

The 21st Day of October

Ⲅ Commemoration of our Venerable Father Hilarion the Great.

And the Commemoration of the Transfer of the Relics of St. Hilarion, Bishop of Meglin in Bulgaria, whose service is found following this. — *incomplete as of 5/2018*

Vespers

At “Lord I call...,” 6 stichera, in Tone 4: *To the melody, “Called from on high....”*

Meek in soul when wounded by divine zeal /
And thy heart aspiring to the heights of holiness /
Thou didst withdraw thyself from the troubles of this world; /
And being armed with the power of the Cross /
Thou didst wage battle against the demons, O blessed Hilarion. /
Thus, thou didst fashion for thyself a crown of victory; /
And dwelling now amidst the splendor of all the saints /
Together with them entreat for us peace and enlightenment ///
And the remission of our sins. *(twice)*

Brightly didst thou enlighten the world, O glorious one, /
With the brilliant rays of thy healings and miracles, /
Scattering the profound darkness of infirmities. /
Therefore, we acknowledge thee as another sun shining in the heavens; /
As the confirmation of monastics; /
And as a guide of the faithful saved in the Holy Spirit. /
Now, we celebrate thy radiant and saving memory ///
And through thy prayers, O father Hilarion, we receive the remission of our sins.

(twice)

Through abstinence, O father Hilarion, /
Thou didst subject the passions of the body to thy reasoning soul /
And being adorned with the wings of dispassion, O ven’rable one, /
Thou didst receive the grace to heal the sick who hastened to thee /
Driving away the spirits of evil. /
Therefore, the choirs of monastics in heaven bless thee, O glorious one, ///
And all creation honors thy holy deeds. *(twice)*

Glory..., in Tone 2: *(by Anatolius)*

Steeped in wisdom from thy youth, O father Hilarion, /
Thou didst take upon thyself the yoke of Christ, /
And didst emulate the godly life of our blessed father Anthony, /
Whose virtues thou didst imitate in many ways; /

Thy youthful flesh, once wild as a colt, was tamed by thy spirit /
 As thou didst complete the course of the fast. /
 Therefore, O most blessed, wonder-working, and God-bearing father Hilarion, /
 We now celebrate thy holy memory /
 And we ask thee to beseech the Lord ///
 That He grant us the cleansing of sins and great mercy to our souls.

Now and ever..., Dogmatic Theotokion, in Tone 2, or the Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone: To the melody, "When from the tree...."

Beholding thee nailed to the wood of the Cross, O Jesus /
 She who know not wedlock cried out weeping: /
 "O sweet Child, Thou unapproachable Light of the All-unoriginate Father, /
 Why hast Thou left me alone, who gave birth to Thee?
 But hasten Thou and glorify Thyself ///
 That they who glorify Thy divine sufferings may receive divine glory!"

The Apostikha, is from the Octoechos, then:

Glory..., in Tone 8:

Being filled with the Holy Spirit, /
 Holy Hilarion overcame the snares of the demons, /
 And armed with the Cross and trusting in its strength, /
 He healed the sick and cured the passions of the soul and body by the power of
 his word. /
 Through his supplications, may Thy peace descend down upon us, O Christ, ///
 Since Thou art the Lover of mankind.

Now and ever..., Theotokion, in Tone 8, or the Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone: To the melody: O most glorious wonder...."

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

The Troparion of the Saint, in Tone 8:

Thine abundant tears made the wilderness sprout and bloom /

VENERABLE HILARION THE GREAT

And thy suffering made thy labors fruitful a hundredfold /
Thou hast become a shining torch over all the world ///
O our holy father Hilarion, pray to Christ God that He may save our souls.

Matins

— incomplete as of 5/2018

The Kontakion of the Saint, Tone 3: *To the melody: “Today the Virgin gives birth....”*

Today we gather to sing hymns in honor of thee, /
O brilliant star who makest shine the grace of God in our hearts, /
Thou wast a light to those in darkness /
And dost lift up to heaven those who cry aloud: ///
Joy to thee, O Hilarion, model of hermits.

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