

THE PARAKLESIS SERVICE



**WITH THE
GREAT SUPPLICATORY CANON
TO THE MOST HOLY THEOTOKOS
AS SUNG DURING THE
DORMITION FAST**

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(FOR MUSIC, CLICK [HERE](#))

The Paraklesis Service is served during times of tribulation, but also on each evening of the Dormition Fast, August 1-13, inclusive. In the Dormition Fast, the Little and Great Paraklesis canons can be chanted in alternating sequence from day to day, at the end of Vespers or in a standalone service. If a parish knows only the Little Paraklesis, this alone can be chanted each time as permitted by His Eminence, Metropolitan JOSEPH. We begin this sequence with the Little Paraklesis, except when August 1 falls on Sunday. We do not chant the Paraklesis on any Saturday evening and also not on the paramon of the Feast of Transfiguration (i.e., in the evening on August 5). On Sunday evening and on the day of Transfiguration in the evening the Great Paraklesis is chanted. Accordingly, the series of Parakleses unfolds for the intervening days. The table below shows the series of Parakleses, in which the date in August runs horizontally and the day of the week on which August 1 falls runs vertically. The intersection of these two yields one of three options: L, G, or --.

Chart for calculating which Paraklesis Canon to use

L = Little Paraklesis / G = Great Paraklesis / -- = no Paraklesis service on this day
+ = celebrate Great Vespers for the Transfiguration on this day

	Aug 1	Aug 2	Aug 3	Aug 4	Aug 5 +	Aug 6	Aug 7	Aug 8	Aug 9	Aug 10	Aug 11	Aug 12	Aug 13
Monday	L	G	L	G	--	--	G	L	G	L	G	L	--
Tuesday	L	G	L	G	--	G	L	G	L	G	L	--	G
Wednesday	L	G	L	--	--	G	L	G	L	G	--	G	L
Thursday	L	G	--	G	--	G	L	G	L	--	G	L	G
Friday	L	--	G	L	--	G	L	G	--	G	L	G	L
Saturday	--	G	L	G	--	G	L	--	G	L	G	L	G
Sunday	G	L	G	L	--	G	--	G	L	G	L	G	L

If Paraklesis will be offered with Vespers, it is chanted after “The Prayer of St. Simeon” with the omission of the opening blessing of the Paraklesis Service. Rather, at this point, the reader recites Psalm 142, *O Lord, hear my prayer, give ear unto my supplication...* and the rest, as shown in the body of the text.

However, if the Paraklesis Service is offered without Vespers as a standalone service, then the priest begins with *Blessed is our God...* Then, after the reader says *Amen*, the priest says *Glory to thee, O God... O heavenly King...* and the reader says the Trisagion Prayers through The Lord’s Prayer, as usual. After the exclamation by the priest, the reader says, *Amen. Lord, have mercy* (12 times), *Come let us worship...* (three times in the usual manner) and then Psalm 142 and the rest, as shown in the body of the text.

In the Paraklesis Service, we remember names of the living in need of God’s mercy and help during the three litanies. If your parish has a long list of names, then the priest can mention it in one, two or all of the litanies.

An Icon of the Theotokos is placed on a stand in the center of the Solea and the Beautiful Gate remains closed. The priest, being vested in exorasson and blue epitrachelion, standing on the Solea before the Icon of the Theotokos, makes three metanias and says in an audible voice:

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

People: Amen.

Priest: Glory to Thee, O 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 gracious Lord.

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 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 evil.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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.

“GOD IS THE LORD” IN TONE FOUR

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)*

APOLYTIKIA AND THEOTOKION

(Tone Four) To the Theotokos let us run now most earnestly, we sinners all and wretched ones, and fall prostrate in repentance, calling from the depths of our souls: Lady, come unto our aid, have compassion upon us; hasten thou for we are lost in a throng of transgressions; turn not thy servants away with empty hands, for thee alone do we have as our only hope.

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

(Chant the apolytikion of the church temple.)

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

(Tone Four) O Theotokos, we shall not cease from speaking of all thy mighty acts, all we the unworthy ones; for if thou hadst not stood to intercede for us, who would have delivered us from such numerous dangers? Who would have preserved us all until now in true freedom? O Lady, we shall not turn away from thee; for thou dost always save thy servants from all manner of grief.

PSALM 50

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.

THE GREAT SUPPLICATORY CANON IN TONE EIGHT

(NOTE: We do not chant the heirmoi as listed at the start of each ode, but they are included here to set the melody pattern for the subsequent troparia.)

Ode One

(Heirmos) The charioteer of Pharaoh was sunk in olden times by Moses' rod, * which worked a mighty wonder * when, in the Cross's form, it struck the sea, dividing it in twain; * and it led into safety sojourning Israel that fled by foot, * chanting to the Lord God a song of praise.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

My humble soul is troubled by the rising tempests of afflictions and woes; * and clouds of misfortunes * overcome me, bringing darkness to my heart, O Bride of God. * But since thou art the Mother of the Divine and Eternal Light, * shine thy gladsome light and illumine me.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

From countless trials and afflictions, grievous woes, and from misfortunes of life * have I been delivered * by thy mighty strength, O spotless and immaculate Maid. * I extol and I magnify thine immeasurable sympathy, * and the loving care that thou hast for me.

