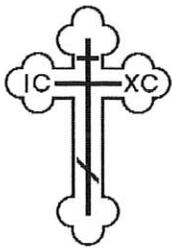


# St. Mark Evangelizer

Newsletter for Saint Mark Orthodox Church - 7124 River Road, Bethesda, MD 20817

Volume 18 - Number 1

January - March 2018 Issue



Saint Mark Church is a parish of the Orthodox Church in America, Archdiocese of Washington DC, under the omaphor of His Beatitude, Metropolitan, Tikhon.

**Divine Liturgy:** Sunday 9:30AM

Weekday Feasts 10:00AM

**Confession:** Saturday 5:00PM

Vespers: Saturday 5:30PM

**Church School:** Following Sunday Divine Liturgy (September - May)

**Rector:** Archpriest, Gregory Safchuk

**Telephone:** (301) 229-6300

[www.saintmarkoca.org](http://www.saintmarkoca.org)

## Purses that do not grow old

(Thoughts on Luke 12:33-34)

But here's a healthy question: What can I do today, to "provide myself with," or work on, the kind of purse that does not grow old? I can give myself away, from the heart. That is to say, I can give of my "possessions." I may not have the financial means to benefit others with money, but my "possessions" include my free time, any useful talents, character traits, a kind word, a willingness to listen, or even just a smile. God knows there is always someone, even in my immediate vicinity, who could use at least a friendly ear. God, renew Your right Spirit in me today, so my heart stays in a safe place, in You.

- Sister Vassa

## When we are Tested

It's easy to be a Christian; except when it's not. When all is well, our faith seems solid. But, when we are put to the test, the true state of our hearts and minds regarding our faith in and relationship to God and our fellow humans is revealed. The type of tests I'm referring to are not academic. They can take place at any time and almost anywhere - homes, schools, places of employment; in planes, trains and automobiles. This latter place seems to be an especially frequent testing zone while "out there" on the road. In fact, for those of us who live and work in or near large cities, it's usually a daily occurrence. While driving, we often experience the clash of wills - ours and other peoples'.

We are all trying to get to our different destinations from different directions, using the same roads, bridges and tunnels. It's a virtual breeding ground for competition, especially if we add in the fact that we're also often battling the clock to "get there" by a certain time. Recalling the spiritual admonition of St. Paul that we Christians must "run the race" and fight the good fight," it almost seems that the solitude of the interior of our cars is the modern day equivalent of an ascetical hut in the spiritual desert, where in our very competition with fellow commuters, we find ourselves contending not against flesh and blood, but "...against the spiritual hosts of wickedness," the demons and the devil himself. Someone darts in front of you, without signaling, tailgates you, stops abruptly in front of you, runs a red light, speeds or weaves from lane to lane while texting.

And there you have it - the "test" and the potential for what has been called "road rage." Our peace and tranquility is instantly and breathtakingly shattered without warning and our status in spiritual progress is revealed. How did we do on our test? Did we thank God and our guardian angel for sparing us in a near miss, adding a prayer perhaps for those who are driving recklessly? Or did a stream of expletives well up in our minds or lips prompted by a fellow driver's actions? I'm



reminded of the lyrics from a song by Neal Diamond: "I'm not a man who likes to swear, but I've never cared for the sound of being alone" (from *I Am I said*).

Patience, forgiveness and love for our

neighbors or enemies at those times seem in very short supply or even non-existent. Our anger and frustration can consume us and overshadow our good will and commitment to Christian faith and virtue. This is a constant feature of life in the fallen world. Fr. Hopko reminded us many times that the only thing we can be absolutely sure of is that we will be tempted until our very last breath. So we must accept it and prepare for it because it's not a matter of "if" we are tested, but "when." Each time we begin our day, we should pray that God would guide our footsteps aright to the keeping of His commandments, set a guard over our lips and correct our thoughts. When we get behind the wheel, we ought to pray to our guardian angel to drive for us and protect us. And if we fail when we are put to the test, remember that there is confession.

