

**The 17<sup>th</sup> 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.

**T**hou 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.

**T**hou 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:**

**L**oving 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:**

**A**s 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:**

**H**aving ascended to the heights of virtue and having cleansed thy mind, /  
Thou didst attain thy hear't'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:**

**L**ooking 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.