



May 16, 2021
Bulletin #20

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



7th 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]

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, 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

7th Sunday of the Resurrection

Readings: Acts 1:1-14 and Mk 16:15-20

"YOU ARE THE CHRIST, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD!" "YOU ARE PETER, AND ON THIS ROCK, I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH." These two statements affect the faith of every believer, and so are anything but a mere exchange of compliments between Jesus, the Son of Man, and Simon, son of Jonah. Jesus sounds opinion among his disciples and asks what people are saying about him. That he is a great man from the past, a prophet of old: Elijah, Jeremiah, or John the Baptist who has just died, the reply is rather lame. The answers of our contemporaries would doubtless be even more confused, and more watered down, the best would be mingled with the worst, and the sublime with the abusive or insignificant. One thing is certain: the story of Jesus today, just as in his own time, lies not in the past but in the future. If Jesus is truly "THE CHRIST, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD", as Simon declares under divine inspiration, then his mystery embraces not just one point in time and space; it extends to every generation and to the whole world.

Simon merely sensed this mystery, like a flash of light, in proclaiming his faith. And it was really essential that he used words which were beyond his understanding, since they expressed the faith of the new-born Church, at the beginning of its history. It is on Peter's confession of faith that Jesus built his Church; Peter, the man who acted on impulse, but also the disciple who was going to deny him, whom he made his vicar and charged with strengthening his brethren till the coming of the kingdom. The prince of the apostles has left his mark on the Church, just as John the mystic or Paul the missionary would have done in his place. The Church is above all the home of us poor believers, who are so often torn between belief and doubt, generosity and disloyalty, but all the same stammering with Peter "I BELIEVE!"

This Weekend, May 15-16: 7th Sunday of the Resurrection

Saturday May 15 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Elaine Cybulski and MarthAnn Rinehart (Birthday) and Susie Fadoul by Millet Fadoul
- ✠ Mike O'Kane (Birthday) by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- ✠ Shirley Elias Nickerson by her Loving Family

Sunday, May 16 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ 40-Day of Mark Fertig by his mother-in-law Mary Zaid Stees and Family
- ✠ Deceased Members of the Nimon and Mariam Joseph Family by their children and grandchildren
- ✠ Gladys Howard (Anniversary) by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena and Louie Khourey
- ✠ Shirley Elias Nickerson (Anniversary of death) by her Loving Family
- ✠ Khalil & Sadie & Maria Harb and Annette & Al Togliatti by Jamil Harb (Troy, MI) and GiGi Rice
- ✠ Intentions of Nikki & PJ Lenz (Wedding Anniversary) by Dalton Haas

Weekday Masses Schedule

Monday May 17: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Tuesday May 18 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Nimnoom Ghaphery
- ✠ Deceased of the Thomas, Splatt & Nutter Families by John & Kathy Thomas (MN)
- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will
- ✠ Nicholas A. Ghaphery, Jr.

Wednesday May 19: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Thursday May 20 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Walter Elwartoski (Anniversary) by his son Richard
- ✠ Khalil & Sadie & Maria Harb and Annette & Al Togliatti by Jamil Harb (Troy, MI) & GiGi

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† Juliette Ann Breit

Friday, May 21: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Next Weekend, May 22-23: Pentecost Sunday

Saturday May 22 at 4:00 p.m.:

- † Robert L. Rose (Birthday) by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- † Jim George Sr. by his wife Shirley and Children
- † Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will
- † Special Intention

Sunday, May 23 at 10:30 a.m.:

- † George Weisner by his wife Jean and Children
- † Deceased of the Cater Family by Dr. Maryann Cater
- † David & Tamamie Joseph by their loving grandchildren David, Tom, Greg, Maryann, Susan and their Families
- † Special Intention of Dalton Haas

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 16 Charlotte and Emmalena Khourey

May 23 Rita Strawn

May 30 Nettie Seidler & Mary Lish

Mother's Day Raffle winners

The winner of the Mother's Day 50/50 is our parishioner Dolores Oser. Her prize was: \$625.00 She donated \$100.00 back to the church.

The winner of the Mother's Day Gift Basket is our parishioner Lindsey Lenz.

Congratulations and thank you for being a part of this fundraising.

