



November 13, 2022

Bulletin #46

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



Announcement to Zechariah

***Weekday Masses:** Mondays and Wednesdays: No Mass. Pastor's office work.
Tuesdays and Thursday at 12:00 Noon [*Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass*]
Fridays: No Mass. Pastoral visitations.

- ***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, Mary Stees, Susan (John) Burns, Mark McLaughlin, Liz Murad
- ***Choir Members:** Lou Khourey, Robert Harris, Joe Simon, Shelly Hancher, Holly Stahl
- ***Bulletin Coordinator:** Thomasina Geimer
- ***Altar Server:** Earl Duffy and Joe Roxby
- ***Altar Boy:** Christopher AlKhouri
- ***Cedar Club:** Linda Duffy, President
- ***Women's Society:** Jeannette Wakim, 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

Announcement to Zechariah

Readings: Gen 17:15-22; Rom 3:13-25 and Lk 1:1-25

“Zechariah said to the angel: “How will I know that this is so?” (Lk 1:18)

One of our greatest sins is expecting too little of ourselves because we expect too little of God. Here was an angel of God speaking to Zechariah in the very sanctuary of God, and yet this old priest with years of experience in God’s service, still throws up arguments against the power of God. Zechariah pleaded diminishing forces of nature in himself and in his partner. (Getting on in years myself, I know the temptation. How can anyone -including myself- expect very much of me these days, for I am an old, worn-out monk?)

We can all point to a litany of excuses as to why he who is mighty cannot do great things in and through us. But if we just step back and think for a moment, we can see how ridiculous such thinking is. The God who gave me the strength of my youth can certainly give me the same strength, and even more in my old age. And so with all the other attributes of life. With God all things are possible. In a few days, the Lord is going to come again into our lives in a most special way as we celebrate the liturgical sacrament of his Birth. As kids we made our Christmas lists for Saint Nick. Now it is time to make our Christmas list for God, and not let any “*I am...*” considerations hold us back from being outrageous in our expectations.

This Weekend, Nov. 12-13: Announcement to Zechariah

Saturday, November 12 at 4:00 p.m.:

- ✠ Jerry McGlumphy Jr. (Anniversary) by Jerry McGlumphy & Children
- ✠ Living & Deceased of Tom & Judy Brock, Jr.
- ✠ Special Intention

Sunday, November 13 at 10:30 a.m.:

- ✠ Bill Dougherty by his wife Carol (OK)
- ✠ Sara McLaughlin and Mary Miller (Anniversary) by Mark & Barb McLaughlin

Next Weekdays Mass Schedule

Monday, November 14: No Mass. Pastor day off.

Tuesday, November 15 at Noon:

- ✠ Joseph A. Benline (Anniversary) by his wife Helen Benline
- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will
- ✠ Mike & Sue Linton & their parents Joe & Frances Linton by Steve Linton

Wednesday, November 16: No Mass. Office work

Thursday, November 17 at Noon:

- ✠ Living & Deceased of Tom & Judy Brock, Jr.
- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her last Will

Friday, November 18: No Mass. Visitation of the sick.

Next Weekend, Nov. 19-20: Announcement to B.V.Mary

Saturday, November 19 at 4:00 p.m.: (Christmas Novena after Communion)

- ✠ George Joseph (Birthday) by Larry & Becky Ferrera
- ✠ Emily Vince (Birthday) by her Children and grandchildren
- ✠ Special Intention

Sunday, November 20 at 10:30 a.m.: (Christmas Novena after Communion)

- ✠ Josephine Ferris (Birthday) by Mary Stees and Libby Magnone
- ✠ Mike & Sue Linton & their parents Joe & Frances Linton by Steve Linton

Schedule of Upcoming Events

Saturday & Sunday, Nov.19-20	Starting Christmas Novena Every Weekend after Communion
Sunday, November 20 th	Drawing for the Women's Society Gift Basket Raffle
Saturday, December 3 rd	Christmas Dinner for the Parish Community after 4:00 p.m. Mass
Sunday, December 18 th	Drawing for the Winner of the Women's Society 50/50 Raffle
Sunday, December 18 th Msgr. Bakhos 31 st Anniversary	Msgr. Bakhos will celebrate his 31 st Anniversary to the Priesthood on Sunday, December 18 th . He was ordained in Sydney, Australia on December 21 st , 1991. He has served our church for 21 years.

