

May 19, 2019
Bulletin #20

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

Like us on FaceBook @ [ololwv](https://www.facebook.com/ololwv) • Web Site: www.ololwv.com
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Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor ■ Evelyn Ghaphery, Organist
We celebrate Eucharist and evangelize via Catholic doctrine.



5th Sunday of Resurrection

- ***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

5th Sunday of Resurrection

Readings: Eph 2:1-10 and Jn 21:15-19

Union with God in His Love is the supreme goal of our lives. This is for ALL of us; priests, religious, laymen. The love God gives to us and that we return to Him is the measure of that union and the fruitfulness of our lives. Where love reigns, peace, harmony, strength and joy are evident. Where Divine Love reigns in our hearts and minds, a selfless life will be found.

Where is all this leading us to the Sanctuary of Love! This sanctuary is our own soul, no matter how poor we perceive to be before the Face of God. Jesus came to this earth for one reason only, and that reason WAS LOVE. He remains on this earth for one reason only, and that reason IS LOVE. We know where this all was leading, to the night of His last meal on earth. On that night, the ultimate gift of true love was given to us - HIMSELF. On that night, the means by which this gift of true love could remain with us was established. Yes, the sacrament of the Priesthood! On that night the old law gave way to the new. On that night, the blood of a spotless lamb painted on the outside of our dwelling, to protect us from death, would be transformed into the Precious Blood of the All—Spotless Lamb taken into our dwelling, to protect us from eternal death. The celebration of Passover is no longer necessary. It would be transformed into a celebration of “*O come and dwell with us O Lord, come and stay and make all our hearts Yours*”.

Divine Liturgy Schedule

This Weekend, May 18-19: 5th week of Resurrection

Saturday, May 18 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Nimmoom Ghaphery
- ✠ Marthanne Rinehart and Elaine Cybulski (Anniversary) by Millet & Susie Fadoul
- ✠ Shirley Elias Nickerson by her loving Family: Tammy, Robbie, Don, Lori, Emma & Elijah

Sunday, May 19 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Deceased of the Simon & Bris Families (100th Anniversary of the BVM Statue) by Mike David
- ✠ Deceased of the Rohanna & Seabright Families by Mary Seabright Lish
- ✠ Walter & Lottie Elwartoski by their son Richard
- ✠ Intentions of PJ & Nikki Lenz (Wedding Anniversary) by Dalton Haas

This weekdays Masses

Monday May 20: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Tuesday May 21 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will
- ✠ Robert Hunter by OLOL Women Society

Wednesday May 22: No Mass.

Thursday May 23 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will
- ✠ Robert Hunter by Lou & Charlotte Kourey

Friday, May 24: No Mass.

Next Weekend, May 25-26: 6th week of Resurrection

Saturday, May 25 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Robert L. Rose (Birthday) by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- ✠ Dick Bentz (Birthday) by Millet & Susie Fadoul

Sunday, May 26 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Joe & Nell Duffy and George & Rose Fadoul by Earl & Linda Duffy
- ✠ Sandra Dusick by Bill & Carol Dougherty
- ✠ Intentions of Sophia Gretchen (Birthday) by Dalton Haas

Calendar of Parish Events

Women Society Meeting	<i>Sunday, May 26th. Following Mass in the Cedar Hall.</i>
Cedar Club Rummage Sale Drop-Offs	<i>Monday, May 27th thru Friday May 31st from 12 Noon to 7:00 p.m. in the Old Basement Hall.</i>
Mahrajan (Festival)	<i>Saturday & Sunday, August 10th & 11th.</i>

Flowers Sponsored in Honor of the Blessed Mother in May

Flowers for the May Queen & her Attendants in the May Procession sponsored: Carol Dougherty, Sandra DeMuth, Veronica Muschet, Rita Strawn & Thomasina Geimer

Flower arrangements placed in front of the Blessed Mother are:

Sunday, May 19: Rita Strawn, Thomasina Geimer & Mary Lish

Sunday, May 26: Charlotte Khourey & Mary Stees

Many thanks to each of these dedicated women for their thoughtful flower donations

Ascension Feast Day Mass schedule

Wednesday, May 29 at 5:30 p.m.: Ascension Eve Mass (there is no noon Mass)

Thursday, May 30 at 5:30 p.m.: Ascension Day Mass (there is no noon Mass)

Deceased Father Day Masses (From Sat., June 15 till Friday June 21)

Please remember your fathers on Father's Day by offering Masses for their souls.

