

Akathist to St Paraskevi The Great Martyr of Rome



For trading
For the healing of the eyes

Kontakion 1

As the Lord's grace-flowing nun, and His fervent apostle and Martyr, we praise you with triumphant hymns, and we praise your memory most tunefully, sprinkling flowers and crying:

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Ikos 1

Hymns I offer to you the beauty of virgins, O chaste Paraskevi, martyr of Christ. For you struggled boldly, and you enlighten and shine with the rays of wonders on those who hymn you, and we offer you hymns with fervor:

Hail, child of pious faithful,

Hail, dear throne of God.

Hail, beautiful-voiced trumpet of love,

Hail, pure servant of the Virgin.

Hail, for from above you cover the Orthodox from blows,

Hail, you who cease the tears and groans of mortals.

Hail, for you are the protection of eyes,

Hail, for you rejoiced in the monastic path.

Hail, for you deposed the boasting of the enemy,

Hail, you who were victorious through Christ's power.

Hail, divine adornment of Rome,

Hail, speedy healer of wounds.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 2

Being the root from the divine prayer of your parents, Agathon and Politia watered you with the streams of piety. And you, O comely Virgin, flourished as a tree, as those who gave birth to you rejoiced in your grace, and chanted to the Lord: **Alleluia.**

(People sing Alleluia!)

Ikos 2

Laughter and boldness, the streams of perdition, did not come near your soul, O Godly-minded one, but you spoke with the sacred virgins, and spent your time studying the Scriptures, becoming for us an example, for those who piously cry out:

Hail, most grace-endowed soul,
Hail, our most beloved righteous one.
Hail, nourishment of Orthodox asceticism,
Hail, heroism and worthy of the calling.
Hail, divine seal of sacred missions,
Hail, boast and seal of the angelic life.
Hail, youth honored by God,
Hail, the ceasing of idol worship.
Hail, you who takes the honor from the false god,
Hail, joy of those who ever cry out:

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 3

You were not at all conquered by the glories of this life, O pure Christ-bearer Paraskevi, but taking hope in the life above, you perceived the things of life as refuse joyfully, and were enriched with divine things, and cried out to God in fervor: **Alleluia.**

(People sing Alleluia!)

Ikos 3

Following the words of your Incorruptible Bridegroom, the divine passing of your parents you perceived as a divine call, and you distributed your wealth to the poor, who praise your philanthropy, and cry out with all reverence:

Hail, you who were filled with the wisdom from above,
Hail, soul of godly monasticism.

Hail, nightingale singing praises of the Most-high,
Hail, you who bestow grace on monastics.

Hail, you who imparted your joy upon your brethren,
Hail, you who possess incorruptible treasures in the
Heavens.

Hail, for you showed manliness in trials,
Hail, for you dissipate the cloud of error.

Hail, greatly-victorious one on the road of the Martyrs,
Hail, lamp which shines with light of purity.

Hail, container that leads towards the Lord,
Hail, rays of the supernatural life.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 4

Being zealous for the things of Heaven, you locked yourself in a Convent, O most noble champion Paraskevi, for you submitted your wise mind, and joyfully struggled with ascetical pains, worshiping the Lord, and crying out with bitter hymns: **Alleluia.**

(People sing Alleluia!)

Ikos 4

You were raised by divine grace to the heights of love, desiring the crown of martyrdom, and having sought the blessing of your Superior, you spoke the word of the Lord and dispelled error for many people, who now hymn you:

Hail, dawn of consolation,

Hail, harp of divine knowledge.

Hail, you who shared the name of the Wise Virgins

Hail, you who spoke with the spotless Angels.

Hail, you who embraced the angelic Schema with fervor,

Hail, protection and foundation of those who honor you
with faith.

Hail, you who heard unspeakable voices,

Hail, you who were made worthy of the honor of the age to
come.

Hail, all-fragrant lyre of the faithful,

Hail, salve for our eyes.

