



AN AKATHIST IN PRAISE OF GOD'S CREATION

Metropolitan Tryphon (Turkestanov), 1934

Kontakion 1

Incorruptible Lord, your right hand controls the whole course of human life, according to the decrees of your Providence for our salvation.

We give you thanks for all your blessings, known and unknown: for our earthly life and for the heavenly joys of your kingdom which is to come. Henceforth extend your mercies towards us as we sing: Glory to you, O God, from age to age!

Ikos 1

I was born a weak, defenceless child, but your angel, spreading his radiant wings, guarded my cradle. From my birth, your love has illumined my paths, and has wondrously guided me towards the light of eternity. From my first day until now, the generous gifts of your providence have been wonderfully showered upon me. I give you thanks, and with all those who have come to know you, I exclaim:

Glory to you for calling me into being,

Glory to you for spreading out before me the beauty of the universe,

Glory to you for revealing to me through heaven and earth the eternal book of wisdom,

Glory to your eternity within this fleeting world,

Glory to you for your mercies, seen and unseen,

Glory to you for every sigh of my sorrow,

Glory to you for every step in my life's journey, for every moment of joy,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 2

O Lord, how lovely it is to be your guest:

Breeze full of scent; mountains reaching to the skies; Waters like a boundless mirror,

Reflecting the sun's golden rays and the scudding clouds.

All nature murmurs mysteriously, breathing depths of tenderness, Birds and beasts bear the imprint of your love,

Blessed are you, mother earth, in your fleeting loveliness, Which wakens our yearning for happiness that will last for ever In the land where, amid beauty that grows not old,

Rings out the cry: Alleluia!

Ikos 2

You brought me into this life as into an enchanted paradise. We have seen the sky, like a deep blue cup ringing with birds in the azure heights. We have listened to the soothing murmur of the forest and the sweet-sounding music of the waters. We have tasted fragrant fruit of fine flavour and sweet-scented honey. How pleasant is our stay with you on earth: it is a joy to be your guest.

Glory to you for the feast-day of life,

Glory to you for the perfume of lilies and roses,

Glory to you for each different taste of berry and fruit,

Glory to you for the sparkling silver of early morning dew,

Glory to you for each smiling, peaceful awakening,

Glory to you for eternal life in us, a messenger of heaven,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 3

In the strength of the Holy Spirit each flower gives out its scent - sweet perfume, delicate colour, beauty of the whole universe revealed in the tiniest thing. Glory and honour to God the Giver of life, who covers the fields with their carpet of flowers, crowns the plains with harvest of gold and the blue of corn-flowers, and our souls with the joy of contemplating him. O be joyful and sing to him: Alleluia!

Ikos 3

How glorious you are in the triumph of spring, when every creature awakes to new life and joyfully sings your praises with a thousand tongues: you are the source of life, the conqueror of death. By the light of the moon nightingales sing: the plains and the woods put on their wedding garment, white as snow. All the earth is your promised bride awaiting her bridegroom who does not know decay. If the grass of the field is clothed like this, how gloriously shall we be transfigured in the coming age of the resurrection: how radiant our bodies, how resplendent our souls!

Glory to you, bringing from the darkness of the earth an endless variety of colours, tastes and scents,

Glory to you for the warmth and tenderness of the world of nature,

Glory to you for surrounding us with thousands of your works,

Glory to you for the depth of your wisdom: the whole world is a living sign of it,

Glory to you: on my knees, I kiss the traces of your unseen hand,

Glory to you for setting before us the dazzling light of eternal life,

Glory to you for the hope of the unutterable, imperishable beauty of immortality,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 4

How filled with sweetness are those whose thoughts dwell on you: how life-giving your holy Word; to speak with you is more soothing than anointing with oil, sweeter than the honeycomb. Praying to you refreshes us and gives us wings: our hearts overflow with warmth; a majesty filled with wisdom permeates nature and all of life! Where you are not, there is only emptiness. Where you are, the soul is filled with abundance, and its song resounds like a torrent of life: Alleluia!

Ikos 4

When over the earth the light of the setting sun fades away, when the peace of eternal sleep and the quiet of the declining day reign over all, I see your dwelling-place like tents filled with light, reflected in the shapes of the clouds at dusk: fiery and purple, gold and blue, they speak prophet-like of the ineffable beauty of your heavenly court, and solemnly call: let us go to the Father!

