



December 3, 2023

Bulletin #49

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, Ed.D. Organist



Mary visits Elizabeth

- *Weekend Masses: Saturdays: Mass at 4:00 p.m.
Sundays: Mass at 10:30 a.m.
- *Weekday Masses: Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays: No Mass. Pastor's office work.
Tuesdays and Thursdays Mass at 12:00 Noon
- *Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament: Every 1st Saturday and Sunday of the month after Mass.
- *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.

Mary visits Elizabeth

Readings: 2 Sam 6:9-18; Eph 1:1-14 and Lk 1:39-45

Mary and Elizabeth, separated by age but united by the hand of God, fell into each others' arms.

Here was the older woman, who had been childless, barren, and seemingly forgotten by God, embracing and celebrating her young cousin. Mary and Elizabeth, separated by age but united by the hand of God, fell into each other's arms. Young Mary must have been bursting with bewilderment, wonder, amazement, and anxiety after her encounter with Gabriel: Why? How? When? Mary was probably still dazed by the angel's message, anxious about the coming questions and whispers she would face her family and neighbors in Nazareth, unsure of how to handle her pregnancy, and uncertain of what to say to Joseph. Little wonder she fled to see this older woman whom she trusted!

Salvation Army Angel Tree at OLOL Church:

Every child deserves to experience the joy of Christmas morning.

The Salvation Army Angel Tree program helps provide Christmas gifts for hundreds of thousands of children around the country each year. This year, Our Lady of Lebanon Church is participating in the Angel Tree Program. A Christmas Tree has been placed in the foyer near the church entrance. Hanging from the tree are 20 tags representing a child in need in the Wheeling WV area. On the tag will be the age and gender of the child along with a few gift ideas. If you would like to sponsor a child in need, please take a tag, purchase gifts base on the child's need (listed on the tag) and return the gifts without wrapping them to Our Lady of Lebanon Church by **Sunday, December 3rd, and 10th**. Your generosity will prove joy and love to a child on Christmas morning. If you have questions, please contact Susan John, Liz Murad, or any OLOL Parish Council member. Once it has been registered and accepted as an **Angel** their Christmas wish list is shared with donors in your community who purchase gifts of new clothing and toys. The gifts are distributed to the family to place under their family Christmas tree.

Creating your legacy

How can you manage your charitable giving more efficiently to benefit the charities you love and support, like our church established by our ancestors since 1906? The Parish Council opened an Endowment Fund Account designated exclusively for the church maintenance for years to come. All donations are tax deductible. Please let us keep our beautiful church well maintained and donate anytime toward this account or put the church in writing in your last will. To donate, please call the church office at 304-233-1688. May the Blessed Mother reward you in this life and in the next.

--Monsignor Bakhos, pastor.

This Weekend: Sat.-Sun., Dec 2-3: Mary visits Elizabeth

Saturday, December 2, Mass at 4:00 p.m. followed by Christmas Novena

- ✠ Cathy (Sharp) Howard (Birthday) by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- ✠ Elias Joseph (Anniversary) by Becky & Larry Ferrera
- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her last Will

Sunday, December 3, Mass at 10:30 a.m. followed by Christmas Novena

- ✠ Chamse Rahi (1st Anniversary) by her Family
- ✠ Siham Frenn (Anniversary) by Dr Adel, Diane, Justin Frenn and Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ Philip Geimer (Anniversary) by Thomasina Geimer
- ✠ Living & Deceased of the Duffy & Fadoul Families by Earl & Linda Duffy

Weekdays Mass Schedule

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

Tuesday, December 5, Mass at Noon:

- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, and her son Mark by her last will

✠ Isabel Wolfe (Anniversary) by Mary Stees and Libby Magnone

✠ Linda Hostutler by Gary Weisner

Wednesday, December 6 : No Mass. Office work

Thursday, December 7, Mass at Noon:

✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her last Will

✠ Janis & George Thomas (Ohio) by their last will

✠ Linda Hostutler by Earl & Linda Duffy

Friday, December 8, Mass at Noon: Feast of the Immaculate Conception

✠ Linda Hostutler by Gary Weisner

✠ Dawn Lynn Vannest by her cousin Janet Shutler

✠ Mike & Sue Linton and their parents Joe and Frances Linton by Steve Linton

Next Weekend: Sat.-Sun., Dec 9-10: Birth of John the Baptist

Saturday, December 9, Mass at 4:00 p.m. followed by Christmas Novena

✠ Bob Sengewalt (Anniversary) by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt

✠ Noel Foreman by his wife Anne

✠ Linda Hostutler by Carol Dougherty (Ok)

Sunday, December 10, Mass at 10:30 a.m. followed by Christmas Novena

✠ Linda Hostutler by Lou and Charlotte Khourey and Family

✠ Angelo Polsinelli (Anniversary) by his daughter Rosalie Conti

Coming Parish Events

Sunday, December 3 rd	Christmas Dinner after 10:30 am Mass (Dinner will be served at noon)
Christmas Novena	Every Saturday and Sunday during December after Communion No Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament during December

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

✠ Tom & Mary K. Ferris by Denise Ferris

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Denise Ferris

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Janet Shutler

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Frank & Anna Marie Duymich

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Michael Duymich

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Larry & Lillian Siebieda

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by

✠ In Loving Memory of Philip Geimer by his wife Thomasina

✠ In Loving Memory of Ralph & Mary (Joseph) Shipley by Thomasina Geimer

✠ In Loving Memory of Robert Hunter Jr. & Robby Hunter III by Thomasina Geimer

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Joe & Nikki Popovich

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Dr. & Mrs Nabel Alkhouri and Family

✠ In Loving Memory of the deceased of the Murad and Tatalovich Families by Jay & Liz Murad

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Stephanie Richards

✠ In Loving memory of Shirley Elias Nickerson and the Deceased members of the Elias Family by their Family

✠ In Loving Memory of the Schlog and Saseen Families by Fran Saseen

✠ In Loving Memory of Ray & Sara McLaughlin by Mark & Barb McLaughlin

✠ In Loving Memory of Elias & Selma Joseph Family by Mark & Barb McLaughlin

✠ In Loving Memory of John & Mary Miller by Mark & Barb McLaughlin

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Jean Weisner

✠ In honor of the Blessed Mother by Earl & Linda Duffy

✠ In Loving Memory of Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt and Family

☪ In Loving Memory of Nimon & Miriam Joseph & Family by the Joseph & Weisner Families

Christmas Masses Schedule

Sunday, December 24:

10:30 a.m.: Normal Sunday Mass

4:00 p.m.: Christmas Eve Mass

10:00 p.m.: Christmas Midnight Mass

Monday, December 25th: Day of Obligation

10:30 a.m.: Christmas Day Morning Mass

New Year Masses Schedule

Sunday, December 31st, 2023:

10:30 a.m.: Normal Sunday Mass

4:00 p.m.: New Year's Eve Mass (No Midnight Mass)

Monday, January 1st, 2024: New Year's Day (Day of Obligation)

10:30 a.m.: New Year's Day Mass

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

December 3: Joey John

December 7: Christina Committee Zdilla

December 12: Lou Khourey

December 19: Chris Wakim

December 21: Millet C. Faddoul Jr.

December 22: Millet C. Fadoul

December 25: Shelly Hancher

December 27: Luke Lenz, Jay Murad

January 1: Nancy Joseph

Your Church Support Last Week

\$727.00	Sunday Collection
59.00	Candles
22.00	Coffee hour
265.00	Christmas Dinner
50.00	Donation
35.00	Christmas Poinsettias
\$1158.00	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

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)

Anthony Wakim, Frank Duymich, Earl Duffy, Fran Saseen, Mary Stees, Rex Strawn, Sandra DeMuth, Ken Imer, Justin Frenn, Elia Frenn, Patty Fahey, Jamie Stoneking (nephew of Charlotte and Lou Khourey), Patty Olinsky, Julia Schiess (daughter of Leo Bleifus), Earl Ragase, Patrick Sengewalt, Renee Beabout (daughter of Marge John), Jack Hogan (infant son of Mark & Michaela Hogan & great nephew of Lou Khourey), Fred Schweizer (brother of our organist Mary Lee Porter),

What's New?

Bulletin Ad Page

We are preparing the ad page at the back of our weekly bulletin. It is a good way to advertise your business and to support the church in defraying the cost of printing the bulletins. Please call Msgr Bakhos or Charlotte at 304-639-1372 if you would like to place a personal or business ad. Cost is \$120.00 for a single space ad (2.5 inches x 1.5 inches) for the entire year. You can purchase more adjacent ads.

