

**“GLORY TO GOD FOR ALL THINGS”
AN AKATHIST OF THANKSGIVING**

Priest: Blessed is our God always, now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

Priest: Glory to Thee, O God, glory to Thee.

O heavenly King, the Comforter, Spirit of Truth, Who art in all places, and fillest all things, Treasury of good things, and Giver of life, come, and dwell in us, and cleanse us from every stain; and save our souls, O good One.

People: Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal: have mercy on us. (THRICE)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

All-holy Trinity, have mercy on us. Lord, cleanse us from our sins. Master, pardon our iniquities. Holy God, visit and heal our infirmities for Thy Name's sake.

Lord, have mercy. (THRICE)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Priest: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory: of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

Lord, have mercy. (*twelve times*)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

- *A metania is made after each verse below.*

Choir: Come, let us worship and fall down before God our King.

Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ, our King and our God.

Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ Himself, our King and our God.

PSALM 50

Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy Great Mercy; and according to the multitude of Thy compassions blot out my transgression. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know mine iniquity, and my sin is ever before me. Against Thee only have I sinned and done this evil before Thee, that Thou mightest be justified in Thy words, and prevail when Thou art judged. For behold, I was conceived in iniquities, and in sins did my mother bear me. For behold, Thou hast loved truth; the hidden and secret things of Thy wisdom hast Thou made manifest unto me. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be made clean; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow. Thou shalt make me to hear

joy and gladness; the bones that be humbled, they shall rejoice. Turn Thy face away from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and with Thy governing Spirit establish me. I shall teach transgressors Thy ways, and the ungodly shall turn back unto Thee. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation; my tongue shall rejoice in Thy righteousness. O Lord, Thou shalt open my lips, and my mouth shall declare Thy praise. For if Thou hadst desired sacrifice, I had given it; with whole-burnt offerings Thou shalt not be pleased. A sacrifice unto God is a broken spirit; a heart that is broken and humbled God will not despise. Do good, O Lord, in Thy good pleasure unto Zion, and let the walls of Jerusalem be built up. Then shalt Thou be pleased with a sacrifice of righteousness, with oblation and whole-burnt offerings. Then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar.

THE NICENE-CONSTANTINOPOLITAN CREED

People: I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Only-begotten, Begotten of the Father before all worlds, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made; of one essence with the Father, by Whom all things were made: Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate of the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary, and became man. And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate, and suffered and was buried. And on the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures. And ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father. And He shall come again with glory to judge the living and the dead, Whose Kingdom shall have no end. And I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe in One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins. I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

- *Standing before an icon of our Lord Jesus Christ, the priest begins the Akathist hymn. He censes the icon nine times at the conclusion of each kontakion and ikos.*

KONTAKION 1

Priest: Everlasting King, Thy will for our salvation is full of power. Thy right arm doth control the whole course of human life. We give Thee thanks for all Thy mercies, seen and unseen; for eternal life, for the heavenly joys of the Kingdom which is to be. Grant mercy to us who sing Thy praise, both now and in the time to come: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

IKOS 1

Priest: I was born a weak, defenseless child, but Thine angel spread his wings over my cradle to defend me. From birth until now Thy love hath illumined my path, and hath wondrously guided me towards the light of eternity; from birth until now the generous gifts of Thy providence hath been marvelously showered upon me. I give Thee thanks, with all who have come to know Thee, who call upon Thy Name:

- + Glory to Thee for calling me into being; glory to Thee, showing me the beauty of the universe.
- + Glory to Thee, spreading out before me heaven and earth, like the pages in a book of eternal wisdom.
- + Glory to Thee for Thine eternity in this fleeting world; glory to Thee for Thy mercies, seen and unseen.
- + Glory to Thee through every sigh of my sorrow; glory to Thee for every step of my life's journey, for every moment of glory.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 2

Priest: O Lord, how lovely it is to be Thy guest: breeze full of scents; mountains reaching to the skies; waters like boundless mirrors, reflecting the sun's golden rays and the scudding clouds. All nature murmurs mysteriously, breathing the depth of tenderness. Birds and beasts of the forest bear the imprint of Thy love. Blessed art thou, mother earth, in thy fleeting loveliness, which wakens our yearning for happiness that will last forever, in the land where, amid beauty that grows not old, the cry rings out: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 2