Glory to you in the quiet hour of evening,

Glory to you, covering the world with deep peace,

Glory to you for the last ray of the setting sun,

Glory to you for the rest of blissful sleep,

Glory to you for your mercy in the midst of darkness, when the whole world has parted company with us,

Glory to you for the tender emotion of a soul moved to prayer,

Glory to you for the pledge of our awakening on the day which has no evening,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 5

The storms of life do not frighten those whose hearts are ablaze with the light of your flame. Outside is the darkness of the whirlwind, the terror and howling of the storm. But in their souls reign quiet and light. Christ is there, and the heart sings: Alleluia!

Ikos 5

I see your heaven glowing with stars. How rich you are, how much light is yours! Eternity watches me by the rays of the distant stars: I am small, insignificant, but the Lord is with me, his loving hand protects me wherever I go.

Glory to you for the trouble you take for me at all times,

Glory for the people your Providence gave me to meet,

Glory to you for the love of my dear ones, the faithfulness of friends,

Glory to you for the gentleness of the animals which serve me,

Glory to you for the light-filled moments of life,

Glory to you for the radiant joy in my heart,

Glory to you for the joy of living, moving and seeing,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 6

How great and how close you are in the powerful track of the storm; how mighty your right arm in the blinding flash of the lightning; how awesome is your greatness! The voice of the Lord is over the fields and amid the rustling forests, the voice of the Lord is in the birth of thunder and of rain, the voice of the Lord is over the many waters. Praise to you in the roar of mountains ablaze. You shake the earth like a garment. You pile up to the sky the waves of the sea. Praise to you, bringing low the pride of man, bringing from his heart the cry of repentance: Alleluia!

Ikos 6

When the lightning flash has lit up the feasting-hall, how feeble seems the light of the lamps. Likewise, amidst the strongest joys of my existence, you suddenly flashed in my soul. After your blinding light, how drab, dull and unreal seemed all those joys! Passionately, my soul would run after you.

Glory to you, the Goal in whom mankind's highest dreams come true,

Glory to you, for our unquenchable thirst for communion with God,

Glory to you, making us dissatisfied with earthly things,

Glory to you, clothing us with the finest rays of your light,

Glory to you, destroying the power of the spirits of darkness, dooming all evil to destruction,

Glory to you for the joy of hearing your voice, for the happiness of your presence and of living in your love,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 7

In the wondrous blending of sounds it is your call we hear. In the harmony of many voices, stirred by the musical tones, dazzled by art's creativeness, we learn from you the splendour of melody and song, and receive a foretaste of the coming kingdom. All true beauty draws the soul towards you in powerful invocation, and makes it sing triumphantly: Alleluia!

Ikos 7

The outpouring of the Holy Spirit enlightens the thoughts of artists, poets, and scientists. Their great minds receive from you prophetic insights into your laws, and reveal to us the depth of your creative wisdom.

Unwittingly, their works speak of you; how great you are in all you have created, how great you are in man!

Glory to you, showing your unfathomable might in the laws of the universe!

Glory to you, for all nature is permeated by your laws,

Glory to you for what you have revealed to us in your goodness,

Glory to you for all that remains hidden from us in your wisdom,

Glory to you for the inventiveness of the human mind, Glory to you for the invigorating effort of work,

Glory to you for the tongues of fire which bring inspiration,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 8

How near you are in the days of sickness; you yourself visit the sick; you bend over the sufferer's bed: his heart speaks to you. With your peace you enlighten the soul burdened with affliction and pain: you send unexpected help. You comfort, you are Love, bringing trial and salvation, and to you we sing the hymn: Alleluia!

Ikos 8

When in childhood I called upon you consciously for the first time, you heard my prayer and sacred peace came down into my soul. Then I understood that you are good; blessed are those who turn to you. Unceasingly, I started to call upon you, and now I call upon your Name:

Glory to you, satisfying my desires with good things,

Glory to you, watching over me day and night,

Glory to you, calming tribulations and bereavement with the healing flow of time,

Glory to you, no loss is irreparable when you are there, to all you give eternal life,

Glory to you, making immortal all that is lofty and good, promising to welcome the dead,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 9

Why is it that on a feastday the whole of nature mysteriously smiles? Why does a marvellous lightness then fill our hearts, to which nothing earthly can be compared? The very air in the altar and in God's house becomes luminous. It is the breath of grace, the reflection of the glory of Mount Tabor; heaven and earth then sing this praise: Alleluia!