- Fr. Gregory

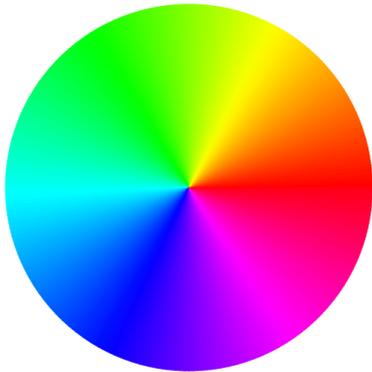
# GLORIOUS IMPERFECTION

*Submitted by: Matushka Alexandra Safchuk*

Some days I can mix just the right amount of creamer in the coffee. At those times, sitting back, wrapping my cold fingers around the warm mug, the taste, and indeed the mood, is quite sublime. I don't always get it quite right, but the memory of the times that I do carries me through the times that I don't.



The fact is that we don't always get it quite right, but we need to be able to work with what we have, even when that includes imperfection. The "if only" life never seems to bring its promises to reality. If only we buy the right presents or make the right meal, wear the right size or have the right lotto numbers. None of these things can permanently change the fallen-ness of our world. They can give us moments of contentment, but they will not make our lives permanently perfect.



In September, after delaying probably too long, I had the cataract on my right eye removed and replaced by a lens that has changed the way I see the world. A sweater that I thought was brown is actually purple, and my car is not black after all, but a lovely shade of blackberry pearl. At first it seemed so bright outside that I thought it was snowing. True, the world is still blurry, but it is a glorious, bright blurry.

The surgery itself was a rather daunting prospect for me. The idea that they would be touching my eye with surgical instruments really did me in. When I was told that I would be awake and "helping" by taking direction during the surgery I was profoundly disturbed. First, I wondered how I could do that without jumping off the table. Second, I wondered if I would be able to charge my insurance company for my assist, since it seems that everyone who takes a look see with their extremely bright penlight gets to bill.

Still, on this earth it seems that they aren't able to give me perfect sight. I will have to wait for the Kingdom for that. I have, though, a real step up from the cataract-dimmed world of before. And every once in a while these glimpses of the sublime can help to draw us closer to God, reminding us



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## GLORIOUS IMPERFECTION

*(Continued from Previous)*

that though we live in an imperfect world, the best is yet to come.

Such was the moment at the vigil for Christmas when our St. Mark choir soared through the Polyeleion. It was a foretaste of heaven. "Praise ye the Name of the Lord...Blessed be the Lord...O, give thanks unto the Lord..." All the right elements, sung dynamically so that even though it was a cold night and we had tired feet and weary selves, it was a taste of the glory to come. Thank you.

When this newsletter reaches its expiration date we will be, God willing, nearly to Pascha, when half and half can once again mellow my coffee. Ahead of us today though, are the chances that Great Lent provides, to see around the corner and catch the scent of holiness. There are so many deterrents. Traffic and hunger and busyness. Sight and sound and mood might not be quite right. But here the glorious imperfection awaits you. Come and see. It is a step toward the Kingdom.

