

THE 31st DAY OF THE MONTH OF MARCH

COMMEMORATION OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE WONDERWORKING IMAGE OF THE MOST HOLY THEOTOKOS, KNOWN AS THE IVERON ICON, OR THE KEEPER OF THE PORTAL AT LITTLE VESPERS:

On “Lord, I have cried ...,” 4 Stichera of the icon, in Tone I:

Come, all ye people, and having assembled with faith, let us glorify the Theotokos our Lady, the helper of our race! And, surrounding her precious icon, let us lovingly kiss it, saying: Rejoice, O most pure Virgin! Rejoice, Mother of the Lord Most High! Rejoice, protection and salvation of our souls!

Rejoice, Mount Athos, for the glory of the Lord hath shone upon thee! For a star of great splendor hath moved from the east to the west: the icon of the Mother of God hath appeared in a pillar of fire, enlightening Athos with its advent.

As the bush which burned with fire, yet remained unharmed, was once revealed to Moses on Sinai, so is the sacred image of the all-immaculate one clothed in fire, yet remaineth unconsumed, sanctifying those who gaze upon it with faith.

Come ye joyfully, O choirs of monks! Draw ye forth inexhaustible grace from the icon of the Mother of God which flasheth with fire, and receive it with faith and love; for it is bestowed most gloriously upon your monasteries as a rampart and bulwark, that it may protect you against all enemies, visible and invisible.

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone V:

Come, ye people, and let us worship before the wonder-working and most precious image of the Mother of God, which she hath been given to the Monastery of Iveron as an ever-vigilant and invincible guardian; for she sheltereth that holy monastery, and all who live on Holy Athos, with her protection and granteth abundant gifts of healings out of the inexhaustible wellspring of her holy icon, unto all who honor that wondrous image of the Mother of God. Wherefore, chanting, let us cry out to the prototype thereof: Rejoice, O help of the world, thou consolation of our souls!

Then, “O joyful Light ...,” without an entrance.

Prokeimenon; and then, “Vouchsafe, O Lord ...”

On the Aposticha, these Stichera, in Tone II:

We thy servants glorify and hymn thee, the pure habitation of the most pure Light, O Theotokos; for thou dost sanctify us by the revelation of thy most pure icon.

Verse: Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, * Thou and the ark of Thy holiness.

Glory to Thee, O Christ our King! Glory to Thy great loving-kindness towards us! For Thou hast given to the Orthodox the icon of Thy most pure Mother, which poureth forth upon us torrents of grace in abundance.

Verse: The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David, * and He will not annul it.

Let us keep splendid festival today, O right-believing people, overshadowed by the advent of the icon of the Mother of God, with faith receiving therein a constantly attentive guardian; and let us cry out to the Theotokos: protect us from all evil and save thou our souls!

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone VI:

Let us make haste to the calm haven, the Virgin Mother, the helper of our race; and let us bow down before her precious image which is revered by the angels, crying out with compunction: Look down, O compassionate Mother, upon the grievous sorrows which beset us, and heal thou the sickness of our souls!

Troparion of the icon, in Tone I:

The audacity of those who hate the image of the Lord * and the might of the impious * came godlessly to Nicaea, * and emissaries inhumanly interrogated the widow * who piously venerated the icon of the Mother of God; * but at night, she and her son cast the icon into the sea, crying aloud: * “Glory to thee, O pure one, * for the trackless sea hath given thee its breast! * Glory to thy straight journey, ** O thou who alone art incorrupt!”

Litany and dismissal.

AT GREAT VESPERS:

After the Introductory Psalm, “Blessed is the man ...,” the first antiphon.

On “Lord, I have cried ...,” 8 Stichera of the icon, in Tone V:

Adorn thyself, O Athos! Rejoice and be glad, O Monastery of Iveron! For, lo! the wondrous icon of the Mother of God cometh, escorted over the sea by angels, resplendent with an ineffable light, driving away the gloom of sorrows and sufferings, and illumining all with the rays of her mercy.

The choirs of monastics and the assemblies of fasters fall down before thee, O Lady, and, gazing upon thy holy icon with love, they cry out to thee: Come unto us, O good Mother! Take pity upon those who honor thee, and grant us thy holy image as an earnest of mercy and salvation!

