



August 29, 2021
Bulletin #35

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, Ed.D. Organist



15th Sunday of Pentecost

***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, Liz Murad

***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

15th Sunday of Pentecost

Readings: 1Thess 1-10 and Lk 7:13-17

Where hearts are in their degree renewed after Christ's image, there, under his grace, gratitude to him will increase our love of him, and we shall rejoice in that goodness which has been so good to us. Here, again, self-discipline will be necessary. It makes the heart tender as well as reverent. Christ showed his love in deed, not in word, and you will be touched by the thought of his cross far more by bearing it after him, than by glowing accounts of it. All the modes by which you bring it before you must be simple and severe; 'excellency of speech,' or 'enticing words,' to use St Paul's language, is the worst way of any. Think of the cross when you rise and when you lie down, when you go out and when you come in, when you eat and when you walk and when you converse, when you buy and when you sell, when you labor and when you rest, consecrating and sealing all your doings with this one mental action, the thought of the crucified. Do not talk of it to others; be silent, like the penitent woman, who showed her love in deep subdued acts. She 'stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment'. And Christ said of her, 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.'

(J.H. Newman, Parochial and Plain Sermons, V, 23)

This Weekend, August 28-29: 15th Sunday of Pentecost

Saturday August 28 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Latif Thomas by Dr. & Mrs. A.D.Ghaphery
- ✠ Living and Deceased of Tom Brock Jr.
- ✠ Prayers for Special Intentions

Sunday, August 29 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Bill Dougherty by his wife Carol
- ✠ Dale Seidler Sr. by his wife Nettie and Family
- ✠ Organist Evelyn Ghaphery by Lou & Charlotte Kourey

Weekday Masses Schedule

Monday August 30: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Tuesday August 31 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Deceased of the Thomas, Splatt & Nutter Families by John & Kathy Thomas (MN)
- ✠ 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 September 1: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Thursday September 2 at 12:05 p.m.:

- ✠ Nimnoom Ghaphery (Anniversary)
- ✠ Organist Evelyn Ghaphery by Jean Weisner
- ✠ Bill Daniel (Anniversary) by Rebecca and Michael DiFabrizio

Friday, September 3: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Next Weekend, September 4-5: 16th Sunday of Pentecost

Saturday September 4 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Dennie Bartolovich by his wife and mother-in-law Helen Benline
- ✠ David and Faye Ghaphery
- ✠ Teresa Ferrera (Anniversary) by Larry & Becky Ferrera

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✠ Prayers for Special Intentions

Sunday, September 5 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Living & Deceased members of the Nicholas & Nimnoom Ghaphery Family and the David Abraham Ghaphery Family
- ✠ Mary K. (Anniversary) & Tom Ferris (Birthday) by Denise Ferris & Mary Stees & Libby
- ✠ Organist Evelyn Ghaphery by Mary Lish and Family
- ✠ Cecilia & Louis Ammar

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

- August 29: Debbie Elias Davis
- August 31: Joseph R. Simon
- September 1: Janet Fadoul Wilson
- September 8: Carol Dougherty
- September 9: Gary Weisner, Patrick Stees,
- September 10: Chris George
- September 15: Ted Olinski
- September 18: Michael Duymich
- September 20: Regina Hancher, Gavin Hancher
- September 22: John Jay Thomas
- September 24: Luane Frazier
- September 25: Natalie Committee
- September 26: Mary Rose Kukula

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)

Dennis Porter, Mary Stees, 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, Patty Fahey, Fred Schweizer (brother of our organist Mary Lee Porter), Barbara Hostage, Phil Geimer,

Your Church Support Last Week

\$1,996.00	Sunday Collection
30.00	Lebanese Food Festival: Food Sale
\$2,026.00	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?

2021 Lebanese Food Festival Financial Report

Please read the Lebanese Food Festival financial report attached to this bulletin.

It was a great success because of the TEAM of volunteers and workers and donors.

May God and the Blessed Mother reward you in good health and long life.

Spirituality: Heavens Grocery Store

As I was walking down life's highway many years ago,
I came upon a sign that read: "Heavens Grocery Store."

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When I got a little closer the doors swung open wide,
 And when I came to myself I was standing inside.
 I saw a host of angels. They were standing everywhere,
 One handed me a basket and said: *"My child shop with care."*
 Everything a human needed was in that grocery store,
 And what you could not carry you could come back for more.
 First I got some **Patience**. **Love** was in that same row.
 Further down was **Understanding**, you need that everywhere you go.
 I got a box or two of **Wisdom** and **Faith** a bag or two.
 And **Charity** of course I would need some of that too.
 I couldn't miss the **Holy Spirit**. It was all over the place.
 And then some **Strength** and **Courage** to help me run this race.
 My basket was getting full but I remembered I needed **Grace**,
 And then I chose **Salvation** for Salvation was for free,
 I tried to get enough of that to do for you and me.
 Then I started to the counter to pay my grocery bill,
 For I thought I had everything to do the Masters will.
 As I went up the aisle I saw **Prayer** and put that in,
 For I knew when I stepped outside I would run into sin.
Peace and **Joy** were plentiful, the last things on the shelf.
Song and **Praise** were hanging near so I just helped myself.
 Then I said to the angel: *"Now how much do I owe?"*
 He smiled and said: *"Just take them everywhere you go."*
 Again I asked: *"Really now, How much do I owe?"*
"My child," he said, "God paid your bill a long, long time ago."

Wisdom: Cruise Control

A 36-year-old female had an accident several weeks ago and totaled her car. A resident of Kilgore, Texas, she was traveling between Gladewater & Kilgore. It was raining, though not excessive, when her car suddenly began to hydroplane and literally flew through the air. She was not seriously injured but very stunned at the sudden occurrence!

