

June 24, 2018
Bulletin #25

Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church

2216 Eoff Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

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Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor ■ Evelyn Ghaphery, Organist

We celebrate Eucharist and evangelize via Catholic doctrine.



6th Sunday of Pentecost

- ***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 and Friday No Mass
Tuesday thru Thursday 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 adjacent to church** is for parishioners and visitors all the time.
- ***Remember the Church in your Last Will & Testament:** Her prayers will accompany you to heaven

6th Sunday of Pentecost

Readings: 1 Cor 12:12-30 and Mt 10:16-25

It is evident that the gospel of the kingdom has not yet been preached in all the world. It is not reported to have been preached among all the Ethiopians, especially among those beyond the river, nor among the Serae, nor in the East. What are we to say of the Britons, or of the Germans along the ocean, or of the barbarians, Dacians, Samaritans and Scythians, the greatest part of whom have not yet heard the word of the gospel, but who will certainly hear it by the time of the end? If any one is minded to say rashly that the gospel of the kingdom has already been preached in all the world as a testimony to all nations, he will consequently be constrained to say that the end has already come! That would be a most rash statement indicating a lack of understanding.

Therefore the Lord exhorts us to wait with patient and reverent faith until the end comes, for *“Blessed is he that endures to the end.”* It is neither a blessed nothingness that awaits us, nor is nonexistence the fruit, nor annihilation the appointed reward of faith. Rather the end is the final attainment of the promised blessedness. They are blessed who endure until the goal of perfect happiness is reached, when the expectation of faith reaches toward complete fulfillment. Their end is to abide with unbroken rest in that condition toward which they are presently pressing.

Divine Liturgy Schedule

This Weekend, June 23-24: 6th week of Pentecost

Saturday June 23 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Cathy Sharp Howard (Anniversary) by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by Mary Ruth Werner
- ‡ Special Intention

Sunday, June 24 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Mariam Joseph (Anniversary) by her children & grandchildren
- ✠ Helen Fielding (Anniversary) by her husband Don Fielding (FL)
- ✠ George Lewis (Anniversary) by Cynthia & David Reasbeck
- ✠ George & Rose Fadoul & Joseph & Nell Duffy (parents) by Earl & Linda Duffy
- ‡ Special Intention of Lindsay Lenz on her Birthday by Dalton Haas

This Weekdays Masses

Monday June 25: No Mass. Pastor's day off

Tuesday June 26 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ John T. John (Birthday) by Mary Ann Carl
- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by the Sengewalt Family

Wednesday June 27 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by John & Lois Sengewalt
- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will

Thursday June 28 at 5:30 p.m.: Sts. Peter & Paul Eve Mass (No Noon Mass)

- ✠ Deceased of the Thomas, Splatt & Nutter Families by John & Kathy Thomas (MN)
- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by his grandchildren: Jeff, Courtney & Patrick

Friday, June 29 at 5:30 p.m.: Sts. Peter & Paul Day Mass (No Noon Mass)

- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by John & Lois Sengewalt
- ✠ Helen Fielding by her husband Don Fielding (FL) & his special intentions

Next Weekend, June 30-July 1: 7th week of Pentecost

Saturday June 30 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by Mary Ruth Werner
- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will
- ✠ Special Intention

Sunday, July 1 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Living & Deceased members of the Nicholas & Nimnoom Ghaphery Family & the David Abraham Ghaphery Family
- ✠ Dale Seidler Sr., by his wife Nettie & Family

Calendar of Parish Events

Sts. Peter & Paul Feast day	<i>Thursday, June 28: Mass at 5:30 p.m. (No Noon Mass)</i> <i>Friday, June 29: Mass at 5:30 p.m. (No Noon Mass)</i>
Mahrajan (Festival)	<i>Saturday, August 11th from Noon to 8:00 p.m.</i> <i>Sunday, August 12th from Noon to 7:00 p.m.</i>
Spaghetti Dinner	<i>Sunday, October 14 (more information in coming bulletins)</i>

Birthdays' Wishes in the coming month:

Upon request of some parishioners who want to wish Happy Birthdays to others, we will put in the bulletin the birthdays within a month period from the date of the bulletin. If you want to remove your name from the birthday list or correct the dates or add other names, please call Msgr Bakhos at 304-233-1688.

