



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 John Harvey, Father Jakiw Norton, Father Dragan Filipović, Father Paul Stoll, Father Igor Soroka, Father Joseph Kopchak, Father Elias Warnke, Father Nestor Kowal, Father George Yatsko, Father Paul Bigelow, Father Emilian Balan, Father John Nakonachny, Father Steve Repa, Protopresbyter William Diakiw, Protodeacon Joseph Hotrovich, Father Adam Yonitch, Pani-Dobrodijka Sonia Diakiw, Father Paisius McGrath, Joshua Agosto and his family, 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, Grace & Owen Ostrasky, Patti Sinecki, David Genshi, Sue Segeleon, Mike Gallagher, Liz Stumpf, Theodore Nixon, Michelle Corba Kapeluck, Linda Hippert & family, Margaret Vladimir, Luke Emmerling, John Sheliga, George Rocknage, Robert McKivitz, Liz Obradovich, Halyna Zelinska [Bishop Daniel's mother], Charlotte, Andrew Mark Olynyk, Deborah Finley, Claire Senita, Eleanor Kelly, Bryan, Nancy Barylak, Patrick Keenan, Khrystyna Chorniy, Anthony Cormier, Nathan Forbeck, Sarah Doyle, Samuel Peters, Jean Stutchell, Esther Holupka, Wanda Mefford, David Vallor, Henry Faraly, Betty O'Masta, Julie Eiler, 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 Luciw, 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, Lydia Wilson, Robert Pointon, Walter Cecelia, John Persico, Jeff Miller, Mary Kernick, Glenn Miller, Jean Marie, Donna & Walter McCrackin, Bonnie & Eugene Blair [Pani Gina's parents], Mel & Charlotte Malik, David Hoenshell, Barbara Macino, Shelley

Hill, Mikaela Kapeluck, Linda Cawley, Gerald Cogley, Helen Bozo, Corey Guich, Robert Vangrin, Susan "Billie" Mason, Pauline Witkowsky, Sera White, Donald Griffey, Deborah Smith, Nancy & Eric Dunik, Julian Stroz [child with cerebral palsy], Dr. Kirsten Ream, Patricia Corey, Michelle, Katie Swarm, Richard Dunst, Michelle, Patrick, Linda Morris, Howard Simpson, Chris, Pastor Ed Bowen, David Hiles, Karen Johnson, Jennifer, Jerry Quinn, Cher Mount, Frank & Janet Horrell, Jim Wandling, Gail, Sirena Sharp, Ron Paulovich, Fred DeNorscia, Sandi Anderson, Donald Uebing, Sabrina, Shirley, Denny Mader, Ella Campbell, Tom Hyatt, Bill Janiro, Jean Symanko-Andy's sister, William Lemonakis, Barbara McDougall, Alma Wyke, Lindsay Romanczak & family, Virginia Catherine Pynch, Susan Lucas, Manny Lopez, Neil Carter & family, James Paluh, Mickie Weikel, Evelyn Krempasky, Tammy Strunk, Loida Esbry, Darlene Chicka Deskins, Drew, Alice & Keith Philipa, Kateryna Kocelko, Nancy Heinbaugh, Judi Danser, Mira Filipovic, Lynn, Jacqueline, Irma Opacic, Sharon, Zan Cheng, Debby Novak, Jeff Jones, Kristy, Elaine Ellenberger, Donna Cacioppo [Evelyn's niece], Brandon, Anna Tranchine, Demetra, Blase Urban, Catherine Hogel & children, Jennifer & Dylan, Ron Schwartz, Lydia Wilson, Flora Tomlin, Stella Rossi, Howell Swarm, Jane Bielewicz Allred, Carol Mensing's Family, Manny "Lazarus" Lopez, Glenn & Lucas Burlack, Katie Elizabeth, Mileva, & Michael, Deirdré Straughan, Terri Paluh, Lori & Steve Lucier, Billy Sinclair, Evelyn Felouzis, Kyranna Cherpas, Lawrence Deuce Skurcenski, Pastor Bruce Nordeen, Millie Koss Good, Mary Haraczy, Heather Ried, and Mother Ana. ARNOLD: Stefania Lucci, Steve Sakal, and Homer Paul Kline. We pray that God will grant them all a speedy recovery.

