



April 18, 2021
Bulletin #16

Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church

2216 Eoff Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

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

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Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor

Mary Lee Porter, Organist



3rd Sunday of the Resurrection

***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]

(Lent) Friday at 5:30 p.m. followed by Stations of the Cross and Benediction

Monday and Wednesday 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, Mark McLaughlin

***Choir Members:** Lou Kourey, Robert Harris, Joe Simon, Shelly Hancher, Ted Olinski, Holly Stahl

***Bulletin Coordinator:** Thomasina Geimer

***Altar Server:** Earl Duffy and Joe Roxby

***Altar Boy:** Christopher AlKhoury

***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

3rd Sunday of the Resurrection

Readings: 2Tim 2:8-13 and Lk 24:13-25

Which of us has not, at least once, walked the road to Emmaus, full of uncertainty about Jesus; full of disappointed hopes for his Church?

Again today, perhaps, we are tempted to lose heart. We are undergoing the shock of the passing away in our society of a certain kind of thinking about God; Christ is, to all appearances, defeated; the Church and its liturgy seems irrelevant to the unbelieving masses of people fascinated by latter-day idols. If God is going to lose his power before our money and machinery, then all that has been said about Jesus of Nazareth, about his saving power, about his resurrection, must surely be relegated to the realm of fables?

We must frequently walk this road to Emmaus, however painful the journey — this road which will bring us from despondency to faith. We must walk it in a twilight atmosphere before darkness falls. On roads like this we meet a disguised Companion. It is Jesus himself, who takes us just where we are, and who, at times, questions us at length. A long road is a good place to share confidence with a fellow traveler! Jesus has much to discuss with us concerning our destiny and his, and how we can enter into glory only by the gate of the cross. But he will do more than talk with us: he will break bread for us in that eucharistic banquet at which the scriptures take on their full significance and reveal the true features of him who is their completion and fulfillment.

Jesus vanishes from sight the instant his identity is revealed by the eucharistic signs celebrated in memory of his Passover. From now on there is more for the disciples to do than just gaze on his human features. They must begin being heralds of the good news that over there — beyond death — the Lord is forever alive.

This Weekend, April 17-18: 3rd Sunday of the Resurrection

Saturday April 17 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Susie Fadoul by Larry & Becky Ferrera
- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will
- ✠ Good health of Nick & Judy Bedway

Sunday, April 18 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Bill Dougherty by his wife Carol
- ✠ Louie & Cecilia Ammar by Ron & Susan (John) Burns
- ✠ Deceased of the Hassan and Nassar Families by Dalton
- ✠ Rodd Haller & Crag Haas (Birthdays) by Dalton

Weekday Masses Schedule

Monday April 19: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Tuesday April 20 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Eileen Marion Hatty by her son Hon. Michael P. Hatty
- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will
- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will

Wednesday April 21: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Thursday April 22 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Khalil & Sadie & Maria Harb and Annette & Al Togliatti by Jamil Harb (Troy, MI) and GiGi
- ✠ Living & Deceased of Tom & Judy Brock

Friday, April 23: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Next Weekend, April 24-25: 4th Sunday of the Resurrection

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Saturday April 24 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Robert L. Hunter Jr. (Anniversary) by Thomasina Geimer and Family
- ✠ Betty Joseph (Birthday) by Becky & Larry Ferrera
- ✠ Jim George by Becky & Larry Ferrera
- ✠ John F. Kukula (Birthday) by Mary Rose Kukula

Sunday, April 25 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Deceased of the Rohanna and Seabright Families by Mary Seabright Lish and Family
- ✠ Jim George Sr. by Mary Seabright Lish and Family
- ✠ Intentions of our organist Evelyn Ghaphery

<p><i>Deceased Mother's Day Masses</i> <i>(From Sat., May 8 till Thu. May 14)</i></p>
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Please remember your mothers on Mother's Day by offering Masses for their souls.