O most glorious wonder! For as the bush which burned with fire, yet remained unharmed, was once revealed to Moses on Sinai, so is the image of the all-immaculate Theotokos clothed in fire, yet remaineth unconsumed, illumining us who are in darkness, and preserving us unharmed amid the furnace of temptations and misfortunes.

Come, O Gabriell! Go forth with dryshod feet onto the sea, and take the icon of the Mother of God in thine arms, unto the joy of Athos, as a bulwark for the Monastery of Iveron, and as a consolation for all Christians!

O Virgin Theotokos, thou mighty helper, the Monastery of Iveron now boasteth and rejoiceth in thee, having thee as an unabashed helper, an impregnable rampart, and unshakable foundation, and an ever-vigilant guardian. Cease not, O Lady, to deliver thy monastery and all Christian people from all dangers by thy supplications.

Grant consolation to thy servants who are held fast by temptations, O pure Theotokos, and exalt the horn of the faithful. By thy supplications save thou all the monasteries and cities of the Orthodox, strengthen our right-believing hierarchs against heresies and schisms, and defend all thy faithful servants who praise thee.

Thy most pure icon, O Virgin Theotokos, is a font of spiritual healing for the whole world. We flee to it, bowing down before thee; we venerate and kiss it; we draw forth the grace of healing from it, and by thy supplications we are freed from ailments of spirit and bodily sufferings.

The Monastery of Iveron, enlightened by the icon of thee and thy Son, as with royal purple and fine linen, O Theotokos, is adorned with miracles. Today it calleth all to celebrate its revelation, shining with the grace of the Holy Spirit more brightly than the radiance of the sun, gushing forth a well-spring of healings upon the sick and infirm, and granting rich mercy unto all.

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

O good Mother, Virgin Lady and Theotokos: turn us not away, thy humble servants, who offer up our unworthy prayers before thy most pure icon. Be thou a fervent mediatrix before thy Son for us sinners; delivering us from all misfortunes and temptations, that saved by thee, we may continually cry out to thee: Rejoice, O good gate-keeper who openest unto us the portals of paradise!

**Entrance. Prokeimenon of the day. Three Lessons:
READING FROM THE BOOK OF GENESIS.**

Jacob went forth from the well of the oath, and departed into Haran. And he came to a certain place, and slept there, for the sun had gone down; and he took one of the stones of the place, and put it at his head, and lay down to sleep in that place, and dreamed: and behold a ladder fixed on the earth, whose top reached to heaven, and the angels of God ascended and descended on it. And the Lord stood upon it, and said: "I am the God of thy father Abraham, and the God of Isaac. Fear not; the land on which thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be like the sand of the earth; and it shall spread abroad to the sea, and the south, and the north, and the east; and in thee and in thy seed shall all tribes of the earth be blessed. And behold I am with thee to preserve thee continually in all the way wherein thou shalt go; and I will bring thee back to this land; for I will not desert thee, until I have done all that I have said to thee." And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and said: "The Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." And he was afraid, and said: "How fearful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!"

READING FROM THE BOOK OF EXODUS.

Moses was tending the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian; and he brought the sheep nigh to the wilderness, and came to the Mount of Horeb. And an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the bush, and he saw that the bush was burning with fire, but the bush was not consumed. And Moses said: "I will go near and see this great sight, why the bush is not consumed." And when the Lord saw that he drew nigh to see, the Lord called him out of the bush, saying: "Moses, Moses! And he said: "What is it?" And He said: "Draw not nigh hither: loose thy sandals from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." And He said: "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." And Moses turned away his face, for he was afraid to gaze at God. And the Lord said to Moses: "I have surely seen the affliction of My people that is in Egypt, and I have heard their cry caused by their taskmasters; for I know their affliction. And I have come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them out of that land, and to bring them into a good and wide land, into a land flowing with milk and honey."

READING FROM THE BOOK OF EXODUS.

