

**02 DECEMBRIE
NATALIA GARLAND**

**ACATISTUL
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DE LA
KAVSOKALIVIA-
ATHOS**



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Akathist Hymn to Saint Porphyrios, Elder of Kavsokalyvia

Kontakion 1

O God of righteousness, You have not abandoned the world to iniquity in these unruly days. Rather, You have mercifully blessed Your people with a holy priest-monk to inspire the path of prayer and encourage the ways of true spirituality. Therefore, the faithful arise and thankfully proclaim:

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Ikos 1

Look upon all believers, Saint Porphyrios, upon those who do the will of God in this troubled world and who love the Church. Look upon the monks and nuns, O holy elder, upon those called to renunciation of the world and martyrdom of self, and accept these heartfelt praises:

Rejoice, priest who prayed for the entire world to be granted mercy.

Rejoice, for you ascended spiritually through grace and obedience.

Rejoice, monk who desired every soul to be saved from destruction.

Rejoice, for you gained a hundredfold by sacrificing all attachments.

Rejoice, giver of rest to the heavy-laden who sought your wisdom.

Rejoice, for you lived in daily prayer to God and service to others.

Rejoice, provider of cups of cool water to your spiritual children.

Rejoice, for you were blessed with the ability to discern the heart.

Rejoice, unlearned boy who then radiated holiness as an elder.

Rejoice, for you worked and prayed in simplicity and selflessness.

Rejoice, aged man who upheld the monastic vows to the very end.

Rejoice, for you relied on the strength of God under all conditions.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 2

Saint Porphyrios, you came from a poor family and you could hardly read and write. As a young boy tending the sheep, you slowly and carefully read a booklet about Saint John the Hut-dweller. You desired to emulate his life of work and prayer, and in all hopefulness you said: Alleluia.

Ikos 2

You went to another town and worked in a shop because of your family's poverty. Saint Porphyrios, you were scarcely a teenager, and yet you sought the Kingdom of God above all things. You responded to the calling of Christ the Savior, and you secretly set sail for Mount Athos:

Rejoice, impoverished youth who prospered in the ways of holiness.

Rejoice, for you wanted only that wealth which is inwardly bestowed.

Rejoice, hardworking child who did the bidding of his employer.

Rejoice, for you already acquired a spirit of goodwill toward mankind.

Rejoice, unpretentious soul who pursued the treasures of Heaven.

Rejoice, for you believed in the sacred purpose of the Holy Mountain.

Rejoice, shy youngster who bravely sailed across the sea of time.

Rejoice, for you boarded the boat and trusted in God to guide you.

Rejoice, ragged boy who ate bread and fish given by a lady passenger.

Rejoice, for you understood your indebtedness as a disciple of Christ.

Rejoice, true seeker who waived parental affection for the path of prayer.

Rejoice, for you were drawn to the very source of all nourishment.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 3

O God of deliverance, You do not discourage the young from the life of prayer. Rather, You beckon every generation to take up the cross and continue the monastic tradition. You made a way for the zealous Saint Porphyrios, and the faithful are thereby invigorated to say: Alleluia.

Ikos 3

Saint Porphyrios, on the boat you met an elder from Mount Athos who kindly posed as your uncle, for young boys were not allowed on the Holy Mountain. His name was Panteleimon and he lived in prayer with his brother, Ioannikios. Under his protection, you proceeded onward:

Rejoice, recipient of grace.

Rejoice, pursuer of the only thing necessary.

Rejoice, beneficiary of mercy.

Rejoice, follower of the narrow way to salvation.

Rejoice, vigilant in prayer.

Rejoice, of one heart with the heritage of humble monks.

Rejoice, complete in Christ.

Rejoice, of one mind with the legacy of wise elders.

Rejoice, disposed to meekness.

Rejoice, learning from nature and all creation.

Rejoice, devoted to Scripture.

Rejoice, willing to serve the Church and all people.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 4

Saint Porphyrios, you stayed with the two elders in Kavsokalyvia. Father Panteleimon became your spiritual father but you deferred to both men equally. You learned not just from their words, but from their purity of life which you observed and followed, always saying: Alleluia.

Ikos 4

You lived in obedience, doing work such as gardening and woodcarving with love and joy. Saint Porphyrios, you held fast to your prayer rope and attentively repeated, “Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me,” and you received great blessings from God in this haven of worship:

Rejoice, pupil who accepted instruction as coming from Christ Himself.

Rejoice, for you loved the elders who were sent to you by God.

Rejoice, disciple who exchanged ignorance for the mind of the Church.

Rejoice, for you remained indebted to Saint John the Hut-dweller.

Rejoice, singer who poured forth sacred hymns in the chapel.

Rejoice, for you sang without conflict inwardly and outwardly.

Rejoice, participant who read Scripture to the icons of the saints.

Rejoice, for you read by divine grace and with pure exuberance.

Rejoice, believer who gave a sermon while standing on a rock.