Deceased Father Day Masses (From Sat., June 19 till Friday June 25)

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

- † Habib Khourey, Louis Khourey, Sr., & Nassif Nader by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie
- † Charles "Pud" Howard, Bruce Cody Riggs & Franklin Howard by Lou & Charlotte & Family
- † Vincent Jacovetty & Denis Fahey by George & Patty Fahey
- † George N. Lewis (Anniversary) by Cynthia Lewis Reasbeck
- † Donald Vince by his children and grandchildren
- † Arthur Long and his son Mark Long
- † Nimon Joseph (father) by the Weisner and Joseph Families
- † Maroon Habeb (grandfather) by the Weisner & Joseph Families
- † William Fitzgerald by Rosemary & Dick Coury
- † Joseph John, John Keegan and Louis John by Marge John and Family
- † George A. Fahey and Philip Petros by Jackie & Pat Petros
- † James Dellget and William Schaffer by Rita & Rex Strawn
- † Harold Strawn and John Strawn by Rex & Rita Strawn
- † Bill Dougherty by his daughter Lisa
- † Charles (Darwish) Habdo by his granddaughter Carol Dougherty
- † Robert J. Shutler, Sr. and Harry J. Nolte, Fred Shutler and Harry F. Nolte by Janet Shutler
- † Al Schroeder by Mark Schroeder
- † Bob Saseen and Steve Schlog by Fran Saseen

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- ✠ Deceased fathers and grandfathers of Larry Josephs (MN)
- ✠ Bill Daniel by his daughter and son-in-law Rebecca and Michael Difabrizio
- ✠ Tom A. Ferris by his daughter Denise Ferris
- ✠ Tim Shia by his daughter Sue Jochum
- ✠ Tom Jochum by his children and grandchildren
- ✠ Elias Frenn by Dr. Adel, Diane & Justin Frenn and Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ Ed Shiben and Ray McFarland by John & Dee Shiben
- ✠ Donald A. Nickerson Sr., and Albert Nickerson by their Loving Family
- ✠ Nickolas Elias by his Loving Family
- ✠ Elmer E. Albaugh (father) and Rodney M. Albaugh (brother) by Denny Albaugh
- ✠ Steve Sofka by Mike & Judy Sofka
- ✠ John T. John and D. William Burns by Ron & Susan Burns
- ✠ Thomas John and David Joseph by their Loving grandchildren: David, Tom, Greg, Maryann, Susan and their Families
- ✠ Doug Bentz, Harold Reynolds, Clarence Reynolds, William Bentz by Nathan, Adam and Lee Bentz
- ✠ George T. Fadoul and Joseph P. Duffy by Earl & Linda Duffy
- ✠ Augie Montalbano by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- ✠ George Popovich by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- ✠ George Joseph, Lawrence Ferrera, Edward, Joseph, Elias Joseph by Larry & Becky Ferrera
- ✠ William Thomas Breit by Michael and Nicole Breit
- ✠ Samuel Elias, Albert Elias, Charles George by Mike & Terri Golebiewski
- ✠ Alphonse Golebiewski, Benny Tomaszewski, Stanislaus Golebiewski by Mike & Terri Golebiewski
- ✠ John G. Moses by James Moses
- ✠ Tony George and Salim George by Margaret George
- ✠ Albert Stiles by Margaret George
- ✠ Walter Elwartoski by Richard Elwartoski
- ✠ Jim George Sr., Frank Gray and Abraham George by Shirley George and Children
- ✠ Angelo Palsinelli by Rosalie Conti
- ✠

2021 Living Father Day Masses (From Sat., June 19 till Friday June 25)

- ✠ Lou Khourey by his children Emmalena & Louie
- ✠ Dr. Adel Frenn by Diane & Justin Frenn and Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ James Thomas by Dr. Adel, Diane & Justin Frenn and Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ Michael Sofka by Kelly & Kirezytaf Kowalski
- ✠ Terry Rinehart by Sarah & Patrick Rinehart
- ✠ Joe Popovich by Nikki Popovich
- ✠ PJ Lenz by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- ✠ Larry Ferrera, Larry Ferrera III and Tony Ferrera by Becky Ferrera
- ✠ Michael Breit by Nicole Breit and children
- ✠ Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac and all priests (in gratitude for shepherding us) by the Breit Family
- ✠
- ✠

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

- May 16: Jacqueline Petros
- May 17: Tina Kitlak, David Weisner

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May 18: Millet L. Fadoul
 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
 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)

Diane Palotay, Rex & Rita Strawn, 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 Shiben, 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>	
\$2,172.00	Sunday Collection
69.00	Candles
60.00	fundraising
100.00	Donation to the church
25.00	Flowers
1,048.00	Bake Sale (deposited in Women Society account)
347.00	Utilities
\$3,821.00	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?

