

April 8, 2018
Bulletin #14

Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church

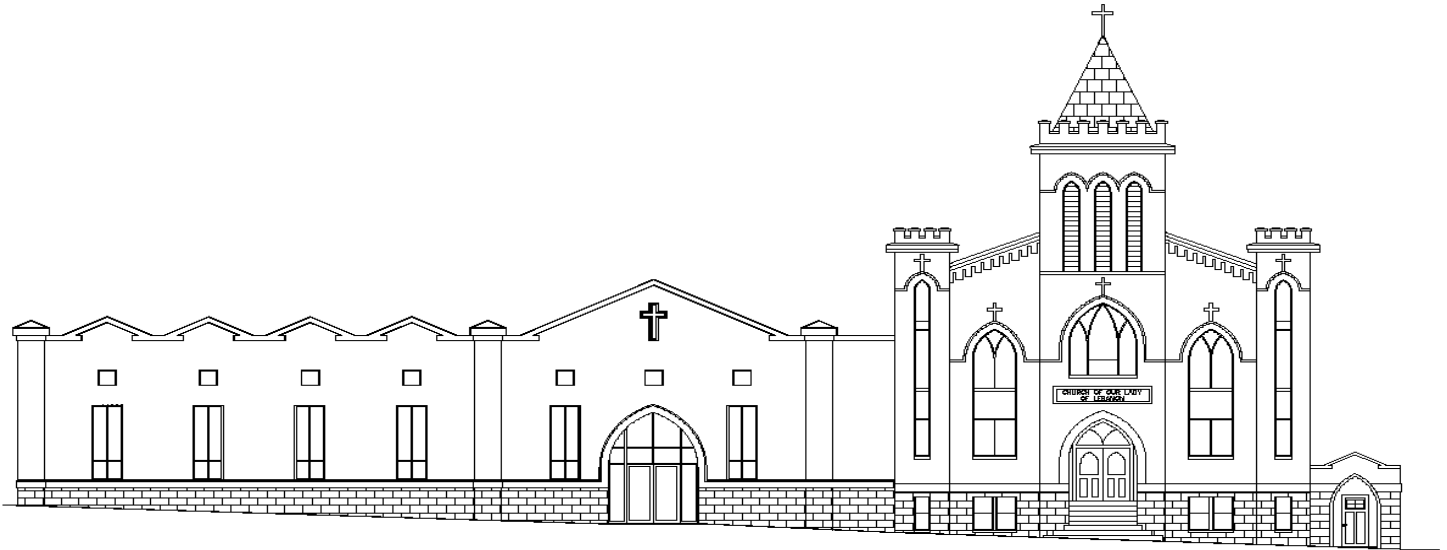
2216 Eoff Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

Rectory: 304-233-1688 • Fax: 304-233-4714

E-Mail: ololwv@comcast.net • Web Site: www.ololwv.com

Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor ■ Evelyn Ghaphery, Organist

We celebrate Eucharist and evangelize via Catholic doctrine.



New Sunday

- ***Weekend Masses:** Saturday evening at 4:00 p.m. [Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]
Sunday morning at 10:30 a.m. [Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]
- ***Weekday Masses:** Monday No Mass
Tuesday thru Friday at 12:05 p.m. [Rosary before Mass]
- ***Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament:** First Saturday of the month at 3:30 p.m.
First Sunday of the month after 10:30 a.m. Mass
- ***Confession:** Saturday: 3:00 p.m. to 3:45 p.m. or any other time by appointment
- ***Baptism:** Please call the Pastor as soon as baby is born; at least one Godparent must be Catholic
- ***Weddings:** Please make arrangements at least six months in advance before any other plans are made
- ***Sick Calls & Anointing of the Sick:** Please notify the Pastor at 304-233-1688
- ***Parish Council:** Lou Khourey, Mike Linton, Rita Strawn, P.J. Lenz, Mary Stees
- ***Choir Members:** Earl Duffy, Lou Khourey, Robert Harris, Shelly Hancher, Ted Olinski, Natalie Horner
- ***Bulletin Coordinator:** Thomasina Geimer
- ***Sacristan:** Mike Linton
- ***Altar Boys:** Dalton Haas, Shaun Hancher, Christopher AlKhouri & Luke Lenz
- ***Cedar Club:** Linda Duffy, President
- ***Women's Society:** Carol Dougherty, President



- ***Bulletin Announcements:** Submit all Bulletin Information to Msgr. Bakhos by Noon on Tuesday every week
- ***New Parishioners:** We welcome you with great joy & invite you to officially register as one of our parishioners
- ***Cedar Hall Rental Fees:** Call the Church Office at 304-233-1688 or 304-639-1372
- ***Parking:** Saturday & Sunday parishioners may park in both lots; Monday-Friday park ONLY in the 2 Alley spaces
- ***Remember the Church in your Last Will & Testament:** Her prayers will accompany you to heaven

New Sunday

Readings: 2 Cor 5:11-21 and Jn 20:26-31

Becoming children of God doesn't happen overnight, nor does it guarantee protection from pain and suffering. The newborn church wanted to be of one heart and mind, sharing all things in common, and witnessing to Christ with great power. It wasn't long before they realized that they were naive babes who had a long road ahead to reach the goal set before them. Though their strength and courage might fail them, the Spirit would strengthen and sustain them on their journey.

