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SUNDAY OF ALL SAINTS OF MOUNT ATHOS & UKRAINE
Saints Peter & Paul Fast—Apostles' Fast

ON THE MEND: Please keep the following parishioners and others in your prayers for recovery from their illnesses and injuries: Archbishop Daniel, Metropolitan Antony, Metropolitan Yuriy, Anastasia [Metropolitan Yuriy's mom], Metropolitan Theodosius [OCA], Archbishop Jovan, Bishop Robert, Father George & Pani Lillian Hnatko, Father Jakiw Norton, 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 & Pani Mary Anne Nakonachny, Father Steve Repa, Protopresbyter William Diakiw, Archpriest Dionysi Vitali, Protodeacon Joseph Hotrovich, Father Adam Yonitch, Pani-Dobrodijka Sonia Diakiw, Father Paisius McGrath, Father Michael Smolynec, Father Lawrence & Matushka Sophia Daniels, Father Joe Cervo, Father John Harrold [Saint Sylvester], Joshua Agosto and his family, Eva Malesnick, Nick Behun, Grace Holupka, Joseph Sliwinsky, Gary & Linda Mechtly, 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, George Rocknage, Robert McKivitz, Liz Obradovich, Halyna Zelinska [Archbishop 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, Esther Holupka, David Vallor, Henry Faraly, Julie Eiler, Dorothy Lednovich, Bob C., Allie—young girl with leukemia, Heather Kramer, Jane Wartinbee, Matthew—young man with cancer, Nicholas Orlando, Mary Ann Kuznik, Michael Pryhodzenko, Sonia Luciw, Theresa Ditto, Mary Ann

Musial, Mary Pelino, Yvonne Christy, Myron & Barbara Spak, Julia Duda, Lisa Pandle, Kris & Julie Hanczar, John Kennedy, Loretta, Nancy, Carol, & Michael Sheliga, Gaele 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], David Hoenshell, Barbara Macino, Shelley Hill, Mikaela Kapeluck, Linda Cawley, Gerald Cogley, Helen Bozo, Corey Guich, Robert Vangrin, Pauline Witkowsky, Sera White, Deborah Smith, Nancy & Eric Dunik, Julian Strozh [young lady with cerebral palsy], Dr. Kirsten Ream, Patricia Corey, Michelle, Katie Swarm, Richard Dunst, Michelle, Patrick, Linda Morris, Howard Simpson, Chris, David Hiles, Jennifer, Jerry Quinn, Cher Mount, Frank & Janet Horrell, Jim Wandling, Gail, Sirena Sharp, Ron Paulovich, Sandi Anderson, Lina, Shirley, Denny Mader, Ella Campbell, Tom Hyatt, Bill Janiro, Jean Symanko-Andy's sister, William Lemonakis, Alma Wyke, Lindsay Romanczak & family, Virginia Catherine Pyrch, Susan Lucas, Neil Carter & family, James Paluh, Mickie Weikel, Evelyn Krempasky, Tammy Strunk, Loida Esbry, Darlene Chicka Deskins, Drew, Alice & Keith Philipa, Kateryna Kocelko, Nancy Heinbaugh, Mira Filipović, Lynn, Jacqueline, Sharon, Zan Cheng, Kristy, Elaine Ellenberger, Brandon, Anna Tranchine, Demetra, Blase Urban, Catherine Hogel & children, Jennifer & Dylan, Ron Schwartz, Lydia Wilson, Flora Tomlin, Howell Swarm, Jane Bielewicz Allred, Manny "Lazarus" Lopez, Glenn & Lucas Burlack, Katie Elizabeth, Mileva, & Michael, Deirdré Straughan, Terri Paluh, Lori & Steve Lucier, Kyranna Cherpas, Pastor Bruce Nordeen, Heather Ried, Carla Perry, Linda Elliot, Dennis McDaniel, Luke Tinsley, Brent, Tricia, Katherine Gorman, Pamela Jaquette, Sherri Walewski, Marika Zeliszczuk, Donna Davis, Jackie Crimbchin, Marta Charron, Mary [Corba], Stella McKeag, Margie Sekelsky, Gary Howell, Fran Fulton, Gina Catanese, Bill Vizza, Jamie Swarm, Kevin Allen (from Ancient Faith Radio), Kathy Flaherty, Tori Reade-Henry's niece, Derick-Glen Burlack's neighbor, Michael, Nichole & Christopher, Ben Douglas, Dianne Donahue, Zachary, Natasha, Noah Willard, Jodi Hanczar, Gregory Cervo, Lisa Bruce, Martha Nezolyk, Kathy Cvetkovich, Judy, Will, Emma, Ginny, Ye-Jin, Maria, John & JoAnn, Jim & Kitty, Phil Bouse, Ralph & Beverly Stoker, Noah Willard, Nikola, Natalie, Nikola, & Nevenka Jovonovich, Julia Collier, Amy Kemerer, Thomas Smith, Tracy Slaughaupt, Louis & Teresa Bercelli, Tom Nolan, Silvia Martin, Sarah Dorning, Dena & George, Georgia, Lawanda [Evelyn's niece], Maureen Sams, John Kendall, Judi Danser, Darcy, Denis Strittmatter, Nancy, Ian Brick, Cecilia Barnhart, Logan Magorien, Pam Grant, Debbie & Jerry Novosel, Noah Willard, Sandra Dillard, Danielle McCann, Barry [Father Jim Orr's cousin], Tim Joyce, Mike Pawlyshyn-Jeannie Stutchell's brother, Marianne Mulroy, Joe Samchuck—vocations,