Many Thanks

--To the dedicated and responsible parishioners who sanitized the pews and every possible touched item 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.

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: God won't ask

God won't ask what kind of car you drove,
 But He'll ask how many people you drove who didn't have transportation.

God won't ask about the square of your house,
 But He'll ask how many people you welcomed into your home.

God won't ask about the clothes you had in your closet,
 But He'll ask how many you helped to clothe

God won't ask about your social status,
 But He'll ask what kind of class you displayed.

God won't ask how many material possessions you had,
 But He'll ask if they dictated your life.

God won't ask what your highest salary was,
 But He'll ask if you compromised your character to obtain it.

God won't ask how much overtime you worked,
 But He'll ask if your overtime work was for yourself or for your family.

God won't ask how many promotions you received,
 But He'll ask how you promoted others.

God won't ask what your job title was,
 But He'll ask if you performed your job to the best of your ability.

God won't ask what you did to help yourself,
 But He'll ask what you did to help others.

God won't ask how many friends you had,
 But He'll ask how many people to whom you were a friend.

God won't ask what you did to protect your rights,
 But He'll ask what you did to protect the rights of others.

God won't ask in what neighborhood you lived,
 But He'll ask how you treated your neighbors.

God won't ask about how many times your deeds matched your words,
 But He'll ask how many times they didn't.

Wisdom:

If I had my child to raise all over again,
 I'd build self-esteem first, and the house later.
 I'd finger-paint more, and point the finger less.
 I would do less correcting and more connecting.
 I'd take my eyes off my watch, and watch with my eyes.
 I would care to know less and know to care more.
 I'd take more hikes and fly more kites.
 I'd stop playing serious, and seriously play.
 I would run through more fields and gaze at more stars.
 I'd do more hugging and less tugging.
 I'd see the oak tree in the acorn more often.
 I would be firm less often, and affirm much more.
 I'd model less about the love of power, and more about the power of love.

Story

My daughter, Kathleen, was 15... too young to seriously date but she had a boyfriend. One evening, when I was leaving to pick up my son, Paul, from baseball practice, she asked if she could just go with her boyfriend to pick up his little brother at a friend's house. She said they would come right back. I said, *"All right, just make sure you wear your seat belt, and come right home."* It was my father's birthday and my youngest daughter, Therese, was already at my father's house waiting for us to come over with the cake I had yet to pick up at the store. I left to pick Paul up at school, but decided to take the highway, rather than the shortcut along the back roads. After leaving the school, Paul and I ran in the store for the cake and some lastminute goodies. As we were getting into the car, we heard and saw paramedics, fire trucks, three ambulances and of course a multitude of police cars. I got a sick feeling in my stomach and said to Paul, *"Somebody needs our prayers, quick."* I wondered if there was a fire or a bad car accident. At one of the intersections, I had to stop to let more emergency vehicles through, and prayed, *"Lord, those people need you right now, go to them and place your protective hand over them."* We stopped at my parents to drop off the food, before going home to pick up Kathleen, but my father met me at the car and told us to postpone the party because Therese had fallen asleep. *"Which way did you go to the school?"* he asked, *"Because there was a bad accident on the back road, I heard someone was killed. It happened just about the time you had to pick up Paul at the school and I know you always go that way. I was so happy to see you pull in, I had a gut feeling it was you."*

As Paul and I drove the short distance home, I could see our house was dark and when Kathleen is home alone, she always burned every light. As I turned off the ignition, tears fell. *"It was Kathleen,"* I told Paul, *"I know it."* I ran in the house and checked our answering machine, no one had called. I breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that someone would have called by now. *"Paranoid,"* that's what Kathleen always called me, and that's what I was telling myself, *"Your just paranoid!"* Then, the phone rang. It was her friend's mother, who worked in the emergency room of our local hospital. She only told me that the three of them were in an accident and were being transported to the hospital. I didn't call my husband at work, nor my parents. Paul and I just left for the hospital. As I pulled into the parking lot, one of the paramedics, someone we have known for years, met us at our car. *"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry,"* he said with tears streaming down his face. The next thing I remember after was talking to the doctor in the hallway of the ER. He asked me if I believed in God, and with that my knees gave way. *"No,"* he said, *"you don't understand, do you believe in divine intervention?"* I stammered, a weak, *"Yes."* Not having a clue what he was talking about. He smiled at me and asked, *"Do you know what shirt your daughter is wearing, tonight?"* Shaking my head, no, he told me to go down the hall and look. *"Your daughter is blessed with angels and so are you. From what the emergency personnel told me, there is no way that your daughter should be alive, let alone only have a few scratches."* Kathleen was laying on a cart, waiting for more x-rays. When I got to her, we both sobbed. As I was hugging her, I had the urge to check her shirt, unzipping her jacket. I read the words, ***"Jesus Saves."*** I knew then, what the doctor had meant. All three were treated and released. On the way home that night, Kathleen told this story: *"It was really weird, about a quarter of a mile before the accident, I said, 'Wait, we forgot to put our seat belts on, my Mother will kill me.' Then a car was coming towards us in our lane, he swerved, and I knew we got hit on the passenger side of the car, where I was sitting. We got hit a total of three times because the car kept spinning in a circle. I felt his little brother's hand on my shoulder, holding me tightly in place. But Mom, after it was all over, I could still feel the hand on my shoulder. I looked and his little brother had flown out the back window of the car, as we later found out, on the first spin. It was an angel, Mom, I know it!"*

