

THE 10th DAY OF THE MONTH OF JUNE
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY HIEROMARTYR TIMOTHY,
BISHOP OF PRUSSIA
AT VESPERS

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

Spec. Mel.: “As one valiant among the martyrs ...”:

Elevated above earthly things * by thine active purifications * like an animate cloud, O all-blessed one, * thou didst cast down the perverse serpent * with the thunder-claps of thy miracles * and the awesome lightning flashes of thy words, * and thou didst receive the grace * to burn up the bowels of the adverse carnal serpents ** with the divine covering of the sacred Gifts.

O holy hierarch Timothy, * boast of the people of Prussia, * universal champion and beacon of the world, * adornment of the Church, * sacred sacrifice of faith, * and precious and lustrous ornament of the martyrs: * pray thou that those who celebrate * thy most honored memory with faith ** may be delivered from corruption and misfortunes.

With thy pangs, O Timothy, * thou didst weave a most comely garment * dyed in thy blood, * and ineffably received from on high * a heavenly vesture of incorrupt purity * and immutable life. * Wearing this immaterial robe in the highest, * pray thou on behalf of all ** who praise thee with piety, O spiritual athlete.

But if Alleluia is to be chanted at Matins instead of “God is the Lord ...,” we sing first the following Stichera of the Theotokos, in the same melody:

Deliver my lowly soul * from condemnation and grievous transgressions, * O most holy Bride of God, * and by thy supplications rescue it from death; * grant that, on the day of trial, * it may obtain the justification * which the assemblies of the saints have received, * and, before the end, show it forth to be purified ** by the outpouring of tears.

With the showers of the most holy Spirit * bedew thou my mind, * O most pure one who hast given birth unto Christ, the Drop of rain, * Who with His compassions hath washed away * the immeasurably boundless iniquities of all mankind; * do thou dry up the source of my passions, * and ever vouchsafe unto me * a torrent of living sustenance ** by thy supplications.

O Virgin who hast given birth to my Savior, * by thy supplications * grant me thorough repentance, * the healing of salvation, * torrents of tears, * remembrance of the dread and awesome hour * and the impartial Judge, * that I may escape terrifying torment ** and receive divine grace.

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

Tens of thousands of times have I promised * to repent of mine offenses, O most pure one, * yet the cherished habits of mine evil ways * will not depart from me; * wherefore, I cry unto thee * and fall down, praying: * O Sovereign Lady, rescue me from such tyranny, * guiding me to things that are higher, ** which are nigh unto salvation.

Stavrotheotokion: **U**pon beholding Thee, * the Lamb and Shepherd, upon the Tree, * the ewe-lamb who bore Thee lamented, * and maternally exclaimed to Thee: * “O most desired Son, * how is it that Thou art suspended upon the tree of the Cross? * How is it that Thine arms and legs are nailed * by the iniquitous ones, O long-suffering Word, ** and that Thou hast shed Thy blood, O Master?”

AT MATINS

Canon of the holy hieromartyr, 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.

Possessed of an invincible strength and immutable and unchangeable might, O Good One, by thine ineffable power make firm the weakness of my tongue, that it might hymn Thee, and through the supplications of Timothy take pity on me.

With godly might thou didst grow a sacred garden from a sacred root, O Timothy, and showing thyself to be a divine adornment of the virtues; for thou didst put forth the abundant fruits of suffering and offer them to the Master of all.

Showing thyself to be adorned in the dye of thy blood with purity of mind and splendor of soul, O God-bearing Timothy, thou dost now reign with the Master of creation and with faith intercedest on behalf of thy flock.

Theotokion: O good Theotokos, thou animate and most radiant house of God, joy of the world: drive me not far away from thee, but take pity and deliver me from all temptations, that I may rejoice within thy protection.

ODE III

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

Showing thyself to be a splendid martyr with the martyrs of Christ, O glorious one, thou hast been revealed to be among wise priests, an adornment of the priesthood.

Come, ye faithful, O flock of the primate of Prussia, and let us hymn today the temple of the Lord, the treasury of wisdom.

Mingling thy blood with the sweat of the virtues O most wise Timothy, thou didst offer it to the Lord as a pure, divine and beautiful drink.

Theotokion: O Mary Mother of God, pure one who art more exalted than the cherubim, Sovereign Lady of all the earth: save me by thy divine entreaties.

Sessional Hymn of the holy hieromartyr, in Tone V:

Spec. Mel.: “The co-beginningless Word ...”:

Irrigated with the showers of thy blood, O hieromartyr of the Lord, in the good soil of thy heart thou didst produce fruit, the inexhaustible sustenance which thou didst receive from God. Wherefore, we entreat thee to deliver from misfortunes those who honor thy memory.