Albert Heckman, Brianna Stumpf, Stanley Porembka, David & Terry Coyne Hartnett, Mike C., Becky Muth, and Susan Pulcini—Father Ted Pulcini's mom. ARNOLD: Homer Paul Kline and Walter Sakol. We pray that God will grant them all a speedy recovery.

Now Christ, the Most Holy Mother of God, the Saints help us more than in former times, but we do not understand this. And what the world would have come to if this help hadn't been! —Saint Paisios the Athonite

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!

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, JUNE 30 OBEDNITZA DOWNSTAIRS IN THE CHURCH HALL 10:30 AM
2ND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; SUNDAY OF ALL SAINTS OF MOUNT ATHOS,
ALL SAINTS OF UKRAINE; MARTYRS MANUEL, SABEL & ISMAEL OF PERSIA

Tone 1

Romans 2:10-16; Hebrews 11:33-12:2

Matthew 14:18-23; Matthew 4:25-5:12

SUNDAY, JULY 07 OBEDNITZA DOWNSTAIRS IN THE CHURCH HALL 10:30 AM
3RD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; SYNAXIS OF HALYCH/GALICIAN SAINTS;
SYNAXIS OF ODESSA SAINTS; NATIVITY OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST;

MARTYRS ORENTIUS, PHARNACIUS, EROS, FIRMUS, FIRMINUS, CYRIACUS, & LONGINUS—IN GEORGIA

Tone 2

Romans 5:1-10; Romans 13:12-14:4

Matthew 6:22-33; Luke 1:1-25, 57-68, 76, 80

Litany in Blessed Memory of Olga Stock, Anna Kitch, Joseph Yarmeak, Sophie Carrerea, Susan Justina Sredich, Stella E. Cherepko, Emil Joseph Pauncic, Igumen George [Owen], & Claudia Horvath—Fr. Bob

SUNDAY, JULY 14 OBEDNITZA DOWNSTAIRS IN THE CHURCH HALL 10:30 AM
4TH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; HOLY & WONDERWORKING UNMERCENARIES
COSMAS & DAMIAN; MARTYR POTITUS; VENERABLE PETER THE PATRICIAN;
SAINT ANGELINA-DESPOTINA OF SERBIA

Tone 3

Romans 6:18-23

Matthew 8:5-13

BULLETIN INSERT FOR 30 JUNE 2019

**2ND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST; SUNDAY OF ALL SAINTS OF MOUNT ATHOS,
ALL SAINTS OF UKRAINE; MARTYRS MANUEL, SABEL & ISMAEL OF PERSIA**

TROPARION—TONE 1

When the stone had been sealed by the Jews;
While the soldiers were guarding Thy most pure Body;
Thou didst rise on the third day, O Savior,
Granting life to the world.

The powers of heaven therefore cried to Thee, O Giver of life:
Glory to Thy Resurrection, O Christ! Glory to Thy Kingdom!
Glory to Thy Dispensation, O Thou who lovest mankind.

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

KONTAKION—TONE 1

As God, Thou didst rise from the tomb in glory, raising the world with
Thyself.

Human nature praises Thee as God, for death has vanished!

Adam exults, O Master!

Eve rejoices, for she is freed from bondage and cries to Thee:

Thou are the Giver of Resurrection to all, O Christ!

PROKEIMENON—TONE 1

READER: Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us as we have set our hope on Thee.

PEOPLE: Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us as we have set our hope on Thee.

READER: Rejoice in the Lord, O you righteous! Praise befits the just!

PEOPLE: Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us as we have set our hope on Thee.

READER: Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us.

PEOPLE: As we have set our hope on Thee.

ALLELUIA VERSES

God gives vengeance to me, and subdues people under me.

He magnifies the salvation of the king, and deals mercifully with His Christ, with David and his seed forever!

What is the Meaning of Life?

"Are There Any Questions?" An offer that comes at the end of college lectures and long meetings. Said when an audience is not only overdosed with information, but when there is no time left anyhow. At times like that you sure do have questions. Like "Can we leave now?" and "What the hell was this meeting for?" and "Where can I get a drink?"

