

ORTHROS ON THE FIRST SATURDAY IN GREAT LENT MIRACLE OF THE KOLYVA BY THEODORE THE SOLDIER ('TYRO')

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

Choir: Amen.

Priest: Glory to Thee, our God, glory to Thee.

O heavenly King, the Comforter, Spirit of Truth, Who art in all places, and fillest all things, Treasury of good things, and Giver of life, come, and dwell in us, and cleanse us from every stain; and save our souls, O good One.

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 One, visit and heal our infirmities for Thy 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 the evil one.

Priest: For Thine 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.

Choir: Amen.

O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance, granting to Thy people victory over all their enemies, and by the power of Thy Cross preserving Thy commonwealth.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Do Thou, Who of Thine own good will wast lifted up upon the Cross, O Christ our God, bestow Thy bounties upon the new Nation which is called by Thy Name; make glad in Thy might those who lawfully govern, that with them we may be led to victory over our adversaries, having in Thine aid a weapon of peace and a trophy invincible.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

O fearsome champion, who cannot be put to confusion, despise not our petitions, O good and all-praised Theotokos; establish the way of the Orthodox; save those who have been called upon to govern us, leading us all to that victory which is from heaven, for thou art she who gavest birth to God and alone art blessed.

LITANY

Priest: Have mercy on us, O God, according to thy great mercy, we pray thee, hearken and have mercy.

The choir responds "Lord, have mercy" (thrice) in this litany until noted.

Again, we pray for all pious and Orthodox Christians.

Again we pray for our father and metropolitan, N., (our bishop, N.) and all our brotherhood in Christ.

For thou art a merciful God and lovest mankind, and unto thee we ascribe glory, to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

Choir: Amen. Bless, father, in the name of the Lord.

Priest: Glory to the holy, consubstantial, life-giving and undivided Trinity, always, now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

Reader: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill among men. (*thrice*)

O Lord, Thou shalt open my lips, and my mouth shall declare Thy praise. (*twice*)

PSALM 3

O Lord, why are they multiplied that afflict me? Many rise up against me. Many say unto my soul: There is no salvation for him in his God. But Thou, O Lord, art my helper, my glory, and the lifter up of my head. I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and He heard me out of His holy mountain. I laid me down and slept; I awoke, for the Lord will help me. I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that set themselves against me round about. Arise, O Lord, save me, O my God, for Thou hast smitten all who without cause are mine enemies; the teeth of sinners hast Thou broken. Salvation is of the Lord, and Thy blessing is upon Thy people.

I laid me down and slept; I awoke, for the Lord will help me.

PSALM 37

O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, nor chasten me in Thy wrath. For Thine arrows are fastened in me, and Thou hast laid Thy hand heavily upon me. There is no healing in my flesh in the face of Thy wrath; and there is no peace in my bones in the face of my sins. For mine iniquities are risen higher than my head; as a heavy burden have they pressed heavily upon me. My bruises are become noisome and corrupt in the face of my folly. I have been wretched and utterly bowed down until the end; all the day long I went with downcast face. For my loins are filled with mocking, and there is no healing in my flesh. I am afflicted and humbled exceedingly, I have roared from the groaning of my heart. O Lord, before Thee is all my desire, and my groaning is not hid from Thee. My heart is troubled, my strength hath failed me; and the light of mine eyes, even this is not with me. My friends and my neighbors drew nigh over against me and stood, and my nearest of kin stood afar off. And they that sought after my soul used violence; and they that sought evils for me spake vain things, and craftinesses all the day long did they meditate. But as for me, like a deaf man I heard them not, and was as a speechless man that openeth not his mouth. And I became as a man that heareth not, and that hath in his mouth no reproofs. For in Thee have I hoped, O Lord; Thou wilt hearken unto me, O Lord my God. For I said: Let never mine enemies rejoice over me; yea, when my feet were shaken, those men spake boastful words against me. For I am ready for scourges, and my sorrow is continually before me. For I will declare mine iniquity, and I will take heed concerning my sin. But mine enemies live and are made stronger than I, and they that hated me unjustly are multiplied. They that render me evil for good slandered me, because I pursued goodness. Forsake me not, O Lord my God, depart not from me. Be attentive unto my help, O Lord of my salvation.

