

The 12th Day of the Month of July
Commemoration of the Holy Martyrs Proclus and Hilarius
Commemoration of our Venerable Father Michael of Maleinus

At Vespers

On "Lord, I have cried...", 6 stichera: 3 for the Martyrs, in Tone I:

Spec. Mel.: "Joy of the ranks of heaven..."

Having endured many and divers torments, O Hilarius and Proclus,/ together ye received radiant crowns./ Wherefore, with faith we celebrate/ your most festive memorial,/ making earnest entreaty/ that ye pray for us all.

O blessed Proclus,/ thou didst endure the laceration of thy flesh,/ looking forward to everlasting glory,/ to an abode in paradise/ and to the never-waning light;/ and dwelling therein,/ pray that we who hymn thee may also find enlightenment.

Like two beacons/ ye illumine the world with the radiance of miracles,/ O Hilarius and Proclus, athletes of the Lord,/ who dispel the darkness of the passions./ Wherefore, we hymn you with joy,/ celebrating your memory.

And 3 stichera for the Venerable One, in Tone V:

Spec. Mel.: "O venerable father..."

O venerable father, from thy youth thou didst embrace the angelic life, regarding the beauties of the world as but dung; and, ever mindful of divine glory, thou didst avoid transitory glory as an insubstantial shadow. And thou sharest now in true glory, having cast down the bonds of the flesh; and, standing before the light of the threefold Sun, thou delightest in the effulgence of Christ. Him do thou beseech, to Him do thou ever pray, that He grant to the Church oneness of mind, peace and great mercy.

O venerable father, splendor of compunction, beacon for those in the darkness of despair, never-setting morning-star, all-honorable ember of repentance, divine pearl of the virtues, great lamp of almsgiving and prayer, intercessor for orphans and widows, lawful standard of the Church and active luminary of abstinence: entreat Christ, ever pray to Christ, that He grant to the Church oneness of mind, peace and great mercy.

O venerable father, thou wast hallowed even before thy birth, as was the most sacred Jeremiah; for to her who gave thee birth the Mother of the Lord foretold that she would be given fruit in thee, and she manifestly proclaimed that thou shouldst be given to her from thine earliest infancy. And straightway, with upright intent, she received thee, O divinely wise one, who fled the tumult of life and loved the life of stillness, through which thou didst pass. And thou didst plant assemblies of those like thee like sand by the well-springs of the waters of the Spirit of God.

Glory..., in Tone VI

O venerable father Michael, the sound of thy corrections hath gone forth into all the earth; wherefore, thou hast found the reward for thy labors in the heavens, hast destroyed hordes of the demons, and attained unto the ranks of the angels, whose life thou didst blamelessly emulate. As thou hast boldness before Christ God, ask thou peace for our

souls.

Now & ever...: Theotokion, or this stavrotheotokion:

Spec. Mel.: "On the third day..."

The most immaculate Theotokos, beholding our Life hanging upon the Tree, cried out, lamenting maternally: O my Son and my God, save those who hymn Thee with love!

At the aposticha, the stichera from the Octoechos; and Glory..., in Tone VIII

We honor thee, O Michael our father, as the instructor of a multitude of monks; for following thy steps we have truly come to know how to walk aright. Blessed art thou who, having labored for Christ, didst denounce the power of the enemy, O conversor with the angels and companion of the venerable and the righteous. With them entreat the Lord, that our souls find mercy.

Now & ever...: Theotokion, or this stavrotheotokion:

Spec. Mel.: "O all-glorious wonder..."

The undefiled heifer,/ beholding her Bullock hanging upon the Tree,/ nailed there of His own will,/ cried out, lamenting piteously:/ "Woe is me,/ O my most beloved Child!/ How hath the thankless assembly of the Jews rewarded Thee,/ desiring to leave me bereft of Thee my Child,/ O most Beloved?"

