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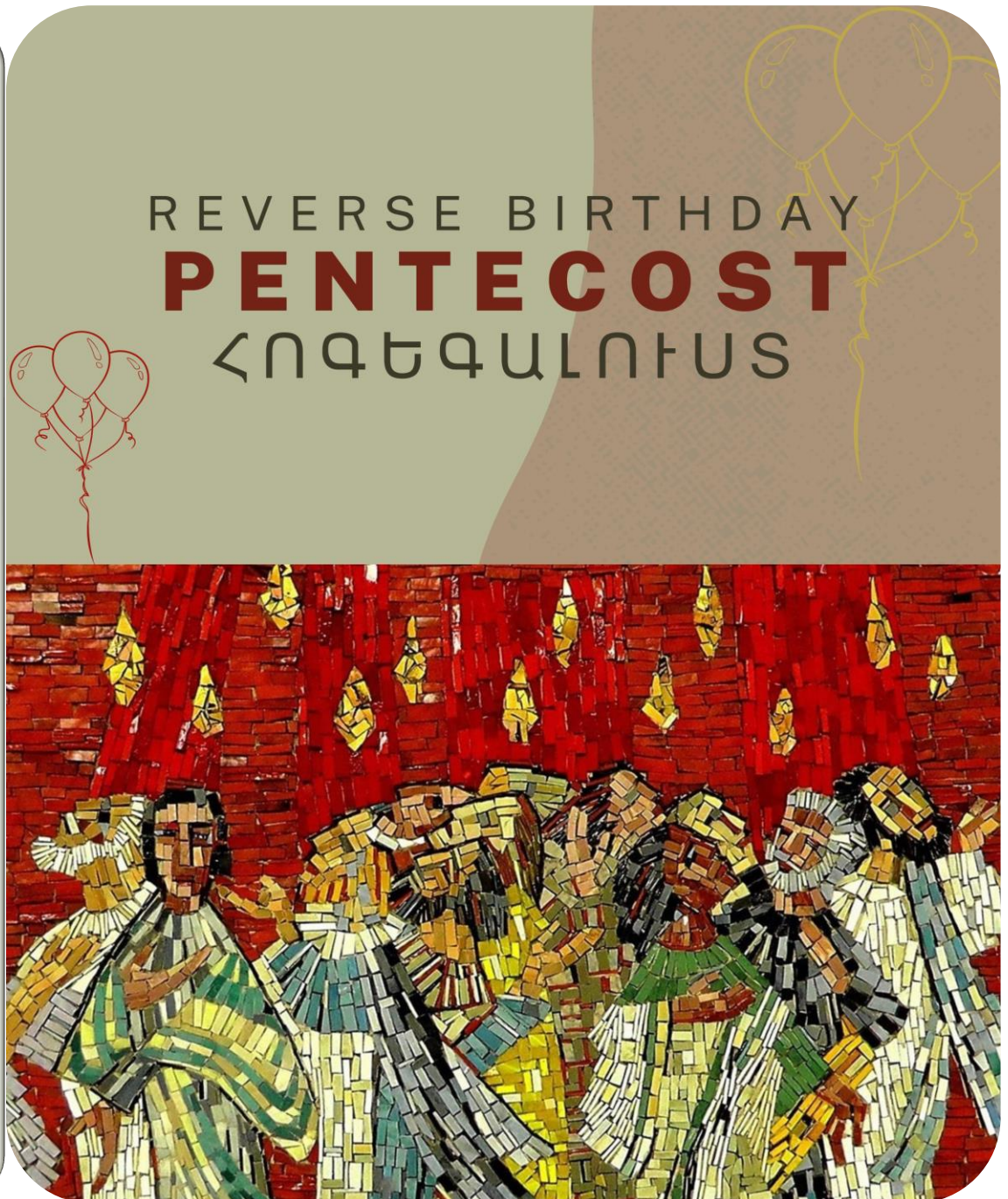
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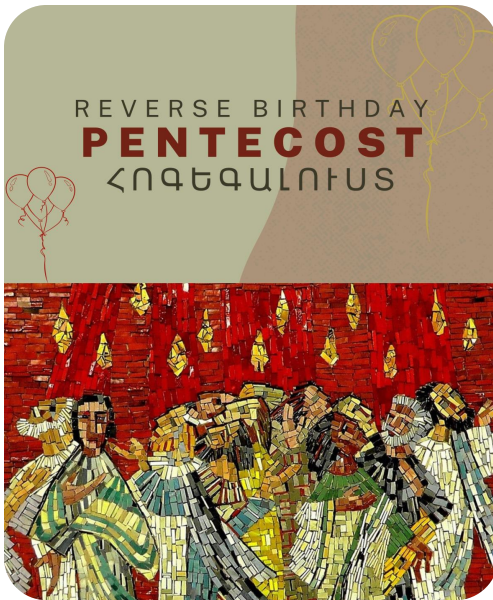
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This month's celebration of Pentecost is in many ways a celebration of the birthday of the church. We look back to one day over 2000 years ago and say, not inaccurately, that the church was born. Jesus' promised Holy Spirit comes to dwell in the Apostles, which begins the formation of the church throughout the centuries. But as often happens in the life of faith, if we take a deeper look at Pentecost we might see conventional wisdom turned upside down. We might see that although Pentecost is a birthday, it is more like a reverse birthday. For on the day of Pentecost, the church doesn't look back so much to the day it was born, as it looks forward to each day it is reborn. And instead of gathering gifts on its birthday, it constantly gives them away. If we can learn to reverse the arrows of our own birthdays in this way, we may find it brings us many blessings.

