



July 21, 2024
Bulletin #29

Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church

2216 Eoff Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

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Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor

Mary Lee Porter, Ed.D. Organist



10th Sunday of Pentecost

- *Weekend Masses: Saturdays: Mass at 4:00 p.m. and 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, Susan (John) Burns, Mark McLaughlin, Liz Murad, Gary Weisner.
- ***Choir Members**: Lou Khourey, Robert Harris, Joe Simon, Shelly Hancher, Holly Stahl.
- ***Bulletin Coordinator**: Thomasina Geimer
- ***Altar Server**: 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.

10th Sunday of Pentecost

Readings: 2Kg 1:2-8; 1Cor 12:1-11 and Mt 12:22-32

‘Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.’ Blessed will they be then, and only they, who, with the apostle, have ever had on their lips, and in their hearts, the question, ‘Lord, what will you have me to do?’ whose soul ‘has broken out for the very fervent desire that it has always unto his judgments;’ who have ‘made haste and prolonged not the time to keep his commandments;’ who have not waited to be hired, nor run uncertainly, nor beaten the air, nor taken darkness for light, and light for darkness, nor contented themselves with knowing what is right, nor taken comfort in feeling what is good, nor prided themselves in their privileges, but set themselves vigorously to do God’s will.

Let us turn from shadows of all kinds, — shadows of sense, or shadows of argument and disputation, or shadows addressed to our imagination and tastes. Let us attempt, through God’s grace, to advance and sanctify the inward man. We cannot be wrong here. Whatever is right, whatever is wrong in this perplexing world, we must be right in ‘doing justly, in loving mercy, in walking humbly with our God;’ in denying our wills, in ruling our tongues, in softening and sweetening our tempers, in mortifying our lusts; in learning patience, meekness, purity, forgiveness of injuries, and continuance in well-doing. (J.H. Newman)

Some Miracles of Saint Sharbel

The first miracle to support the cause for the beatification of Saint Sharbel.

Miracle of Sister Kamarie

“I am sister Kamarie of the village of Hammana, Lebanon. I joined the Congregation of the Two Holy Hearts in Bickfaya at the age of 16 on the 8th of September, 1929. I had always enjoyed good health, but in the year 1936, I began to suffer from pains in the abdomen and could not bear to eat any food whatsoever. The doctors were unable to offer any help at all. Their treatments brought me no relief and for several months I vomited continuously.

“During the summer of 1936 my condition became much worse. I was treated in Hammana by an Egyptian doctor who specialized in abdominal ailments, Dr. Marajel, who diagnosed an ulcer and advised an x-ray to confirm the diagnosis. Medicine was prescribed but it had no effect. I then went to consult Dr. Elias Ba'aklini, a well-known surgeon. He cleaned out my stomach several times with a stomach pump, but this brought no relief. He finally performed surgery, lasting several hours, which revealed a large ulcer. The liver, bile duct and one kidney were no longer functioning normally.

“The incision was left open to drain and to allow treatment of the ulcer. Once the wound had healed, the nausea returned and my condition became suddenly worse. The doctors met in consultation and a new operation was advised. This was carried out with disastrous results. My intestines and stomach had been reduced to a malfunctioning mass following the reappearance of oversized polyps. It was not possible to remove more than a small part of this without endangering my life. What is more, the bile duct was producing a liquid which was causing perpetual nausea.

“During the following fourteen years, my suffering increased. During the first four, I was able to walk within the confines of the convent but I ate very little and vomited after practically every meal. I became more and more feeble and experienced pain in every part of my body.

“In 1942, when I had been more or less bed-ridden for two years, new symptoms appeared and my right hand became paralyzed. I was able to move only with the aid of a cane. To reach the church only a few yards away, where I went to attend Mass, I had to be supported by another sister. Moreover, because of my condition, my teeth had begun to fall out. Considered by now unlikely to live much longer, I was given the last rites. It was then that I heard about Father Sharbel and begged him to intercede for me.

“Allow me,” I asked him, “If you wish to cure me, to see you in a dream.” That very night, I did see him in a dream. I was in a small chapel, on my knees, praying. The tapers suddenly glowed brightly and I saw Father Sharbel kneeling. He was blessing me with outstretched arms.

