

# The Saint Andrew News

St. Andrew Orthodox Church - Riverside, CA

Dear and Pious Parishioners,

The Lord's blessing be upon each of you and upon your households.

Most of our parishioners are aware of the serious illness of our brother and concelebrant, Archpriest Michael Lewis, pastor of St. Luke Orthodox Church of Garden Grove, Ca. Father Michael is due to have surgery to remove a cancerous tumor on his pancreas this Friday. We are all particularly concerned about Father Michael, and are praying for God's good and perfect will to be done in Father Michael's life. We seek a healing, and a successful surgical removal of all the cancer on Friday.

Father Michael is a faithful priest, and a faithful priest prays for his people. He stands before the Holy Table and beseeches the Almighty God on behalf of his flock for mercy, life, peace, health and salvation for all. He stands as Christ's representative, and in behalf of Jesus Christ at that altar. This concerted prayer at the holy altar is the core of the priest's life. Everything else is built around it.

But, dear ones, it is also true that a priest lives by the prayers of his flock. We have a ministry of mutual upholding and mutual encouragement. Listen to the words of St. Paul the Apostle, whose prayers changed the world, when he writes to his spiritual children in Rome, "Now I urge you, brethren, by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the love of the Spirit, to strive together with me in your prayers to God for me, that I may be delivered from those who are disobedient...and that my service...may prove acceptable to the saints." (Rom. 15:30-31). The Great Apostle was relying on the prayers of the faithful for success in his holy ministry.

And again listen to the Apostle describe what he expects by way of encouragement, "For I long to see you in order that I may



impart some spiritual gift to you, that you may be established; that is, that I may be encouraged together with you while among you, each of us by the other's faith, both yours and mine." (Rom. 1:11-12).

This is the life of an authentic community: the priest praying daily for his faithful flock, and the flock remembering to pray for its shepherd.

Here is a beautiful prayer to use from the little red pocket prayer book:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, enkindle the hearts of all thy Priests [*N.-here name your priest*] with the fire of zealous love for thee, that they may ever seek the glory; Give them strength that they may labor unceasingly in thine earthly vineyard for the salvation of our souls and the glory of thine all-honorable and majestic Name: of the Father, and of the SO<sub>n</sub>, and of the Holy Spirit: now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen."

Remember the pious Archpriest Michael (Lewis) in your prayers this Friday especially.

With much love,  
Father Josiah



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**Saturdays:**  
**Great Vespers, 5:30 p.m.**

**Sundays:**  
**Matins, 9 a.m.**  
**Divine Liturgy, 10 a.m.**

**Feast Days:**  
**Liturgy, 6 p.m.**  
**On Eve of Feast**

**Church School follows  
The Divine Liturgy**

**For additional services and events, and for the latest updates, go to**  
[www.saintandrew.net](http://www.saintandrew.net)

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# Stella: God's little sparrow

## A Modern day fool for Christ



This is the story of Stella, a little old lady, unknown by most people around her, who lived her life as free as a sparrow, but entirely devoted to God.

On the 3rd of June 2005 our beloved Stella was killed in a car accident. She bore all the signs of a "fool for Christ", with an inner life of spirituality.

It was her will to remain homeless; she lived on the streets; at nights - in summer and in winter - she slept on park benches, in hovels and in the waiting rooms of Hospitals, but she was always filled with a love for God, for the Saints and for unfortunate people. Her clothes were always clean. Whatever earnings she had, she would dedicate to the requirements of charity. She did not like to be praised, and when they did praise her, she would act «silly»...

She came from Constantinople; she had acquired a good education; she handled the Greek language extremely well, and she was also familiar with the French language, and lately was also trying to learn Italian.

Her departure from this life was exactly as she had desired it: with a violent death, and as a stranger among strangers. Nobody had gone to identify her. They interred her without a funeral service, because they didn't know who she was. But all this missing information became known in a miraculous manner a year later; that was also when her funeral service was performed. I was honoured to perform her memorial service also. After her memorial service, in the guest hall of the Holy Monastery of Pelaghia, Mrs. Militsa Pisimisi-Loukidou, a lawyer, and Mrs. Chrysoula Mandas, a dentist, narrated all they knew about Stella, who was truly a person of God.

The following is the text by Mrs. Militsa Pisimisi-Loukidou, which was written in collaboration with Mrs. Chrysoula Mandas, outlining only a portion of her blessed life, It is my belief that this narration will be beneficial to those people who live their lives seeking unbridled bliss, laden with a neurotic mentality and constantly complaining about the things they would have liked to possess.