- ✠ Matt Simonetti & Thomas Ryncarz by Richard & Mary Ryncarz
- ✠ Joseph Linton by her sons Steve & Mike
- ✠ Habib Khourey, Louis Khourey, Sr., & Nassif Nader by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie
- ✠ Charles "Pud" Howard, Bruce Cody Riggs & Franklin Howard by Lou & Charlotte & Family
- ✠ Donald Vince by his children and grandchildren
- ✠ Deceased fathers of the Saseen Family by Rosella's Will
- ✠ Deceased fathers of the Long Family by Sylvia Long's will
- ✠ Deceased fathers of the Thomas, Splatt & Nutter Families by John & Kathy Thomas (MN)
- ✠ Bob Saseen and Steve Schlog by Fran Saseen
- ✠ Nicholas Elias and Donald A. Nickerson Sr., by their Loving Family
- ✠ Ray Palotay by the Palotay Family
- ✠ Samuel Gaudio and Holly Bine by Shirley Bine
- ✠ Harold Reynolds and Doug Bentz
- ✠ Our fathers and grandfathers by Bill and Carol Dougherty
- ✠ John T. John by his children: David, Tom, Greg, Maryann, Susan and their Families
- ✠ Tom John and David Joseph by their grandchildren: David, Tom, Greg, Maryann, Susan and their Families
- ✠ Michael and William Josephs (MN) by Shawn and Cyndi Josephs-Tobias (MN)
- ✠ Tim and Gus Shia by the Family
- ✠ Robert J. Shutler, Sr. (father) by Janet D. Shutler
- ✠ Harry J. Nolte (grandfather) by Janet D. Shutler
- ✠ Harry F. Nolte (great-grandfather) by Janet D. Shutler
- ✠ Frederick Shutler (grandfather) by Janet D. Shutler
- ✠ Steve Sofka and Walter Machel by Mike & Judy Sofka
- ✠ Tony George (MN) by his Family
- ✠ Abdo Saseen by Jim & Pat Saseen Connell
- ✠ Elias Frenn by Dr. Adel, Diane, Andreah and Justin Frenn
- ✠ Joseph Kawas and Mitchell Farrah by Emily Farrah Kawas (FL)
- ✠ Nimon Joseph, Maroon Habeb & Joseph George by Jean Weisner & Family
- ✠ My brothers George & Michael Joseph & my uncles by Jean Weisner & Family
- ✠ Elmer E. Albaugh (father) and Rodney M. Albaugh (brother by Denny Albaugh)

- † George A. Fahey and Philip Petros by Jackie & Pat Petros
- † George Popovich and Augie Montalbano by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- † Ed Shiben and Ray McFarland by John & Dee Shiben
- † Alphonse Joseph, Mike Joseph, Clay Allen and Albert Valles by Vickie Joseph
- † Barkett Coury (father), my brothers and sons by Lucille Gibbons
- † Bill Daniel by his daughter Rebecca and son-in-law Michael DiFabrizio
- † William H. Bentz, Doug Bentz, George Fadoul, Paul Doyle, Jerry Werner and Sengewalt uncles and grandfathers by Millet & Susie Fadoul
- † Robert L. Rose by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt and Family
- † Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt and Family
- † Angelo Palsinelli by Rosalie Conti
- †
- †

Living Father Day Masses (From Sat., June 15 till Friday June 21)

- † Lou Khourey by his children Emmalena & Louie
- † PJ Lenz (Birthday) by Dalton Haas
- † Trent Jochum by Alec, Sarah and Katie
- † Tom Ferris by his daughter Denise Ferris
- † All the members of the Tony George Family (MN) by Margaret George
- † Dr Adel Frenn by his wife Diane and children Andreah and Justin
- † Joe Popovich, PJ Lenz and Don Fielding by Nikki Popovich and Family
- † Louis Valles by Vickie Joseph
- † My sons, sons-in-law, and nephews by Lucille Gibbons
- † George Saseen by his children Jena, Matthew and Luke
- † Jan Hendrickson by Josh and Ingrid Hendrickson
- † Millet L. Fadoul, Millet C. Fadoul, Jonathan Fadoul and Mark Wilson by Millet & Susie Fadoul
- †
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Mahrajan Updates (Saturday and Sunday, August 10th and 11th)

--Mahrajan Sponsors

The Mahrajan Committee decided that all Mahrajan Sponsors will be recognized on five levels in many advertisement spots.