With Love in Christ,

Matushka Alexandra Safchuk

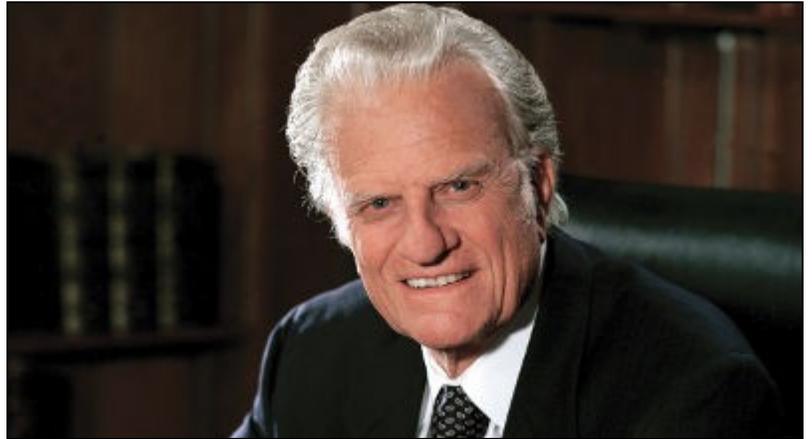


## GRAHAM AND EINSTEIN

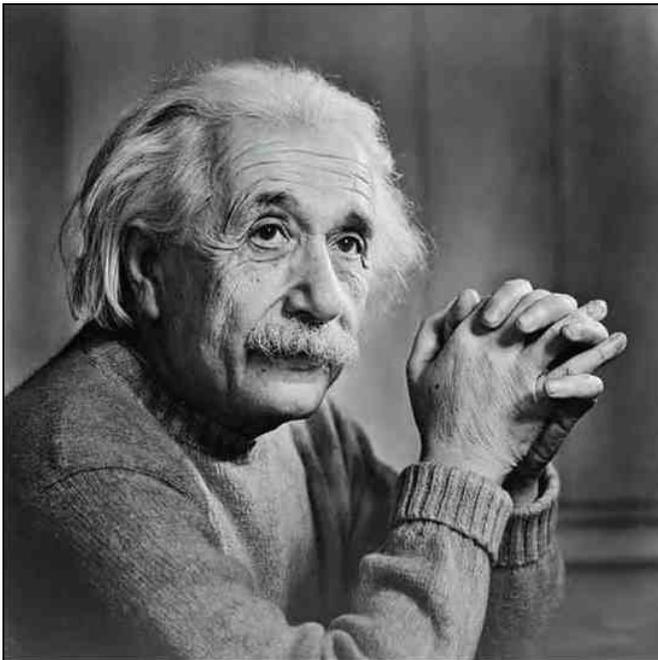
*Submitted by: Joan Mitchum*

Billy Graham is now 96 years-old with Parkinson's disease. In January, 2000 leaders in Charlotte, North Carolina, invited their favorite son, Billy Graham, to a luncheon in his honor.

Billy initially hesitated to accept the invitation because he struggles with Parkinson's disease. But the Charlotte leaders said, 'We don't expect a major address. Just come and let us honor you.' So he agreed.



After wonderful things were said about him, Dr. Graham stepped to the rostrum, looked at the crowd, and said, "I'm reminded today of Albert Einstein, the great physicist who this month has been honored by Time Magazine as the Man of the Century.



Einstein was once traveling from Princeton on a train when the conductor came down the aisle, punching the tickets of every passenger. When he came to Einstein, Einstein reached in his vest pocket. He couldn't find his ticket, so he reached in his trouser pockets. It wasn't there. He looked in his briefcase but couldn't find it. Then he looked in the seat beside him. He still couldn't find it. "The conductor said, 'Dr. Einstein, I know who you are. We all know who you are. I'm sure you bought a ticket. Don't worry about it.'

"Einstein nodded appreciatively. The conductor continued down the aisle punching tickets. As he was ready to move

to the next car, he turned around and saw the great physicist down on his hands and knees looking under his seat for his ticket.

"The conductor rushed back and said, 'Dr. Einstein, Dr. Einstein, don't worry, I know who you are; no problem. You don't need a ticket. I'm sure you bought one.'

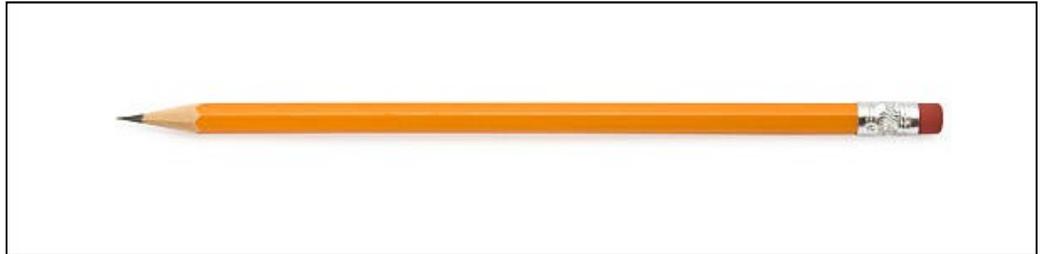
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## GRAHAM AND EINSTEIN

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Einstein looked at him and said, "Young man, I too, know who I am. What I don't know is where I'm going."