Forsake me not, O Lord my God, depart not from me. Be attentive unto my help, O Lord of my salvation.

PSALM 62

O God, my God, unto Thee I rise early at dawn. My soul hath thirsted for Thee; how often hath my flesh longed after Thee in a land barren and untrodden and unwatered. So in the sanctuary have I appeared before Thee to see Thy power and Thy glory. For Thy mercy is better than lives; my lips shall praise Thee. So shall I bless Thee in my life, and in Thy name will I lift up my hands. As with marrow and fatness let my soul be filled, and with lips rejoicing shall my mouth praise Thee. If I remembered Thee on my bed, at the dawn I meditated on Thee. For Thou art become my helper; in the shelter of Thy wings will I rejoice. My soul hath cleaved after Thee; Thy right hand hath been quick to help me. But as for these, in vain have they sought after my soul; they shall go into the nethermost parts of the earth, they shall be surrendered unto the edge of the sword; portions for foxes shall they be. But the king shall be glad in God, everyone shall be praised that sweareth by Him; for the mouth of them is stopped that speak unjust things.

At the dawn I meditated on Thee. For Thou art become my helper; in the shelter of Thy wings will I rejoice. My soul hath cleaved after Thee; Thy right hand hath been quick to help me.

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

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia. Glory to Thee, O God. (*thrice*)

Lord, have mercy. (*thrice*)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

PSALM 87

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

O Lord God of my salvation, by day have I cried and by night before Thee. Let my prayer come before Thee, bow down Thine ear unto my supplication, for filled with evils is my soul, and my life unto Hades hath drawn nigh. I am counted with them that go down into the pit; I am become as a man without help, free among the dead, like the bodies of the slain that sleep in the grave, whom Thou rememberest no more, and they are cut off from Thy hand. They laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness and in the shadow of death. Against me is Thine anger made strong, and all Thy billows hast Thou brought upon me. Thou hast removed my friends afar from me; they have made me an abomination unto themselves. I have been delivered up, and have not come forth; mine eyes are grown weak from poverty. I have cried unto Thee, O Lord, the whole day long; I have stretched out my hands unto Thee. Nay, for the dead wilt Thou work wonders? Or shall physicians raise them up that they may give thanks unto Thee? Nay, shall any in the grave tell of Thy mercy, and of Thy truth in that destruction? Nay, shall Thy wonders be known in that darkness, and Thy righteousness in that land that is forgotten? But as for me, unto Thee, O Lord, have I cried; and in the morning shall my prayer come before Thee. Wherefore, O Lord, dost Thou cast off my soul and turnest Thy face away from me? A poor man am I, and in troubles from my youth; yea, having been exalted, I was humbled and brought to distress. Thy furies have passed upon me, and Thy terrors have sorely troubled me. They came round about me like water, all the day long they compassed me about together. Thou hast removed afar from me friend and neighbor, and mine acquaintances because of my misery.

O Lord God of my salvation, by day have I cried and by night before Thee. Let my prayer come before Thee, bow down Thine ear unto my supplication.

PSALM 102

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all that He hath done for thee, Who is gracious unto all thine iniquities, Who healeth all thine infirmities, Who redeemeth thy life from corruption, Who crowneth thee with mercy and compassion, Who fulfilleth thy desire with good things; thy youth shall be renewed as the eagle's. The Lord performeth deeds of mercy, and executeth judgment for all them that are wronged. He hath made His ways known unto Moses, unto the sons of Israel the things that He hath willed. Compassionate and merciful is the Lord, long-suffering and plenteous in mercy; not unto the end will He be angered; neither unto eternity will He be wroth. Not according to our iniquities hath He dealt with us, neither according to our sins hath He rewarded us. For according to the height of heaven from the earth, the Lord hath made His mercy to prevail over them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our iniquities from us. Like as a father hath compassion upon his sons, so hath the Lord had compassion upon them that fear Him; for He knoweth whereof we are made, He hath remembered that we are dust. As for man, his days are as the grass; as a flower of the field, so shall he blossom forth. For when the wind is passed over it, then it shall be gone, and no longer will it know the place thereof. But the mercy of the Lord is from eternity, even unto eternity, upon them that fear Him. And His righteousness is upon sons of sons, upon them that keep His testament and remember His commandments to do them. The Lord in heaven hath prepared His throne, and His kingdom ruleth over all. Bless the Lord, all ye His angels, mighty in strength, that perform His word, to hear the voice of His words. Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts, His ministers that do His will. Bless the Lord, all ye His works, in every place of His dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