Presenting Sponsor: \$2,500	--????????????????
Platinum Sponsor: \$1,000	--Wheeling Convention & Visitors Bureau by Frank O'Brien (\$1,500.00)
Gold Sponsor: \$500	--Main Street Bank by Rich Lucas (\$500.00)
Silver Sponsor: \$250	--The Haas Insurance Group by Dalton Haas
Bronze Sponsor: \$100	--J.C.Mensore Distributor Inc. by John Mensore (\$100.00) --Bernie Glenn Insurance by Bernie Glenn (\$100.00) --Gold, Khourey & Turak (\$150.00)

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Platinum Level: \$1,000 & Higher	--Anna Marie Bris Bougher (\$1000.00) --John & dee Shiben (\$1000.00)
Gold Level: \$500-\$999	
Silver Level: \$250-\$499	
Bronze Level: \$100-\$249	--Myron & Cynthia Law (OH) (\$150.00) --Jan Thomas (OH) (\$200.00)

	--Joseph Baker (FL) (\$100.00)
Supporters of the Festival	--Anonymous, Dave & Debbie Sengewalt,

Please consider making a donation at one of these levels to support the Mahrajan, to help defray its expenses (approx. \$25,000) and to insure its continuation for future generations. --Msgr. Bakhos

Birthdays' Wishes in the Coming Month:

May 20:	John Fadoul
May 21:	Rachel Zinn, Ella George,
May 23:	Jim George Jr.,
May 27:	Emmalena Khourey, Brad McLaughlin
May 30:	Josie Stees Fertig
May 31:	Bill Dougherty
June 1:	Billy Committee
June 2:	Debbie Sengewalt
June 5:	Earl "Mickey" Duffy, Mary Zaid Stees, Kenly George
June 7:	Jean Weisner
June 8:	Patty Olinski
June 9:	Ava DeMuth
June 11:	Allison Duffy
June 14:	P.J. Lenz, Kathy Boehm
June 15:	Becky Joseph Ferrera

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)

Marge John, Lillian Siebieda, Patty Fahey, Bill Dougherty, Brian Logan (son-in-law of Larry Siebieda), Judi Blake and Donnie Sigler (cousins of Larry & Lillian Siebieda), Phil Geimer, Debbie Crumpler (sister of Nini Miller), Shirley & Jim George, Justin Frenn, John Shiben

<i>Your Church Support Last Week</i>	
\$1,507.00	Sunday Collection
103.00	Candles
1820.75	Bake Sale
20.00	Coffee hour
1985.00	Mahrajan
150.00	Parking
692.00	Utilities
30.00	Donation to the poor
\$6,307.75	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?

Bake Sale Financial Report

The total number of pies made this year:

400 spinach pies, 683 meat pies, 156 zaatar bread, 116 sesame bread.

The side bake sale income was \$150.75 (included in the total income)

Total Income	Total Expenses	Net profit
\$5,433.75	\$751.34	\$4,682.41

Many thanks to all who contributed to the success of this year Bake Sale. The Women Society raise this fund to help the church paying half of the 2019 building insurance which is: \$10,641.00



Story

As third base coach for the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1992, I was at the top of the world. Although it was only March, it was obvious we had a strong team and could expect a winning season.

But with one phone call, my world suddenly shattered. “Dad, I have something to tell you,” my seventeen-year-old daughter, Amy, began. “Don’t be mad at me.”

With an opening like that, a hundred possibilities crossed my mind: she wrecked the car, drugs, pregnancy, bad grades ... “What is it?” I asked, impatient for the bad news. “Dad, I have a brain tumor.” I froze. No! I could not be hearing right. Not a brain tumor. Not my Ames. “Dad, I’m sorry,” she said breaking the silence. “Sorry? What do you have to be sorry for?” I choked into the receiver. But that was Amy. She was thinking about her Dad rather than herself.