What do you remember from the day of your birth? Precisely nothing, even though at least we know the date and perhaps the time. We know even less about the birth of the church. The date of this birth changes every year along with Easter (this year it's May 19th). The birth itself is described as miraculous, with the spirit coming in wind and flames. We don't even know who was precisely born on this day. The Spirit descended not just on the 12 apostles, but to all the people gathered, at least 120 and as many as 500. Here is a birthday where we don't know the day, what happened and who exactly was born.

Perhaps we know so little about the birthday of the church and so little about our own births, because birthdays aren't buried someplace in the past. Birthdays are an everyday miracle, where day after day, new life is granted to us. That is what Scripture takes pains to show in the miraculous events of Pentecost, that the birth in Spirit is ongoing. Philip soon baptizes the Ethiopian Eunuch, followed by the great Apostle Paul's own rebirth. The church is then born into the four corners of the world, including Armenia, where Thaddeus and Bartholomew, then the Voskeants, then Gregory, then Hripsime, then King Drtad are given birth in the Spirit-and on through the ages. And perhaps most astonishingly, the church has been born here at St. Hagop Church in Pinellas Park, FL; and in the course of our own lifetimes!

It is fitting then that we recall few details of the church's birthday, just as we recall few details from our own. For celebrating the one day in the past when we came to life, pales in comparison to the daily celebration that we continue to live ever since. Pentecost reverses the arrow of time from past to present and future. It is an ongoing birthday celebration that continues with the gift of each new day and expands whenever a child of God- whether eight years old or eighty-comes to a renewed faith in the Spirit of their creator.

Pentecost also teaches us to reverse the arrow in our birthday gift-giving customs. On our birthdays we expect to receive gifts, but recall that on Pentecost the Apostles began giving their gifts away. They offered their very lives and livelihoods to bring the gifts of the Gospel, the gifts of the Holy Spirit, to all the ends of the world. Can you imagine if on your birthday, instead of receiving gifts, you gave them away? Well people actually do this, it's called a reverse birthday. Instead of getting things we don't really need, we can give things away instead. We can give our time to volunteer, direct donations to causes we believe in, give away things we no longer use or write thank you letters to express gratitude to our loved ones. If we reverse our thinking and giving on our birthdays, over time we may find we are less anxious about what we don't have, and more grateful for the abundance of what we do have.

That is just what our church and our Lord reminds us of every Sunday and especially during Pentecost, the birthday season of the church. We are reminded of the gifts of every day, from the air we breathe, to the people we love, to the many blessings of St. Hagop church. We are reminded that birthdays-be they the church's or our own- are not one fading day in the past, but thousands of miraculous days since, when we have been reborn and gifted again with life. If, in turn, we can reverse our birthdays to focus on giving rather than receiving, we may start to feel that every day is a birthday, and that the gifts we've already been given-beginning and ending with Our Lord Jesus Christ-are of everlasting worth; now and always, amen.

St. Hagop Talent Show-Mother's Day-Sunday May 12th, 2024



Join the St. Hagop Talent Show-Sun. May 12th!

Be a part of the St. Hagop Talent Show! Whatever your age, everyone has a song to play or sing, a story or poem to tell, a dance to perform or a skit to present. Your selection can be funny or serious. It can be on the piano or the kazoo! Participate on your own or get together for a group presentation. The event takes place in the Shahnasarian Hall after church on Mother's Day, May 12th. Each presenter will have up to three minutes to perform. To take part, contact Suzanna Hovhannisian by May 1 (GotDreamHome@gmail.com | 727-871-5348)

St. Hagop Young Professionals

This Spring, St. Hagop's Young Professionals have continued to meet, and pursue their goals of welcoming new youth into our church community and encouraging vibrant bonds of faith and fellowship among them. To that end, the group continues to meet monthly for fellowship, remains active in church worship & events and has also recently assisted the re-launch of the USF Armenian Students Association.