Troparion, in Tone VIII

In thee, O father, that which is fashioned according to the image of God was preserved; for, having taken up thy cross, thou didst follow after Christ, and by thine example didst teach that the flesh is to be disdained as transitory, but that the soul must be cared for as a thing immortal. Wherefore, thy spirit doth rejoice with the angels, O venerable Michael.

At Matins

One canon from the Octoechos, with 6 troparia; and two for the saints, with 8 troparia.

Ode I

Canon of the Martyrs, the composition of Theophanes, in Tone IV

Irmos: O Thou Who wast born of the Virgin, drown Thou the three parts of my soul in the depths of dispassion, as thou didst the mighty mounted captains, that in the mortality of my body, as upon a timbrel, I may chant a hymn of victory.

O blessed athletes of valor, who have been united with God and are ever illumined by divine rays, enlighten my soul, which hymneth your radiant and honorable suffering with compunction of heart.

The desire for heaven gave you wings; wherefore, ye considered all the beauties of life but dung, O athletes who have been deified by your yearning for God and have brought low all the might of the ungodly.

Set alight by the fire of the divine Trinity, O wise ones, with the outpourings of your blood ye quenched the burning of impiety. Wherefore, with the pure rains of healing wash away the defilement of our passions.

Seeking life without grief, heavenly glory, the delight of paradise, noetic light and beautiful joy, O martyrs, with valiant mind ye endured waves of cruelty.

The choirs of heaven were amazed at your endurance, O wise ones; for, rejoicing, with courage of mind ye endured the beating of your flesh and the most cunning of tortures and crushed the malice of the enemy.

Theotokion: In proclaiming to thee “Rejoice!”, O Mistress, Gabriel truly removed the poison from the ears of our first mother Eve; for thou alone hast given birth, in manner past understanding and recounting, to Him Who hath cut down the evil of the serpent.

Canon of the Venerable One, in Tone VIII

Irmos: Once, the staff of Moses, performing a miracle, striking the sea in the form of the Cross and dividing it, drowned the mounted tyrant Pharaoh and saved Israel who fled on foot, chanting a hymn unto God.

Sanctified by the brilliant lightning-flashes of the Spirit, filled with His inspiration and sounded like an instrument, O all-blessed one, drive away the darkness from my soul, and grant me the words to hymn thee as is meet.

Thou didst truly prefer the love of the Creator to that of thy parents, the angelic life to that which is transitory, and the incorrupt adornment of the King of all to the beauty of the world. And therein dost thou delight, rejoicing.

Thou wast O most brilliant beam of the dawning of the threefold Sun, richly illuminating the face of all the earth with the thrice-radiant light of thy life, O father, and dispelling the darkness of sin with thy words.

Theotokion: Thou wast shown to be the tongs holding the Ember, which Isaiah beheld from afar, O all-holy one, in that thou didst hold the ember of Christ’s Godhead within thy womb without being consumed, and didst bear in thine arms God Who holdeth all things in His hand.

Ode III

Canon of the Martyrs

Irmos: Not in wisdom, nor in power, nor yet in riches do we boast, but in Thee, O Christ, the hypostatic Wisdom of the Father; for there is none holier than Thee, Who lovest mankind.

Thou didst denounce the foolish with the wisdom of godly discourses, and with the might of the Spirit didst endure the rending of thy flesh, O most blessed Proclus, thou divinely inspired martyr.

When thou wast mercilessly crucified, the mindless one ordered thee lacerated, but thou didst lift the eyes of thy soul unto God and wast made beautiful by thine endurance.

Thou didst manfully endure the breaking of thy limbs, O all-wise Proclus, and with thy blood didst quench the burning of ungodliness, strengthened by divine grace.

Theotokion: O most immaculate Virgin, loose thou the bonds of my wicked deeds, binding me instead to the love of the Word Who was born of thee; and save me, O Mistress, through thy supplications.

Canon of the Venerable One

Irmos: O Christ, Who in the beginning established the heavens with understanding and founded the earth upon the waters: establish me on the rock of Thy commandments, for none is holier than Thee, Who alone lovest mankind.