Having said that Billy Graham continued, "See the suit I'm wearing? It's a brand new suit. My children, and my grandchildren are telling me I've gotten a little slovenly in my old age. I used to be a bit more fastidious. So I went out and bought a new suit for this luncheon and one more occasion. You know what that occasion is? This is the suit in which I'll be buried. But when you hear I'm dead, I don't want you to immediately remember the suit I'm wearing. I want you to remember this: I not only know who I am. I also know where I'm going." May your troubles be less, your blessings more, and may nothing but happiness, come through your door. Life without God is like an unsharpened pencil - it has no point."



Amen and peace, my friends. And may each of us live our lives so that when our ticket is punched we don't have to worry about where we are going.

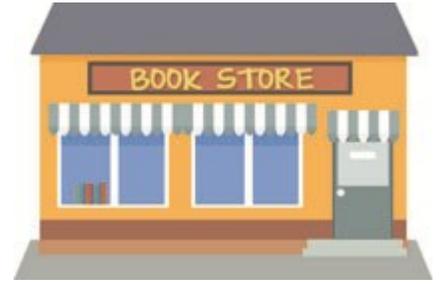
Even at his age and with Parkinson's Disease, he could still deliver a powerful sermon!



# BOOKSTORE

*Submitted by: Joan Mitchum*

The bookstore has mostly closed. The small inventory that we have is now in the wooden bookcase next to where the bookstore previously had been. We will still have Bibles, prayer books, Liturgy books, and the 4 volumes of Fr. Thomas Hopko's books that Father uses with Catechumens. The price list for these is on a small clipboard. As before, please do not leave cash, only checks.

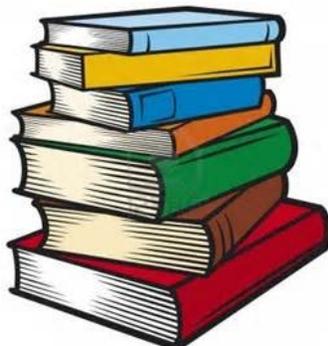


The former bookstore space is being used for books donated to the library and not needed, and other items being discarded from the library. Donations are appreciated. Feel free to add other spiritual books.

The close of the bookstore should not stop us from reading. Amazon sells lots of Orthodox books. If you have a Kindle, a lot of these are



available at lower cost. I hope suggestions of books will be made on our list serve and also in the Evangelizer. I have The Morning Offering on my Kindle. It has a very short reading for everyday that I read most mornings with my breakfast.



## GOING HOME...

*Submitted by: Anelia Rotunda*

They say that once you leave home, you can never go back. In John Ed Pearce's words, "Home is a place you grow up wanting to leave and grow old wanting to get back to." Except, when you do return, it is never the same. Nothing has changed... things look the same, feel the same, smell the same... but what was different was me... The journey and the places I have journeyed to had changed me. God had changed my heart. What I thought would be home felt quite foreign to me. Here I was in my hometown, in the very place I took my very first breath and took my first steps, yet I felt a stranger in the midst of my own people.

You see, we recently returned from an 18 day trip to Bulgaria, my home country. We travelled long hours with two young children (who are fantastic travelers by the way, much better than myself) in order to celebrate my father's 70th birthday. My mother, too, had reached her 70th birthday earlier in the year so the purpose of this trip was to celebrate and honor both of them.

I learned a lot on this trip. The Lord, in his infinite wisdom and grace, revealed to me a profound truth, which I am still pondering in my heart and will most likely be doing so for the rest of my life. I wrestled with questions of identity during this trip and acquired a sense of purpose and belonging.

I left Bulgaria at a young adolescent age. I was 17 years old when I first boarded a plane bound to the US (Hawaii, to be exact, as physically far removed from Bulgaria as geographically possible). I had just won an academic scholarship to study in the US and I was fearless. I had a backpack and \$200 in my pocket. That was all. Oh, but I had plans. I had dreams. It was the American dream that was on my mind... Work hard, be consistent, do not give up, build a future... and a fortune...

I did study hard. I made straight As. My name was on numerous honor student lists. I was a Presidential Scholarship recipient. I barely had enough to eat, though, slept on a balcony (Hawaii is not the worst place in the world to sleep on a balcony, believe me), chased after buses in between classes, a part time job and my job as a caregiver for a paraplegic woman (which is how I was able to afford sleeping on her balcony since she lived in a tiny studio). I graduated with an International Business and Marketing degree and was hired by the biggest Advertising Agency in Honolulu. So far so good, right?