- ✠ Living & Deceased members of the Nicholas & Nimnoom Ghaphery Family & the David Abraham Ghaphery Family
- ✠ Sadie Chidiac (mother), Kathrine & Hasibi (grandmothers) & all my sisters by Msgr. Bakhos
- ✠ Agnes Jacovetty & June Fahey by George & Patty Fahey
- ✠ Patricia Gompers by Matt, Vicky & Christine Gompers
- ✠ Emily Vince by her children & grandchildren
- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will
- ✠ Catherine Arthur by her daughter Carole Burkhart
- ✠ Louise N. Khourey & Gladys Howard by children Lou & Charlotte & grandchildren Emmalena & Louie
- ✠ Emma Nader & Nabiha "Lena" Khourey by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie Khourey
- ✠ Minnie Church Riggs & Cassandra "Cassie" Howard by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie Khourey
- ✠ Julian H. McGlumphy (Anniversary) by Jerry McGlumphy and children
- ✠ Mariam Joseph (mother) and Mary Katherine Habeb (grandmother) by the Joseph and Weisner Families
- ✠ Amelia Fitzgerald by Rosemary and Dick Coury
- ✠ Mary Ann Khoury by Rosemary and Dick Coury
- ✠ Cecilia Murad by her daughter Luane Frazier & grandsons John & Rick
- ✠ Victoria John and Marion Keegan by Marge John and Family
- ✠ Minnie Leech and Dolores Fahey & Betty Lou Petros by Jackie & Pat Petros
- ✠ Ann Otterbeck & Lucy Gibbons & Sadie Coury by Ron, Kim and Kaitlin Gibbons
- ✠ Emma Dellget & Rita Schaffer by Rita & Rex Strawn
- ✠ Virginia Strawn & Freda Crawford by Rex & Rita Strawn
- ✠ Cecilia Habdo Mays & Saada Habdo by Carol Dougherty
- ✠ Susie Fadoul by Janet, Millet & Jonathan Fadoul
- ✠ Susie Fadoul by Justin, Jacob, Payton, Mackenzie, Cooper and Millet Jr. Fadoul
- ✠ Pearl I. Shutler & Clara Shutler & Isabelle Nolte by Janet Shutler
- ✠ Helen Schroeder by Mark Schroeder
- ✠ Helen Saseen & Margaret Schlog by Fran Saseen
- ✠ Freda Josephs & Sadie George by Larry Josephs (MN)
- ✠ Monica-Marie Peyer by grandson Kenneth Post
- ✠ Mary Daniel by her daughter & son-in-law Rebecca & Michael Difabrizio
- ✠ Mary K. Ferris by her daughter Denise Ferris
- ✠ Ginny and Martha Shia by Sue Jochum
- ✠ Anna Shia by Sue Jochum
- ✠ LaVerne Thomas & Evelyn Hall by Dr. Adel, Diane & Justin and Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ Siham Frenn by Dr. Adel, Diane & Justin Frenn & Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ Ruth Shibben & Clara McFarland by John & Dee Shibben
- ✠ Shirley Elias Nickerson & Amelia Elias by their Loving Family

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- ✠ Wanda Nickerson by her Loving Family
- ✠ Leona M. Albaugh (13th Anniversary) by her son Denny Albaugh
- ✠ Mary Joseph Shipley & Salema Joseph by Thomasina Geimer
- ✠ Theresa Sofka by Mike & Judy Sofka
- ✠ Elizabeth Machel by Mike & Judy Sofka
- ✠ Rose Shedeed Fadoul & Nell Comer Duffy by Earl & Linda Duffy
- ✠ Millie Reynolds and Bessie Reynolds and Emma Jeneske by Nathan, Adam & Lee Bentz
- ✠ Cecilia John by her Loving Children: David, Tom, Greg, Maryann, Susan and their Families
- ✠ Sadie John, Tamamie Joseph and Sarah Burns by Ron & Susan Burns
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- ✠
- ✠
- ✠

Living Mother's Day Masses (From Sat., May 8 till Thu. May 14)

Please remember your mothers on Mother's Day by offering Masses for their souls.

