The 22nd Day of August

Afterfeast of the Dormition of the Most Holy Theotokos; the Commemoration of the Martyr Agathonīcus (pronounced Agathonīkus) and those with him at Nicomedia; also, the service of the Martyr Lupus, whose commemoration is transferred to this day because of the Leavetaking tomorrow.

Vespers

At "Lord, I call...," 6 stichera,

3 stichera of St. Agathonīcus, in Tone 4: To the melody, "Thou hast given a sign...."

Seeking to find the Origin of all goodness /

And the beauty surpassing the understanding of man /

Thou didst proceed to the struggles that lay before thee, O Agatho<u>nī-kus</u>, /

And wrestled courageously with the enemy. /

Bravely didst thou fight him and cast him <u>down</u> to the ground, /

And didst weave for thyself a garland of victory, ///

All the while entreating the Lover of mankind on behalf of those who hymn and <u>praise</u> thee.

Adorned with holy wisdom /

Thou didst speak blessèd and divine words /

And denounced the murdering tyrant and stilled the fury of the idols /

Thus consoling the faithful in their resolution /

To remain steadfast in the grace of God. /

Therefore, having been cruelly tortured and having received thy crown, ///

Thou didst hasten to the kingdom on high.

Wearing a garland made of the <u>drops</u> of thy blood /

Shed while enduring thy torment, /

Thou dost now <u>stand</u> before the Master as an acceptable sweet <u>sa</u>crifice, /

A pure victim, a sacred offering, an unblemished oblation. /

Therefore, by thy sufferings and through thy supplications, ///

Preserve the fulness of the Church in peace, O holy martyr Agatho<u>nī</u>-kus.

And 3 stichera of St. Lupus, in the same Tone: (and melody)

The blessèd martyr <u>Lupus</u>, /

Broke to pieces the icy misery of idolatry /

By the warmth and fervor of the Holy Spirit, /

And for this he wast beheaded by the sword. /

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Now he ceaselessly pours forth streams of divine healing /
Bedewing with grace the souls of those who are wasting away.
Come now, all ye faithful who love the martyrs, ///
And let us piously praise him for he as our helper and intercessor.
Thou didst commit the temples of the pagans to their watery graves /
And amazed the ungodly as they beheld thy miracles /
Which thou didst work by faith, O blessèd Lupus: /
Surrounded by their wrath, thou wast preserved by the grace of God from above, /
As a diamond, thou didst adamantly stand as they tortured thee, ///
And God magnified thee forever as His witness for Him.
In wounding thee, thy tormentors wounded themselves, /
And loosing their arrows at thee, they shot themselves instead of thee; /
And intending to dismember thee, blindly, they inflicted their wounds on a tree, /
For the Lord preserved thee, O blessèd Lupus, /
Who for His sake chose to suffer for Him, ///
O converser with the angels and intercessor for our souls.
Glory..., of St. Agathonīcus, in Tone 1: (by Anatolius)
Aptly dost thou bear the name of victory, /
O martyr Agathonī-kus, /
For being wounded by thy desire for the divine /
Thou didst lay low the falsehood of the tyrant and the idols, /
And passed over to the place of eternal life. /
And having great boldness now before the Lord, /
Entreat God that our souls may be saved, ///
As we commemorate thy holy and glorious memory.
Now and ever..., of the Feast, in the same Tone:
It was right that the eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word /
Should see the Dormition of His Mother according to the flesh, /
Even the final mystery concerning her: /
That so they might be witnesses not only to the Ascension of the Savior /
But also to the Translation of her who gave Him birth. /
Assembled from all the parts by divine power, /
They came to Sion, /
And sped on her way to heaven the Virgin who is higher than the cherubīm. ///
We venerate her, for she prays for our souls.
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¹ From the Litya of the Feast.