Well, God had different plans for me... It wasn't the honor students' list the Lord wanted my name on. It was His own Book of Life He insisted my name was inscribed in. All along the Lord was searching for me. I was the lost sheep. He had to leave all the rest in order to come find me and bring me home. I was the Prodigal daughter of His that squandered my inheritance and made a fool of myself. He patiently waited while I made choices that did not honor and glorify Him. He protected me and provided for me in the most unthinkable circumstances. He parted the sea (in my case, it was the Pacific Ocean He parted). He came to my rescue when there was no one there. He suffered with me. He never left my

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## GOING HOME...

*(Continued from Previous)*

side. He received me with open arms once I came to my senses and it became clear to me, after much pain, betrayal, and loneliness that I cannot build my future (forget the fortune), without Him. For I was literally building on sand and my labor was in vain. I truly understood then the meaning of Psalm 127:1. “Unless the Lord builds the House, the builders labor in vain.”

So I had to scrap the blueprints of my own design for my life and allow the greatest architect of all time to execute His master plan, which was infinitely more beautiful and meaningful than anything I could have imagined for myself. I surrendered. I surrendered my American dream of future and fortune and traded it for the Cross of Christ. I became a Christian. I was baptized at St. Constantine and Helen Orthodox Church in Honolulu. I felt the need to study more diligently than ever, this time I was studying the life-giving word of God. I found joy indescribable when I received my first Holy Communion. I was fed and filled in ways I never knew possible. I became a member of the Body of Christ—His Church. And He rewarded me and poured blessings over me so abundantly I almost drowned in their abundance. It is in the same church I met my husband, Nicholas, on Holy Thursday just a year after I was baptized there. It was the same priest who baptized me that introduced us, Father Nicholas. From God have come my greatest blessings in life. Glory and Honor to the Father, and the Son and the Holy Spirit!

So back to Bulgaria... I left the US with my American passport and entered Bulgaria with my Bulgarian passport. I crossed the ocean with two passports claiming citizenship and belonging to two countries, yet I have struggled half my life feeling as a foreigner in both places. I feel as an outsider in either place. Yet I was longing to return to my place of birth.

We arrived in Bulgaria. There were tears of joy embracing my loved ones. Hours turned into days. Even in the midst of my own family members, I felt as if this was not my final destination. Even though we stayed with my sister and her family extended great hospitality to us, I felt homeless in my own home country. A balcony in Hawaii seemed really great to me in the midst of cold and rainy winter weather. The buildings seemed gray and aged. Nature itself was falling asleep and dormant in preparation for winter. There were no leaves on the trees. People did not smile on the streets. Nobody extended grace to each other as everyone was preoccupied with their daily struggle for survival. Life is difficult there. It is survival of the fittest... eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth...

No one turns the other cheek. The law of the land is the law of retaliation. Sadly, humility, repentance, compassion and love for neighbor are not the guiding principles of modern day society in Bulgaria. Faced with the harshness of the reality there (and perhaps my own weaknesses), I was beginning to miss our King size memory foam mattress and the comfort of our home. I was missing all of you at St. Mark and the communion with my fellow brothers and sisters in Christ. I missed Father’s sermons and was starting to experience spiritual hunger. I longed for more... much more than even my own family could provide.

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## GOING HOME...

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A week after we had arrived, Nick and I took the kids to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. Our goal was to visit historical places, churches and museums and expose them to their Bulgarian heritage and culture. We met Olga there. We had spent most of the day at the National History Museum with the children and were exhausted, cold, and hungry. After quite an emotional reunion with her, she suggested we go to Evening Vespers at St. George Rotunda, a 4th century church built by St. Constantine the Great.

The Rotunda church “St. George” is the oldest Christian church in Bulgaria, completely preserved from top to bottom. Not only was it built by St. Constantine the Great, but it was also the home of one of the 7 Ecumenical Councils, the one in Serdica (Sofia’s



ancient name), which took place in 343 AD. It was during this council that the Nicene Creed was confirmed. It is in this very temple that the Bulgarian Tsar Petar laid the relics of the patron saint of Bulgaria, St. John of Rila, the Miracle Worker (whose monastic cave we hiked to and visited with the children just a few days prior). This holy place was turned into a mosque by the Ottomans for the duration of five long violent and bloody centuries (1396-1878) during which the Bulgarian land was saturated with the blood of countless martyrs who died for the Christian faith. After the liberation of Bulgaria from the Ottomans, the church was restored as a Christian temple and resumed performing its most important function, for which it was built all these centuries ago—to lead the people to God.

