

THE 26th DAY OF THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY
THE COMMEMORATION OF OUR FATHER AMONG THE SAINTS PORPHYRIUS,
ARCHBISHOP OF GAZA
AT VESPERS

On “Lord, I have cried ...” 3 Stichera of the holy hierarch, in Tone VIII:

Spec. Mel.: “O most glorious wonder ...”

O venerable father Porphyrius, * taking the Cross of Christ upon thy shoulder * thou didst abandon all * and didst attain unto the desert, * and do battle with the ruler of this world, * armed with fasting and prayers. * Wherefore, as a temple of the Spirit of God, * thou didst cast him down together ** with carnal mindedness.

As of old God saved the three youths from the fire * by His Angel, * so now by thee hath He saved three youths * that had been dragged down into a pit; * for when they were borne as in a basket * He overshadowed them * with the light of a cloud * which formed three crosses on their bodies ** unto the reproof of those who opposed thee, O Porphyrius.

Who can worthily hymn * thy temptations and pangs, * thy misfortunes and tribulations, * thy struggles for the faith, O Porphyrius? * For thou didst show the boldness * which thou hast before God to be great. * Wherefore, we entreat thee, * for thou hast such boldness: ** Pray thou on our behalf to the Lord, that we be saved!

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion, in the same melody:

The pre-eternal God, * taking flesh from thy blood, * hath shown thee forth, O pure one, * as an intercessor for all mankind. * Wherefore, deliver thy servants * from all misfortune and every evil circumstance, * and grant that all who glorify * and bow down before thee ** be deemed worthy of the splendor of the elect.

Stavrotheotokion: **B**eholdings Thee nailed to the Cross * and voluntarily accepting suffering, O Jesus, * Thy Virgin Mother, O Master, * cried aloud: Woe is me, my sweet Child! * How is it that Thou dost endure * unjustly inflicted wounds, O Physician * Who healeth the infirmities of mankind, * delivering all from corruption ** in Thy tender compassion?

Troparion of the holy hierarch, in Tone IV:

The truth of things revealed thee to thy flock as a rule of faith, * icon of meekness, and teacher of temperance; * wherefore, thou hast attained the heights through humility and riches through poverty; * O hierarch Porphyrius our father, ** entreat Christ God, that our souls be saved.

AT MATINS

The canon to the holy hierarch, the composition of George, in Tone IV:

ODE I

Irmos: Through the deep of the Red Sea, * marched dry shod Israel of old, * and by Moses' outstretched hands, * raised in the form of a cross, * the power of Amalek was routed in the wilderness.

The Church, adorned today with thy teachings as with royal purple, O Porphyrius, hath been rendered resplendent, hymning the Lord of all.

Having shone forth in thy life with divine discourses, thou wast shown to be a beacon for all mankind, ever illumining them with thy deeds and teachings, enlightening the ends of the earth.

Cleansed by the sprinkling of the Holy Spirit and arrayed in a vesture of divine virtues, O Porphyrius, thou didst enter into impassable places to minister as a priest unto Him who anointed thee.

Theotokion: The Son of God, wishing to speak to those who dwell on earth, out of His ineffable love for mankind, which passeth understanding, O Bride of God, was born from thee in the flesh, granting regeneration unto the faithful.

ODE III

Irmos: Thy Church, O Christ, rejoiceth in Thee crying aloud: * Thou, O Lord, art my strength, * my refuge and foundation.

Beneath thy feet thou didst lay low the arrogance of the godless who spoke against the God of all Himself.

With the fire of thy words thou didst wisely consume the kindling of Manes, extending to the faithful, the enlightenment of thy doctrines.

Setting the feet of the faithful firmly upon a steadfast rock, O Porphyrius, thou didst shake the very foundation of the godless from its footing.

Theotokion: All the earth hath been filled with the true knowledge and ineffable glory of thy Son and God, O pure one.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone III:

Spec. Mel.: "Of the divine faith ...":

Thou didst shine forth in thy deeds like the morning star, driving away all heresy from the Church, O holy hierarch Porphyrius, enlightening the hearts of the faithful, that they might hymn and glorify the Lord. Wherefore, celebrating thy memory today, we cry out to thee: Entreat Christ God, that our souls be saved!

Glory ..., Both now ..., Theotokion, in Tone III:

He that alone is Lord, without separating from His divine nature, yet taking flesh in thy womb, remained God though He became a man, preserving thee after thy birth giving an immaculate Mother and Virgin as thou wast before giving birth. Him do thou entreat that we be accorded great mercy!

Or this Stavrotheotokion, in Tone III:

Stavrotheotokion: The unblemished Ewe-lamb of the Word, the incorrupt Virgin Mother, beholding Him that sprang forth from her without pain hanging upon the Cross, lamenting like a mother cried out: Woe is me, O my Child! How is it that Thou dost suffer Who art to deliver mankind from the sufferings of dishonor?

ODE IV

Irmos: Beholding Thee, the Sun of righteousness, * lifted up upon the Cross, * standing in its place, * the Church, worthily crieth out aloud: * Glory to Thy power, O Lord!

Having within thy soul the Sun of righteousness and the most radiant splendor of the faith, O Porphyrius, thou didst illumine all the fullness of the Church with thy discourses.

