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DORMITION 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, Archbishop Jovan, Bishop Robert, Metropolitan Savas, Metropolitan Kallistos of Diokleia, Father George & Pani Lillian Hnatko, Father Jakiw Norton, Father Paul Stoll, Father Igor Soroka, Father Joseph Kopchak, Father Elias Warnke, 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, Pani-Dobrodijka Sonia Diakiw, Father Paisius McGrath, Father Michael Smolynec, Father Lawrence & Matushka Sophia Daniels, Father Joe Cervo, Father John Harrold [Saint Sylvester], Igumen Patrick, Pani Mary Ann Chubenko, Father Jim Orr, Father Rick Seilier, Panimatka Laryssa Charest, Fr. Vasyl Sendeha, Father Steve Hutnick [COVID-19], Father Victor Wronskyj [COVID-19], Father George & Dobrodijka Oksana Bazylevsky, Fr. Volodymyr Muzychka [COVID-19], Diakonissa Mary Ann Cherkas, Father Harry Linsinbigler [COVID-19], Archimandrite Raphael [COVID-19], 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, 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, Yvonne Christy, Myron & Barbara

Spak, Julia Duda, Lisa Pandle, Kris & Julie Hanczar, John Kennedy, 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], David Hoenshell, Barbara Macino, Shelley Hill, Mikaela Kapeluck, Linda Cawley, Gerald Cogley, 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, Michelle, Patrick, Linda Morris, Chris, David Hiles, Jennifer, 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, 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], 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 & Gordon Grant, Debbie & Jerry Novosel, Noah Willard, Sandra Dillard, Danielle McCann, Barry [Father Jim Orr's cousin], Tim Joyce, Mike Pawlyshyn-Jeannie Stutchell's brother, Joe Samchuck—vocations, Albert Heckman, Brianna Stumpf, Stanley Porembka, David & Terry Coyne Hartnett, Mike C., Jennifer Scheirer [Nick Behun's daughter], Catherine Beecham [Father Bob's

cousin], JoAnne & Dave Andrews, Rev. Peg Bowman, Pat Jennings, Tim Sams, Mike Ruzzi, Stephen Popichak—Fr. Bob's brother, Mary Kay Ludovicy, Pastor Sara Irwin, George Dilendorf, Andy Torick, Carol Behun, Erv Frye, William Lusherand, Colin Kirton—Stage 4 pancreatic cancer, Clifford, Joe Veto, Paul Riley, Tonee & Sydnee Turner, Annette Paluh, Cathy Lotinsky, Monk Andrew, Jeff & Buschra Kerr, Steven—Harry Batch's cousin, Rose Mary Pavlovich—Mary Anne Kuznik's Cousin, Margaret Sekelsky, Robert Sekelsky, Robert Rodriguez, Dollie Irvin, Joe Mrvos, Alexandra & Bowen, Katherine Kulik, Micky Delans [COVID-19], Pastor Terry Polen, Eleanor Kitt, Stacie & Gary, Dolores Wachnowsky, Maria Warholak, Stacie & Gary, Anna Sekelik, Christy, Mariruth, Rich & Judy Previc, Ben Williams, Denis Strittmatter, Father Joe Uzar—newly ordained, Tim—surgery, John Wakin, Olivia—young girl with a brain tumor, Rick & Sharon Morgan, John Stasko [triple by-pass], John, Kris & Kait, Jeff & Mary Jane Double [COVID-19], Terri Crosby-Vega [COVID-19], Kristi Wilson, Wendy LaGamba, Melissa Gross [hip replacement], Mike, Amy, Nathan, & Ben Forbeck [COVID-19], David Salazar, Ann Zurasky [knee replacement], James Mary, Barb Bookser, Dr. Paul Riley, David Hess, Serena, Wyatt, Makenzie, Jennifer, Carolyn Strittmatter, Barbara Shegat & Chaplain Rachelle Zazzu, Candace Irvin, Dollie Irvin, Carol Muschick, Grace Love [knee replacement], Stacie Riley, Joseph Paul Cervo, Jr. [newborn], Elizabeth [5-year-old], Lillian Skowvron, Pani Cathy Danczak, Sue & Greg Heinen, Paul Simpson [Father Bob's cousin, car accident], Sharon Curtis Rivas, Kathy Milcic, Lisa Bolan, 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. Paul Kline and Walter Sakol. We pray that God will grant them all a speedy recovery.