And there we were, entering a 1,700 year old temple. It was dark and cold outside. It was raining. Vespers had already started. The scent of incense welcomed us as soon as we opened the door. The flame of burning candles danced in the dimly lit space. Five layers of murals covered with frescoes stared at us from the walls. There was a handful of people inside. A small choir sang beautifully. The priest was doing an Akathist to the Mother of God and every other word he said was “Rejoice.” At this point Dominic, exhausted and jetlagged, fell asleep in my arms and I found a simple folding wood chair (no memory foam cushion there) and sat down.

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## GOING HOME...

*(Continued from Previous)*

The truth was, I was overjoyed to trade a memory foam mattress for a simple wooden chair. The comforts of the world (or the lack of them, rather) ceased to matter to me. My belly was empty but my soul was nourished at this point. My body felt heavy as I was carrying a sleeping child on me, but my spirit was soaring. Tears of joy streamed down my face as I FINALLY FELT HOME.

True, I had been in my homeland for a week by this point, but I had just entered my Heavenly Father's House. "Rejoice," the Priest kept saying reciting the Akathist. "Rejoice!"

I began hearing with my own ears the song Heaven sings over us. I saw with Spirit-eyes all the ways God is glorious and all-powerful, sovereign and all mighty. I was no longer fixated on the things that frustrated me in Bulgaria (of which there are plenty) or the things that broke my heart. I was fixated on the Healer, the Author, the Master... Though rain and cold raged outside, I was hidden in the shelter of His wings. I had everything I needed because I was in His house. I was aware I was in the presence of the King of Kings, a host of Angels and a multitude of Saints.

The Saints... My eyes were searching the murals and frescoes trying to identify the scenes and saints depicted. Layers and layers of frescoes. Hundreds and hundreds of years. I thought of the multitudes of people who were baptized here, who lit candles and prayed for their loved ones, who confessed their sins and received the Sacraments in this very space for so many centuries. The frescoes on the walls did look very old. The bodies clothed in garments were more visible than the faces. My tired eyes only saw the halos around the heads and as I strained to see more, I suddenly realized it did not really matter which saints' frescoes I was looking at. They lived pure and holy lives and a lot of them died for their faith. The world might not remember and know all of their names. Their faces might have faded away from the walls and our collective human memory, but God knows each of them by name and they are rejoicing in the presence of the Most High in the Heavenly realm... and that is all that matters.

They left no fortune behind them. It is highly unlikely any of them lived the American dream. They stored no treasures for themselves here on earth, where moth and rust destroy and where thieves break in and steal. Instead, their treasures were heavenly... for where our hearts are, there are our treasures also. My faith in God the Father, in Jesus Christ and in the Holy Spirit... that is my treasure. A pure heart, a humble spirit, a constant need for repentance, keeping away from the spilling of speech, refraining from judgement of others, striving for inner peace, keeping silence, practicing the Jesus prayer, loving those who misunderstand and hurt me, crucifying my own passions, seizing every opportunity to worship and praise God, pressing in and pressing on while looking to the author and finisher of my faith... that is my treasure...

God restored in me something during that cold rainy night while attending Evening Vespers at a 1,700 year old church—something I thought I lost and would never get back. He restored and reconfirmed my identity. Yes, I am Bulgarian, because I was born there and the blood of Christian martyrs who died for their faith in Christ flows through my veins.

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## GOING HOME...