Please remember in your prayers—our dear 'Little Father' Emilian, who returned to Romania to undergo surgery for back pain. This particular procedure is not offered here in the United States. He asked for our prayers and expressed his thanks for the love and fellowship he has shared with the Holy Ghost Parish Family. He said he looks forward to returning to us pain-free in the springtime...may God watch over him and heal him...Fr. Bob

PLEASE REMEMBER IN YOUR PRAYERS: All Christians and the others in the Middle East who are suffering during this time of great tragedy and unrest. May God watch over and keep them safe! Lord have mercy!

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, OCTOBER 18 DIVINE LITURGY OF SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM 10:30 AM
20TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; MARTYRS SERGIUS & BACCHUS IN SYRIA;
MARTYRS JULIAN-PRESBYTER & CAESARIUS-DEACON AT TERRACINA; VIRGIN-
MARTYR PELAGIA OF TARSUS; MARTYR POLYCHRONIUS OF GAMPHANITUS;
SAINT SERGIUS THE OBEDIENT OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA
*****SPECIAL PARISH MEETING DOWNSTAIRS AFTER SERVICE*******

Tone 3

Galatians 1:11-19

Luke 6:31-36

**TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20 THROUGH FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23—FATHER BOB IN
SOUTH BOUND BROOK**

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25 OBEDNITZA—DOWNSTAIRS IN CHURCH HALL 10:30 AM
21ST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; COMMEMORATION OF THE FATHERS OF THE
7TH ECUMENICAL COUNCIL; MARTYRS PROBUS, TARACHUS, & ANDRONICUS AT
TARSUS IN CILICIA; VENERABLE COSMAS THE HYMNOGRAPHER-BISHOP OF
MAIUMA; MARTYR DOMINA OF ANAZARBUS; SAINT MARTIN THE MERCIFUL-
BISHOP OF TOURS**

Tone 4

Hebrews 13:7-13; Galatians 2:16-20

John 17:1-13; Luke 7:11-16

Litany in Blessed Memory of Stancy Popichak—Fr. Bob

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1 DIVINE LITURGY OF SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM 10:30 AM
22ND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; PROPHET JOEL; MARTYR WARUS & 7 MONK-
MARTYRS IN EGYPT; BLESSED CLEOPATRA & SON JOHN IN EGYPT;
HIEROMARTYR SADOC-BISHOP OF PERSIA & 128 MARTYRS WITH HIM;
VENERABLE JOHN RYLSKYJ**

Tone 5
Galatians 6:11-18
Luke 8:5-15

Litany in Blessed Memory of John Lopushanski, Sam Kerr, Helen Likar, Harry Bunio, Mary Pekich, Constantine Hanczar, Anna Lotinsky, & Julia Golofski—Fr. Bob

BULLETIN INSERT FOR 18 OCTOBER 2015

20TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; MARTYRS SERGIUS & BACCHUS IN SYRIA; MARTYRS JULIAN-PRESBYTER & CAESARIUS-DEACON AT TERRACINA; VIRGIN-MARTYR PELAGIA OF TARSUS; MARTYR POLYCHRONIUS OF GAMPHANITUS; SAINT SERGIUS THE OBEDIENT OF PERCHEVSKY LAVRA

*****SPECIAL PARISH MEETING DOWNSTAIRS AFTER SERVICE*****

TROPARION—TONE 3

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

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

KONTAKION—TONE 3

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

PROKEIMENON—TONE 3

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

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

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

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

READER: Sing praises to our God, sing praises!

PEOPLE: Sing praises to our King, sing praises!

ALLELUIA VERSES—TONE 3

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

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

A Sermon on a Church Candle

Archimandrite Tikhon 25 August 2012

Dear brothers and sisters! Has the following ever happened to you? You are standing in church at a quiet evening service, when suddenly you feel from the bottom of your heart how dear this House of God is to you, how beautiful, noble, holy, mysterious and edifying everything in it is. Have you ever really felt the profound meaning and purpose of everything that happens at church services? Alas!, my dear friends, we often come to church, stand without any awareness of anything, without trying to enter into the meaning of the service, not even listening attentively to the reading and the singing. And all the time even the slightest detail can be very edifying.