I knew it too, especially when we went the next day to look at the car, it had been split in half, right underneath my daughter's seat. The driver of the other car, witnesses said, was traveling 90-95 miles per hour and the point of impact at that speed was directly at Kathleen's door. The police report stated that the car door was found fifty feet away from the accident scene, with the seat belt attached. So, when the door broke loose, *"the hand"* was the only thing that saved my daughter's life. The Lord, knew, long before I did that my child was in trouble, and I will always praise Him for saving her life and restoring mine. I have been meaning to write this story for the past couple years. Kathleen just turned 21. While I was writing this I smiled and cried, but it's all true.

A Time to Laugh (504)

Bat Turn

Two vampire bats were ready to go out feeding for the night. The first bat took off to get an early start. Moments later he returned with blood all over his mouth. The second bat was astounded and asked, "How did you find so much blood so quickly?"

The first bat responded, "You know how when you leave the cave you fly to the right and are gone for the rest of the evening?"

"Sure," said the second bat.

"Well," continued the first bat, "if you turn to the left, there is a wall!"

Heaven or Hell

Heaven is where the Germans run the factories, the Italians are the police, the French do the cooking, the Dutch sweep the floors, and the British write the poetry and love songs.

Hell is where the Italians run the factories, the Germans are the police, the French sweep the floors, the British do the cooking, and the Dutch write the poetry and love songs.

First Golf Lesson

A retiree was given a set of golf clubs by his coworkers. Thinking he would try the game, he asked the local pro for lessons, explaining that he knew nothing about the game.

The pro showed him the stance and swing, then said, "Just hit the ball toward the flag on the first green."

The novice teed up and smacked the ball straight down the fairway and onto the green, where it stopped inches from the hole.

"Now what?" the fellow asked the speechless pro.

"Uh ... you're supposed to hit the ball into the cup," the pro finally said after he was able to speak again.

"Oh great! Now you tell me!" said the beginner in a disgusted tone.

Getting what you want

"Be careful," runs the old saying, "or you may get what you want"

One who would agree was a tailor who lived in a squalid tenement on a side street in East Boston. He worked long hours each day to eke out a meager existence. He allowed himself but one luxury—a ticket each year to the Irish Sweepstakes. And each year he prayed fervently that this would be the winning ticket that would bring him his fortune.

For fourteen years this man's life continued in the same impoverished vein, until one day there came a loud knocking on his door. Two well-dressed gentlemen entered his shop and informed him that he had just won the Irish Sweepstakes. The grand prize was \$250,000!

The tailor could hardly believe his ears. He was rich! No longer would he have to slave away cuffing pants and hemming dresses. Now he could really live! He locked his shop and threw the key into the Charles River. He bought himself a wardrobe fit for a king, a new Rolls Royce, and a suite of room: at the Ritz. And soon he was dating a string of attractive women.

Night after night the man partied until dawn, spending his money as if each day were his last. Of course, the inevitable happened: He ran out of money and nearly destroyed his health. Disillusioned, ridden with fever, and exhausted, he returned to his little shop and set up business once more. And from force of habit, once again each year he set aside from his meager saving; the price of a sweepstakes ticket.

Two years later there came a second knock at his door. The same two gentlemen stood there once again. "This is the most incredible thing in the history of the sweepstakes!" exclaimed one. "You have won again!"

The tailor staggered to his feet with a groan. "Oh no!" he protested. "Do you mean I have to go through all that again?"