God led the people round by the way to the wilderness, to the Red Sea: and in the fifth generation the children of Israel went up out of the land of Egypt. And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him, for he had solemnly adjured the children of Israel, saying: “God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones hence with you.” And the children of Israel departed from Succoth, and encamped in Etham by the wilderness. And God led them, in the day, by a pillar of cloud, to show them the way, and in the night by a pillar of fire. And the pillar of cloud failed not by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, before all the people.

At the Litiya, these Stichera of the icon, in Tone VIII:

Come, ye who love the feasts of the Church, and ye companies of fasters; and having assembled together, let us offer hymns of praise to the Virgin Mary: for today the splendid festival of the revelation of her precious icon of Iveron hath dawned. And surrounding it with reverence and love, let us chant to the Theotokos: Rejoice, inexpressible joy of all! Rejoice, thou who enlightenest us with thy holy image! Rejoice, boast and confirmation of all! Rejoice, salvation of our souls!

What shall we call thee, O Virgin Theotokos? Pillar of fire who guidest us to an everlasting inheritance? Mighty rampart, in that thou defendest the generation of the Orthodox? Ever-vigilant guardian, in that thou preservest and savest this habitation? Wherefore, delivered from the tribulations which befall us, let us cry out to the Sovereign Lady: Rejoice, thou cause of good things, sure hope of Christians!

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone V:

Athos rejoiceth; the Monastery of Iveron joineth in chorus, and the whole land of Russia holdeth festival. The Mother of God hath mercifully visited us in her wonder-working image, whereby she hath granted aid amid necessities, consolation amid sorrows, healing amid illnesses, deliverance amid misfortunes, bestowing great mercy upon us all.

On the Aposticha, these Stichera, in Tone IV:

We glorify today the glorious appearance of thine icon, O all-immaculate Theotokos, and we celebrate thine aid to us; for, in that thou art the Mother of Life, thou entreatest Christ our God on behalf of us who place a firm trust in thee, our true guide to salvation.

*Verse: I shall remember thy name * in every generation and generation.*

Set aside all grief, O ye faithful; for, lo! a second burning bush, the icon of the Mother of God, appeareth for the cleansing of the sinful, and is seen by the monks of Athos.

Verse: Hearken, O daughter, and see, * and incline thine ear.

O Mother of God, thou appearest in a pillar of fire, signifying thy guidance of us in the sojourn of life, that thou mayest direct us, who have gone astray, to the eternal mansions of heaven.

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone V:

Come, all ye monastics and layfolk, let us glorify the most pure Virgin Theotokos; for today, because of her sacred icon, her path is in the sea and her steps amidst many waters; for she passeth over the sea from Nicaea to Athos, in a pillar of fire, and in her arrival granteth her faithful a gift. And we, illumined by the ray of grace, call the mediatrix of our salvation blessed.

Troparion of the icon, in Tone I:

The audacity of those who hate the image of the Lord * and the might of the impious * came godlessly to Nicaea, * and emissaries inhumanly interrogated the widow * who piously venerated the icon of the Mother of God; * but at night, she and her son cast the icon into the sea, crying aloud: * “Glory to thee, O pure one, * for the trackless sea hath given thee its breast! * Glory to thy straight journey, ** O thou who alone art incorrupt!”

AT MATINS:

On “God is the Lord ...,” the Troparion of the icon, in Tone I:

The audacity of those who hate the image of the Lord * and the might of the impious * came godlessly to Nicaea, * and emissaries inhumanly interrogated the widow * who piously venerated the icon of the Mother of God; * but at night, she and her son cast the icon into the sea, crying aloud: * “Glory to thee, O pure one, * for the trackless sea hath given thee its breast! * Glory to thy straight journey, ** O thou who alone art incorrupt!” (Thrice)

After the 1st chanting of the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn, in Tone I:

The appearance of thy most radiant countenance hath brought joy to all the faithful, and it giveth the Monastery of Iveron an ever-vigilant guardian and deliverance from misfortunes. Wherefore, we hymn thee, O most pure one. Ever shelter us with thy protection.

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

This is the day of the Lord! Rejoice, O ye people! For, lo! the Light-bearing cloud spreadeth out upon the air and appeareth before Mount Athos in a pillar of fire, alone holding in her maternal arms the one Christ, the Creator of the universe, for the salvation of our souls.