Here is a small church candle. People come, take one and light it in front of an icon and it burns. People have made a little gift to strengthen their faith. What does it mean, this small, quiet candle flame which rises up to heaven?

First of all, a candle testifies to our love of God. People come to church and bring the present of their love. But does our soul burn like the fine flame of this little candle? Does the flame of our prayer rise up to heaven? Do we strive upwards with all our being, to the heavens, to holiness, to the beauty of a higher life which is dedicated to God?...But a candle does not only burn and shine, it also warms, giving off just a little warmth to those around it.

What about us? Does our love warm those around us, those near and dear to us, those we live with and mix with?

Or are we frozen in the ice of sin, of self-love, have we shut ourselves up and now lie there like a splint gone cold?

Comparing human life to a candle, St Seraphim said that the wax in the candle is faith, the light is hope and the fire is love. If there is no love, then life is empty, pointless and fruitless. Just as a bad candle gives off

soot, splutters and then goes out altogether, so sometimes our life gives off not the light of goodness, but the stench of sin and iniquity. So which is our life? Does it burn or does it give off soot, and perhaps go out altogether?

Dear brothers and sisters, this little candle also tells us whether we live our short earthly lives badly or well. If we burn ourselves out very quickly, then what will be left of us? Will there still be even a tiny glimmer of good as a result of our actions? Will there still be even a tiny glimmer of warmth and happy memories of us?

A baby comes into the world crying. Holy Church gives him spiritual birth, washing him in Holy Baptism. A candle burns in the hands of the godparent, its tears of wax are like a living being crying before God for a new little person, his infirmity, his weakness and the many hardships he will face in life. But when a person grows up, he may stain his soul with sin in the storms of life. And then he comes to the holy sacrament of Repentance, lights a candle and puts it on the candlestand. This candle sheds burning tears for our sinfulness, our coldness and the darkness of our iniquitous life.

When our life is hallowed by union in marriage, the young couple hold lighted candles in their hands...the flames remind them of love in the family, of how family happiness does not last forever and ever, that it unexpectedly goes out, like this lighted candle...

When someone falls ill and turns to God, he receives unction, is anointed with holy oil, and next to him there burns a candle, as if raising his prayer up to heaven, interceding for him.

When someone is on their death bed, then a candle is placed at the head of the bed as a symbol of their immortality, testifying to the fact that their soul goes on and burns before God in eternity...When family come to the grave, they too light a candle as a sign of their love for the departed and their memory of them.

And so throughout life and even after death a candle burns with us, unnoticed and small. What faith we show when, in times of sorrow and difficulty, we light candles in front of the icons of the Saviour, the Mother of God or His saints, what consoling mercy our Heavenly Father shows our grieving souls, sending down His help to them. We light a candle and it seems to speak to us: I am burning and you, a soul that has gone out, light up, light up, do not fear life's tempests, light up, even though the wind is making you waver, and burn, shine and warm. My dears, we can be

especially happy that we are standing here and all praying together, that our little prayers and sighs merge into one general sigh, heading upwards, like a candle flame which reaches the heavens and the throne of God. The feeble light of our small, lonely prayer may not be strong enough to shine and warm, but the great flame of general prayer may blaze up and melt. Perhaps, unknown to us, there are people of prayer standing alongside us, those who are great spiritual people before the face of God. Together with their prayer, our feeble, cold prayer will also go up from earth to heaven, to the very throne of God. We should be all the happier that we are standing and praying in this holy place, warmed and hallowed by the feat of prayer of St Sergius, our great father in God. On this very spot there once stood a small wooden church, hallowed not by a candle, but by a simple splint.

However, the hearts of the ascetics, those who gathered here, zealous for piety and salvation, attracted by the brightness of St. Sergius' virtues, shone brighter than any beacon.

And now he himself, like a great light, burns and does not go out, aflame with his prayer before the throne of the Holy Trinity, and this light illumines our lives, which at times are not easy and confused, warming our souls, which are cold, negligent and despondent...

Dear brothers and sisters, just light your little wax candles more often. They burn with the fire of a great and firm faith, as if reminding us of the widow's mite. Let us remember that Church life is our life. A candle is our love of God and our neighbour. A Church candle is the strength that helps us in the difficult moments of life and death.

Amen.