In the aftermath of the cross, Jesus' disciples found it hard to remember what they heard in the light of faith. Like Thomas, we may refuse to believe when others tell us they have met the risen Lord. But even in our refusal to believe, Jesus reaches out and says, "Touch me. Do not persist in your unbelief but believe!" Jesus invites us to take another step to believe when we have no tangible proof, when we cannot touch or see. When we recall Jesus' consoling presence, the breath of God will revive our spirits, and we will cry, "My Lord and God!"

For Reflection: When do I find it hardest to believe? In moments of doubt, how does the Christian community help me to have faith, peace, and forgiveness?

This Weekend, April 7-8: New Sunday

Saturday April 7

At 3:30 Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

At 4:00 p.m.:

✠ Deceased of the Elias and Weimman Families by Josephine Weidman

✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will

✠ Special Intention

Sunday, April 8 at 10:30 a.m.: Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after Mass

✠ Dale Seidler Sr., by his wife Nettie and Family

✠ Special Intention of Joe & Nikki Popovich (Wedding Anniversary) by Dalton Haas

Next weekdays Masses

Monday April 9: No Mass. Pastor's day off

Tuesday April 10 at 12:05 p.m.:

✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will

✠ Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt

Wednesday April 11 at 12:05 p.m.:

✠ Thomas & Elias George

✠ Veronica Mushet's husband by Lou & Charlotte Kourey

Thursday April 12 at 12:05 p.m.:

✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will

✠ Sam & Bernadine Elias by Carol Jean Harris

Friday, April 13 at 12:05 p.m.:

✠ Bob Sengewalt by Jeff, Courtney and Patrick Sengewalt

✠ Steve & Margaret Schlog (Birthday) by Fran Saseen

Next Weekend, April 14-15: 3rd Sunday of Resurrection

Saturday April 14 at 4:00 p.m.:

✠ Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt

✠ Sam & Bernadine Elias by Albert Hardies

✠ Special Intention

Sunday, April 15 at 10:30 a.m.:

† Gerard Joseph (1st Anniversary) by his wife Stephanie Joseph

† Nancy Ferris Coffield (Anniversary) by Mary Zaid Stees and Libby G. Magnone

Calendar of Parish Events

Lebanese Bake Sale	<i>Orders Due Sunday, April 8</i>
Cedar Club Meeting	<i>Monday, April 9th at 6:00 p.m. in Cedar Hall</i>
Bake Sale Work Days	<i>Monday, April 16th starting at 9:00 a.m. Tuesday, April 17th starting at 9:00 a.m.</i>
Bake Sale Pick Up Days	<i>Wednesday, April 18th & Thursday, April 19th</i>
Church Bingo	<i>Sunday, April 29th at the Cedar Hall</i>
Rummage Sale	<i>Saturday, June 2nd (more info to follow)</i>
Mahrajan (Festival)	<i>Saturday, August 11th from noon to 8:00 p.m. Sunday, August 12th from noon to 7:00 p.m.</i>

6 Masses for Deceased Mothers (Saturday, May 12 till Friday May 18)

† Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will

† Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will

† Lottie Elwartoski by her son Richard

† Catherine Arthur by her daughter Carol Burkhardt

† Louise N. Khourey & Gladys Howard by children Lou & Charlotte & grandchildren Emmalena & Louie

† Emma Nader & Nabihah "Lena" Khourey by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie Khourey

† Minnie Church Riggs & Cassandra "Cassie" Howard by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie Khourey

† Margaret Simonetti & Stella Ryncarz by Richy & Mary Ryncarz

† Frances Linton by her sons Steve & Mike Linton

† Cecilia Murad by her daughter Luane Frazier

† Ann Otterbeck by Kim, Ron and Kaitlin Gibbons

† Mary Lou Duymich by Frank & Anna Marie Duymich

† Marie Metzger by Frank & Anna Marie Duymich

† Margaret Schlog and Helen Saseen by Mary F. Saseen

† Dolores M. Fahey by Jackie & Pat Petros

† Betty Lou Petros by Jackie & Pat Petros

† Freda Josephs by Cyndi Josephs-Tobias & Family

† Pearl I. Shutler by her daughter Janet Shutler

† Clara Shutler by her granddaughter Janet Shutler

† Amelia Fitzgerald by Rosemary & Richard Coury

† Mary A. Khoury by Rosemary & Richard Coury

† Mary K. Ferris by Denise and Tom Ferris

† Mary J. Shipley by her daughter Thomasina Geimer

6 Masses for Living Mothers (Saturday, May 12 till Friday May 18)

† Charlotte Khourey by her children Emmalena and Louie

† Joyce Josephs by Cyndi Josephs-Tobias & Family

Please Pray for Those on Our Prayer List

(Note: Please call Msgr. Bakhos if you need your name added to our Prayer List. HIPPA regulations)