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Yes, I am an American, because I hold a passport granting me the privilege to live in one of the greatest countries in the world. But before I am any of these things, I am a child of God. I am a member of the Body of Christ. I am a lost sheep whom the Shepherd found and saved and redeemed and forgave and restored. I am a daughter of the King of Kings. I bear His image and I am sealed by His love. I pledge my allegiance not to a country or a government or an ideology. I pledge it to Christ and the Cross. Lord, help me to live accordingly!!! Help me to live in such a way that I am a living proof of a loving God! Help me, as St. Francis of Assisi said, to “preach Christ at all times, and if necessary, use words.” Help me, Lord, to keep my eyes focused on my final destination—heaven, for I am but a stranger passing by here. For it is not a passport that defines my identity nor a stamp that chronicles my journey. It is rather the seal of the Holy Spirit and the grace of God, that same God that calls me His own, that define who I am.



# FOOD FESTIVAL AND BAZAAR 2017

*Photos Courtesy of Victor Lutes*



# FOOD FESTIVAL AND BAZAAR 2017

*Photos Courtesy of Victor Lutes*



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# FOOD FESTIVAL AND BAZAAR 2017

*Photos Courtesy of Victor Lutes*



In the kitchen and on the serving line!



Checking for updates!



Taking a moment to kick back!



## FOCA HAPPENINGS

# FOCA THANKS YOU!

Saint Mark Fellowship of Orthodox Christians ( FOCA ) expresses its gratitude for your participation and support of our events and charitable collections in 2017.

The Chili Cook Off is scheduled for Saturday, February 3rd, 2018 following Vespers. Plan to attend this annual family event with or without your favorite chili recipe. We'll be playing Bingo again with prizes for all ages.

May God Bless You in the New Year!



## 8TH ANNUAL FOCA CHILI COOK OFF!



**When:** Saturday, February 3<sup>rd</sup>

**Where:** St. Mark Social Hall

**Activities:** BINGO!

Get out your crock pots and slow cookers. Find that favorite recipe and join FOCA for the best cook-off event ever!

**MARK YOUR CALENDARS AND  
JOIN US!**



## HERE AT ST. MARK



The Sanctuary beautifully decorated for Nativity 2017.

*Christ is Born!*  
*Glorify Him!*



Uncle Michael's Hot Sauce production in full swing!



## UPCOMING EVENTS

### 2016 Food Festival and Bazaar Totals

The final figures are in! St. Mark Food Festival and Bazaar 2016 net profit are: \$35,560.14

Thanks again to everyone who makes this big event possible!

### GROCERY CARDS

Please consider donating grocery cards for the needy all, and especially, through-out Lent! Please see Father Gregory, Skip Mersereau for questions or donations. Thank you!

### STEPPING STONES MEAL DELIVERY

Please sign up for monthly food preparation and delivery to Stepping Stones shelter in Rockville, MD. The sign-up sheets are on the Outreach bulletin board outside the fellowship hall.



### BLESSED MAT. OLGA OF ALASKA WOMEN'S PRAYER GROUP

The Blessed Matushka Olga of Alaska Prayer Group meets regularly on the 1<sup>st</sup> Tuesday of the month at 10:30 AM in the church nave for intercessory prayer. In addition, the group meets regularly to pray varying Akathists on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday of the month at 10:30 AM in the church nave.

Please join us as you can and please remember us in your prayers. All prayer requests may be given to Debbi Dillon, Mat. Alexandra or Marcella Hydock. Also, there is a prayer request email address on the St. Mark website. We hope you can join us on:

#### Intercessory Prayer Dates & Times:

- TUESDAY, JANUARY 16<sup>th</sup>, 10:30 AM
- TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6<sup>th</sup>, 10:30 AM
- TUESDAY, MARCH 6<sup>th</sup>, 10:30 AM

#### Akathist Dates & Times:

- TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20<sup>th</sup>, 10:30 AM
- TUESDAY, MARCH 20<sup>th</sup>, 10:30 AM

### WOMENS BOOK GROUP

St. Mark Women's Book Group meets on the last Sunday of each month in the parish library after Liturgy. Upcoming books and meetings: January 28th—*Orphan Train* by Christian Baker Kline; February 25th—*Killers of the Flower Moon: The Osage Murders and the birth of the FBI* by David Grann and others; March 25th—*Miller's Valley* by Anna Quinlan; April 29th—*Saints for All Occasions* by J. Courtney Sullivan. Book suggestions are always welcome. See Mat. Sasha for more details.