Parish Council Report by Michael Shahnasarian

In Honor of The St. Hagop Church Women's Guild Ministry

Every Sunday after Badarak, and on other special occasions, St. Hagop faithful and their friends enjoy blessings a very special church ministry, the Women's Guild, bestows: God-inspired gifts that facilitate our fellowship experiences. They package these blessings well beyond the food and beverage they provide; good cheer, selflessness, and the true spirit of Christian charity and service envelop their gifts, which far exceed satisfying our temporal sustenance needs.

In addition to its sponsorship of post-Badarak fellowship, the Women's Guild has traditionally held an annual bake sale the Sunday preceding the Thanksgiving holiday. Wonderful Armenian favorites – boreg, choreg, lamajhoon, dolma, baklava, and paklava, along with an assortment of other baked goods and specialty foods – are plentiful and tantalize our senses – from their visual presentation to their smell and taste. Moreover, these foods evoke fond memories of our ancestral meals and experiences associated with them.

After partaking in many delicious goods from the November 2023 bake sale, truly enjoying every morsel I consumed and being extremely appreciative of the hard work undergirding the effort, I asked the Women's Guild to consider adding a second bake sale to its repertoire - specifically, on Palm Sunday, enabling parishioners and our church friends an opportunity to secure some special palate-pleasing foods during the paschal holidays. My request went without a single question or pause. I am humbled and awed to say this valiant group acquiesced and sponsored another wonderful event that, once again, overachieved my gastronomical expectations!

The efforts of the Women's Guild go well beyond what we witness during our shared fellowship experiences. Before most parishioners arrive at church and while they participate in Badarak worship, your Women's Guild members tend to behind-the-scenes work essential to their desire to please us and enhance our fellowship experiences. Much work and coordination accompany the planning, procurement, and preparation of food and beverages we enjoy. And, of course, long after events conclude, Women's Guild members remain to perform clean-up tasks and to prepare for the next function.

I would be remiss not to note the can-do attitude and follow-through the Women's Guild models, and that has spread to other ministries within our church community. Their love of our Lord and those they serve is evident in the grace they display in applying their talents and labor. They also seamlessly interface with other essential church ministries – primarily our events committee, Mission Armenia, and parish council - to advance St. Hagop's mission statement: To evolve continuously as the bedrock of the Tampa Bay Armenian Christian Community, perpetuating our Christian religion and heritage.

Funds the Women's Guild raise have gone to support many meritorious humanitarian causes – both in our Tampa Bay community and for Armenian causes. Regarding the latter, the most recent relief efforts have benefitted orphans in Armenia and a war-injured burn victim. This outreach, of which few parishioners beyond the Women's Guild know, further underscores this ministry's depth, compassion, and dedication.

In March 2024 the Women's Guild, in their characteristic, self-less spirit of inclusion, extended an open invitation to St. Hagop's male parishioners to join in their annual luncheon celebration – initiated by Eileen Barsamian and perpetuated by John and Susan Arsenault - at the St. Petersburg Yacht Club. A full table of men presented, providing their unequivocal support.

What a wonderful example of Armenian Christian service the Women's Guild displays! Selflessness, humility, understatement . . . these are but a few of the virtues our sisters in Christ possess and demonstrate through their ongoing service.

Lucy Calikyan and Rita Keshishian have led our Women's Guild angels the past two years. Of course, many wonderful, faithful women have led and contributed to this ministry since St. Hagop's inception (you know who they are...please express to them your appreciation!).

So, in closing, the obvious question: Why do these women labor tirelessly, week after week, to serve people - many of whom they barely know – with no expectations and very little, if any, fanfare in return? The obvious answer: They are dedicated Armenian Christians, committed to the ideal of giving their time, talent, and treasure to serving our Lord.

Amen, and thank you to our Women's Guild! You exemplify the directive espoused in Peter 1 verses 4:10. Each of you should use whatever gift you have received to serve others, as faithful stewards of God's grace in its various forms.

If you seek a St. Hagop ministry in which to participate, I know this group would welcome you and that you would find your service in it enriching beyond your expectations.