Justin Frenn, Bob Oser, Patty Fahey, Sandra Dusick, John Shibben, Diane Palotay, Virginia & Dolores Joseph, Betty Shia, Jim Thomas (father of Diane Frenn), Carrie Jane (Powell) Parodi, Mike O'Kane (brother-in-law of Nikki Popovich),

<i>Your Church Support Last Week</i>	
\$2,037.00	Easter Sunday Collection
270.00	2 nd collection Holy Land
2,045.00	Donation to church
226.00	Bake Sale
24.00	Candles
120.00	Parking
27.00	St. Maron dinner
35.00	Donation to Poor Box
\$4,784.00	Total Deposits: <i>May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!</i> The Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Mary Stees, Linda Duffy & Mike Linton

What's New

Church Bingo *(Sunday, April 29th at 1:00 p.m. in Cedar Hall)*

On Sunday, April 29th at 1:00 p.m., the Cedar Club members will sponsor the George Thomas Memorial Bingo Games. This event will celebrate the life and memory of our parishioner and Bingo enthusiast George Thomas. If you reserve a table, the first game of Bingo is free! Concessions will be available for sale. Free coffee will be available throughout the afternoon.

Please join the Parish and Cedar Club in honoring our beloved George Thomas on Sunday, April 29th at 1:00 p.m. in the Cedar Hall. Call 304-650-9932 or 304-242-6853 for more information or to reserve your table.

Please Complete the Attached Diocesan Survey.

There are only a few days left to participate in the Eparchy planning study survey. If you have not done so already please return your survey to the parish office or directly to the Eparchy.

You may also complete the survey online and read more about the proposed plans by going to Steiergroup.com/survey., clicking on Eparchy of Our Lady of Lebanon of Los Angeles and entering the password: Lebanon.

Cedar Club Meeting *(Monday, April 9th at 6:00 p.m. in the Cedar Hall)*

The Club Members will meet on Monday, at 6:00 p.m. in Cedar Hall. Final plans will be discussed for the Bingo game on Sunday, April 29th, and our upcoming Rummage Sale which is scheduled for June 2nd. Mary Stees and Shirley Bine will be hosting.

For Sale From St. Maron Dinner

- Grape Leaves: \$1.00 each
- Kibbee: \$4.00 Each
- Shredded Chicken: \$2.00/pint

Story: Abortion

An excerpt from A Murder of Innocents

Darkness. Utter darkness. The thundering cadence of a heartbeat resounds through aquatic sloshing. Warm fluid passes rhythmically in-and-out of lungs, but it doesn't suffocate. Not long ago the tiny enclosure seemed as big as the universe, but now there's barely enough room to twist a smidgen. A restrictive belt attached to (lie waist is secured to the rubbery wall. Off in the distance, intermittently between the rapid pounding, the syncopations of a second beat slows down.

“Mommy must be taking a nap. She needs her rest, you know. I love her and she loves me. I can’t wait to meet her. It won’t be long now. I’m getting pretty big for this place. At first I never wanted to leave the safety and warmth of my mommy; I thought I’d be satisfied listening to her muffled voice and laughter -I can recognize her voice anywhere- now I want to see her face. And lately it’s been getting a little cramped in here. It won’t be long now.”

The liquid atmosphere drains out; the tiny chamber collapses.

“What’s going on? This never happened before. But I don’t sense any fear from my mommy so this must be a good thing. I could use a little more time though, maybe four more weeks. My lungs need more time to develop, and my ears aren’t quite ready yet. But mother knows best. I love her and I really hope she loves me.”

Cold metal tongs invade the sanctuary and slip along the legs and torso. They jam into the soft ribs and snap closed, pinching the fatty skin.

“Hey! Watch it, that’s gonna leave a mark. I may be little, but I have feelings too. When my mom finds out you hurt me she’s going to be really mad. She loves me you know, and I love her too. You don’t need to force me out. If the fluid didn’t drain out, I would have flipped over on my head the way God designed me to in a week or so. But maybe my mommy couldn’t wait to see me. I know I can’t wait to see her.”

The slippery metal tongs thrust in again and clamp down on the section of his left leg just below the knee. Searing pain explodes. The tiny leg frantically recoils, desperately kicking the collapsing chamber.