As the only girl among three brothers, Amy grew up to be one tough kid. When she was little, she loved to have me ask her: “Where do you want to go today?” Then, wherever she answered, I’d throw her giggling across the room onto the bed followed by the inevitable plea of, “Do it again, Daddy!”

But underneath her softly freckled face and strawberry blonde hair beat a heart of gold. Often I came home to find our garage full of neighborhood children playing school with Amy. She loved kids and dreamed of being a school teacher one day.

Amy was my number one fan. Baseball meant a lot to her because it meant a lot to me. Even though she could not come to the games, she decorated the house with orange and black pom poms, wore Pirate tee-shirts and watched the games on television. We missed each other so much. When the Pirates won the National League championship that year, Amy flew out to attend the fifth game of the playoffs with the Atlanta Braves. It was not easy; her body was weakened from chemotherapy, her head bald, but she was still full of life as she cheered enthusiastically. Winning this game was the icing on the cake of having my number one fan there. After the game, Amy leaned over while I was driving the car and asked, “Dad, when there’s a man at second and you get down in your stance and cup your hands, what are you telling him? ‘Chicken runs at midnight?’”

I laughed so hard I almost drove off the road. “Chicken runs at midnight? Where did you come up with that?” I asked. Amy laughed with me and said, “I don’t know where it came from. It just came out.” It was total nonsense, but it was totally Amy.

Amy had to return home to Arlington, Texas for treatment so she was unable to travel for the final game in the playoff series. But when I got to the stadium, someone handed me a phone message from her. It read: “Dear Dad, Chicken runs at midnight. Love, Amy.”

As I was holding the note, the second baseman, Jose Lind, who spoke very little English, noticed me looking at it. “What’s that?” he asked. “Chicken runs at midnight,” I answered with a chuckle. He said, “Okay.” Then as he went out onto the field, he ran around telling all the players, “Chicken runs at midnight. Chicken runs at midnight,” not knowing what he was saying. Soon, in the dugout the whole team was saying, “Chicken runs at midnight. Let’s go, chicken runs at midnight.”

Amy was at home with her younger brother Tim, watching the game on television when they heard one of the players yell, “Chicken runs at midnight!” They screamed and howled with laughter.

From that point on, it became an ever-present family motto. We’d start and end phone conversations with it. When a newspaper photographer laughed about my Funny stance in the team picture, I told him about the “Chicken runs at midnight” phrase that had come from it. He sent me an enlarged photograph with those five words boldly printed underneath.

Those five silly words took on a meaning all their own. They meant absolutely nothing, but to our family they came to mean everything. “Chicken runs at midnight” represented the love, the bond, the sense of humor and the baseball we all shared. They also represented Amy, and we were losing her fast.

We lost that final game and with it went my dream of going to the World Series. The loss hurt deeply. It was my last chance to share that dream with Amy. Three months later she lapsed into a coma. I had been

praying so hard for Amy to make it. I never wanted anything more in my life. Through her illness, I had regained the faith of my youth. Although many teens drift from religion, I was an oddity. Those were the years I went to daily Mass, prayed novenas and rosaries, and was even a pontifical server, which meant I served for the bishop.

In my twenties, religion took a backseat to baseball. By the time I was forty, I was no longer attending Mass just because it was inconvenient. But at forty—six, when Amy got her brain tumor, my world turned upside down and God ended up on top.

Sure, I pleaded and begged God to heal my little girl. But I also found the faith of my youth again. I knew that Amy would be in God's care regardless. When it came time to say good bye, I walked in the hospital room and held her. Tears poured down my face as I hugged Amy close and thanked her. Her dream of becoming a teacher would never come to pass but she had taught me so much. Through Amy I learned about love and joy and courage—right up until the very end. Although I could never really be ready to say good bye to my Ames, I was ready to accept God's will.

