

# St. Nicholas Orthodox Christian Church

30 Cross Street - Auburn, New York 13021 ([www.stnicholasauburn.com](http://www.stnicholasauburn.com))

Very Reverend Michael Speck – Parish Priest (315) 246-6051 [mspeck100@gmail.com](mailto:mspeck100@gmail.com)

Office Hours Thursday 2:00 PM - 4:00 PM or by Appointment

Reverend Deacon David Donch Reverend Deacon Michael W. Speck Reader Nathaniel Donch

Sr. Warden - Greg Michaels Jr. Warden – Reverend Deacon David Donch

Secretary – Jane Kimak Treasurer – Glenn Peters

**Sunday, September 17, 2023**



## Schedule of Services and Activities

Saturday, September 16 --5:00 PM Vespers

Sunday, September 17 – 9:30 AM – Divine Liturgy followed by Coffee Hour

Wednesday, September 20 – 8:30 AM - Divine Liturgy

Saturday, September 23 - 5:00 PM – Vespers

Sunday, September 24 – 9:30 AM Divine Liturgy followed by a Panikhida for Marion and Walter Zablotsky and Coffee Hour

**We welcome Fr. Igor Burdikoff from Ballston Spa, NY and thank him for traveling here to serve the Divine Liturgy today. Many thanks to Deacon David for conducting the services for the Feast of the Holy Cross this past week during my absence. We greatly appreciate your dedication to our parish family! May God Bless You with Many Happy Years!**

**The parish Council Meeting originally scheduled for today will be held Sunday, October 1 following Divine Liturgy.**

**The potato pierogi making sessions are scheduled for Friday and Saturday September 22 and 23. Please take some time to help with this activity to support the charitable work of the Sisterhood. Thanks!**

### Donations

**Four decorated candles (\$80) for the feast of the Birth of the Theotokos donated by David Lupu in memory of Anthony, Julia, and David Lupu.**

**Thanks to Nancy and Katie Baumes who purchased and arranged the flowers surrounding the Holy Cross for the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross. This was donated by Nancy, Katie, Steven and DeAnna Baumes in memory of John Baumes**

# Martyr Sophia and her three daughters at Rome



Commemorated on [September 17](#)

**The Holy Martyrs Saint Sophia and her Daughters Faith, Hope and Love were born in Italy. Their mother was a pious Christian widow who named her daughters for the three Christian virtues. Faith was twelve, Hope was ten, and Love was nine. Saint Sophia raised them in the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. Saint Sophia and her daughters did not hide their faith in Christ, but openly confessed it before everyone. An official named Antiochus denounced them to the emperor Hadrian (117-138), who ordered that they be brought to Rome. Realizing that they would be taken before the emperor, the holy virgins prayed fervently to the Lord Jesus Christ, asking that He give them the strength not to fear torture and death. When the holy virgins and their mother came before the emperor, everyone present was amazed at their composure. They looked as though they had been brought to some happy festival, rather than to torture. Summoning each of the sisters in turn, Hadrian urged them to offer sacrifice to the goddess Artemis. The young girls remained unyielding. Then the emperor ordered them to be tortured. They burned the holy virgins over an iron grating, then threw them into a red-hot oven, and finally into a cauldron with boiling tar, but the Lord preserved them. The youngest child, Love, was tied to a wheel and they beat her with rods until her body was covered all over with bloody welts. After undergoing unspeakable torments, the holy virgins glorified their Heavenly Bridegroom and remained steadfast in the Faith. They subjected Saint Sophia to another grievous torture: the mother was forced to watch the suffering of her daughters. She displayed adamant courage, and urged her daughters to endure their torments for the sake of the Heavenly Bridegroom. All three maidens were beheaded, and joyfully bent their necks beneath the sword. In order to intensify Saint Sophia's inner suffering, the emperor permitted her to take the bodies of her daughters. She placed their remains in coffins and loaded them on a wagon. She drove beyond the city limits and reverently buried them on a high hill. Saint Sophia sat there by the graves of her daughters for three days, and finally she gave up her soul to the Lord. Even though she did not suffer for Christ in the flesh, she was not deprived of a martyr's crown. Instead, she suffered in her heart. Believers buried her body there beside her daughters. The relics of the holy martyrs have rested at El'zasa, in the church of Esho since the year 777.**

## MIRACULOUS HEALING BY HAWAIIAN IVERON ICON AT ST. TIKHON'S MONASTERY



**The Lord Jesus Christ and the Most Holy Theotokos worked an amazing miracle of healing through the myrrh-streaming Hawaiian Iveron Icon of the Mother of God during its visit to St. Tikhon's Monastery in Waymart, Pennsylvania in May.**