- June 27: Lindsay Lenz
- July 3: Larry Ferrera
- July 5: Bill Committee
- July 11: Kenny DeMuth, Justin Wilson
- July 12: Shaun Hancher
- July 14: Chloe Imer
- July 15: Denny Albaugh
- July 16: Payton Wilson, Pam Obyc
- July 17: Lucille Gibbons
- July 20: Shirley George
- July 22: Grace Klein, Mark Boehm

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)
 Kay Roxby (mother of Joe Roxby), Shirley & Jim George, Dorothy Kupchak, Justin Frenn, Sandra Dusick, John Shiben, Diane Palotay, Virginia & Dolores Joseph, Jim Thomas (father of Diane Frenn), Carrie Jane (Powell) Parodi, Mike O'Kane (brother-in-law of Nikki Popovich),

Your Church Support Last Week

\$2,157.00	Sunday Collection
75.00	Candles
7.00	Coffee hour
138.00	Donation to the church
755.00	Mahrajan (Festival)
659.00	Utilities
90.00	Donation to the poor

\$3,881.00

Total Deposits: *May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!*
The Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Mary Stees, Linda Duffy & Mike Linton

What's New?

Congratulation Graduate

Luke Saseen, graduated on the Dean's List from Hood Collage in Frederick Maryland. He is the son of George and Susan Saseen. He received a degree in Business with a Concentration in Finance. He accepted a position at McKinley and Associates in Wheeling as a Financial Coordinator. We are proud of you Luke.

Story

Beautiful story of faith.....

On July 22nd I was en route to Washington, DC for a business trip. It was all so very ordinary, until we landed in Denver for a plane change. As I collected my belongings from the overhead bin, an announcement was made for Mr. Lloyd Glenn to see the United Customer Service Representative immediately. I thought nothing of it until I reached the door to leave the plane, and I heard a gentleman asking every male if they were Mr. Glenn. At this point I knew something was wrong and my heart sank. When I got off the plane a solemn-faced young man came toward me and said, "Mr. Glenn, there is an emergency at your home. I do not know what the emergency is, or who is involved, but I will take you to the phone so you can call the hospital." My heart was now pounding, but the will to be calm took over.

Woodenly, I followed this stranger to the distant telephone where I called the number he gave me for the Mission Hospital. My call was put through to the trauma center where I learned that my three year-old son had been trapped underneath the automatic garage door for several minutes, and that when my wife had found him he was dead. CPR had been performed by a neighbor, who is a doctor, and the paramedics had continued the treatment as Brian was transported to the hospital. By the time of my call, Brian was revived and they believed he would live, but they did not know how much damage had been done to his brain, nor to his heart. They explained that the door had completely closed on his little sternum right over his heart. He had been severely crushed. After speaking with the medical staff, my wife sounded worried but not hysterical, and I took comfort in her calmness.

The return flight seemed to last forever, but finally I arrived at the hospital six hours after the garage door had come down. When I walked into the intensive care unit, nothing could have prepared me to see my little son laying so still on a great big bed with tubes and monitors everywhere. He was on a respirator. I glanced at my wife who stood and tried to give me a reassuring smile. It all seemed like a terrible dream. I was filled-in with the details and given a guarded prognosis. Brian was going to live, and the preliminary tests indicated that his heart was OK, two miracles in and of themselves. But only time would tell if his brain received any damage. Throughout the seemingly endless hours, my wife was calm. She felt that Brian would eventually be all right. I hung on to her words and faith like a lifeline. All that night and the next day Brian remained unconscious. It seemed like forever since I had left for my business trip the day before.

Finally at two o'clock that afternoon, our son regained consciousness and sat up uttering the most beautiful words I have ever heard spoken. He said, "Daddy hold me" and he reached for me with his little arms. [TEAR BREAK...smile] By the next day he was pronounced as having no neurological or physical deficits, and story of his miraculous survival spread throughout the hospital. You cannot imagine when we took Brian home, we felt a unique reverence for the life and love of our Heavenly Father that comes to those who brush death so closely.

In the days that followed there was a special spirit about our home. Our two older children were much closer to their little brother. My wife and I were much closer to each other, and all of us were very close as a whole family. Life took on a less stressful pace. Perspective seemed to be more focused, and balance much easier to gain and maintain. We felt deeply blessed. Our gratitude was truly profound. (The story is not over smile)! Almost a month later to the day of the accident, Brian awoke from his afternoon nap and said, "Sit down Mommy. I have something to tell you." At this time in his life, Brian usually spoke in small phrases, so to say a large sentence surprised my wife. She sat down with him on his bed, and he began his sacred and remarkable

story. "Do you remember when I got stuck under the garage door? Well, it was so heavy and it hurt really bad. I called to you, but you couldn't hear me. I started to cry, but then it hurt too bad. And then the 'birdies' came." "The birdies?" my wife asked puzzled. "Yes," he replied. "The birdies made a whooshing sound and flew into the garage. They took care of me." "They did?" "Yes," he said. "One of the birdies came and got you. She came to tell you I got stuck under the door."