In every place of His dominion, bless the Lord, O my soul.

PSALM 142

O Lord, hear my prayer, give ear unto my supplication in Thy truth; hearken unto me in Thy righteousness. And enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified. For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath humbled my life down to the earth. He hath sat me in darkness as those that have been long dead, and my spirit within me is become despondent; within me my heart is troubled. I remembered days of old, I meditated on all Thy works, I pondered on the creations of Thy hands. I stretched forth my hands unto Thee; my soul thirsteth after Thee like a waterless land. Quickly hear me, O Lord; my spirit hath fainted away. Turn not Thy face away from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit. Cause me to hear Thy mercy in the morning; for in Thee have I put my hope. Cause me to know, O Lord, the way wherein I should walk; for unto Thee have I lifted up my soul. Rescue me from mine enemies, O Lord; unto Thee have I fled for refuge. Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God. Thy good Spirit shall lead me in the land of uprightness; for Thy name's sake, O Lord, shalt Thou quicken me. In Thy righteousness shalt Thou bring my soul out of affliction, and in Thy mercy shalt Thou utterly destroy mine enemies. And Thou shalt cut off all them that afflict my soul, for I am Thy servant.

Hearken unto me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness and enter not into judgment with Thy servant. (*twice*)
Thy good Spirit shall lead me in the land of uprightness.

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

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia. Glory to Thee, O God. (*thrice*)

O our God and our Hope, glory to Thee!

THE GREAT LITANY

Priest: In peace, let us pray to the Lord.

The choir responds "Lord, have mercy" to each petition until noted.

For the peace from above and the salvation of our souls, let us pray to the Lord.

For the peace of the whole world, the good estate of the holy churches of God and the union of all, let us pray to the Lord.

For this holy house and those who with faith, reverence and fear of God enter therein, let us pray to the Lord.

For our father and metropolitan, N., (our bishop, N.,) the honorable presbytery, the diaconate in Christ, all the clergy and the people, let us pray to the Lord.

For our country, its president (or appropriate head of state), civil authorities and armed forces, let us pray to the Lord.

For this city and every city and countryside and the faithful who dwell therein, let us pray to the Lord.

For healthful seasons, abundance of the fruits of the earth and peaceful times, let us pray to the Lord.

For travelers by sea, by land and by air, the sick, the suffering, the captive, and for their salvation, let us pray to the Lord.

For our deliverance from all tribulation, wrath, danger and necessity, let us pray to the Lord.

Help us; save us; have mercy on us; and keep us, O God, by thy grace.

Calling to remembrance our all-holy, immaculate, most blessed and glorious Lady, the Theotokos and ever-virgin Mary, with all the saints, let us commend ourselves and each other and all our life unto Christ our God.

Choir: To Thee, O Lord.

Priest: For unto thee are due all glory, honor and worship, to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

"GOD IS THE LORD" IN TONE TWO

Choir: God is the Lord and hath appeared unto us. Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.

Verse 1. O give thanks unto the Lord and call upon His Holy Name. (*Refrain*)

Verse 2. All nations compassed me about: but in the Name of the Lord will I destroy them. (*Refrain*)

Verse 3. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes. (*Refrain*)

APOLYTIKION FOR ST. THEODORE THE SOLDIER IN TONE TWO

Great are the achievements of faith! In the fountain of flame, as by the water of rest, the holy Martyr Theodore rejoiced; for having been made a whole-burnt offering in the fire, he was offered as sweet bread unto the Trinity. By his prayers, O Christ God, save our souls.