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

Having my hope now in thy mighty help, O Maid, I flee for refuge to thee; * and unto thy shelter * have I run wholeheartedly, O Lady, and I bow my knee; * and I mourn and cry weeping: Do not disdain me, the wretched one, * for thou art the refuge of Christian folk.

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

I shall not cease from making known most manifestly thy great deeds, Maid of God; * for if thou wert not present * to intercede in my behalf and importune thy Son and God, * who would free and deliver me from such tempests and turbulence, * and surmount the perils that trouble me?

TROPARIA AFTER EACH ODE IN TONE EIGHT

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger. After God, do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

In thy goodwill, look thou on me, O all-hymned Theotokos, and do thou behold my body's grievous infirmity, and heal thou the cause of my soul's sorrow.

Ode Three

(Heirmos) Of the vault of the heavens art Thou, O Lord, Fashioner; * so, too, of the Church art Thou Founder. * Do Thou establish me * in unfeigned love for Thee, * Who art the Height of things sought for, * and staff of the faithful, O Thou only Friend of man.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

At a loss and despairing, I cry with pain unto thee: * Hasten, O thou fervent protection; grant thou thy help to me, * who am thy lowly slave * and wretched servant, O Maiden; * for with heartfelt fervor I come seeking for thine aid.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

Thou, O Lady, have truly been shown to be wondrous now * in thy benefactions and mercies granted to me, O Maid; * hence do I glorify * and acclaim thee, whilst praising * thy great loving care and thy boundless solicitude.

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

Mighty storms of misfortunes, O Lady, pass over me; * and the swelling waves of afflictions plunge me into the depths. * Make haste, O Full of Grace; * lend me thy helping hand quickly, * for thou art my fervent protectress and sure support.

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

I profess thee, O Lady, as the true Mother of God: * thee, who hast both banished and triumphed over the might of death; * for as the source of Life, * thou hast freed me from Hades' bonds, * raising me to life, though to earth was I fallen down.

TROPARIA AFTER EACH ODE IN TONE EIGHT

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger. After God, do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

In thy goodwill, look thou on me, O all-hymned Theotokos, and do thou behold my body's grievous infirmity, and heal thou the cause of my soul's sorrow.

LITANY

Censing the Icon of the Theotokos, the Priest says:

Priest: Have mercy on us, O God, according to Thy Great Mercy, we pray Thee, hearken and have mercy.

People: Lord, have mercy. (*Thrice*)

Priest: Again we pray for all pious and Orthodox Christians.

People: Lord, have mercy. (*Thrice*)

Priest: Again we pray for our Father and Metropolitan *N.*, (and for our Bishop *N.*) and for all our brotherhood in Christ.

People: Lord, have mercy. (*Thrice*)

Priest: Again we pray for mercy, life, peace, health, salvation and visitation and pardon and remission of sins for the servants of God, all Orthodox Christians of true worship, who live and dwell in this community, the parishioners and benefactors of this holy temple, and all that serve, sing, labor and gather herein; and for the servants of God [*Names*], **and for the suffering Christians of Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, Iraq, Egypt, all of the Middle East** (*add any other nations that may be appropriate*) and for the forgiveness of their every transgression, both voluntary and involuntary.

People: Lord, have mercy. (*Thrice*)

Priest: For Thou art a merciful God Who 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.

People: Amen.

KATHISMA IN TONE TWO

O fervent advocate, invincible battlement, fountain of mercy, and sheltering retreat for the world, earnestly we cry to thee: Lady Mother of God, hasten thou, and save us from all imperilment, for thou alone art our speedy protectress.

THE GREAT SUPPLICATORY CANON (CONTINUED) IN TONE EIGHT

Ode Four

(Heirmos) Thou art my strength; * Thou art my power and might, O Lord; * Thou art my God; * Thou Who wast not absent from Thy Father's arms, * Thou, Lord, are my joy. * Thou hast deigned to visit * our lowliness and our poverty. * To Thee, therefore, I cry out * with Habakkuk the Prophet: * Glory be to Thy power, O Friend of man.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

Where else shall I * find me another to be my help? * To what refuge * shall I hasten to be saved? Whose fervent aid * shall I have in need? * Alas, I am shaken * by life's affliction and turbulence. * In thee alone, O Maiden, * do I hope, trust, and glory; * and I run to thy shelter; do thou save me.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

I magnify * and I proclaim, O thou all-pure one, * the sweet river * of thy tender mercy and thy loving care; * for with many gifts * hath it greatly refreshed my * tormented and truly lowly soul, * afire in a furnace * of misfortunes and sorrows; * and I run to thy shelter; do thou save me.