Made steadfast in the love of God the Word, O Porphyrius, thou didst disdain all the allurements of things visible. Wherefore, we honor thee as an equal to the angels and an honorable and holy hierarch.

As thou didst partake of the ineffable Mysteries, O Porphyrius, thou didst preserve them by thy pure actions in a pure and ineffable manner, as a worthy initiate of the mysteries.

Theotokion: Gloriously hath the Church been adorned by thy divine magnificence, O pure one; and, manifestly embellished thereby, it doth glorify thee with love, hymning thy birthgiving.

ODE V

Irmos: Thou, O Lord, who camest into the world, * art my light, * a holy light turning from the darkness of ignorance * those who sing Thy praises in faith.

With thy words of truth thou didst break the chains of the rhetors, O Porphyrius, in all ways establishing the dominion of faith.

Having drawn forth the Comforter on earth, O venerable one, thou didst pour forth bountiful rivers of the teachings of piety, O Porphyrius.

Having dried up the torrents of godlessness with the fire of thy words, O Porphyrius, thou didst enlighten mankind with proclamations of piety.

Theotokion: Strengthened by thee, O most pure one, with the power of the Spirit we vanquish the adverse foes of the truth of Christ.

ODE VI

Irmos: The church crieth out unto Thee O Lord, * 'I will sacrifice unto Thee with a voice of praise' * having been cleansed of the blood of the demons' * by the blood that for mercy's sake flowed from Thy side.

O Porphyrius, we all truly have thee as a noetic image of the virtues, ever shining forth with divine deeds; wherefore, we honor thee.

Robed in the power of the Comforter as are those who behold the Word face to face, thou hast been shown to be invincible to the foes, driving away and cutting down their impiety.

Renewing mankind by the water of baptism and adoption, thou didst lead them forth as children of the Creator, presenting them pure and immaculate, O Porphyrius.

Theotokion: **M**indful of thy divine mysteries and ineffable glory, which transcendeth all telling, we who boast in thee, O most pure one, unceasingly glorify thee as the true Theotokos.

Kontakion of the holy hierarch, in Tone II:

Spec. Mel.: “Seeking the Highest ...”:

Adorned with thy most sacred ways, * thou wast resplendent in the vesture of the priesthood, * O all-blessed, divinely wise Porphyrius; * and thou dost spread beauty by thine exalted healings, ** praying unceasingly on our behalf.

ODE VII

Irmos: **I**n the Persian furnace the youths and descendants of Abraham, * burning with a love of piety * rather than by a flame of fire, * cried aloud saying: * **Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy glory, O Lord.**

The Church of Christ, assailed by contrary winds and assaults, O father, was firmly established by thee; and it chanted unto Him: Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy glory, O Lord!

With valor didst thou triumph over the assemblies of heretics, O wise father, arrayed in the armor of the Word, and crying out to Christ in thanksgiving: Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy glory, O Lord!

Thou didst enter into the paradise of noetic virtues, where thou didst pluck the comely flowers of truth, shedding a sweet fragrance throughout all the world, O father Porphyrius.

Theotokion: **O** Virgin, the mighty Word of God, Who was born of thee, hath given thee unto all the weak as their strength and dominion, wherefore they cry aloud: Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy glory, O Lord!

ODE VIII

Irmos: **H**aving spread his hands, Daniel closed the lions' jaws * in their den; * while the zealously pious youths, * girded with virtue, * quenched the power of the fire and cried aloud: * **Bless ye the Lord, all ye works of the Lord.**

With thy words thou didst arm and firmly establish the Church of Christ, O wise one. Wherefore, it doth ever triumph over the invasion of heresies and chant victoriously unto Christ, crying aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

With thy mind continually dwelling on Heaven, O Porphyrius, thou didst ineffably obtain divine release from the senses, and beholding the mysteries of Christ with faith, thou didst cry out to Him: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

By thy prayers, O Porphyrius, didst thou stop the mouths of the noetic lions that wickedly vented blasphemies; and with the mighty darts of thy divine words thou didst crush their jaws, earnestly crying out to Him that made thee strong: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Theotokion: **H**e that sitteth upon the throne of the Father's glory, His Son and Word, Who was born of thee in the flesh, O pure one, hath made thee a divine chariot and a most glorious throne, O thou who alone art hymned by all mortals as their Sovereign Lady.

ODE IX

Irmos: **A** cornerstone not cut by hand O Virgin, * was cut from thee the unhewn mountain: * even Christ, Who hath joined together the disparate natures; * therefore rejoicing we magnify thee, * O Theotokos.

As precious gifts thou didst bring to the bountiful Master thy God-pleasing virtues, and those who have been delivered from heresy by thee, magnifying the Creator of all, O venerable father.

With the showers of thy tears thou didst quench the flame of the passions; and serving the Creator with dispassion, thou hast been granted greater glories, O Porphyrius, ever hymning and magnifying Him.

Joining chorus with the angels, saints and the venerable on High, O father Porphyrius, entreat the Lord and Benefactor on behalf of those who hymn and praise thee with faith.

Theotokion: **T**he Master, Who for our salvation became a man, hath given thee, O pure one, as a mediator, protection and healing unto all who glorify thee with faith and magnify Him with love.

AT LITURGY

Troparion of the holy hierarch, in Tone IV:

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