The following words of Christ were applicable in her case: "Observe the fowl of the sky, how they neither sow nor reap nor collect in barns, and how your heavenly Father sustains them; are you not far different than them?" (Matthew 6:26).

*Metropolitan of Nafpaktos and Saint Vlassios, Hierotheos*

### God's little sparrow

by **Militsa Pisimisi-Loukidou, Lawyer**

I became acquainted with Stella in the summer of 1979 at the Chocolate Factory. She was an ordinary worker; she worked very hard - more than 9 hours a day. Everyone exploited her, everyone gave her orders and she would obey immediately, and always with a smile. Stella - here! Stella, there! The owner-employer was very fond of her because of her obedience and her diligence.

To most of the other workers, she was "stupid Stella". Her face always shone, her lips always murmuring something. When you listened carefully, you would hear her saying "Glory to You, O Lord".

Quite often our supervisor would assign a chore that we were supposed to undertake together, so I was given the opportunity to savour her kindness, her love... I remember that she would constantly say the prayer, then suddenly burst into laughter and turn her dear head upwards, towards the sky. That's when her face glowed. "Glory to You, O Lord" was what you would frequently hear proceeding from her mouth.

That Chocolate Factory produced various kinds of chocolates. Its more inferior range of chocolates would be exported to countries in Africa. That upset Stella very much. Once, when we were working together in the packaging sector, I remember Stella concentrating her attention over those boxes and praying "for the little black children who would be eating those chocolates".

Whenever we were wronged in our workplace - they used to "whittle away" our wages - she would never respond, never criticize, never react. Stella was for me a little harbor of comfort - I however used to react against every injustice. To my comments, she would simply reply with "Ah, Militsa!". I don't remember her ever putting a single chocolate in her mouth. Even though most of the employees regarded her as "crazy", still, they respected her and would always wonder how she managed to work so efficiently.

Stella never participated in our discussions; she was with us, but at the same time, she abstained from comments, from unnecessary talk. Very often, when she was asked to give her opinion, she played the fool. I had noticed that she did that on purpose. For all worldly things, she was crazy - a lunatic; but when you asked for her assistance at work,

her tiny hands would move tenderly in assistance; if it were possible, she would even offer them to do the work for you.

This is the environment in which we became acquainted. I had so much respect for her, that I never asked her about her private life. She told me herself that she came from Constantinople. It was surprising how all those who knew her had (somewhat thoughtlessly) characterized her as “crazy”, when I had sensed that they were wrong to do so. The truth is, I had perceived very early that Stella wanted them to regard her as “crazy”. There were times when the two of us happened to be alone, talking quite normally, and when someone else approached, she would start to talk entirely incoherently. She always gave me a feeling of serenity, so the others' judgments were entirely indifferent to me.

I worked at that Chocolate Factory only for a short period of time. I would often encounter Stella on the street, and she would always be saying that prayer - in her heart and with her lips. She used to say the prayer audibly, but in a very soft voice. Every now and then she would come to my house. During that time, she used to live in the laundry of that 2-story home.

The years passed, I lost track of her, but I always brought her to mind with a sweet remembrance and nostalgia.

Later, as a married woman, I saw her again at the Holy Monastery of the Nativity of the Theotokos (Hossia Pelaghia) at Akrefnion. I had gone there with my husband and were to stay at the Monastery overnight, to be there for the Divine Liturgy early next morning. The nuns there very politely apologized to us, explaining that they did not have any available room to put us up for the night on account of the construction work that was going on, and that we would have to share the cell where “a very eccentric lady” was staying. I accepted. They led me to that cell, where to my surprise I realized that the “very eccentric lady” was my very dear Stella, whom I hadn't seen for years. My joy could not be described. We had remained embraced for quite a long time, when I suddenly heard the nuns shouting out: “Eldress, come and see Stella and Militsa embracing each other!”. We were all overjoyed. That evening, Stella acted like a little child out of sheer joy. She kept clapping her hands, she laughed, she kept crossing herself.

-My Militsa, I am overjoyed that you are married. You know, I prayed a lot, that you would get married. I am so glad, so glad. I am only sad that you are suffering from your legs. I know you have a problem. Patience... Prayer... (you must bear in mind that Stella did not know that I had suffered a chronic and painful problem with my legs). Your husband's position will change, but don't worry - it

will be for the better. (And indeed, entirely unexpectedly, my husband was obliged to move his veterinarian practice to another place).