After the 2nd chanting of the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn, in Tone III:

Today the flocks of Athos rejoice with splendor. They compose a multitude of hymns, with love honoring the immaculate one, adorning themselves with the magnitude of the grace which they have received through the appearance of the icon of the all-immaculate Maiden who illumineth with rays of divine knowledge those who piously hymn her.

Glory ..., Both now ..., in Tone V:

A most glorious wonder is seen today: for the fiery icon of the divine Maiden hath appeared on the waters, emitting beams of radiance, and saving the habitations of fasters by the miracle. Wherefore, let us cry out in thanksgiving: Rejoice, O thou who art full of grace!

Polyeleos, and this Magnification: We magnify thee, O most holy Virgin, divinely elect Maiden, and we honor thy holy image, whereby thou pourest forth healings upon all who have recourse to it.

Selected Psalm Verse:

A: Remember, O Lord, David and all his meekness.

Glory ..., Both now ..., Alleluia ..., glory to Thee, O God. (Thrice)

After the Polyeleos, the Sessional Hymn, in Tone VIII:

Who can describe thy magnificence, O Theotokos? For in the manifestation of thine image thou hast astounded all the Orthodox, curing many infirmities and healing diseases. O most merciful Lady, deprive us not now of thine assistance, but by thy supplications defend and save our lawful civil authorities, and by thy power protect all their Christ-loving armed forces; that, boasting in thee and placing all our hope on thee, we may not be put to shame forever.

Glory ..., Both now ..., the above is repeated.

Then, the Song of Ascents, the first antiphon of Tone IV.

Prokeimenon, in Tone IV: I shall commemorate thy name * in every generation and generation.

Verse: Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thine ear.

Let every breath praise the Lord.

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE, § 4 (LK. 1: 39-49, 56)

And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Judah; and entered into the house of Zechariah, and saluted Elisabeth. And it came to pass, that, when Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb; and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost: and she spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo!, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord. And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is His name. And Mary abode with her about three months, and returned to her own house.

After Psalm 50, this Sticheron, in Tone VI:

When the appearance of thy wondrous icon took place, the fathers of Athos, beholding the pillar of fire upon the sea, were astonished and stricken with awe. But Gabriel, walking across the sea like a second Peter, cried out to them, shedding tears: O most holy one, come thou and preserve thine inheritance unassailed by the noetic foe!

The Canon of the icon, in Tone VIII:

ODE I

Irmos: The wonderworking staff of Moses, * striking and dividing the sea in the figure of a cross, * once drowned Pharaoh the pursuing charioteer, * while it saved the fleeing people of Israel * as they fled on foot, * chanting a hymn unto God.

Acccept these hymns of praise from my defiled lips, O all-immaculate one, as before thy Son, my God and Lord, accepted the widow's two mites, and grant me forgiveness of my transgressions, that I may magnify thee as is meet.

The hymnody of the angels befitteth thee, the Mother of God; for in a strange manner thou hast given birth unto their Creator. But accept from us, O Sovereign Lady, these humble prayers, that we may chant unto the Lord: Gloriously hast Thou glorified Thyself in our weakness!

The waters grew firm, and the waves became solid in the midst of the sea, bearing thine icon, O Mother of God. Wherefore, make firm my quaking heart upon the rock of the commandments of Christ.

Thou wast a helper and protector for the Monastery of Iveron, O Virgin, sinking the forces of Amira and their ships in the sea. Drown thou also in the depths of the tender compassion of thy Son all the passions of my soul and my countless transgressions.

ODE III

Irmos: O Christ fortify me on the rock of Thy commandments, * Thou who in the beginning didst establish the heavens with understanding * and didst establish the earth upon the waters, * for there is none holy save Thee, O only Lover of mankind.

Establish thou my heart in hope on thee, O Mother of God; take thou all pride and vainglory from my darkened mind, that I may cry out: None is as holy as the Lord, and none is as righteous as our God!

Thou, O Mother of God, dost gird the weak about with strength and feedest the hungry. Visit thou also mine infirmity, and nurture me, who hunger and thirst, on the Bread of Life Who came down from heaven to earth through thy virginal womb.