Women's Guild Spring Photo Collage



Reflection on St. Hagop Outreach to Tsovagyugh by Dr. George Kamajian

Below is the last of three parts of Dr. George's journal from his second (2023) Armenia trip

MIA

One of my patients is a burly farmer in his 40's. He is here with knee pain. He was injured in the last war in 2020. Twice he was treated and returned to battle. The war ended when he was in the hospital recuperating. He was separated from his men, his unit. Everyone knows everyone in this town. They served together, they lived together in Stepanavan, they are all intermarried and related. Haven't these people heard of the Sullivan brothers from World War II, the catastrophe of similar deployment of men from the same towns from WW I in the same battle zone?

"Thank you for your service to this nation and to all Armenians", I manage to stammer. It is hard to look this man in the eye.

He is not angry. He is not resentful. There is a look in his eyes that suggests part of him is not here with me. "Eighty of my boys are still missing," he says remorsefully.

"Eighty?" Several hundred men left Stepanavan for the 2020 war. 80 men from Stepanavan never returned. The entire population of the city is 15,000. If I extrapolated that number to the US, it would amount to almost 2 million MIA from the 2020 war.

The 2020 44-day war has left a scar on the psyche of Armenia. Before that there was a national optimism, a sense of invincibility after Armenia's victory in the first Karabakh wars. Hubris, false pride, has a way of sobering you or a nation up quickly.

Medical records

Patient's medical records are kept in 8x4 inch booklets. Only recently have entries been made in Armenian. It has always been Russian until the last couple of years, notwithstanding the fact that independence was in 1991. The blood tests are in Russian. The X-ray reports are in Russian. All the prescriptions are in Russian. And everything is written by hand... in Russian. Imagine twenty different doctors in the US writing on a chart in their own handwriting over 20-30 years. Now everything is written by hand in Armenian. Unfathomable chaos.

I don't read Armenian. Hell, when it comes to reading someone else's handwriting in America, I have little patience. And that is in English. The Cyrillic alphabet at least has occasional letters I can sound out. The English version of Meloxicam, an anti-inflammatory, is guessable when I see a word that begins with "Me" and ends in "Kam". At least I hope it's Meloxicam. MRI reports are computer generated like in the US. "C" is for C- spine and "L" is for L spine. More importantly I can see measurements next to these levels. I can make out the Armenian letter "mm" which I can only believe is millimeters. I'm beginning to read Armenian!

The patient's records are listed not alphabetically but by geographic addresses. Cities and towns are divided into administrative regions. Ruzanna, my translator proudly opens her cell phone and shows me her medical record from Yerevan, the capital. They are implementing a new computer system that now alphabetizes entries. I think it is better than the one I've seen in America. But we are not in Yerevan. The patient records we access today are street by street, house by house. And not all streets have a name. Somehow the system works.

The real jobs in Armenia

The Armenians are very good at statistics. Why? Because all the NGO (non-governmental organizations) that keep pumping in millions of dollars annually into the Armenian economy have figured out that the Armenians are good at computer software, brandy, making katchkars (Armenian funerary monuments), lavash, and rugs. There is no real manufacturing. So, these NGO's give the Armenians work by collecting statistics.... everything from dairy production to HIV.

I am told there are 500 or so cases of HIV annually... that the government knows about. In a society where these conversations are "amot" (shameful), little more can be expected. The statistics try to separate the prostitutes from the

rest of the population. Many Armenian men go to Russia to work. They start new families or just have recreational sex. The Armenian women who remain at home know this but when the men come home, there is the obligatory conjugal visits and hence, the spread of HIV. But how many more are living in ignorance?

Bizarre Foods with Andrew Zimmern

My medical team and I go out for dinner after long clinic hours. Restaurants are meager and few. The recent Syrian immigrants make taboulee and yalanchi, not a traditional dish for this region. Locals, and everyone is a local, eat at home. Although my stomach is not “cast iron”, there hasn’t been a food on the planet that I’ve turned away... until now. It is called “Khoraz-baneer” stinky cheese. Even the locals find it hard to eat, referring to it as “Stalin’s socks”. They mixed it with my salad in Stepanavan. One bite and I was ready to vomit. I love blue cheese, Limburger, and Roquefort but this is in a class by itself. Normally I am not a squeamish man when it comes to food. Noooo thank you.

I think I am pregnant

It is day 4 at the Stepanavan clinic. My translator and I have developed a rhythm. She writes down my discharge instructions before I even say a word. Suddenly, and I mean out of nowhere with no legitimate prelude, I want soojuk and havgeet, sausage and eggs. Not just want, but demand. It is not about hunger, but some other intrinsic need as an Armenian. It’s only 9 am but I am drooling. I can taste this combination. I can smell the combination. There is no earthly reason. It is to the point of distraction where I cannot even think about the patients in front of me. Come on, we have chickens in America that lay eggs and if I want, I can go down to the local Cedar’s Market in Florida and buy some soojuk. I almost never do. But no, it has to be now.