Christmas Poinsettias in Memory of:

Please donate toward decorating the altar with poinsettias during Christmas. Every poinsettia cost \$25.00

☼ Louis N. & Louis H. Khourey, Sr. & Gladys Howard by Lou & Charlotte Khourey & Family

☼ In Memory of Leslie & Jerry Jr. by Jerry McGlumphy



Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

November 24: Rex Strawn

November 26: Mary Lish

December 3: Joey John

December 7: Christina Committee Zdilla

December 12: Lou Khourey

<i>Your Church Support Last Week</i>	
\$2,281.00	Sunday Collection
1,612.50	Bake Sale
41.00	Candles
38.00	Coffee Hour
2,185.00	Donations to the Church
100.00	Donation in memory of Paula Shia
50.00	Mahrajan T-Shirts sales
887.00	50/50 Raffles
729.00	Basket raffles
478.00	Utilities
\$8,401.50	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

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)

Renee Beabout (daughter of Marge John), Mary Stees, Rex Strawn, Viola J. Yeater (mother of Jeannette Wakim), 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),

What's New?

Two Raffles Offered by OLOL Women's Society (See dates below)

A **Thanksgiving Gift Basket Raffle Drawing** has been scheduled for **Sunday, November, 20**, by the Women's Society. It contains over 30 items including: 3 Gift Certificates totaling \$110, 3 bottles of wine, a set of 4 hand painted glasses, several kitchen items, fall and Thanksgiving decorations, table decorations, baking items, etc.

Also, a **50/50 Raffle Drawing** has been scheduled for **Sunday, December 18**.

You should receive chances in the mail for both raffles or pick up a **Gold** copy for the **Gift Basket Raffle** or a **Green** copy for the **50/50 Raffle** at the back of our church.

Please be sure to complete and return the completed stubs your donation for the chances to our church by the deadlines listed above. Chances are \$1.00 for one; \$5.00 for 6; or \$10 for all 18 of the same raffle.

Mahrajan Update (Sunday, August 13, 2023)

Next year's date:

Next year we will celebrate our 90th Lebanese Festival (Mahrajan) at Oglebay Park on Sunday, August 13, 2023.

Mahrajan Mailing List:

If you have a friend or know someone who would be interested in receiving correspondence about next year's Festival, please submit their addresses to Msgr. Bakhos.

4 EZ-UP tents needed

If you like to donate any amount toward buying four 10x15 ep-up tents to be used in the 90th festival, please contact Msgr. Bakhos. Thanks for your generosity.

Spirituality: the Blessed Virgin Mary

Lovely Lady dressed in Blue, teach me how to pray.

God was just your little boy and you know the way.

Did you lift him up sometime, gently on your knee?

Did you sing to him, the way mother does to me?

Did you hold his hand at night? Did you try,

Telling stories of the world. Oh, and did he cry?

Do you think he really cares if I tell him things?

Little things that happen?

And do the angels wings make a noise?

Does he hear me when I speak low?

Does he understand me now? Tell me for you know.

Lovely Lady dressed in Blue, teach me how to pray.

God was just your little boy and YOU know the way. --Bishop Fulton SHEEN

Wisdom

I grew up in the fifties with practical parents -- a mother, God love her, who washed aluminum foil after she cooked in it, then reused it. She was the original recycle queen, before they had a name for it... A father who was happier getting old shoes fixed than buying new ones.