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ... There is NOTHING to keep us from praying...for each other, for our family and friends, and most of all for the first responders—EMTs, nurses, doctors, firefighters, police officers, and members of our military who keep us safe. Be well and be SAFE!!! God Bless!

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!

**MARCIAN, JOHN, JAMEX, ALEXIUS, DEMETRIUS, PHOTIUS, PETER,
LEONTIUS, & MARY OF CONSTANTINOPLE**

TROPARION—TONE 8

Thou didst descent from on high, O Merciful One!
Thou didst accept the three-day burial to free us from our sufferings!
Our Lord, our Life and Resurrection, 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 8

By rising from the tomb,
Thou didst raise the dead and resurrect Adam.
Eve exults in Thy Resurrection,
And the world celebrates Thy Rising from the dead,
O greatly Merciful One!

PROKEIMENON—TONE 8

READER: Pray and make your vows before the Lord our God!

PEOPLE: Pray and make your vows before the Lord our God!

READER: In Judah, God is known; His name is great in Israel!

PEOPLE: Pray and make your vows before the Lord our God!

READER: Pray and make your vows.

PEOPLE: Before the Lord our God!

ALLELUIA VERSES—TONE 8

Come let us rejoice in the Lord! Let us make a joyful noise to God our
Savior!

Let us come before His face with thanksgiving; let us make a joyful noise to
Him with psalms.

Fasting is Essential

***Psalm 35:13-But as for me, when they were sick, my clothing was
sackcloth: I humbled my soul with fasting; and my prayer returned
into mine own bosom.***

Fasting is essential to strengthen and improve the relationship with the
Lord God. Removing and eliminating all the unnecessaries in life occurs
through fasting. Exercising firm discipline in decision-making strengthens
the fasting process. Fervent prayer is the believer's intended and beneficial

companion when fasting. Illness and afflictions are specifically addressed through fervent prayer and fasting.

Isaiah 58:6-Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

God's Holy Church recognizes and preserves the deep and honorable roots of fasting. The Church specifies periods of fasting during the course of the year for believers. Serious believers make every effort to honor the fast periods set forth by the Church. Benefits exist and continue to accumulate for believers fasting throughout earthly life. Present day believers in God's Holy Church learn benefits of fasting from the saints.

Jeremiah 36:6-Therefore go thou, and read in the roll, which thou hast written from my mouth, the words of the Lord in the ears of the people in the Lord's house upon the fasting day: and also thou shalt read them in the ears of all Judah that come out of their cities.

Attentive believers will learn from the Lord God the wisdom and benefit of fasting. Serious and consistent fasting enables the believer to address the needs of the soul. The serious believer initiates fasting as a deliberate act of love to draw closer to God. The unnecessary elements in life that inhibit Christian growth are set aside by fasting. Bodily control through fasting keeps the focus on the journey to the Kingdom of God.

Daniel 9:3-And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes:

The Holy Prophets serve as ancient references to increase knowledge about fasting. The wisdom conveyed by the Holy Prophets is directly relevant for today's world. Over the course of time the serious believer will mature in the practice of fasting. Mature believers welcome and embrace fasting and do not view it as a hinderance. The benefits and interest in fasting become internalized in the serious Christian life.

Joel 2:12-Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning:

Active believers willingly draw closer to the Lord God during the process of fasting. Each Church Year is structured and balanced to include appropriate periods of fasting. The Church calendar serves as a daily reminder and educates the attentive believer. Much can be learned from the Church's calendar as a guide for leading earthly life. Joy emanates from embracing and adhering to the Church teachings on fasting.

*Holy Martyr Callinicus; Holy Martyr Seraphima. July 29/August 11, 2021.
Hidden Valley, Pennsylvania. Father Rodney Torbic*

What would you do?...you make the choice. Don't look for a punch line, there isn't one. Read it anyway. My question is: Would you have made the same choice?

At a fundraising dinner for a school that serves children with learning disabilities, the father of one of the students delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all who attended. After extolling the school and its dedicated staff, he offered a question:

'When not interfered with by outside influences, everything nature does is done with perfection.

