

The 19th Day of January



Commemoration of our Venerable Father, Macarius of Egypt.

Evening Service

At “Lord, I call...,” 6 stikhera, in Tone 4: *Special melody “Thou hast given a sign...”*

Desiring to attain, O wonderful one, /
That blessed state past understanding /
Thou didst come to regard abstinence as food /
And poverty as wealth, /
Lack of possessions as true abundance,
And humility as glory. /
Wherefore, thou didst reach, O Macarius, /
Thy desire in accord with thine intent ///
Dwelling now in the mansions of the saints. *Twice*

Thou hast completed the course of ascetic life without wavering /
And didst keep the faith, O father, /
Thus thou didst earn the crown of righteousness /
Which Christ hath prepared for thee; /
For He grants the prizes of victory /
And bestows the gifts and rewards of labors; ///
Pray then, O glorious one, that we earn them as well. *Twice*

Thou didst deny thyself every pleasure, /
O divinely-wise one, /
Thou didst disdain thy body and embitter the senses /
Through labors, hardships and abstinence, /
Through thy longsuffering trials and patience in adversity,
In place of which thou didst receive eternal pleasure, ///
Everlasting delight and ineffable joy. *Twice*

Glory..., in Tone 8: (by Anatolius)

Rejoice, O Egypt at blooming with so great a guardian, /
Macarius [who now stands] among the blessèd. /
For he, resplendent with the wisdom of the Holy Spirit /
Surpassed all ascetic virtues with his abstinent way of life. /
Now we offer him as our mediator ///
And ask him to pray Christ that our souls may be saved

Now and ever..., Theotokion, in the same Tone,

Behold, the groans of my contrite heart, O Bride of God; /
Accept, O Virgin Mary, and reject not the lifting up of my hands, /
O pure, undefiled one, /
As thou lovest goodness, /
So that I may hymn and glorify thee ///
Who hast glorified our human race.

Or this Stavrotheotokion: Special melody "Thy martyrs, O Lord..."

Beholding her Child upon the Tree /
As a willing sacrifice, /
The Unblemished Maiden wept bitterly /
And she cried lamenting: /
Woe is me, my belovèd Child /
What hath the ungrateful people done to Thee? ///
Wishing to leave me childless, O my belovèd One.

The Apostikha from the Octoechos,

Glory..., in Tone 6

The report of thy deeds, O venerable father, /
Has gone out into all the earth, /
And thou hast found the reward of thy labors in heaven; /
For thou didst defeat armies of demons /
And attained the ranks of the angels, /
Whose life thou didst blamelessly emulate. /
So, having boldness before Christ God ///
Entreat Him to grant peace to our souls.

Now and ever..., Theotokion, in the same Tone,

Rejoice, O most-radiant lamp, /
Rejoice, O Lady, brighter than the brilliant Sun; /
Rejoice, O pure one, our deliverance from the ancient curse;
Rejoice, O Lady, hope of the hopeless;
Rejoice, thou brightest palace of the King; /
Rejoice, O restoration of the human race; /
Rejoice, glad tidings of the Word of God; /
Rejoice, O mountain from which descended our Redeemer; /

Rejoice, O bright candlestand of the Light; ///
Rejoice, O flaming throne of Christ, the King of all.

Or this Stavrotheotokion: *Special melody "On the third day...."*

Beholding our Life hanging on the Tree, /
The all-pure Theotokos cried aloud /
With maternal sorrow: /
"My Son and my God, ///
Save those who sing to Thee with love.

Troparion for the Venerable Saint, in Tone 1:

O dweller in the wilderness and angel in the body, /
Thou wast a wonderworker, O our God-bearing father Macarius. /
Thou didst receive heavenly gifts through fasting vigil and prayer: /
Healing the sick and the souls of those drawn to thee by faith /
Glory to Him Who gave thee strength! /
Glory to Who hath granted thee a crown! ///
Glory to Him Who through thee grants healing to all!

Morning Service

... incomplete as of 9/17/13

Kontakion for the Venerable Saint, in Tone 1: *Special melody "The angelic choir...."*

Having reached the end of thy life in blessed repose /
Thou dwellest rightly with the assembly of martyrs, /
And for filling the desert with monastics as if it were a city /
Thou hast received from God the grace to accomplish miracles. /
Therefore we honor thy memory, ///
O God-bearing father Macarius.