

**UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
УКРАЇНСЬКА КАТОЛИЦЬКА КАТЕДРА НЕПОРОЧНОГО ЗАЧАТТЯ**

CATHEDRAL PARISH FOUNDED 1886 OLD CATHEDRAL PURCHASED 1909 NEW CATHEDRAL BUILT 1963-1966

**THE MOST REVEREND STEFAN SOROKA**  
METROPOLITAN-ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA FOR UKRAINIAN CATHOLICS  
**ПРЕОСВЯЩЕННИЙ ВЛАДИКА СТЕФАН СОРОКА**  
МИТРОПОЛИТ-АРХИЄПІСКОП ФІЛАДЕЛЬФІЇ ДЛЯ УКРАЇНЦІВ-КАТОЛІКІВ

**REV. IVAN DEMKIV**  
CATHEDRAL RECTOR  
**О. ІВАН ДЕМКІВ**  
ПАРОХ КАТЕДРИ

**REV. DEACON**  
**CHARLES SCHULTZ**  
О. Диякон Чарльз Шульц

**REV. DEACON**  
**MICHAEL WAAK**  
О. Диякон МИХАЙЛО ВАК

**CATHEDRAL LITURGY TIMES**

Saturday afternoon at 4:30 p.m.  
Divine Liturgy for Sunday in English

Sunday morning Liturgies  
9:00 a.m. in Ukrainian  
11:00 a.m. in English

Daily Liturgies:  
*please see schedule on next page*

**CATHEDRAL IS OPEN FOR VISITS:**  
Wednesdays: 11:30 am - 3:00 pm  
Saturdays: 2:00 pm - 4:30 pm

**ЧАСИ ЛІТУРГІЙ В КАТЕДРІ**

У суботу вечером о 4:30 год.  
Літургія за неділю по-англійськи

Літургії в неділю ранком:  
9:00 год по-українськи  
11:00 год по-англійськи

Щоденні Літургії:  
*розпорядок на наступній сторінці*

**КАТЕДРА ВІДКРИТА ДЛЯ ВІДВІДУВАНЬ**  
В середу з 11:30 ранку до 3:00 пополудні  
В суботу з 2:00 пополудні до 4:30 попол.

**Mailing address / Поштова адреса:**

Cathedral Rectory Office  
833 North Franklin Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19123-2097

**Cathedral Phones / Катедральні телефони:**

215-922-2845 Rectory Office  
215-922-4635 Fax  
215-829-4350 Cathedral Hall/Pyrohy  
215-962-5830 St. Mary's Cemetery

**Other phones/інші телефони:**

215-627-0143 Archeparchy of Philadelphia  
215-627-0660 Byzantine Church Supplies  
E-mail: [supplies@ukrarcheparchy.us](mailto:supplies@ukrarcheparchy.us)  
215-627-3389 Treasury of Faith Museum  
E-mail: [tofmuseum@ukrcap.org](mailto:tofmuseum@ukrcap.org)  
215-627-7808 Convent—Missionary Sisters  
of The Mother of God (MSMG)  
E-mail: [mmsg@ukrcap.org](mailto:mmsg@ukrcap.org)

**Cathedral E-mail / Катедральна**

**е-пошта:**  
[CATHEDRALONFRANKLIN@COMCAST.NET](mailto:CATHEDRALONFRANKLIN@COMCAST.NET)  
OUR WEB-SITE:  
[WWW.UKRCATHEDRAL.COM](http://WWW.UKRCATHEDRAL.COM)

**WELCOME!**

To all who are tired and need rest, to all who mourn and need comfort, to all who are friendless and need friendship, to all who are discouraged and need hope, to all who are hopeless and need sheltering love, to all who sin and need a Savior, this church opens wide its doors in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.