Having hated the bitterness of pleasures with all thy soul, and disdained earthly glory, thou didst willingly cast aside the cincture of worldly rank and didst prefer the King of all to kings on earth.

Sanctified from earliest infancy, thou wast revealed as chosen from thy mother's womb; for she who gave birth to Christ told thine honorable mother that thou wouldst be given to her, and she straightway received thee as one sanctified.

Having purified thy soul and mind with noetic myrrh, and laid waste to thy body with hunger, thou didst become an abode of Christ, having Him within thee speaking, walking and emitting the perfume of peace.

Theotokion: The Word Who is equally enthroned with the Father made His abode within thy womb, O pure one, taking flesh of thy pure blood; and having been born, He hath cleansed creation of the madness of idolatry with the sprinkling of His blood.

Kontakion of the martyrs, in Tone IV:

Spec. Mel.: "Having been lifted up..."-

The honorable suffering of Proclus and Hilarius hath shone forth like the morning-star, illumining us with the splendors of miracles. Wherefore, we celebrate your memory, crying: Entreat Christ God, that He save our souls!

Sessional Hymn of the martyrs, in Tone I:

Spec. Mel.: "Thy tomb, O Savior..."

O ye faithful, magnifying Christ, together let us honor Hilarius and the glorious Proclus, who suffered steadfastly and cast down the enemy; for they dispel the darkness of the passions with miracles, illumining those who have recourse to them with faith.

Glory...: Sessional Hymn of the Venerable One, in Tone VIII:

Spec. Mel.: "Of the Wisdom..."

The reason-endowed lamb of Christ, who in holiness tended the sheep of the Lord in the meadow of the virtues, hath astonished the angels and valiantly put the demons to shame, dwelling among men as an incorporeal one. Wherefore, as is meet, he standeth before the Trinity and never ceaseth to guide his flock by his supplications. To him do we cry out: Entreat Christ God, that He grant remission of sins unto those who honor thy holy memory with love.

Now & ever...: Theotokion

Having fallen into most cunning temptations of enemies visible and invisible, and beset by the tempest of my countless offenses, O pure one, I hasten to the haven of thy goodness as to my fervent help and protection; wherefore, O all-pure one, earnestly make supplication to Him Who became seedlessly incarnate of thee, in behalf of all thy servants, who unceasingly pray to thee, O all-pure Theotokos, and ever entreat Him to grant remission of offenses unto those who hymn thy glory as is meet.

Stavrotheotokion

The ewe-lamb, beholding the Lamb, Shepherd and Deliverer upon the Cross, exclaimed, weeping, and, bitterly lamenting, cried out: "The world rejoiceth, receiving deliverance through Thee; but my womb doth burn, beholding Thy crucifixion, which Thou endurest in the lovingkindness of Thy mercy. O long-suffering Lord, abyss and inexhaustible well-spring of mercy, have pity and grant remission of offenses unto those who

hymn Thy divine sufferings with faith!"

Ode IV

Canon of the Martyrs

Irmos: Seated in glory upon the throne of the Godhead, Jesus all-divine hath come on a light cloud, and with His incorrupt arm hath saved those who cry out: Glory to Thy power, O Christ!

The firmness of matter followed thy words; for thou didst hinder the blood-thirsty one from his advance until thou didst confess Christ to be the Lord of all, the transcendent God, O Proclus.

With invincible boldness and valiant mind thou didst stand before the tribunal, O Proclus, proclaiming aloud the incarnation of our Deliverer, Who abased Himself even to assuming the guise of a servant.

Shamelessly the persecutor displayed his methods of torture and violent death before the wise ones; but, seeing them invincible, he marvelled, and perceiving himself vanquished, was confounded.

