

DIocese of Eastern Pennsylvania + Wilkes-Barre Diocese

**ELEVATION OF THE HOLY CROSS
ORTHODOX CHURCH
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.**



**SUNDAY OF THE SAMARITAN
WOMAN**

MAY 26TH, 2019

ELEVATION OF THE HOLY CROSS ORTHODOX CHURCH

1725 Holy Cross Ln
Williamsport, Pennsylvania 17701-2749

Rev. Fr. Seraphim Reynolds, Pastor
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Mr. Michael (Cory) Chelko, Parish Warden
Mr. Dan Thetford, Asst Warden

Today's Scripture Readings:

Epistle: Acts 11:19-26; 29-30

Gospel: St. John 4:5-42

CHRIST IS RISEN! INDEED HE IS RISEN!

*Welcome to EVERYONE this morning to our visitors and guests!
Please join us over in the Parish Hall after the Liturgy for some
fellowship!*

Services, Events & Announcements

Blessed Memorial Day Weekend!!

****Wednesday May 29th Vespers @ 6pm (Orthodoxy 101 after Vespers)**

****Saturday June 1st Great Vespers @ 5pm (Panikhida for Mike Stefanick following Vespers)**

****Sunday June 2nd Divine Liturgy @ 10am (Hours @ 9:40)**

****Saturday June 15th @ 12Noon - Appreciation Luncheon for ALL the Pierogi crew! Please sign up in the Hall!**

****Any youth interested in attending Summer Camp, please let Fr. Seraphim know ASAP.**

LAST SUNDAY – May 19th
Attendance 57 - Regular Offering - \$1573.00
Candles - \$31.00 / Love Offerings - \$50.00
Benevolence Fund – \$10.00

NEXT SUNDAY – June 2nd
Reading of the Epistle – Anthony A.

Fellowship Hour

May 26th – Yonkin / Bohlander

June 2nd – Almasy / Beard

June 9th – Chelko / Andrew S.

Help with clean-up after our meals together is greatly appreciated, so let's ALL help each other! ☺

Good Clutter and the Beauty of God's Creation

As long as I can remember I've been a visually oriented person. I've always liked being surrounded by family photos, paintings and photographs on the walls, bookshelves lined with books, and the density, variety and color of an English Cottage Garden. From childhood I've loved the beauty of a forest, the deep blue of a lake in mid-summer, the colors of the sky at sunset, and the grandeur of a Gothic cathedral. While growing up in Spokane, I was always delighted when we went to the home of my great grandmother, for her home was the very best place for a visually oriented young boy, such as I. Her home, located on South Hill near Manitou Park and Gardens, was filled with potted plants, gilded framed paintings and family portraits, and Victorian divans and lamps.

In the same neighborhood was the home of my great aunt, who had a music room with a four manual pipe organ, with many of the pipes in the floor below. She'd purchased an old theatre organ, and had the whole works installed in her home!

My mother's mom, whose home was on the north side of Spokane, was a small house, but filled in much the same way. My Grandma Haraldson had a mantel filled with family photos, and an old clock that always drew me in, with its chiming on the hour and half hour. It had belonged to her eldest sister and had been given as a wedding gift

back in 1882. I so loved this clock, my grandmother eventually gifted it to me, and it now graces the mantel of our monastery's library.

All three of these women instilled in me a love of what some would call clutter, but what I found as comforting surrounds. I am, at the heart of it all, more of a Victorian man. Modern I'm not. Anyone who has seen our monastery's library knows it, for it was designed and decorated by me, down to the massive fireplace, chosen by me, and gifted by a San Francisco couple. Orthodoxy, my adopted Faith, with its use of icons, beautiful candle stands, fresco's, carved shrines, and colorful vestments, was a perfect fit for that once young boy from Spokane.

When I left Sandpoint, where I attended high school, for college in Oregon, I was taken by the beauty of the dense foliage found in Portland, the old Park Blocks with their statuary, and the many fountains throughout the downtown core. Lots to take in, again, for a young man so visually oriented. It was during my college days in Oregon that I made my first journey through the Redwood Forest in coastal Northern California. These giants were, and are, a wonder to me. Coastal redwoods are the tallest living species on Earth. The tallest is 367.8 feet and is 44 feet around at its base! To this day, whenever I travel to Holy Virgin Cathedral in San Francisco, I always return via the Redwoods, on Highway 101. These massive and ancient trees draw me in, and I always stop to walk trails, in solitude, with these trees, some of which were alive during the time of Christ.

Given all I've shared about myself, is it a wonder that Orthodoxy was like coming home? I beheld the interior of Holy Virgin Cathedral on the very same trip I encountered the Redwoods. I felt, in both cases, that I was standing in the presence of God. Both left me with a sense of the awesomeness of God, and transported me to another age, and connected me to that which is eternal. They both took me to a place where there is neither time nor space, but only the eternal.

I'm a visually oriented man, and the Church's veneration of the holy icons, is of great and everlasting importance to me. As beautiful as a Gothic cathedral can be, it still falls short of the sense of the eternal that is imparted to me when I walk into our monastery's temple and am surrounded by "the cloud of witnesses". Glory to God, Who has shown forth in His saints. And, Glory to God, Who has revealed Himself to us!

Love in Christ,

Abbot Tryphon, All Merciful Saviour Monastery, Vashon Island, WA.