I verbalize my demand like a pregnant woman demands watermelon and pickles. The people in the room are amazed. Apparently, I know more Armenian than I have let on. At least enough to get fed. No problem, I am told. Rozanna, my translator, excuses herself. She comes back in 30 minutes from the market and her home. I should be guilty because she doesn’t have a car and must take a taxi and her home is 3 miles away. But I don’t care. For the first time in 4 days, I take a lunch break. 4 days of working 9 hours straight. There it is, scrambled eggs, soojuk, cured meats, various cheeses, lavash, fruits. I gorge like a king. It’s like a picnic. It is a picnic. It is the best meal I’ve had in Armenia since I arrived... and we have been to a lot of restaurants.

Shades of Grey

The retreat from Stepanavan to Tsovagough is sad. I miss the people and their need for me. A sinus infection has me recuperating in Lake Sevan. I pull the curtain back from the window and look out at the lake. For three days now all I have seen is the color gray, I am impressed by the number of different monochromes. I’m thinking about Eskimos and their plethora of words for snow. How many words for “grey” are there in Armenian?

In the distance Sevanavank, the 9th century monastery, fades in and out of focus depending on the wind and the direction of the storms rolling down the surrounding mountains and hills. The rain lasts for minutes or hours. The temperature drops 20 degrees with the more intense storms. The windows of my apartment are layered in pamback, cotton-like, spider webs. They seem to have caught more seeds and pollen than prey for their arachnid owners. An occasional bird rams into the window as it tries to outfly the weather, then apologetically flirts off into the arms of a local tree. Thunder rolls off the hills makes me think of Rip Van Winkle. I know the surrounding hills are lush green, but not today. Not yesterday. Grey is impenetrable. The only constants are two water bottles 30 yards away that serve as floating buoys for the fishermen’s nets and the skeletal remains on the opposite shore of abandoned 12-story buildings from the Soviet era. The concrete shells are lake front with a view that any developer in the US would kill for. These structures have been deserted for 40 years or more.

Gold and War

The train doesn’t run anymore. The gold train from Sotk to Yerevan that used to run by lake Sevan into Yerevan twice a day is gone. After the most recent round of Armenian/Azerbaijan fighting, Sotk gold mine is closed. Both sides had claimed the deposits, one of the largest in the Caucasus. The Russians were managing the mine. Now it is shuttered waiting for another round of negotiations.

“We lost the war”, I am told by my host. “What else can you expect.”

How the last 44-day war ended is never discussed. Twenty-five thousand Armenian troops were completely surrounded in Artsakh. If not for Russian peace negotiations, Armenian casualties would have been horrific. Even now protestors beat the war drums in Yerevan. Alongside, widows and fathers petition the government to find answers or bodies of their loved ones who never returned from the war.

The Sotk gold mine was a major source of revenue for resource poor Armenia. There will be another war, I am told. “We just need new leaders in Yerevan”. They are looking for a new Monte, a new General Antranik. But Monte, Armenia’s most successful military leader in the first Artsakh war, was an American who was murdered by his own troops the rumors say. Antranik has been dead a hundred years.

Whisper

I came to this village last year. The patients in Tsovagyukh are particularly memorable for the quantity of gold in their mouth. There are enough precious metal in their teeth to fix every pothole in Armenia...and there are a lot of potholes. The nurses whisper when they talk. I have only heard this in Tsovaghyugh. Even though I don’t speak or understand their Armenian, I stop whatever I am doing and lean intensely into the speaker, it is that seductive. Entire conversations are held in this whispering cadence.

The clinic nurses are the first to see me. They bring their sisters, aunts, and daughters-in-laws. Remarkably they bring recent x-ray reports, EKG’s and blood tests. “You ordered this last year, remember me?”

From last year? You’ve but to be kidding. But they are not. The trigger pain shots are still a big hit. Most of these patients are “repeaters” from my last trip here. “Can I have another shot please?” It is my honor and pleasure.

There must be at least 6 nurses and 2 doctors that I see. All sweet people. But no one seems to be working. There is a measles epidemic in the village. Presumably because the “cold chain” (constant temperature certain medications and vaccines need to be kept as to preserve integrity) was not maintained when the vaccines were administered years ago. But the records are incomplete, and the staff involved in the administration are all dead now.