Ikos 9

When you inspire me to serve my neighbour, and make humility shine in my soul, one of your deep-piercing rays of light falls into my heart: it then becomes glowing, like iron in the furnace. I have seen your Face, mysterious and elusive.

Glory to you, transfiguring our lives with deeds of love,

Glory to you, making wonderfully sweet each one of your commandments,

Glory to you, clearly present in fragrant compassion,

Glory to you, sending us failures and afflictions to make us sensitive to other people's sufferings,

Glory to you, promising high rewards for precious good deeds,

Glory to you, welcoming the impulse of our heart's love,

Glory to you, for raising love above everything on earth or in heaven,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 10

No one can put together what has crumbled into dust, but you can heal men whose conscience has become twisted; you give the soul its former beauty, which long ago it had lost without a hope of change. With you, nothing is hopeless. You are Love. You are the creator and the redeemer of all things. We praise you with this song: Alleluia!

Ikos 10

My God, you know the fall of proud Lucifer. Save me through the power of your grace; do not allow me to fall away from you, do not allow me to doubt you. Sharpen my ear, that at every minute of my life I may hear your mysterious voice; and I call upon you, who are everywhere present.

Glory to you for providential circumstances,
Glory to you for helpful forebodings,
Glory to you for the teaching of your secret voice,
Glory to you, for revelations you give us in dreams or awake,
Glory to you for scattering our vain imaginations,
Glory to you, freeing us from the fire of passions through suffering,
Glory to you, who for our salvation, brings down proudness of heart,
Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 11

Beyond the icy sequence of the ages, I feel the warmth of your divine Breath, I hear the throbbing of your blood. You are already near: part of time has already gone by. I see your Cross: it is there for my sake. My spirit is but dust before your Cross: here is the triumph of love and redemption, here throughout the ages unceasingly rises the praise: Alleluia!

Ikos 11

Blessed is he who will share your mystical supper in your kingdom; but even here on earth you have granted me this blessedness. How many times, with your divine hand, you offered me your Body and your Blood; while I, a great sinner, received these sacred Gifts and felt your ineffable and supernatural love.

Glory to you for the inconceivable and life-giving power of grace,
Glory to you who established your Church as a haven of peace for a tormented world,
Glory to you for giving us new birth in the life-giving waters of baptism,
Glory to you, restoring to those who repent purity white as the unstained lily,
Glory to you, unfathomable abyss of forgiveness,
Glory to you for the cup of life, for the bread of eternal joy,
Glory to you who raise us to heaven,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 12

More than once have I seen the reflection of your glory in the faces of the dead. What beauty, what heavenly joy shone in them! How light their features, now made spiritual! This was the triumph of happiness and peace found once again; in their silence they were calling on you. At the hour of my death, illumine also my soul which calls to you: Alleluia!

Ikos 12

How poor is my praise before you! I have not heard the song of the Cherubim, a joy reserved to the souls on high, but I know the praises nature sings to you. In winter, I see how in the moonlit silence the whole earth offers you prayer, wrapped in its white mantle of snow, sparkling like diamonds. I see the rising sun rejoice in you, and I hear the chorus of birds raise a hymn of glory. I hear the forest mysteriously rustling in your honour, the winds sing of you, the waters murmur and the processions of stars proclaim you as they move in harmony for ever in the depths of infinite space. What is my poor worship? All nature obeys you, I do not; yet while I live, I see your love. I long to thank you, pray to you and call upon your Name.

Glory to you, who has shown us the light,

Glory to you, who loved us with a deep unfathomable and divine love,

Glory to you, who blesses us with the light, with a host of angels and saints,

Glory to you, Father most holy, revealing us your kingdom in your commandments,

Glory to you, Holy Spirit, life-giving Sun of the world to come,

Glory to you for all things, divine and most merciful Trinity,

Glory to you, O God, from age to age.

Kontakion 13

Life-giving and most merciful Trinity, receive our thanksgiving for all your kindnesses; make us worthy of your blessings, so that, when we have brought a profit from the talents you have entrusted to us, we may enter into the eternal joy of our Lord, singing the triumphal hymn: Alleluia!

