

Akathist to the Most Holy Theotokos of the Portal of Iveron, The Portaitissa



Prayers of Protection to the Theotokos
as the Keeper of the Portal

Kontakion 1

O chosen Champion, Our Lady the Mother of God, we your servants bring you a song of praise, bearing as it were your honored image in procession like a mighty shield, an unbreakable wall, an unsleeping guard; and you, as you have invincible power, cover and protect us, Lady, from all our enemies seen and unseen, and deliver us from all harm to body or soul, who cry to you:

Hail, Blessed Lady of the Portal, opening the Gate of Paradise to the Faithful!

Ikos 1

The leader of the angels was sent to speak to the Mother of God, that her apostolic service might fall upon the land of Iveron: Separate not yourself from Jerusalem, for it is your lot to enlighten her in the last days; for God has laid it upon You to work for the world: wherefore we cry to you:

Hail, by whom the Gospel is spread abroad:

Hail, by whom the lure of idols is made vain.

Hail, by whom the power of the Prince of Darkness is broken:

Hail, by whom the Kingdom of Christ is confirmed.

Hail, recalling to the light of the Gospel those sunken in darkness:

Hail, leading us from the slavery of the Devil into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Hail, ready handmaid of your Son and God:

Hail, by your obedience atoning for the disobedience of Eve.

Hail, height of beneficence:

Hail, depth of humility.

Hail, by whom the unbelieving come to know

the Creator:

Hail, by whom the faithful are adopted as sons by the Father.

Hail, Blessed Lady of the Portal, opening the Gate of Paradise to the Faithful!

Kontakion 2

The Holy Virgin seeing the wonderful new plan of God, as his handmaid was as ever ready to carry it out, crying: **Alleluia.**
(People sing Alleluia!)

Ikos 2

The mysterious meaning of the Angel's word were clear to you, Purest One, and in obedience to it you did wend your way to Mount Athos, to spread the Gospel, as the lot fell to you. And we joyfully sing to you:

Hail, illuminating Athos with your coming:

Hail, dispersing the darkness of idols.

Hail, planting there the true faith:

Hail, driving out unbelief.

Hail, taking this Mountain into your care:

Hail, promising grace to this place.

Hail, bestowing earthly joy on the faithful dwellers therein:

Hail, assuring them of eternal salvation.

Hail, fervent intercessor for those in your care:

Hail, destroyer of all their foes.

Hail, promising your Son's mercy to this place till the end of time:

Hail, foretelling that his grace should never leave it.

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to the Faithful!**

Kontakion 3

At the intercession of the Mother of God, the power of the Most High overshadowed the holy mountain, and its glens and thickets appeared as a great harvest-field full of religious eager to reap their salvation, as they sang to her: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 3

Having in mind the lot of the people of the land of Iveron, you did settle yourself in their midst, even upon Mount Athos, to them all a shelter, a quiet harbor of salvation to them, giving them your icon as a shield and guard, and all cried out:

Hail, glorious preacher of the Gospel in the land of Iveron:

Hail, turning this land from the lure of idols to the light of Christ.

Hail, branch of the deathless Vine, giving wondrous grapes:

Hail, bearing branches of miracle-grapes and the blessings of faith.

Hail, who has planted a spiritual garden on Athos:

Hail, watering the land of Iveron with the stream of spiritual enlightenment flowing therefrom.

Hail, fair speech from lips of gold:

Hail, unshakable tower of the fortress.

Hail, strength of honorable Tsars:

Hail, protecting wall of monks.

Hail, quiet harbor for those who seek salvation:

Hail, preparing for them an endless rest.

Hail, Blessed Lady of the Portal, opening the Gate of Paradise to the Faithful!

Kontakion 4

The noble widow was tossed by a storm of inward doubts, when in Nicea, perplexed, she saw the sacrilegious warrior pierce with his spear the face of the holy and honored icon of the Mother of God, and blood issuing from it; seized with fear lest the holy icon be defaced, with prayers and tears she flung it into the sea. But seeing it on the surface of the water making its way towards the west, she cried joyfully: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 4

When the monks of the holy mountain saw it proceeding over the sea like a burning flame, even a pillar of fire, lighting up the heavens like the shining sun, and in the night drawing near to the shore; and knowing it for the holy icon of the Mother of God, borne on the waves by a supernatural power, they cried to the Blessed One:

Hail, Burning Bush, foreseen by those who kept the law:

Hail, pillar of fire, enlightening those who sit in darkness.

Hail, stairway leading up to Heaven, whereby God came down:

Hail, bridge leading creatures from earth to Heaven.

Hail, dawn of the mysterious day:

Hail, star that brought forth the sun.

Hail, who gave birth to the light that is beyond words:

Hail, who has taught no one how it was done.

Hail, clothed with the sun, radiant with grace and glory:

Hail, lightning, illuminating souls, lighting up faithful minds.