That night, we spoke of many things. The next day, while Stella was some distance away, I told the nuns that I had perceived she was a holy soul. The next day, Stella left the Monastery. She had perceived what had been said. She did not want you to praise her. When we met again at a later date, she reprimanded me very austere for having praised her. I was taken aback, because I had not said anything in front of her. And yet, she knew I had praised her.

Another time, she had said to me: “I can't stand the honour that the Eldress is bestowing on me. Look what she did - she recently made me dine together with them - with all those holy souls! Who am I?... Oh no, no, no Militsa!”.

We lost track of her for a long time after that. The Eldress would call us on the phone and ask us if we had seen Stella. At the time, I had realized that if I ever wanted to see her again, I had to stop talking about her.

Stella had become homeless. She had retired from her job and had been allocated the minimum pension by our Social Services (about 411 Euros per month), which she would distribute to the poor, to prisoners in jail, to Overseas Missions, etc. She was now living on park benches, in hovels, in deserted country chapels, on stairs, in unfinished buildings. She had personally entrusted this information to me.

Pressured by the Eldress and myself, she had come to us - during heavy winter weather - and stayed with us. She always asked to be lodged in the lowliest part of the house.

I remember very nostalgically that whenever we did offer her the hospitality of our home, serenity and light prevailed, and everything was peaceful. When my husband would come to join us, Stella would depart; and whenever he addressed her, she never replied. She delighted in eating plain tomato soups that contained no oil. She incessantly glorified the Lord and her soul overflowed with gratitude, with a continuous “thank You, thank You”.

Many times at night, on the pretext that I was tired, I would ask her to recite the Evening Prayers. It is impossible for me to describe what occurred when she began to pray. Her expression gradually changed, her petite face would light up and she would entirely forget herself in her glorification of God. I would leave her and go off to sleep.

One time, while thinking of her with compassion, wandering about like a little sparrow in the streets, she looked at me suddenly and said: “Don't worry about me. It is the will of God that I sleep on park benches. I am just fine; I am very happy. You know, I even sew my own

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clothes on those park benches (Stella was also an excellent seamstress). For example, I had a very nice time at Easter. On Easter Saturday I went and bought some lamb, I put it in a little confectionery pan, I gave it to the bakery and they baked it for me. I hid it under the bench and the next day I celebrated Easter on my park bench, happy and pleased, because my Priest had also given me a red-dyed Easter egg. So don't worry about me. No, no, because I am under the shelter of our Most Holy Mother”.

Another time, she narrated to me that she had gone and washed her hair in the bathroom of the Municipal Health Center. The employees there saw her and reprimanded her severely. Stella did not accept their reprimand, arguing that she was not stealing anything - not the water, nor the soap - because as a worker she had been consistently paying her dues to the Social Security authorities. She spoke in a very bad manner to them and they called the Police, so Stella was taken to the Police station. This was how she narrated the dialogue between her and the Police Chief:

“Mister Police Chief, forgive me for tiring you, but please listen to me. I am homeless, I have nothing of my own. See, all I have is this Social Security Medical Coverage Booklet which verifies that I have paid my dues to them. The Health Center where I washed my hair belongs to the Social Security organization, therefore I have a right to it. When I am inside a Social Security building, I feel as though I am in my own home. Please forgive me”.

Police chief: “You can leave, but next time you wash your hair, make sure that nobody sees you. Now go on your way”. She left, glorifying God and with gratitude towards the Police chief.

She had slept in hospital lounges many a night. Or rather, we should say that she pretended to sleep, because as soon as things calmed down in the hospital, she would hurry to the lonelier patients who were in need of help and would tend to them, but, as soon as she sensed that a third person had noticed her, she would begin to display her “craziness”.