Raise me up from the ground, wretch that I am, and lift me up out of the mire of sin, though I am poor; grant prayer unto me who now make entreaty, that magnifying thine assistance, I may hymn thee.

Show forth my barren mind as fruitful, O good Virgin who wast born of a barren woman; for through the appearance of thine icon thou grantest an abundance of all good things.

The Sessional Hymn, in Tone VIII:

Today the splendid festival of our helper hath dawned! Let creation leap up, and let the assemblies of mortals join chorus! for the holy Theotokos calleth us together to behold her fire-bearing icon which illumineth the faithful with rays of mercy. Wherefore, rejoicing, we cry aloud: O Lady; from famine, fire, the sword and tribulations save us who honor the appearance of thine icon!

Glory ..., Both now ..., the foregoing is repeated.

ODE IV

Irmos: **Thou, O Lord, art my strength and Thou art my power, * Thou art my God and Thou art my joy, * Thou Who, while never leaving the bosom of Thy Father, * hast visited our poverty. * Therefore with the Prophet Habbakuk I cry unto Thee, * ‘Glory to Thy power, O Lover of mankind!’**

Thy virtue hath covered the heavens, O Mother of God, and the earth hath been filled with thy praise; but thou hast departed for the salvation of mortals, and hast come to save thine inheritance.

Hearing report of thine arrival, the monks of Athos were afraid and, considering thy works, were filled with awe. And when my soul is troubled, be thou mindful of thy mercy, O Sovereign Lady, that I may cry out: Glory to thine aid, O Mother of God!

Thou art my might and power, O Theotokos. Through thee do I find rest in the day of my sorrow, and through thee do I pass from the land of wandering into the inheritance of heaven; and I rejoice in the Lord, my God and Savior.

ODE V

Irmos: **O Light never-waning, * why hast Thou turned Thy face from me * and why hath the alien darkness surrounded me, * wretched though I be? * But do Thou guide my steps I implore Thee * and turn me back towards the light of Thy commandments.**

O pure one, look upon the people of thy flock who wake at dawn out of the night, and who surround thy divinely praised icon, entreating forgiveness of their sins, emendation of life and a share in divine glory. Yea, thrust us not away from thy face, O Mother of the never-waning Light.

All in thy flock, joining chorus together with all their soul and mind, honor thine icon with psalms, spiritual songs and divine hymnody, asking forgiveness and salvation of soul. And as thou art our healing, O Lady, Bride of God, grant them unto us.

Thy temple, O Virgin, hath been shown to be another garden of paradise, having the icon of thy beauty in its midst like the tree of life; and all, venerating it fervently with reverence and love, cry out: O Lady, grant us peace! Pay thou our purchase price, for we know none other consolation than thee!

Having acquired thee as a river of sweetness ever gushing forth a torrent of plentitude, the manna of heaven, and abundance and grace, O Maiden, they that dwell in thy monastery hymn thy birthgiving.

ODE VI

Irmos: **Cleanse me, O Savior, * for many are mine iniquities; * lead me up from the abyss of evils I pray Thee, * for unto Thee have I cried, * and Thou hast hearkened unto me, * O God of my salvation.**

Engulfed by the tempest of the sea of life, in sorrow of heart I cry out to thee, O Lady, and to thee do I flee, as to a calm haven. Lead up my life from corruption!

The uttermost abyss of sins hath encompassed me, and my spirit perisheth; but extend thou thine outstretched arm, O Lady, and render me unharmed who approach thine icon, as thou didst Gabriel.

Turn me not utterly away from thy countenance, O Mother of the never-waning Light; neither let me drown in the abyss of mine iniquities, that my life may escape corruption, and I may sacrifice with a voice of praise and confession.

Kontakion of the icon, in Tone VIII:

Even though thy holy icon was cast into the sea by the widow * who was unable to save it from the foe, O Theotokos, * yet hath it been shown to be the preserver of Mount Athos * and the gatekeeper of the Monastery of Iveron, * frightening away the enemy and delivering from all misfortunes and dangers ** those who honor thee in our homeland.

