



August 25, 2024

Bulletin #34

Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church

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Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor

Mary Lee Porter, Ed.D. Organist



15th 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.

15th Sunday of Pentecost

Readings: Mic 7:7-20; 1Thes 1:1-10 and Lk 7:36-50

Jesus associated a number of women with him in his mission, though in those times women hardly counted for anything outside their families. He went further, he cut across a series of taboos in order to receive the repentance of a sinful woman.

During a meal given Jesus by the Pharisee Simon, someone quite unexpected came in: doubtless a prostitute — rabbinical teaching said prostitutes should be kept at a distance of two yards. Perhaps she had been following and listening to Jesus for some time. Now, anyway, she was prepared to change her way, recognizing that Jesus had come for just such a person as herself. She displayed none of Simon's calculated reserve. Her tears have the freshness of sorrow, flowing from her heart: by means of these tears, happy and sad all at once, bliss opens up, 'for the rear alone leads to the laugh of blessedness' (Origen).

Without knowing it she is worthy of pardon, and Jesus is not mistaken: after all he had won her before she had surrendered herself. Compared to Simon, who believed he had little to do to obtain forgiveness, and so was hard in his complacency, the woman is held by grace, and the love of God is able to pierce her armor and change the heart of stone into a heart of flesh.

'Your sins are forgiven.' Jesus bears no resemblance to a patcher-up of consciences. Recognition of his mercy, greater than the heavens, will save us from astonishment: from a rag picked up from the mud he makes a wedding dress; with no-good grain he harvests a saint, If it is true that living beings look like the way they are looked at, we owe our existence to Christ's look of love. In him, moreover, my death is no longer ahead of but behind me: I now can try to live, try to love. Like the sinful woman I have the chance of a fresh start.

From the desk of the pastor

Dear supporters of the church,

If you attend our church regularly and you file for income tax, you need a statement from the church about your contributions from January 1st until December 31st. All donations to a charitable organization or to a church are tax deductible. In order to make easy on us and on you, please tell Monsignor Bakhos that you need offering envelopes for the year 2025. We are happy to give you a free box of weekly envelopes. Thanks for all your donations and for your cooperation.

-Msgr Bakhos

This Weekend, August 24-25: 15th Sunday of Pentecost

Saturday, August 24 at 4:00 pm:

- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- ✠ Noel Foreman by his wife Anne and Family
- ✠ Gene & Janice Roxby by their son Joe Roxby
- ✠ Special Intention

Sunday, August 25 at 10:30 am:

- ✠ Noel Foreman by his wife Anne and Family
- ✠ John Shiben by Erica Shiben & Family

Weekdays Mass Schedule

Monday, August 26: No Mass. Pastor's day off.

Tuesday, August 27 Mass at Noon:

- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will
- ✠ Janis & George Thomas (Ohio) by their last will
- ✠ Noel Foreman by his wife Anne and Family

Wednesday, August 28: No Mass. Office works.

Thursday, August 29, Mass at Noon:

- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her last Will
- ✠ John Shiben by Erica Shiben & Family
- ✠ Noel Foreman by his wife Anne and Family

Friday, August 30: No Mass. Visitations of the sick.

Next Weekend, Aug. 31-Sep. 1: 16th Sunday of Pentecost

Saturday, August 31 at 4:00 pm:

- ✠ Bob Sengewalt by his grandchildren: Jeff, Courtney and Pat Sengewalt
- ✠ Gene & Janice Roxby by their son Joe Roxby
- ✠ Noel Foreman by his wife Anne and Family

Sunday, September 1 at 10:30 am:

- ✠ Tom & Mary K. Ferris (Anniversary) by their daughter Denise Ferris
- ✠ Noel Foreman by his wife Anne and Family
- ✠ John Shiben by Erica Shiben & Family

Coming Parish Events

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

- August 25: Al Depto
- August 26: Nathan Wakim, Jessica George
- August 31: Joseph R. Simon
- September 1: Janet Fadoul Wilson
- September 8: Carol Dougherty
- September 9: Gary Weisner, Patrick Stees, Lorenzo Ferrera
- September 10: Chris George
- September 18: Michael Duymich
- September 20: Regina Hancher, Gavin Hancher
- September 24: Luane Frazier

Your Church Support Last Week

\$1,162.00	Sunday Collection
10.00	Candles
6.00	Mahrajan
27.00	Coffee hour
280.00	Donation to the church
\$1,485.00	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, Debbie Blake, 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?