AFTERFEAST DORMITION; MARTYR AGATHONÍCUS

At the Aposticha, these stichera of the Feast, in Tone 8: To the melody, "O most glorious wonder...." O most glorious wonder! / She who, without knowing a man, gave birth to God in the flesh, / And remained a virgin is translated from this life today. / And departing this transitory sphere, she passes to ageless eternity, / Therefore, the disciples and apostles of Christ /// Make haste on clouds to attend her burial. Arise, O Lord, into Thy resting place, Thou and the ark of Thy holiness. Verse: Let us all be attendant with the angels today, / And with splendid solemnity / Let us honor and glorify the repose of the Mother of our God; / For having committed her holy and radiant soul into the hands of her Son, / She is united with Him in the eternal life, /// And is earnestly praying in spirit on behalf of us all. The Lord hath sworn to David a sure oath and will not change His mind. Verse: Come, all ye faithful and let us spiritually gather in Gethsemane, / That honored and holy abode of the glorious body / Of the Mother of our Lord and God. / And together with the apostles, let us anoint ourselves with her fragrance divine, / And let us sing to her together with the angels, / For by her Dormition she has become the joy of all today /// Who are on the earth and all those who are in heaven. Glory..., of St. Agathonīcus, in the same Tone: (to the regular melody) Bearing the bountiful name of goodness / Thou didst dedicate thyself as if a temple, / O holy martyr Agatho*nī-kus;* / And sentenced by the law to torture for the sake of the King of all / Thou didst destroy the power of the vicious enemy / Thus receiving a crown of victory. / Now, we entreat thee as thou standest before Christ on high, / To be seech Him on behalf of our souls, /// O thou glorious adornment of the martyrs.

Now and ever..., of the Feast, in the same Tone: (and melody, the composition of the Emperor Leo)

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Jesus, thy Son and our God, /
Dies as a man and arises as God /
Thus confirming His two natures.
And He willed in His good pleasure /
That thou shouldst die a natural death /
That His dispensation might confound not only the faithless.
For thou, O heavenly bride, crossed over to heaven; /
Thy bridal chamber was taken up from the earth /
And the very air was sanctified by thy passage /
As the earth itself was illumined by thy giving birth. /
The apostles bid farewell to thee, and the angels bore thee up /
Together they placed thee in thy tomb and sang funeral hymns for thee /
Then they beheld that awesome and wondrous sight.
For thy translation from earth to heaven was wrought by the right hand of God /
Who had dwelt within thy womb. /
Be thou steadfast, O Mother worthy of all praise, /
Leave us not alone without thy protection, /
For we are thy people and the sheep of thy flock /
And we cry aloud, invoking thy name, ///
Asking for salvation and great mercy for our souls.
The Troparion of the Martyrs, in Tone 4:
Thy holy martyrs, O Lord, /
Through their sufferings received their incorruptible crowns from Thee, our God /
For having Thy strength they laid low their enemies /
And shattered the powerless boldness of demons. ///
Through their intercessions, O Christ God, save our souls.
Glory..., now and ever..., the Troparion of the Feast in Tone 1:
In giving birth, O Theotokos, thou didst preserve thy virginity, /
In falling asleep thou didst not forsake the world. /
Thou wast translated into life, O Mother of Life, ///
And by thy prayers dost redeem our souls from death.
                                       Matins
                                 —incomplete as of 6/2016
The Kontakion of the Martyr Agathonīcus, in Tone 1:
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By heeding the good call, O martyr Agathonī-kus, /

Thou didst renounce the beliefs of evil men, /

AFTERFEAST DORMITION; MARTYR AGATHONÍCUS

And <u>fea</u>ring neither death nor <u>to</u>rture, /
Thou hast become an heir of the good things of <u>pa</u>radise, /
<u>There</u>fore, thou hast received thy <u>rig</u>htful crown ///
Together with those who <u>suffered</u> with thee.

The Kontakion of the Feast, in Tone 2:

Neither the <u>tomb</u> nor death could hold the Theo<u>to</u>kos / Who is constant in prayer and our firm hope in her inter<u>ce</u>ssions: / For <u>being</u> the Mother of Life, she was tran<u>sla</u>ted to life /// By the One who <u>dwelt</u> in her <u>virginal</u> womb.

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