This was a sign from heaven. Immediately afterwards, on Tuesday the 2nd of July, 1950, I went to Saint Sharbel Monastery accompanied by the Mother Superior and two other nuns. I was carried up to the car on a chair. It was an exhausting trip for me. When I arrived, they carried me to the tomb of Saint Sharbel. Many sick people were already there. They lifted up my chair so that I could touch the stone and kiss it. The moment I placed my lips on the stone, I felt as though an electric shock had passed down my spine! They took me out to rest in a small room with a bed. I then went along with the other invalids to pray beside the old coffin that had held Sharbel.

“The next morning, I was once more carried to the oratory, where I heard three Masses beside the tomb. I prayed and received Holy Communion. As I fervently recited the prayer for the sick, my eyes fell on the spot where Father Sharbel's name was engraved on the tomb. I noticed that it was covered with drops of shining sweat! Hardly daring to believe my eyes and wishing to make sure that what I saw was real, I propped one side of myself against my chair on one side and against the wall on the other. There could be no mistake. It was true. I took out my handkerchief and said to myself, “These drops of water are a gift from Father Sharbel.” I raised myself up, wiped them up with the handkerchief and immediately rubbed them onto the sore places on my body.

“As soon as I had done this, without thinking, I got up and walked in front of everyone. The bells began to ring out to celebrate my restoration to health and to glorify God. The stunned crowd followed me out of the oratory, praising God and marveling at my recovery. Doctors gave their testimony.

The second miracle to support the cause for the beatification of Saint Sharbel.
Miracle of Alexander Obeid

Alexander was a blacksmith from Baabdat, Lebanon. He had lost his sight resulting from a blow to the eye. Dr. T. Salhab declared that the pupil had been destroyed. At the French Hospital, Sacred Heart, in Beirut, Dr. Nakarier advised Alexander to go home, lie down and rest for seven days. At the end of this time, a repeat examination was carried out, but there was no improvement. Dr. Salhab imposed an additional two weeks rest upon Obeid, but this brought no change in the condition of his eye. Dr. Salhab and Nakarier then advised surgery to remove the eye in an attempt to prevent any infection from passing to the second one.

Several months passed and Alexander -now handicapped- never ceased to pray and to receive Communion daily.

One night, in a dream, he saw a monk who spoke to him; “Go to the monastery of Saint Sharbel and you will be cured.” Alexander set out immediately and spent the night in prayer and remained near the hermit's tomb. The following day he attended Mass, received Communion, and returned home.

From the very first day he began to feel pain in his injured eye, pain which increased two days later to the point that it became unbearable. To the friends who came to call on him, he repeated with confidence, “I shall get well, God willing, for this pain that I feel is a sign.”

The pain increased again and his family begged him to see a doctor. Alexander refused, saying, “From now on, Sharbel is my only doctor,” and he began to cry like a child.

It was not until about four o'clock in the morning that he finally went to sleep. During his slumber, he felt as though he were being carried to the door of the Monastery of Saint Sharbel, and was given the task of unloading a truck. It seemed to him that the driver plunged an iron bar into his eye and then pulled the organ out and threw it onto the ground. He cried out in terrible pain, “Oh, you have pulled out my eye.” His wife woke up and asked, “Why are you crying out like that?”

“It's nothing,” he continued, “cover me up, I feel so cold!”

He fell asleep again and this time he dreamt he was standing in front of the very same monastery.

A monk appeared and asked what was troubling him. “My eye is so sore,” Alexander replied.

“Have you been here a long time?” inquired the monk. “Since morning,” answered Alexander.

“Why didn't you notify us? We would have come earlier to cure you,” and with these words the monk withdrew, only to return a few minutes later. Then he said, “I am going to put this powder in your eye. It will be extremely painful and your eye will swell. Don't be afraid, for it is going to cure you.” He dusted Alexander's eye with the powder and disappeared. Alexander then saw Father Sharbel's name inscribed in the asphalt near

the church. He gave forth a great cry and awoke. He asked his wife if his eye was swollen. "But it is," she marveled, "very much so!"

It was at this moment that an admirable scene took place. Joyfully, Alexander said to his wife, "Bring me the picture of Father Sharbel." He covered his healthy eye with a handkerchief and gazing at the image with his damaged one, made the sign of the cross and cried out, "I can see it, I am cured!"

