

### ***Parish Prayer List (Living)***

Alexandra	Rachael	Paige	Reader Mark
Andrea	Amanda	Sherry	Joretta
Fr. Michael	Barry	Sean	Susan Mary
James	Nicholas B.	Karin	Andrea & Kirby
Lawrence	Emil	Seraphim	Evdokia
Michael	Helen	Susan K	Bob Wedder
Anna	Brian	Carolyn	Fr. Thomas
Mike	Kathy Tanner	Anthony	Pauline
Olga	Marina	Salvatore	

### ***Parish Prayer List (Fallen Asleep)***

Barton Lynn (+10/11)	Nicholas Georgeopoulos (+11/3)
Rdr. Douglas Laney (+10/6)	Mary Beach (+10/27)
Dcn. William Friedel (+10/1)	Mildred Zelko (+10/31)

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### ***Coffee Hour Schedule***

November 6 – Blomeley	November 13 – Shenberger
November 20 – open	November 27 – open
December 4 – St. Nicholas Day	December 11 - open

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### ***Schedule of Epistle Readers***

November 6 – Billy Scrantom	November 13 – Misha S.
November 20 – Bob Piljay	November 27 – Billy Scrantom
December 4 – Misha S.	December 11 – Bob Piljay

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***

As soon as a desire or a worldly thought enters our mind, God immediately sends a warning. Instead of coming to our senses and blocking such thoughts and desires, we nurture them and long for them, and afterwards we wonder why bad things

happen to us. These signs of warning come in the form of temptations.

*Elder Thaddeus of Vitovnica, Our Thoughts Determine Our Lives*

"...God has shown how close He is to those who are willing to endure trials for His sake, and who will not abandon virtue out of cowardice because of the suffering involved, but cleave to the law of God by patiently enduring what befalls them, rejoicing in the hope of salvation."

*St. Peter of Damaskos*

A possession ought to belong to the possessor, not the possessor to the possession. Whosoever, therefore, does not use his patrimony as a possession, who does not know how to give and distribute to the poor, he is the servant of his wealth, not its master; because like a servant he watches over the wealth of another and not like a master does he use it of his own. Hence, in a disposition of this kind, we say that the man belongs to his riches, not the riches to the man.

*St. Ambrose of Milan*

I once saw a frozen shepherd beside a tiny fire. He never took his eyes off the fire, as though he wanted to help it burn with the embers of his eyes. And he sheltered the fire from the cold wind with his hands, and he kept blowing with his breath, so that it would burn more strongly, grow larger, withstand the winds, and warm him. In this way are the raging winds from my heart threatening to extinguish the divine candle within you, my soul. And in this way are the raging wicked thoughts from my mind spitting on the only light within you, because it is about to bring about their downfall.

*Saint Nikolai of Zhicha, Prayers by the Lake*

"A brother asked Abba Sisoës, 'What shall I do, Abba, for I have fallen?' The old man said to him, 'Get up again.' The brother said, 'I have got up again, but I have fallen again.'; The old man said, 'Get up again and again.'; So then the brother said, 'How many times?' The old man said, 'Until you are taken

up either in virtue or in sin. For a man presents himself to judgement in the state in which he is found.' "

*From the Desert Fathers*

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## **The Wondrous Myrrh of St. Demetrius of Thessaloniki**

### ***Surrounding the miracle of the myrrh of St. Demetrius in 1987***

It was October 26<sup>th</sup>, 1987, at 10PM. Thessaloniki had celebrated the memory of the martyrdom of their protector, St. Demetrios, along with her liberation from around five hundred years of occupation by the Ottomans (1430-1912). The church of St. Demetrios with open doors received night time pilgrims who knelt before the silver reliquary with the holy relics of the Myrrhstreamer. That hour there mustn't have been more than thirty or forty people in the church. A band of about ten women, before the reliquary, chanted the *Paraklesis* of the Saint. The only cleric who was there was a young, newly-ordained deacon of the holy church with his *diakonissa* wife. The then *Proistamenos* [head priest] of the church was the current Metropolitan of Veria, Naouses and Kampanias Panteleimon, who had ordered him to stay there and wait.

While the women were chanting the *Paraklesis*, they began to shout! The deacon ran close to them, and with mixed emotions they showed him the reliquary. It was literally bathed in an oily residue of myrrh (I saw myrrh because the fragrance was indescribable). It was as if someone had emptied at least two "buckets" of aromatic liquid (I use the word "buckets" so that you understand the quantity of the myrrh which poured down the sides of the silver reliquary with its relief icons of the Saint).

The deacon was baffled at that instant: The Saint was flowing myrrh! Without at all doubting the miracle, and being found in a state of joy, astonishment and enthusiasm, he ran to bring cotton from the holy altar. He returned running, and began to soak up the myrrh with the cotton from the side walls of the reliquary to give portions to the pilgrims. Though he soaked up the myrrh, it didn't stop, but continued to pour forth mystically, without a source being seen. He was particularly struck by the following fact: with a large piece of cotton he soaked up the myrrh from a smooth area of the reliquary, which then appeared polished clean. A woman had touched the part that he had just cleaned, and he saw that her hand became soaked with the oily yellowish-green myrrh!

In the mean time, the fragrance had filled the whole church, and poured forth from the open doors towards the road Agiou Demetriou, inviting passers-by to hasten to see what was happening, and where this fragrance was coming from. All those approached the reliquary where the relics of St.

Demetrios were placed (they were not yet placed in the large reliquary that they are in today).

These blessings, though astonishing, did not stop there! The pilgrims experienced that all of the icons of the church, wherever they were (either on veneration stands or the iconostasis) poured forth myrrh. In fact, the deacon saw pilgrims take out handkerchiefs to wipe the frames that protected the icons of the icon screen, and the handkerchiefs turned a yellow hue from the myrrh that ran from the two sides of the frame, the inner and outer. The magnitude of the miracle was so great that it left no one in doubt. We did not understand what we were experiencing, it was like a dream amidst fog, but we lived it! We touched it with our hands and saw it with our eyes, and sensed the fragrance in our nostrils!

In a short while a line of people formed, with tears in their eyes, to venerate the reliquary of the Myrrh-streamer and they realized how he received this title.

In the mean time, the *Proistamenos* and other priests reached the church. They unlocked the reliquary and opened the lid to reveal the holy relics of the Patron of Thessaloniki. They were fragrant, but the fragrance of the myrrh was different and characteristic.

The blessed Metropolitan of Thessaloniki Panteleimon II Chrysaphakes ascribed the miracle of this myrrh-streaming of St. Demetrios to the following event: That evening in the festive celebration of the University for the liberation of Thessaloniki, the keynote speaker totally omitted the Saint, and didn't mention him at all. St. Demetrios, however, showed through his myrrh-streaming that he would never abandon the city of Thessaloniki neither now nor never, and that it was he who saved it from slavery and from earthquakes. Some, however, showed themselves ungrateful and distanced from Christ and His Saints.

Twenty four years have passed since them. I was then the deacon of the church, now a priest in Thessaloniki, and I write you what I experienced as I remember. That time was as if I was living a mystery. I can't relate what I was feeling! Joy, astonishment, being moved, enthusiasm...I can't describe it fully. In any case, these are events that strengthen faith and fill us with joy, hope and the feeling of the presence of Christ and His Saints. Our faith is "alive".

*Fr. Christos Kotios*

*Priest of the Holy Church of the Dormition of the Theotokos  
Saranta Ekklesies, Thessaloniki*

[http://parratiritis.blogspot.com/2011/10/blog-post\\_9332.html](http://parratiritis.blogspot.com/2011/10/blog-post_9332.html)