If it were up to me, the nurses would be sent out to every home and every village within their jurisdiction EVERY DAY. There must be nurse education, not only patient education. Even the nurses say they only take their blood pressure pills when their numbers are bad. I explain medical/physiological reality, but it is the same everywhere as far as their understanding, even among the professionals.

Part of the issue is lack of money, of course. Part of the issue is the universal belief that medications from pharmacies are unnecessary. Everyone takes a village “tonic” of “cream” made with ingredients that include valerian roots and other herbs found along the roadside. I cannot judge because our aspirin comes from the bark of the willow tree and digoxin comes from the foxglove plant.

This clinic / this community could easily be a model for health care. Everyone knows everyone. It is a tight community. But the staff at the clinic are lazy. The lassitude is not a genetic fault but a result of generations of Soviet rule that permeates the Armenian psyche even until this day. They get paid the same whether they see one patient or a hundred. Unfortunately, again, I ought not judge, but I do. We have the same problem with government workers in America as well. But the residents have no money to privatize, so the government must step in. And that is not going to happen even though it should.

Bars Media and Taxi Drivers

Vartan is the husband of Armine, my Traveling Doctors director, and a famous film producer not only in Armenia but in the world. Our conversations are long and enlightening. In America I would have just fallen asleep watching TV. Here we talk and listen. Fruit comes out at every opportunity. Have I had enough to eat? Kilikia or Dilijan beer? Perhaps some apricot brandy? What do I think about what I’ve seen? Do I think things are improving? Do I have any suggestions?

Vartan laughs. “There are two things I hate,” he says. “Azeris and nationalism”, he says facetiously. He shows me a list

of his award-winning films and sends me the access passwords. I see The Last Tightrope Walker in Armenia, and War and Peace while I am a guest at the lake condo. Amazing work. Most of his funding comes from Europe. He makes the films, adapts them to the sponsor's/producers requirements and then tries to sell the results back to the international community because there is no market for his work in Armenia.

Armenia has one of the most educated populations in the world. The standard joke is every taxi driver in Yerevan has two PhD's in something. The people of Armenia are the country's greatest resource. Yet, from acts of omission or commission, that resource is being squandered. No wonder Armenia is one of the few countries in the world where the population is declining by emigration.

Where did all the money go?

Even the local Armenians ask that question. For years the Diaspora has been pouring monies into the country. There are over 5000 NGO's (non-government organizations) such as the AGBU, Knights of Vartan, Tufenkian Foundation, Red Cross, registered in Armenia. In 2018, the director of the Hayastan All Armenian Fund was arrested and still awaiting trial on charges of embezzlement. Leadership from across the board in Armenia, politicians, ministers, even clergymen have been accused of the same. But is this any different in America? Half our newspaper headlines are saturated with accusations of financial misdeeds by our politicians as well.

How It ends

I was in tec withdrawal for my first few days in Armenia. There is no TV or internet in many of the remote areas I visited. Real conversations with my new friends in Armenia have usurped my usual mind-numbing electronic nighttime routine. We talk politics and art and music and the future and the past with impunity, without the fear of being "cancelled", ridiculed, or ignored. Even with translation and language issues, we get our thoughts across.

I have made it an absolute policy in my life not to complain about anything unless I offer a solution.

Armenia is filled with incongruities. There are so many problems and yet the people are optimistic and hopeful about their future. Every frustrating issue I've witnessed is loaded with constructive possibilities. Many times, the people I talk to are like children. Someone, some country, state, organization, must come to their rescue, they demand. Where is the Diaspora, they ask. Where are the Russians? Where is the West?

The truth for Armenia and for every nation in the world is that reform or rescue must come from within, it cannot be imposed. Until the Armenians of Armenia realize they control their own destiny, their collective future will be forever in doubt. In my mind, there is no debate. Just as the Armenians must fight for their own freedom, they must be the ones who embrace change to move forward. Two years ago, drones unleashed upon the Armenians during the Artsakh wars, changed the face of warfare forever for the entire world. The rest of the world's militaries, as witness by the Ukrainian-Russian war, have adapted. Have the Armenians?

Yerevan glows like a jewel at night: Skyscrapers, new roads, construction cranes, Disneyland like amusement parks, Mercedes, Rolls Royces, and a generation that has grown up with gelato and European boutiques. Twenty miles away villages abound where the primary source of fuel is still dried cow dung.

My solution is blunt. Only a people willing to defend themselves to the last fiber of their being, whatever the obstacles, earn the right to have a country.

No one is afraid of a Jew. Everyone is afraid of Israel.

TRAVELING DOCTORS UPDATE

Dr. Kamajian is returning to Armenia on another medical mission in 2024 under the auspices of Traveling Doctors, a 501 c (3). Check out the Traveling Doctors website www.travelingdoctors.org to see the work they are doing in the United States and in Armenia. Those wanting to support Traveling Doctors may also do so through their website.