Ikos: **B**eholding the icon of the Mother of God which appeared in the pillar of fire, the company of fasters of Iveron cried out: O Master, deem us worthy to receive the icon of Thy Mother, for the consolation of our earthly sojourn! And do thou, O Gabriel, dare to tread forth upon the sea and take the treasure revealed to us in thine arms, that it may be for us an ever-vigilant guardian, a protection and joy for all Christians!

ODE VII

Irmos: **O**nce in Babylon the fire stood in awe * of God's condescension; * for which sake the youths in the furnace, * dancing with joyous steps as in a meadow, chanted: * **O God of our fathers, Blessed art Thou!**

I have sinned, I have committed iniquities, I have acted unrighteously before Thee, O Lord Jesus! Yet as thou art good, O Theotokos, my Sovereign Lady, quench the fire of His just wrath with thy fervent mediation, that we may chant unto Him: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

With the streams of thy compassions, O Mother of God, bedew us who are burning up in the furnace of temptations and misfortunes, that our enemies may be put to shame, and that all may understand that thou alone, O Lady, art glorified throughout the whole universe.

We hymn thee, O Mother of God, as the throne of the King of glory, more honorable than the cherubim, the animate temple wherein the Lord madeth His abode, the firmament of the heavens wherein shone Christ, the Sun of righteousness; and we supremely exalt thee throughout the ages.

Thou art the gladness of those who dwell in the wilds and the consolation and boast of the Imperial City, O Virgin Mary, who art all-hymned and supremely exalted throughout the ages.

ODE VIII

Irmos: In his wrath the Chaldean Tyrant made the furnace blaze, * with heat fanned sevenfold for the servants of God; * but when he perceived that they had been saved by a greater power * he cried aloud to the Creator and Redeemer; * ‘ye children bless, ye priests praise, * ye people, supremely exalt Him throughout all ages’.

The hosts of the angels hymn thee, the human race exalteth thee, and all creation blesseth thee, O most pure Virgin Theotokos. Accept from me, who am unworthy, the praise I offer thee.

Sing, ye monks of Athos! Bless, O Iberian lands! O land of Russia, exalt supremely the good Lady who gusheth forth rivers of miracles through her wonder-working icon! We praise, bless and bow down before thee, O Theotokos, hymning and supremely exalting thee throughout all ages!

It is not only Holy Athos which is enlightened by the likeness of the Iveron icon; but the reigning city of Moscow was also adorned therewith, receiving miraculous help therefrom and acquiring a well-spring of consolation therein.

The land of Novgorod, and other cities and towns were likewise sanctified by copies of thine icon, and have been enlightened by miracles, O Sovereign Lady, crying out: Hymn ye the Lord and supremely exalt Him throughout all ages!

ODE IX

Irmos: Heaven was stricken with awe, * and the ends of the earth were filled with amazement, * for God hath appeared in the flesh, * and thy womb was rendered more spacious than the heavens. * Wherefore, the ranks of mankind and of angels * magnify thee as the Theotokos.

The mystery of the profundity of thy birthgiving striketh the intelligence of the angels with awe, O Virgin, and thy most pure icon driveth the demons away; for, unable to bear the sight of its power, they flee and vanish. And we lovingly bow down and venerate it, and magnify thee, the Theotokos.

O Virgin Theotokos, hope of Christians, extend unto our generation thy mercies which thou didst bestow upon our fathers. Protect and save us from all evil.

O most merciful helper of Christians, the tongue of neither angel nor man is able to hymn thee worthily, in that thou art more honorable than all creation and more glorious than earthly things. O Lady, mercifully accept this entreaty offered thee by us. Ever save us, for in thee have we placed our trust.

Exapostilarion, in Tone III:

Taking thy most precious icon in his arms, O Sovereign Lady, Gabriel cried out to thee: O sweet Mother of Christ the King, be thou the protection of thy monastery, the joy of all Christians, and the surety of life everlasting! (Thrice)

On the Praises, 4 Stichera of the icon, in Tone IV:

O the ineffable goodness, O the glorious revelation of the icon of the Mother of God, which is resplendent with miracles and illumineth with grace those who approach it! Receiving it with gladness, with hymns we honor and bless the divine Maiden as is meet. **(Twice)**

O thy forethought concerning us, O Lady! For today thou sendest thy wondrous icon, and mercifully grantest us an ever-vigilant guardian and a consolation for our sojourn. Wherefore, acknowledging thy precious wonders, with hymns we magnify thee.