- ✠ Charlotte Khourey by her children Emmalena and Louie
- ✠ Diane Frenn by Dr. Adel & Justin Frenn and Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ Judy Sofka by Sarah & Patrick Rinehart
- ✠ Linda Rinehart by Sarah & Patrick Rinehart
- ✠ Vicki-Marie Post by her son Kenneth Post

May Flowers for the Blessed Mother

Our Lady of Lebanon Women's Society will be sponsoring the flowers for the Blessed Mother in May
May 2, Carol Dougherty in honor of Mary Thomas

May 9 Thomasina Geimer

May 16 Charlotte Khourey

May 23 Rita Strawn

May 30 Nettie Seidler & Mary Lish

Mother's Day Basket

Our Mother's Day Gift Basket Will Be A Delight For The Lucky Winner. The contents include; two bottles of wine, lovely floral kitchen towels and oven mitts, various color coordinated items for the kitchen, assorted chocolate pralines, a package of biscotti, dark chocolate pralines, color coordinated paper plates and utensils, (no clean up that day) and a beautiful floral table runner.

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

- April 20: Angela Petros
- April 28: Ann Marie Weisner Serafin
- April 29: Linda Hostutler, Jeannette Wakim
- May 5: Mark Thomas, Eden DeMuth
- May 6: Nikki Lenz
- May 7: Laura Lee Hunter
- May 9: Mark Thomas
- May 15: Austin Musilli
- May 16: Jacqueline Petros
- May 17: Tina Kitlak, David Weisner
- May 18: Millet L. Fadoul

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)

Nick & Judy Bedway, Earl Duffy & his sister Dorothy McKee, Viola J. Yeater (mother of Jeannette Wakim), 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, 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>	
\$2,043.00	Sunday Collection
1,500.00	Donation to the church and \$500.00 for Masses
13.00	Candles
245.00	50/50 Mother Day (Net Cash Prize is now: \$525.00)
135.00	Gift Basket Mother Day
30.00	Parking
5.00	utilities
602.00	Bake Sale
\$4,573.00	Total Deposits: <i>May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!</i> Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Mary Stees, Linda Duffy, Susan Burns, Liz Murad

What's New

Did you get vaccinated?

Dear parishioners, please get vaccinated whenever you can so that together we fight this corona virus and protect each other. I took both shots and they seem working. The doctor advised us to drink extra water so that no temperature or headache or any side effect can be felt. It is better to live with the vaccine than to live with the virus.

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.

--No Mary Crowning procession this year because of COVID-19

Rummage Sale Information

Parishioners and friends; you can start bringing items with you on Saturday and Sunday. We can open the basement door before and after mass for the drop-offs. Please remember, no personal clothing.

More information at a later date. For any questions call Linda (304) 242-6853

Spirituality: Is God Hard to find?

God is easy to discover in at least a confused and primitive sort of way through every striving and aspiration of our will and our heart. For the great difference between an animal and a human is that an animal can have its desires satisfied but a human cannot. All that any animal wants is to have its *immediate* needs granted; this is never the case with man. Man is animated by an urge, an unquenchable desire to enlarge his vision and to know the ultimate meaning of things. If he were only an animal, he would never use symbols, for what are these but attempts to transcend the visible? No, he is a “metaphysical animal,” a being ever longing for answers to the last question. The natural tendency of the intellect toward truth and of the will toward love would

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alone signify that there is in man a natural desire for God. There is not a single striving or pursuit or yearning of the human heart, even in the midst of the most sensual pleasures, that is not a dim grasping after the Infinite. As the stomach yearns for food and the eye for light and the ear for harmony, so the soul craves God.

(...) If then, God is so easy to find and can be discovered either through the beauty of the stars or in every tiny pleasure of earth, which like a seashell speaks of the ocean of Divinity, why is it that so few souls come to Him? The fault is on our side, not God's. Most souls are like people living in a dark room during the daytime and complaining that the light is hard to find -when all that they need do to discover it is to raise the blinds.