Priest: Thou hast brought me into life as into an enchanted paradise. We have seen the sky like a chalice of deepest blue, wherein the azure heights the birds are singing. We have listened to the soothing murmur of the forest and the melodious music of the streams. We have tasted fruit of fine flavor and the sweet-scented honey. We can live very well on Thine earth. It is a pleasure to be Thy guest:

- + Glory to Thee for the Feast Day of life; glory to Thee for the perfume of lilies and roses.
- + Glory to Thee for each different taste of berry and fruit; glory to Thee for the sparkling silver of early morning dew.
- + Glory to Thee for the joy of dawn's awakening; glory to Thee for the new life each day brings.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 3

Priest: It is the Holy Spirit Who maketh us to find joy in each flower: the exquisite scent, the delicate color, the beauty of the Most High in the tiniest of things. Glory and honor be to the Spirit, the Giver of Life, Who covereth the fields with their carpet of flowers, crowneth the harvest with gold, and giveth to us the joy of gazing at it with our eyes. O be ye joyful and sing to Him: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 3

Priest: How glorious art Thou in the springtime, when every creature awakens to new life and joyfully sings Thy praises with a thousand tongues. Thou art the Source of Life, the Destroyer of Death. By the light of the moon nightingales sing, and the valleys and hills lieth like wedding garments, white as snow. All the earth is Thy promised bride awaiting her spotless husband. If the grass of the field is like this, how gloriously shall we be transfigured in the Second Coming after the Resurrection! How splendid our bodies, how spotless our souls:

- + Glory to Thee, bringing from the depth of the earth an endless variety of colors, tastes and scents.
- + Glory to Thee for the warmth and tenderness of the world of nature.
- + Glory to Thee for the numberless creatures around us.
- + Glory to Thee for the depths of Thy wisdom, the whole world a living sign of it.
- + Glory to Thee; on my knees, I kiss the traces of Thine unseen hand.
- + Glory to Thee, enlightening us with the clearness of eternal life.
- + Glory to Thee for the hope of the unutterable, imperishable beauty of immortality.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 4

Priest: How filled with sweetness are those whose thoughts dwell on Thee; how life-giving Thy holy Word. To speak with Thee is more soothing than anointing with oil, sweeter than the honeycomb. To pray to Thee lifts the spirit, refreshes the soul. Where Thou art not, there is only emptiness; hearts are smitten with sadness; nature, and life itself, become sorrowful; where Thou art, the soul is filled with abundance, and its song resounds like a torrent of life: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 4

Priest: When the sun is setting, when quietness falls like the peace of eternal sleep, and the silence of the spent day reigns, then in the splendor of its declining rays, filtering through the clouds, I see Thy dwelling-place: fiery and purple, gold and blue, they speak prophetically of the ineffable beauty of Thy presence, and call to us in their majesty. We turn to the Father:

- + Glory to Thee at the hushed hour of nightfall; glory to Thee, covering the earth with peace.
- + Glory to Thee for the last ray of the sun as it sets; glory to Thee for sleep's repose that restores us.
- + Glory to Thee for Thy goodness even in the time of darkness when all the world is hidden from our eyes.
- + Glory to Thee for the prayers offered by a trembling soul.
- + Glory to Thee for the pledge of our reawakening on that glorious last day, that day which has no evening.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 5

Priest: The dark storm clouds of life bringeth no terror to those in whose hearts Thy fire is burning brightly. Outside is the darkness of the whirlwind, the terror and howling of the storm; but in the heart, in the presence of Christ, there is light, peace and silence: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 5

Priest: I see Thy heavens resplendent with stars. How glorious art Thou, radiant with light! Eternity watcheth me by the rays of the distant stars. I am small, insignificant, but the Lord is at my side. Thy right arm guideth me wherever I go:

- + Glory to Thee, ceaselessly watching over me; glory to Thee for the encounters Thou dost arrange for me.
- + Glory to Thee for the love of parents, for the faithfulness of friends.
- + Glory to Thee for the humbleness of the animals which serve me.
- + Glory to Thee for the unforgettable moments of life; glory to Thee for the heart's innocent joy.
- + Glory to Thee for the joy of living moving and being able to return Thy love.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 6

Priest: How great and how close art Thou in the powerful track of the storm! How mighty Thy right arm in the blinding flash of the lightning! How awesome Thy majesty! The voice of the Lord filleth the fields; it speaketh in the rustling of the trees. The voice of the Lord is in the thunder and the downpour. The voice of the Lord is heard above the waters. Praise be to Thee in the roar of mountains ablaze. Thou dost shake the earth like a garment; Thou dost pile up to the sky the waves of the sea. Praise be to Thee, bringing low the pride of man. Thou dost bring from his heart a cry of penitence: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 6