The neighbors came running. With one impassioned voice, they praised God and offered up thanks for His benevolence. Dr. Salhab was summoned and could only verify the recovery. He periodically examined Alexander on subsequent occasions and consulted other specialists. The same gentlemen took up the study of this phenomenon and all unanimously declared: "Alexander, who lost the use of one eye thirteen years ago, now sees normally with both eyes. The deteriorated iris, which no longer permitted light to pass through, is now perfectly healthy."

A canonical inquiry was convened which verified the miracle. The entire village of Baabdat testified that Alexander, blacksmith by trade, had been blind in one eye, and that he had recovered the use of his blind eye by the intercession of Father Sharbel.

Miracle of Hohad Shami

Nouhad Shami is 55 years old. She is married and has 12 children (7 sons and 5 daughters). In 1993, she had hemiplegia. Dr. Joseph Chami and Dr. Antoine Nachanakian and Dr. Majid Chami deduced that the hemiplegia was due to the total obstruction of the brain left arteries and 70% of the right ones and there is no cure.

Her husband had to help her to go to the bathroom and her children had to feed her with a straw. Then her oldest son went to the hermitage of Saint Sharbel and brought consecrated oil and sand from his tomb. On January 22, 1993, she had an awful headache and a pain in the right side. She started praying to the Holy Virgin Mary and St. Sharbel saying: "What did I do? Why did you do this to me? I am not imposing my will, but if you want you can heal me, or else take my soul, it is at your disposal. I accept all what you want."

That same night, she had a dream, "a blinding light coming into her room, 2 monks came near her bed; Saint Sharbel put his hand on her neck and said, "I am here to make a surgery to your pain." I turned around but couldn't see his face as a blinding light was coming out of his body and eyes. I said, "Father, why do you want to make a surgery, the doctors didn't advise me to do so?" He replied: "I am Father Sharbel and I want to do so." I looked at the Virgin Mary's statue and said: "Virgin Mary, please help me. How are these monks going to undertake a surgery and suture the cut without anesthesia?" I felt at that moment an awful pain and Saint Sharbel was rubbing my neck.

When Saint Sharbel finished, the other monk approached holding a pillow, helped me to sit straight, put the pillow behind my back and gave me the cup of water and the straw which were beside me. He put his hand under my head and told me: "Drink this water." I said, "Father, I can't drink without a straw." He replied: "We made the surgery, you have to drink and walk too."

She woke up and realized that she could use her disabled hand and move her leg under the blanket. She walked and looked at the mirror and saw 2 cuts in her neck, one to the left and the other to the right, each of 12 cm approximately. When her husband saw her walking he hollered loudly: "How did you come here all by yourself? You may fall and this would be another catastrophe." She moved her hand and said to him, "Don't worry, Saint Sharbel healed me, I can walk."

The following day, she went to the hermitage of Saint Sharbel with her husband and children to thank Saint Sharbel for his graces. When she came back home all her relatives and friends were very surprised.

The news spread very quickly. Visitors started coming from everywhere. Then Saint Sharbel appeared to her and said: "Show yourself to the people, I performed this surgery so that people can see the incision. Lot of people left the Church, they neglect praying and respecting the saints ... I want you to visit the hermitage every 22 of the month and attend Mass from now on."

This Weekend: Sat-Sun., July 20-21: 10th Sunday of Pentecost

Saturday, July 20 at 4:00 pm:

- ✠ Janis & George Thomas (Ohio) by their last will
- ✠ John Glaser by his sisters Kathy Boehm & Mary Gotses & Families
- ✠ John Shiben by Erica Shiben & Family

Sunday, July 21 at 10:30 am:

- ✠ LaVerne Thomas (Anniversary) by Dr. Frenn, Diane & Justin and Andrea and Zack Riedel
- ✠ John Shiben by Erica Shiben and Family
- ✠ Mary Stees by her Family

Weekdays Mass Schedule

Monday, July 22: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Tuesday, July 23 Mass at Noon: Feast of Saint Sharbel

- ✠ Deceased of the Thomas, Splatt & Nutter Families by John & Kathy Thomas (MN)
- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will
- ✠ Earl Ragase by his wife Mary & Family
- ✠ John Shiben by Erica Shiben & Family

Wednesday, July 24: No Mass. Office works.

Thursday, July 25, Mass at Noon:

- ✠ William F. Shutler (Anniversary) by his sister Janet D. Shutler
- ✠ Janis & George Thomas (Ohio) by their last will
- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her last Will

Friday, July 26: No Mass. Visitations of the sick.