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

Thou, O pure Maid, * all-holy Virgin and spotless one, * art mine only * steadfast shelter and retreat, and mighty wall * that cannot be breached, * my weapon of salvation. * Do not disdain me, the prodigal, * O hope of the despairing * and ally of the ailing, * O thou gladness and help of afflicted ones.

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

How shall I laud, * how shall I worthily sing the praise, * of thy boundless * mercies and compassions which have ever cooled * and refreshed my soul, * aflame and tormented, * O Lady, and wounded grievously? * Indeed thy benefactions * and thy providence, Maiden, * are bestowed upon me most abundantly.

TROPARIA AFTER EACH ODE IN TONE EIGHT

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger. After God, do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

In thy goodwill, look thou on me, O all-hymned Theotokos, and do thou behold my body's grievous infirmity, and heal thou the cause of my soul's sorrow.

Ode Five

(Heirmos) Wherefore hast Thou deprived me, * and cast me, the hapless one, far from Thy countenance; * and the outer darkness * hath enshrouded and cast its gloom over me. * Yet, now I beseech Thee: * Do Thou convert me and direct me * to the light of Thy precepts, O Lord my God.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

As one grateful I cry out: * Rejoice, O Virgin Mother; rejoice, O thou Bride of God; * rejoice, O holy shelter; * rejoice, O weapon and rampart invincible; * rejoice, thou the protection * and the assistance and salvation * of all them that run to thee, O Maid of God.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

They that hate me without cause * have made ready a dart and a sword and pit for me; * and my hapless body * do they seek to destroy and to rend in twain; * and they seek to bring me * into the depths of earth, O pure one; * but be quick and come save me from them, O Maid.

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

From all need and affliction * and from all disease and harm do thou deliver me; * and by thy power, * in thy shelter preserve me unwounded, Maid; * and from every peril * and foes that hate and war against me * do thou hasten to save me, O all-hymned one.

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

What gift of thanksgiving * shall I offer in gratefulness unto thee, O Maid, * for thy boundless goodness * and the favors and gifts that I have from thee? * Hence, indeed I praise thee, * and glorify and magnify thine * inexpressible sympathy shown to me.

TROPARIA AFTER EACH ODE IN TONE EIGHT

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger. After God, do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

In thy goodwill, look thou on me, O all-hymned Theotokos, and do thou behold my body's grievous infirmity, and heal thou the cause of my soul's sorrow.

Ode Six

(Heirmos) Entreaty do I pour forth unto the Lord, * and to Him do I proclaim all my sorrows, * for many woes fill my soul to repletion, * and lo, my life unto Hades hath now drawn nigh. * Like Jonah do I pray to Thee: * Raise me up from corruption, O Lord, my God.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

The storm clouds of grievous sorrows and distress * shroud my hapless heart and soul in affliction, * and with their gloom have they filled me, O Virgin. * Yet, since thou barest the Light Unapproachable, * be quick to drive them far from me * with the breeze of your holy entreaties, Maid.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

A comfort art thou to me in my distress, * and I have thee as a healer of all illness; * of death art thou the most perfect destruction; * thou art an unfailing fountain flowing with life, * and speedy help and quick support * of all them that are found in adversities.

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

I shall not conceal the ever-flowing spring * of the sympathy thou hast for me, O Lady, * nor the abyss of thine infinite mercy, * nor yet the fountain of thy boundless miracles; * but ceaselessly do I cry out * and confess and declare and proclaim thy grace.

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

The turmoils of this life encircle me * like unto bees about a honeycomb, O Virgin, * and they have seized and now hold my heart captive, * and I am pierced with the stings of afflictions, Maid; * yet be thou, O all-holy one, * my defender and helper and rescuer.

TROPARIA AFTER EACH ODE IN TONE EIGHT

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger. After God, do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

In thy goodwill, look thou on me, O all-hymned Theotokos, and do thou behold my body's grievous infirmity, and heal thou the cause of my soul's sorrow.

LITANY

Censing the Icon of the Theotokos, the Priest says:

Priest: Have mercy on us, O God, according to Thy Great Mercy, we pray Thee, hearken and have mercy.

People: Lord, have mercy. (*Thrice*)

Priest: Again we pray for all pious and Orthodox Christians.

People: Lord, have mercy. (*Thrice*)

Priest: Again we pray for our Father and Metropolitan *N.*, (and for our Bishop *N.*) and for all our brotherhood in Christ.

People: Lord, have mercy. (*Thrice*)

Priest: Again we pray for mercy, life, peace, health, salvation and visitation and pardon and remission of sins for the servants of God, all Orthodox Christians of true worship, who live and dwell in this community, the parishioners and benefactors of this holy temple, and all that serve, sing, labor and gather herein; and for the servants of God [*Names*], and for the suffering Christians of Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, Iraq, Egypt, all of the Middle East (*add any other nations that may be appropriate*) and for the forgiveness of their every transgression, both voluntary and involuntary.

People: Lord, have mercy. (*Thrice*)

Priest: For Thou art a merciful God Who 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.

People: Amen.

The priest dons his phelonion.