Priest: When the lightning flash has lit up the camp dining hall, how feeble seems the light from the lamp. Thus dost Thou, like the lightning, unexpectedly light up my heart with flashes of intense joy. After Thy blinding light, how drab, how colorless, how illusory all else seems. My soul clings to Thee:

- + Glory to Thee, the highest peak of men's dreaming.
- + Glory to Thee for our unquenchable thirst for communion with God.
- + Glory to Thee, making us dissatisfied with earthly things; glory to Thee, turning on us Thy healing rays.
- + Glory to Thee, subduing the power of the spirits of darkness and dooming to death every evil.
- + Glory to Thee for the signs of Thy presence for the joy of hearing Thy voice and living in Thy love.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 7

Priest: In the wondrous blending of sounds it is Thy call we hear; in the harmony of many voices, in the sublime beauty of music, in the glory of the works of great composers. Thou leadest us to the threshold of paradise to come, and to the choirs of angels. All true beauty has the power to draw the soul towards Thee, and to make it sing in ecstasy: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 7

Priest: The breath of Thy Holy Spirit inspireth artists, poets and scientists. The power of Thy supreme knowledge maketh them prophets and interpreters of Thy laws, Who revealeth the depths of Thy creative wisdom. Their works speaketh unwittingly of Thee. How great art Thou in Thy creation! How great art Thou in man:

- + Glory to Thee, showing Thine unsurpassable power in the laws of the universe.
- + Glory to Thee, for all nature is filled with Thy laws.
- + Glory to Thee for what Thou hast revealed to us in Thy mercy.
- + Glory to Thee for what Thou hast hidden from us in Thy wisdom.
- + Glory to Thee for the inventiveness of the human mind.
- + Glory to Thee for the dignity of man's labor; glory to Thee for the tongues of fire that bring inspiration.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 8

Priest: How near Thou art in the day of sickness. Thou Thyself visitest the sick; Thou Thyself bendest over the sufferer's bed. His heart speaks to Thee. In the throes of sorrow and suffering Thou bringest peace and unexpected consolation. Thou art the comforter. Thou art the love which watcheth over and healeth us. To Thee we sing the song: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 8

Priest: When in childhood I called upon Thee consciously for the first time, Thou didst hear my prayer, and Thou didst fill my heart with the blessing of peace. At that moment, I knew Thy goodness and knew how blessed art those who turn to Thee. I started to call upon Thee night and day; and now even now I call upon Thy Name:

- + Glory to Thee, satisfying my desires with good things; glory to Thee, watching over me day and night.
- + Glory to Thee, curing affliction and emptiness with the healing flow of time.
- + Glory to Thee, no loss is irreparable in Thee, Giver of eternal life to all.
- + Glory to Thee, making immortal all that is lofty and good.
- + Glory to Thee, promising us the longed-for meeting with our loved ones who have died.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 9

Priest: Why is it that on a Feast Day the whole of nature mysteriously smiles? Why is it that then a heavenly gladness fills our hearts; a gladness far beyond that of earth and the very air in church and in the altar becomes luminous? It is the breath of Thy gracious love. It is the reflection of the glory of Mount Tabor. Then do heaven and earth sing Thy praise: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 9

Priest: When Thou didst call me to serve my brothers and filled my soul with humility, one of Thy deep, piercing rays shone into my heart; it became luminous, full of light like iron glowing in the furnace. I have seen Thy face, the face of mystery and of unapproachable glory:

- + Glory to Thee, transfiguring our lives with deeds of love.
- + Glory to Thee, making wonderfully sweet the keeping of Thy commandments.
- + Glory to Thee, making Thyself known where man shows mercy on his neighbor.
- + Glory to Thee, sending us failure and misfortune that we may understand the sorrows of others.
- + Glory to Thee, rewarding us so well for the good we do.
- + Glory to Thee, welcoming the impulse of our heart's love.
- + Glory to Thee, raising to the heights of heaven every act of love in earth and sky.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 10

Priest: No one can put together what has crumbled into dust, but Thou canst restore a conscience turned to ashes. Thou canst restore to its former beauty a soul lost and without hope. With Thee, there is nothing that cannot be redeemed. Thou art love; Thou art Creator and Redeemer. We praise Thee, singing: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 10

Priest: Remember, my God, the fall of Lucifer full of pride, keep me safe with the power of Thy Grace; save me from falling away from Thee. Save me from doubt. Incline my heart to hear Thy mysterious voice every moment of my life. Incline my heart to call upon Thee, present in everything.