# UPDATER

## **Births**

10/22/17 - Liam Jacob Church  
12/5/17 - Lucy Catherine Moser  
12/11/17 - Simeon James Tatusko

*May God Grant Them Many Years!*

## **Deaths**

09/07/17 — Lovey Kuhl, sister of Marge German.  
09/27/17 — Cecelia, sister-in-law of Marge German  
10/15/17 — Fr. George Rados  
11/05/17 — Geroge Nimmer, uncle of Matthew Nimmer  
11/20/17 — John, brother of Marge German  
12/4/17 — Helen, sister of Vera Bumbak  
12/29/17 — Mark Helba

*May Their Memory Be Eternal!*

## **Baptisms/Chrismations**

10/07/17 — Chloe Nimmer  
12/9/17 — Liam Church

*May God Grant Them Many Years!*



# HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

## January

- 1 Jim Orban
- 2 James Flick  
Robert Williams
- 4 Samuel Kumar
- 5 Michael Albert  
Anna Meyendorff  
Julia Shiller
- 7 John Bainbridge  
Lisa Cannon  
Ted Koopersmith  
Pamela McHugh
- 8 Alexander Masick
- 9 Susan Petro  
Debbie Sieff
- 11 Debbi Dillon  
Anelia Rotunda
- 13 Elspeth Berry  
Susan Orban
- 14 Joan Mitchum
- 15 Nicholas Bilyeu  
Michael Bezuneh
- 16 Justin Ciubotaru
- 17 Hannah Perry  
Janice Victorov
- 18 Katheryn Cannon  
John C. Petro
- 19 Tom Cipu  
Leroy Gumpert
- 20 Jacob LeFors
- 22 Slavina Skenderska
- 23 Eugenia Jankovic
- 24 Peter Dillon  
Anthony Sekellick
- 25 Rose Zabela
- 26 Matthew Nimmer  
Ivana Rotunda
- 27 Michael Berenez  
James Lacko
- 28 Kaitlin Barber  
Nicholas Herrera
- 29 Jurretta Heckscher  
Marilyn Macht
- 30 Marti Badila  
Michelle Corbin
- 31 Rodica Cipu



## February

- 1 William Koopersmith
- 2 Ann Groner  
Olga Skenderska  
Andrew Wickard
- 5 Gabriel Baleanu  
Victoria Olynik  
Fr. Gregory Safchuk
- 6 Anna Catherine Mersereau
- 7 Abigail Datch
- 8 Juliana Moser  
Rosty Shiller
- 11 Marge German  
Stefan Gleason  
Tom Jenkins  
Tamara Karas  
Anna Kronick
- 12 Mihaela Vasilian
- 13 Jean Williams
- 14 Luke Matthew Tatusko
- 17 Nicholas Lapato  
Clark Little
- 18 Peter McHugh
- 19 Nina Borissow  
Mary Ann Fitzgerald  
Donna Glenn  
Roberta (Mitchum)
- 21 McCunney
- 22 Nancy Stanton
- 24 Caleb German  
Michael McCunney
- 25 John Bilyeu  
Stacy Nimmer  
Tabitha Voth
- 27 Isaiah Rodak
- 28 Marjorie Sielinski



## March

- 3 Mat. Tamara Cowan  
Mark Kern
- 4 Gwyneth Berry  
Samantha Sokich
- 6 Doug Dillon  
Ryan Jefferson
- 7 Eileen Holovac
- 9 Selam Bezuneh  
Stephen Morgan
- 10 Debra Yakubik
- 11 Jerry Lutes  
Kyra Smerkanich
- 12 Arianna Cacic  
Aaron Prose
- 13 Nadia Burns  
Catherine Mikuluk
- 14 Beth Tucker
- 15 David Hardy  
Sean McHugh
- 16 Patricia Ihnat
- 17 Matthew Looby
- 19 Catherine Corbin
- 20 Vera Bumbak
- 21 Sarah Arnold  
Kieran Perdue
- 22 Dr. Dumitru Carstea
- 23 Daria Victorov
- 25 Michael Mihailov
- 26 Kellie Holovac
- 27 Alice Krenitsky  
Theo Sheppard
- 29 Susan Sielinski
- 30 Michael Ahmadi
- 31 David Rodak  
Rachel Sieff  
Zachary Sieff