On numerous mornings while on my way to work (around 6:30 - 7 am) I would run into her as she was leaving the Accident Center Hospital, and when I pressured her into telling me why she wouldn't come to my house to stay, she confessed that she loved the Saints very much; that she regarded them as her friends, her relatives, and would rush to their feast-days, to the festivals, and was so happy when they also distributed food there. She would go on various pilgrimages during the entire year. On the Myrrh-Bearers' Sunday she would be in Mantamados (on Lesvos island) for the feast-day of the Archangel Michael, then in Aegina island for Saint Nektarios, at Nafpaktos for Saint Paraskeve, etc. Indicatively, I would like to mention the

following: Once, she had gone to Saint Paraskeve at Nafpaktos and had acted like a little child, as she herself described it. She was very fond of the Reverend Hierotheos (Vlachos), whom she regarded as someone very close to her; she was so happy to watch him officiating in his splendid priestly attire and to listen to him speaking so beautifully. She had a great deal of respect for him. She was so proud that he had spoken to her and had given her his blessing at the Monastery at Akrefnio. She rejoiced over him, as she used to say.

All of Stella's narrations were enjoyment and relaxation for me. I had been observing an elderly woman feeling and expressing herself like a little child.

One time, we hosted a celebration at our house, with quite a few guests. Suddenly, Stella showed up. She seated herself, and I went and seated myself right next to her. Among the guests was a couple who was facing very many problems, which I was aware of. Stella was “in her own world”, whispering the prayer and simultaneously telling me in a low voice what was going on with that couple - what was wrong with them - but to the other guests she would say irrelevant things or just smile at them. But she was always focused on the prayer. Most of the people present thought she was nuts, but that was exactly what Stella wanted, so that they wouldn't understand her.

It was August 12th, 2004. I was in my office, and I was to travel to Lesvos island on that day for my summer vacation. All morning, I was tormented by a trivial detail - my mind was stuck, as we commonly say. I didn't have a key chain to hook my spare keys on, that I was going to give my neighbours so they could come and water my garden while I was away on holiday. Suddenly, around lunch time, my door opened and Stella appeared, soaked in perspiration, dead tired and panting. She said: “Here, take it. I was at Omonia Square, and she told me to bring you this key chain”. I was stunned. When I asked her who told her to bring it to me, she mumbled “the Holy Mother” at first, but then she began her incoherent rambling, her “crazy” act. She had purchased that key chain at the Monastery, and on it was a depiction of our Holy Mother. To my insistence that she remain a little longer with us to rest herself, to have some refreshment, she sat down on the couch and began to tell me things about herself. That was when she told me: “My Militsa, I will die on the streets, alone. No-one will hear about it - no-one, no-one...”. Those words hurt me deeply, so I told her somewhat forcefully: “My Stella, please, I want you to tell me about it. I want to learn about your departure”. And I hugged her. After that, she stopped talking for several minutes. Then, suddenly, she turned and looked at me with a tender gaze full of love and said to me: “My Militsa, you will hear about it, you will hear about it”.

She stayed at my place for the last time in October of 2004. She had pains in her leg at the time and was forced to limit her walks. I happened to have offered hospitality at my place during that period to a person who was finding it difficult to tolerate her presence, especially during her evening prayer, because she went to bed early and would get up late at night and begin to chant in a loud voice. We would often hear her repeat the words: "Liveth, the Lord God".

So, in view of this problem, a friend of ours - Chrysoula - offered to let her live in a small apartment which remained vacant after the death of her parents. Stella was happy to be living in a house near people with love and understanding - especially now that she was having trouble with the pain in her legs. She stayed there, until May of 2005. On the 1st of June 2005, Chrysoula saw her leave the house. We lost all traces of Stella after that day.

We began to worry eventually, but because she regularly used to disappear, we believed that she would show up again. Every now and then, we used to communicate with the Eldress - Chrysoula and myself - in the hope of learning news of Stella. The Eldress would always say: "Go and look for her and find her". But we were convinced that she had left on a trip somewhere and would be returning.

After Easter of 2006 one evening, very late at night and with my family sound asleep, I lay down and fell asleep immediately - unusual for me - and was awakened just as quickly (I verified this, by looking at the clock) by a powerful dream: I saw Stella underneath a beautiful tree, standing upright and leaning lightly against its trunk, looking very youthful and exceptionally beautiful and sweet, and she was looking at me with an infinitely warm gaze. I felt my soul releasing a cry that reached the heavens and tore through my chest: "My Stella....my Stella.... my Stella...." And I ran to embrace her, with my arms outstretched, but when I came near the tree, she vanished and in her place stood a lit, pure white Easter candle, which radiated a wonderful light all around and I could see its flame rising straight up into the sky. Then I noticed on the ground - right next to the candle - a newspaper clipping that showed a horribly mangled body, as though from a ghastly automobile accident...