Yet my son, Shay, cannot learn things as other children do. He cannot understand things as other children do.

Where is the natural order of things in my son?'

The audience was stilled by the query.

The father continued. 'I believe that when a child like Shay, who was mentally and physically disabled comes into the world, an opportunity to realize true human nature presents itself, and it comes in the way other people treat that child.'

Then he told the following story:

Shay and I had walked past a park where some boys Shay knew were playing baseball. Shay asked, 'Do you think they'll let me play?' I knew that most of the boys would not want someone like Shay on their team, but as a father I also understood that if my son were allowed to play, it would give him a much-needed sense of belonging and some confidence to be accepted by others in spite of his handicaps.

I approached one of the boys on the field and asked (not expecting much) if Shay could play. The boy looked around for guidance and said, 'We're losing by six runs and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him in to bat in the ninth inning...'

Shay struggled over to the team's bench and, with a broad smile, put on a team shirt. I watched with a small tear in my eye and warmth in my heart. The boys saw my joy at my son being accepted.

In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shay's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three.

In top of the ninth inning, Shay put on a glove and played in the right field. Even though no hits came his way, he was obviously ecstatic just to be in the game and on the field, grinning from ear to ear as I waved to him from the stands.

In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shay's team scored again. Now, with two outs and the bases loaded, the potential winning run was on base and Shay was scheduled to be next at bat.

At this juncture, do they let Shay bat and give away their chance to win the game? Surprisingly, Shay was given the bat. Everyone knew that

a hit was all but impossible because Shay didn't even know how to hold the bat properly, much less connect with the ball.

However, as Shay stepped up to the plate, the pitcher, recognizing that the other team was putting winning aside for this moment in Shay's life, moved in a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shay could at least make contact.

The first pitch came and Shay swung clumsily and missed. The pitcher again took a few steps forward to toss the ball softly towards Shay. As the pitch came in, Shay swung at the ball and hit a slow ground ball right back to the pitcher.

The game would now be over. The pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could have easily thrown the ball to the first baseman. Shay would have been out and that would have been the end of the game.

Instead, the pitcher threw the ball right over the first baseman's head, out of reach of all team mates.

Everyone from the stands and both teams started yelling, 'Shay, run to first!

Never in his life had Shay ever run that far, but he made it to first base. He scampered down the baseline, wide-eyed and startled.

Everyone yelled, 'Run to second, run to second!'

Catching his breath, Shay awkwardly ran towards second, gleaming and struggling to make it to the base.

By time Shay rounded towards second base, the right fielder had the ball. The smallest guy on their team who now had his first chance to be the hero for his team.

He could have thrown the ball to the second-baseman for the tag, but he understood the pitcher's intentions so he, too, intentionally threw the ball high and far over the third-baseman's head.

Shay ran toward third base deliriously as the runners ahead of him circled the bases toward home. All were screaming, 'Shay, Shay, Shay, all the Way Shay'

Shay reached third base because the opposing shortstop ran to help him by turning him in the direction of third base, and shouted, 'Run to third!

As Shay rounded third, the boys from both teams, and the spectators, were on their feet screaming, 'Shay, run home! Run home!'

Shay ran to home, stepped on the plate, and was cheered as the hero who hit the grand slam and won the game for his team

'That day', said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, 'the boys from both teams helped bring a piece of true love and humanity into this world'.

Shay didn't make it to another summer. He died that winter, having never forgotten being the hero and making me so happy, and coming home and seeing his Mother tearfully embrace her little hero of the day!

AND NOW A LITTLE FOOT NOTE TO THIS STORY:

We all send thousands of jokes through the e-mail without a second thought, but when it comes to sending messages about life choices, people hesitate.

The crude, vulgar, and often obscene pass freely through cyberspace, but public discussion about decency is too often suppressed in our schools and workplaces.

If you're thinking about forwarding this message, chances are that you're probably sorting out the people in your address book who aren't the 'appropriate' ones to receive this type of message. Well, the person who sent you this believes that we all can make a difference.

