

# Akathist to St Porphyrios



For Meekness, Patience and Love, and  
Strength in Leading a Simple Spiritual Life

## **Kontakion 1**

The most-holy temple of the Comforter, And the beloved of the All-Pure Theotokos, Let us praise Porphyrios from our heart, For he loves and heals all, and protects, And intercedes, that we be granted theosis. Therefore, we cry out:

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Ikos 1**

You lived unknown and hidden in the world, O shepherd of the Father's sheep. And having meditated on the life of St. John Kalyvites, with zeal you hastened, O venerable one, to imitate his life. Therefore, we cry out to you these:

Hail, O shepherd of the rational sheep,  
Hail, O source of healing for the passions.  
Hail, the fervent friend of purity,  
Hail, the godly mystic of the ineffable.  
Hail, most-pure vessel of the monastery of the Spirit,  
Hail, organ equaling a divine river of grace.  
Hail, for you are a guide to men,  
Hail, for you guide athletes in their struggles.  
Hail, star giving the light of the mysteries,  
Hail, you who taught us the things of salvation.  
Hail, the glorious offspring of Evia,  
Hail, you through whom we are delivered from pain.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 2**

You followed the steps of your Elders in asceticism, And shared their way of life. You were an ascetic of Kavsokalyvia, And showed them unquestioning obedience, Being taught humility by God, As those who venerate you chant: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 2**

Unspeakable knowledge was given To you by God, O Father, As a reward for your holy life. And you lead towards healings of the passions, And grant knowledge of mysteries, Being shown a benefactor to men, To those that cry out thusly:

Hail, the mystic of divine knowledge,  
Hail, the lover of the holy life.  
Hail, messenger of the thoughts of God,  
Hail, equal to the athletes of Christ.  
Hail, most-pure eye that probes hidden things,  
Hail, most-holy mouth that studies mysteries.  
Hail, the sacred adornment of priests,  
Hail, the beauty of those who struggle on Athos.  
Hail, you who grants help to many,  
Hail, you who speaks to us the truth.  
Hail, O wise physician of illnesses,  
Hail, O spring of healings of the soul.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios**

## **Kontakion 3**

As a novice, you wrestled with Belial, And crushed him through your humility. And receiving the reward of victory, You were sent into the world as a help, O Venerable One, Shepherding and healing those who cry out in thanksgiving: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

### **Ikos 3**

Bearing graces in your soul, O Father, You hastened towards your fatherland. And you lived in the Monastery of St. Charalampos, Striving in asceticism and serving, O Venerable One, Healing those who suffer, As they chant these with joy:

Hail, the joy of all Evia,  
Hail, the fruit of much piety.  
Hail, you who studied the mysteries of consciences,  
Hail, you who dissolved strands of confusion.  
Hail, O heavenly man, who lived on earth humbly,  
Hail, O earthly angel, for whom heaven rejoices.  
Hail, for you dissipate the bitterness of hearts,  
Hail, for you grant joy and hope.  
Hail, partaker of the choirs of the angels,  
Hail, fellow-partaker of joy and sorrow.  
Hail, God's blessing towards us,  
Hail, our joy and health.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 4**

Being zealous, O godly-minded one, To bring back many to the flock of Christ to be saved, You came to Athens humbly, And serving in a church, You saved many, who take refuge in you, Crying out to the Lord: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 4**

You came to Omonia Square To redeem all, As an angel dwelling in Babylon. And you became for the Athenians, The Physician and guide of all, O venerable one, Leading many to Christ, As those who were saved cry out thus:

Hail, you through whom Christ is hymned,  
Hail, you through whom the enemy is made fearful.  
Hail, the boast of the Church of Greece,  
Hail, the radiant diadem of Evia.  
Hail, for you always kept your heart pure,  
Hail, for you were made worthy to see behold mysteries.  
Hail, you who surpassed struggles as victorious,  
Hail, you who walked the path of sorrows.  
Hail, for you were greatly exalted by humility,  
Hail, for you made the simple wise with divine knowledge.  
Hail, to whom the Athenians take refuge,  
Hail, through whom many return to Christ.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 5**