Christmas Gift from our Church Gift Shop

Order your Christmas Gifts to your family and friends from our Gift Shop. Please call 304-233-1688

Aprons	\$25.00
Born & Raised T-shirt	\$25.00
Heartbeat T-shirt	\$25.00
Dry Fit Festival T-shirt (youth)	\$25.00
Dry Fit Festival T-shirt (adult)	\$30.00
Festival Golf Shirt (youth)	\$35.00
Festival Golf Shirt (adult)	\$40.00

Rummage Sale Items Drop off all Year Long

Please bring with you to the church all the items you wish to donate toward the Rummage Sale. Items are accepted all year long. The Cedar Club and the Women Society raise funds to cover the expensive Building Insurance of our church. Any donation is accepted and helpful. We will open the basement door for you anytime. Please call 304-233-1688

Spirituality: Forgiveness

A wealthy Jewish merchant treats a poor old man with rudeness and disdain as they travel together on a train. When they arrive at their common destination, the merchant finds the station thronged with pious Jews waiting in ecstatic joy to greet the arrival of one of the holiest rabbis in Europe, and learns to his chagrin that the old man in his compartment is that saintly rabbi.

Embarrassed at his disgraceful behavior and distraught that he missed a golden opportunity to speak in privacy to a wise and holy man, the merchant pushes his way through the crowd to find the old man. When he reaches him, he begs the rabbi's forgiveness and requests his blessing. The old rabbi looks at him and replies, "I cannot forgive you. To receive forgiveness you must go out and beg it from every poor old person in the world."

Wisdom: Positioning like a heron

Heron stands in the blue estuary, Solitary, white, unmoving for hours. A fish! Quick avian darting; The prey is captured.

People always wonder. It is as easy and natural as the heron standing in the water. The bird moves when it must; it does not move when stillness is appropriate.

The secret of its serenity is a type of vigilance, a contemplative state. The heron is not in mere dumbness or sleep. It knows a lucid stillness. It stands unmoving in the flow of the water. It gazes unperturbed and is aware. It seizes the opportunity without hesitation or deliberation. Then it goes back to its quiescence without disturbing itself or its surroundings. Unless it found the right position in the water's flow and remained patient, it would not have succeeded.

Actions in life can be reduced to two factors; positioning and timing. If we are not in the right place at the right time, we cannot possibly take advantage of what life has to offer us.

Almost anything is appropriate if an action is in accord with the time and place. But we must be vigilant and prepared. Even if the time and the place are right, we can still miss our chance if we do not notice the moment, if we act inadequately, or if we hamper ourselves with doubts and second thoughts.

When life presents an opportunity, we must be ready to seize it without hesitation or inhibition. Position is useless without awareness. If we have both, we make no mistakes.

Story: Healing Prayer

Looking at the day ahead of me, I was anxious to get the clutter of doctor's appointments out of the way. Although I felt in great health at the age of thirty—five, I figured it was about time to have my cholesterol and glucose levels checked. But first there was an appointment with the oral surgeon. My dentist had seemed unconcerned with the small sore at the back of my mouth, but like most doctors he had a “better to be safe than sorry” mind set. He referred me to an oral surgeon.

After examining the sore the previous week, the doctor had announced it looked like ulcerative tissue nothing to worry about. But just to rule out anything serious, he took the standard biopsy. This morning's appointment was to go over the results. “Oh well,” I thought, “at least squeezed both appointments early in the morning so I won't miss much work.” As I sat in the waiting room, my mind became occupied with my job as an engineer with the Federal Aviation Administration in Minnesota.

“David Stefanowicz,” the nurse called, interrupting my thoughts. Relieved that the wait had been short, I jumped up and followed her into the patient room. The doctor quickly came through the door and quietly closed it. His young face looked taut with strain. He looked me uncomfortably in the eyes. “This is not the routine,” I thought. “Something is wrong. I became flushed and my stomach sank like lead.

“The pathology report shows that you have cancer,” the doctor said slowly but firmly. “Squamous cell carcinoma. It is a very aggressive type of cancer. We do not know how long you've had this or how far it has spread. This is very serious. I've set up an appointment for you this Friday to meet with a specialist, Dr. Adams, at the University of Minnesota.”

Cancer. My ears heard clearly, but my brain froze, unable to absorb it. I listened, made note of my appointment, and asked a few questions. I thanked the doctor and numbly left his office in a dream-like state, headed to my next appointment. It was all surreal.