We all have thousands of opportunities every single day to help realize the 'natural order of things.' So many seemingly trivial interactions between two people present us with a choice:

Do we pass along a little spark of love and humanity or do we pass up those opportunities and leave the world a little bit colder in the process?

A wise man once said every society is judged by how it treats it's least fortunate amongst them.

INFO: The Jawn - Why

Dispaldo, John <john.dispaldo@associates.fema.dhs.gov>



Jawn, pronounced \ˈjān\, is the Philadelphia all-purpose noun. It can refer to a single thing, or a collection or class of things, or a situation, or a person.

For twelve years, I have worked in some form of emergency services or emergency management. My beginnings take me back to when I would sit dispatch for a police department, fielding calls for people who needed help, mostly immediately. I remember some of those phone calls vividly. The calls for medical assistance where time was of the essence. The calls from people suffering from a breakdown mentally, where we weren't sure if they were going to hurt themselves. Watching a student jump off the top of a parking garage, and even more tragically, watching them hit the ground. Despite images and voices that I will always remember, and the

pain I felt because of them, I have always said to those that would listen that it was the most rewarding job I have ever held.

I've worked in emergency management for big cities and for universities, and now, I support a federal agency. I have seen hurricanes, potential pandemics, pandemics, earthquakes, power outages, gas leaks, and bomb threats. I've been shaken, but never taken aback. It's a job, a passion, not because I get a rush from the destruction, but because I know the decisions I made throughout my career, or the projects I undertook, had the potential to directly affect other human beings.

The eternal question is this: why do we do it? Why do we get out of bed every day, whether it be working emergency management for a federal agency, a police office in a big city, a volunteer fire fighter in a small town, an EMS worker, or a member of a volunteer organization? Why do we choose to surround and inundate ourselves with bad news, with destruction? Why do we allow ourselves to plan for the worst, for both the potential and the present?

This is a hard life. No matter the salary, big or small, the images of things we've seen, the smells from the places we have been remain with us. The rickety floors we've walked on and the alleyways we've traversed, searching for bad guys or for the smell of burnt embers, chasing the inevitable and the possible.

We tell stories. There are many stories. We tell them as our own, but often, they are someone else's story we're telling, and we are but supporting actors and actresses. We're good narrators. The stories, unfortunately, get easier to tell as our cache of the thing's others see on TV becomes bigger and becomes reality for us.

Despite what I have seen in my career, and there are many others who have seen much more, there is only one word that still shakes me to the core when I hear it. One word that, when said, jolts me back to a place that is both reality and fiction, because it still feels unreal. The one word that, for me, makes me remember why I do what I do, no matter how bad the disaster is, no matter how long the day becomes.

That word is "Daddy."

For you, it may be Mommy, or Grandma, or Grandpa, Aunt, or Uncle, Bro or Sis. Heck, it might be neighbor or friend. Whatever it may be for you, it still gives me goosebumps when I look into eyes of a blue-eyed 5-year old girl after she asks for me.

People ask for us every day. Often, they're faceless. No blue eyes, no dirty blonde hair. No nose like her moms or ears like her dad. We don't always know their names, where they've come from, or what they've been through. Who their Daddy or Mommy is, where they're at and if they need our help. No, we're simply doing our jobs. But why?

For me, it's because when I hear my little girl ask for her Daddy, I see humanity. I see hope for tomorrow. I see a generation that has the potential to get this right, to heal this planet, to be kind to one another, and to save us from our most primal instincts. I translate what I see in her to action every day, sometimes, despite someone else's decisions or misgivings. That one word, Daddy, hits hard. Every time. Every day. Even when I think I'm tired of hearing it. But I'm not. I won't be, because, I can't be.

Everybody has a different motivation to get out of bed each morning and do this job. It's hard. It's emotional. Whether or not it's a similar reason to mine, or the money, or the rush, or whatever, I'd suggest you keep channeling it and being the best emergency manager, police officer, firefighter, EMT, or volunteer you can be.

For me, I'll tuck my little girl in to her bed tonight, her blanket snug against her neck, and remember that I'm not going to be able to keep her snug and safe forever, but that, no matter what, I'll carry her motivation and her humanity with me every day.

John DiSpaldo, *Teracore, Federal Emergency Management Agency—Region III*



