

The  
*Akathist*  
of  
*Thanksgiving*

*“Glory to God for all things!”*



***Metropolitan Tryphon***  
***(Prince Boris Petrovich Turkestanov)***  
***1861-1934)***

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*Booklet prepared*

*by Fr. Joseph Chaffee for his flock 2019*

## Preface

In the Orthodox Church the Akathist is a hymn of thanksgiving or supplication used on special occasions, and has a standard form comprising 13 sections, each one made up of a Kontakion and an Ikos.

### Background of this Akathist service:

Since the fall of Communism, the Church – and the entire world – has been made aware of the crimes against humanity committed by the Bolsheviks and the godless Communist regime in the former Soviet Union. An estimated 45 million people—most of them Orthodox Christians—were slaughtered out of a programmed hatred and paranoia. We honor those tens of millions of Orthodox Christians who refused to compromise their faith in Jesus Christ, some known, though most known only to God – as Passion-bearers, New Martyrs, and Saints.

Metropolitan Tryphon (Prince Boris Petrovich Turkestanov, 1861-1934) was one of the venerable hierarchs and spiritual pillars of the Orthodoxy whose words and prayers supported Christians during this terrible and violent persecution. For his remarkable gift of word and sermon, Metropolitan Tryphon was often called the Moscow Chrysostom.

Metropolitan Tryphon wrote “The Akathist of Thanksgiving” in 1929: it has become his spiritual legacy. That he was able to write such a moving and poetic hymn of praise in the conditions of those years, is a revelation not only of the depth of his conviction, but of the Russian experience of faith in suffering that emerged in the 20th century.

The hand-written text of the Akathist was found among the effects of a Russian New Hieromartyr, Archpriest Gregory Petroff after his death in 1942 in the Gulag (Soviet death camp). It remained in the Russian underground until the 1970’s when it was first published abroad.

The title comes from the last words of Saint John Chrysostom “Glory to God for all things!” as he died in exile in 407. It reflects St. Paul’s exhortation to all Christians: “Be joyful always; pray continually; give thanks in all circumstances.” (1 Thessalonians 5:16-18).

The words of the hymn “*Glory to God for All Things*” remind the faithful and the world that—even in the midst of frightful suffering—our relationship with Christ in the Orthodox Church, and the grace, conviction and courage they provide are unconquerable.

The text of the Akathist of Thanksgiving has been translated from the Russian by Mother Thekla, Abbess of the Orthodox Monastery of the Assumption, Normandy. John Tavener composed the present setting, a musical ikon to the glory of God, in celebration of the millenium of the Russian Orthodox Church. The accompanying music was chanted by the St. Lawrence Church Choir of Ben Lomond, California.

The present hymnal was typeset by the St. George Greek Orthodox Church, Bakersfield, California for the Glory of God and the edification of the Lord's Flock.

***Instructions for the clergy and the faithful:***

*The icon stand with an icon of Christ is placed in the middle of the church at the base of the Solea, with two candles on each side. The censor and its stand are prepared and placed near the icon.*

*The Priest begins the service as usual, and the People respond accordingly. After the Creed, the People will begin chanting the first kontakion of the Akathist hymn. The Priest will intone the rest of the kontakions and ikos': the People chant the three-fold Alleluias and the “Glory to You...”’s. At the end, the People will repeat the first kontakion and the service will conclude as usual. After the dismissal, everyone comes forward to venerate the icon.*

***Dedicated to my father and my brother:***

***+John & +Paul***

*Please remember them in your prayers.*

*Priest:* Blessed is our God always, now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

*People:* Amen.

*Priest:* Glory to You, O God, glory to You.

O Heavenly King, Comforter, Spirit of Truth, Who are present everywhere and fill all things, Treasury of blessings and bountiful Giver of life, come and abide in us, and cleanse us from every stain; O Good Lord, and save our souls.

*People:* Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal: have mercy on us. (*thrice*)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

All-holy Trinity, have mercy on us. Lord, cleanse us from our sins. Master, pardon our iniquities. Holy God, visit and heal our infirmities for Your Name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. (*thrice*)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

*Priest:* For Yours is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory: of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

*People:* Amen. Lord, have mercy. (*twelve times*)

Glory to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

*(A metania/low bow is made after each verse below).*

Come, let us worship and fall down before God our King.

Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ, our King and our God.

Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ Himself, our King and our God.

### PSALM 50

Have mercy on me, O God, according to Your Great Mercy; and according to the multitude of Your compassions blot out my transgression. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know my iniquity, and my sin is ever before me. Against You only have I sinned and done this evil before You, that You might be justified in Your words, and prevail when You are judged. For behold, I was conceived in iniquities, and in sins did my mother bear me. For behold, You have loved truth; the hidden and secret things of Your wisdom have You made manifest unto me. You will sprinkle me with hyssop, and I will be made clean; You will wash me, and I will be made whiter than snow. You will make me to hear joy and gladness; the bones that be humbled, they shall rejoice. Turn Your face away from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Your presence, and take not Your Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Your salvation, and with Your governing Spirit establish me. I shall teach transgressors Your ways, and the ungodly shall turn back unto You. Deliver me from blood-

guiltiness, O God, O God of my salvation; my tongue shall rejoice in Your righteousness. O Lord, You will open my lips, and my mouth will declare Your praise. For had You desired sacrifice, I would had given it; with whole-burnt offerings You will not be pleased. A sacrifice unto God is a broken spirit; a heart that is broken and humbled God will not despise. Do good, O Lord, in Your good pleasure unto Zion, and let the walls of Jerusalem be built up. Then will You be pleased with a sacrifice of righteousness, with oblation and whole-burnt offerings. Then will they offer bullocks upon Your altar.

THE NICENE-CONSTANTINOPOLITAN CREED

I believe in one God, Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all ages;

Light of Light, true God of true God, begotten, not created, of one essence with the Father, through Whom all things were made.

Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven and was incarnate of the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary and became man.

He was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate, and suffered and was buried; and

He rose on the third day, according to the Scriptures.

And He ascended into heaven and is seated at the right hand of the Father;

He will come again with glory to judge the living and dead. His Kingdom shall have no end.

And in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the Creator of life, Who proceeds from the Father, Who together with the Father and the Son is worshiped and glorified, Who spoke through the prophets.

In one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church.

I confess one baptism for the forgiveness of sins.

I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the age to come. Amen.

Kontakion 1

Everlasting King, Your will for our salvation is *full of power*.

Your right arm controls the whole course of *human life*.

We give You thanks for all Your mercies, seen *and unseen*.

For eternal life, for the heavenly joys of the Kingdom which *is to be*.

Grant mercy to us who sing Your praise, both now and in the *time to come*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

Ikos 1

I was born a weak, defenseless child, but Your angel *spread* his wings over my cradle to defend me. From birth until now Your love has illumined my path, and has wondrously guided me towards the *light of eternity*; from birth until now the generous gifts of Your providence have been marvelously showered upon me. I give You thanks, with *all who have come to know You*, who *call* upon Your Name.

Glory to You for calling me *into being*.

Glory to You, showing me the beauty of the *universe*.

Glory to You, spreading out before me *heaven and earth*:

Like the pages in a book of eternal *wisdom*.

Glory to You for Your eternity in this *fleeting* world.

Glory to You for Your mercies, *seen and unseen*.

Glory to You through every sigh of my *sorrow*.

Glory to You for every step of my life's journey—for every moment of *glory*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 2

O Lord, how lovely it is to be Your guest. Breeze full of scents; mountains reaching to the skies; waters like boundless mirrors, reflecting the sun's golden rays and the scudding clouds. All nature murmurs mysteriously, breathing the depth of tenderness. Birds and beasts of the forest bear the imprint of Your love. Blessed are you, mother earth, in your fleeting loveliness, which wakens our yearning for happiness that will last for ever, in the land where, amid beauty that grows not old, the cry rings out: Alleluia!

*People:* Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

### Ikos 2

You have brought me into life as into an enchanted paradise. We have seen the sky like a chalice of deepest blue, where in the azure heights the birds are singing. We have listened to the soothing murmur of the forest and the melodious music of the streams. We have tasted fruit of fine flavor and the sweet-scented honey. We can live very well on Your earth. It is a pleasure to be Your guest.



Glory to You for the *Feast Day of life*.