Their marriage was good, their dreams focused. Their best friends lived barely a wave away. I can see them now, Dad in trousers, tee shirt and a hat and Mom in a house dress, lawn mower in one hand, dishtowel in the other.

It was the time for fixing things -- a curtain rod, the kitchen radio, screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress. Things we keep. It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy.

All that re-fixing, reheating, renewing, I wanted just once to be wasteful.

Waste meant affluence. Throwing things away meant you knew there'd always be more. But then my mother died, and on that clear summer's night, in the warmth of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't any 'more.' Sometimes, what we care about most gets all used up and goes away...never to return. So, while we have it...it's best we love it and care for it and fix it when it 's broken.....and heal it when it's sick.

This is true for marriage.....and old cars.....and children with bad report cards.....and dogs with bad hips.....and aging parents and grandparents.

We keep them because they are worth it, because we are worth it. Some things we keep. Like a best friend that

moved away -- or -- a classmate we grew up with. There are just some things that make life important, like people we know who are special..... and so, we keep them close!

Story

I watched as many poor people walked about in tattered clothing, visiting, eating tacos ... and smiling. "What do they have to be so happy about?" I wondered. I was attending a medical conference in Mexico City in 1991 and had taken time out to visit the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The image of our Blessed Mother on the five-hundred-year-old cactus fibers of a peasant's tilma is truly amazing. But it was the crowd milling around outside the shrine that captured my attention. I could not understand why I, a successful physician with a prestigious medical practice in Florida, should find happiness so elusive while joy radiated off these poor peasants?

I had it all, and yet I had nothing. In spite of money, status, material possessions, and a beautiful family, personal satisfaction eluded me. The fact that I had a wonderful wife and three children and was a Catholic since birth should have been my compass in life. Instead, I was on a course for disaster. Trapped in a lifestyle of women, materialism, and workaholic tendencies, I was sinking fast. There's a saying: "Your sin will find you out," and thankfully, mine did. Although I did not feel that way at the time, by being confronted with my involvement with other women, the last shreds of my life began to unravel. Looking back, I can see I was not thinking straight. My twisted life needed to unravel before I could begin again to be straight with my family and with God.

When I hit rock bottom, I was anxious and depressed, wondering how I ever could rebuild my life with who I was. How could my wife, Susan, and I start to build a new relationship on the rubble of my past? It was at this time that a friend sent me literature on the devotion to Divine Mercy. The pamphlet explained that the Polish nun, Saint Faustina, canonized in 2000 and the first saint of the new millennium, had written a diary in which she recorded her mystical experiences—in particular Jesus Christ's desire that the world accept His unfathomable mercy. When I read, "The greater the sinner, the greater the right he has to my Mercy " I was overcome with remorse and gratitude. Tears of sorrow flowed like a river, as if expelling the pus of my wounds of sin. I read the words again and again realizing that in the depths of sin, there was help—even for me.

Christ's Divine Mercy became a life jacket that kept me afloat and kept me from drowning in a sea of misery. Later that year, in 1992, Susan and I went to counseling and slowly, through God's grace, began constructing a solid marriage. We both became part of the Divine Mercy ministry, sharing our own story, as well as educating people on Divine Mercy and the true presence of Jesus in the Eucharist.

Initially, I balanced my medical practice with volunteering in the ministry, but over the ensuing five years, I felt called to leave medicine behind. I cried the day I wrote a letter to the medical board giving up my license to practice medicine. But in my heart, I fully believed God was calling me out of one healing ministry to another; from the physical to the spiritual. Although it meant making big changes in our lifestyle, Susan and I decided we could manage by living off our savings. It was a new path in our walk down the road of life. I knew we needed to fully trust in God.

On September 9, 1995, the fruit of our healed marriage was born—John Paul. He was special from the start. At his birth, he struggled with life; turning blue and unable to breathe. We prayed intently and John Paul soon stabilized and fully rebounded. A friend distributing Holy Communion walked into the room and said, "Wow, what happened? I can really feel the presence of God."