Photos from a Joyous & Active Winter & Spring Season!



Lav Eli Concert



Pam Sunday



Holy Thursday-Votnlva



Holy Thursday-Khavaroom

Photos from a Joyous & Active Winter & Spring Season!



Good Friday-Burial Service



Easter Sunday Worship



Flower Arranging Workshop

Discipleship Opportunities for Youth

St. Hagop Campership Applications

St. Hagop will offer 50% tuition scholarships to participants of Diocesan camp programs (St. Vartan, Hye Camps & St. Nersess) who regularly attend worship/Sunday School at St. Hagop and whose families are stewards. If you fit these criteria, visit our website to find campership applications and further information on each program. Contact Fr. Hovnan with any further questions. This program made possible by a gift from Karen Anjoorian.



Armenian Church Summer Camps/Conferences

Each year hundreds of young Armenians come together at St. Vartan Camp in NY, Hye Camp in IL and St. Nersess Summer Conferences in NY. All programs allow youth to gather with Armenians from across the nation, grow in their faith & culture and have fun together. Check out www.stnersess.edu and www.diocesansummercamps.org for camp and conference times and more information.

Diocesan Scholarship Applications

Applications for Diocesan scholarships are now available online. Application deadline for 2024-25 academic year is May 15th. Each year the Diocese awards college scholarships to promising youth. The Diocese seeks students who are active in local parishes and leadership roles in their communities (recommendation required by pastor). For application, visit www.armenianchurch.us/scholarships, contact person: Maria at (212) 686-0710.



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2024 Stewardship Pledge Updated on April 15th 2024



So far we have been blessed with **107** pledges totaling **\$170,385** for 2024! Our goal is for all to participate regardless of amount! We invite you to mail in your pledge card or make an online pledge for 2024, it is not too late!

Thank you for your support and commitment to St. Hagop! Those who have submitted a pledge by 04/15/24 are identified below.

Richard & Diana Aginian, Stepan Aghekyan, Andreas Aghamianz, Karen Anjoorian, John & Susan Arsenault, Grace Austin, Naira Avagyan Mangasar, Harris & Zara Babayan Boyiadzis, Bagrad & Tatiana Badalyan, Arsen & Mary Bayandrian, Alice Bedrossian, Charles and Lisa Begian, Michael Boucher, Jacob Bournazian, Joseph & Pamela Hajinian Brinker, Robert & Janet Davidian, Fr. Hovnan & Yn. Anna Demerjian, Jean-Jacques & Hasmig Demerjian, Raffi & Tanya Demerjian, Primrose & Paul Demirdjian, Dennis & Rachael Demirjian, Kevork & Marisol Demirjian, Sason & Patricia Demirjian, Fred Dikranian, Dave & Maral Duckworth Hayes, Leilani Doty, Araxi Dulgeroff, Art & Adrienne Ekizian, Gregory & Alysia Ekizian, Kristopher Fox, John & Victoria Franks, Martha-Anne Garabedian, Richard & Pauline Gilgan, Adrienne Guendjoian, Scott & Mallory Guinand, Gregory & Gina Hagopian, Teresa Haidarian, Berge & Tamar Hajian, Hayley Hovhannessian, Aram & Suzanna Hovhannisian, Darren Hovsepien, Gregory & Stephanie Hovsepien, Darwin & David Jamgochian, Richard & Christina Kachadurian, Dr. George & Debra Kamajian, Edward Kapreilian, Sam & Bea Kapreilian, Harry & Beverly Karim, David & Nancy Kazarian, Lilian Kazarian, Tigran & Ashley Kesayan, Ara & Rita Keshishian, Harout Keshishian, Melik Keuroghlian, Houri Kojian, Sophia Manoulian Kugeares, Linda Light, Chau Luong, Ann Mahdessian, Richard & Linda Maslar, Susan McLarnon, Sam Mikaelian, Yolande Marie Miloian, Karen Minassian, Robert Mirak, Richard & Susan Mougalian, Victoria Mouradian, Joseph & Angela Nakashian, Bejan & Rebekah Nouri, Shawnt Ohanian, Mirella Ovanesian, John & Joanne Pehlivanian, Pehlivanian Family Foundation, Scott & Raelene Pullen, Richard & Victoria Riley, James & Lusine Roesch, Ira & Annette Ross, Arsen & Varduhi Sahakyan, Alex & Carolyn Saharian, Michael Saharian, Steven Saharian, Michael Sarafian, Tanya Sarafian, Chuck & Kathy Sarkisian, Leon & Sharon Sarkisian, Vahak & Elizabeth Sarkis, Chris & Carol Sassouni, Yates & Alexis Sayers, Stepan & Seta Serpekian, Michael & Jean Shahnasarian, John & Kelly Shamsey, Robert & Chris Shamsey, Jeff & Araksya Sprecher, James & Leana Stevens, Daniel & Norma Takoushian, Nevere Tavoukjian, Paula Trice Pelosi, Denise and Matthieu van Veen, Tim & Adrienne Vartanian Milewski, Tigran & Lucine Vartazarian, Artin & Armenouch Vartoukian, Terry & Carolyn Waidley, Eric & Jen Wardle, James & Cathy Wilson, Haig & Lorraine Yaghoobian, Dr. Haig & Louise Yardumian, Marina & Maurice Youakim, Armen & Srbuhi Zakarvan