Glory ..., Both now ..., of the Pentecostarion, or this Theotokion in Tone V:

Finding thee to be a haven, a bulwark, a refuge, our hope, protection and fervent help, we, the faithful, hasten to thee and cry out earnestly, exclaiming with faith: Have mercy upon those who place their trust in thee, O Theotokos, and deliver us from transgressions.

Stavrotheotokion: **T**hrough the Cross of thy Son, * O thou who art full of the grace of God, * hath the deception of idolatry been utterly vanquished, * and the might of the demons hath fallen; * wherefore, we, the faithful, ever hymn and bless thee as is meet, ** confessing thee to be the true Theotokos.

ODE IV

Irmos: **B**eholding 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.

Having acquired a life of heavenly Wisdom, wholly resplendent with the thundering of the Spirit, thou didst utterly consume the most pernicious serpent, O glorious one, strengthened by divine grace.

Adorned with vision and activity, O Timothy; like a Levite thou didst disembowel the serpent, using as a two-edged knife, the covering of the consecrated Bread.

Having acknowledged Christ, the great High Priest, not with another's blood, but with thine own, O martyr, and brought before the Father as His companion, thou didst make sacrifice, offering up thyself.

Theotokion: **T**he many-eyed hosts who keep unceasing watch are overcome, beholding thy purity, O pure Birthgiver of God; for as Sovereign Lady thou dost ever anticipate, and watch over, thy servants.

ODE V

Irmos: **T**hou, 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.

Waging war against the hordes of the iniquitous ones, as with a swift scythe and a mighty sword, thou hast been crowned with victory.

Shown forth as a radiant beacon of the day, thou didst enlighten the queen whose face was enveloped in the darkness of evil, O glorious one.

Beholding the madness of the abominations of the idols, thou didst give thyself over to the shedders of blood like a lamb, O blessed one, offering thyself as a sacrifice to God.

Theotokion: **O** Virgin, thou pure turtle-dove who dost extend the protection of the immaterial wings of thy supplication over thy servants in the world, disdain me not.

ODE VI

Irmos: **T**he 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.

The whole world is glad today, rejoicing in thy memory, O blessed one; for with rays of miracles thou dost shed light from on high upon the souls of those who hymn thee.

Having now been revealed to be a minister not of an altar on earth, but, entering into the chambers of heaven, partaking thereof at the ineffable table, grant unto all of us thy food and refreshment.

Accomplishing thy sacred struggle lawfully and with boldness, O divinely wise Timothy, thou didst denounce the mindlessness of the emperor and demolished the temples of the idols.

Theotokion: **T**hy Son, the Creator of all, Who hath been God since before time began, is hymned with angelic voices, O Bride of God. O Sovereign Lady, as thou reignest with Him, do thou save me.

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 grace of God rightly crowned thee before thy sufferings as a treasury rich in virtues, and, resplendent with the gifts of miracles, making thee radiant in the world.
(Twice)

Beholding the threat of the sword and the flame of the fire, O martyr, thou didst arm thy mind and soul with faith and with fearless understanding didst preach Christ, thy Creator, Fashioner, and Lord.

Theotokion: **H**aving within thy womb Him Who as God holdeth all things in the palm of His hands, O Mother of God, thou dost preserve those who cry aloud: Blessed art Thou among women, O most immaculate one.

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.

Strengthened with the power of divine faith, O wise Timothy, thou hast been shown forth to us as a new Daniel, destroying the pernicious serpent; and translated to the heights, thou ever criest aloud, chanting: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

As a sacred servant thou hast entered into the joy of thy Lord; for vastly increasing the talant of faith with thy pangs, sufferings and miracles, O glorious one, thou dost now cry aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Driving away the infirmities of all, O most wise one, thou dost perfume their souls with thine anointing, doing away with their painful wounds by thy mighty gifts, and delivering from evil spirits those who ever cry aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Theotokion: **T**hrough thy divine birthgiving our nature hath received a glorious crown. Wherefore, grant that I may become a victor in battle against the enemy, and may be crowned with the splendid crown of thy gifts, that I may cry aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

ODE IX

Irmos: **E**ve 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.

Most glorious miracles have we truly seen in thee, O God-bearing Timothy; for the shrine of thy relics poureth forth streams of healing upon us, banishing the pangs of infirmities. Wherefore, we glorify thee with honor.

Joining chorus with the angelic armies, O Timothy, rejoicing with the assemblies of the martyrs and chanting with the ranks of the priests, unceasingly entreat the Lord, that He save those who praise thee with faith.

Thou dost hearken to the sounds of hymnody and entreaty, O most honored martyr of Christ. Attend thou to desire and love, and lift up thine eyes to Him Who is invincible in wrath; and from on high grant thy protection to all who praise thee with faith.

Theotokion: **L**ift up thy grace, O Pure one, magnify thy supplication, and lead to the Lord the ranks of angels, the choirs of apostles and prophets, and all the righteous and the martyrs, that we who honor thee may be saved.