## SCHEDULE OF SERVICES РОЗПОРЯДОК БОГОСЛУЖЕНЬ

6/13 SATURDAY	4:30 p.m. CATHEDRAL	Sunday's Divine Liturgy in English. +Wasył Jaworskyj	<i>(Eva Fedjuk)</i>
<b>3rd SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST</b> <b>3-та НЕДІЛЯ ПО ЗІСЛАННІ СВЯТОГО ДУХА</b> Tone 2. Epistle: Rom.5;1-10. Gospel: Mt:6;22-34.			
6/14 SUNDAY	9:00 a.m. CATHEDRAL	Служба Божа по - українськи. За всіх парафіян. For all parishioners.	
	11:00 a.m. CATHEDRAL	Divine Liturgy in English. +Wolodymyr Wasylaschuk	<i>(Katherine, Christine &amp; Walter Wasylaschuk)</i>
6/15 MONDAY			
6/16 TUESDAY	8:00 a.m. CHAPEL	+Xenia Leshak	<i>(David Moore)</i>
6/17 WEDNESDAY	8:00 a.m. CHAPEL	+Jaroslaw Makar	<i>(Wasył Makar)</i>
6/18 THURSDAY	8:00 a.m. CHAPEL	+Olena Pawluk	<i>(Etienne &amp; Justine Kunderewycz)</i>
6/19 FRIDAY	8:00 a.m. CHAPEL	+Iwan Borowyckyj (4th anniv.)	<i>(Lydia Borowyckyj)</i>
6/20 SATURDAY	4:30 p.m. CATHEDRAL	Sunday's Divine Liturgy in English. +Maria Nimczuk (2nd anniv.)	<i>(Family)</i>
<b>FATHER'S DAY</b> <b>4th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST</b> <b>4-та НЕДІЛЯ ПО ЗІСЛАННІ СВЯТОГО ДУХА</b> Tone 3. Epistle: Rom.6;18-23. Gospel: Mt:8;5-13.			
6/21 SUNDAY	9:00 a.m. CATHEDRAL	Служба Божа по - українськи. За всіх парафіян. For all parishioners. За здоров'я батьків. Health for fathers.	
	11:00 a.m. CATHEDRAL	Divine Liturgy in English. +All deceased Fathers	

**Sunday, June 21, at 1:00 PM:** The Ukrainian American Sport Center "TRYZUB", County Line & Lover State Rd., Horsham, PA, will host a Father's Day Ukrainian Folk Festival. A 2:00 PM stage show will feature **The Voloshky School of Ukrainian Dance, Cervoni Maky School of Ukrainian Dance the Karpaty Orchestra and more.** A **Zabava - Public Dance** will follow to the tunes of the **Karpaty Orchestra**. There will be plentiful Ukrainian Homemade foods and baked goods, picnic fare and cool refreshments. Admission: FREE. More info: 215-362-5331; www.tryzub.org

**Неділя, 21-го червня, 1:00 PM:** На "Тризубівці" (County Line & Lover State Rd., Horsham, PA) відбудеться Український Фестиваль з нагоди Дня Батька. У мистецькій програмі о 2 PM візьмуть участь: **Школа Танцювального Ансамблю "Волошки", Школа Танцювального Ансамблю "Червоні Маки", оркестра "Карпати" та інші.** Опісля відбудеться **Забав** під звуки **оркестри "Карпати"**. Відвідувачі зможуть насолодитися смачними українськими й пікніковими стравами, солодким і напоями. Вступ - безкоштовно. More info: 215-362-5331; www.tryzub.org

### **CATHEDRAL ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**PLEASE COME TO OUR CAFETERIA FOR DELICIOUS UKRAINIAN FOOD**

**PYROHY & KITCHEN: June 1 - June 7 - in the next Bulletin**

**VOLUNTEERS:** Anna Kyndus, Anna Slotwinski, Sr. Martin MSMG, Anna Maxymiuk, Anne Krawchuk, Luba Cyhan, Vera Sawchyn, Myroslav Shpylchak, Ivan Shpylchak, Petro Iwaniw, Katherine Dewedoff, Ottilia Karpin, Anna Laluk.

**KITCHEN DONATIONS:** Anna Maxymiuk, Mary Fedorin

**ATTENTION! CAFETERIA WILL BE CLOSED JUNE 8 - JULY 15 DUE TO VACATION.**

We apologize for inconveniences.



**PRAY for the sick parishioners:** Rev. Ruslan Romaniuk, Rev. Deacon Charles Schultz, Rozalia Zaharko, Rosalie Senick, John Chytruk, Maria Jackiw, Anna Kyndus, Julia Maksymchuk, Maria Plekan, Frank Thompson, Peggy Konzerowski, Herbert T. Ellis

***If you are admitted to a hospital or at home and would like a member of the clergy to visit you, please call the Parish Office: 215-922-2845 to request visitation of the sick. In case of emergency please call: 267-243-7472***

**Cathedral Collections:** June 6-7 - in the next Bulletin

**Bingo:** \$1,200.

### **SPONSOR A CANDLE ( \$5 for a week)**

**Sanctuary Lamp** is lit in memory of +Walter and +Judy Wasyluk *(by Family)*

**One candle in front of iconostas** is lit in memory of +William Malinowski *(by Rita Malinowski)*

**One candle in front of iconostas** is lit in memory of +Wolodymyr Wasylaschuk *(by wife & children)*

**One candle in front of iconostas** is lit in memory of +Myroslaw Soltys *(by wife & children)*

**One candle in front of iconostas** is lit in memory of +George and +Mary Markol *(by Patricia Myr & Family)*

### **ATTENTION!**

**All Are Invited To  
The Cathedral Cafeteria  
Following Both Divine Liturgies On**

**SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 2015**

**To Bid Farewell to Our Dear Pastor,**

**FATHER IVAN DEMKIV**

**With a Sincere and Heartfelt Thank You In Appreciation For  
His Many Years Of Spiritual Leadership As Our Cathedral Pastor And Father.**