I understood in my heart how God had truly blessed us. My three oldest, Andrea, thirteen, Bryan eleven, and Patricia, eight, did not always fully understand the changes of going from being doctor's kids to children of one dedicated to simple life of service to God. And yet they surely benefited from the renewal of our marriage and my commitment to fatherhood as a holy vocation.

In early November, fourteen months later, I returned home from a conference in the early morning hours. That evening a Mass was going to be celebrated in our home. In spite of very little sleep, I awoke early to take care of some of the outside work. I stepped onto our back patio, opened the gate to our swimming pool, and walked out to the backyard. Young Bryan suddenly yelled from the front for help starting the lawnmower. After helping him, I was reminded that it was time to drive Andrea to swim practice. We jumped in the car with Patricia and hurried off.

While on our way, I received a call on my cell phone from Bryan. "Dad," he said in a strained voice, "John Paul is dead. Someone left the pool gate open."

Susan had found John Paul lifeless; he was not breathing and did not have a palpable heart beat. As a trained nurse, she was already administering CPR in an effort to pump life back into John Paul's little fourteen-month-old body.

I told the girls what had happened and we immediately said a Hail Mary together. The rest of the drive was spent in tears and silent prayers. "Jesus, have mercy on John Paul and me," I cried. Guilt overwhelmed me as I envisioned my helpless little boy bobbing up and down in the pool, all because I left the gate open. John Paul had been a part of my healing—a child of promise for Susan and me. "Jesus, why would You take him from us now?" my heart cried.

Then, as I frantically had to wait at a red light, I was suddenly hit with the scripture story from Genesis of Abraham being asked to offer his son, Isaac, up to God. "God, are you asking me for my son?" I asked, my heart breaking. It was the moment of truth for me. I had been preaching trust in God's Divine Mercy for four years. God was calling me to a deeper trust. I wanted my little boy to live. I loved him with all my heart. Could I accept God's will if it meant never holding John Paul again in this life?

"Jesus," I prayed. "I trust in You, in all situations. I submit to Your will, whatever that means." I told God that I did not understand why He would take John Paul from us at this time, but that I offered my son back to Him. I also thanked God for the time He had given us with John Paul. I told Jesus that I placed my trust in Him and wanted only that His will be done. I reflected on the deep trust of Abraham as he was told to sacrifice Isaac. I felt a deep sense of peace after that.

When we arrived at the house, the emergency squad had also just gotten there. Although John Paul was bloated and unresponsive, Susan felt a slight pulse after doing CPR. I was ecstatic. There was still hope! Upon arriving at the hospital, I called my sister who lives in another town and asked her to pray for John Paul that night with her prayer group. Over the next thirty-six hours, John Paul's mental clarity improved hourly. Within two days, I saw my sister a couple of weeks later as she drove up to join our family for Thanksgiving. She said to me, "I never told you this story. But the morning following our prayer group, my friend, Irma, called and said that she knew John Paul was going to recover. While praying in the morning, she had a vision of Abraham offering Isaac back to God the Father. Then Jesus, The Divine Mercy, stepped in the middle and gave him back." Tears streamed down my cheeks, and I said to her, "Well, let me tell you the rest of the story ..."

I'm happy to report that John Paul, our child of the promise, is now a typical, healthy seven-year-old boy. And the rest of the story is really that I have never been the same since that lesson in trusting Jesus. In fact, "Divine Mercy as a Way of Life" sums up the mission of Eucharistic Apostles of The Divine Mercy (EADM), the lay outreach ministry that I founded in 1996—the same year that I almost lost my son.

A Time To Laugh (36)

Sign of the Time

On the first day of school, a first grader handed his teacher a note from his mother. The note read, "The opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his parents."

Authority

Somewhere in the 1930's a manufacturing concern in the U.S. sent a machine to Japan.

A month later the company received a cable: "MACHINE DOES NOT WORK. SEND MAN TO FIX."