Glory to You for the perfume of lilies *and roses*.

Glory to You for each different taste of *berry and fruit*.

Glory to You for the sparkling silver of early *morning dew*.

Glory to You for the joy of dawn's *awakening*.

Glory to You for the new *life each day brings*.

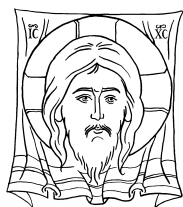
Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 3

It is the Holy Spirit who makes us find joy in each flower, the exquisite scent, the delicate color, the beauty of the Most High in the tiniest of things. Glory and honor to the Spirit, the Giver of Life, who covers the fields with their carpet of flowers, crowns the harvest with gold, and gives to us the joy of gazing at it with our eyes. O be joyful and sing to Him: Alleluia!

*People:* Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

### Ikos 3



How glorious are You in the springtime, when every creature awakes to new life and joyfully sings Your praises with a thousand tongues. You are the Source of Life, the Destroyer of Death. By the light of the moon, nightingales sing, and the valleys and hills lie like wedding garments, white as snow. All the earth is Your promised bride awaiting her spotless husband. If the grass of the field is like this, how gloriously shall we be transfigured in the Second Coming after the Resurrection! How splendid our bodies, how spotless our souls!

Glory to You, bringing from the depth of the earth an endless variety of colors, *tastes and scents*.

Glory to You for the warmth and tenderness of the world of *nature*.

Glory to You for the numberless creatures *around us*.

Glory to You for the depths of Your wisdom, the whole world a living *sign of it*.

Glory to You; on my knees, I kiss the traces of *Your unseen hand*.

Glory to You, enlightening us with the clearness of *eternal life*.

Glory to You for the hope of the unutterable, imperishable beauty of *immortality*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

#### Kontakion 4



How filled with sweetness are those whose thoughts dwell on You; how life-giving Your holy Word. To speak with You is more soothing than anointing with oil; sweeter than the honeycomb. To pray to You lifts the spirit, refreshes the soul. Where

You are not, there is only emptiness; hearts are smitten with sadness; nature, and life itself, become sorrowful: Where You are, the soul is filled with abundance, and its song resounds like a torrent of life: Alleluia!

*People: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

#### Ikos 4

When the sun is setting, when quietness falls; like the peace of eternal sleep, and the silence of the spent day reigns, then in the splendor of its declining rays, filtering through the clouds, I see Your dwelling-place: fiery and purple, gold and blue, they speak prophet-like of the ineffable beauty of Your presence, and call to us in their majesty. We turn to the Father.

Glory to You at the hushed hour of *nightfall*.

Glory to You, covering the *earth with peace*.

Glory to You for the last ray of the *sun as it sets*.

Glory to You for sleep's *repose that restores us*.

Glory to You for Your goodness even in the time of darkness when all the world is *hidden from our eyes*.

Glory to You for the prayers offered by a *trembling soul*.

Glory to You for the pledge of our *reawakening*.

On that glorious last day, that day which has no *evening*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

#### Kontakion 5

The dark storm clouds of life bring no terror to those in whose hearts Your fire is burning brightly. Outside is the darkness of the whirlwind, the terror and howling of the storm, but in the heart, in the presence of Christ, there is light and peace, silence: Alleluia!

*People: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

#### Ikos 5

I see Your heavens resplendent with stars. How glorious are You radiant with light! Eternity watches me by the rays of the distant stars. I am small, insignificant, but the *Lord* is at my side. Your right arm guides me wherever I go.

Glory to You, ceaselessly watching *over me*.

Glory to You for the encounters You *arrange for me*.

Glory to You for the love of parents, for the *faithfulness of friends*.

Glory to You for the humbleness of the animals which *serve me*.

Glory to You for the unforgettable *moments of life*.

Glory to You for the heart's *innocent joy*.

Glory to You for the joy of *living*;

Moving and being able to *return Your love*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 6

How great and how close are You in the powerful track of the storm! How mighty Your right arm in the




blinding flash of the lightning! How awesome Your majesty! The voice of the Lord fills the fields, it speaks in the rustling of the trees. The voice of the Lord is in the thunder and the downpour. The voice of the Lord is heard above the waters. Praise be to You in the roar of mountains ablaze. You shake the earth like a garment; You pile up to the sky the waves of the sea. Praise be to You, bringing low the

pride of man. You bring from his heart a cry of Penitence: Alleluia!