“Cancer,” I thought as the nurse drew my blood. I watched the lab technicians, receptionists, and patients hustle about their business. I felt so far removed from them all. “I have cancer,” the words rang in my head. “They are all going about their lives as usual, but my life is different now. I have cancer.

The good news that my glucose and cholesterol levels were normal seemed insignificant at this point. I drove home to my wife, Teri. She looked at my stricken face as I walked through the door knowing instantly that something was very wrong. “I have cancer,” I told her immediately, and explained the situation. In the embrace of my wife, my heart finally plugged into my brain, releasing a floodgate of tears. I did not feel alone anymore. We cried and hugged. As I held Teri, the cancer was no longer just about me; it was about Teri, my daughter, Brittany, age thirteen, and sons, Chris, and Benjamin, ages eleven and eight. They all needed me.

With Teri at my side, we told the kids. Then we all cried and prayed together. Looking into the faces of my loved ones, I became determined to do everything possible to beat this cancer. But I realized I could not do it alone. I needed God more than ever.

Teri called her brother, Fr. Wayne Sattler. He suggested I receive the sacrament of the anointing of the sick. He also said he would be praying for the intercession of Mother Teresa. While Fr. Wayne was in seminary in Rome, several meetings with Mother Teresa had inspired him to greater spirituality. Although she has not yet been canonized as a saint of the Church, Fr. Wayne believes her to be a powerful intercessor in heaven. He sent us prayer cards with prayers for her intercession.

We petitioned Mother Teresa daily to intercede with her prayers that my cancer would not spread and would be cured. Fr. Wayne asked his parishioners to include me in their prayers and to pray these cards on my behalf. He sent cards to all our family members and asked them too to pray for Mother Teresa's intercession.

We did not stop there. We asked everyone we knew to pray for healing. We prayed Rosaries, went to extra Masses and prayed unceasingly. Although I was determined to beat the cancer, I still had to face my mortality head on. My Internet research revealed a fifty percent survival rate five years after treatment for my kind of cancer. That put my life's odds on par with a coin toss.

I so desperately wanted my life to stay the same. My family needed me. “Please God,” I prayed. “Let me live to take care of Teri and the kids.” I was also so full of anger and guilt. You see, I had chewed tobacco for fifteen years, despite Teri's pleas that I give it up. “How could I have been so stupid? I wondered. “Why did I think it

wouldn't be me with cancer?" I begged God to spare Teri and the kids from suffering as a result of my bad choices. My heartfelt prayers were more for the love of my family than for myself.

Two days after my diagnosis, on September 20, Teri and I celebrated our fourteenth year of marriage. While we basked in our years of holy union, neither of us were in the frame of mind for a "celebration." We walked in the woods hand—in—hand for over an hour. Then, we went to dinner but barely touched our food. The blessing of our years together was overshadowed by the threat that it could soon be over. We stopped at church on the way home to pray a Rosary together.

After my appointment with Dr. Adams and subsequent x-rays and scans, I received encouraging news. The tumor looked small. Dr. Adams spoke encouragingly about my chances for a cure. He explained that a limited procedure would remove three teeth and some supporting bone.

Although Dr. Adams was optimistic, he warned me that the full extent of the cancer would not be known until the surgery, which was two weeks away, on October 10, 2000. Those two weeks seemed more like two months. Although I tried to remain upbeat, the fact that my cancer was such an aggressive type haunted me. Would the wait for surgery allow the cancer to spread and diminish my chances for survival? I tried to push those thoughts away. I had to trust in God. God decided such things. My job was to pray. I could not undo my years of using chewing tobacco. I could not ensure my survival. I could only wait, pray and trust in God.

I got to the hospital early for the 11:45 am. surgery, cautiously relieved the day had finally arrived. Teri and I hugged good—bye as I was wheeled away to the operating room. Three hours later, I woke up to excruciating pain. Shaking violently from the after affects of the anesthesia compounded the throbbing pain in my mouth and throat. Stitches, cotton and a plastic plate covering my mouth made it impossible to speak.

I wanted to know how the surgery went, but I could not form the question to ask the nurse. Not until I was wheeled from the recovery room to the patient room was I able to see Teri. She put her arms around me and kissed me. I looked into her eyes, waiting to hear how the surgery went. "Did they get it all? Has it spread?" I desperately wanted to know yet feared a negative response.