The company sent someone to Japan. Before he had the opportunity to examine the machine, the company received a second cable: "MAN TOO YOUNG, SEND OLDER MAN."

The company's reply was: "BETTER USE HIM. HE INVENTED MACHINE."

Spirituality

King Pyrrhus of Epirus was approached by his friend Cyneas and asked: "If you conquer Rome, what will you do next, sir?"

Pyrrhus replied: "Sicily is next door and will be easy to take."

"And what shall we do after Sicily is taken?"

“Then we will move to Africa and sack Carthage.”

“And after Carthage, sir?”

“The turn of Greece will come.”

“And what, may I ask, will the fruit of all these conquests be?”

“Then,” said Pyrrhus, “we can sit down and enjoy ourselves.”

Human Nature

It is said that when the Great Library of Alexandria was burnt down, only one book survived. It was a very ordinary book, dull and uninteresting so it was sold for a few pennies to a poor man who barely knew how to read.

Now that book, dull and uninteresting as it seemed, was probably the most valuable book in the world for on the inside of the back cover were scrawled in large, round letters a few sentences that contained the secret of the Touchstone -a tiny pebble that could turn anything it touched into pure gold.

The writing declared that this precious pebble was lying somewhere on the shore of the Black Sea among thousands of other pebbles that were exactly like it, except in this one particular that, whereas all the other pebbles were cold to the touch, this one was warm as if it were alive. The man rejoiced at his good luck. He sold everything he had, borrowed a large sum of money that would last him a year and made for the Black Sea where he set up a tent and began the painstaking task of searching for the touchstone.

This was the way he went about it: he would lift a pebble; if it was cold to the touch he would not throw it back on the shore because if he did that, he might be lifting and feeling the same stone dozens of time; no, he would throw it into the sea. So each day for hours on end he persevered in his patient endeavor: lift a pebble, if it felt cold, throw it into the sea; lift another.... and so on, endlessly.

He spent a week, a month, ten months, a whole year at this task. Then he borrowed some more money and kept at it for another two years. On and on he went: lift a pebble, feel it.... it was cold, throw it into the sea. Hour after hour: day after day; week after week.... still no Touchstone.

One evening he picked up a pebble and it was warm to the touch -and, through sheer force of habit, he threw it into the Black Sea.

Christian One Liners

Some people are kind, polite, and sweet-spirited-until you try to sit in their pews.

It is easier to preach ten sermons than it is to live one.

Famous Quotes (36)

--People are funny; they want the front of the bus, the middle of the road, and the back of the church.

--Opportunity may knock once, but temptation bangs on your front door forever.

--Quit griping about your church; if it was perfect, you couldn't belong.

--If the church wants a better preacher, it only needs to pray for the one it has.

--God Himself does not propose to judge a man until he is dead. So why should you?

--Some minds are like concrete thoroughly mixed up and permanently set.

--Peace starts with a smile.

--I don't know why some people change churches; what difference does it make which one you stay home from?

--A lot of church members who are singing 'Standing on the Promises' are just sitting on the premises.

--We were called to be witnesses, not lawyers or judges.

--Be ye fishers of men. You catch them - He'll clean them.

--Coincidence is when God chooses to remain anonymous.

--Don't put a question mark where God put a period.

--Don't wait for 6 strong men to take you to church.

--Forbidden fruits create many jams.

--God doesn't call the qualified, He qualifies the called.

--God grades on the cross, not the curve.

--God loves everyone, but probably prefers 'fruit of the spirit' over a 'religious nut!'

- God promises a safe landing, not a calm passage.
- He who angers you, controls you!
- If God is your Co-pilot - swap seats!
- Prayer: Don't give God instructions -- just report for duty!
- The task ahead of us is never as great as the Power behind us.
- We don't change the message, the message changes us.
- You can tell how big a person is by what it takes to discourage him.
- The best mathematical equation I have ever seen: 1 cross + 3 nails = 4 given.