**A man named Daniel tells the story of how he suffered from a degenerative brain disease for two years, which caused him his health, his job, and his ability to spend time with his family. He felt he was on the brink of death.**

**Daniel's beautiful story was posted by St. Tikhon's Monastery:**

**In May of 2023, my wife suggested that we visit St. Tikhon's Monastery to see the Iveron Icon of the Mother of God of Hawaii. I had been sick for two years with an as yet undiagnosed degenerative brain disease, and she had heard stories of miraculous healings associated with this icon.**

**Truth be told, I wasn't expecting what happened that day. For two long years, I prayed and prayed for deliverance from my illness only for my symptoms to worsen. It began in the spring of 2021, when I began to have strange incidents. It started with memory issues, which grew to the point where I wouldn't recognize the faces of people I've known my whole life. My heart rhythm became dysregulated, and my body grew weak. I lost consciousness on the job in March of 2022, and lost the career around which I had planned my future. From there, my mental health spiraled out of control. I echoed the words of Job in his misery and cursed the very day of my birth. Several times I tried to return to my labor union, and each time I was met with the report that I was too much of a liability risk. I took to drinking, which only served to worsen my mental and physical anguish.**

**Finally, after a long year of dead ends and hospital visits and the deaf ears of my doctor, I had found a cocktail of medications and supplements that seemed to keep me upright. I had convinced the union to let me return to work and in November of 2022 I was working for an electrical contractor again. But by January, I noticed that the medications and the supplements were no longer working. I could go to work, but as time wore on I was barely making it through the day and I had nothing left to give my family when I came home. New symptoms were arising**

too. My speech was becoming impaired, as was my ability to form conscious thought. I transferred to a much less physical job, assuming it was just the workload of a construction site that was getting to me. But even behind a desk, my symptoms progressed at an increasingly rapid rate. At church, I was unable to stand or even make the sign of the cross most Sundays. On more than one occasion, I was unable to walk to the chalice to receive the Body and Blood of our Lord. On one particularly bad episode, I needed to be carted down to the church undercroft in a wheelchair for coffee hour.

So it was that in the springtime of 2023, I had been through the loss of my career and my health twice over. By this point, I was resigned to being a stay-at-home Dad, though I began to pass out and fall with greater frequency and was ultimately unable to do even that. I was unable to even eat enough because I couldn't tell when I was hungry and I couldn't remember when it was time to do so. I was certain I was going to die. Suddenly the loss of my career seemed trivial, because what awaited me was the dread judgment seat of Christ, before which I was certain I had no defense. My only thought was how I would be able to sufficiently repent in time for my death. The anxiety was alleviated on the feast of Christ's Ascension, when after the Liturgy I was struck with a profound and very near awareness of our Lord's love for us, including even me. I felt ready to go to my death with peace. My heart then echoed the words of St. Porphyrios of Kavsokalyvia: "Whatever You want, my Lord, whatever Your love desires; place me wherever Your love wishes. I abandon myself to Your love. If You want to place me in hell, then do so, only don't let me lose Your love."

We arrived at St. Tikhon's Monastery around midday. I don't recall much of the drive down, or the service itself, because my memory was so rapidly deteriorating. What I do remember was the massive crowd of people, all of us bringing our diseases and afflictions to the Lord. I thought this must have been what it was like to be in the crowds surrounding Jesus as He walked from town to town, all of us hoping to just touch the fringe of His garment in the hope that we might receive His blessing. My strength was waning with every step I took towards the icon of our beloved Theotokos. I almost gave up, and likely would have if not for the kindness of a seminarian named Theodore who helped me press on. I venerated the icon of our Lady, in awe at the miracle of the myrrh streaming from the image, then turned to my Archbishop to receive the anointing. As soon as he made the sign of the cross on my head with the holy myrrh, I was changed. My first thought was that I was desperately hungry. This was noteworthy to me, because I had been for months unable to feel hungry or remember to eat. I walked away still leaning on my cane, because I was not expecting to have my body restored, but the cane was more of a hindrance than a help because my legs were walking properly. By the time we arrived back home, my mind was clear and I carried my cane in one hand and my daughter in the other into the house. I felt like I was 18 again. Over the next week, I felt my body get stronger and stronger. I haven't touched the cane since. I haven't needed any of my medications since.

I was dying, and I have been given a new life. Christ is risen and is truly in our midst.  
Glory to Him forever!  
2Daniel

Source: [Orthodox Christianity](#)