A sweet reverent feeling filled the room. The spirit was so strong and yet lighter than air. My wife realized that a three-year-old had no concept of death and spirits, so he was referring to the beings who came to him from beyond as "birdies" because they were up in the air like birds that fly. "What did the birdies look like?" she asked. Brian answered, "They were so beautiful. They were dressed in white, all white. Some of them had green and white. But some of them had on just white." "Did they say anything?"

"Yes," he answered. "They told me the baby would be all right." "The baby?" my wife asked confused. Brian answered. "The baby laying on the garage floor." He went on, "You came out and opened the garage door and ran to the baby. You told the baby to stay and not leave." My wife nearly collapsed upon hearing this, for she had indeed gone and knelt beside Brian's body and seeing his crushed chest whispered, "Don't leave us Brian; please stay if you can." As she listened to Brian telling her the words she had spoken, she realized that the spirit had left his body and was looking down from above on this little lifeless form. "Then what happened?" she asked. "We went on a trip." he said, "Far, far away." He grew agitated trying to say the things he didn't seem to have the words for.

My wife tried to calm and comfort him, and let him know it would be okay. He struggled with wanting to tell something that obviously was very important to him, but finding the words was difficult. "We flew so fast up in the air. They're so pretty Mommy," he added. "And there are lots and lots of birdies."

My wife was stunned. Into her mind the sweet comforting spirit enveloped her more soundly, but with an urgency she had never before known. Brian went on to tell her that the "birdies" had told him that he had to come back and tell everyone about the "birdies." He said they brought him back to the house and that a big fire truck, and an ambulance were there. A man was bringing the baby out on a white bed and he tried to tell the man that the baby would be okay, but the man couldn't hear him. He said the birdies told him he had to go with the ambulance, but they would be near him. He said they were so pretty and so peaceful, and he didn't want to come back. Then the bright light came. He said that the light was so bright and so warm, and he loved the bright light so much. Someone was in the bright light and put their arms around him, and told him, "I love you but you have to go back. You have to play baseball, and tell everyone about the birdies." Then the person in the bright light kissed him and waved bye-bye. Then woosh, the big sound came and they went into the clouds. The story went on for an hour. He taught us that "birdies" were always with us, but we don't see them because we look with our eyes and we don't hear them because we listen with our ears. But they are always there, you can only see them in here (he put his hand over his heart). They whisper the things to help us to do what is right because they love us so much. Brian continued, stating, "I have a plan, Mommy. You have a plan. Daddy has a plan. Everyone has a plan. We must all live our plan and keep our promises. The birdies help us to do that cause they love us so much."

In the weeks that followed, he often came to us and told all, or part of it, again and again. Always the story remained the same. The details were never changed or out of order. A few times he added further bits of information and clarified the message he had already delivered. It never ceased to amaze us how he could tell such detail and speak beyond his ability when he talked about his birdies. Everywhere he went, he told strangers about the "birdies." Surprisingly, no one ever looked at him strangely when he did this. Rather, they always got a softened look on their face and smiled.

Needless to say, we have not been the same ever since that day, and I pray we never will be. An Angel To Watch over You. Some people come into our lives and quickly go... Some people become friends and stay a while... leaving beautiful footprints on our hearts... and we are never quite the same because we have made a good friend!!

THIS IS A SPECIAL GUARDIAN ANGEL....

Wisdom: Friends

I have a list of folks I know.....all written in a book,
 and every now and then.....I go and take a look.
 That is when I realize these names.....they are a part,
 not of the book they're written in.....but taken from the heart.
 For each name stands for someone.....who has crossed my path sometime,
 and in that meeting they have become.....the reason and the rhyme.
 Although it sounds fantastic.....for me to make this claim,
 I really am composed.....of each remembered name.
 Although you're not aware.....of any special link,
 just knowing you, has shaped my life.....more than you could think.
 So please don't think my greeting.....as just a mere routine,
 your name was not.....forgotten in between.
 For when I send a greeting.....that is addressed to you,
 it is because you're on the list.....of folks I'm indebted to.
 So whether I have known you.....for many days or few,
 in some ways you have a part.....in shaping things I do.
 I am but a total.....of many folks I've met,
 you are a friend I would prefer.....never to forget.
 Thank you for being my friend !!

