

THE 5th DAY OF THE MONTH OF APRIL

COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY MARTYRS THEODULUS & AGATHOPODES & THOSE WITH THEM

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

Spec. Mel.: “Joy of the ranks of the heaven ...”:

Let us assemble with faith, * honoring the sufferings and struggles of the godly twain, * furnishing our minds with wings to soar aloft with similar zeal, * earnestly entreating Christ and saying: * O Thou Who dost glorify the saints, in that Thou art good, ** make us steadfast in the fear of Thee!

Having received names * in accordance with your character, O wise ones, * and set out to accomplish divine works, * ye labored similarly for God * in the straight paths, O passion-bearers, ** and truly drained the salvific cup of martyrdom.

Having parted ungodliness as though another sea, * ye entered into the land of dispassion, * the kingdom of heaven, as is meet, * where a torrent of nourishment floweth forth * and eternal and immutable light shineth, ** O martyrs of Christ.

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

With the dew of the rain of thy divine will * quench the fiery assaults * of my most pernicious passions, * O Virgin, * that, like the youths * I also may thank God Who was born of thee, ** glorifying and blessing thy goodness, O Sovereign Lady.

Stavrotheotokion: **U**pon beholding the Lamb lifted up upon the Cross, * the immaculate Virgin cried aloud, weeping: * “O my Child most sweet, * what is this new and most glorious sight? * How is it that Thou Who holdest all things in Thy hand ** hast been nailed to the Tree in the flesh?”

AT MATINS

Canon of the holy martyrs, the acrostic whereof is: “I hymn the beauty of Thy martyrs, O Christ”, the composition of Joseph, 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.

Crowned with the divine wreath of martyrdom, ye stand before the Master, radiant with noetic beauty, praying for us, O all-comely great-martyrs.

Entering into beautiful union with God, O wise ones, ye piously withdrew from hateful malice and, rejoicing, joined the choirs of passion-bearers.

Full of the waters of the life-creating Spirit, O saints, submitting to the commandments of God, with beneficence ye gave drink to those who of old had been dying of thirst through the burning heat of ignorance.

Theotokion: In thy womb thou didst carry the Savior, Creator of all and Lord, the God and man Whom Agathopodes and the glorious Theodulus preached, O all-immaculate Virgin Mother.

ODE III

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

Tripped up by the bonds of thy word, the enemy fell and was manifestly put to shame, O Theodulus, martyr and passion-bearer.

Having strengthened thy soul with the love of God, O martyr Agathopodes, thou didst show all the power of the enemy to be impotent.

Pouring forth healings upon the faithful from ever-flowing torrents, O glorious ones, ye dry up the wellspring of the passions with divine power.

Theotokion: O pure one, thou hast given birth to the Redeemer Who, clad in our flesh, hath delivered mankind from captivity to the enemy.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone VIII:

Spec. Mel.: “Of the Wisdom ...”:

O saints of truly great renown, brethren by the grace of the Spirit, ye who in pious faith shared the same life: passing through life in prayer and fasting, ye drew all to the knowledge of God. Wherefore, O valiant warriors, ye manfully made deception captive and, having suffered under the law, have received crowns. Entreat Christ God, that He grant forgiveness of sins to those who with love celebrate your holy memory.

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

Having conceived the Wisdom and Word in thy womb without being consumed, O Mother of God, thou gavest birth for the world unto the Nourisher of all and Fashioner of creation; and thou didst bear in thine arms Him Who holdeth all things. Wherefore, I beseech thee, O all-holy Virgin, and glorify thee with faith: May I be delivered from transgressions, and, on the day of judgment when I shall stand before the face of my Creator, O pure Virgin Lady, grant me thine aid; for thou canst do all things whatsoever thou dost will, O thou who art all-hymned.

Stavrotheotokion: Upon beholding the Lamb, Shepherd and Redeemer * upon the Cross, * the ewe-lamb exclaimed weeping, bitterly lamenting, and crying aloud: * “The world rejoiceth, having received deliverance through Thee, * but my womb doth burn, beholding Thy crucifixion, * which Thou hast endured in Thy merciful loving-kindness. * O long-suffering Lord, * Thou abyss and inexhaustible well-spring of mercy, * take pity, and grant forgiveness of sins ** unto those who hymn Thy divine sufferings with faith!”

ODE IV

Irmos: Beholding Thee, the Sun of righteousness, * lifted up upon the cross, * the Church now standeth arrayed and doth worthily cry aloud: * Glory be to Thy power, O Lord.

Shining forth like most radiant beacons with the splendors of martyrdom, O glorious martyrs, ye illumine the fullness of the whole world, casting the malevolence of deception into the darkness.

The angels marveled at the blessed and rightly-wise twain who received crowns of martyrdom, wherefore all praise the courage of their endurance.

“Rejoice!” Theodulus cried out: “I run now along the path of Thy testimonies, O Lord, and I delight richly in Thine effulgence, together with the steadfast Agathopodes!”

Theotokion: The glorious martyrs, speaking eloquently of the incarnation of the Master Who shone forth from thy womb, O Theotokos, rejoicing, drank of the saving drink of martyrdom.

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.

Thou didst set thy feet firmly upon the righteousness of honored martyrdom, O all-famed Agathopodes, causing the foe to trip.

Having acquired the water of life flowing into your hearts, O ye spiritual athletes, ye received a glorious end through water.

Cast into the depths of the sea and willingly slain, O ye spiritual athletes, ye dried up the outpourings of perilous idolatry.

Theotokion: O Mother of God, who hast given birth to the supremely good Word, Who hath brought blessing upon all, heal thou the afflictions of my soul.

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.

Full of living waters, ye met your right-laudable end by drowning in water, and there ye drowned the emissary of evil.

Preserved by the grace and power of God, ye could not be prevailed upon to offer sacrifice to abominable idols, but offered yourselves to the Master as a pure sacrifice.

The weaponry of the enemy was useless against you, O ye spiritual athletes, but the sharp arrows of your courage bravely pierced his heart.

Theotokion: Heal the passions of my soul, O pure and all-immaculate one, for thou hast given birth to the Wellspring of dispassion, and put an end to the tyranny of those who unceasingly trouble my heart.

ODE VII

Irmos: In 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.

Arrayed in the Levites' vestments through your knowledge of God, and in a sacred manner rendering them most radiant by the splendor of martyrdom, thou dost now rejoice, O Agathopodes, standing before the Word.

Adorned with the ministry of the first martyr, O blessed Agathopodes, thou wast deemed worthy to serve the slaughtered Word, crying aloud: Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy glory, O Lord!

Thinking as one with a single mind, O right glorious ones, ye endured the taste of death for Christ, crying aloud: Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy glory, O Lord!

Theotokion: The Word Who covered the heavens with virtue found thee, O pure and most immaculate one, to be all-adorned with the radiance of the virtues, He made His abode within thee rendering human nature heavenly.

ODE VIII

Irmos: Having 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.

Casting deception into darkness by thy words, O wise Theodulus, thou didst shine forth, illumined by the wisdom of grace, proclaiming piety before the tribunal and shutting the mouths of the impious, crying aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

The deep of the sea was not able to conceal your bodies, O holy ones; for, at the command of God, it cast them up on land incorrupt, pouring forth wondrous miracles upon us who cry: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Having enslaved thyself wholly unto Him Who, for thy sake, appeared in the guise of a servant, O glorious one, thou didst appear even after death, showing thy care for orphans and widows, fulfilling the commandment of the Master, as a wise servant of the Lord, O most blessed Theodulus.

Thessalonica honoreth your bonds, wounds and struggles; for ye were natives thereof, as athletes ye received your truly blessed end there, illumining now the Church of the firstborn with honor.

Theotokion: **W**ithout altering His nature, Christ arrayed Himself wholly in the nature of man through thee, O divinely joyous Lady; and mightily emulating His sufferings, Theodulus and Agathopodes cry aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

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.

“Behold now, what is so good or so joyous as for brethren to dwell together in the city of the living God?” ye cried out, having preserved the bond of piety unbroken, even unto death, O passion-bearers.

As ye finished the race of martyrdom, O spiritual athletes, the regiments of the ranks of the Most High received you, O glorious ones, arrayed in imperishable crowns.

Today glorious Thessalonica doth celebrate with splendor, calling every city and land to your commemoration with exalted proclamations, O Agathopodes and Theodulus.

As passion-bearers ye were radiantly caught up to ineffable glory; and as ye have boldness, O all-honored ones, ever pray that those who celebrate your memory may also be deemed worthy of such glory through faith.

Theotokion: **W**ith the light of thy compassion illumine me who lay in the darkness of ignorance, O thou who alone hast given birth to the Bestower of light, the Redeemer and Lord, and Bestower of the saints’ crowns.