Rejoice, for you looked beyond the Aegean Sea and beheld the horizon.

Rejoice, worshipper who opened his arms to the trees and shrubs.

Rejoice, for you honored the wilderness as though it were a church.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 5

O God of abundance, You do not deprive Your people of gifts and talents. Rather, You interconnect everyone according to time and place and in the Kingdom of Heaven. You sent another elder to Saint Porphyrios, a Russian man known only as Old Dismas, that all posterity might say: Alleluia.

Ikos 5

The old monk was an exceedingly humble solitary who entered the Holy Trinity Church early one morning. You were also there, Saint Porphyrios, and you witnessed him shining in divine light. God allowed you to partake of that grace, and thereafter you were filled with the gift of clairvoyance:

Rejoice, humble servant who gained from someone even humbler.

Rejoice, for you watched in holy silence as God worked wonders.

Rejoice, young beginner who learned from an aged saint on earth.

Rejoice, for you witnessed love and purity, worship and prayer.

Rejoice, steadfast follower who felt unworthy in the lineage of monks.

Rejoice, for you shed tears of repentance and joy in the church.

Rejoice, fleshly man who became truly alive in Christ the Savior.

Rejoice, for you heard and saw all things with spiritual ears and eyes.

Rejoice, renewed being who listened carefully as a nightingale sang.

Rejoice, for you thanked Old Dismas and the Almighty for perception.

Rejoice, loving devotee who shared Mount Athos with all living things.

Rejoice, for you wished to be known only to God and therefore unified.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 6

You became very ill, Saint Porphyrios, and the two elders called for Father Antonios, a monk from another hermitage, to come and treat you. He did his best, but the Holy Mountain lacked adequate medicine and nutrition for your recuperation. The monks prayed for guidance and said: Alleluia.

Ikos 6

Saint Porphyrios, you were sent back to the world to get well, after which you returned to Mount Athos, and then became ill again and sent back again a total of three times. Finally, you were situated in the Monastery of Saint Charalambos in Evia where you remained a faithful monk:

Rejoice, contented in illness.

Rejoice, grateful to wear the cassock of a monk.

Rejoice, seasoned in pain.

Rejoice, thankful to still be able to pray.

Rejoice, finding the light.

Rejoice, leaving the world for the love of Christ.

Rejoice, defeating the darkness.

Rejoice, leaving the hermitage with love of neighbor.

Rejoice, awake in humility.

Rejoice, mindful of the mysterious ways of God.

Rejoice, alive in hopefulness.

Rejoice, heedful of whatever pleases the Beloved.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 7

O God of mercy, You do not wish the death of the sinner. Rather, You sent Your Only-Begotten Son to redeem mankind from destruction. You also send priests to extend compassion to the people, and such was the case when Saint Porphyrios was ordained, for everyone said: Alleluia.

Ikos 7

Saint Porphyrios, at the insistence of the archbishop, you became a priest and eventually father-confessor. Therein, you spent hours attending to the confessions of the people, urging them to pray and to read Scripture. In obedience, you served God in this capacity for fifteen years:

Rejoice, confessor who saw outward problems and inward defects.

Rejoice, for you pointed each soul to the love of Christ the Savior.

Rejoice, priest who had the authority to absolve dreadful sins.

Rejoice, for you led the repentant to the teachings of the Church.

Rejoice, laborer who performed his duties as a living prayer.

Rejoice, for you built up the Kingdom with every word and deed.

Rejoice, servant who obeyed without ambition for prestige.

Rejoice, for you confessed your own iniquities immediately.

Rejoice, advocate who prayed for the healing of mankind.

Rejoice, for you were ordained on the Feast of Saint Panteleimon.

Rejoice, monk who always remembered his saintly elders.

Rejoice, for you kept your roots firmly in the soil of Mount Athos.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 8

Saint Porphyrios, you maintained your love for the wilderness, for the greatness of trees and the fragrance of flowers, and for the birds that sang as though worshipping God. In your love of solitude, you were one with all creation and thereby you could peacefully say: Alleluia.

Ikos 8

There was an oak tree at the Monastery of Saint Charalambos, and you wove together twigs and branches and made yourself a bed up in the tree. At night, you would rest there and say, “Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me,” and there the Theotokos appeared to you with saints and angels:

Rejoice, pure heart who was found beautiful to the Theotokos.

Rejoice, for you lived each day in cooperation with divine grace.

Rejoice, clear mind who was found delightful to the saints and angels.

Rejoice, for you consistently worked and prayed as a breathing icon.

Rejoice, diligent monk who fled the seduction of impurities.

Rejoice, for you chose to follow the straight path of goodness.

Rejoice, conscientious priest who gave no room to distractions.

Rejoice, for you preferred to focus on the hymns and canons.

Rejoice, singular eye who appreciated the hand of God at work.

Rejoice, for you viewed all situations as opportunities for holiness.

Rejoice, sacred temple who expanded in faith and wisdom.