***“GOD GRANT HIM MANY HAPPY YEARS!”***

## ЗУСТРІЧ

## Духовне читання

- Я сидів сам-один в купе потягу. Згодом зайшла якась дівчина, - розповідав незрячий юнак-індус. - Чоловік та жінка, що її проводжали, напевно, були їй батьками. Вони давали їй силу-силенну порад і напучень. Не знаю, як виглядала та дівчина, але барва її голосу мені сподобалася. "Чи їде вона до Дехра Дун?" - подумав я, коли потяг рушив. І став міркувати над тим, як не зрадити їй, що я невидючий. Поклав собі так: якщо не підводиться з місця, то сліпоти своєї можна й не виказати.

- Я їду до Сахаранпура, - заговорила дівчина. - Там мене зустріне моя тітонька. А можна дізнатися, куди прямуєте ви?

- До Дехра Дун, а потім до Муссорії, - відповів я.

- О, ви щасливий! Я з великою охотою поїхала б до Муссорії. Обожаю гори. Особливо у жовтні, коли вони найсподобніші.

- Так, це найкращий сезон, - погодивсь я, линучи думкою до тих часів, коли я був ще видючим. - Пагорби тягнуться вдалину, сонце лагідне, а ввечері можна сидіти край вогнища і думати про своє, попиваючи брєнді. Дачники здебільшого вже роз'їхалися, на вулицях безлюдно і тихо. Вона мовчала, а я питав себе, чи справили мої слова якесь враження, чи, може, вона просто подумала, що я сентиментальної вдачі. Й тут я припустився помилки, запитавши:

- Як там, за вікном?

Мої запитання, однак, нітрохи її не здивувало. То вона вже встигла зауважити, що я сліпий? Але наступні слова дівчини розвіяли мою тривогу.

- А чому ви не поглянете у вікно? - запитала вона зовсім невимушено.

Я посунувся вздовж сидіння, намагаючись визначити, де вікно. Вікно було відчинене, і я обернувся до нього, вдаючи, мовби придивляюсь до краєвиду, що стрімко змінюється. В уяві своїй я бачив телеграфні стовпи, як біжать вони вздовж колії.

- А ви помітили, - наваживсь я сказати, - що ті дерева неначе мчать у далечінь?

- Так завжди здається, - відповіла вона.

Я знову вмостився навпроти дівчини, і деякий час ми сиділи мовчки. Нарешті я сказав:

- У вас дуже цікаве обличчя.

Вона засміялася дзвінким переливчастим сміхом.

- Приємно чути, - мовила. - Мені набридло, коли кажуть, що я гарна на вроду!

"Твоє обличчя, мабуть, і справді гарне", - подумав я і зазначив тоном знавця: - Гм, цікаве обличчя може бути водночас вельми вродливим.

- Ви дуже люб'язні, - подякувала вона. - Але чому у вас такий невеселий вигляд?

- Бо незабаром ви покинете цей вагон, - відповів я доволі несподівано для самого себе.

- Дякувати Богові, так. Не люблю довго їхати залізницею.

А я був ладен сидіти у цій купе нескінченно довго, тільки б чути, як вона говорить. Її голос був таким срібнозвучним, як гірський потічок. Висівши з потягу, вона, либонь, миттєво забуде про нашу зустріч. Та я зберігатиму її в пам'яті до кінця подорожі, а може, й довше.

Потяг прибув на станцію. Дівчину загукали і забрали з собою. По ній в купе лишився тільки запах. Щось бурмочучи під ніс, до купе зайшов мужчина. Потяг рушив далі. Навпомац я відшукав вікно й повернув голову до отвору, вдивляючись у світло, що майже не відрізнялося для мене від темряви. Я мав змогу повторити свою гру з новим попутником.

- Шкода, що не можу бути таким привабливим попутником, як та дівчина, що тільки-но вийшла, - звернувся до мене мужчина, стараючись зав'язати розмову.

- То дуже цікава дівчина, - підтвердив я. - Чи не могли б ви сказати мені... яке в неї волосся, довге чи коротке?

- Не пам'ятаю, - відповів попутник доволі байдужно. - Я не приглядався до її волосся, лишень до очей. Очі насправді гарні! Шкода, що вони їй ні до чого... вона ж невидюща. Ви не помітили?

Двоє незрячих, які вдають, начебто бачать. Скільки ж людських зустрічей подібні до цієї!

