

**St. Michael the Archangel Orthodox Church
Moscow Patriarchate**

26355 West Chicago Rd.

Redford, MI 48239

Telephone (313) 937-2120

Web Site – <http://saintmichaelredford.org>

Rt. Rev. Mitred Archpriest Timothy M. Barna, Rector

Fr. Deacon Daniel Woytowich

Matushka Sherry Barna, Choir Director

Sunday Divine Liturgy 9:30 a.m. – Weekdays Divine Liturgy 10:00 a.m.

General Confession 1st Sunday of month

Private Confession every Sunday 9:00 a.m. to 9:30 a.m. or upon request

February 18, 2024

Epistle: 1 Tim 4: 9-15

Gospel: Luke 19: 1-10

COFFEE HOUR: There is Coffee Hour today. Come and enjoy Christian Fellowship.

THE HEALTH: Please pray for the following: Stephanie Kennedy, Drake Kennedy, Wellington Kennedy, Conrad Kennedy, Gloria Wheeler, Doris Sprague, Judy Wadysz, Anna Hagopian, Reader Gary (Paul) Repella, Michael Gaujanian, Marion Kurtyka, Sonia Kurtyka, Bradley Webster, Jestin Spears, Roger Wodkowski, Daniel Moran, Marge Wade, Mary Varchola, Zlatko Petrovich, Thomas Barkulis, Ronald Miller, Ronald Buck, David Tomchuck, Joanne Kowalenok, Tamara Perri, Helen Woytowich, and Wyatt Alexander Jankowski.

PARASTAS: A Parastas is scheduled for JoAnne Nicholas (1year Anniversary/Memorial of her repose) for next Monday, February 26th, at 11:00 a.m. Memory Eternal!

THANK YOU: A special thank you for all your prayers, vigil lights lit, cards, phone calls during my recent illness.

Again, it was very soothing to me for your thoughtfulness. Helen Woytowich

BOOK CLUB: The next meeting of the book club will take place on *Saturday, February 24, 2024, at 1:00 PM* in the church library. Discussed will be Still Life by Lousie Penny. All are invited to attend.

CHURCH DONATION:

Deacon Dan Woytowich (for the health of Tatiana Ivonina on her birthday) \$25.00

Nicholas Obrizok Jr.(for the health of Angela Woytowich on her birthday February 4th) 40.00

JUST CHECKING IN: (Take a moment to read this heartfelt story.)

A minister passing through his church in the middle of the day,
decided to pause by the altar and see who had come to pray.

Just then the back door opened, a man came down the aisle.

The minister frowned as he saw the man hadn't shaved in a while.

His shirt was kinda shabby and his coat was worn and frayed.

The man knelt, he bowed his head, then rose and walked away.

In the days that followed - each noon time came this chap.

Each time he knelt just for a moment, a lunch pail in his lap.

Well, the minister's suspicions grew, with robbery a main fear.

He decided to stop the man and ask him, "What are you doing here?"

The old man said, he worked down the road. Lunch was half an hour.

Lunchtime was his prayer time, for finding strength and power.

"I stay only moments, see, because the factory is so far away.

As I kneel here talking to the Lord, this is kinda what I say.

"I JUST CAME AGAIN TO TELL YOU, LORD, HOW HAPPY I'VE BEEN. SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHER'S FRIENDSHIP AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN. DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY, BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY, SO, JESUS, THIS IS JIM, JUST CHECKING IN."

The minister feeling foolish, told Jim, that was fine.

He told the man he was welcome to come and pray just anytime.

Time to go, Jim smiled, said "Thanks." He hurried to the door.

The minister knelt at the altar, he'd never done it before.

His cold heart melted, warmed with love, and met with Jesus there.

As the tears flowed, in his heart, he repeated old Jim's prayer:

"I JUST CAME AGAIN TO TELL YOU, LORD, HOW HAPPY I'VE BEEN, SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHER'S FRIENDSHIP AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN. I DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY, BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY. SO, JESUS, THIS IS ME CHECKING IN."

Past noon one day, the minister noticed that old Jim hadn't come.

As more days passed without Jim, he began to worry some.

At the factory, he asked about him - learned that he was ill.

The hospital staff was worried, but he'd given them a thrill.

The week that Jim was with them, brought changes in the ward.

His smiles, a joy contagious. Changed people, were his reward.

The head nurse couldn't understand why Jim was so glad, when no flowers, calls or cards came, not a visitor he had.

The minister stayed by his bed, he voiced the nurse's concern:

No friends came to show they cared. He had nowhere to turn.

Looing surprised, old Jim spoke up and with a winsome smile;

"The nurse is wrong she couldn't know that in here all the while -

Every day at noon He's here - a dear friend of mine, you see,

He sits right down and takes my hand, leans over and says to me:

"I JUST CAME AGAIN TO TELL YOU, JIM, HOW HAPPY I HAVE BEEN, SINCE WE FOUND THIS FRIENDSHIP, AND I TOOK AWAY YOUR SIN. ALWAYS LOVE TO HEAR YOU PRAY, I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY, AND SO JIM, THIS IS JESUS CHECKING IN."