- + Glory to Thee for every happening, every condition in which Thy providence has put me.
- + Glory to Thee for what Thou speakest to me in my heart.
- + Glory to Thee for what Thou revealest to me, asleep or awake.
- + Glory to Thee for scattering our vain imaginations.
- + Glory to Thee for raising us from the slough of our passions through suffering.
- + Glory to Thee for curing our pride of heart by humiliation.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 11

Priest: Across the cold chains of the centuries, I feel the warmth of Thy breath, I feel Thy blood pulsing in my veins. Part of time has already gone, but now Thou art the present. I stand by Thy Cross; I was the cause of it. I cast myself down in the dust before it. Here is the triumph of love, the victory of salvation. Here the centuries themselves cannot remain silent, singing Thy praises: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 11

Priest: Blessed are they that will share in the King's Banquet: but already on earth Thou givest me a foretaste of this blessedness. How many times with Thine own hand hast Thou held out to me Thy Body and Thy Blood, and I, though a miserable sinner, have received this Mystery, and have tasted Thy love, so ineffable, so heavenly:

- + Glory to Thee for the unquenchable fire of Thy Grace.
- + Glory to Thee, building Thy Church, a haven of peace in a tortured world.
- + Glory to Thee for the life-giving water of Baptism in which we find new birth.
- + Glory to Thee, restoring to the penitent purity white as the lily.
- + Glory to Thee for the cup of salvation and the bread of eternal joy.
- + Glory to Thee for exalting us to the highest heaven.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

KONTAKION 12

Priest: How often have I seen the reflection of Thy glory in the faces of the dead. How resplendent they were, with beauty and heavenly joy. How ethereal, how translucent their faces. How triumphant over suffering and death, their felicity and peace. Even in the silence they were calling upon Thee. In the hour of my death, enlighten my soul, too, that it may cry out to Thee: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

IKOS 12

Priest: What sort of praise can I give Thee? I have never heard the song of the Cherubim, a joy reserved for the spirits above. But I know the praises that nature sings to Thee. In winter, I have beheld how silently in the moonlight the whole earth offers Thee prayer, clad in its white mantle of snow, sparkling like diamonds. I have seen how the rising sun rejoices in Thee, how the song of the birds is a chorus of praise to Thee. I have heard the mysterious mutterings of the forests about Thee, and the winds singing Thy praise as they stir the waters. I have understood how the choirs of stars proclaim Thy glory as they move forever in the depths of infinite space. What is my poor worship? All nature obeys Thee, I do not. Yet while I live, I see Thy love, I long to thank Thee, and call upon Thy Name:

- + Glory to Thee, giving us light; glory to Thee, loving us with love so deep, divine and infinite.
- + Glory to Thee, blessing us with light, and with the host of angels and saints.
- + Glory to Thee, Father all-holy, promising us a share in Thy Kingdom.
- + Glory to Thee, Redeemer Son, who hast shown us the path to salvation.
- + Glory to Thee, Holy Spirit, life-giving Sun of the world to come.
- + Glory to Thee for all things, Holy and most merciful Trinity.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

- *Kontakion 13 and “Alleluia” are said thrice.*

KONTAKION 13

Priest: Life-giving and merciful Trinity, receive my thanksgiving for all Thy goodness. Make us worthy of Thy blessings, so that, when we have brought to fruit the talents Thou hast entrusted to us, we may enter into the joy of our Lord, forever exulting in the shout of victory: Alleluia!

Choir: Alleluia!

KONTAKION 1

Priest: Everlasting King, Thy will for our salvation is full of power. Thy right arm doth control the whole course of human life. We give Thee thanks for all Thy mercies, seen and unseen; for eternal life, for the heavenly joys of the Kingdom which is to be. Grant mercy to us who sing Thy praise, both now and in the time to come: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

IKOS 1

Priest: I was born a weak, defenseless child, but Thine angel spread his wings over my cradle to defend me. From birth until now Thy love hath illumined my path, and hath wondrously guided me towards the light of eternity; from birth until now the generous gifts of Thy providence hath been marvelously showered upon me. I give Thee thanks, with all who have come to know Thee, who call upon Thy Name:

- + Glory to Thee for calling me into being; glory to Thee, showing me the beauty of the universe.
- + Glory to Thee, spreading out before me heaven and earth, like the pages in a book of eternal wisdom.
- + Glory to Thee for Thine eternity in this fleeting world; glory to Thee for Thy mercies, seen and unseen.
- + Glory to Thee through every sigh of my sorrow; glory to Thee for every step of my life’s journey, for every moment of glory.
- + Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

Choir: Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!