Apology

We apologize for the omission of a Diamond Donor in the 2024 Festival Ad Book, Rose Hankish and Frederick Carpenter for their generous donation in memory of Paul, Patty Ross and Chris Hankish. They will be noted in the 2025 Festival Ad Book as a Diamond Donors.

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: Just checking in

A minister passing through his church
 In the middle of the day,
 Decided to pause by the altar
 And see who had come to pray.
 Just then the back door opened,
 A man came down the aisle,
 The minister frowned as he saw
 The man hadn't shaved in a while.
 His shirt was kinda shabby
 And his coat was worn and frayed,
 The man knelt, he bowed his head,
 Then rose and walked away.
 In the days that followed,
 Each noon time came this chap,
 Each time he knelt just for a moment,
 A lunch pail in his lap.
 Well, the minister's suspicions grew,
 With robbery a main fear,
 He decided to stop the man and ask him,
 "What are you doing here?"
 The old man said, he worked down the road.
 Lunch was half an hour
 Lunchtime was his prayer time,
 For finding strength and power.
 "I stay only moments, see,
 Because the factory is so far away;
 As I kneel here talking to the Lord,
 This is kinda what I say:
 "I JUST CAME AGAIN TO TELL YOU, LORD,
 HOW HAPPY I'VE BEEN,
 SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHER'S FRIENDSHIP
 AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN.
 DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY,
 BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY.
 SO, JESUS, THIS IS JIM CHECKING IN TODAY."
 The minister feeling foolish,
 Told Jim, that was fine.
 He told the man he was welcome
 To come and pray just anytime.
 Time to go, Jim smiled, said "Thanks."
 He hurried to the door.
 The minister knelt at the altar,
 He'd never done it before.
 His cold heart melted, warmed with love,
 And met with Jesus there.
 As the tears flowed, in his heart,
 He repeated old Jim's prayer ...
 Past noon one day, the minister noticed
 That old Jim hadn't come.
 As more days passed without Jim,
 He began to worry some.
 At the factory, he asked about him,
 Learning he was ill.
 The hospital staff was worried,
 But he'd given them a thrill.
 The week that Jim was with them,
 Brought changes in the ward.
 His smiles, a joy contagious.
 Changed people, were his reward.

The head nurse couldn't understand Why Jim was so glad,
When no flowers, calls or cards came, Not a visitor he had.

The minister stayed by his bed, He voiced the nurse's concern:
No friends came to show they cared. He had nowhere to turn.

Looking surprised, old Jim spoke up And with a winsome smile; "the nurse is wrong, she couldn't know, That in here all the while everyday at noon He's here, a dear friend of mine, you see, He sits right down, takes my hand, Leans over and says to me:

"I JUST CAME AGAIN TO TELL YOU, JIM, HOW HAPPY I HAVE BEEN, SINCE WE FOUND THIS FRIENDSHIP, AND I TOOK AWAY YOUR SIN. ALWAYS LOVE TO HEAR YOU PRAY, I THINK ABOUT YOU EACH DAY, AND SO JIM, THIS IS JESUS CHECKING IN TODAY."

Wisdom: Special message for you

1000 years ago today, someone moved beyond their own fears and needs... and you were the result.

900 years ago, someone chose first to understand rather need to be understood ...and you were the result.

800 years ago, someone chose to accept someone at a deep level within themselves ... and you were the result.

700 years ago, someone chose to forgive a wrong that after much struggle and heartbreak they discovered was not beyond forgiveness...and you were the result.

600 years ago, someone chose to let go... of an old idea, an old grudge, an old way of doing things... and you were the result.

500 years ago, someone chose to commit to telling the truth no matter what... and you were the result.

400 years ago, someone chose to re-ignite their heart and believe in love again... and you were the result.

300 years ago, someone chose to respond with leadership and vision rather than react... and you were the result.

200 years ago, someone chose to trust, to have faith, in spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary... and you were the result.

100 years ago, someone chose to connect, to join, to be vulnerable rather than maintain the walls they had built up inside... and you were the result.

A few years ago, someone took a risk, with a smile, a kind word, a phone call, flowers... and you were the result.