Fresco of Dormition of Mother of God-Sopocani Monastery

The fresco of the Dormition of the Mother of God in Sopocani Monastery continues to hold interest. The strength of interest has remained strong through the passage of centuries.

Believers celebrate the birth of the Mother of God. Believers invest considerable time in studying the life of the Mother of God. Mary, the Mother of the Christ-Child holds a singular place in history among all women.

Prayers to the Mother of God abound among believers. Miracles are attributed to the Mother of God. Miraculous icons of the Mother of God are located throughout the world.

Images of the Mother of God adorn Orthodox churches, monasteries and seminaries. Homes and other religious sites have icons of her. Iconographic portrayals of the Mother of God are an act of love and expression of belief.

The fresco of the Dormition of the Mother of God in Sopocani Monastery communicates the deep faith alive in the monastery through the centuries. Believers around the world are enriched by the fresco and enduring faith.

Believers commonly turn to the Mother of God for refuge, strength and direction in times of crisis. Readers of Church history readily learn of the Mother of God delivering individuals and groups from potential harm or devastation.

The fresco of the Dormition of the Mother of God records her transition from earthly life. Only in the mysterious ways of God is it possible for believers to continue experience the work of the Mother of God in their lives.

Faith in the Mother of God and love for her is very real among contemporary believers. Believers pray fervently and regularly to the Mother of God. She is a source of hope and comfort to believers.

It is amazing that even today after centuries have passed that the fresco of the Dormition of the Mother of God in Sopocani Monastery is a source of interest and discussion.

Today's society has many creations that quickly become obsolete. Trash sites accumulate mountains of discarded creations in this world. The fresco of the Dormition of the Mother of God in Sopocani Monastery has endured.

Believers look to her who was chosen to give birth to the Christ Child. She who gave birth to Christ holds answers to questions of faith. She holds the ability to make a difference in the lives of fervent believers.

Adult Class. St. George Serbian Orthodox Church, Carmichaels, Pennsylvania. St. Eumenius of Gortyna, St. Ariadna, Martyr. Father Rodney Torbic

A Dad Story

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The phone call had come in the early morning darkness, cutting through deep sleep. It rang out exactly three times then fell silent. It was 5:00 a.m. Memorial Day weekend; and all who would have called her at such an ungodly hour were present there, sleeping. She stirred only briefly then fell quickly back, sleeping soundly, like all of them, until the smell of coffee later that morning announced the day more politely.

The call had gone unanswered in darkness. And three hours later she woke with a start, turned over, dragged her arm absently across the bed, and snagged the phone from the bedside table. 1 missed call. This would not be good, she thought. This surely was not good; but coffee first. Within twenty-four hours she was boarding Flight 1121 for Georgetown, South Carolina. When she arrived at the University Hospital in Charleston, she was escorted through a labyrinth of icy hallways to the Intensive Care Unit where her father lay in a tangle of tubes and chords. He was alive. The storm had begun. *The Lord is my shepherd....I shall not want.....*

He held their eager hands in his and swung them one by one up onto the bed, then watched them toss around as their softly patterned coverlet tangled all around their wild bare feet like wildflowers. He stood by near the edge, with their tiny white leggings and dresses in each hand. They giggled and they jumped, knocking pillows and teddies and bed things all around. They jumped and giggled in equal frenzy; they jumped until their strawberry blond hair was tall with static. They giggled into their dresses and jumped into their leggings then bounced off onto the floor; this was "getting dressed".

The nurses came every two hours and changed his bandages. They said any longer and removing them would be impossible. She sat while doctors tossed words at her cruelly, flinging them like blood red paint onto a canvas. "Necrotizing fasciitis (neck-ro-tie-zing Fas-e-i-tis) is a serious bacterial skin infection that spreads quickly and kills the body's soft tissue. (Necrotizing means "causing the death of tissues.") Accurate diagnosis, prompt treatment with antibiotics through a vein, and surgery are important to stopping this infection that can become life-threatening in a very short amount of time".

Announced so casually, like junk mail, laced with Anthrax. She retreated to the waiting area then returned to him, freshly wrapped, lightly touching his hand with hers; a touch as soft as a mothers, caressing and careful, not wanting to waken her newborn child.

With equal tenderness she touched him. She whispered her love to him. She held him in a web of memories woven in delicately clinging strands. She sat weaving for days, picking through thoughts like shells, tossing broken bits away and placing the pure, white alabaster carefully aside. She watched his life casting away in waves; he was dying.