THEOTOKION (Plain Reading)

It is truly meet to bless thee, O Theotokos, who art ever-blessed and all-blameless, and the mother of our God. More honorable than the Cherubim, and more glorious beyond compare than the Seraphim. Thou who without corruption bearest God the Word; and art truly Theotokos: we magnify thee.

- *The people kneel.*

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

Priest: O Lord Jesus Christ our God, the God of all mercies and bounties, Whose mercy is immeasurable, and whose love for mankind is an unfathomable deep: falling down in adoration before Thy majesty, with fear and trembling, as unprofitable servants, and now humbly rendering thanks unto Thy loving-kindness for Thy benefits bestowed upon us. We thank Thee, O Lord, for having become one of us, suffering, dying and rising again, by which Thou hast reopened to us the doors of Paradise. We thank Thee O Lord, for Thy One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, Orthodox Church, through which Thy teachings are preserved and practiced, and we are led to Thee. We thank Thee, O Lord, for the Saints whom Thou hast given us as role models and as intercessors before Thy Judgment Seat. We thank Thee, O Lord, for having helped us to overcome all difficulties, tensions, passions, temptations and restored peace, mutual love and joy in sharing the communion of the Holy Spirit. We thank Thee, O Lord, for the sufferings Thou didst bestow upon us, for they are purifying us from selfishness and reminding us of the “one thing needed,” Thine eternal Kingdom. We thank Thee, O Lord, for having given us this country where we are free to worship Thee. We thank Thee, O Lord, for our families: husbands, wives and, especially, children who teach us how to celebrate Thy holy Name in joy, movement and holy noise. We thank Thee, O Lord, for everyone and everything. Great art Thou, O Lord, and marvelous are Thy deeds, and no word is sufficient to celebrate Thy miracles. Glory to Thee, O God our Benefactor, together with Thine unoriginate Father, the Creator and Source of all things, and Thine All-holy, Good, and Life-giving Spirit, the Treasury of Blessings, unto ages of ages.

Choir: Amen. (*The people rise.*)

THE TRISAGION PRAYERS

People: Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal: have mercy on us. (THRICE)
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.
All-holy Trinity, have mercy on us. Lord, cleanse us from our sins. Master, pardon our iniquities. Holy God, visit and heal our infirmities for Thy Name’s sake.
Lord, have mercy. (THRICE)
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.
Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Priest: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory: of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; now and ever, and unto ages of ages.

Choir: Amen.

THE DISMISSAL

Priest: Glory to Thee, O Christ our God and our hope, glory to Thee.

Choir: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; both now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen. Lord, have mercy (*thrice*). Father, bless.

Priest: May Christ our true God, through the intercessions of His all-immaculate and all-blameless holy Mother;

- (*On Sunday, include all of the below*)
- **On Monday, say:** by the protection of the honorable Bodiless Powers of Heaven;
- **On Tuesday, say:** at the supplication of the honorable, glorious Prophet, Forerunner and Baptist John;
- **On Wednesday and Friday, say:** by the might of the precious and life-giving Cross;
- **On Thursday, say:** at the supplication of the holy, glorious and all-laudable Apostles; of our father among the saints, Nicholas the Wonderworker, Archbishop of Myra in Lycia;
- **On Saturday, say:** at the supplication of the holy, glorious and right-victorious Martyrs; of our venerable and God-bearing Fathers;

at the supplication of *Saint N., the patron and protector of this holy community*; of the holy and righteous ancestors of God, Joachim and Anna; and of all the saints: have mercy on us and save us, forasmuch as He is good and loveth mankind.

Priest: Through the prayers of our holy fathers, Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy upon us and save us.

Choir: Amen.

END NOTE

Glory to God for All Things: An Akathist of Thanksgiving was written in Russia during the height of the Communistic persecution by Metropolitan Tryphon of Dmitrov (born Prince Boris Petrovich Turkestanov) not long before his death in 1934. The title comes from the last words of Saint John Chrysostom as he died in exile in 407. The akathist was found among the belongings of Archpriest Gregory Petroff, who died in a Soviet prison camp in 1940.