

The 17th Day of March
Our Venerable Father, Aleksy, Man of God.

Evening Service

At “Lord, I call...,” 3 Stikhera, in Tone 1: *To the melody, “O all-praised martyrs....”*

We know thee to be a man of God, /
Both in calling and in name; /
For thou didst shine forth with the virtues, /
While acquiring poverty here on earth; /
Thou didst confirm the faithful with thy miracles ///
Therefore intercede that our souls may be granted peace and great mercy.

Thou didst quench the burning desires of the flesh /
With the dew of love, O Aleksy; /
Thou didst exchange the sweet corporeal pleasures /
For the divine likeness of the angels; /
Together with them, intercede with [Christ God] ///
That our souls may be granted peace and great mercy.

Thou didst dwell by the very gates of your holy parents’ house for a long time, /
Unrecognized and unkown; /
Bearing the insults of thine own servants, /
But after death, wast thou revealed /
By the many miraculous wonders thou didst perform: ///
Expelling demons and healing diseases.

Note: If it be a Saturday or a Sunday (i.e., Friday or Saturday evening), we sing:

Glory..., in Tone 2:

Loving thy meek, silent, guileless and tranquil life /
O blessèd Aleksy, /
Christ hath shone thee as a beacon to the entire world /
Shining brighter than the sun /
For thou didst disdain the wealth and pleasures of thy parent’s house /
Remaining unkown beside their gate /
Desiring to love only Christ. /
Standing now before the throne of Christ, the King and God of all ///
Cease not, O venerable one, to pray for us, thy servants.

Otherwise,

Glory..., now and ever..., Theotokion, in Tone 1: *To the melody, "O all-praised martyrs...."*

O most holy one, /
Heal my wretched soul afflicted by many passions; /
Thou, who gavest birth Christ, the Healer and Savior of all, /
Who healeth every disease and ill brought on by the devil ///
And rescues us from death.

Or the Stavrotheotokion:

As she beheld her Lamb upon the Cross, /
Bereft of form or comeliness, /
The unblemished ewe-lamb, the sovereign Lady, cried lamenting: /
Woe is me! Where hath Thy beauty fled? /
Where is Thy splendor, O most Sweet One? ///
Where is the radiant grace of Thine image, O my most belovèd Son?

Or Dogmatic Theotokion if a Resurrection service.

The Troparion of Saint Aleksy, in Tone 4:

Having ascended to the heights of virtue and having cleansed thy mind, /
Thou didst attain thy heart's desire: /
Thou didst adorn thy life with dispassion, /
And didst embark upon the way of fasting with a conscience clean; /
In prayer thou didst become as like unto angels /
And shone forth brighter than sun upon the earth, ///
O most blessèd Aleksy

Morning Service

[The Canon for the Martyr ... incomplete as of 1/2013

The Kontakion of Saint Aleksy, in Tone 2:

Looking upon thy parents' home as a foreign land /
Thou didst come to dwell therein in the guise of a pauper; /
And receiving upon thy repose the crown of glory, /
Thou wast revealed as being wondrous here on earth, ///
O Aleksy, Man of God, joy of both men and angels.