The gesture is supposed to indicate openness on the part of the speaker, I suppose, but if in fact you do ask a question, both the speaker and audience will give you drop-dead looks. And some fool—some earnest idiot—always asks. And the speaker always answers. By repeating most of what he has already said.

But if there is a little time left and there is a little silence in response to the invitation, I usually ask the most important question of all: "What is the meaning of life?"

You never know, somebody may have the answer, and I'd really hate to miss it because I was too socially inhibited to ask. But when I ask, it's usually taken as a kind of absurdist move—people laugh and nod and gather up their stuff and the meeting is dismissed on that ridiculous note.

Once, and only once, I asked that question and got a serious answer. One that is with me still.

First, I must tell you where this happened, because the place has a power of its own. In Greece again.

Near the village of Gonia on a rocky bay of the island of Crete, sits a Greek Orthodox monastery. Alongside it, on land donated by the

monastery, is an institute dedicated to human understanding and peace, and especially to rapprochement between Germans and Cretans. An improbable task, given the bitter residue of wartime.

This site is important, because it overlooks the small airstrip at Maleme where Nazi paratroopers invaded Crete and were attacked by peasants wielding kitchen knives and hay scythes. The retribution was terrible. The populations of whole villages were lined up and shot for assaulting Hitler's finest troops.

High above the institute is a cemetery with a single cross marking the mass grave of Cretan partisans. And across the bay on yet another hill is the regimented burial ground of the Nazi paratroopers. The memorials are so placed that all might see and never forget. Hate was the only weapon the Cretans had at the end, and it was a weapon many vowed never to give up. Never ever.

Against this heavy curtain of history, in this place where the stone of hatred is hard and thick, the existence of an institute devoted to healing the wounds of war is a fragile paradox. How has it come to be here? The answer is a man. Alexander Papaderos.

A doctor of philosophy, teacher, politician, resident of Athens but a son of this soil. At war's end he came to believe that the Germans and the Cretans had much to give one another—much to learn from one another. That they had an example to set. For if they could forgive each other and construct a creative relationship, then any people could.

To make a lovely story short, Papaderos succeeded. The institute became a reality—a conference ground on the site of horror—and it was in fact a source of productive interaction between the two countries. Books have been written on the dreams that were realized by what people gave to people in this place.

By the time I came to the institute for a summer session, Alexander Papaderos had become a living legend. One look at him and you saw his strength and intensity—energy, physical power, courage, intelligence, passion, and vivacity radiated from this person. And to speak to him, to shake his hand, to be in a room with him when he spoke, was to experience his extraordinary electric humanity. Few men live up to their reputations when you get close. Alexander Papaderos was an exception.

At the last session on the last morning of a two-week seminar on Greek culture, led by intellectuals and experts in their fields who were recruited by Papaderos from across Greece, Papaderos rose from his chair at the back of the room and walked to the front, where he stood in the

bright Greek sunlight of an open window and looked out. We followed his gaze across the bay to the iron cross marking the German cemetery.

He turned. And made the ritual gesture: "Are there any questions?"

Quiet quilted the room. These two weeks had generated enough questions for a lifetime, but for now there was only silence.

"No questions?" Papaderos swept the room with his eyes.

So. I asked. "Dr. Papaderos, what is the meaning of life?"

The usual laughter followed, and people stirred to go.

Papaderos held up his hand and stilled the room and looked at me for a long time, asking with his eyes if I was serious and seeing from my eyes that I was.

"I will answer your question."

Taking his wallet out of his hip pocket, he fished into a leather billfold and brought out a very small round mirror, about the size of a quarter.

And what he said went like this:

"When I was a small child, during the war, we were very poor and we lived in a remote village. One day, on the road, I found the broken pieces of a mirror. A German motorcycle had been wrecked in that place.

"I tried to find all the pieces and put them together, but it was not possible, so I kept only the largest piece. This one. And by scratching it on a stone I made it round. I began to play with it as a toy and became fascinated by the fact that I could reflect light into dark places where the sun would never shine—in deep holes and crevices and dark closets. It became a game for me to get light into the most inaccessible places I could find.

"I kept the little mirror, and as I went about my growing up, I would take it out in idle moments and continue the challenge of the game. As I became a man, I grew to understand that this was not just a child's game but a metaphor for what I might do with my life. I came to understand that I am not the light or the source of light. But light—truth, understanding, knowledge—Is there, and it will only shine in many dark places if I reflect it.

"I am a fragment of a mirror whose whole design and shape I do not know. Nevertheless, with what I have I can reflect light into the dark places of this world—into the black places in the hearts of men—and change some things in some people. Perhaps others may see and do likewise. This is what I am about. This is the meaning of my life."