KONTAKION IN TONE TWO

O protection of Christians that cannot be put to shame, mediation unto the Creator most constant, O despise not the suppliant voices of those who have sinned; but be thou quick, O good one, to come unto our aid, who in faith cry unto thee: Hasten to intercession, and speed thou to make supplication, thou who dost ever protect, O Theotokos, them that honor thee.

ANABATHMOI IN TONE FOUR

From my youth up, many passions have warred against me. But do Thou help and save me, O my Savior. (*Twice*)

Ye who hate Zion shall be put to confusion of the Lord; like grass in the fire shall ye be withered up. *(Twice)*

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

Through the Holy Spirit is every soul quickened and exalted in purity, and made resplendent by the Triune Unity in mystic holiness.

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

Through the Holy Spirit the channels and streams of grace overflow showering all creation with invigorating Life.

The priest opens the curtain and the Beautiful Gate. They remain open for the rest of the Paraklesis.

PROKEIMENON IN TONE FOUR

I shall proclaim Thy Name from generation to generation. *(Twice)*

Stichos: Harken, O daughter, and see, and incline thine ear; and forget thine own people, and thy father's house and the King shall greatly desire thy beauty.

I shall proclaim Thy Name from generation to generation.

GOSPEL READING

Priest: And that we may be accounted worthy to hear the Holy Gospel, let us pray to the Lord God.

People: Lord, have mercy. *(Thrice)*

Priest: Wisdom! Stand upright! Let us hear the Holy Gospel. Peace be to all.

People: And to thy spirit.

Priest: The Reading from the Holy Gospel according to Saint Luke (10:38-42; 11:27-28).

People: Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

Priest: Let us attend!

At that time, Jesus entered a certain village; and a woman named Martha received Him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, who sat at the Lord's feet and listened to His teaching. But Martha was distracted with much serving; and she went to Him and said, "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Tell her then to help me." But the Lord answered her, "Martha, Martha, you are anxious and troubled about many things; one thing is needful. Mary has chosen the good portion, which shall not be taken away from her." As He said this, a woman in the crowd raised her voice and said to Him, "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that Thou didst suck!" But He said, "Blessed rather are those who hear the word of God and keep it!"

People: Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee.

TROPARIA IN TONE TWO

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

O Father, Word and Spirit, Trinity in unity: blot out the multitude of our transgressions.

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

Through the intercessions of the Theotokos, O Thou Who art merciful, blot out the multitude of our transgressions.

TROPARION IN TONE SIX (Having laid up all their hope**)**

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness: according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

O entrust me not, I pray, * to any human protection, * O our Lady, holy one, * but do thou accept the prayer * of thy supplicant. * Sorrow hath fettered me, * and I am unable * to endure and bear the demons' darts; * a shelter have I not, * neither place to run, I, the wretched one; * embattled from all sides am I, * and no consolation have I but thee. * Mistress of creation, * protection and hope of faithful ones: * turn not away when I pray to thee; * do that which will profit me.

THEOTOKIA IN TONE TWO

From thee is no one turned away ashamed and empty who doth run to thee for refuge, O pure Virgin Theotokos; but he asketh the favor and receiveth the gift from thee, unto the profit of his own request.

The transformation of the afflicted and the relief of those in sickness art thou in truth, O Virgin Theotokos; save thy people and thy flock, thou who art the peace of the embattled, and who art the calm of the storm-driven, the only protectress of those who believe.

THE INTERCESSION (WITH ANTIOCHIAN AND AMERICAN SAINTS)

Priest: O God, save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance. Visit Thy world with mercies and compassions. Exalt the horn of Orthodox Christians, and send down upon us Thy rich mercies. Through the intercessions of our all-immaculate Lady Theotokos and Ever-Virgin Mary;

+ by the might of the precious and life-giving Cross; by the protection of Michael, Gabriel, Raphael and all the honorable Bodiless Powers of Heaven; at the supplications of the honorable, glorious Prophet, Forerunner and Baptist John, and his righteous parents Zachariah and Elizabeth; of the holy, glorious prophets: Moses and Aaron, Elias and Elisseus, David and Jesse, the Three Holy Children Sedrach, Meshach and Abednego, Daniel the “man of desires;” Simeon the God-receiver and the Prophetess Anna; and of all the holy prophets;

+ of the holy, glorious, all-laudable Apostles Peter and Paul, the patrons and protectors of the Church of Antioch, the Twelve, the Seventy, and of all the holy apostles and equals-to-the-apostles, especially Constantine and Helen;

+ of our fathers among the Saints, great Hierarchs and Ecumenical Teachers: Basil the Great, Gregory the Theologian and John Chrysostom; Athanasius, Cyril and John the Merciful, patriarchs of Alexandria, Nicholas the wonderworker, Archbishop of Myra in Lycia, Spyridon, the wonderworker, Bishop of Trimythous, Sophronios, Patriarch of Jerusalem, Meletios, Archbishop of Antioch, Nektarios the wonderworker, Bishop of Pentapolis, Theodore, Bishop of Edessa; Nicholai of Zhicha, who labored in America; Innocent, metropolitan of Moscow and Jacob Netsvetov, Evangelizers of Alaska, and Tikhon, patriarch of Moscow, Enlighteners of North America; Alexis Toth of Wilkes-Barre; John, Wonderworker of Shanghai and San Francisco, and Raphael, bishop of Brooklyn;