*People: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

### Ikos 6

When the lightning flash has lit up the camp dining hall, how feeble seems the light from the lamp. Thus do You, like the lightning, unexpectedly light up my heart with flashes of intense joy. After Your blinding light, how drab, how colorless, how illusory all else seems. My souls clings to You. 

Glory to You, the highest peak of men's *dreaming*.

Glory to You for our unquenchable thirst for *communion with God*.

Glory to You, making us dissatisfied with *earthly things*.

Glory to You, turning on us Your *healing rays*.

Glory to You, subduing the power of the spirits of *darkness*,  
And dooming to death every *evil*.

Glory to You for the signs of *Your presence*—

For the joy of hearing Your voice and living in *Your love*.  
Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 7

In the wondrous blending of sounds it is Your call we hear; in the harmony of many voices, in the sublime beauty of music, in the glory of the works of great composers: You lead us to the threshold of paradise to come, and to the choirs of angels. All true beauty has the power to draw the soul towards You, and to make it sing in ecstasy: Alleluia!

*People: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

### Ikos 7

The breath of Your Holy Spirit inspires artists, poets and scientists. The power of Your supreme knowledge makes them prophets and interpreters of Your laws, who reveal the depths of Your creative wisdom. Their



works speak unwittingly of You. How great You are in Your creation! How great You are in man!

Glory to You, showing Your unsurpassable power in the laws of the *universe*.

Glory to You, for all nature is *filled with Your laws*.

Glory to You for what You have revealed to us in Your *mercy*.

Glory to You for what You have hidden from us in Your *wisdom*.

Glory to You for the inventiveness of the *human mind*.

Glory to You for the dignity of man's *labor*.

Glory to You for the tongues of fire that bring *inspiration*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 8

How near You are in the day of sickness. You Yourself visit the sick; You Yourself bend over the sufferer's bed. His heart speaks to You. In the throes of sorrow and suffering You bring peace; You bring unexpected consolation. You are the comforter. You are the love which watches over and heals us. To You we sing the song: Alleluia!

*People: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

### Ikos 8

When in childhood I called upon You consciously for the first time. You heard my prayer; You filled my heart with the blessing of peace. At that moment I knew Your goodness (and) knew how blessed are those who turn to You. I started to call upon You night and day; and now, even now, I call upon Your Name.

Glory to You, satisfying my desires with *good things*.

Glory to You, watching over me *day and night*.

Glory to You, curing affliction and emptiness with the healing *flow of time*.

Glory to You, no loss is irreparable in You, Giver of eternal *life to all*.

Glory to You, making immortal all that is *lofty and good*.

Glory to You, promising us the longed-for meeting with our *loved ones who have died*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 9

Why is it that on a Feast Day the whole of nature mysteriously smiles? Why is it that then a heavenly gladness fills our hearts; a gladness far beyond that of earth and the very air in church and in the altar becomes luminous? It is the breath of Your gracious love. It is the reflection of the glory of Mount Tabor. Then do heaven and earth sing Your praise: Alleluia!

*People: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

### Ikos 9



When You called me to serve my brothers and filled my soul with humility, one of Your deep, piercing rays shone into my heart; it became luminous, full of light like iron glowing in the furnace. I have seen Your face, face of mystery and of unapproachable glory.

Glory to You, transfiguring our lives with *deeds of love*.

Glory to You, making wonderfully Sweet the keeping of  
Your *commandments*.

Glory to You, making Yourself known where man  
shows mercy on his *neighbor*.

Glory to You, sending us failure and misfortune that  
we may understand the sorrows of *others*.

Glory to You, rewarding us so well for the *good we do*.

Glory to You, welcoming the impulse of our *heart's  
love*.

Glory to You, raising to the heights of heaven every act  
of love in *earth and sky*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 10

No one can put together what has crumbled into dust, but  
You can restore a conscience turned to ashes. You can  
restore to its former beauty a soul lost and without hope.  
With You, there is nothing that cannot be redeemed. You  
are love; You are Creator and Redeemer. We praise You,  
singing: Alleluia!

