection;
They cast away the ancestral curse and elatedly told the apostles:
Death is overthrown! Christ God is 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 4

My Savior and Redeemer,
As God rose from the tomb
And delivered the earthborn from their chains.
He has shattered the gates of Hell,
And as Master, He has risen on the third day!

PROKEIMENON—TONE 4

READER: O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

PEOPLE: O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

READER: Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord my God, Thou art very great!

PEOPLE: O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

READER: O Lord, how manifold are thy works!

PEOPLE: In wisdom hast Thou made them all.

ALLELUIA VERSES—TONE 4

Go forth and prosper and reign, because of truth and meekness and righteousness.

You love righteousness and hate iniquity.

A must READ

"Good morning" said a woman as she walked up to the man sitting on the ground.

The man slowly looked up.

This was a woman clearly accustomed to the finer things of life. Her coat was new. She looked like she had never missed a meal in her life.

His first thought was that she wanted to make fun of him, like so many others had done before. "Leave me alone," he growled...

To his amazement, the woman continued standing.

She was smiling -- her even white teeth displayed in dazzling rows.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"No," he answered sarcastically. "I've just come from dining with the president. Now go away."

The woman's smile became even broader. Suddenly the man felt a gentle hand under his arm.

"What are you doing, lady?" the man asked angrily. "I said to leave me alone.

Just then a policeman came up. "Is there any problem, ma'am?" he asked.

"No problem here, officer," the woman answered. "I'm just trying to get this man to his feet. Will you help me?"

The officer scratched his head. "That's old Jack. He's been a fixture around here for a couple of years. What do you want with him?"

See that cafeteria over there?" she asked. "I'm going to get him something to eat and get him out of the cold for a while."

"Are you crazy, lady?" the homeless man resisted. "I don't want to go in there!" Then he felt strong hands grab his other arm and lift him up. "Let me go, officer. I didn't do anything."

"This is a good deal for you, Jack" the officer answered. "Don't blow it."

Finally, and with some difficulty, the woman and the police officer got Jack into the cafeteria and sat him at a table in a remote corner. It was the middle of the morning, so most of the breakfast crowd had already left and the lunch bunch had not yet arrived...

The manager strode across the cafeteria and stood by his table. "What's going on here, officer?" he asked. "What is all this, is this man in trouble?"

"This lady brought this man in here to be fed," the policeman answered.

"Not in here!" the manager replied angrily. "Having a person like that here is bad for business.."

Old Jack smiled a toothless grin. "See, lady. I told you so. Now if you'll let me go. I didn't want to come here in the first place."

The woman turned to the cafeteria manager and smiled..... "Sir, are you familiar with Eddy and Associates, the banking firm down the street?"

"Of course I am," the manager answered impatiently. "They hold their weekly meetings in one of my banquet rooms."

"And do you make a godly amount of money providing food at these weekly meetings?"

"What business is that of yours?"

"I, sir, am Penelope Eddy, president and CEO of the company."

"Oh."

The woman smiled again. "I thought that might make a difference." She glanced at the cop who was busy stifling a giggle. "Would you like to join us in a cup of coffee and a meal, officer?"

"No thanks, ma'am," the officer replied. "I'm on duty."

"Then, perhaps, a cup of coffee to go?"

"Yes, ma'am. That would be very nice."

The cafeteria manager turned on his heel, "I'll get your coffee for you right away, officer."

The officer watched him walk away. "You certainly put him in his place," he said.

"That was not my intent. Believe it or not, I have a reason for all this."

She sat down at the table across from her amazed dinner guest. She stared at him intently.. "Jack, do you remember me?"

Old Jack searched her face with his old, rheumy eyes. "I think so—I mean you do look familiar."

"I'm a little older perhaps," she said. "Maybe I've even filled out more than in my younger days when you worked here, and I came through that very door, cold and hungry."

"Ma'am?" the officer said questioningly. He couldn't believe that such a magnificently turned out woman could ever have been hungry.

"I was just out of college," the woman began. "I had come to the city looking for a job, but I couldn't find anything. Finally I was down to my last few cents and had been kicked out of my apartment. I walked the streets for days. It was February and I was cold and nearly starving. I saw this place and walked in on the off chance that I could get something to eat."

Jack lit up with a smile. "Now I remember," he said.. "I was behind the serving counter. You came up and asked me if you could work for something to eat. I said that it was against company policy."

"I know," the woman continued. "Then you made me the biggest roast beef sandwich that I had ever seen, gave me a cup of coffee, and told me to go over to a corner table and enjoy it. I was afraid that you would get

into trouble... Then, when I looked over and saw you put the price of my food in the cash register, I knew then that everything would be all right."

"So you started your own business?" Old Jack said.

"I got a job that very afternoon. I worked my way up. Eventually I started my own business that, with the help of God, prospered." She opened her purse and pulled out a business card... "When you are finished here, I want you to pay a visit to a Mr. Lyons...He's the personnel director of my company. I'll go talk to him now and I'm certain he'll find something for you to do around the office." She smiled. "I think he might even find the funds to give you a little advance so that you can buy some clothes and get a place to live until you get on your feet... If you ever need anything, my door is always opened to you."