Amy died on January 28, 1993. The family all agreed on the words for her headstone: "Chicken runs at midnight." The lady at the funeral parlor initially tried to steer us in another direction. Something a little more dignified, I suppose. But it had to be "Chicken runs at midnight." To us, that phrase said it all. It kept us connected to the best of Amy. As we planned for the funeral, I was distraught to learn Fr. David Yetsko, newly transferred to the St. Maria Goretti Church in Arlington, would be saying the Mass. He had never known Amy. He had no idea how special she was. When we met for the first time to plan the Mass, I was surprised to learn Fr. David was from Pittsburgh. I quickly discovered he was a big Pirates fan, but rarely had the chance to go to any games. He did manage to make it to one game the previous season, however. It was the same one that Amy was at, the one where the "Chicken runs at midnight" motto was born.

When we realized the incredible coincidence, Fr. David held my hands and we wept together. It turned out that he was just the right priest to say the Mass. His eulogy truly captured Amy's beauty. He even managed to include "Chicken runs at midnight" in it.

Four years later, in 1997, I went south to coach the Florida Marlins. We upset the Atlanta Braves in six games to win the National League championship. The dream I held since I was a little boy then became a reality. We were going to the World Series against the Cleveland Indians.

Although the Indians were favored to win, we held our own. After six games, the series was tied. My son Tim, who had just graduated from high school, was a bat boy at all six of the games. Then, for the last big game, another son, Mike, was able to take time away from college football to also put on a bat boy uniform.

The word "tense" does not describe this final face—off. In the ninth inning, the Marlins tied the score, sending the game into extra Innings. In the bottom of the eleventh, with two outs, we needed just one run to win the game. Second basemen Craig Counsell, who my kids had nicknamed "Chicken Wing" because he held his elbow up high when he batted, was on third base.

We watched breathlessly at the wind up and the pitch. It was a hit! Craig ran home and scored the winning run. We won the World Series! The home team crowd of 67,000 fans went nuts; everyone cheering madly and jumping wildly about. Tim came up and ran to my arms, pointing to the stadium clock. "Dad, look!" he screamed. "Chicken ran at midnight!"

The large stadium clock read twelve midnight. It was Craig, the "Chicken Man," who had scored the winning run at midnight. My adrenaline surge disappeared as if I had been zapped with a tranquilizer dart. The crowd disappeared. I was only aware of Mike and Tim as we held each other and bawled.

I wanted to call Amy. She knew how much the World Series meant to me. But I knew, she was there. I could feel it. She was there with us. Somehow, some way, that nonsensical phrase, "Chicken runs at midnight" had been a prophecy that now connected us to her. Knowing that Amy would be with Him, God provided us with a connection between our two worlds during that incredible moment. The boys and I hugged and cried and hugged and cried. No one else could begin to understand what it all meant to the three of us.

After all the celebrating had died down at around 3 a.m., I walked back to the locker room and got my brief case. Opening it, I reached into a side pocket and pulled out the phone message I always carried with me. "Dear Dad, Chicken runs at midnight. Love, Amy."

"We did it Ames," I cried softly. "And you were with me."

A Time to Laugh (410)

Amusement

Henry Ward Beecher asked Park Benjamin, the poet and humorist, why he never came to hear him preach. Benjamin replied, “Why. Beecher, the fact is I have conscientious scruples against going to places of amusement on Sunday.”

Angels

God made man a little lower than the angels, and men have been getting a little lower ever since. Will Rogers. A woman who is always up in the air and harping on something is not necessarily an angel.

Apocryphal

Hippety-hop to the corner shop for apocryphal of candy.

Appropriate

It was a formal banquet. The minister had just finished saying grace when a waiter spilled a bowl of steaming soup into his lap. The clergyman silently sizzled, then said in anguished tones, “Will some layman please make some appropriate remarks!”

Armageddon

As St. John said after his dream, “Armageddon out of here!”

Ad in newspaper:

Armageddon—The Earth’s Last War—How and Where It Will Be Fought at the First Baptist Church.

Art

“It’s no use. Art doesn’t listen to me,” said a little boy who was praying for a new bike.

“Art who?” asked the boy’s mother.

“Art in heaven,” came the reply.

Uniform

Upon returning from Iraq, I received a number of commendations and medals, including the Bronze Star for meritorious achievement. Still, my daughter was unimpressed.

“Who won the Silver and the Gold?” she asked.