APOLYTIKION FOR ST. THEODORE THE SOLDIER IN TONE TWO

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Great are the achievements of faith! In the fountain of flame, as by the water of rest, the holy Martyr Theodore rejoiced; for having been made a whole-burnt offering in the fire, he was offered as sweet bread unto the Trinity. By his prayers, O Christ God, save our souls.

THEOTOKION IN TONE TWO

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Exceeding glorious beyond the power of thought are thy mysteries, O Theotokos; for being sealed in purity, and preserved in virginity, thou wast acknowledged to be in very truth the Mother who didst bring forth the true God. Wherefore, entreat Him to save our souls.

THE LITTLE LITANY

Priest: Again and again, in peace, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy.

Priest: Help us; save us; have mercy on us; and keep us, O God, by Thy grace.

Choir: Lord, have mercy.

Priest: Calling to remembrance our all-holy, immaculate, most-blessed and glorious Lady, the Theotokos and ever-virgin Mary, with all the saints: let us commend ourselves and each other, and all our life unto Christ our God.

Choir: To Thee, O Lord.

Priest: For Thine is the might, and Thine 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.

Choir: Amen.

EIGHTH TONE KATHISMA FOR THE MARTYRS & DEPARTED (Plain Reading)

O holy martyrs, God has made you into spiritual torches. By the power of faith, ye have dispersed the dark mist of error. Ye have made the lamp of your soul to burn brightly, and in the company of the Bridegroom ye have entered with glory into the heavenly bridal chamber. And now we entreat you: intercede for the salvation of our souls.

God is wondrous in His saints, the God of Israel.

Suffering in faith a martyr's death, O saints, ye became ever-burning stars that shine on all the earth. Having placed your whole trust in the Lord, ye made the lamps of your souls to burn brightly with the invisible oil of the spirit. Pouring out your blood, ye have become a chalice that brings refreshment to the Church. Victorious martyrs, worthy of all praise, offer intercession unto Christ our God, that we who celebrate with love your holy memory may receive forgiveness of our sins.

To the saints that are in His earth hath the Lord been wondrous.

Through their self-restraint, the martyrs of Christ put to death the fiery impulses of passion. They received the grace to drive out diseases from the sick, and to work miracles both when alive and after they were dead. O marvelous wonder! For their bare bones are a source of healing. Glory be to God, the only wise Creator.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

O only Creator, Who directest all in the depth of the wisdom of Thy love to mankind, and rewardest all according to their worth, grant rest, O Lord, to the souls of thy servants; for in Thee have they placed their hope, O our Creator, our Author and our God.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

We have verily accepted thee, O groomless Theotokos, as a wall and haven, and a well-accepted intercessor with God Whom thou barest, and as the salvation of the faithful.

KATHISMA FOR ST. THEODORE (Plain Reading)

Burning with the orthodoxy of faith, thou hast quenched the error of false teaching and destroyed the godless worship of idols. Sacrificed as a burnt offering to God, with thy miracles thou bringest joy to the ends of the earth. O glorious martyr Theodore, pray to Christ our God that we may receive Great Mercy.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

The Lord, Who strengthened thee in thy sufferings, has granted thee to all the inhabited earth as a divine gift of salvation. Thou healest the diseases of our soul and puttest to flight the passions of our body. O martyr Theodore, pray to Christ our God that we may receive Great Mercy.

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

In thy womb, O Virgin undefiled, thou hast conceived God Whom nothing can contain, the hypostatic Word and consubstantial Son, Who shone forth changelessly before all ages from the Father. With the prophets and the martyrs, with the holy monks, the ascetics and the righteous, entreat Him that we may be granted the remission of our sins.