And then he took his small mirror and, holding it carefully, caught the bright rays of daylight streaming through the window and reflected them onto my face and onto my hands folded on the desk.

Much of what I experienced in the way of information about Greek culture and history that summer is gone from memory. But in the wallet of my mind I carry a small round mirror still.

Are there any questions?

(Taken from the book, *It Was On Fire When I Lay Down On It* , by Robert Fulghum)

In Christ Service,
Fr. George L. Livanos, Proistamenos

Such wisdom and relevance, even so many years later.

"The Church cannot belong to any party, but at the same time it is neither non-partisan nor post-partisan. It should be the voice of conscience, one enlightened by the Divine light. In the ideal state, the Church should be able to say to any party or political current: this is worthy of man and God, and this is unworthy of man and God. Of course, this could be done from two positions: from a position of power and from a po

Patty Martinovich—Moderator—Orthodox Hipster Coffee Hour

Just have to share our priest's sermon because it was so good, and I got his permission to share it. Thanks Fr Robert Stephen Lourie! This sermon is especially directed toward parents. ♡

"I didn't preach about Motherhood on Mother's Day and I'm not going to preach about Fathers on Father's Day. I am going to talk about parenthood, encompassing both.

From today's Romans epistle reading (see first comment for the entire epistle reading): *'They show that what the Law requires is written on their hearts, while their conscience also bears witness and their conflicting thoughts accuse or perhaps excuse them on that day when, according to my gospel, God judges the secrets of men by Christ Jesus.'*

This word from St. Paul describes our lives, especially parents.

Words no one ever told me:

You never stop being a parent, no matter how old your children are.

You can't pick the spouse of your child, you have to live with the decision they make.

You never stop worrying about your children, no matter how successful they are; how healthy they are, how spiritually mature they are.

You never stop having conflicting thoughts about how you raised your children, regrets, second thoughts come flooding in.

Maybe I was too hard on them. Maybe I was too easy on them and spoiled them.

Maybe I should have taught them about Jesus more, taught them more about the Scriptures, our Faith, why we do what we do.

Maybe I should have made them more responsible, demanded more of them.

Look how they turned out!

But really, we all have conflicting thoughts, wonderings, worryings. It seems to be part of the fallen human condition.

Since the first sin, humans have been divided. Separation of heart from mind, separation between man and woman, separation between man and God, separation between man and creation.

This is the reason for all the frustration. The doublemindedness.

James: A double minded man is unstable in all his ways.

Losing our intimate link with God, we have tried to make it on our own.

We have storms of thoughts and imaginings and worry.

Will I be ok when I get older? Will I be able to take care of my wife?

What if I get really sick? What if the economy tanks again?

The Gospel reading today (see second comment below for Gospel reading) shows us something about this.

Jesus asks them to follow Him.

They have a choice. They choose to follow Him.

Did that solve all their problems?

Did they suddenly have all the answers?

Did they quit having doubts, worries?

No.

Answering the call to follow Jesus means the beginning of a journey, same as the Apostles. Ups, downs, crushing disappointments, exhilarating miracles, new revelations.

Answering a call to follow Jesus does mean some things though.

1. I have an anchor—when conflicting thoughts come, I can trust my anchor. He is the way, the Truth, The Life. He has my life in His hands. I can trust that no matter what is going on, He is in control. He is not surprised by what I do, or what happens to me. He knows my thoughts, He only wants what is best for me. So I can trust.

2. I have a compass—I am on a journey. I am headed in a direction. I have a leader, One whom I am following. The Christian life is a long, slow obedience in the same direction, a direction of holiness. I have a compass, I have an anchor.

3. I have my Faith. My life is not a house built on sand that will fall down when storms hit. I have built my life on a Rock. He is my foundation. Because He is my foundation, I can withstand the storm, my house will not

fall. He is my Rock, He is my foundation. I follow Him. I trust where He is leading me.

The Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all would come to eternal life.

A person of faith, uses their faith. The Faith, what we believe, Whom we follow, calms the conflicting thoughts, steadies the nerves, assures the soul.

Trust and obey, for there is no other way."

Used with Father Stephen's kind permission...

Collector of Names

I want to share with you an incident that I experienced some days ago when I was in Athens for a while.

My father is in Patisia. As I returned from the airport to the house, I chose to walk to Athens on Patision Avenue. I have to say that although I lived 6 years in the beloved city Lemnos coming from Athens I can not easily adapt though I have lived in other parts of the province before...

A miracle of Sts. Luke of Simferopol and Panteleimon

A young girl was going for surgery to a hospital in Simferopol. Her situation was very serious, and the surgery was difficult and dangerous. The physician that was operating on her called the mother of the patient and told her: "The surgery is very difficult and dangerous. I can't guarantee anything. I don't know if your girl will come out alive." There was no other choice. The young girl was brought to the operating room.

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