

THE 31st DAY OF THE MONTH OF MARCH
COMMEMORATION OF THE VENERABLE HYPATIUS THE WONDERWORKER,
BISHOP OF GANGRA
AT VESPERS

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

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

O divinely wise father Hypatius, * raised well in abstinence, * thou didst enter upon the most glorious heights of the virtues, * manifestly stretching thyself out toward divine vision, * contemplating the beauty of Christ. * And having illumined thy mind and thought * with His radiance, * thou hast surrounded all ** with rays of miracles.

O Hypatius, father of fathers, * shining with the light of Orthodoxy * thou hast illumined the thoughts * of those who have recourse to thee with faith; * and blinding the eyes of Arius, * thou didst drive him from the Church of Christ, O venerable one. * Wherefore, all of us, having acquired thee as a beacon, * honor and bless ** thy sacred memory.

O sacred father Hypatius, * having in thy heart Christ the King, * Whom thou didst preach as consubstantial with the Father, * thou didst shine forth with wondrous beams, * casting light upon the whole world. * Thou didst slay the serpent * and by thy supplications didst pour forth * a torrent of warm waters ** for the healing of sufferings.

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

I beseech thee, * the vessel of virginity * and habitation of God, pure, beautiful and most precious: * Calm thou my soul, * which hath been afflicted by the venom of the serpent * and is mortified by my transgressions, * that I may glorify thee * who hast magnified all the faithful, ** O divinely joyous one.

Stavrotheotokion: “**W**hat is this sight which I see, * which mine eyes behold, O Master? * How is it that Thou Who dost sustain all creation, * art lifted up upon the Tree and diest, * granting life unto all?” * thus said the Theotokos weeping, * upon seeing God and man * Who had shone forth ineffably from her ** hanging upon the Cross.

AT MATINS

Canon of the holy hierarch, the acrostic whereof is: “The glorious Hypatius do I crown with hymns”, the composition of Joseph, in Tone IV:

ODE I

Irmos: O Thou who wast born of the Virgin, * drown I implore Thee, in the depth of dispassion * the triune nature of my soul, * as Thou didst the mighty strongholds of the warriors, * that in the mortality of my flesh * as on a timbrel * I may chant a hymn of victory.

Rejoicing, with hymns let us all praise the divine spiritual athlete, the wise hierarch, the wellspring of miracles, the good shepherd, the confirmation of the Church, the universal beacon.

The divine river which flooded thy pure soul, O most blessed one, hath poured forth upon us the most pure waters of many miracles, drying up the turbid streams of the passions, O all-wise Hypatius.

Having mortified the pleasures of the flesh with abstinence, O Hypatius, thou didst have the true life of Christ, Who died for our sake, living within thy soul and directing all thy steps toward Him.

Thou didst make thy heart and soul an undefiled temple of the Trinity, O venerable hieromartyr, and didst build sacred churches unto the praise of the Lord, as a saving guide for thy flock.

Theotokion: O pure and most holy one, with thine own blood thou gavest flesh to God the Savior Who hath shown us His wise hierarch, the wondrous Hypatius, as a saving and fervent helper.

ODE III

Irmos: Not in wisdom, nor in power do we glory, * but we glory in Thee O Christ, * the Hypostatic Wisdom of the Father, * for there is none more holy than Thee, O Lover of mankind.

With all thy heart thou didst resort to the well-spring of good things, and thence thou didst shine radiantly with a most rich divine effulgence, O sacred father.

Protected by the laws of God, O father, with divine power thou didst destroy the synagogue of iniquitous heresies, saving thy flock, O father Hypatius.

Illumined by the most radiant and exalted lamp of the Spirit, O wise one, thou didst reveal lamps to those traveling by night, illumining them with thy waters.

Augmenting the blessed choir of the divine fathers which Christ assembled, thou wast a member of the First Council, O blessed one, choking the most insane Arius.

Theotokion: Deliver me from every attack of the serpent adversary, O pure Virgin Mother, and illumine the heart of me who glorify thee, the all-immaculate one, with faith.

Sessional Hymn, in Tone I:

Spec. Mel.: “When the stone had been sealed ...”:

Thou didst shine forth in the world, O holy hierarch Hypatius, illumining with miracles those who have recourse to thee with faith; and having suffered even to the shedding of thy blood, O wise one, thou didst greatly unite thyself to Christ, and joinest chorus with the angels in the heavens, praying for us. Glory to God Who hath strengthened thee! Glory to Him Who hath crowned thee! Glory to Him Who, through thee, worketh healings for all!

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

Stretching forth thy divine arms, wherewith thou didst bear the Creator Who in His goodness hath become incarnate, O most pure virgin, beseech Him to deliver from temptations, sufferings and tribulations us who praise thee with love and cry aloud: Glory to Him Who hath made His abode within thee! Glory to Him Who hath issued forth from thee! Glory to Him Who hath delivered us by thy birthgiving!

Stavrotheotokion: **I**n awe of Thy great and dread endurance, O Savior, the most pure one lamented bitterly and cried out to Thee Who wast crucified on the Cross by the iniquitous and whose side was pierced with a spear by the soldiers: Glory to Thy love for mankind! Glory to Thy goodness! Glory to Thee Who by Thy death hast rendered mankind immortal!

ODE IV

Irmos: **H**e who sitteth in glory upon the throne of the Godhead, * Jesus the true God, * is come in a swift cloud * and with His sinless hands he hath saved those who cry: * Glory to Thy power, O Christ.

Preserving the true word and genuine teaching, thou didst preach the Word Who is co-eternal with the Father, O right wondrous hieromartyr and wonderworker, vanquishing the delusion of the thoughts of Arius.

By thy sign alone thou didst show forth as unwholesome the most bitter waters which flowed out of the mountains, having acquired in thy heart the living water which floweth unto eternal life, O father.

Having served venerably as a priest and suffered under the law, thou didst show forth a more splendid priesthood in thy blood shed for love of Him Who poured forth His precious blood for the deliverance of mankind.

Grace, not delaying to descend upon thee and working miracles, thou didst give over to cruel demons those who bitterly slew thee in an ungodly manner, O all-blessed and sacred martyr of Christ.

Theotokion: **S**treams of thy gifts, wellsprings of healings and bestowals of divine riches were given thee by the life-giving hand of the Almighty Who hath been born of thy womb, O Bride of God.

ODE V

Irmos: All creation stands in awe of thy divine glory; * for thou, O Virgin who hast not known wedlock, * didst contain within thy womb the God of all, * and gave birth to the timeless Son, * bestowing peace, upon all who hymn thee.

The comprehension of thy grace passeth understanding, and no tongue can describe the measureless depths of thy wonders, O martyr, hierarch and pastor, adornment of the Gangrans and beacon for the whole world.

Thou didst slay the serpent, sending it into the fire; and didst show forth the divine grace which richly abode within thee and glorified thee before rulers and all the people, O most sacred one.

The emperor had thine icon made as the seal and treasure of his guardian, honoring thee therewith and proclaiming openly that the veneration accorded it passeth to the Prototype, O Hypatius.

Having struggled greatly, thou wast greatly glorified, working wonders in a sacred manner: driving away illnesses, dispelling demons and fending off their assaults, and vanquishing the pernicious malevolence of heresies.

Theotokion: Thou hast given birth to the hypostatic Wisdom of God, Who hath shown forth the most wise saints, O most pure Virgin Theotokos; wherefore, the arrogance of the sage's malice and his cruel machinations were set at naught.

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.

Thou didst ascend to the summit of the virtues, O Hypatius, and drawing nigh to the most pure wellspring of divine gifts, O blessed one, thou hast poured forth an abyss of miracles.

The stones cast at thee were thy crown, O father, and the rungs of thy ladder leading to the heights of heaven; and having ascended thereby, thou hast most manifestly united thyself to God.

Thy shrine ever poureth forth healing, O father, and the blessing received through thy precious finger truly scattereth evil like dust.

Having suffered under the law, thou didst gain honor as a martyr, and at an age far advanced thou didst pass, rejoicing, to thy fathers, and as is meet hast received from Christ a crown for thy labors.

Theotokion: O wonder greater than all wonders! Without knowing a man, the Virgin hath conceived in her womb Him Who holdeth all things, yet did not limit Him.

ODE VII

Irmos: **Thou didst save the children of Abraham in the fire * and slay the Chaldeans, * who unjustly entrapped the righteous ones. * O God of our fathers, * supremely praised, and blessed art Thou O Lord.**

The mouth of the slithering serpent in nowise opened against thee, rather he dutifully crept into the fire, submitting to thy dread command, O ever-memorable one, crying out: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Mingling with thy tears the blood thou didst shed, thou didst make a single drink of both, O wise and right wondrous one, as one mindful of the torrent of nourishment throughout the ages, O boast of martyrs.

Entering upon the meadow of thine honorable sufferings, O blessed Hypatius, we are perfumed by thy soul, knowing thee to be the sweet fragrance of Christ; and we cry aloud: O all-hymned Lord, God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: O pure one who knewest not wedlock, O Bride of God Who without seed conceived Him Who is consubstantial with the Father and hast given birth to Him through thy holy blood: cease not to pray now, that He save us all.

ODE VIII

Irmos: **The Offspring of the Theotokos * saved the holy children in the furnace. * He who was then prefigured hath now been born on earth, * and He gathereth all creation to hymn thee: * all ye works praise ye the Lord * and supremely exalt Him throughout all ages.**

Thy voice, infused with light, O all-wise one, hath dispelled the darkness of heresies with the divine splendors of radiance and hath guided to the light of Orthodoxy those who cry: Hymn the Lord, ye works, and supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

Like a pen, thy most beautiful tongue, O most wise Hypatius, hath recorded the law with grace, erasing all the ancient images on the tablets. Wherefore, we hymn thee as a wise scribe throughout all ages.

Let the wondrous Hypatius be honored as a divine pillar of fire reaching up to the heights of heaven, an unassailable buttress, an indestructible rampart, the confirmation of the Church, the foundation of hierarchs, the comely beauty of martyrs.

Thou hast been deemed worthy to behold Him Whom thou didst desire when manifestations of the truth were disclosed; for, still dripping thy fervent blood, O martyr, thou didst hasten to thine ultimate Desire, joining chorus with the divine choirs of the martyrs and the venerable throughout all ages.

Theotokion: O pure Lady, Birthgiver of God, direct me now, who am held fast by many tribulations and am beset by a tumult of sin, to the calm concourse of the stillness of the Spirit; for thou art the refuge of Christians. Wherefore, we hymn thee throughout all ages.

ODE IX

Irmos: Eve dwelt under the curse of sin * because of the infirmity of disobedience; * but thou, O Virgin Theotokos, * hast through the Offspring of thy pregnancy * blossomed forth blessing upon the world. * Wherefore, we all magnify thee.

Like a rose, like a sacred lily of sweet fragrance, like a cypress-tree, like a divine and sweet-smelling myrrh, thy shrine, O holy hierarch, most honored hieromartyr, doth emit the perfume of miracles, dispelling fetid infirmities.

Thou hast been revealed to be a converser with the prophets and the sacred martyrs who ended their lives well with the shedding of their blood, the peer of the holy and the venerable, and the companion of all the righteous from ages past, O right wondrous one.

Thy memory hath shone forth upon us today more brightly than the sun, illumining with immaterial light the hearts of us who with faith bless thee thereon and praise thee with supplication, O Hypatius.

With thy light, O Hypatius, illumine the thoughts of us who celebrate thy divine and luminous memory, and by thine entreaties deliver from fire, torment and every temptation those who piously bless thee.

Theotokion: Lift up thy grace, O pure one, increase thine entreaty, and bring before the Master the ranks of the angels, the choirs of the apostles and prophets, and all the righteous and the martyrs, that those who honor thee may be saved.