+ of the holy, glorious and right-victorious Great-Martyrs: George the Trophy-Bearer, Demetrios the Myrrh-streaming, Theodore the soldier, Theodore the General, Stephen the Archdeacon and First-Martyr, James the Persian, and Menas the wonderworker;

+ of the holy, glorious and right-victorious Hieromartyrs: Ignatius the God-bearer of Antioch, Charalampos of Magnesia, Eleutherios of Illyricum, Polycarp of Smyrna, Peter of Damascus, Cyprian of Antioch, the former magician, Milos of Babylon; Habib, Gurias and Samonas of Edessa; Juvenaly of Iliamna, John Kochurov and Alexander Hotovitzky, who labored in America; Ananias of “the Seventy” of Damascus, Jacob of Hamatoura, and Joseph of Damascus;

+ of the holy, glorious, and right-victorious Martyrs: the Forty Holy Martyrs of Sebastia, Sergius and Amphian of Beirut, Trophimos, Savatios and Dorymedon of Antioch, Artemios of Antioch, Thomas of Antioch, Peter of Bosra, the children Asterios, Claudios, Neon, and Neonilla of Cilicia, Galaktion and Epistimia of Homs, Romanos of Antioch, Silvanos, Luke and Makios of Homs, Joseph the New Martyr of Aleppo, Cyril the Deacon of Baalbek, Julitta and her son Kyriakos of Iconium, Andrew the General of Syria; Antony of Damascus, Thomas of Damascus, Victor of Damascus; Sergios and Bacchos of Syria, and Peter the Aleut;

+ of the holy, glorious, and right-victorious women Martyrs: the Forty Holy Martyrs at Heraclea, Great-Martyrs Thekla the First-Martyr, Barbara of Baalbek, Anastasia of Rome, Katherine of Alexandria, Kyriaki of Nicomedia, Photeini the Samaritan Woman and her sisters Anatole, Photo, Photis, Paraskeve, and Kyriake; Marina of Antioch in Pisidia, Paraskeva of Rome, Anastasia of Rome the “deliverer from potions,” Irene of Thessalonica, Irene of the Balkans; Sophia and Irene of Egypt; Paraskeva of Iconium, Tatiana of Rome, Fevronia of Mesopotamia, Evdokia the Penitent of Baalbek, Pelagia of Antioch, Pelagia of Tarsus, Vevaia of Edessa, Basilissa and Anastasia of Rome, disciples of Peter and Paul; Sophia and her daughters Faith, Hope and Love of Rome; Leonilla and her grandchildren and companions in Cappadocia; Domnina and her children Berina and Prosdoki of Edessa; Bassa of Edessa; Theodora of Tyre, Theodosia of Tyre, Christina of Tyre; Domnina of Anazarbus; Virgin-martyrs Lucy of Syracuse and Lucy of Campania; Lucy of Rome; Lucy, Cyprilla, and Aroa of Libya; Thomaïs of Alexandria; and Akylina of Byblos;

+ of our venerable and God-bearing Fathers who shone in the ascetic life: Anthony the Great, Euthymios the Great, Arsenios the Great, Savvas the Sanctified, Ephraim and Isaac the Syrians, Makarios, Pakhomios and Paisios the Greats of Egypt; Simeon the Stylite, Simeon of the Wondrous Mountain, Daniel the Stylite, Alexios the Man of God, Theodosios the head of monasteries, John of Damascus, Cosmas the Hymnographer of Maïuma, Andrew of Crete, Romanos the Melodist, Maximos the Confessor, Mark the Anchorite, John Cassian the Roman, Simeon the New Theologian; Onouphrios of Egypt; Peter, Athanasius, Paul and Paisios the New of Mount Athos, Maron of Cyrrhus in Syria, John of Edessa, Simeon of Homs (Emesa), the Fool-for-Christ, Thomas of Syria, the Fool-for-Christ; Seraphim of Sarov, and Herman of Alaska;

+ of our venerable and God-bearing Mothers Mary Magdalene; Mary, the wife of Cleopas; Joanna the wife of Chuza; Salome the mother of the sons of Zebedee; Susanna; and Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus, and all the holy Myrrh-bearing women; Right-believing Tamara, queen of Georgia; Olga, princess of Kiev and equal-to-the-apostles; of the Holy and Righteous Mothers of the Three Hierarchs: Emmelia (Basil the Great), Nona (Gregory the Theologian) and Anthousa (John Chrysostom); and Macrina, the sister of Basil the Great;