O most glorious wonder! How is the fire-bearing icon borne upon the surface of the waves of the sea as upon a chariot, illumining men's minds with radiant beams of grace? Joyfully honoring its festival with hymns, we send up glory to the Theotokos.

Glory ..., Both now ..., in the same tone:

Fulfilling thy word, O Mother of God, the venerable Gabriel walked out dryshod upon the waters of the sea, and, taking up thy sacred icon, he joined the chorus of the fasters of Athos and held festival. Wherefore, we also, marveling at the ultimate Author of these miracles, cry out: Glory to the one King and God Who, for the sake of the prayers of the Theotokos, hath wrought wondrous things! Preserve our Orthodox hierarchs, whom Thou hast chosen to watch over us, and grant that they triumph over all heresies, in that Thou art almighty!

AT THE LITURGY:

On the Beatitudes, 8 Troparia: 4 from Ode III, and 4 from Ode VI of the Canon of the icon.

Establish thou my heart in hope on thee, O Mother of God; take thou all pride and vainglory from my darkened mind, that I may cry out: None is as holy as the Lord, and none is as righteous as our God!

Thou, O Mother of God, dost gird the weak about with strength and feedest the hungry. Visit thou also mine infirmity, and nurture me, who hunger and thirst, on the Bread of Life Who came down from heaven to earth through thy virginal womb.

Raise me up from the ground, wretch that I am, and lift me up out of the mire of sin, though I am poor; grant prayer unto me who now make entreaty, that magnifying thine assistance, I may hymn thee.

Show forth my barren mind as fruitful, O good Virgin who wast born of a barren woman; for through the appearance of thine icon thou grantest an abundance of all good things.

Engulfed by the tempest of the sea of life, in sorrow of heart I cry out to thee, O Lady, and to thee do I flee, as to a calm haven. Lead up my life from corruption!
(Twice)

The uttermost abyss of sins hath encompassed me, and my spirit perisheth; but extend thou thine outstretched arm, O Lady, and render me unharmed who approach thine icon, as thou didst Gabriel.

Turn me not utterly away from thy countenance, O Mother of the never-waning Light; neither let me drown in the abyss of mine iniquities, that my life may escape corruption, and I may sacrifice with a voice of praise and confession.

After the Entrance: the Troparion of the icon, in Tone I:

The audacity of those who hate the image of the Lord * and the might of the impious * came godlessly to Nicaea, * and emissaries inhumanly interrogated the widow * who piously venerated the icon of the Mother of God; * but at night, she and her son cast the icon into the sea, crying aloud: * “Glory to thee, O pure one, * for the trackless sea hath given thee its breast! * Glory to thy straight journey, ** O thou who alone art incorrupt!”

Glory ..., Both now ..., the Kontakion of the icon, in Tone VIII:

Even though thy holy icon was cast into the sea by the widow * who was unable to save it from the foe, O Theotokos, * yet hath it been shown to be the preserver of Mount Athos * and the gatekeeper of the Monastery of Iveron, * frightening away the enemy and delivering from all misfortunes and dangers ** those who honor thee in our homeland.

Prokeimenon, in Tone III: the Song of the Theotokos: My soul doth magnify the Lord, * and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

Verse: For He hath looked upon the lowliness of His handmaiden; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS, § 320 (HEB. 9: 1-7)

Brethren: God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high: Being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they. For unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee? And again, I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son? And again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him. And of the angels he saith, Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire.

Alleluia, in Tone II: Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, Thou and the ark of thy holiness.

Verse: The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David, and He will not annul it.

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE, § 54 (LK. 10: 38-42, 11: 27-28)

At that time: He entered into a certain village; and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him, and said, Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. And it came to pass, as He spake these things, a certain woman of the company lifted up her voice, and said unto Him, Blessed is the womb that bare Thee, and the paps which Thou hast sucked. But He said, Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

Communion Verse: I will take the cup of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord.