

January 3, 2021

Bulletin #1

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

Mary Lee Porter, Organist



Finding the Lord in the Temple

***Weekend Masses:**

Saturday at 4:00 p.m. [Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]

Sunday at 10:30 a.m. [Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]

***Weekday Masses:**

Tuesday and Thursday at 12:05 p.m. [Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday No Mass. Pastor's office work.

***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 Kourey, Rita Strawn, Mary Stees, Susan (John) Burns

***Choir Members:**

Lou Kourey, Robert Harris, Joe Simon, Shelly Hancher, Ted Olinski, Holly Porter

***Bulletin Coordinator:** Thomasina Geimer

***Altar Servers:**

Earl Duffy, Dalton Haas

***Altar Boys:**

Shaun Hancher, Christopher AlKhouri

***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

***Remember the Church in your Last Will & Testament:** Her prayers will accompany you to heaven

Finding the Lord in the Temple

Readings: Eph 2:11-22 and Lk 2:21-24

And behold there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon, and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel. Not alone from angels and prophets, from shepherds and parents, do the Children of the Lord receive testimony, but also from elders and from the just. Every age and either sex, and the wondrous things that happened to them, add to our faith: a virgin has a child, she that was sterile brings forth, the dumb speak Elizabeth prophesies, the Magi adore, he that was enclosed in the womb exults, the widow confesses to the Lord, the just man awaits him; and he is truly a just man, who was seeking, not his own, but the consolation of his people, for himself desiring only that he be freed from the bonds of earthly infirmity, waiting however to look upon the One that was promised; for he knew that blessed are the eyes that would see him. Now, he says, You may dismiss your servant!

Behold the just man, who is as it were shut up in the prison of this earthly body, desires to be set free, that he may begin to be with Christ; for to be dissolved and to be with Christ is far more perfect. He then that desires to be free, let him come to Jerusalem, let him look for the anointed of the Lord, let him receive in his hands the Word of God, and let him embrace it with the arms of his faith. Then let him be dismissed; as he sees not death who has looked upon the Life.

See how at the birth of the lord his grace is poured out on all men; and prophecy, denied to the unbelieving, is given to the just. Thus Simeon prophesies that the Lord Jesus Christ is come, and for the fall and for the resurrection of many, that he may disclose the payment of just and unjust; that he the true and just Judge may decree reward or punishment, according to the quality of our deeds. --St Ambrose

This Weekend, January 2-3: Finding Jesus in the Temple

Saturday, January 2 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by his wife Sally Sengewalt
- ✠ Kathleen Olinski & Alois Marchy by Mary Olinski-Ragase
- ✠ Deceased of Tom & Judy Brock Jr.

Sunday, January 3 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Living & Deceased members of the Nicholas & Nimnoom Ghaphery Family & the David Abraham Ghaphery Family
- ✠ Nicholas Abraham Ghaphery Sr.

Weekdays Masses

Monday, January 4: No Mass. Pastor's day off

Tuesday, January 5 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, and her son Mark by her last will
- ✠ Khalil & Sadie & Maria Harb and Annette & Al Togliatti by Jamil Harb (Troy, MI) and GiGi

Wednesday, January 6 at 12:05 p.m.: Epiphany of our Lord. Blessing of the water.

- ✠ George Weisner by Nettie Seidler
- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will

Thursday, January 7: No Mass. Pastor's day off

Friday, January 8: No Mass. Pastor's day of vacation

Next Weekend, January 9-10: 1st Sunday of Epiphany

Saturday, January 9 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Jean and Doug Bentz (Anniversary) by Millet Fadoul
- ✠ Vincent & Agnes Jacovetty by George and Patty Fahey
- ✠ Vernon Hancher (12th Anniversary) by his wife Regina and Family

Sunday, January 10 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Kathy McKee (niece) by Earl & Linda Duffy
- ✠ Deceased members of the Maroon and Mary Catherine Habeeb by the Weisner and Joseph Families
- ✠ Khalil & Sadie & Maria Harb & Annette & Al Togliatti by Jamil Harb (Troy, MI) and GiGi

The Most Beautiful T-Shirts

T-shirts have arrived and are on-sale now while supplies last. Priced at \$20 each, the proceeds will support our church. The shirt illustrates an electrocardiogram (EKG) with heart and Cedar Tree. **"My heart beats for Lebanon"**. The shirt is made of premium cotton fabric and is very stylish. Sizes include: S, M, L, XL, 2X and 3X. Shirts will be available for purchase and pickup before or after mass on Sunday, or call Susan at 304-218-3028. The shirt makes a wonderful Christmas gift!

Great news: We now have stylish face masks that match the "My Heart Beats for Lebanon" T-Shirt!! The masks are \$10 each and available after mass.

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

- January 3: Rosemary Coury
- January 6: Gina Stees
- January 7: Jacob Fadoul Wilson
- January 10: Marjorie John, Mary Petros
- January 11: Jennifer Klein
- January 22: Nick Bedway
- January 23: Dale Seidler Jr., Lisa Breiding
- January 26: Chris DeMuth
- January 28: Nikki Popovich
- February 2: David John, Doug Bratton

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)

Louis "Butch" Elias, Mary Thomas, Jack Hogan (infant son of Mark & Michaela Hogan & great nephew of Lou Khourey), Justin Frenn, Elia Frenn, John Shibben, Al Depto, Don Henning, Shirley & Jim George, Patty Fahey, Fred Schweizer (brother of our organist Mary Lee Porter), Mary Jo Terry, Barbara Hostage, Phil Geimer,

<i>Your Church Support Last Week</i>	
\$4,441.00	Sunday Collection
245.0	Bulletin ads
75.00	candles
2005.00	Donation to the church
60.00	Christmas Basket and 50/50 raffle
25.00	Christmas poinsettias
5.00	Utilities
\$6,856.00	Total Deposits: <i>May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!</i> The Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Mary Stees, Linda Duffy, Susan Burns

What's New

Parish Condolences: Susie Fadoul

The pastor and the parishioners of Our Lady of Lebanon Church, offer their heartfelt sympathy to the Fadoul Family on the loss of their beloved Susie who passed away in Columbus. Msgr. Bakhos will celebrated the

funeral service at the convenience of the family. May the Blessed Mother intercede for her and lead her to the light of Christ. We extend the parish's condolences to her Family in their time of sorrow.

Congratulations Winners:

- 1- The winner of the 50/50 Christmas were George & Christine Kalil of Florida. They won \$700. And donated \$50.00 back to the church. Congratulations
- 2- The winners of the Christmas basket were Myron and Cindy Law of Senecaville, Ohio. They donated their basket to a family in Wheeling. Congratulations.

Statement for Your Tax Deduction

By mid January 2021, all those who donated -from January 1st until December 31st, 2020- the sum of \$250.00 or more to our church will receive from the church a statement and a detailed copy of their donations in order to be used for tax deduction. Those who donated less than \$250.00 will not receive a statement unless requested by them. Checks used to purchase food or items from the church are not tax deductible. Only \$250 or more are tax deductible according to the IRS. We appreciate all your donations and may God reward you abundantly.

Many Thanks

--To the dedicated and responsible parishioners who sanitized the pews and every possible touched items on the way to Mass. May God reward you abundantly.

--To those of you who are wearing Masks properly at all times that you are inside Our Lady of Lebanon Church Building. This is to prevent the spread of COVID-19 and other flu & bacteria. Please note that your Nose & Mouth are to be covered at ALL times – especially when you are within 6 feet of another person.

Spirituality

Divinity is the one thing in the world before which people cannot remain long indifferent. They must either love or hate. Christ is too big to be ignored, too holy to be unhated. What the evil spirits said of Him could be put into the lips of everyone who works evil: ***“What have we to do with the Jesus of Nazareth. Are you come to destroy us?”***

Evil is too hypersensitive to be indifferent to the challenge of the good. It knows its enemies long in advance. Let anyone come into the world who believes in Freud and preach: ***“Blessed are the clean of heart”***; or come to those who believe in the class struggle of Red Fascism and preach: ***“If any man take your cloak, give him also your coat”***; or come into a world of aggressiveness and say: ***“Blessed are the meek”***; or into a world where children are raised without a prayer or a thought of God and say: ***“Suffer little children to come unto Me”***; or let him drive the capitalists into the sea even though it restores a man to health, and see if he can have any other end than the cross. You cannot preach goodness to an evil world and expect anything less than to be crucified.

No one will waste time over trivia. No one will draw swords against weaklings. The instinct of evil is infallible; it knows its enemies. Look, then, for the hated Christ who is paid the beautiful tribute of opposition, the high compliment of hate. For if the world hates, then it is unworldly, and if it is unworldly, then it is divine, and if it is divine, then it is the channel of salvation.

Bishop Fulton SHEEN, Lessons on Faith & Truth, 1947, pp.58-59.

Wisdom

When I was a kid, my Grandma liked to make breakfast food for dinner every now and then. And I remember one night in particular when she had made breakfast after a long, hard day. On that evening so long ago, she had placed a plate of eggs, sausage and extremely burned biscuits in front of my Granddad. I remember waiting to see if anyone noticed!

Yet all my Granddad did was reach for his biscuit, smile at my Grandma and ask me how my day was at school. I don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember watching him smear butter and jelly on that ugly burned biscuit. He ate every bite of that thing - never made a face nor uttered a word about it!

When I got up from the table that evening, I remember hearing my Grandma apologize to my Granddad for burning the biscuits. And I'll never forget what he said: "Honey, I love burned biscuits every now and then."

Later that night, I went to kiss Granddaddy good night and I asked him if he really liked his biscuits burned. He wrapped me in his arms and said, "Your Grandma put in a hard day of work today and she's real tired. And besides - a little burned biscuit never hurt anyone!"

As I've grown older, I've thought about that many times. Life is full of imperfect things and imperfect people. I'm not the best at anything, and I forget birthdays and anniversaries just like everyone else. But what I've learned over the years is that learning to accept each others faults, and choosing to celebrate each others differences, is one of the most important keys to creating a healthy, growing, and lasting relationship.

And that's my prayer for you today - that you will learn to take the good, the bad, and the ugly parts of your life and lay them at the feet of God. Because in the end, He's the only One who will be able to give you a relationship where a burnt biscuit isn't a deal-breaker!

We could extend this to any relationship. In fact, understanding is the base of any relationship, be it a husband-wife or parent-child or friendship!

So, please pass me a biscuit, and yes, the burned one will do just fine.

And PLEASE pass this along to someone who has enriched your life."Life without God is like an unsharpened pencil - it has no point."

Story

Some years ago, I stood watching my university students' file into the classroom for our first session in "The Theology of Faith." That was the day I first saw Tommy. My eyes and my mind both blinked. He was combing his long hair, which hung all the way down to his shoulders. It was the first time I had ever seen a boy with hair that long. I guess it was just coming into fashion then. I know in my mind that it isn't what's on your head but in it that counts; but on that day, I am unprepared and my emotions flipped.

I immediately filed Tommy under "5" for strange ... very strange. Tommy turned out to be the "atheist in residence" in my Theology of Faith course. He constantly objected to, smirked at, or whined about the possibility of an unconditionally loving Father-God. We lived with each other in relative peace for one semester, although I admit he was at times a pain in the back pew. When he came up at the end of the course to turn in his final exam, he asked in a slightly cynical tone: "Do you think I'll ever find God?" I decided on a little shock therapy. "No!" I said emphatically. "Oh," he responded, "I thought that was the product you were pushing." I let him get five steps from the classroom door and then called out: "Tommy! I don't think you'll ever find him, but I'm absolutely certain he will find you!" He shrugged a little and left my class and my life. I was a bit disappointed that he had missed my clever line.

Later, I heard that Tom had graduated, and I was duly grateful. Then a sad report. Tommy had terminal cancer. Before I could search him out, he came to see me. When he walked into my office, his body was badly wasted, and the long hair had all fallen out as a result of chemotherapy. But his eyes were bright and his voice was firm, for the first time, I think. "Tommy. I've thought about you so often. I hear you are sick!" I blurted out. "Oh, yes, very sick. I have cancer in both lungs. It's a matter of weeks." "Can you talk about it, Tom." "Sure. What would you like to know?" "What's it like to be only twenty-four and dying?" "Well, it could be worse."

“Like what?” “Well, like being fifty and having no values or ideals, like being fifty and thinking that booze, seducing women, and making money are the real ‘biggies’ in life.”

I began to look through my mental file cabinet under “5” where I had filed Tom as Strange. (It seems everybody I try to reject by classification God sends back into my life to educate me.) “But what I really came to see you about,” Tom said, “is something you said to me on the last day of class. I asked you if you thought I would ever find God and you said, ‘No!’ which surprised me. Then you said, ‘But he will find you.’ I thought about that a lot, even though my search for God was not at all intense . . . at that time. But when the doctors removed a lump from my groin and told me it was malignant, I got serious about locating God. And when the malignancy spread to my vital organs, I really began banging bloody fists against the bronze doors of heaven. But God did not come out. In fact, nothing happened. Did you ever try anything for a long time with great effort and with no success? You get psychologically glutted, fed up with trying. And then you quit. Well, one day I woke up, and instead of throwing a few more futile appeals over that high brick wall to a God who may or may not be there, I just quit. I decided that I didn’t really care about God, about an afterlife, or anything like that. I decided to spend what time I had left doing something more profitable. I thought about you and your class, and I remembered something else you had said: ‘The essential sadness is to go through life without loving. But it would be almost equally sad to go through life and leave this world without ever telling those you loved that you had loved them.’ So I began with the hardest one, my dad.