*People:* Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

### Ikos 10

Remember, my God, the fall of Lucifer full of  
pride, keep me safe with the power of Your Grace; save  
me from falling away from You. Save me from doubt.  
Incline my heart to hear Your mysterious voice every  
moment of my life. Incline my heart to call upon You,  
present in everything.



Glory to You for every *happening*;

Every condition Your providence has *put me in*.

Glory to You for what You speak to *me in my heart*.

Glory to You for what You reveal to me, *asleep or awake*.

Glory to You for scattering our vain *imaginations*.

Glory to You for raising us from the slough of our passions through *suffering*.

Glory to You for curing our pride of heart by *humiliation*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 11

Across the cold chains of the centuries, I feel the warmth of Your breath, I feel Your blood pulsing in my veins. Part of time has already gone, but now You are the present. I stand by Your Cross; I was the cause of it. I cast myself down in the dust before it. Here is the triumph of love, the victory of salvation. Here the centuries themselves cannot remain silent, singing Your praises: Alleluia!

*People: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!*

### Ikos 11

Blessed are they who will share in the King's Banquet: but already on earth You give me a foretaste of this blessedness. How many times with Your own hand have You held out to me Your Body and Your Blood, and I, though a miserable sinner, have received this Mystery, and have tasted Your love, so ineffable, so heavenly.

Glory to You for the unquenchable *fire of Your Grace*.

Glory to You, building Your Church, a haven of peace in a *tortured world*.

Glory to You for the life-giving water of Baptism in which we *find new birth*.

Glory to You, restoring to the penitent purity white as the *lily*.

Glory to You for the Cup of Salvation and the Bread of *Eternal joy*.

Glory to You for exalting us to the highest *heaven*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 12

How often have I seen the reflection of Your glory in the faces of the dead. How resplendent they were, with beauty and heavenly joy. How ethereal, how translucent their faces. How triumphant over suffering and death, their felicity and peace. Even in the silence they were calling upon You. In the hour of my death, enlighten my soul, that it may cry out to You: Alleluia!

*People:* Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

### Ikos 12

What sort of praise can I give You? I have never heard the song of the Cherubim, a joy reserved for the spirits above. But I know the praises that nature sings to You. In winter, I have beheld how silently in the moonlight the whole earth offers You prayer, clad in its white mantle of snow, sparkling like diamonds. I have seen how the rising sun rejoices in You, how the song of the birds is a chorus of praise to You. I have heard the mysterious mutterings of the forests about You, and the winds singing Your praise as they stir the waters. I have understood how the choirs of stars proclaim Your glory as they move forever in the depths of infinite space. What is my poor worship? All nature obeys You, I do not. Yet while I live, I see Your love, I long to thank You, and call upon Your Name.

Glory to You, *giving us light.*

Glory to You, loving us with love so deep, divine and *infinite.*

Glory to You, blessing us with light, and with the host of *angels and saints.*

Glory to You, Father all-holy, promising us a share in Your *Kingdom.*

Glory to You, Redeemer Son, who hast shown us the path to *salvation!*<sup>i</sup>

Glory to You, Holy Spirit, life-giving Sun of the *world to come.*

Glory to You for all things, Holy and most merciful *Trinity.*

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 13

Life-giving and merciful Trinity, receive my thanksgiving for all Your goodness. Make us worthy of Your blessings, so that, when we have brought to fruit the talents You have entrusted to us, we may enter into the joy of our Lord, forever exulting in the shout of victory: Alleluia! (*thrice*)

*People:* Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

### Ikos 1

I was born a weak, defenseless child, but Your angel spread his wings over my cradle to defend me. From birth until now Your love has illumined my path, and has wondrously guided me towards the light of eternity; from birth until now the generous gifts of Your providence have been marvelously showered upon me. I give You thanks, with all who have come to know You, who call upon Your Name.

Glory to You for calling me *into being*.

Glory to You, showing me the beauty of the *universe*.

Glory to You, spreading out before me *heaven and earth*:

Like the pages in a book of eternal *wisdom*.

Glory to You for Your eternity in this *fleeting* world.

Glory to You for Your mercies, *seen and unseen*.

Glory to You through every sigh of my *sorrow*.

Glory to You for every step of my life's journey—for every moment of *glory*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### Kontakion 1

Everlasting King, Your will for our salvation is *full of power*.

Your right arm controls the whole course of *human life*.

We give You thanks for all Your mercies, *seen and unseen*.

For eternal life, for the heavenly joys of the Kingdom which *is to be*.

Grant mercy to us who sing Your praise, both now and in the *time to come*.

Glory to You, O God, from age to age.

### THEOTOKION

*(This is Read aloud)*

*People:* Truly you are worthy to be blessed, Mother of our God, the Theotokos. You the ever blessed one, and all blameless one, and the Mother of our God. You are honored more than the Cherubim, and you have more glory, when compared, to the Seraphim; You, without corruption, did bear God, the Logos; You are the Theotokos; You do we magnify.

*(The people kneel.)*

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

*Priest:* O Lord Jesus Christ our God, the God of all mercies and bounties, Whose mercy is immeasurable, and whose love for mankind is an unfathomable deep: falling down in adoration before Your majesty, with fear and trembling, as unprofitable servants, and now humbly rendering thanks unto Your loving-kindness for Your benefits bestowed upon us. We thank You, O Lord, for having become one of us, suffering, dying and rising again, by which You have reopened to us the doors of Paradise. We thank You O Lord, for Your One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, Orthodox Church, through which Your teachings are preserved and practiced, and we are led to You. We thank You, O Lord, for the Saints whom You have given us as role models and as intercessors before Your Judgment Seat. We thank You, O Lord, for having helped us to overcome all difficulties, tensions, passions, temptations and restored peace, mutual love and joy in sharing the communion of the Holy Spirit. We thank You, O Lord, for the sufferings You bestow upon us, for they are purifying us from selfishness and reminding us of the “one thing needed,” Your eternal Kingdom. We thank You, O Lord, for having given us this country where we are free to worship You. We thank You, O Lord, for our families: husbands, wives and, especially, children who teach us how to celebrate Your holy Name in joy, movement and holy noise. We thank You, O Lord, for everyone and everything. Great are You, O Lord, and marvelous are Your deeds, and no word is sufficient to celebrate Your miracles. Glory to You, O God our

Benefactor, together with Your unoriginate Father, the Creator and Source of all things, and Your All-holy, Good, and Life-giving Spirit, the Treasury of Blessings, unto ages of ages.

*People: Amen. (The people rise.)*

### THE TRISAGION PRAYERS

*People: Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal: have mercy on us. (Thrice)*

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

All-holy Trinity, have mercy on us. Lord, cleanse us from our sins. Master, pardon our iniquities. Holy God, visit and heal our infirmities for Your Name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. (Thrice)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

*Priest: For Yours is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory: of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; now and ever, and unto ages of ages.*

### THE DISMISSAL

*Priest: Glory to You, O Christ our God and our sure hope, glory to You.*

*People:* Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Lord, have mercy (*thrice*). Father, bless.

*Priest:* May Christ our true God, through the intercessions of His most pure and holy Mother...

**On Sunday**, include all of the below

**On Monday, say:** ...*by the protection of the honorable Bodiless Powers of Heaven;*

**On Tuesday, say:** ...*at the supplication of the honorable, glorious Prophet, Forerunner and Baptist John;*

**On Wednesday and Friday, say:** ...*by the might of the precious and life-giving Cross;*

**On Thursday, say:** ...*at the supplication of the holy, glorious and all-laudable Apostles; of our father among the saints, Nicholas the Wonderworker, Archbishop of Myra in Lycia;*

**On Saturday, say:** ...*at the supplication of the holy, glorious and right-victorious Martyrs; of our venerable and God-bearing Fathers;*

...*at the supplication of Saint N., the patron and protector of this holy community; of the holy and righteous ancestors of God, Joachim and Anna; and of all the saints: have mercy on us and save us, forasmuch as He is good and loves mankind.*

*Priest:* Through the prayers of our holy fathers, Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy upon us and save us.

*People:* Amen.

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<sup>i</sup> This verse is not done by the St. Lawrence Choir. It is probably an oversight.