You worked hidden wonders for the sick, Through your divine prayers, O all-blessed one. And those healings you attributed To St. Gerasimos, thus remaining humble, O venerable one. Through your humility You gave glory to Christ, crying out: **Alleluia.**  
**(People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 5**

You were shown a breeze of fragrant myrrh, Exhaled through the world, O most-venerable Father. And you gladdened the multitudes of the faithful, Who embrace you with faith, And cry out with joy such things:

Hail, you who supported many in the faith,  
Hail, you who sowed love among the faithful.  
Hail, the perfect type of priests,  
Hail, the spotless canon of piety.  
Hail, flower of Paradise that bloomed upon the earth,  
Hail, deeply flowing river of compassion and love.  
Hail, the humble servant of the Church,  
Hail, he who prays for those in pain and dangers.  
Hail, noble dwelling-place of grace,  
Hail, radiant sustenance of the faithful.  
Hail, home of God the King,  
Hail, he who adorned many with piety.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 6**

You loved the whole world, though you had denied all joys and ideas of the world. A true mystic in the heavens, you served all with joy, And sanctified all through your prayers, And teaching all to chant: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 6**

You shone upon all like the sun, O Father, And your sacred head, Was visited by God, And through grace, you worked healings for those who are sick, Who then chant to you:

Hail, you who were fashioned with the Taborean light,  
Hail, you who tasted of the heavenly light.  
Hail, the most-reverent priest of Christ,  
Hail, most-strict keeper of the commandments.  
Hail, dwelling of simplicity and godly love,  
Hail, you who were filled with mystical theoria.  
Hail, you who appeared as the lamp of purity,  
Hail, for you were shown a partaker of dispassion.  
Hail, you who spread joy to all,  
Hail, you who greatly loved Christ.  
Hail, you who ever intercedes to God,  
Hail, you who entreats the Pure Virgin.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 7**

You were shown forth as an athlete among the venerable ones,  
Showing utter humility in asceticism And much love within. And  
you became the fear and wailing of demons, As you cast them out,  
O venerable one, As we rejoice and chant with you: **Alleluia.**  
**(People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 7**

Your nous beheld the rays of the Comforter, As you beheld terrible  
and unspeakable mysteries. You searched men through these, And  
were truly shown a prophet, O venerable one, Informing of events,  
As they cried out in amazement thus:

Hail, the prophet of the ineffable things of God,  
Hail, the interpreter of the words of Christ.  
Hail, you who were precious and sought after in all things,  
Hail, the firm foundation of truth.  
Hail, God-given gift that was offered to us,  
Hail, the refuge and harbor for all who sail.  
Hail, you who grants healings to the sick,  
Hail, you who studies the mysteries with discernment.  
Hail, you who gathers the fruit of theosis,  
Hail, you who endured a good transformation.  
Hail, temple of heavenly wisdom,  
Hail, stole rich in boldness.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**



## **Kontakion 8**

Strange things were always worked within you, Astonishing the world, As your nous reached the heavens, As you drove away fearful demons through prayer, Healing every incurable passion, Making knowledge to be revealed to the faithful, Who cry out to Christ: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 8**

While being totally in the world, you partook of the joyous desert of Athos. For your heart was within her, And you never left her in spirit. You therefore reposed in Kavsokalyvia, As we cry out thus:

Hail, joy possessing peace,

Hail, you who grants these to us.

Hail, unsurpassable report of the monastics,

Hail, the boast of those who live in the world in asceticism.

Hail, sweetest nightingale of the hesychastic life,

Hail, soaring golden eagle of the clairvoyant nous.

Hail, for you indicated sources of water,

Hail, for you curtailed the homage of the faithless.

Hail, you through whom elders are humbled,

Hail, you through whom those who stumbled are cleared.