Story: Notes to God

A nun asked her class to write notes to God. Here are some of the notes the children handed in:

- Dear God: I didn't think orange went with purple until I saw the sunset You made on Tuesday. That was cool.
- Dear God: Instead of letting people die and having to make new ones, why don't You just keep the ones You have?
- Dear God: Maybe Cain and Abel would not have killed each other so much if they had their own rooms. That's what my Mom did for me and my brother.
- Dear God: If You watch me in church on Sunday, I'll show You my new shoes.
- Dear God: I bet it is very hard for You to love all of everybody in the whole world. There are only 4 people in our family and I'm having a hard time loving all of them.
- Dear God: In school they told us what You do. Who does it when You're on vacation?
- Dear God: Are You really invisible or is it just a trick?
- Dear God: Is it true my father won't get in Heaven if he uses his bowling words in the house?
- Dear God: Did You mean for the giraffe to look like that or was it an accident?
- Dear God: Who draws the lines around the countries?
- Dear God: I went to this wedding and they kissed right in the church. Is that okay?
- Dear God: Did You really mean "do unto others as they do unto you"? Because if You did, then I'm going to get my brother good.
- Dear God: Thank You for the baby brother, but what I prayed for was a puppy.
- Dear God: Please send me a pony. I never asked for anything before. You can look it up.
- Dear God: I want to be just like my Daddy when I get big, but not with so much hair all over.
- Dear God: You don't have to worry about me; I always look both ways.
- Dear God: I think about You sometimes, even when I'm not praying.
- Dear God: Of all the people who work for You I like Noah and David the best.
- Dear God: My brother told me about being born, but it doesn't sound right. They're just kidding, aren't they?
- Dear God: I would like to live 900 years just like the guy in the Bible.
- Dear God: We read Thomas Edison made light. But in Sunday school they said You did it. So, I bet he stole your idea.

A Time to Laugh (364)

Finding the Right Job!

My first job was working in an orange juice factory, but I got canned ... couldn't *concentrate*.
 Then I worked in the woods as a lumberjack, but I just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the *axe*. 0
 After that I tried to be a tailor, but I just wasn't *suited* for it.
 Next I tried working in a muffler factory but that was *exhausting*.
 Next was a job in a shoe factory; I tried but I just didn't *fit in*.
 I became a professional fisherman, but I discovered that I couldn't live on my *net* income.
 I managed to get a good job working for a pool maintenance company, but the work was just *too draining*.
 So then I got a job in a gymnasium, but they said I wasn't *fit* for the job.
 I finally got a job as a historian until I realized there was *no future* in it.
 SO I RETIRED, AND I FOUND I AM A PERFECT FIT FOR THE JOB!

Smile Even You Are Last

A bus carrying only ugly people crashes into an oncoming truck and everyone inside dies. When they get to meet their maker, because of the grief they have experienced, He decides to grant them one wish each before they enter Heaven.
 They're all lined up, and God asks the first one what their wish is. "I want to be gorgeous." So God snaps His fingers, and it is done. The second one in line hears this and says, "I want to be gorgeous too." Another snap of His fingers and the wish is granted.
 This goes on for a while with each one asking to be gorgeous but when God is halfway down the line, the last guy in the line starts laughing. When there are only ten people left, this guy is rolling on the floor, laughing his head off.
 Finally, God reaches this last guy and asks him what his wish will be. The guy eventually calms down and says: "Make 'em all ugly again."
 So, the next time you are last in line...smile!

Blonde Joke

One blonde asks the other blonde: "Which is further, London or the moon?"
 The other blonde says: "HELLLOOO! Can you see London from here?"

I Am Not That Old!

Long ago when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today, it's called golf.

Five Hundred Times

In the Traffic court of a large Midwestern city, a young lady was brought before the judge because of a ticket given her for driving through a red light. She explained to his Honor that she was a schoolteacher and requested an immediate disposal of her case in order that she might hasten on to her classes. A wild gleam came into the judge's eye. "You're a schoolteacher, eh?" said he. "Madam, I shall realize my lifelong ambition. I waited years to have a schoolteacher in this court. Sit down at that table and write 'I went through a red light 500 times!'"