

The 20th Day of April

Venerable Theodore Trichinas (the Hair-Shirt Wearer).

Vespers

At “Lord, I call...,” 3 stichera, in Tone 8: *To the melody, “O most glorious wonder...”*

O venerable father Theodore, /
Thou didst bring thyself as a chosen gift to God: /
Offering Him thy humility to the end, /
Standing all night in vigil and penitence, /
Learning the divine teachings: /
True dispassion and earnest prayer; /
Watchfulness and compassion, /
Faith and hope and pure love; ///
Revealing thyself as a radiant pillar of light.

O ven’rable father Theodore, /
Wisely seeking to clothe thyself in the garment of virtue, /
The raiment of truth and the vesture of salvation; /
Thou didst don a sackcloth woven from hair /
And wore it always as a covering for thy body; /
And strengthened by the power of the Spirit ///
Revealing our own nakedness as we are stripped bare by the evil one.

Being humble in spirit, O blessèd one, /
Thou didst offer thyself as a living sacrifice /
And a precious offering /
To God incarnate of the Virgin Mother, /
Who humbled Himself for our sake. /
Therefore thou hast received the delights of heaven: ///
Always intercede, we pray, that He have mercy on us.

Glory... now and ever..., Theotokion, in the same Tone: *(and melody)*

The pre-eternal God became incarnate of thee, /
O most pure Lady, /
Revealing thee as the intercessor for mankind. /
Therefore, deliver us, thy servants /
From every tribulation and sorrow /
Brought on by the wiles of the enemy; /
So that ever glorifying and honoring thee ///
We may come to partake of the splendors of the chosen ones.

Or the Stavrotheotokion, in the same Tone: (and melody)

Beholding Thee upon the Cross, O Jesus, /
As a willing sacrifice, /
Thy Virgin Mother cried aloud: /
Woe is me, my sweet Child, /
Woe is me, O Master! /
How is it that Thou art wounded unjustly? /
O Physician who healest the infirmities of mankind /
And deliverest all from corruption, ///
In Thy loving kindness.

Or Dogmatic Theotokion if a Resurrection service.

The Troparion of the Saint, in Tone 3: (None given in the Slav Menaion)

O holy father Theodore, /
Thou wast truly a temple of abstinence and a vessel of dispassion; /
Thou didst serve God by thy works and thy deeds /
And were found worthy of His precious gifts. ///
Pray to Christ God that He may grant us great mercy.

Matins

The Canon for the Saint, in Tone 2

—incomplete as of 1/2013

The Kontakion of the Saint, in Tone 4: To the melody, “Having been lifted up....”

O wise father Theodore, /
Thy life was resplendent with wonders: /
For by changing thy rags of cloth woven from hair /
Into robes more precious than any royal vesture, /
Thou didst receive the vestments of heaven. /
Therefore we beseech thee, O ven’rable one, ///
To ceaselessly pray on behalf of us all.