An unbearable message pierced my being: "Stella is dead!". I awoke, overcome by mixed feelings: immense joy at Stella's appearance and the light of that candle, and terrified by the photo that I saw in the newspaper clipping. I wanted to wake up my husband Dimitri, to tell him about Stella - the "little sparrow" as we used to call her, not only because she lived as a bird living alone on a rooftop, but also because her walk resembled a sparrow's. But something powerful kept me from waking him. The next day, I rang

the Eldress and Chrysoula and I told them about the dream. They both recommended that we try to locate Stella. From that moment on, we commenced our agonized search. Traffic Police, Hospitals, Military Police, Morgues..

Chrysoula discovered that on the 3rd of June 2005 and at 6:10 pm an unidentified woman was killed in an automobile accident, near her house. Her death was instantaneous. All the research proved that the unidentified woman was indeed Stella. She was run over while crossing the road, by a car with an Army officer who was driving at a dangerous speed. She was crushed. Only her face was discernible (as shown in the Traffic Police photos).

Stella's body remained in the "Aesclepion" Hospital until the 18th of June 2005 and was then transferred to the Central Morgue of the Popular Hospital of Athens, where it remained among the unclaimed bodies until the 20th of July 2005, after which, it was released for interment. The Funeral Office that handled the interment informed us that the Funeral Service was not performed; only a Trisagion prayer over the grave.

It should be noted that all of us who were involved in locating her would speak to her in our prayers, saying: "If you can hear us, if you are in God's favour, lead us, help us...". And help us she did; we were led to her "nonexistent" grave which was overgrown with weeds, at the easternmost end of the Zographos district cemetery, marked with the number 8915...

Forty days after the feast of Easter, a year after her repose, Stella's Funeral Service was performed in the Holy Temple of the Life-Giving Fount, where she used to celebrate during the Paschal period. The priest had said about Stella: "She had her crazy behaviour, but she said correct things and she always came here laden with food for the poor, with sacramental bread, oil, and wine for Holy Communion. She had even commissioned the icon of Saint Marina to be painted in our Church".

On the 3rd of June 2006 her annual memorial service took place - with her very favourite Bishop, father Hierotheos as celebrant - at the Monastery of the Nativity of the Theotokos (Hossia Pelaghia), at Akrefnio.

In one of our last encounters, she had said: "This life has made me feel complete. The Lord has given me everything. Only one wish has not been fulfilled: I wanted to baptize two children, to which I would have given the names of Saint Nektarios and our Holy Mother, but nobody wanted me as a godmother». When I told her that I would try to baptize two children in her place - and in fact, that when they grew up I would speak to them about their true godmother, she was overjoyed and exclaimed: "Now I am at peace. I am ready to leave".

# St. Andrew Community News, October 2009...



On Sunday, October 4th, Gwenevere, daughter of Neal and Valerie Watson was churched. She was baptized the following Sunday. Her Godparents are Thomas and Maria Ham.



John Ephrem Luke, son of Dr. Brian and Shawna Jackson was born on October 22nd. He weighed in at 7lbs 8oz and measured 19.5 inches long. This picture was taken at his naming on October 30th. His patron Saint is St. John Maximovich.



October was a very good month in the progress of the construction of our new temple. On Friday, October 9th, 13 cement trucks and a 170" boom pump distributed the cement and the footing and pillar foundations were poured! After that the electricians and plumbers got busy doing their work. In the photo to the left, Fr. Josiah and Saba are shown assisting in this monumental event. Several parishioners were also on hand to witness this event.

In early November the second and third pours of the foundation took place. These pours included the main church, the solea, altar, diaconicon and sacristy. The curb and gutter pour also took place. Photos of the November progress will be published in the December Newsletter.



### Greetings from Erin Bernard:

I've been at Raphael House for almost 3 months now, and I do a few different things. One day a week I work with maintenance, painting and cleaning. The rest of the time I work with our case manager, and with the After Care program. Right now After Care, which provides continuing services to former residents, is very busy with our food pantry, field trips for kids, and Saturday tutoring. When I work with the case manager, I do some projects like writing a letter requesting immigration fees for a family who, without it, would be in perpetual need. I also monitor court-ordered visitations for a family who are being gradually reunified with their five kids. Three are still in foster care, and visit twice a week. I get to observe and interact with them, and keep their many case-workers updated on how those visits go. Living here at Raphael House has been wonderful. There is a large community of young people mixed in with some veteran staff (20 all together), and the young people often go on outings together on days off. I miss my church family very much, and I am so very grateful for your prayers and support. And if you're ever in "The City," please come for dinner!