Hail, radiance shining in darkness:

Hail, bringing forth the many splendid glory.

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Kontakion 5

Wishing to give your God-sent icon to the dwellers in Iveron, you did speak, Mother of God, to the Elder Gabriel: "Go down with the choir of monks to the seashore, enter the water and bring up my icon;" and he, filled with faith and love, walked over the water as if on dry land, took it in his bosom, and they, receiving the treasure (all unworthy of it) to be their own icon of Iveron, joyfully sang:
Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)

Icon 5

The monks of Iveron, seeing the icon of the Mother of God many times rise out of its shrine and fly up the wall above the monastery gate, borne by an invisible force, were terrified, and standing cried to her thus:

Hail, deigning to bestow on us your holy icon:

Hail, promising us to be our defense.

Hail, showing your love to our hermitage:

Hail, showing your beneficent plan for us.

Hail, our help in strange lands:

Hail, our comfort on pilgrimages.

Hail, God's goodness to us:

Hail, our boldness to God.

Hail, who dries our tears:

Hail, protectress of us orphans.

Hail, our defender:

Hail, our only joy.

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Kontakion 6

When the elder Gabriel had done your will, you said to him, O Lady: "I have not come to be preserved by you, but to be your preserver, both in this world and the world to come. Behold, I give you a sign: as long as you see my icon in this monastery, my Son's mercy will not be withdrawn from you, who all cry to him: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 6

The monks, beaming with joy on hearing your great promise, Mother of God, raised a shrine above the gate of the monastery to the heavenly Lady of the Portal, joyfully crying out thus:

Hail, our protectress in this life:

Hail, our leader into the next.

Hail, teaching us the fear of God:

Hail, setting us in the way of good works.

Hail, our boldness and our hope:

Hail, our confidence and protection.

Hail, inclining to us the Son, the fruit of your womb:

Hail, giving us good news of his inalienable grace among us.

Hail, giving your holy icon to us as a pledge of mercy:

Hail, giving with it miraculous gifts.

Hail, turning away all threat of evil from our retreat:

Hail, giving all a safe going-out.

Hail, Blessed Lady of the Portal, opening the Gate of Paradise to the Faithful!

Kontakion 7

One day the wicked Amir thought to destroy the Iverskaya hermitage, and scatter the flock of monks gathered there; but soon after he learned that the Mother of God was their strong defense, as he saw his ships flounder in the depths of the sea, and his warriors destroyed; whereupon he humbly brought silver and gold to the hermitage, asking their prayers. The monks, seeing this, cried to God: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 7

And new and countless miracles brought the Mother of God, filling the hermitage with wine, flour and oil, healing those possessed of devils, making the lame to go, the blind to see, and curing all ills, and those who saw these marvels sang to you:

Hail, chosen Champion, conquering the enemies of all:

Hail, swift help of all who cry to you.

Hail, who does not despise our prayers:

Hail, who goes not back on your word.

Hail, turning the grief of the hermitage into joy:

Hail, turning the dearth of the hermitage into abundance.

Hail, sight of the blind:

Hail, going of the lame.

Hail, healer of all the sick:

Hail, comfort of all the unhappy.

Hail, who never ceases to plan for us and save us:

Hail, delivering us from a troubled mind.

Hail, Blessed Lady of the Portal, opening the Gate of Paradise to the Faithful!

Kontakion 8

The Patriarch Nikon, hearing of the wonderful protection given by the icon of the Mother of God to the monastery of Iveron, would happily have the land of Russia share in her grace; wherefore he set up a monastery in honor of the glorious image, respectfully soliciting a copy of the wonderworking icon of the Mother of God, that those who enjoyed her protection might cry to God: **Alleluia.** (People sing Alleluia!)

Icon 8

Ever dwelling on high, but not forsaking the lowly, you deigned, Mother of God, to give the new monastery in the land of Russia your blessing, even as of old to ancient Antony on Mount Athos when he established his holy cave-dwelling; even the blessing wherewith you did bless Athos, in honor of your revered image. Wherefore we cry to you:

Hail, protectress of the land of Russia, broader than a cloud:

Hail, defense and strengthening of the Orthodox faith.

Hail, unshakable pillar of the Orthodox Church:

Hail, who cast down heresy and schism.

Hail, icon that lights up all the land with bright and wonderworking rays:

Hail, from whom flow gifts of healing and mercy.

Hail, strength of the scepter of the Tsars:

Hail, terror of foes.

Hail, joy of the Saints:

Hail, praise of the priests.
Hail, patroness of monks:
Hail, salvation of our entire race.