Livestream St. Hagop Worship Services, Sermons & Special Events

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Office Hours: 9 am-5 pm Monday - Friday

Worship Hours: Sunday 10:30am – 12:30pm

Sunday School Hours: Sunday 11:00am – 12:30pm

Fellowship Time in Shahnasarian Hall – 12:30pm – 1:30pm

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Avedis Newsletter is a publication of St. Hagop Armenian Church in Pinellas Park, Florida.

Submissions are welcomed and should be sent to the church office. All text should be electronic format, preferably Word. Editorial board reserves the right to modify or reject any submissions. All material must be received no later than the published deadlines below:

| Issue | Submission |
|-----------|-------------|
| Fall 2024 | August 15th |

It costs over \$2,000 to print and send each issue of Avedis. We would like to communicate as often as possible with our parishioners. Will you help defray some of the costs? Please send your check memo: Avedis Newsletter 1/2 issue (\$1000); 1/4 issue (\$500) or other (\$) amount.

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

****Divine Liturgy takes place every Sunday from 10:30-12:30 unless noted below.
Sunday School takes place Sundays Mid-Sept. to Mid-May starting at 11am.
Fellowship in Shahnasarian Hall to follow immediately after service**

| | | |
|--|--|-------------------------------------|
| Sun. May 5th | Divine Liturgy/Sunday School/Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. May 12th | Divine Liturgy/Sunday School/Fellowship St. Hagop Talent Show & Mother's Day Fellowship | 10:30 AM 12:30 PM |
| Tue. May 14th | Parish Council Meeting | 6:00 PM-8:00 PM |
| Sun. May 19th | Divine Liturgy (Pentecost)/ Sunday School/Fellowship Last Day of Sunday School | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. May 26th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. June 2nd | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. June 9th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Tue. June 11th | Parish Council Meeting | 6:00 PM-8:00 PM |
| Sun. June 16th | Jashoo Divine Liturgy & Father's Day Fellowship Dn. Kevork Demirjian Leads Worship (Fr. Hovnan Etchmiadzin) | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. June 23rd | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship Guest Celebrant Hayr Simeon Odabashian (Fr. Hovnan Etchmiadzin) | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. June 30th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship Guest Celebrant Hayr Simeon Odabashian (Fr. Hovnan Etchmiadzin) | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. July 7th | Divine Liturgy (Transfiguration) & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Tue. July 9th | Parish Council Meeting | 6:00 PM-8:00 PM |
| Sun. July 14th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. July 21st | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. July 28th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. August 4th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. August 11th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Tue. August 13th | Parish Council Meeting | 6:00 PM-8:00 PM |
| Sun. August 18th | Divine Liturgy (Asdvadzadzeen/Assumption of Mary) Blessing of Grapes & Special Fellowship | 10:30 AM 12:30 PM |
| Sun. August 25th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. September 1st | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| Sun. September 8th | Divine Liturgy & Fellowship Registration/1 st Day of Sunday School | 10:30AM-1:30PM 11:00 AM-12:00 PM |
| Sun. September 10th | Parish Council Meeting | 6:00 PM-8:00 PM |
| Sun. September 15th | Divine Liturgy (Khachverats/Exaltation of Cross)/Sunday School Blessing of the World & Special Fellowship | 10:30AM-1:30PM |
| October 5th & 6th | Fellowship & Divine Liturgy with Diocesan Primate H.G. Abp. Mesrop Parsamyan | Save the Date |

Please note that by canon law of the Armenian Apostolic Orthodox Church, no Requiem Services may be held on the following major feast days of the church; Christmas, Palm Sunday/Easter, Pentecost, Transfiguration & Exaltation of the Cross)



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