Next Weekend: Sat-Sun., July 27-28: 11th Sunday of Pentecost

Saturday, July 27 at 4:00 pm:

- ✠ George Alan Weisner (Anniversary) by his wife Jean & Family
- ✠ Barbara Hodulik (Birthday) by Larry & Becky Ferrera
- ✠ John Glaser by his sisters Kathy Boehm & Mary Gotses & Families

Sunday, July 28 at 10:30 am:

- ✠ Ann Marie (Weisner) and Richard Serafin (40th Wedding Anniversary) by Mary Beth Weisner
- ✠ John Shiben by Erica Shiben & Family

Coming Parish Events

91st Mahrajan News Update

--**Mahrajan Date:** Sunday, August 11, 2024 from 11:00 am until 6:00 pm at Oglebay Park.

--Church Dance Troupe Announcement

We are looking for kids and young adults to participate in our parish dance troupe for the 91st Mahrajan! If you know anyone who would be interested, please contact the church at 304-233-1688. Practices will be held every Sunday starting April 7 after 10:30 am Mass. Mrs. Nesrin Alkhouri

--**Mass:** Outdoor Mass at Oglebay at **10:00 a.m.** not 10:30 am.

--**Program:** Live Band, Belly dancers, inflatables, face painting, souvenirs, Lebanese Food, shish kebab, pastry, wine, beer, adult and children games, and much more.

--**Raffle Prize:** will be \$10,000 if all 1,000 numbered tickets are sold.

--**Magnet:** Save the Date Magnet was mailed to everyone on the church mailing list.

--**Brochures:** more than 5,000 are mailed to many addresses around us.

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

July 22: Grace Klein, Mark Boehm
 July 26: Anna Marie Duymich
 July 30: Dee Shiben, Susan John Burns
 August 1: Anthony Ferrera
 August 2: Rosella C. DeMuth
 August 16: Tara George Musilli
 August 17: Judy Bedway
 August 20: Tricia Committee

<i>Your Church Support Last Week</i>	
\$999.00	Sunday Collection
70.00	Candles
32.00	Coffee hour
440.00	Donation to the church
817.00	Mahrajan
297.25	Utilities
\$2655.25	Total Deposits: <i>May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!</i> Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Susan Burns, Liz Murad, Mark McLaughlin

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)
 Regina, Shelly and Gavin Hancher, Mary Zigler (sister of Lillian Siebieda), Dolores Oser, Sally Sengewalt, Anthony Wakim, Earl Duffy, Fran Saseen, Sandra DeMuth, Justin Frenn, Elia Frenn, Patty Fahey, Patty Olinsky, Julia Schiess (daughter of Leo Bleifus), Fred Schweizer (brother of our organist Mary Lee Porter),

What's New?

Diocese Pilgrimage to Poland and Prague

When: From August 26 to September 4, 2024. Space is limited
 Where: Poland and Prague
 Cost: \$2,900.00 double occupancy. Price per person
 Information: call our Diocese at 323-336-3168 or 818-626-9193

Diocese Pilgrimage to Canonization

Subject: Canonization of the three Massabki Brothers
 Where: Rome
 When: From October 15 till 24th, 2024.
 Sites to visit: Rome, Polsen, Orvieto, Florence, Assisi, Casia, Naples
 Information: call our Diocese at 323-336-3168 or 818-626-9193

Spirituality: Jesus journey on earth

As I sit here quietly. Just me and my Lord,
 My mind keeps reviewing His loves and His word.
 Oh, how He loves me With heart pure as gold.
 His whole life's story In my mind does unfold.

He was born in Bethlehem Of a Virgin so sweet.
 He came to take our problems And this promise He did keep.
 When at the age of twelve He said, "I'm about my Father's business."

His mission on earth had just begun. His mission was forgiveness.

At thirty years of age He left The home where He was raised.
He joined with John the Baptist: Together they gave God praise.
Then to the River Jordan He went With John to be baptized.
A voice came down from heaven and said, "My Son, I am well pleased."

The Holy Spirit descended over Him In the form of a dove.
The heavens rejoiced with singing of hymns As blessings came down from above.
He traveled by foot around the earth. His Apostles for to find.
And one by one He beckoned them. The Holy Spirit filled their minds.

He preached the story of Redemption. He healed the sick, and cured the blind.
Told us He came for our salvation. He came to save all mankind.
He preached to the multitudes, They followed Him around.
From Him they heard the Beatitudes. A new awareness of God they found.

