

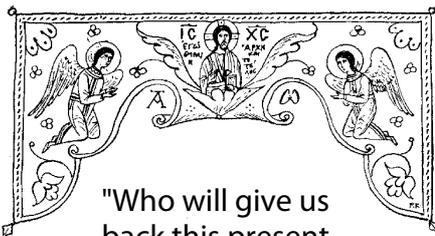


SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD
17TH SUNDAY OF PENTECOST
CONCEPTION OF THE BAPTIST

8:40a.m. Hours
 9:00a.m. Divine Liturgy
 Coffee Hour

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH
 6:00p.m. Vespers

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH
18TH SUNDAY OF PENTECOST
 8:40a.m. Hours
 9:00a.m. Divine Liturgy
 Coffee Hour
 Parish Council Meeting



"Who will give us
 back this present
 time if we waste it?"

Saint Dorotheos of Gaza

CHRIST THE SAVIOR ORTHODOX CHURCH

1400 Coastal Highway; Fenwick Island, DE
 302-537-6055 (church) / 302-988-1138 (rectory)
 orthodoxdelmarva.org / frjohn@orthodoxdelmarva.org

BULLETIN OF SEPTEMBER 23, 2007

Please Remember in Prayer

Bill Yanuk, who is recovering from surgery. If you have a prayer request, please let Fr. John know and he will share it.

The Parish Council

will meet Sunday, September 30th, after the coffee hour.



A Class on our Faith – Orthodoxy 101

will begin on Monday, October 29th, at 7pm at the church. This class, which will meet twice a month, will be for inquirers as well as those who are already Orthodox. Dates and topics for each class will be posted in advance. There will be no required reading (and no exams!). The first two classes will be an overview of Church history; the first and second millennia. For more information, please speak with Fr. John.

Did You Know?

The Sunday bulletin and sermon, as well as the monthly calendar, are available on our parish website: orthodoxdelmarva.org. If you miss a Sunday and don't have the internet but would still like a copy of the bulletin and/or sermon please let Fr. John know and he will mail it to you. Extra copies of recent bulletins are also available for pickup in the back of the church, just ask one of the ushers.



About Our New Candles

Our new beeswax candles are from a different candle factory. The new supplier is St. Zosima Church Supply, whose apiaries are located in upstate New York. In addition to the wide variety of candle sizes this company supplies, St. Zosima also offers a 10% discount to mission parishes. For more information, please visit stzosima.com or speak with Fr. John.

Ongoing Fundraisers

In addition to our Scrip Program, which raises money for our Mission through the sale of gift cards, you can also show your support by purchasing Tastefully Simple Foods, through Ginny Seeley. For more information please contact Ginny at fourseeleys@comcast.net.

READER SCHEDULE

Sunday, Sept. 30th
 Hours: Mat. Emily
 Epistle: Mat. Emily

Sunday, October 7th
 Hours: Mat. Emily
 Epistle: Mat. Emily



Repentance – Two Covenants / Two Understandings

Old Testament

In Hebrew, the idea of repentance is represented by two verbs: *שׁוּב* *shuv* (to return) and *נִחַם* *nicham* (to feel sorrow).

New Testament

In Greek, the word for 'repentance' is *μετάνοια* (a change of mind), meaning to think differently, and to live differently.

ABOUT THE USE OF CANDLES IN ORTHODOX WORSHIP

From an article appearing on religious-supply.com.

Candles appeared in all Orthodox churches in the first centuries of our era. Eusebius of Caesarea records that during the paschal vigil such a quantity of candles were lit by the faithful that the night itself became as day. There were wax candles the sizes of which made them look like actual pillars. In answer to the accusations of the schismatic Vigilantius, who berated the Orthodox for lighting candles in their churches during daylight also, St. Jerome (342-420) says "in all Eastern churches candles are lit during the reading of the Gospel not only so as to shed light and dispel the gloom but also to proclaim one's joy."