There were tears in the old man's eyes. "How can I ever thank you?" he said.

"Don't thank me," the woman answered. "To God goes the glory. Thank Jesus... He led me to you."

Outside the cafeteria, the officer and the woman paused at the entrance before going their separate ways...

"Thank you for all your help, officer," she said.

"On the contrary, Ms. Eddy," he answered. "Thank you. I saw a miracle today, something that I will never forget. And...And thank you for the coffee."

Dennis Kristof shared this...St. Nicholas Ukrainian Orthodox Church

Which Is The Tradition? (A Literal LOL!)

In the village of Omsk all was not well in the local Pokrov Parish. Every year, during Lent, at 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord, teach me Thy statutes', half of the congregation would make a metany at the waist, and half would make a full prostration. The little metanists would start whispering sharply, 'No! No! From the waist!' To which the great metanists would hiss back even louder, 'Wrong! Full prostration! Who are you following, the Devil?!' And fistfights would break out and the service could not even be completed.

Finally the war-weary parishioners decided to ask their priest, Fr. Veniamin. 'Batiushka, what is the tradition? In Lent, at "Blessed art Thou", do we make a little metany, or a great metany?' Knowing the rancor attached to the dispute, poor Fr. Veniamin trembled, grew pale, then fainted dead away and fell backwards.

So next they went to the Skete of the Forerunner, and asked Fr Onouphry: 'Batiushka, we want to know, we have a terrible argument at Omsk--what is the tradition? Because half the people say to make small metanies at "Blessed art Thou" now, and half say great metanies. And we

start fighting, terrible, terrible. So, tell us, what is the Tradition?' Seeing the ferocity in their faces, poor Hieromonk Anatoly simply fainted dead away.

Then someone shouted, 'Let's go to Elder Ioann and ask him!' It was a marvelous idea. Surely the elder's answer would bring peace, for he was respected by all, a native of Omsk, and his hoary 94 years guaranteed a knowledge of what the old tradition had been.

So a large crowd gathered at the elder's dacha on the outskirts of town. Some 15 men from both sides entered the dacha, and found frail Elder Ioann lying on his bed. As he struggled to draw himself up and offer tea, they cut him off: 'Elder Ioann, you have to help us! What is the Tradition? Every year in Lent, at "Blessed art Thou, O Lord", half of the people at Pokrov make little metanies, and half the people great metanies, and we start to argue, and the service doesn't even finish because of the fistfight!'

Then Elder Ioann said firmly, in his voice shaking with age, and with tears streaming down his joyful face, 'That...is...the...Tradition!'

INEVITABLE LAWS OF DAILY EXPERIENCE

Law of Mechanical Repair - After your hands become coated with grease, your nose will begin to itch and you'll have to pee.

Law of Gravity - Any tool, nut, bolt, screw, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible corner.

Law of Probability - The probability of being watched is directly proportional to the stupidity of your act.

Law of Random Numbers - If you dial a wrong number, you never get a busy signal and someone always answers.

Supermarket Law - As soon as you get in the smallest line, the cashier will have to call for help.

Variation Law - If you change lines (or traffic lanes), the one you were in will always move faster than the one you are in now.

Law of the Bath - When the body is fully immersed in water, the telephone rings.

Law of Close Encounters - The probability of meeting someone you know increases dramatically when you are with someone you don't want to be seen with.

Law of the Result - When you try to prove to someone that a machine won't work, it will.

Law of Biomechanics - The severity of the itch is inversely proportional to the reach.

Law of the Theater & Sports Arena - At any event, the people whose seats are furthest from the aisle, always arrive last. They are the ones who will leave their seats several times to go for food, beer, or the toilet and

who leave early before the end of the performance or the game is over. The folks in the aisle seats come early, never move once, have long gangly legs or big bellies and stay to the bitter end of the performance. The aisle people also are very surly folk.

The Coffee Law - As soon as you sit down to a cup of hot coffee, your boss will ask you to do something which will last until the coffee is cold.

Murphy's Law of Lockers - If there are only 2 people in a locker room, they will have adjacent lockers.

Law of Physical Surfaces - The chances of an open-faced jam sandwich landing face down on a floor, are directly correlated to the newness and cost of the carpet or rug.

Law of Logical Argument-Anything is possible if you don't know what you are talking about.

Brown's Law of Physical Appearance - If the clothes fit, they're ugly.

Oliver's Law of Public Speaking- A closed mouth gathers no feet.

Wilson's Law of Commercial Marketing Strategy -As soon as you find a product that you really like, they will stop making it.

Doctors' Law- If you don't feel well, make an appointment to go to the doctor, by the time you get there you'll feel better... But don't make an appointment, and you'll stay sick. This has been proven over and over with taking children to the pediatrician.

From Nun Gavrilia, *The Ascetic of Love:*

Once when I was there where I was, some foreign missionary came and said to me, "You may be a good woman, but you're not a good Christian."

