

The 19th Day of January



Our Venerable Father, Macarius of Egypt.

Vespers

At “Lord, I call...,” 6 stichera, in Tone 4: *To the 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: *(the composition of Anatolius)*

Rejoice, O Egypt at blooming with so great a guardian, /
Macarius who now stands among the bless't. /
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: To the melody, “Thy martyrs....”

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 Aposticha from the Octoechos, and

Glory..., in Tone 6:

O venerable father Macarius, /
The proclamation of thy great deeds hath gone out into all the world, /
Therefore thou hast obtained the reward of thy labors in heaven; /
Thou hast destroyed legions of demons, /
And attained to the choirs of the angels /
Whose life thou didst blamelessly emulate, /
Having now boldness before Christ our God, ///
Pray for the peace of the world and the salvation of 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 the Stavrotheotokion: *To the 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.

The Troparion of Saint Macarius, 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 Him who hath granted thee a crown! ///
Glory to Him who through thee grants healing to all!

Matins

— incomplete as of 9/17/13

Kontakion of Saint Macarius, in Tone 1: *To the melody, “The choir of angels....”*

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.

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