**Від страху виказати, хто ми є насправді, ми незрідка зводимо нанівець найважливіші зустрічі нашого життя. А деякі трапляються тільки раз у житті!**

*Бруно Ферреро "Звуки арфи"*

## **The Pretty One**

*Roger Dean Kiser*

It had been a very long night. Our black cocker spaniel 'Precious' was having a difficult delivery. I lay on the floor beside her large four-foot square cage, watching her every movement. Watching and waiting, just in case I had to rush her to the veterinarian.

After six hours the puppies started to appear. The first-born was black and white. The second and third puppies were tan and brown in color. The fourth and fifth were also spotted black and white. "One, two, three, four, five," I counted to myself as I walked down the hallway to wake my wife, Judy, and tell her that everything was fine.

As we walked back down the hallway and into the spare bedroom, I noticed a sixth puppy had been born and was now laying all by itself over to the side of the cage. I picked up the small puppy and laid it on top of the large pile of puppies, who were whining and trying to nurse on the mother. Precious immediately pushed the small puppy away from rest of the group. She refused to recognize it as a member of her family.

"Something's wrong," said Judy.

I reached over and picked up the puppy. My heart sank inside my chest when I saw the little puppy had a cleft lip and palate and could not close its little mouth. I decided right there and then that if there was any way to save this animal I was going to give it my best shot.

I took the puppy to the vet and was told nothing could be done unless we were willing to spend about a thousand dollars to try and correct the defect. He told us that the puppy would die mainly because it could not suckle. After returning home, Judy and I decided that we could not afford to spend that kind of money without getting some type of assurance from the vet that the puppy had a chance to live. However, that did not stop me from purchasing a syringe and feeding the puppy by hand. Which I did every day and night, every two hours, for more than ten days. The little puppy survived and learned to eat on his own as long as it was soft canned food.

The fifth week I placed an ad in the newspaper, and within a week we had people interested in all of the pups, except the one with the deformity. Late one afternoon I went to the store to pick up a few groceries. Upon returning I happened to see the old retired schoolteacher, who lived across the street from us, waving at me. She had read in the paper that we had puppies and was wondering if she might get one from us for her grandson and his family. I told her all the puppies had found homes, but I would keep my eyes open for anyone else who might have an available cocker spaniel. I also mentioned that if someone should change their mind, I would let her know. Within days, all but one of the puppies had been picked up by their new families. This left me with one brown and tan cocker as well as the smaller puppy with the cleft lip and palate.

Two days passed without me hearing anything from the gentleman who had been promised the tan and brown pup. I telephoned the schoolteacher and told her I had one puppy left and that she was welcome to come and look at it. She advised me that she was going to pick up her grandson and would come over at about eight o'clock that evening.

That night at around seven-thirty, Judy and I were eating supper when we heard a knock on the front door. When I opened the door, the man who had wanted the tan and brown pup was standing there. We walked inside, took care of the adoption details and I handed him the puppy. Judy and I did not know what we would do or say when the teacher showed up with her grandson. At exactly eight o'clock the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and there was the schoolteacher with her grandson standing behind her. I explained to her the man had come for the puppy after all, and there were no puppies left. "I'm sorry, Jeffery. They found homes for all the puppies," she told her grandson.

Just at that moment, the small puppy left in the bedroom began to yelp.

"My puppy! My puppy!" yelled the little boy as he ran out from behind his grandmother.

I just about fell over when I saw that the small child also had a cleft lip and palate. The boy ran past me as fast as he could, down the hallway to where the puppy was still yelping. When the three of us made it to the bedroom, the small boy was holding the puppy in his arms. He looked up at his grandmother and said, "Look, Grandma. They found homes for all the puppies except the pretty one, and he looks just like me."

The schoolteacher turned to us, "Is this puppy available?"

"Yes," I answered. "That puppy is available."

The little boy, who was now hugging the puppy, chimed in, "My grandma told me these kind of puppies are real expensive and that I have to take real good care of it."

The lady opened her purse, but I reached over and pushed her hand back down into her purse so that she would not pull her wallet out. "How much do you think this puppy is worth?" I asked the boy. "About a dollar?" "No. This puppy is very, very expensive," he replied.

"More than a dollar?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," said his grandmother.

The boy stood there pressing the small puppy against his cheek. "We could not possibly take less than two dollars for this puppy," Judy said, squeezing my hand. "Like you said, it's the pretty one."

The schoolteacher took out two dollars and handed it to the young boy.

"It's your dog now, Jeffery. You pay the man."

Still holding the puppy tightly, the boy proudly handed me the money. Any worries I'd had about the puppy's future were gone.

The image of the little boy and his matching pup stays with me still. I think it must be a wonderful feeling for any young person to look at themselves in the mirror and see nothing, except "the pretty one."