I had prayed so hard for a full recovery. I believed God could allow me to get better and I prayed that this would be His will. What He did, however, I had never asked for. It was more than I ever dreamed of. "The doctor removed three teeth and quite a bit of tissue and bone at the site," Teri explained. "but Dave, the pathology test done in the surgery room showed no cancer.

Subsequent tests showed there was no trace of cancer. Baffled, Dr. Adams went back to the initial biopsy. The tissue was definitely cancerous. He re-examined the tissue removed during surgery. No cancer whatsoever. My family and I sincerely believe that God healed my cancer through the intercession of Mother Teresa.

Through the grace of God, I have been blessed with a second chance and I will do everything possible to live each moment in union with Him now. He has given me more than I will ever deserve and more than I asked. I later learned that at one of the meetings Fr. Wayne had with Mother Teresa, she had asked Fr. Wayne to pray for her and her mission. He readily agreed. She assured him that if he prayed for her and her mission now, she would pray for him when she was in heaven. During my ordeal, Fr. Wayne was pretty firm with Mother Teresa. He told her he had kept his end of the bargain and now he expected her to hold up her end. He depended on her prayers for me, his brother-in-law. We believe she was faithful to her word. And so, now fully healed, I have presented my story for Mother Teresa's cause for sainthood to the postulator in Calcutta, India.

A Time to Laugh (90)

Minnesota: a great place to live, until the snow flies.

AUG.12: Moved to our new home in Minnesota. It's beautiful here.

The northern woods are so majestic. Can hardly wait to see snow.

I love it here.

OCT.12: Minnesota is the most beautiful place on earth.

The leaves have turned yellow, red, and orange. Went for a ride through the country and saw some deer. They are so graceful. Certainly they are the most beautiful animal on earth.

I really love it here.

NOV.11: Deer season will start soon. I can't imagine wanting to kill such a gorgeous creature. Hope it will snow soon.

What a beautiful place.

DEC.12: Snowed last night. Woke up to find everything blanked with white. It looks like a postcard. We went outside and cleaned the snow off the steps and shoveled the driveway. We had a snowball fight and I won, and when the snow plow came by we got to shovel the driveway again. What a beautiful place. I love Minnesota.

DEC.14: More snow last night. I love it. The snow plow did his trick to the driveway again. It's a great place to live.

DEC.19: More snow last night. Couldn't get out of the driveway to get to work. I am exhausted from shoveling. Stupid snow plow.

DEC.22: More of that white stuff fell last night. I have blisters on my hands from shoveling. I think the snow plow hides around the curve and waits until I'm done shoveling the driveway.

DEC.25: Merry Christmas! More snow? If I ever get my hands on the plowman, I swear I'll wring his neck! I don't know why they don't use more salt on the road to melt the stupid ice.

DEC.27: More white stuff last night. Been inside for 3 days, except for shoveling the driveway after the snow plow goes through. Can't go anywhere, the car is stuck in a mountain of white. The weatherman says to expect another 10 inches of snow again tonight. Do you know how many shovels of snow 10 inches is?

DEC.28: The weatherman was wrong, we got 30 inches of that white stuff this time. At this rate, it won't melt before next summer. The snow plow got stuck up the road, and the driver came to the door and asked to borrow my shovel. After I told him I had broken six shovels already shoveling all the snow he pushed into the driveway. I broke my last shovel over his head!

JAN.4: Finally got out of the house today. Went to the store to get food and on the way back a stupid deer ran in front of my car and I hit it. Did about \$3,000 damage to the car. Those beasts should be killed. Wish the hunters had killed them all last November.

MAY 3: Took the car to the garage in town. Would you believe the thing is rusting out from all that salt they put all over the road?

MAY 10: Moved to Georgia. I can't imagine why anyone in their right mind would ever live in that forsaken state of MINNESOTA!

Famous Quotes: Jesus & Fasting

Matthew 7: 24-27 (The Wise and Foolish Builders)

“So then, everyone who hears my words and puts them into practice is like a wise man. He builds his house on the rock. The rain comes down. The water rises. The winds blow and beat against that house. But it does not fall. It is built on the rock. But everyone who hears my words and does not put them into practice is like a foolish man. He builds his house on sand. The rain comes down. The water rises. The winds blow and beat against that house. And it falls with a loud crash.”

Jesus finished saying all these things. The crowds were amazed at his teaching. That's because he taught like one who had authority. He did not speak like their teachers of the law.