PSALM 50

Reader: Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy Great Mercy; and according to the multitude of Thy compassions blot out my transgression. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know mine iniquity, and my sin is ever before me. Against Thee only have I sinned and done this evil before Thee, that Thou mightest be justified in Thy words, and prevail when Thou art judged. For behold, I was conceived in iniquities, and in sins did my mother bear me. For behold, Thou hast loved truth; the hidden and secret things of Thy wisdom hast Thou made manifest unto me. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be made clean; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow. Thou shalt make me to hear joy and gladness; the bones that be humbled, they shall rejoice. Turn Thy face away from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and with Thy governing Spirit establish me. I shall teach transgressors Thy ways, and the ungodly shall turn back unto Thee. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation; my tongue shall rejoice in Thy righteousness. O Lord, Thou shalt open my lips, and my mouth shall declare Thy praise. For if Thou hadst desired sacrifice, I had given it; with whole-burnt offerings Thou shalt 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 Thy good pleasure unto Zion, and let the walls of Jerusalem be built up. Then shalt Thou be pleased with a sacrifice of righteousness, with oblation and whole-burnt offerings. Then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar.

KONTAKION AND OIKOS FOR ST. THEODORE (Plain Reading)

Thou hast carried as a shield the Faith of Christ within thy heart, and trampled underfoot the power of the enemy, O greatly-suffering martyr Theodore; thou hast received a heavenly and eternal crown, for thou wast undefeated in the battle.

O Thou Who art seated on the throne of light, with faith and thankfulness we sing Thy praise. For Thou hast granted us a divine gift: Theodore, courageous in his martyrdom, thrice-blessed in his life, the champion of the truth. With firm devotion he held fast to Christ, and proved a mighty victor over the deceitful enemy, for he was undefeated in the battle.

THE SYNAXARION (Plain Reading)

On this day in the Holy Orthodox Church, the first Saturday of the Great Fast, we commemorate the splendid miracle which was wrought by the glorious one among martyrs, Theodore the Soldier, through the boiled wheat.

Verses

By the eating of boiled wheat Theodore has annexed the city of the Tyrians,
Annulling the stratagem of the unclean food, and voiding the cunning of the heathen.

Julian the Apostate, knowing that the Christians purify themselves by fasting most of all during the first week of the Fast—which is why we call it Clean Week—planned to defile them especially at that time. He secretly commanded that during those days the markets be filled with foods that had been defiled with the blood of animals offered in sacrifice to idols. But by divine command the Martyr Theodore appeared during sleep to Eudoxius, then Archbishop of Constantinople. The Saint revealed to him the tyrant's plan, then told him to call the faithful together immediately on Monday morning and prevent them from purchasing those foods, but rather to make or kolyva to supply their needs. The bishop asked what kolyva might be, and the Saint answered, "Kolyva is what we call boiled wheat in Euchaita" (the place of St. Theodore's martyrdom). Thus, the purpose of the Apostate was brought to nought, and the pious people who were preserved undefiled for the whole of Clean Week, rendered thanks to the Martyr on this Saturday, and celebrated his commemoration with kolyva. These things took place in 362. Wherefore, the Church keeps this commemoration each year to the glory of God and the honor of the Martyr.

By his intercessions, O Christ God, have mercy upon us. Amen.

KATAVASIAE OF THE AKATHIST CANON IN TONE FOUR (KAZAN) (CROW)

Ode 1. I shall open my mouth and it will be filled with the Spirit; and I shall speak forth to the Queen and Mother. I shall be seen joyfully singing her praises, and I shall delight to sing of her wonders.

Ode 3. As a living and copious fountain, O Theotokos, do thou strengthen those who hymn thy praises, and are joined together in spiritual company for thy service; and in thy divine glory make them worthy of crowns of glory.

Ode 4. He Who sits in clouds of glory upon the throne of Godhead, Jesus the most high God, came with mighty hand and saved those who cried out unto Him: Glory to Thy power, O Christ.

Ode 5. All creation was amazed at thy divine glory, for thou, O unwedded Virgin, didst hold in thee the God of all, and didst bear the Eternal Son, Who rewards with salvation all those who hymn thy praises.

Ode 6. As we the Godly-minded, celebrate this sacred and all-honorable feast of the Mother of God: come, let us clap our hands together and glorify the God Whom she bore.