-Erin

## St. Andrew Monthly Income and Expense Report

<u>General Fund</u>		<u>Building Fund</u>	
<u>September 2009</u>		<u>September 2009</u>	
Income	\$24,668.70	Income	\$161,196.60
Expense	\$24,401.94	Expense	\$13,157.34



## Archbishop Hilarion of Volokolamsk leads inauguration of Paris Orthodox Seminary

Archbishop Hilarion of Volokolamsk led the inauguration of the Paris Orthodox Seminary on 14 November 2009, the Day of Sts Cosmas and Damian the Unmercenary Physicians.

The festivities began with the Divine Liturgy celebrated by Archbishop Hilarion assisted by Archbishops Gabriel of Comana (Patriarchate of Constantinople), Innokenty of Korsun and Antony of Borispol and Bishops Ambrose of Gatchina and Michael of Geneva and Western Europe. Among the worshippers was Archbishop Feofan of Berlin.

After the liturgy, Archbishop Hilarion addressed the congregation, speaking about the meaning and significance of the theological school in the life of the Church. He said, ‘Seminarian studies can become fruitful only if a student opens his heart for the light of the divine truth. The task of a seminarian is to be enlightened and transformed by the light of Christ Who is Himself Light born of Light. I wish that the Paris Orthodox Seminary may become a place where people will turn to the light of Christ’s truth’.

The archbishop presented Rev. Nicholas-Jean Sed, the Cerf Publishing House executive director, with the Order of St. Sergius of Radonezh, class III. The well-known French publisher has been decorated by Patriarch Kirill of Moscow and All Russia in recognition for the great services he rendered to the cause of publishing and disseminating works of modern Orthodox authors.

Archbishop Hilarion addressed special words of greetings and wishes of God’s help to the rector of Paris Seminary, Hieromonk Alexander (Senyakov), who marked on that day the anniversary of his priesthood. Father Alexander was ordained by the Bishop of Vienna and Austria (now Archbishop of Volokolamsk) in 2003 at St. Nicholas’s in Vienna.

Archbishop Antony of Borispol, who spoke next, noted in particular that ‘the opening of an Orthodox seminary in the West at a time of what is sometimes referred to as ‘an era of post-Christianity’ was a miracle of the divine providence and a testimony to the fact that Christianity did live and develop in today’s Europe. On behalf of Kiev Theological Academy, he presented the

new seminary with books published by the academy to mark the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the revival of theological education in Kiev.

Bishop Ambrose of Gatchina, on his part, greeted the grand meeting on behalf of St. Petersburg theological schools and presented Father Alexander with an icon of Our Lady the Sign and books published by the academy to mark its 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary.

Next on the celebration program was a conference, which was attended among others by Archbishop Andre Vingt-Trois of Paris, Bishop Michel Duboste of Evreux, Rev. Nicholas-Jean Sed, Rev. Claude Bati, president of the Protestant Federation of France, several high-ranking French officials and other honorary guests.

In the beginning of the conference, Archbishop Innokenty read out a message of greetings from His Holiness Patriarch Kirill on the occasion of the inauguration of the Paris Seminary.

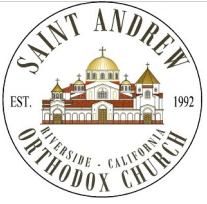
Archbishop Andre Vingt-Trois of Paris expressed a great joy over the opening of an Orthodox seminary in Paris, which he described as a significant missionary project and a special event in the life of the French capital city.

Archbishop Hilarion made the key report, noting in particular that ‘the opening of an Orthodox seminary of the Moscow Patriarchate in Paris is an unprecedented event’. According to the archbishop, ‘the seminary is called among other things to become an important center of rapprochement between traditional Christian Churches in Europe’. ‘The primary task of Paris Seminary is to offer high-quality theological education. The seminary is also to become a link between the Russian Orthodox Church and Christians in France’, he said.

In conclusion of the inauguration, Archbishop Hilarion thanked the hierarchs, state officials and French public figures who came for the ceremony and expressed hope that His Holiness Patriarch Kirill, who was the initiator of the seminary, would continue patronizing it.

After the inauguration the DECR chairman gave an interview to the France 2 and France 3 TV networks.

*DECR Communication Service*



## St. Andrew Orthodox Church

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