“He was reading the newspaper when I approached him.” “I said, ‘Dad?’” “Yes. What?” he asked without lowering the newspaper. “Dad, I would like to talk with you.” “Well, talk.” “I mean, it’s really important.”

The newspaper came down three slow inches. “What is it?” “Dad. I love you. I just wanted you to know that.” Tom smiled at me, and said with obvious satisfaction, as though he felt a warm and secret joy flowing inside of him: “The newspaper fluttered to the floor. Then my father did two things I could not remember him ever doing before. He cried, and he hugged me. Arid we talked all night, even though he had to go to work the next morning. It felt so good to be close to my father, to see his tears, to feel his hug, to hear him say that he loved me.

“It was easier with my mother and little brother. They cried with me too, and we hugged each other and started saying real nice things to each other. We shared the things we had been keeping secret for so many years. I was only sorry about one thing that I had waited so long. Here I was, in the shadow of death, and I was just beginning to open up to all the people I had actually been close to. Then one day I turned around, and God was there. He didn’t come to me when I pleaded with him. I guess I was like an animal trainer holding out a hoop, ‘C’mon, jump through. C’mon, I’ll give you three days... three weeks.’ Apparently, God does things in his own way and at his own hour.

“But the important thing is that he was there. He found me. You were right. He found me even after I stopped looking for him.” “Tommy,” I practically gasped, “I think you are saying something very important and much more universal than you realize. To me, at least, you are saying that the surest way to find God is not to make him a private possession, a problem-solver, or an instant consolation in time of need, but rather by opening yourself to his love.

“Tom, could I ask you a favor? Would you come into my present Theology of Faith course and tell them what you have just told me? If I told them the same thing, it wouldn’t be half as effective as if you were to tell them.” “Oooh. . . I was ready for you, but I don’t know if I’m ready for your class.” “Tom, think about it. If and when you are ready, give me a call.”

In a few days Tommy called, said he was ready for the class that he wanted to do that for God and for me. So we scheduled a date. The day came, but he never made it. Triumph grows out of suffering.

A Time to Laugh (484)

Wet Pants Comfort

Come with me to a third grade classroom. A nine-year-old boy is sitting at his desk when all of a sudden a puddle appears between his feet and the front of his pants are wet. He panics, because he cannot possibly

imagine how this has happened. It has never happened before, and he knows that when the boys find out, he will never hear the end of it. When the girls find out, they will never speak to him again as long as he lives. The boy believes his heart is going to stop, so he puts his head down and prays this prayer: “Dear God, this is an emergency! I need help now! Five minutes from now I’m dead meat.” He looks up from his prayer, and here comes the teacher with a look in her eyes that says that he has been discovered. As the teacher is coming to snatch him up, a classmate named Susie is carrying a goldfish bowl filled with water. Susie trips in front of the teacher and inexplicably dumps the bowl in the boy’s lap. The boy pretends to be angry, but all the while is saying, “Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus!” Now, instead of being the object of ridicule, this boy is the object of sympathy. The teacher rushes him downstairs and gives him gym shorts to put on while his pants dry out and brings him back up to the room. All the children are on their hands and knees cleaning up around this child’s desk. Their sympathy is wonderful!

But as life would have it, the ridicule that should have been his has been transferred to someone else—Susie. She tries to help, but the other students tell her to get out. “You’ve done enough, you klutz!” As the day progresses, the sympathy gets better and better and the ridicule gets worse and worse. Finally, at the end of the day, the children are waiting for the bus, and once again Susie has been shunned by the other children. The boy walks over to Susie and whispers, “Susie, you did that on purpose, didn’t you?” Susie whispers back, “I wet my pants once too.”

The best comforters are those who have been comforted.

Comfortable Quest

Money can’t find happiness, but it can make the quest a bit inure comfortable.

Involved versus Committed

Football coach Lou Holtz points out the difference between being merely involved and being truly committed to a cause: “The kamikaze pilot who was able to fly fifty missions was involved but not committed.”

Get a Second Opinion

A pastor was shaking hands with people as they left the church. A couple greeted him and said, “We listened carefully to every word you said.”

The pastor thanked the couple and said that he looked forward to seeing them next week.

“Oh, we won’t be here next week,” the couple responded. “We’re going to another church next week to get a second opinion.”