Rejoice, for you indebted yourself to saintly predecessors.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 9

O God of glory, You do not withhold Your blessings from those who desire to help. Rather, You stir the soul and You make a way where there is no way. Even while on the Holy Mountain, Saint Porphyrios longed to be of use to the sick and suffering, and You enabled him to say: Alleluia.

Ikos 9

Saint Porphyrios, it was in Athens, at the Polyclinic, that you became a hospital chaplain assigned to the chapel of Saint Gerasimos. You remained there for thirty-three years celebrating the liturgy, hearing confessions, and uplifting the sick to Christ the Savior:

Rejoice, comforter of invalids.

Rejoice, giving to those who cannot give back.

Rejoice, intercessor of souls.

Rejoice, saving thousands to this day.

Rejoice, liberator from shame.

Rejoice, hearing confessions one after another.

Rejoice, deliverer from torment.

Rejoice, absolving sins committed many years back.

Rejoice, redeemer of time.

Rejoice, ever-joyful to do the will of God.

Rejoice, gladdener of successors.

Rejoice, ever-cheerful to extend the Church.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 10

Saint Porphyrios, your way of life was always inwardly prayerful, for you had absorbed the spirituality of the Holy Mountain into your being. Even though you had many experiences in Athens, as God granted for your benefit, you were a hermit in temperament and thus you said: Alleluia.

Ikos 10

In your inward solitude, the holiness of which was expressed in your outward activities, you were little noticed by the other workers in the hospital. Yet, you perceived everyone, Saint Porphyrios, and you loved them, especially the nurses whom you regarded as sisters of mercy:

Rejoice, voice of prayer who included the caregivers with the sick.

Rejoice, for you embodied your hermitage and everything you learned.

Rejoice, expression of spirituality who interacted with divine purpose.

Rejoice, for you carried yourself appropriately as a clergy member.

Rejoice, brother who respected everyone as created by God.

Rejoice, for you served the least and worked among the merciful.

Rejoice, priest who valued each person as unique and yet connected.

Rejoice, for you helped the suffering whom God put on your path.

Rejoice, hermit who inhabited his own cave amid the busy world.

Rejoice, for you upheld your vows in the place where God had led you.

Rejoice, friend who went unrecognized for his wonderful assistance.

Rejoice, for you did not tempt God but fulfilled His Heavenly plan.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 11

O God of compassion, You do not rule in tyranny over mankind. Rather, You grant individuals the freedom to choose to love You or to misuse Your gift of life according to worldly standards. In such manner, You called forth Saint Porphyrios and he did not forsake you, but said: Alleluia.

Ikos 11

Saint Porphyrios, you had two Godly desires in life: to work in a hospital and to build a women's monastery. You moved onto the grounds of the Church of Saint Nicholas, in Kallisia, taking your parents, sister and niece with you. There you gratefully settled for twenty years:

Rejoice, gracious priest who developed a God-loving family for support.

Rejoice, for you knew that isolation in the world was not beneficial.

Rejoice, hardworking monk who wanted to spread the life of prayer.

Rejoice, for you thrived on the service books and the Divine Liturgy.

Rejoice, nature-lover who found a place of trees, flowers and thyme.

Rejoice, for you additionally planted four hundred fruit and nut trees.

Rejoice, garden-expert who tilled the earth with his own hands.

Rejoice, for you grew vegetables for the health of body and soul.

Rejoice, bountiful harvester of spiritual children and productive land.

Rejoice, for you cultivated God's gifts and blessings for eternity.

Rejoice, plentiful gatherer despite the advancement of age.

Rejoice, for you glorified the God Who upheld your finishing steps.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 12

You raised money for the monastery, selling chickens and knitting vests, and receiving contributions as well. After much searching, you found suitable property upon a hill in Milesi. With ecclesiastical approval, you

commenced to build a road and to drill for water, saying:
Alleluia.

Ikos 12

It was named the Monastery of the Transfiguration of the Savior, and your own cross was placed on the cornerstone. Therein, Saint Porphyrios, you again gave outward expression to your inward disposition which was of undying love for God and neighbor:

Rejoice, centered in Christ.

Rejoice, giving everything and not holding back.

Rejoice, transformed in mercy.

Rejoice, tending the flock and not one soul was lost.

Rejoice, clear-sighted elder.

Rejoice, even though you had gone blind.

Rejoice, kind-hearted teacher.

Rejoice, regardless of having suffered a stroke.

Rejoice, generous in prayers.

Rejoice, reaching to Mount Athos and back again.

Rejoice, faithful in worship.

Rejoice, giving glory to the God of Heaven and earth.

Rejoice, Saint Porphyrios, God-loving man of prayer and humility.

Kontakion 13

Saint Porphyrios, you endured severe aliments toward the end of your life, but you never ceased to do the will of God and to pray, “Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me.” You returned to Mount Athos to die, leaving this earth in 1991, in a state of prayer and goodwill. Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

(Repeat Kontakion 13 three times.)

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