Over the centuries, the Orthodox candle has burnt gently and humbly and is now, as it was then, imbued with profound meaning, inalienable from our Orthodox divine services and Orthodox piety. Apart from the fact that the small sacrifice, the mite given by each Christian for the candle he lights, benefits the Church in real terms, by lighting a candle, each Christian enters into closer contact with the church and the service, participating in it more actively and invisibly warming his soul by the visible light of the candle. We must understand that man's immortal soul dwells in man's mortal body.

The immortal soul cannot be indifferent to pious deeds committed by the body which is its home.

As the body bows, so does the soul bow with it and grows obedient. We are human; we need to see, to feel, to smell and to hear. And in the church, candles burn with the divine light; the ringing of bells sanctifies the air; incense reminds us of the fragrance of prayers; and from each icon the Savior Himself, the Mother of God and all the saints mysteriously look at us and we look at Their holy im-

ages as two worlds come face to face: the dwellers of the Kingdom of God and we, the sinners.

Pious Orthodox people will preserve throughout the year the candles they light during the readings of the Passion Gospels on Holy Thursday. They make a sign of the cross with these candles over the doors to their homes. They

light them during difficult moments of their lives. On Easter night, the candles born, by the faithful transform their faces into living icons on which shines the light of God's grace.

But the candle has yet another profound meaning. The burning candle represents the entire life of the faithful, from birth to death. It stands for the inner flame of love for and devotion to God. A Christian should burn like a candle before God, and his whole being should gradually be consumed by this divine flame thus marking the end of his earthly life.



A PATTERN IN MAKING DISCIPLES

- 1) Christ teaches the Word of God, and the Word of God stirs listeners to initial faith.
- 2) Christ involves the new believer in a specific challenge, and the new believer personally experiences the grace of God; he or she feels unworthy, yet amazed.
- 3) Christ calls the new believer to become a permanent disciple and co-worker with God. The new believer freely and totally gives over his or her life to the Lord and has a new sense of mission as Christ's disciple.

BUILDING GREAT CATHEDRALS. WE CANNOT BE SEEN IF WE'RE DOING IT RIGHT.

By Nicole Johnson, with adaptations

It started to happen gradually... One day I was walking my son Jake to school. I was holding his hand and we were about to cross the street when the crossing guard said to him, "Who is that with you, young fella?" "Nobody," he shrugged. Nobody? The crossing guard and I laughed. My son is only 5, but as we crossed the street I thought, "Oh my goodness, nobody?"

I would walk into a room and no one would notice. I would say something to my family - like "Turn the TV down, please" - and nothing would happen. Nobody would get up, or even make a move for the remote. I would stand there for a minute, and then I would say again, a little louder, "Would someone turn the TV down?" Nothing.

Just the other night my husband and I were out at a party. We'd been there for about three hours and I was ready to leave. I noticed he was talking to a friend from work. So I walked over, and when there was a break in the conversation, I whispered, "I'm ready to go when you are." He just kept right on talking.

That's when I started to put all the pieces together. I don't think he can see me. I don't think anyone can see me. I'm invisible.

It all began to make sense, the blank stares, the lack of response, the way one of the kids will walk into the room while I'm on the phone and ask to be taken to the store. Inside I'm thinking, "Can't you see I'm on the phone?" Obviously not. No one can see if I'm on the phone, or cooking, or sweeping the floor, or even standing on my head in the corner, because no one can see me at all. I'm invisible.

Some days I am only a pair of hands, nothing more: Can you fix this? Can you tie this? Can you open this?

Some days I'm not a pair of hands; I'm not even a human being. I'm a clock to ask, "What time is it?" I'm a satellite guide to answer, "What number is the Disney Channel?" I'm a car to order, "Right around 5:30, please."

I was certain that these were the hands that once held books and the eyes that studied history and

the mind that graduated summa cum laude - but now they had disappeared into the peanut butter, never to be seen again. She's going ... she's going ... she's gone!

One night, a group of us were having dinner, celebrating the return of a friend from England. Janice had just gotten back from a fabulous trip, and she was going on and on about the hotel she stayed in. I was sitting there, looking around at the others all put together so well. It was hard not to compare and feel sorry for myself as I looked down at my out-of-style dress; it was the only thing I could find

that was clean. My unwashed hair was pulled up in a banana clip and I was afraid I could actually smell peanut butter in it. I was feeling pretty pathetic, when Janice turned to me with a beautifully wrapped package, and said, "I brought you this."

