

Parish Prayer List (Living)

(Parish)

Evangelos	Carolyn	Robert	Sharon
John	Maria	Anamay	Ron
Lawrence	Dianna	Efthalia	Denny
Anthony	Pauline	Kathleen	John L.
Beverly	David	Michael	Anastasia
Nina	Walter	Nathan	Mary
Joseph	Duncan	Thecla	Michael
Reader Mark	Jason	Silouan	Susan Mary
Maximus	Emily	Clint	George
Magdalini	Connie	Emil	John H.
Barbara	Yevgeniya	Roman	Ilija
Olga	Marina	Seraphim	Maria
Sophia	Danny	Katina	Jeffery
Andrea	Subdn. Gregory		

(non-Parish)

Alexandra	Rachael	Jessilyn	Amanda
Christopher	Fr. Michael	Paige and Paul	Sean
James	Nicholas B.	Karin	Meg
Barry Pierce	Rick P.	Susan K	Rdr. David
Anna	Brian	Kathy Tanner	Salvatore
Travis	Megan	Alma	Charles Kahn
Peter	Maria	Michael	Timothy
Petrese	Mary	Clyde	Dan Brown
Pietra & Piero	Michael	Tad and Terra	Valentina
		Hugh	

Parish Prayer List (Fallen Asleep)

Richard Lynn (+10/11)

Lois Lynn (+10/24)

Nicholas Georgeopoulos (+11/3)

Thoughts from the Fathers

People, until they come to know something greater, are satisfied with the little that they have. Man is like a village rooster who lives in a small enclosure with few people and farm animals about, who knows his ten hens and is content with this life, because he knows no more. But an eagle, who circles high in the clouds, and sees great distances with his sharp eyes, who hears the sounds of the earth and revels in its beauty, who knows many lands, seas and rivers, and sees a multitude of animals and birds, would not be content to live in a small enclosure with a rooster.

It is the same in spiritual life. Whoever has not known the

grace of the Holy Spirit is like the rooster who does not know the flight of the eagle; he cannot comprehend the sweetness of tender emotion and love of God. He knows God from nature and from Scripture, he is satisfied with the law and is content with his lot as is the rooster, and does not feel sorrow that he is not an eagle. But he who has experienced the Lord through the Holy Spirit, he prays day and night, because the grace of the Holy Spirit calls him to love the Lord, and the sweetness of the Lord's love gives him the ability to carry the burdens of the world with ease; his soul pines only for the Lord and searches constantly for the grace of the Holy Spirit.

St. Silouan of Mt. Athos

Let us likewise deal kindly, let us persuade our adversaries of that which is to their profit, "let us worship and lament before the Lord our Maker." For we would not overthrow, but rather heal; we lay no ambush for them, but warn them as in duty bound. Kindliness often bends those whom neither force nor argument will avail to overcome. Again, our Lord cured with oil and wine the man who, going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves; having forbore to treat him with the harsh remedies of the Law or the sternness of Prophecy.

St. Ambrose of Milan. Of the Christian Faith, Book II

For Christ standeth at the door of thy soul. Hear Him speaking. He stands, then - but not alone, for before Him go angels, saying: "Lift up the gates, O ye the princes." What gates? Even those of which the Psalmist sings in another place also: "Open to me the gates of righteousness." Open, then, thy gates to Christ, that He may come into thee - open the gates of righteousness, the gates of chastity, the gates of courage and wisdom. Believe the message of the angels: "Be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in, the Lord of Sabaoth."

Saint Ambrose of Milan

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The Myrrhgushing Miracle of St. Demetrios in 1987: A Testimony



It was October 26, 1987. The time was past 10:00 p.m. The city was celebrating the memory of the contest of its patron saint, St. Demetrios, and the freedom from the nearly five hundred years (1430-1912) occupation by the Ottomans. The Church of St. Demetrios with open doors received its nightly venerators, who were kneeling in front of the silver casket with the holy relics of the Myrrhgusher. At that moment there must not have been more than thirty to forty people in the church. A circle of about ten women were in front of the shrine, chanting the Paraklesis of the Saint. The only clergyman who attended, was the young and newly-ordained deacon of the church with his deaconess-wife. The then head of the church and now Metropolitan Panteleimon of Beroia, Naousa and Campania, had ordered them to be there and wait for him.

Suddenly, the women singing the Paraklesis began to yell. The deacon ran to them and the women, with mixed feelings, showed him the casket. It was literally bathed in an oily myrrh formation (we say myrrh because the smell was incomparable). One could have said with certainty that someone poured onto it at least two "buckets" of aromatic liquid (I use the word "buckets" to mean that the quantity of myrrh that slid down the solid walls of the silver casket to the embossed depiction was great).

The deacon for a moment was baffled: the Saint is gushing myrrh! Without

any doubt at all about the miracle, and finding himself in a state of joy, surprise and excitement, he ran to bring cotton from some furniture of the sanctuary. He returned running and started wiping with cotton the myrrh from the outer walls of the shrine and gave parts of this fragrant cotton to pilgrims. He would wipe it up and the myrrh would not stop, but kept mystically flowing, without any visible source. Characteristically, one fact made an impression: with a large piece of cotton he wiped the myrrh of a smooth area of the casket. The cotton wiped away the myrrh, like when you wipe a glass with a dry cloth, pressing it well and removing moisture that can exist on it. A woman wiped with the palm of her hand on the part of the shrine that had just been wiped. The deacon, with amazement, saw her hand wet by the oily yellow myrrh!

Meanwhile, the scent flooded throughout the church and overflowed from the open doors to St. Demetrios Street, attracting passers-by who rushed in to see what was happening and from where came this fragrance. Everyone headed to the casket with the relics of Saint Demetrios, who was not placed in the tomb (it had not yet been constructed), but in front of the iconostasis.

The pleasant surprises did not stop there! The pilgrims found that all the icons of the church, wherever they were, in the shrines or church, flowed myrrh. Indeed, the deacon saw pilgrims take out paper towels and wipe the glass protected icons of the church and the paper towels turned yellow from the myrrh which "ran" from both sides of the glass, interior and exterior. The size of the miracle did not leave the slightest room for doubt. We did not understand what we were witnessing, it was like a dream in the mist, but we lived it! We touched it with our hands, we saw it with our eyes, we smelled it with our sense of smell!

In a short time there formed a line of people with tears in their eyes venerating the casket of the Myrrhgusher, who realized why he was so nicknamed.

Meanwhile there arrived to the church the head priest and other clergy. They unlocked the openings of the casket and found the holy relics of the patron saint of Thessaloniki. Though fragrant, it was the particular scent of sacred relics. The fragrance of myrrh was different and distinctive.

24 years have passed since then. I was the then deacon of the church, and now a priest in Thessaloniki, and I write the facts as I remember. That moment was like living a mystery. I cannot describe what I felt! Joy, surprise, excitement, enthusiasm ... I cannot determine exactly. However, it is the events that reinforce belief that fill us with joy, hope and a sense of the presence of Christ and the saints. Our faith is "alive".

Fr. Christos Kotios