She had walked between him and the mower many times, matching stride for stride just inches apart from his purposeful step, pushing the old mower through the yard. The Lawnboy, caked with clumps of matted grass cut clean straight stripes back and forth, back and forth in even lines. And somewhere along the way he would tap her shoulder and shout "Do you see what I did here. I overlapped just a tiny bit so I don't miss any grass. See? Do you see how I did that? Now you put your hands up here and you help me push. Just like that", he said. "I see, Dad...I see what you did. But when is it my turn? When can I do it alone?" "Soon, little pudding, soon" . Back and forth; together they worked in the summer sun. Back and forth. He wasn't ready to let go.

She wasn't ready to let him go. But soon. *He maketh me lie down in green pastures....*In the dim light of morning she wrote to family the lyrics that had been floating between the beeps and tones that supported his life. The clouds had opened, the angels had descended and she could steadfastly deny it no longer "I wanted to let you know what is happening with Dad. I am here in Charleston. I arrived on Sunday and have been with Dad every day. It has been a very difficult time, but one filled with love and grace. I know that this is where I need to be right now, and I'm grateful to be with Dad as he prepares to leave this world. Monday morning I sat with Dad's doctor and one of the ICU nurses who had been caring for him and it became very clear that all resources for his care had been exhausted. Dad was literally, just clinging to life, just barely, and the outlook for the remainder of his life was grim at best. I have decided to discontinue all supportive care from that moment forward. Meaning, no more diagnostics, no more surgery, no more wound care, no more injections, BP meds, etc. Yesterday morning, with the guidance of a wonderful palliative care (end of life) nurse, we were able to remove Dad from the ventilator very comfortably. He is now breathing on his own, and is free without interference to die peacefully and with dignity, on his own time. We were able to move him out of ICU and into a regular room with windows and light, much like a regular bedroom would be. He is comfortable, only opening his eyes rarely and with effort. I believe that he knows

on some level that I am here and so I have been loving and kissing and gently caring for his battered body.

There is great beauty in being here with him. There are no words to describe the experience really, except to say that soon he will be delivered from this world to paradise. I will wait until he is ready to leave." Soon, my girl. Soon.

She paused, intently bent at the water's edge, gently plucking at the sand as flocks of tiny colored shells bubbled to the surface. They seemed repelled by her touch as in wave after wave they surfaced then dug, surfaced and dug, surfaced, bubbled then dug with a monotony that seemed to calm her. She touched the tiny pastel shells, only once gazing out into the surf as teams of beaming pink children skipped into the brace of waves. Their screams blended with the shrill of calling gulls a vacant din of life, a deafening gray of noise stopping just short of her; she heard nothing of this - nothing.

And just as simply as it began, her digging ceased, she slowly rose, turned toward the setting sun and walked away. *He leadeth me beside still waters...*

His face was distant and deep in thought, his weathered hands folding pages of yellow legal paper; these now made sense to her. For months he had fretted over the way he would leave them and had, in vibrant health, scrawled detailed instructions, the funeral home, cremation, organ donation; all of it in precisely outlined fashion. "don't cry for this old man" he said, "I've done all I wanted to do". Still she cried. Little was left for wonder, only how, and where, and when he would go. "I'm not sure what will take me, girl, but I sure as hell hope it's not at the hands of an irate lover". How gentle it would have been to be murdered; merciful in comparison to this. *He restoreth my soul...*

On the fourth day, wrapped in a cocoon of sorrow she sent along the word of his passing, "It is with great sadness that I tell you that Dad passed away this evening at 7:00 pm. It was a very peaceful and grace filled passing. I was honored and moved to be there with him as he left this world. I was at his side when he died, praying and loving him. For that I am grateful. He is no longer bound by his badly battered body. When it appeared that he had "all in order" he very gently left us."

The Lord is my shepherd...I shall not want...He makes me lie down in green pastures., He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul...and even though I shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil...for you are with me.

SPECIAL PARISH MEETING NOTICE: We will have a special Parish Meeting after services TODAY, to elect a president and

recording secretary. Please plan to attend, run for office if you wish, and bring your ideas to improve our parish! Any questions, please see Father Bob.