Hail, the healing of many sick people,

Hail, the true witness of Christ.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 9**

You were made worthy to behold and to hear The Revelation on Patmos, as St. John the Theologian. And for a short time, you went into ecstasy, And beheld awesome things, O venerable one, And being filled with fear of the Lord, You cried out in gratitude: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 9**

Being adorned with grace of the Comforter from on high, You were shown a god-bearer to the world. And you breathed forth the fragrance of myrrh, and were seen to visit those who suffered, as you received saints. We are amazed at this, and we cry out:

Hail, you who beheld divine visions,  
Hail, you who grants us healings.  
Hail, you the holy one who comes to us awake,  
Hail, you who flies through the air unseen.  
Hail, you who were adorned with holiness, and exalted with humility,  
Hail, you who received very many graces from the Comforter.  
Hail, for you possessed the hearts of the Athenians,  
Hail, for you endured the pains of the ailing.  
Hail, spring pouring forth healings,  
Hail, dawn illuminating the darkness.  
Hail, the friend and beloved of God,  
Hail you who resurrected many towards Christ.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 10**

The frenzy of the heart, you cease with your prayer, granting us peace, O Father. You shine upon the darkness of the mind and breathe forth hymns to God, O venerable one. Therefore, out of gratitude we hymn God, crying out: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 10**

A perfect shepherd of men. You were shown to be,  
And you laid down your life for them.  
You cut your will, and were martyred daily, O venerable one,  
Becoming a servant to those, who now cry out to you with joy:

Hail, you who sought Christ with fervor,  
Hail, you who struggled for His faith.  
Hail, radiant garment of dispassion,  
Hail, you who fulfill every request of the faithful.  
Hail, the purest nous beholding mysteries,  
Hail, the deliverer of all from the battles of Belial.  
Hail, you who flaunt the dangers of the foe,  
Hail, you who were nourished by the teachings of the Lord.  
Hail, sacred icon of meekness,  
Hail, you who were granted much gladness.  
Hail, you through whom the Church is hymned,  
Hail, you through whom faithlessness is shaken.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 11**

Hymns of thanksgiving, as ones delivered from dangers, we offer to your compassion. For you loved us as children, and always had your arms open, O venerable one, ever to cherish all, and to cover those who cry out to the Lord: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 11**

You appeared as light-bearing in prayer, O Father, Astonishing the faithful who beheld you. For you shown with the immaterial light that lead you towards the knowledge to study unspeakable things, and to heal sicknesses of those who hymn you thusly:

Hail, fire-bearing lamp of Christ,

Hail, true father, and Christ-bearer.

Hail, unemptying spring of piety,

Hail, irrefutable voice of truth.

Hail, for through your grace, you foresaw the invasion of Cyprus,

Hail, for you drive away the attacks of the demons.

Hail, for you desired hesychia from your soul.

Hail, for you were an ascetic and humble pastor.

Hail, you who revealed the love of Christ,

Hail, you brought joy to troubled souls.

Hail, your monastery's shelter and protector,

Hail, you who stand beside many in dangers.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

## **Kontakion 12**

You received the grace, O Father, to truly reveal springs of water from the depths of the earth. And many beheld this, as geologists were amazed, O venerable one, As the landholders rejoiced, And cried out in thanksgiving: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia)**

## **Ikos 12**

We chant joyously At the multitudes of your graces, And we hymn the All-Holy Trinity. For by the Trinity, you were shown a man Clairvoyant and pouring forth healings, Enlightening mysteries, Breathing forth to those who cry out:

Hail, the pinnacle of every virtue,  
Hail, the most-faithful life in purity.  
Hail, the unshakable foundation of piety.  
Hail, the ever-flowing river of truth.  
Hail, fragrant lily of mystical Paradise,  
Hail, star most-radiant of the spiritual Heaven.  
Hail, the radiance and glory of the Church,  
Hail, you who trample on the arrows of the enemy.  
Hail, the divine good news of Evia,  
Hail, the angel of joy and hope.  
Hail, you who cleanse from the stains of the passions,  
Hail, you who takes up our souls to the Heavens.

**Hail, O Father Porphyrios.**

**Kontakion 13**  
*(To be read three times)*

O thrice-blessed Father, the beauty of ascetics, Porphyrios, and the protector of all. Together with the angels, as we hymn Christ, Grant us the tears of repentance, And entreat that we inherit Paradise, who cry out together: **Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.**  
**(People sing Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia)**

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