Now it's your turn... Early in the 31st century someone will evolve from what you choose to do today.

Choose life and love over fear and there will be someone as beautiful as you.

Other Wisdom

- People, like nails, lose their effectiveness when they lose direction and begin to bend.

(Walter Savage Landor)

- If opportunity doesn't knock, build a door!" *(Author Unknown)*

- People may forget how you did a job, but they will remember how well you did it!

- A teacher asked a student to sum up Socrates' life in four lines.

Here's what he said: 1- Socrates lived long ago. 2- He was very intelligent. 3- He gave long speeches. 4- His friends poisoned him.

Story

Good storytellers abound in the priesthood, and the great ones are worth their weight in gold. One of the very best is Father Bill, whose books frequently remind us of the role of stories in arriving at profound and heartfelt truths.

"Jesus obviously was a natural story teller and those who followed him picked up the habit.... The real work of spreading the Good News fell to accounts of Jesus, his disciples, and a whole array of saints. Legends, tales, epics, and myths were the embodiment of deep truths. Stories told of how people actually lived the Gospel."

Here's the story of the way a priest lived the temperance gospel -the hard way, on Skid Row. Father Bill calls it "a story of sin, grace, repentance, sharing, and celebration."

A few years ago, I lay desperately sick on a motel floor in a southern city. I learned later that within a few hours, if left unattended, I would have gone into alcoholic convulsions and might have died. At that point in time, I did not know I was an alcoholic. I crawled to the telephone but was shaking and quivering so badly that I could not dial. Finally, I managed one digit and got the operator. "Please help me," I pleaded. "Call Alcoholics Anonymous." She took my name and address. Within ten minutes a man walked in the door. I had never seen him before and he had no idea who I was. But he had the Breath of the Father on his face and an immense reverence for my life. He scooped me up in his arms and raced me to a detox center. There began the agony of withdrawal. Anyone who has been down both sides of the street will tell you that withdrawal from alcohol can be no less severe than withdrawal from heroin.

To avoid bursting into tears, I will spare the reader that odyssey of shame and pain, unbearable guilt, remorse and humiliation. But the stranger brought me back to life. His words might sound corny to you, like tired old clichés. But they were words of life to me. This fallen-away Catholic who had not been to the eucharistic table in years told me that the Father loved me, that God had not abandoned me, that the Lord would draw good from what had happened. He told me that right now the name of the game isn't guilt and fear and shame but survival. He told me to forget about what I had lost and focus on what I had left.

He gave me an article explaining alcoholism as a biopsychological sickness, that an alcoholic is a biological freak who cannot stop drinking once he takes the first drink. The stranger told me to feel no more guilt than if I were recovering from some other disease like cancer or diabetes. Above all else, he affirmed me in my emptiness and loved me in my loneliness. Again and again, he told me of the Father's love; how, when his children stumble and fall, he does not scold them but scoops them up and comforts them. Later I learned that my benefactor was an itinerant laborer who shaped up daily at Manpower, a local employment agency. He put cardboard in his work shoes to cover the holes. Yet, when I was able to eat, he bought me my first dinner at McDonald's. For seven days and seven nights, he breathed life into me physically and spiritually and asked nothing in return. Later I learned that he had lost his family and fortune through drinking. In his loneliness he turns on his little TV at midnight. Every night before bed he spends fifteen minutes reading a meditation book, praises God for his mercy, thanks him for what he has left, prays for all alcoholics, then goes to his window, raises the shade, and blesses the world.

Two years later I returned to the same city. My friend still lived there, but I had no address or telephone number. So, I called A.A. In one of life's tragic ironies, I learned that he had been twelve-stepping too often. There is a buzz word with the A.A. community -HALT. Don't let yourself get too hungry, angry, lonely, or tired or you will be very vulnerable to that first drink. My friend was burned out from helping others and went back on the sauce.

As I drove through Skid Row, I spotted a man in a doorway who I thought was my friend. He wasn't. Just another drunk wino who was neither sober nor drunk. Just dry. He hadn't had a drink in twenty-four hours and his hands trembled violently. He reached out and asked, "Hey, man, can you gimme a dollar to get some wine?"