Ode 7. The Godly-minded children worshipped not the creature rather than the Creator, but trampling upon the threat of fire in manly fashion, they rejoiced and sang: O All-praised Lord and God of our Fathers, blessed art Thou.

We praise, we bless, and we worship the Lord.

Ode 8. The three holy children in the furnace the Child of the Theotokos saved; then was the type, now is its fulfillment, and the whole world gathers to sing: All ye works praise the Lord and magnify Him unto all ages.

Deacon: The Theotokos and Mother of the Light let us honor and magnify in song.

MAGNIFICATIONS IN TONE FOUR

Choir: My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

Refrain: More honorable than the cherubim, and more glorious beyond compare than the seraphim, thou who without corruption didst bear God the Word, and art truly Theotokos: we magnify thee. *(Repeat after each verse.)*

- + For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. *(Refrain)*
- + For He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His Name; and His mercy is on them that fear Him, throughout all generations. *(Refrain)*
- + He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. *(Refrain)*
- + He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the empty with good things, and the rich hath He sent empty away. *(Refrain)*
- + He remembering His mercy hath helped His servant Israel, as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed forever. *(Refrain)*

Ode 9. (**Kazan**) (**Crow**) Let all the earth-born mortals rejoice in the Spirit, bearing their lamps. And let the nature of bodiless Minds celebrate with honor the holy festival of the Mother of God, and cry out: Hail! All-blessed, pure, and ever-virgin Theotokos!

THE LITTLE LITANY

Deacon: Again and again, in peace, let us pray to the Lord.

Choir: Lord, have mercy.

Deacon: Help us; save us; have mercy on us; and keep us, O God, by Thy grace.

Choir: Lord, have mercy.

Deacon: Calling to remembrance our all-holy, immaculate, most blessed and glorious Lady, the Theotokos and ever-virgin Mary, with all the saints, let us commend ourselves and each other and all our life unto Christ our God.

Choir: To Thee, O Lord.

Priest: For all the powers of heaven praise Thee, and unto Thee do they ascribe glory, to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

THE EXAPOSTELARION & THEOTOKION FOR ST. THEODORE IN TONE TWO

*(**Upon that mount in Galilee**)*

Now standing crowned in victory, * O Saint with all the Angels, * before the judgment seat of Christ, * filled with that light from yonder, * cease never making entreaty * that lasting peace be granted * unto the world, and intercede * that eternal salvation * be granted us * who with pious hearts keep thy shining feast-day, * O blest prizewinner Theodore, * thou thrice-resplendent Martyr.

Wishing to call the ruined world * back to Him from corruption, * the Lord dwelt in thy holy womb, * O Virgin Theotokos, * as He Himself only knoweth. * Hence having found salvation, * we all cry out to thee: Rejoice, * that all-famed salutation * the Angel brought, * O thou who art blessed among all women; * for thou, O Lady, hast conceived * the joy of all creation.

AINOI (PRAISES) IN TONE ONE

Choir: Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights. To Thee, O God, is due our song.

Choir: Praise ye Him, all His angels; praise ye Him, all His hosts. To Thee, O God, is due our song.

For St. Theodore in Tone One (Thou art the joy**)**

Verse 1. This glory shall be to all His saints.

As we the faithful assemble with one accord today, * with mystic songs and praises let us honor the victor * whose enlistment came from on high, for he fought * as a brave soldier of our Faith; * and thou, O praiseworthy Martyr of Jesus Christ, intercede for them that honor thee.

Verse 2. Praise God in His sanctuary; praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Rightly called Theodore, thou art indeed the gift of God, * given to those in sorrows for their gladness of spirit, * O thrice-blessed Theodore, for, of a truth, * all who come to thy holy church * and there receive the rewards of thy miracles * gladly honor Christ with joy of heart.

Verse 3. Praise Him for His mighty acts; praise Him according to His excellent greatness.

Treasuring up for thyself through thy hard athletic toils * piety's wealth and splendor, thou with all of thy power * gavest thine own self as a God-pleasing gift, * so fulfilling with diligence * in very deeds the good calling and name that thou * hadst received from God, O Theodore.

