

Parish Prayer List (Living)

Alexandra	Rachael	Paige	Reader Mark
Andrea	Amanda	Sherry	Joretta
Fr. Michael	Barry	Sean	Tina
James	Nicholas B.	Karin	Andrea & Kirby
Lawrence	Emil	Seraphim	Evdokia
Michael	Helen	Susan K	Bob Wedder
Anna	Erin and baby	Connie	Dcn. William
Fr. George	Kathy Tanner	Anthony	Pauline

Parish Prayer List (Fallen Asleep)

Shawn Visconti (+7/21) Evangelos Georgopoulos (+8/8)
Mark Kesselak (+9/2)

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Coffee Hour Schedule

August 21 – Pani Susan August 28 – Carolyn Crikis
September 4 – open September 11 – open
September 18 – Sharon Piljay September 25 – open

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Schedule of Epistle Readers

August 21 – Van Crikis August 28 – Jeff Robel
September 4 – Billy Scrantom September 11 – Misha S.
September 18 – Bob Piljay September 25 – Van Crikis

Please let me know if you would like to added to the list of Epistle readers, or if you will not be available on the day when you are scheduled.

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Words from the Fathers

The Lord Jesus Christ was humble, meek and good, and with the help of the Lord we too can be humble. Fasting and prayer are the means by which God can change our hearts, but we must approach both with humility and purpose. Saying our prayers quickly just to get through them is no prayer at all. Fasting, likewise, must be done as an offering to God and with a commitment to restore our soul to it's original state. True repentance is the beginning of life and leads to communion

with God. The restoration of our true self can only be done with God's help, for without Him we can do nothing.

Abbot Tryphon, Merciful Savior Monastery, Vashon Island

"Your Lord is Love: love Him and in Him all men, as His children in Christ. Your Lord is a fire: do not let your heart be cold, but burn with faith and love. Your Lord is light: do not walk in darkness of mind, without reasoning or understanding, or without faith. Your Lord is a God of mercy and bountifulness: be a source of mercy and bountifulness to your neighbours. If you will be such, you will find salvation yourself with everlasting glory."

St. John of Kronstadt

Let us all confess our faith in Christ, let us praise the Father and the Holy Spirit. Let us rejoice with the Mother of God; let us sing along with the choirs of angels, and let us celebrate, as the festival of festivals, the assumption of the Ever-virgin. On earth she was radiant, as the treasure and teacher of virgins; in heaven she is available to us all as our intercessor. She has free access to God, and so bestows on us spiritual gifts; she gives grace to our words, and teaches us wisdom, for she is the mother of wisdom.

Theoteknos, Bishop of Livias

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A Visit From Another Life

WE may still speak to the saints as we would our spiritual father, laying our sorrows and fears before them in the knowledge that they will pray for and counsel us. The veil between our world and theirs is gossamer fine. The following first-hand account of a strange event that befell Elder Paisios of the Holy Mountain illustrates this beautifully.

I HAD returned from the outside world, where I had been on an ecclesiastical matter. On the Tuesday, at ten in the morning, I was in my cell reading the Hours. I hear a knock on the door and a woman's voice which said, "At the prayers of our holy Fathers...".

I thought, “How does a woman come to be on the Mountain?” In saying it, I felt a divine sweetness in me, and I asked, “Who is it?”

“Euphemia”, she replies.

I thought, “Euphemia who?” Surely some woman has not been mad enough to come as a man to the Mountain? What shall I do now?”

She knocked again. I ask, “Who is it?” “Euphemia”, she replies once more. I reckon I won’t open up. When she knocked the third time, the door opened by itself, though it had a bolt across it. I heard footsteps on the path. I leant out of my cell, and I see a woman with a cloak. Someone had come with her, who resembled the Evangelist Luke, who disappeared. Although I was certain that it wasn’t a trick, because she gleamed with light, I asked her who she was.

“The martyr Euphemia”, she replies.

“If you are the martyr Euphemia, come and worship the Holy Trinity. What I do, you do too.”

I went to the church, made a bow and said, “In the name of the Father”. She repeated it with a bow. “And of the Son”. “And of the Son”, she said in a thin voice.

“Louder, so I can hear” I said, and she repeated it with more strength.

While we were still on the path, she made bows not towards the church, but towards my cell. At first I found this strange, but then I remembered that I had a small paper icon of the Holy Trinity, glued to the wood, above the door of my cell.

After we had venerated three times – “And of the holy Spirit” – then I said, “Now I shall venerate you, myself”. I made my

veneration and kissed her feet and the tip of her nose. I read in her face that she found it impudence to kiss her.

At length, the saint sat on the stool, and I sat on a little chest, and she relieved my *aporia* (in the church sense of the word) [aporia in ancient Greek means 'puzzlement', or 'helplessness'].

Then she recounted her life to me. I knew that there was a St Euphemia, but I did not know her life. When she told of her martyrdom, I was not just listening, but it was as if I was watching. Dreadful! Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

“How did you bear such a martyrdom?” I asked.

“Had I known what glory the Saints have, I would have done what I could to experience yet greater martyrdom.”

After that happened, for three days I was not able to do anything. I was thrilled, and constantly glorified God. I could not eat, or anything... I constantly gave glory.

He referred to this in a letter. “In all my life, I shall never be able to repay my debt to Saint Euphemia, who though I did not know her, and without having any obligation towards me, did me such a great honour”.

From “The Life of Paisios the Agiorite”, by Hieromonk Isaac.



Elder Paisios (+1994)