I knelt down before him and took his hands in mine. I looked into his eyes. They filled with tears. I leaned over and kissed his hands. He began to cry. He didn't want a dollar. He wanted what I wanted two years earlier lying on the motel floor -to be accepted in his brokenness, to be affirmed in his worthlessness, to be loved in his loneliness. He wanted to be relieved of what Mother Teresa of Calcutta, with her vast personal experience of human misery, says is the worst suffering of all -the feeling of not being accepted or wanted. I never located my friend.

Several days later I was celebrating the Eucharist for a group of recovering alcoholics. Midway through the homily, my friend walked in the door. My heart skipped. But he disappeared during the distribution of Communion and did not return. Two days later, I received a letter from him that read in part: "Two nights ago in my own clumsy way I prayed for the right to belong, just to belong among you at the holy Mass of Jesus. You will never know what you did for me last week on Skid Row. You didn't see me, but I saw you. I was standing just a few feet away in a storefront window. When I saw you kneel down and kiss that wino's hands, you wiped away from my eyes the blank stare of the breathing dead. When I saw you really cared, my heart began to grow wings, small wings, feeble wings, but wings. I threw my bottle of ... wine down the sewer. Your tenderness and understanding breathed life into me, and I want you to know that. You released me from my

shadow world of panic, fear, and self-hatred. God, what a lonely prison I was living in. Father Bill, if you should ever wonder who your friend is, remember I am someone you know very well, I am every man you meet and every woman you meet ... Am I also you?"

His letter ends, "Wherever I go, sober by the grace of God one day at a time, I will thank God for you."

A Time to Laugh (130)

A Priest And A Bus Driver

A priest and a bus driver both died and went to heaven at the same time. They get to the pearly gates where St. Peter greets them. He motions to the priest, and they both hop in a jeep and go out the back door. There are about 50 acres of rolling hills with a little cottage on the knoll. St. Peter turns to the priest and says, *"This will be yours for eternity. A perfect little cottage, right next to a wishing well. Anything you wish on that wishing well will come true guaranteed."*

The priest says, *"Oh, thank you so much. This I shall enjoy!"*

St. Peter drops off the priest, goes back to the pearly gates and motions to the bus driver. They hop in a stretch limo and go out the front door. There are about 500 acres of land, with mountains and lakes and rivers. There is a huge castle on one of the mountains with about 200 rooms. St. Peter says, *"This will be yours for eternity. You can live in that castle with servants to wait on you hand and foot, and you can have everything you want."*

The bus driver looks at St. Peter and says *"Well, now, don't think I'm not grateful, but shouldn't the priest get all this, not me? Shouldn't I get the cottage and 50 acres instead?"* St. Peter just laughs and says, *"The reason you get all this is because when the priest preached, everyone fell asleep. Now, when you drove your bus, people prayed!"*

A Load Off My Mind

A clergyman, walking down a country lane, sees a young farmer struggling to load hay back onto a cart after it had fallen off. *"You look hot, my son,"* said the cleric. *"Why don't you rest a moment, and I'll give you a hand."* *"No thanks,"* said the young man. *"My father wouldn't like it."* *"Don't be silly,"* the minister said. *"Everyone is entitled to a break. Come and have a drink of water."*

Again the young man protested that his father would be upset. Losing his patience, the clergyman said, *"Your father must be a real slave driver. Tell me where I can find him and I'll give him a piece of my mind!"* *"Well,"* replied the young farmer, *"he's under the load of hay."*

Famous Quotes (32)

--"I long to accomplish a great and noble task, but it is my chief duty to accomplish small tasks as if they were great and noble." (**Helen Keller**)

--"The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power." (**Hugh White**)

--"Success doesn't come to you, you go to it." (**Marva Collins**)

--"The greatest things ever done on Earth have been done little by little." (**William Jennings Bryan**)

--"Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any other one thing." (**Abraham Lincoln**)

--"The young do not know enough to be prudent, and therefore they attempt the impossible -- and achieve it, generation after generation." (**Pearl S. Buck**)

--"What we think or what we know or what we believe is, in the end, of little consequence.

The only consequence is what we do." (**John Ruskin**)

--"For every failure, there's an alternative course of action. You just have to find it.

--When you come to a roadblock, take a detour." (**Mary Kay Ash**)

--"If you want to be happy, set a goal that commands your thoughts, liberates your energy, and inspires your hopes." (**Andrew Carnegie**)