+ of our venerable and God-bearing Mothers who shone in the ascetic life: Mary of Egypt, Pelagia the Penitent, Thaïs of Egypt, Kyra of Syria, Domnina of Syria, Marana of Veria, Publia the Confessor of Antioch, Anastasia the Patrician of Alexandria, Martha the mother of Simeon the Stylite; Xenia of Rome and Xenia of St. Petersburg the Fool-for-Christ; Paraskeva the New of the Balkans; Thomaïs of Lesbos the wonderworker; and Pansemne of Antioch;

+ of the holy Unmercenaries and Healers: Panteleimon the Great-Martyr, Hermolaos the Hieromartyr, Cosmos and Damian of Asia, Cosmos and Damian of Rome, Cyrus and John of Arabia, Julian of Homs, and Anthimos of Arabia;

+ of *(Saints Ns., other holy ones of local devotion)*,

+ of *(Saint N.)*, the patron and protector of this holy community; of the holy and righteous ancestors of God, Joachim and Anna; of Joseph the Betrothed and James the Brother of God; of *(Name(s) of the Saint(s) of the day)*, whose memory we celebrate today, and of all Thy Saints: we beseech Thee, O most merciful Lord, hearken unto the petitions of us sinners who make our supplications unto Thee, and have mercy upon us.

People: Lord, have mercy. *(Twelve times)*

The priest, still with phelonion, comes out the north door and resumes his place in front of the icon.

Priest: Through the mercies and compassions and love for mankind of Thine Only-begotten Son, with Whom Thou art blessed, together with Thine All-Holy, and good, and Life-giving Spirit: now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

People: Amen.

THE GREAT SUPPLICATORY CANON (CONTINUED) IN TONE EIGHT

Ode 7

(Heirmos) The three Hebrew Children in the furnace * trampled on the flames with courage and great boldness; * they turned fire to dew, * and cried out with a great voice: * Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, * unto ages of ages.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

Illumine my way, for I am darkened * by the night of many sins, O Theotokos; * thou hast brought forth the Light, * and art in truth the blameless * and undefiled vessel of light; * hence with love do I praise thee.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

Be my shelter and protection * and my help and boast, O Virgin Theotokos; * of all manner of help * have I now been stripped naked, * O strength of those bereft of help, * and thou hope of those without hope.

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

With my whole soul and understanding * and with all my heart and with my lips I praise thee, * having truly enjoyed * thy many benefactions; * yet boundless are thy miracles, * and thy goodness is unending.

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

Look thou with graciousness upon me, * and dispel the evil plight that doth beset me; * and from grievous distress * and harm and temptations * and perils do thou rescue me * in thine infinite mercy.

TROPARIA AFTER EACH ODE IN TONE EIGHT

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger. After God, do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

In thy goodwill, look thou on me, O all-hymned Theotokos, and do thou behold my body's grievous infirmity, and heal thou the cause of my soul's sorrow.

Ode 8

(Heirmos) Let us ever extol and praise the Lord God * Who was seen of old on the holy mount in glory, * Who by the fiery bush revealed the great mystery * of the Ever-virgin * and undefiled Maiden * unto the Prophet Moses.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

Be thou moved to compassion, O Virgin, * and disdain me not, for life's tempests overwhelm me. * But be thou quick, O modest one, and lend me thy * helping hand, O Maiden, * for I perish drowning * engulfed by life's misfortunes.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

Times of sorrows, necessity, and trouble, * and misfortunes in life * have found me, O pure Maiden; * and from all sides temptations have encircled me; * but be thou mine ally, * and do thou protect me * in thine almighty shelter.

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

In distress I have thee, Maid, as my haven, * and in sorrows and griefs * thou art my joy and gladness; * and in all illness, thou hast been my quick help, * and rescuer in perils, * and in all temptations * my guardian and protectress.

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

Rejoice, fiery throne of the Lord God; * rejoice, thou sacred vessel that art filled with manna; * rejoice, thou golden lampstand and unquenchable lamp; * rejoice, O glory of virgins * and the boast and adornment of mothers.

TROPARIA AFTER EACH ODE IN TONE EIGHT

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger. After God, do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

In thy goodwill, look thou on me, O all-hymned Theotokos, and do thou behold my body's grievous infirmity, and heal thou the cause of my soul's sorrow.

Ode 9

(Heirmos) The heavens were astonished and stood in awe, * and the ends of the earth, Maid, were sore amazed, for God appeared * bodily to mankind as very man. * And lo, thy womb has proved to be * vaster and more spacious than heaven's heights. * For this, O Theotokos, * the choirs and assemblies * of men and angels magnify thy name.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

To whom else shall I flee, O thou Maid most pure, * and to whom shall I run for help and be saved? Where shall I go, * and where shall I find me a safe retreat? * Whose warm protection shall I have? * Who shall be a helper in my distress? * In thee alone I hope, Maid; * in thee alone I glory; * and trusting in thee, I have fled to thee.

Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

To number thy great deeds and thy mighty acts * is not possible for man, O Bride of God, nor yet can one * tell of the unfathomable abyss * of thine unending miracles * that surpass all knowledge, and which are wrought * for those that venerate thee * and honor thee with longing * as the true Mother of our Lord and God.