Hail, music of divine love,

Hail, breath of unsleeping worship.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 5

You walked the God-traced path of the Apostles, as another Protomartyr Thekla, and passed through the land of the Romans, and the cities of the Greeks, as an all-precious doe, preaching Christ fervently, and crying out with longing: **Alleluia.**

(People sing Alleluia!)

Ikos 5

When Antoninos learned of your way Equal-to-the-Apostles, he placed a flaming helmet upon you, but through the will of the Lord, you were preserved utterly unharmed and remained pure, while all the faithful who beheld this, cried out victoriously words such as these:

Hail, divine doe of the flock of Christ,
Hail, for your fragrance was as pure nard
Hail, teacher of blessing and mindfulness,
Hail, sweetest apostle of the Savior.
Hail, for your words were preached by pure lips,
Hail, for you imparted your experience to ascetics.
Hail, for you are the worker of peace,
Hail, for you are the protector of those endangered.
Hail, catechesis of the holy faithful,
Hail, disappearance of the false gods.
Hail, aloe of Orthodox manliness,
Hail, reproach of the evil heart.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 6

Demonic waves and unbearable blows, you endured, O much-suffering Lady, for the tyrants sought to burn you, and to break the chain of your faith, but you stood as an unshakable divine statue of Christ, saying: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 6

Shining with your wonders, the choir of those who believed through you were brought to the flock of Christ, enraging the Emperor, who became short of breath through his many tortures, and now these radiant dwelling-places cry out these in gratitude:

Hail, pure and comely martyr of Christ,
Hail, our map and canon.
Hail, you who ridiculed the false gods,
Hail, you who shattered the faces of idols.
Hail, all-sacred nun, humble and dedicated,
Hail, all-fragrant rose, and seal of the soul.
Hail, for you endured ascetical pains,
Hail, for you also trouble the swarms of the demons.
Hail, dowry to Christ of many talents,
Hail, chosen ode of the God of all.
Hail, root of the presbyter Rome,
Hail, protector of every town and place.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 7

Dwelling, as Paul, in prison alone, you were made worthy of the vision of an Angel, who showed you the honored symbols of the passion of Christ, in order to give you courage, O all-wise one, that we might cry unto the ages: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 7

You are as a precious coin of the church, O Mother, bearing the seal of your Master, for you were tried by fire, and many tortures, O thrice-glorious one, and were not at all altered, as you hear from all these:

Hail, seal of sacred graces,

Hail, key of uncreated gifts.

Hail, for you endured the stretching of your flesh,

Hail, for you were steadfast manfully as you were being raked.

Hail, for your struggles reached the impassible peak,

Hail, Martyr who also shelters desert ascetics.

Hail, for you were placed in boiling tar,

Hail, for you were divinely kept unharmed.

Hail, savior for many in sickness,

Hail, you who grant light to the blind.

Hail, through whom goodness has come,

Hail, through whom magic has disappeared.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 8

You were tortured mercilessly, and brutally hung, without your steadfast mind wavering at all, but you cried out to the tyrant: Christ can deliver me from any of your tortures, to Whom I chant fearlessly: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 8

Antoninos' eyes were burned from oil and tar, having asked it of you, but filled with great compassion, you straightaway granted him healing, O Paraskevi, therefore, the ruler who then espoused your faith, cried out:

Hail, spring of gifts,

Hail, well of healings.

Hail, for you won the spoils of the Romans,

Hail, for you preached the Sun of love.

Hail, divinely-breathed organ that makes glad the faithful,

Hail, purest eye that looks against the enemies.

Hail, you who bless those who hymn your many blessings,

Hail, you who conquers the opposing swarms.

Hail, sacred and genuine personage,

Hail, soul arrayed in light.