Verse 4. Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet. Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.

On this most luminous feast of the godly Martyr of Christ, * with faith let all feast-lovers be exultant and revel, * honoring the radiant festival of * his perfection in martyrdom; * as with sweet songs we praise Jesus, our King and God, * Who hath glorified his memory.

Also for St. Theodore in Tone Three

Verse 5. Praise Him with the timbrel and dance; praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.

Now the company of martyrs rejoices at thy shrine, O victorious martyr Theodore, and the ranks of angels extol thy fortitude in suffering. Christ Himself, the Giver of crowns, is present and with His

own right hand He grants rich gifts of grace to those who sing thy praises. Thou hast sought and found Him Whom thy heart desired, and now thou dwellest in His presence, conversing always with Him. Pray to Him, that light and salvation may be granted to our souls.

Verse 6. Praise Him upon the loud cymbals; praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Now the company of martyrs rejoices ... (repeat above)

Verse 7. The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall hope in Him.

The pure and undefiled Fast has now begun and brings us to the celebration of the martyr's miracles. Through the Fast our souls are cleansed from filth and defilement, and through the martyr's sufferings and miracles we are given strength to fight bravely against the passions. Illumined, therefore, by the grace of holy abstinence and by the wonders worked by Theodore the martyr, strengthened by our faith in Christ, we pray Him to bestow salvation on our souls.

Verse 8. The righteous man shall flourish like a palm tree, and like a cedar in Lebanon shall he be multiplied.

Possessing, O Theodore, a martyr's boldness before God, thou hast brought to nothing the plot devised by the apostate against the faith of Christ. Fighting as a champion in defense of God's people, through a fearful visitation thou hast delivered them from the food defiled by sacrifice to idols. So we honor thee as a destroyer of idols, as savior and guardian of Christ's flock, as protector ever ready to hearken to our prayers; and in our hymns of praise we ask that, through thine intercessions, forgiveness and illumination may be granted to our souls.

THE DOXASTICON FOR ST. THEODORE IN TONE SIX

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Thou art a gift of holiness, O Theodore, in thy wisdom bringing to the world the riches of the divine life. Christ hath glorified thy memory; and rejoicing in thy feast with one accord, we faithful praise thy labors and thy sufferings.

THEOTOKION IN TONE SIX

Both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Thou art the true vine, O Theotokos, bearing the Fruit of life. Thee do we implore. Wherefore, O Lady, intercede thou together with the Martyr and the saints, for the salvation of our souls.

THE GREAT DOXOLOGY IN TONE SIX

- + Glory to Thee, Who hast shown us the Light; glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will among men.
- + We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee; we give thanks unto Thee for Thy great glory.
- + O Lord, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty; O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; and the Holy Spirit.
- + O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, Who takest away the sin of the world, have mercy on us; O Thou Who takest away the sins of the world.
- + Receive our prayer, O Thou Who sittest at the right hand of the Father, and have mercy on us.
- + For Thou only art holy, Thou only art the Lord, O Jesus Christ, to the glory of God the Father. Amen.
- + Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy Name forever; yea, forever and ever.

- + Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
- + Blessed art Thou, O Lord, God of our Fathers, and praised and glorified be Thy Name forever. Amen.
- + Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, as we do put our hope in Thee.
- + Blessed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy statutes. (*thrice*)
- + Lord, Thou hast been our refuge in all generations. I said: Be merciful unto me; heal my soul, for I have sinned against Thee.
- + Lord, I have fled unto Thee; teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God.
- + For with Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light.
- + O continue Thy loving-kindness unto them that know Thee.
- + 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.
- + Holy Immortal: have mercy on us.
- + Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal: have mercy on us.

APOLYTIKION FOR ST. THEODORE THE SOLDIER IN TONE TWO

Great are the achievements of faith! In the fountain of flame, as by the water of rest, the holy Martyr Theodore rejoiced; for having been made a whole-burnt offering in the fire, he was offered as sweet bread unto the Trinity. By his prayers, O Christ God, save our souls.

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