“Let go of me! You’re hurting me! Stop pulling, don’t you think I want out? I’ve got big plans you know. God has tucked away in my brain the cure for cancer. All I need is a chance, and I’m going to make my mommy proud. I love her so very much.”

A sliding rush and both legs break out. The first sensation of air flutters over moist skin. The forceps relinquish their death grip; two latex-clad hands grasp the legs and pull.

“Wow, that breeze feels funny and a bit chilly I must say. I’ve never felt air before but I kinda like it. Yeah, I could get used to this.”

Powerful hands pull against the torso; the entire body is exposed and wiggling, all except the head. A deep bruise is already forming where the forceps had crushed the fragile limb.

“I—Icy, don’t stop now, I’m just about free. The air blowing over my wet body is getting pretty cold now. If you’d let go I’m sure I could squirm my way out. I’m only a few inches from seeing my mommy. I’ve waited such a long time to see her. Please, won’t you let me go so I can see my beautiful mother? I like a good joke as much as the next guy, but enough is enough already. I’ve waited over eight months to feel the touch of her cheek against mine. I want to snuggle in her loving embrace. It’s awfully dark in here, and I’m ready to see the light.”

Sharp scissors puncture the base of the skull. A stream of dark crimson blood gurgles out of the wound. The arms and legs stiffen and wince from the pain. The tiny mouth opens in the birthing canal and expels a silent scream loud enough to shake the foundations of heaven. Somehow the will to live overcomes the pain and a final wiggle brings freedom. A rush of oxygen touches the face, and an agonizing cry fills the room.

“Somebody help me! I can’t take the pain! Will somebody stop the pain!”

Unfocused eyes latch onto a nurse.

“Are you my mommy? Will you kiss it and make it better? I’m feeling weak and cold and the pail...”

The nurse hands the baby to the doctor, and for a split second the baby looks directly into his eyes.

“Now I’ll be all right, I’m in the hands of a healer. I don’t know what the poke in the head was about, but I’m sure he can fix it. All those years of study to save lives and the oath to first do no harm. I know he can stop the bleeding. My little wound shouldn’t be hard to fix. I want to look my best when I meet my mommy for the first time. I love her so very much, and I want her to love me. But I’m feeling very cold; my vision is growing dim. Doc, maybe you should do something kinda fast. I can feel my life fading. Put those healing hands to work!”

The doctor looks away, grabs the baby by the forehead, and snaps the tiny neck.

The crying stops.

Dr. Gaston bolts upright in bed, drenched in sweat. His chest heaves; his pulse races out of control. He glances over at the large red numbers on the nightstand: 2:49 AM. "It was only a dream, a nightmare," Gaston said out loud to chase the demons away. "Third time this week. Thank goodness it was only a dream ... or was it?"

A Time to Laugh (353)

Oooooooooooooooooops!

An elderly woman and her little grandson, whose face was sprinkled with bright freckles, spent the day at the zoo.

Lots of children were waiting in line to get their cheeks painted by a local artist who was decorating them with tiger paws. "You've got so many freckles, there's no place to paint!" a girl in the line said to the little fella. Embarrassed, the little boy dropped his head. His grandmother knelt down next to him. "I love your freckles. When I was a little girl I always wanted freckles, she said, while tracing her finger across the child's cheek. "Freckles are beautiful!" The boy looked up, "Really?" "Of course," said the grandmother. "Why, just name me one thing that's prettier than freckles." The little boy thought for a moment, peered intensely into his grandma's face, and softly whispered, "Wrinkles."

Make up!

After putting her children to bed, a mother changed into old slacks and a droopy blouse and proceeded to wash her hair. As she heard the children getting more and more rambunctious, her patience grew thin. At last she threw a towel around her head and stormed into their room, putting them back to bed with stern warnings. As she left the room, she heard her three-year-old say with a trembling voice, "Who was THAT?"

Innocence

A mother was telling her little girl what her own childhood was like: "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods." The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"

Oooooooooooooooooops!

My grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?" I mentally polished my halo and asked, "No, how are we alike?" "You're both old," he replied.

Oooooooooooooooooops!

A little girl was diligently pounding away on her father's word processor. She told him she was writing a story. "What's it about?" he asked. "I don't know," she replied. "I can't read."

Wisdom: God's Boxes

I have in my hands two boxes, which God gave me to hold. He said, "Put all your sorrows in the black box, and all your joys in the gold." I heeded His words, and in the two boxes, both my joys and sorrows I stored, But though the gold became heavier each day, the black was as light as before. With curiosity, I opened the black, I wanted to find out why. And I saw, in the base of the box, a hole which my sorrows had fallen out by. I showed the hole to God, and mused, "I wonder where my sorrows could be." He smiled a gentle smile and said, "My child, they're all here with me." I asked God why He gave me the boxes, why the gold, and the black with the hole? "My child, the gold is for you to count your blessings, the black is for you to let go."