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

With anthems of thanksgiving I glorify * and chant praise to thine infinite mercy, and thy boundless might * I confess unceasingly unto all; * and with my soul and heart and mind * and

my lips I magnify and proclaim * the many benefactions * that thou hast poured upon me * in thy compassion, O thou Bride of God.

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

Accept thou mine entreaty and my poor prayer, * and disdain not my weeping and sighs, O Maid, nor my lament, * but be quick to help me since thou art good. * Do thou fulfill mine every plea; * thou canst do this in that thou broughtest forth * our mighty God and Master, * if thou but look upon me * and bow down to mine utter lowliness.

TROPARIA AFTER EACH ODE IN TONE EIGHT

Preserve and save, O Theotokos, thy servants from every danger. After God, do all of us for refuge flee unto thee; a firm rampart art thou and our protection.

In thy goodwill, look thou on me, O all-hymned Theotokos, and do thou behold my body's grievous infirmity, and heal thou the cause of my soul's sorrow.

The priest censes the icon of the Theotokos at the center of the church as the people chant:

THEOTOKION IN TONE EIGHT

It is truly meet to bless thee, O Theotokos, who art ever blessed and all-blameless, and the Mother of our God. More honorable than the Cherubim, and more glorious beyond compare than the Seraphim, thou who without corruption barest God the Word, and art truly Theotokos: we magnify thee.

The priest does the great censuring of the church as the people chant:

THE MEGALYNARIA IN TONE EIGHT

Higher than the heavens above art thou, * and thou art much purer * than the radiance of the sun; * for thou hast redeemed us * out of the curse that held us. * O Mistress of creation, * with hymns we honor thee.

From the great abundance of all my sins, * ill am I in body, * ailing also am I in soul. * Thee have I as refuge. * Do thou therefore help me, * O hope of all the hopeless, * for thou art full of grace.

O Lady and Mother of Christ our God, * receive supplication * from us wretches, who beg of thee * that thou make entreaty * unto the One born from thee. * O Mistress of creation, * do thou intercede for us.

Now we chant with eagerness unto thee * with this ode most joyful, * O all-hymned Mother of our God. * Together with the Baptist * and all the saintly choirs, * beseech, O Theotokos, * that we find clemency.

Speechless be the lips of the impious * who refuse to reverence * thy revered Icon which is known * by the name Directress * and which hath been depicted * for us by the Apostle * Luke, the Evangelist.

Here, chant the megalyrnarion of the church temple as provided in the [Paraklesis supplement](#). If you do not find it there, contact the Department of Liturgics and The Antiochian Orthodox Institute.

O all ye arrays of angelic hosts, * with the Holy Baptist, * the Apostles' twelve-numbered band, * all the Saints together, * as well as God's birthgiver, * pray make ye intercession * for our deliverance.

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 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 evil.

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.

People: Amen.

On the night of August 1, sing the following:

APOLYTIKION OF ST. STEPHEN THE ARCHDEACON IN TONE FOUR

*(**Be quick to anticipate**)*

The crown of the Kingdom hath adorned the brow of thy head * because of the contests that thou hast endured for Christ God, thou first of the martyred Saints; * for when thou hadst censured the Jews' madness, thou sawest * Christ thy Savior standing at the right hand of the Father. * O Stephen, ever pray Him for us, that He would save our souls.

THEOTOKION IN TONE FOUR

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

The Mystery which was hidden from everlasting and was unknown of the angels, O Theotokos, was revealed through thee, to those who dwell upon earth. In that God, having become incarnate—in unconfused union—of His own good will accepted the Cross for our sake. Whereby He raised again the first created, and hath saved our souls from death.

On the nights of August 2-3, sing the following:

TROPARIA OF CONTRITION IN TONE SIX (Soft Chromatic)

Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us; for laying aside all defense we sinners offer unto Thee, as Master, this supplication: have mercy on us.

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

O Lord, have mercy on us, for in Thee have we put our trust; be not exceedingly wroth with us, nor remember our iniquities, but look down upon us even now, as Thou art compassionate, and deliver us from our enemies; for Thou art our God, and we are Thy people; we are all the work of Thy hands, and we call upon Thy Name.

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

Open unto us the door of thy compassion, O blessed Theotokos. As we set our hope in thee, may we not be confounded; through thee may we be delivered from all adversities, for thou art the salvation of the race of Christians.

But if the nights of August 2 or 3 are Fridays, sing the following:

APOLYTIKIA & THEOTOKION FOR THE MARTYRS & DEPARTED IN TONE TWO

O apostles, martyrs, prophets, hierarchs, righteous, and just ones, who have finished your course well and have kept the Faith: seeing ye have boldness with the Savior, beseech Him for us, since He is good, that our souls be saved, we pray.

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

Keep Thy servants in remembrance, O Lord, since Thou art good, and do Thou forgive their every sin in this life; for no man is without sin, except for Thee Who art able to grant rest even unto those that have departed hence.

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

O holy Mother of the Ineffable Light, with reverence we magnify thee, honoring thee with angelic hymns.