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Kontakion 9

With all reverence for the copy of the honored image of the merciful Lady of the Portal, the host of mortified monks of Iveron finished their prayers and hymns and washed with holy water the board on which the honored image was to be portrayed; and they consecrated the Elder Lamblichus for the work; who in fasting, prayer and vigil with all the brethren, using only holy water and blessed relics executed the noble likeness of the Mother of God, praying and crying to God: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 9

We see wise men silent as fish on account of you, Mother of God; for they cannot tell how suitable it is to sing of your wondrous works, done for our race through your holy icon; for on the way to Russia, commanding the noble Manuel to give ransom to the infidels who were obstructing the progress of the holy icon into the land of Russia, you rewarded him twofold thereafter. And we, marveling, faithfully sing to you:

Hail, inexhaustible fountain of marvels:
Hail, giver of all mercies.
Hail, ever fervent intercessor for us with God:
Hail, treasure of his providence.
Hail, refuge of those in distress:

Hail, comfort of the afflicted.

Hail, health of the sick:

Hail, strength of the infirm.

Hail, comforter of widows:

Hail, gentle mother of orphans.

Hail, guide of those who stray from the way of truth:

Hail, leader of sinners to repentance.

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Kontakion 10

Wishing to save many times from grief and misery, you pour forth from your icon an unending stream of mercies on our race, Mother of God. Wherefore, blessed Lady of the Portal, in the royal city of Moscow you did show yourself to all who bow down to you, giving ready help and pouring forth streams of light from your icon in the new Iverskaya shrine; and on other cities, monasteries and all who honor you, fulfilling your kindly promise. Wherefore, glorifying God, who gave us so much grace, we sing to him: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 10

You are, a wall of defense to monks, O Mother of God, and to all who take refuge with you; for the Creator of Heaven and earth dwelt in your virgin womb, and taught all who long for purity and chastity to cry to you:

Hail, chosen vessel of virginity:

Hail, purest image of chastity.

Hail, womb of seedless conception:

Hail, Bride ever virgin.

Hail, for whom did bear the Sower of Purity:

Hail, who does unite the faithful to the Lord.

Hail, swift help in the storms of temptation:

Hail, destroyer of the enemy's snares.

Hail, who sweeps away the dark passions that destroy the soul:

Hail, who does purify the mind.

Hail, who teaches us to despise the temptations of the world:

Hail, directing mind and heart to Heaven.

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Kontakion 11

All songs must fail that try to encompass the magnitude of your mercies; if we brought you as many songs as the sands of the sea, Our Lady, Mother of God, we should do nothing worthy of what you have given to us, who sing to you: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 11

We see the holy icon of the Mother of God shining in darkness like a glorious light; with its mysterious fire of grace, its miraculous rays, it illuminates all, teaching us to cry to the Blessed Lady:

Hail, swift help in all our need:

Hail, swift ear to hear in our sorrows.

Hail, delivering us from fire, sword and invasion by the stranger:

Hail, freeing us from famine and an unprovoked death.

Hail, warding off from us poison and all deadly things:

Hail, sudden help to those in trouble travelling by land or sea.

Hail, healing of the soul's poison and of the body's:

Hail, taking into your hands those whom the doctors have given up.

Hail, merciful consoler of all sorrowful and burdened:

Hail, who will not thrust away the despised and the outcast.

Hail, snatching those in utmost despair from the brink of ruin:

Hail, who withholds not your protection and intercession from worthless me, whose good deeds are so few.

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Kontakion 12

Wishing to give grace and release from ancient debts to all debtors, the Redeemer of mankind came with you to those who had departed from his grace, and tearing up the writ against them, gave us a mighty intercessor, high in God's grace: so to her in prayer we cry: **Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia!)**

Ikos 12

As we sing your wonders shown to us in this life, we praise you, Mother of God, as the inexhaustible fountain of mercy: but falling down before your wonderworking icon, we humbly pray, be our protection and shield in the day of our death, and when we come to stand before the dreadful judgment seat of your Son, let us cry to you:

Hail, sitting in glory by the throne of the Son; remembering us there:

Hail, ever reigning with your Son and God, and interceding for us.

Hail, giving confidence to those who hope in you at their life's end:

Hail, making their end painless and peaceful.

Hail, deliverer from bitter pains:

Hail, deliverer from the power of the Prince of the Air.

Hail, who makes our sins to be forgotten:

Hail, God's hope to us of bliss.

Hail, making a place at the right hand of your Son for those that hope in you:

Hail, enabling us to hear his blessed voice that promises us a dwelling in Heaven.

Hail, blessed Mother, who takes with you all who honor you:

Hail, strong hope of eternal salvation to all Christians.

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Kontakion 13

(To be read three times)

O most holy Lady, Virgin, Mother of God, Mother whose praise, all sing, look down upon us humbly with tears bringing our little prayers before your most pure image, putting all our trust and hope in you, and deliver us from all ills and disasters in this life, and from torments in that life to come, that, saved by you, we may sing:

Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia. (People sing Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!)

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Glorifying God Through His Light
50 Hour Prayer Vigil

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