Hail, faithful honor and worth,

Hail, fragrance to men from Heaven.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 9

Before your end, they placed a heavy stone upon your chest, O Martyr Paraskevi, while Jesus appeared to you at night, surrounded by light and the radiant ranks of the Angels, and totally healed you. Thus you cried in joy: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 9

With the strength of the Master, you bravely surpassed the weakness of other women. Through the divine Cross and your prayer, you tore apart a fearsome dragon, while all were astonished and cried out triumphantly:

Hail, light-bearing nun,
Hail, crown-bearing Martyr.
Hail, you who were steadfast of soul in terrible dangers,
Hail, you who were victorious in beatings and asceticism.
Hail, repository of grace, and dwelling of love,
Hail, meekness of spirit, and giver of peace.
Hail, for you are the trainer of monastics,
Hail, for you are the intercessor to the Trinity.
Hail, chain of chaste virgins,
Hail, deliverer from sinister spirits.
Hail, you through whom the dragon was torn apart,
Hail, you through whom the governor was astounded.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 10

You were worthily granted from Heaven an incorruptible crown, O lady, and the grace of wonders, which were founded upon your virtues, and your many struggles and terrible tortures, from which you blossomed forth and were glorified, as your fellow struggles cried out: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 10

Your all-sacred Skull, O godly-minded one, rests in the Monastery of the Bodiless Powers Petraki, to which we take refuge, Paraskevi, as we all entreat that we find mercy, and healing of vision, as we cry out with fear:

Hail, healing of the eyes,
Hail, divine stream of wonders.
Hail, foundress of the churches that bear your name,
Hail, plantress of rose-beds of monastics.
Hail, seven-towered castle of those who hope in God,
Hail, dew of Hermon that burns up dangers.
Hail, for your prayer leads towards harmony,
Hail, for your hand heals those in pain.
Hail, help for those fervent in faith,
Hail, providence that you give to the poor.
Hail, vessel of the blessings of God,
Hail, flower of joyous fragrance.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 11

Water of incorruption is your Holy Water, O Mother, which heals ever sickness. Therefore, we who praise you, hasten to your protection, O Paraskevi, entreating for purification of soul, for those who ceaselessly cry to you: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 11

We are delivered from the bitter assaults of the demons, O Mother, through the hyssop of your intercessions, and from the visages of false gods, which you threw down to the earth through your unshakable hand, utterly shaming them. In joy we hymn you saying:

Hail, moon of those living in Nepsis,
Hail trauma of the demons.
Hail, astonishment of Orthodox asceticism,
Hail, guide of catechesis of the faithful.
Hail, for you were offered as a sacred seal,
Hail, for you were hung from a peg by your hair.
Hail, you who were nailed, for the love of the Lord,
Hail, you who bore the weight from the evil doers.
Hail, apostle among ascetics,
Hail, all-wondrous one among apostles.
Hail, for your members bore indignities,
Hail, firewood that accepted burnings.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 12

Rejoicing with good cheer, you entered the Bridal Chamber above, O sacred martyr, and fell at the feet of Christ, which you embraced fervently, O all-precious Paraskevi. He placed a crown upon your head, and you cried out: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 12

Nourish me, O Martyr, from your Heavenly Mansions, with the manna of your divine love, that I may cry out with my whole heart the sweet and sacred name of Jesus, and proclaiming your grace, O pure one, I cry out in compunction:

Hail, outer wall of the faithful,

Hail, shield of those who bear your name.

Hail, you who saves the inhabitants of Krokou [Kozani],

Hail, you who drove back the Germans.

Hail, chosen woman of the vale of Tempe,

Hail, Martyr who makes the desires of the Bridal chamber disappear.

Hail, for you work a multitude of wonders in Rodolivo,

Hail, for you deliver from the chaos of the faithless through your intercessions.

Hail, surrounding wall of Meteora,

Hail, terror to the demons.

Hail, you who were enriched with the boldness of Christ,

Hail, you who are the protection of those who hymn you.

Hail, Paraskevi, O comely virgin.

Kontakion 13

(To Be Read 3 three times)

O divine nun, great prize of pious virgins to the Most-high (3) receive this as wild flowers, which we have gathered for you simply, and entreat the divine Trinity for salvation of those who cry with you: **Alleluia. Alleluia! Alleluia! (People sing Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!)**

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Glorifying God Through His Light
50 Hour Prayer Vigil

Orthodox Mission Church
Serving Coolidge/Florence, AZ.

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