--Bishop Fulton SHEEN, *Peace of Soul*, pp.52-53.

Wisdom

If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn.

If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight.

If a child lives with ridicule, he learns to be shy.

If a child lives with shame, he learns to feel guilty.

If a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient.

If a child lives with encouragement, he learns confidence.

If a child lives with praise, he learns to appreciate.

If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice.

If a child lives with security, he learns to have faith.

If a child lives with approval, he learns to like himself.

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship, he learns to find love in the world.

Story

Gone but Not Forgotten

Taking a deep breath, I exhaled slowly, trying to breathe through the pain. Something was terribly wrong. It was 1957 and I was pregnant with our sixth child. I was twenty-seven and my five children were all under the age of eight. It was a busy time, but the news that I was expecting another child brought only joy to my husband, John, and me. "Another precious gift from God," we thought.

The pregnancy began like the others, with morning sickness that felt like the three—month flu. It was just beginning to subside at twelve weeks like the others had, when I began bleeding. This had happened during another pregnancy which had ended in a healthy baby. Still, I was concerned, especially when I began feeling a dull pain in my abdomen. I went to my doctor right away. After the examination, my doctors somber face told the story. I think you are going to miscarry," he said gently. My throat swelled as I tried to swallow back the tears.

I already loved this baby. "He could be wrong," I thought. "I'll go home and rest like I did the last time. Maybe things will get better."

By morning, the pain, both physical and emotional, was unbearable. I knew I was losing the baby. My husband called a neighbor to come stay with me so I would not be alone while he left to work at the paper mill. By then I was terrified. "Please God, if there is any way, save my baby," I prayed. Still, I trusted enough in God to accept His will if he chose to call my baby home. But the pain, was increasing. Even praying became difficult.

The knife-like cramping and bleeding was draining me of my strength. Was I dying too?

My neighbor insisted I call the doctor. Those were the days when doctors made house calls. He was busy but informed me he would try to get to my house by noon. It was only 9 a.m. I mustered all my strength and replied. "If you cannot come here and take care of me now, I need to get a doctor that will."

The doctor arrived in fifteen minutes. It was then that he realized I had an ectopic pregnancy. The baby was not planted in my womb but had been growing in my fallopian tube, which was now ruptured. An ambulance came and sped me to the hospital. I breathed slowly and prayed through the pain. "Surely, I must be dying," I thought. "Please, someone get me a priest," I begged. I wanted to receive the sacrament of confession before going into

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surgery. I wanted to be ready to meet God. There was a bit of confusion at first but finally a priest came and heard my confession. "There," I thought in my painful stupor. "I am ready now.

Blinking open my eyes in the recovery room I focused on the tubes coming out of my arm. A pint of blood hung alongside me replacing some of the massive amount I had lost. The realization of what had happened stabbed my heart. I was still alive, praise be to God, but my baby was gone. A profound sense of emptiness enveloped me. "My baby ... "I sobbed to a nurse at my side.

"You are very sick," she explained calmly. "You've lost a lot of blood but you will be fine soon. Anytime I began to show grief over my lost baby, someone quickly quieted me insisting I would be just fine. The message came through loud and clear: You have five children at home. This was only a twelve-week baby. There is no reason for tears.

After ten days in the hospital, I returned home to care for my family. The doctor warned against another pregnancy, but I had the joy of another beautiful baby five years later. Life was busy and good. The whole episode became buried into the recesses of my mind for thirty years. But then, without warning, the memory forced its way out of dormancy.

Sitting at my dining room table writing up a speech for an upcoming Cursillo weekend retreat, I began with all the usual background information about myself. It was natural to begin with my family. "I have six children," I wrote. Without warning, a voice from within corrected me. No, you have seven children. I honestly think it was Our Lady speaking to me. The voice was so gentle and so true. I sat at the table, stunned. I put down my pen. The words echoed in my brain: You have seven children.

"I have seven children. I have seven children," I thought, again and again. For thirty years I had ignored the existence of a child of mine. Like a dam bursting forth, tears flooded down my face. "My baby," I thought, "My precious baby is in heaven with God." I put my speech aside, unable to focus on what I should say. For several days I allowed myself the luxury of grieving the loss of my baby so long ago. If people thought I was wrong to cry over it at the time, I could only imagine what they would think of all my tears thirty years later.

Around this time, I went for coffee at a newly opened senior social center for people fifty-five and older. I was fifty-seven. A lady, who I recognized as working at the hospital years earlier, joined me at my table. She studied me carefully then her face lit up with recognition. "Oh! I know who you are," she declared.

"You are the woman who had the ectopic pregnancy. I was so surprised. Why would she remember me after all these years? "I have always wanted to tell you," she said, "I baptized your baby."

I was speechless. Now my tears were tears of joy. Only God could have arranged such a meeting at just the right moment in my life. Peace and calm filled me. Finally, I was ready to go home and finish my speech. But first, I had one more thing to do. I named my little boy: David Benjamin, my little angel whom I look forward to meeting one day in heaven.

A Time to Laugh (500)

Best Liars

A little boy had a bad habit of lying. His mother had tried everything she knew to make him stop, but nothing seemed to work. The problem came to a head one day when he came home from school about an hour late. When questioned about his tardiness, the boy said he had stopped at the lake near his school to fish.

"Did you catch any fish?" his mother asked.

"Yes, about fifty," came the reply.

"Where are the fish?" the mother questioned.

"Well," he said, "some people were sitting on their porch, and they looked hungry, so I gave the fish to them."

The mother exploded, "You know that's not true! I've had it-we're going to talk to the preacher about this!"

So they went to the preacher's office, and the mother explained the problem to the minister while the boy waited outside.

"I think I have an idea," the pastor said. "I'll show him just how absurd it sounds to lie like that. Bring him in."

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After the boy was seated, the pastor said, "Son, I want to tell you a story. After the service last Sunday, I was at the altar when suddenly I heard a strange sound. When I turned around to look, I saw a five-hundred-pound grizzly bear walking down the aisle toward me. He came right up to me and started choking the very life out of me. I would have been a goner, but just then from the side door came a five-pound Chihuahua. He ran up to the bear and started choking the life out of him. He then dragged the bear outside, dug a big hole, threw the bear into it, covered it up, and sat on top of that grave wagging his tail. Now son, do you believe that story?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "That was my dog!"

Sand Smuggler

A man rode up to the border on his bicycle with two large bags. The border patrol stopped the man to check his bags. The bags contained sand. The border guards were confused and asked, "What else is in the bags?"

The man answered, "Just sand."

The guards were not so sure. "We'll figure out what else is in those bags. Get off the bike."

The border patrol took the bags and thoroughly searched through them. They ripped the bags apart, emptied them, and found nothing in them except sand.

The patrol detained the cyclist overnight and ran a chemical analysis on the bags but determined that there was only common sand in the bags. The guards finally released the man. They put the sand in new bags, returned the bags to the man, and let him cross the border.

A week later the same thing happened. The patrol stopped the cyclist and asked, "What's in the bags?"

"More sand," said the cyclist. The patrol made a thorough investigation and discovered that these bags contained nothing but sand. He gave the bags back to the man and sent him on his way across the border on his bicycle.

This routine continued every day for several years. And then one day the cyclist never returned.

Ten years later one of the guards happened to see the man on the street. The guard approached the man and identified himself in hopes of finding out what he had been carrying so many years before. "I know you were smuggling something," said the guard. "Now that it doesn't matter anymore, please tell me, what were you carrying in those bags?"

The man smiled at the guard and answered, "All those bags had in them was sand. I was smuggling bicycles."

Murder or perjury

At a trial, the prosecuting attorney asked the defendant if he committed the murder.

The defendant said he did not.

The attorney then asked the man if he understood the penalty for perjury.

The man said, "I sure do! I understand the penalty for perjury is a lot less than the penalty for murder!"