On the night of August 4, sing the following:

APOLYTIKION OF FOREFEAST OF THE TRANSFIGURATION IN TONE FOUR

*(**Be quick to anticipate**)*

Come, let us all welcome the Transfiguration of Christ, * and joyously celebrate the bright prefestival, O ye faithful, and let us cry: * Nigh at hand now is the day of God-given gladness, * as the Sov'reign Master goeth up on Mount Tabor * to flash forth with the beautiful light of His Divinity.

On the nights of August 6-12, sing the following:

APOLYTIKION OF THE TRANSFIGURATION IN TONE SEVEN

When, O Christ our God, Thou wast transfigured on the mountain, Thou didst reveal Thy glory to Thy Disciples in proportion as they could bear it. Let Thine everlasting light also enlighten us sinners, through the intercessions of the Theotokos. O Thou Bestower of light, glory to Thee.

On the night of August 13, sing the following:

APOLYTIKION OF FOREFEAST OF THE DORMITION IN TONE FOUR

*(**Be quick to anticipate**)*

In faith, O ye people, leap for joy while clapping your hands; * and gather in gladness on this day with longing and shout in radiant jubilation. * For the Theotokos cometh nigh to departing * from the earth unto the heights; and we glorify her * with glory as the Mother of God in our unceasing hymns.

FINAL LITANY

Censing the Icon of the Theotokos, the Priest says:

Priest: Have mercy on us, O God, according to Thy Great Mercy, we pray Thee, hearken and have mercy.

People: Lord, have mercy. *(Thrice)*

Priest: Again we pray for all pious and Orthodox Christians.

People: Lord, have mercy. *(Thrice)*

Priest: Again we pray for our Father and Metropolitan *N.*, (and for our Bishop *N.*) and for all our brotherhood in Christ.

People: Lord, have mercy. *(Thrice)*

Priest: Again we pray for mercy, life, peace, health, salvation and visitation and pardon and forgiveness of sins for the servants of God [*Names*], the parishioners, members of the parish council and organizations, donors and benefactors of this holy temple, **and for the suffering Christians of Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, Iraq, Egypt, and all of the Middle East (add any other nations that may be appropriate).**

People: Lord, have mercy. *(Thrice)*

Priest: Again we pray that He may keep this holy church and this city and every city and countryside from wrath, famine, plague, earthquake, flood, fire, the sword, foreign invasion, civil war and sudden death; that our good God, Who lovest mankind, will be gracious, favorable and conciliatory and turn away and dispel all the wrath stirred up against us and all sickness, and may deliver us from His righteous chastisement which impendeth on us, and have mercy upon us.

People: Lord, have mercy. (FORTY TIMES)

Priest: Again we pray that the Lord our God may hearken unto the voice of the supplication of us sinners, and have mercy upon us.

People: Lord, have mercy. (THRICE)

Priest: Hear us, O God our Savior, the Hope of all the ends of the earth and of those who are far off upon the sea; and be gracious, *be gracious*, O Master, upon our sins, and have mercy upon us. For Thou art a merciful God and lovest mankind, and unto Thee do we ascribe glory: to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

People: Amen.

THE DISMISSAL

Deacon: Wisdom!

People: Father, bless!

Priest: Christ our God, the Existing One, is blessed, always, now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

People: Amen. Preserve, O God, the Holy Orthodox Faith and all Orthodox Christians, unto ages of ages. Amen.

Priest: Most Holy Theotokos, save us.

People: More honorable than the Cherubim, and more glorious beyond compare than the Seraphim, thou who without corruption bearest God the Word and art truly Theotokos: we magnify thee.

Priest: Glory to Thee, O Christ our God and our hope, glory to Thee.

Choir: 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, (*insert appropriate characteristic phrase*) through the intercessions of His all-immaculate and all-blameless Holy Mother; (*insert appropriate daily commemoration*); of *Saint N.*, the patron and protector of this holy community; of the holy and righteous ancestors of God, Joachim and Anna; of (*Name(s) of the Saint(s) of the day*), whose memory we celebrate today, and of all the Saints: have mercy on us and save us, forasmuch as He is good and loveth mankind.

People: Amen.

The clergy and faithful come forward and venerate the Icon of the Theotokos. During the Dormition Fast, the people chant the following exaposteilaria in Tone Three to the melody "O ye Apostles from afar."

O ye Apostles from afar, * being now gathered together * here in the vale of Gethsemane, * give burial to my body, * and Thou, my Son and my God, * receive Thou my spirit.

Thou art the sweetness of Angels, * the gladness of afflicted ones; * and the protectress of Christians, * O Virgin Mother of our Lord; * be thou my helper, and save me * from out of eternal torments.

I have thee as Mediatress * with the man-befriending God; * may He not censure my actions * before the hosts of the Angels. * I supplicate thee, O Virgin, * come unto mine aid most quickly.

Thou art a gold-entwined tower * and twelve-wall encircled city, * a throne besprinkled with sunbeams, * a royal chair of the King. * O inexplicable wonder * that thou dost milk-feed the Master.

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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