He stilled the water of the sea. He fed them fish and bread.
He explained about the Trinity. Raised Lazarus from the dead.
He told them all about their sins And how to obtain Redemption.
Repentance must come from deep within, By grace you gain salvation.

Three years later, His mission completed, Before Pontius Pilot He stood.
The crowd exclaiming, "He is defeated. This Jesus, who was so good.
A Crown of Thorns was placed on His Head. They beat Him 'til they drew blood.
They shouted to Pilot, "We want Him dead," And this was the Son of God.

They sentenced Him to die today. So to Calvary's hill they walked
And on His back He carried That heavy wooden Cross.
He hung there for three hours In agony and pain.
From that day to this The world has never been the same.

They placed Him in a borrowed tomb. He had none to call His own.
The boulder was pushed back into place And His Body was left alone.
Sunday morning the women came To anoint Him with oil and spices.
This was the custom of the day. To them, He had been precious.

He met them by the roadside, And said, "Why weep you today?"
They said, "Our Master's gone, "They've rolled the stone away."
He told them to "just dry those tears, "Rejoice, it's Resurrection Day!
"I am the Lord you're looking for. "Today I rose to save."

Two thousand years have gone by Since on this earth He walked.
Each phase of His life we commemorate And remember what He taught.
He ascended into Heaven To sit in glory with our God.
With open arms He'll welcome us. Our reward was by Him bought.

All praise and honor we do give Him. Praise to Mary too.
Praise to God and Holy Spirit, All Three are One.
He blessed us all, here on earth. He'll bless us all in Heaven.
We have been His from our birth. Eternal Life He's given.

A Time to Laugh (125)

Flap your arms

A frantic-sounding pilot radioed in to the control tower.

“Pilot to tower. Pilot to tower. This is Flight 109...”

We have an emergency! I'm 400 miles out to sea and out of fuel. Please instruct.”

The control tower hesitated, then came back to the pilot.

“Sorry, Flight 109, there are no solutions in the manual.”

The pilot responded, “Tower, that’s not what I wanted to hear. Check solutions again.”

The tower responded, “Okay, let’s give this a try... Repeat after me, ‘Hail Mary, full of grace...”

Do I gotta Go?

One Sunday morning a mother calls her son to get him out of bed to get ready for Mass. Her son, groggy and grumpy yells out, “I’m not going!”

To that the mother replied, “Yes, you are going! Now get out of bed!”

The son replied, “Why should I. Give me just one good reason.”

To that, the mother said, “Okay, I’ll give you three good reasons: ONE, I’m your mother and I say so! TWO, You’re 45 years old and should not need to be told; and THREE, you’re the priest, so you have to be there!”

Career Choices

One day, Sister Josephine asked her fifth grade class of Catholic students what they planned to be when they grew up. One by one, the children responded with various occupations such as a firefighter, a nurse, a teacher, etc. Finally, Sister Josephine got to little Kristy, who said, “When I grow up I’m going to be a prostitute!” A chock wave raced through the room and Sister Josephine glared back at the little girl and said, “What did you just say?” Kristy replied, “I want to be a prostitute.” Sister Josephine smiled a sigh of relief saying, “O” Thank God!... I thought you said you wanted to be Protestant.”

Holy Humor

A father was approached by his small son who told him proudly, "I know what the Bible means!"

His father smiled and replied, "What do you mean, you 'know' what the Bible means?"

The son replied, "I do know!" "Okay," said his father. "What does the Bible mean?" "That's easy, Daddy..." the young boy replied excitedly, "It stands for 'Basic Information Before Leaving Earth.'"

Holy Humor

There was a very gracious lady who was mailing an old family Bible to her brother in another part of the country. "Is there anything breakable in here?" asked the postal clerk.

"Only the Ten Commandments." answered the lady.

Famous Quotes (28)

--We could learn a lot from crayons: some are sharp, some are pretty, some are dull, some have weird names, and all are different colors.....but they all have to learn to live in the same box.

--Everything should be made as simple as possible, but no simpler.

--A truly happy person is one who can enjoy the scenery on a detour.

--Happiness comes through doors you didn't even know you left open.

--Once over the hill, you pick up speed.

--I love cooking with wine. Sometimes I even put it in the food.

--If not for STRESS I'd have no energy at all.

--Whatever hits the fan will not be evenly distributed.

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