It was a book on the great cathedrals of Europe. I

wasn't exactly sure why she'd given it to me until I read her inscription: "To Charlotte, with admiration for the greatness of what you are building when no one sees."

In the days ahead I would read - no, devour - the book. And I would discover what would become for me, four life-changing truths, after which I could pattern my work:

- No one can say who built the great cathedrals - we have no record of their names.
- These builders gave their whole lives for a work they would never see finished.
- They made great sacrifices and expected no credit.
- The passion of their building was fueled by their faith that the eyes of God saw everything.

A legendary story in the book told of a rich man who came to visit the cathedral while it was being built, and he saw a workman carving a tiny bird on the inside of a beam. He was puzzled and asked the man, "Why are you spending so much time carving that bird into a beam that will be covered by the roof? No one will ever see it."

And the workman replied, "Because God sees."

Building Great Cathedrals continued on page 4.





Building Great Cathedrals continued from page 3.

I closed the book, feeling the missing piece fall into place. It was almost as if I heard God whispering to me, "I see you, Charlotte. I see the sacrifices you make every day, even when no one around you does. No act of kindness you've done, no sequin you've sewn on, no cupcake you've baked, is too small for me to notice and smile over. You are building a great cathedral, but you can't see right now what it will become."

At times, my invisibility feels like an affliction. But it is not a disease that is erasing my life. It is the cure for the disease of my own self-centeredness. It is the antidote to my strong, stubborn pride.



And so, I try to keep the right perspective when I see myself as a great builder. As one of the people who show up at a job that they will never see finished, to work on something that their name will never be on. The writer of the book went so far as to say that no cathedrals could ever be built in our lifetime because there are so few people willing to sacrifice to that degree.

When I really think about it, I don't want my son to tell the friend he's bringing home from college for Thanksgiving, "My mom gets up at 4 in the morning and bakes homemade pies, and then she hand bastes a turkey for three hours and presses all the linens for the table." That would mean I'd built a shrine or a monument to myself. I just want him to want to come home. And then, if there is anything more to say to his friend, to add, "You're gonna love it there."

As people working hard to build up others – our children, our spouses, our friends – we are helping to build great cathedrals. We cannot be seen if we're doing it right. And one day, it is very possible that the world will marvel, not only at what we have built, but also at the beauty that has been added to the world by the sacrifices of invisible workers.



THE CONCEPTION SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST

Commemorated on September 23rd

The holy Prophet Malachi prophesied that before the Messiah's birth His Forerunner would appear, and would indicate His coming. The Jews therefore in awaiting the Messiah also awaited the appearance of His Forerunner.

In a city of the hills of Judea in Palestine lived the righteous priest St Zachariah and his wife St Elizabeth, zealously observing the commandments of the Lord. The couple, however, had a misfortune: they remained childless in their old age, and they prayed unceasingly to God to grant them a child. Once, when St Zachariah took his turn as priest at the Temple of Jerusalem, he went into the Sanctuary to offer incense. Going behind the veil of the Sanctuary, he beheld an angel of God standing at the right side of the altar of incense. St Zachariah was astonished and halted in fear, but the angel said to him, "Fear not, Zachariah, for your prayer is heard; and your wife Elizabeth will bear you a son, and you shall call his name John." But Zachariah did not believe the words of the heavenly messenger, and then the angel said to him, "I am Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God; and I was sent to speak to you, and to bring you the good news. Behold, you will be silent and unable to speak until the day that these things come to pass, because you did not believe my words...."

Meanwhile, the people were waiting for Zachariah and they were astonished that he had not come out from the Sanctuary after so long a time. And when he did come out, he was supposed to pronounce a blessing upon the people, but could not do so because he had been struck speechless. When Zachariah explained by gestures that he was unable to speak, the people then understood that he had experienced a vision. The prophecy of the Archangel was fulfilled, and Righteous Elizabeth was delivered from her barrenness, and gave birth to John, the Forerunner and Baptist of the Lord.