I said, "Why?"

"Because you have been here so long and you only go about speaking English. What local languages have you learned?"

I said to him, "I haven't managed to learn any of the local languages, because I travel a great deal from place to place. As soon as I learn one dialect, they start speaking another. I've only learned 'Good morning' and 'Good evening.' Nothing else."

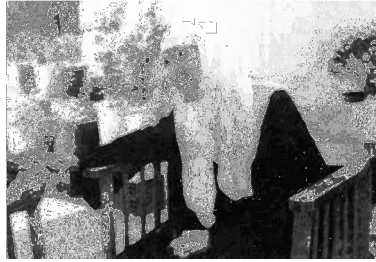
"Bah, you're no Christian. How can you evangelize? All the Catholics and Protestants learn all the local dialects in order to..."

Then I said, "Lord, give me an answer for him." I asked it with all my heart, and then I said, "Ah. I forgot to tell you. I know five languages."

"Really? What are these five?"

"The first is the smile; the second is tears. The third is to touch. The fourth is prayer, and the fifth is love. With these five languages I go all around the world."

Then he stopped and said, "Just a minute. Say that again so I can write it down."



With these five languages you can travel the whole earth, and all the world is yours. Love everyone as your own—without concern for religion or race, without concern for anything.

Everywhere are people of God. You never know if the one you see today might tomorrow be a saint.

From The Ascetic of Love pp 335-336:

(Nun Gavriilia)...What I believe, dear M., is that by reliving regrettable incidents of the past you cause much harm to yourself. As the doctor said, your present illness is psychosomatic. This is the way he said it, but I know from personal experience, that by going over such unpleasant events, you live through them again...Once in the days of my youth, I lived for a certain time near someone who suffered from melancholia. He was sad and pensive all day long. No matter how much I tried, I couldn't make him overcome this condition. It seems that God permitted it as a test. Little by little, I started becoming like him.

(Reply from M): You? Depressed?

(Nun Gavriilia): Yes. When I was going out with my friends, I had nothing to tell them. To whatever they said, I answered with a single word only: "Yes," "No." My friends kept asking, "What has happened? Why this change?" I was not aware of this change myself, but had the feeling that everything was in vain! I had become a melancholic person, too; because this condition is very contagious. Then one day I happened to be in new surroundings: with a group of fellow-students and while normally my character was an open one, everyone remarked, "What a shy girl! So silent! That's curious!" This condition lasted a long time. It is said that melancholic persons emit sad vibrations just as cheerful persons send out waves of joy. You must have noticed that the moment a joyful person comes in, without saying a word, just by walking in and out of the room cheerfully, he leaves something there, something like a trace...

(M): ...of freshness.

(Nun Gavriilia): Yes. Something like that...

(M): Yes...After some time, however, I think it over and say to myself: "Why should I fret to death?"

(Nun Gavrilia): ...Well, it is not often that one meets a person who can say it so aptly as you just did! You bring me back to the state I was in, before accepting that God is the Father of all of us and that He will take care of His children. Otherwise, I too, would have been still a melancholic person. I was so depressed at the time, that I felt it would perhaps be better to die rather than see what was going on in this world! We may end up like that, you know. This is why you should react at once. I have been telling you, we should take all our sorrow and place it at the Feet of Christ. Because He suffered on the Cross for our sins, and for our sorrows, and for our problems, and for all the gloom of our souls. For everything! And when you remember that the Blood of our Lord is cleaning us from everything, that's the end of it! Nothing of all these exists any more. If you take the time to think on this thoroughly, then you will understand. There are limits to what we can do. We cannot give help to all...We cannot be physically present both here and there. In spirit, of course, we can be everywhere...This is exactly why, dear M., you should convert your sensibility into prayer. Something wonderful will happen then. Because you could take in your heart all those in need of help and place them at the Feet of Christ Who was Crucified for you, for me, for all the world...This is why you have been confined to a sick bed: to meditate on this and then go forth as a joyful person. [http://orthodoxwiki.org/Gabrielia_\(Papayannis\)](http://orthodoxwiki.org/Gabrielia_(Papayannis))

THANK YOU to everyone who cooked, baked, setup, cleaned up, or helped in any way for last week's celebration with the visit of His Grace, Bishop Daniel. You made that day even more special with your help, love, and especially your prayers. Thank you from the bottom of my heart...Fr. Bob

THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

To His Grace, Bishop Daniel, for taking time out of his extremely busy schedule to pray with us last Sunday.

To my family and friends for coming out to join in the joy of my elevation and awarding of the gold cross.

To my parish family—you welcomed us to pray with you over 17 years ago when I was a deacon and for the past 15 years have allowed me to serve as your priest. You have made this our home and have welcomed us into your family. I will always treasure the gift of this gold cross, but even more your love and prayers.

May God reward you all a thousand-fold for your kindness, generosity, love, and especially your prayers...God Bless you all!

Fr. Bob, Pani Gina, Alex, Matt, and Stancy [my mom]