When she explained to the highway patrolman what had happened he told her something that every driver should know: NEVER DRIVE IN THE RAIN WITH YOUR CRUISE CONTROL ON.

She had thought she was being cautious by setting the cruise control and maintaining a safe consistent speed in the rain.

But the highway patrolman told her that if the cruise control is on and your car begins to hydroplane -- when your tires lose contact with the pavement your car will accelerate to a higher rate of speed and you take off like an airplane. She told the patrolman that was exactly what had occurred. We all know you have little or no control over a car when it begins to hydroplane. You are at the mercy of the Good Lord. The highway patrol estimated her car was actually traveling through the air at 10 to 15 miles per hour faster than the speed set on the cruise control.

The patrolman said this warning should be listed, on the driver's seat sun-visor - NEVER USE THE CRUISE CONTROL WHEN THE PAVEMENT IS WET OR ICY, along with the airbag warning. We tell our teenagers to set the cruise control and drive a safe speed-but we don't tell them to use the cruise control only when the pavement is dry.

The only person the accident victim found, who knew this (besides the patrolman), was a man who had had a similar accident, totaled his car and sustained severe injuries.

Story

Twenty years ago, I drove a cab for a living. It was a cowboy's life, a life for someone who wanted no boss. What I didn't realize was that it was also a ministry. Because I drove the night shift, my cab became a moving confessional.

Passengers climbed in, sat behind me in total anonymity, and told me about their lives. I encountered people whose lives amazed me, ennobled me, made me laugh and weep.

But none touched me more than a woman I picked up late one August night. When I arrived at 2:30 a.m., the building was dark except for a single light in a ground floor window. Under these circumstances, many drivers would just honk once or twice, wait a minute, then drive away. But I had seen too many impoverished people who depended on taxis as their only means of transportation. Unless a situation smelled of danger, I always went to the door.

This passenger might be someone who needs my assistance, I reasoned to myself. So I walked to the door and knocked. "Just a minute," answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor. After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 80s stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940's movie.

By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets. There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware. "Would you carry my bag out to the car?" she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb. She kept thanking me for my kindness. "It's nothing," I told her. "I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother treated." "Oh, you're such a good boy," she said. When we got in the cab, she gave me an address, then asked, "Could you drive through downtown?" "It's not the shortest way," I answered quickly. "Oh, I don't mind," she said. "I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice." I looked in the rear view mirror. Her eyes were glistening. "I don't have any family left," she continued. "The doctor says I don't have very long." I quietly reached over and shut off the meter. "What route would you like me to take?" I asked.

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator. We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl. Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing. As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, "I'm tired. Let's go now."

We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico.

Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her. I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door.

The woman was already seated in a wheelchair. "How much do I owe you?" she asked, reaching into her purse. "Nothing," I said. "You have to make a living," she answered. "There are other passengers," I responded.

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly. "You gave an old woman a little moment of joy," she said. "Thank you." I squeezed her hand, then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life. I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly, lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient at the end his shift?

What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life. We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware -- beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one. People may not remember exactly what you did, or what you said, but they will always remember how you made them feel.

A Time to Laugh (520)

Christian Jargon

After hearing his dad preach on "justification," "sanctification," and all the other "-ations," a minister's son was ready when his Sunday school teacher asked if anybody knew what "procrastination" meant. The boy said, "I'm not sure what it means, but I know our church believes in it!"

Get Ready

When a farmer prays for a good crop, God expects him to say amen with a hoe. (J. Vernon McGee)

Loch Ness Monster and God

An atheist was spending a quiet day fishing when suddenly his boat was attacked by the Loch Ness monster. In one easy flip, the beast tossed him and his boat high into the air. Then it opened its mouth to swallow both.

As the man sailed head over heels, he cried out, "Oh, my God! Help me!"

At once, the ferocious attack scene froze in place, and as the atheist hung in midair, a booming voice came down from the clouds. "I thought you didn't believe in me!"

"Come on, God, give me a break!" the man pleaded. "Two minutes ago I didn't believe in the Loch Ness monster either!"

Tie Up Loose Ends

A guest speaker was speaking at a small church. Prior to the adult sermon, he gave the children's message. He asked the children to tell some of the ways they were disciplined when they misbehaved.

The speaker was not sure what one of the boys in the group said, but it may have been "time out." At the time, however, it sounded like the boy said, "They tie me up."

The speaker was taken by surprise by what he thought he had heard. He turned to the boy and gasped, "What-they tie you up?"

The congregation was laughing so loudly that the speaker never did learn what the boy really said. Maybe the boy did get tied up.

The Car Accident

A rabbi and a priest get into a car accident and it's a bad one. Both cars are totally demolished, but, amazingly, neither of the clerics is hurt. After they crawl out of their cars, the rabbi sees the priest's collar and says, "So you're a priest. I'm a rabbi. Just look at our cars. There's nothing left, but we are unhurt. This must be a sign from God. God must have meant that we should meet and be friends and live together in peace the rest of our days." The priest replies, "I agree with you completely. This must be a sign from God." The rabbi continues, "And look at this. Here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of Mogan David wine didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and celebrate our good fortune." Then he hands the bottle to the priest. The priest agrees, takes a few big swigs, and hands the bottle back to the rabbi. The rabbi takes the bottle, immediately puts the cap on, and hands it back to the priest. The priest asks, "Aren't you having any?" The rabbi replies, "No...I think I'll wait for the police."