

Parish Prayer List (Living)

(Parish)

Evangelos	Carolyn	Robert	Subdcn Jason
John	Maria	Anamay	Ron
Lawrence	Dianna	Rdr. George	JoAnn
Anthony	Paula	Kathleen	SJ
Beverly	David	Michael	Anastasia
Nina	Walter	Nathan	Mary
Thomas	Gloria	Thecla	Michael
Reader John	Kimberly	Matthew	Susan Mary
Sbdcn Maximus	Emilia	Photini	George
Magdalini	Constanka	Emil	John Howard
Barbara	John	Pam	Grace
Olga	Marina	Hesychios	Elizabeth
Sophia	Danny	John L.	Evdokia
Nicholas	Mary	Rachel	Katherine
Lily	Theodora	Elizabeth	Joseph
Justine	David	Reader Mark	Silouan
Christopher	Crystal	Rosa-Jane	Ian
Gabriel	Marcia	John R.	Johannah
Xenia			

(non-Parish)

Alexandra	Rachael	Thomas Pappas	Lillian Pappas
Christopher	Fr. Michael	Paige and Paul	Jennifer
Gabriella	Josiah	Jacob	Catherine
Hugh	Raymond	Judy	Mike
Ron	Clint	Peter	Maria
Brian	Brian	Sean	Sara
Ruth	Janet H.	Pam	Ana
Roz	Krista	Marty	Margo
Rob	Kera	Vanessa	Emma
Jane	Scott	Torin	Breanne

Parish Prayer List (Fallen Asleep)

Theodoros Kontos (8/29)

Mary Grace Beall (+9/2)

Mark Kesselak (+9/2)

Olga Rustick (+9/13)

Richard Lynn (+10/11)

Lois Lynn (+10/24)

Thoughts from the Fathers

Marriage is a journey of love. It is the creation of a new human being, a new person, for, as the Gospel says, "the two will be as one flesh" (Mt 19.5; Mk 10.7). God unites two people, and makes them one. From this union of two people, who agree to synchronize their footsteps and harmonize the beating of their hearts, a new human being emerges. Through such profound and spontaneous love, the one becomes a

presence, a living reality, in the heart of the other. "I am married" means that I cannot live a single day, even a few moments, without the companion of my life. My husband, my wife, is a part of my being, of my flesh, of my soul. He or she complements me. He or she is the thought of my mind. He or she is the reason for which my heart beats.

Archimandrite Aimilianos of Simonopetra, Mount Athos

The world is suffering. The heart of the creature is weeping. The crucified soul languishes in the forsakenness by God on the cross. But the world is not forsaken in its sorrow. Man is not alone in his pain. The maternal heart is wounded and torn together with us, the Mother of God weeps over us. The tearful prayer of the Most Pure One is a prayer with us and for us. And we know whose heart whose heart we wound with our sins; we know by whose tears our fall is washed clean. Every creature knows that it is not forgotten by the Mother, to whom every human soul is dear. What consolation is greater than this? We believe and know that, in the present day too, the Merciful One intercedes with prayer and weeps....

Sergius Bulgakov

Faith in Christ is not merely neglect of the pleasures of life, but also a good and patient disposition of the soul in enduring all temptations, whether griefs, sorrows or unpleasant happenings, until God's favor looks down upon us; thus we would imitate David who says: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry" (Ps. 39:1). (In other words, I bore my sorrows in hope that the Lord would help me; therefore the Lord, seeing me await His help without wavering, looked down upon me and showed me His mercy.

Saint Simeon the New Theologian

A fire was suddenly kindled in my soul. I fell in love with the prophets and these men who had loved Christ; I reflected on all their words and found that this philosophy alone was true and profitable. That is how and why I became a philosopher. And I wish that everyone felt the same way that I do.

St. Justin the Philosopher (Justin Martyr), Dialog with Tyrpho

"There is nothing better than peace in Christ, for it brings victory over all the evil spirits on earth and in the air. When peace dwells in a man's heart it enables him to contemplate the grace of the Holy Spirit from within. He who dwells in peace collects spiritual gifts as it were with a scoop, and he sheds the light of knowledge on others. All our thoughts, all our desires, all our efforts, and all our actions should make us say constantly with the Church: "O Lord, give us peace!" When a man lives in peace, God reveals mysteries to him.'

--*St. Seraphim of Sarov, On Inward Peace.*

+++++

Blessed Symeon, the Simple Porter of Piraeus, by Fr. Pancratios Sanders

In 1922 there came from Asia Minor with the refugees a Greek orphan named Symeon. He settled in Piraeus in a small shack and there grew up by himself. He had a carriage by which he did the work of a porter, carrying things to the port of Piraeus. He was illiterate and did not even know many things about our faith. He had blessed simplicity and simple unquestionable faith. When he came to the age of marriage he was betrothed, had two children, and moved with his family to Nikaia. Every morning he went to the port of Piraeus to make his little bread money. However, each morning he would pass the Church of Saint Spyridon, enter within, and stand before the icon screen. Then he would remove his hat and say: "Good morning, my Christ, it is Symeon. Help me to make my bread." At night when he would finish his work and pass the church, he would again enter and stand before the icon screen, saying: "Good evening, my Christ, it is Symeon. I thank you that you helped me today once again." And so did the years of blessed Symeon pass. Around the year 1950 all the members of his family fell ill with tuberculosis and reposed in the Lord. Symeon was left all alone and continued his job without complaint and never failed to pass by the Church of Saint Spyridon to wish Christ a good morning and a good evening, asking his help and thanking him.

When Symeon aged, he became ill. He entered the hospital and was hospitalized for about a month. A matron from Patras asked him at one point: "Pappou, you have been here so many days, yet no one has come to visit you. Do you have no one in the world?"

"My child, every morning and evening Christ comes and consoles me."

"And what does he say, Pappou?"

"Good morning Symeon, it is Christ, have patience. Good evening Symeon, it is Christ, have patience."

The matron thought this was strange and invited her Spiritual Father, Fr. Christodoulos Fasos, to come and see Symeon, since perhaps he was deluded. Fr. Christodoulos visited him, they had a conversation, he asked the same question, and Symeon made the same response. During the same morning and evening hours that Symeon would go to the church and greet Christ, now Christ greeted Symeon. The Spiritual Father asked him: "Perhaps it is your imagination?"

"No, Father, I am not delusional. It is Christ."

"Did he come today?"

"He came."

"And what did he say?"

"Good morning Symeon, it is Christ, have patience. In three days I will bring you near to me, early in the morning."

The Spiritual Father every day went to the hospital, spoke with him, and learned about his life. He understood that this was perhaps a blessed man. On the third day, in the early morning, he went again to see Symeon to confirm if the foreseeing of his death would come to pass. Indeed, as they were chatting, Symeon suddenly shouted: "Christ has come!", and he reposed in the sleep of the righteous. May his memory be eternal!