Theotokion: Taking pity on the creation of Thy hands, which had been marred by the transgression, O Word, Thou didst take up Thine abode within the womb of her who knew not wedlock and didst come in two natures, restoring the ways of incorruption unto those who acknowledge Thee.

Canon of the Venerable One

Irmos: Thou art my strength, O Lord, Thou art my power; Thou art my God, Thou art my joy, Who, without leaving the bosom of the Father, hast visited our lowliness. Wherefore, with the Prophet Habbakuk I cry to Thee: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

The stream of life gave drink to thy mind through the activity of the divine Spirit; wherefore, rejecting the bitterness of pleasures, it was filled with divine sweetness. And receiving constant repletion thereof, it chanteth: Glory to Thy power, O Thou Who lovest mankind!

The fire of temptations and the furnace of the passions didst thou extinguish with the streams of thy tears and the rich dew of the Spirit, O father, while preserved unconsumed; for, set afire by the love of the King of all, thou didst cause material desires to wither away.

Having elevated thy mind to the life of heaven, O father, thou didst lighten the carnal burden of material passions; wherefore, thou didst unwaveringly serve the Trinity, and, emulating the character of Moses and the life of Elijah, hast beheld the Lord.

Theotokion: "Thou art wholly beautiful, O pure one, My love!" thy Son crieth out to thee, O Mistress, finding thee to be holier than the nature of the angels; and He ineffably wove for Himself a body of thy pure blood, like a robe of royal purple, and glorifieth those who glorify Him.

Ode V

Canon of the Martyrs

Irmos: Thou hast come, O my Lord, as a light into the world, a holy light turning away from the darkness of ignorance those who hymn Thee with faith.

O Lord, Thou Holy of holies, insuperable rampart of those who contend with diligence: Thou art the strength and confirmation of the martyrs.

Setting thy soul afire with divine desire, thou didst endure being set afire with torches, O right wondrous and all-blessed Proclus.

"I fear only the everlasting fire!" thou didst cry out when thou wast set afire, O martyr Proclus, and wast voluntarily slain at the command of the tyrant.

Theotokion: Who can recount the mystery of thee, O Mistress Theotokos? For thou didst ineffably give flesh to the Creator of all.

Canon of the Venerable One

Irmos: Wherefore hast Thou turned Thy face from me, O Light never-waning? And why hath a strange darkness covered me, wretch that I am? But turn me and guide my steps to the light of Thy commandments, I pray.

The slumber of despondency did not cover the eyes of thy heart or thy mind; but, wounded by the sting of divine desire, by standing whole nights in prayer thou didst endure without covering the brow of thy flesh.

Having had humble-mindedness as thy companion from thy youth, thou wast not made captive by the thoughts of the deceiver, illumining instead thy mind with divine visions and instructions; and thou didst possess humility of mind.

Theotokion: The comely Word found thee to be a palace of the virtues, beautiful in comeliness, and made His abode within thine incorrupt womb; and it was His good pleasure to be born immutably of thee, adorning the countenances of the faithful.

Ode VI

Canon of the Martyrs

Irmos: I have fallen into the depths of the sea, and the tempest of my many sins hath engulfed me; but, as Thou art God, lead up my life from the abyss, O greatly Merciful One.

Neither fire, nor wounds, nor wild beasts, nor mortal trials were able to separate you from the pure and immaculate love of God, O valiant ones.

The martyrs' courage even to the shedding of their blood truly doth not enslave them to the laws of praise. The Lord, Who Himself alone doth glorify, magnifieth them as His favorites.

Traversing the deep of cruel torments right safely, ye hastened to the divine haven of everlasting delight which is in Christ, O passion-bearing martyrs.

Theotokion: "Behold!" Isaiah cried out of old, "a Virgin giveth birth to the Angel of great Counsel, Emmanuel, God the Lord, the Savior of our souls!"

Canon of the Venerable One

Irmos: Cleanse me, O Savior, for many are mine iniquities, and lead me up from the abyss of evils, I pray; for to Thee have I cried, and Thou hast hearkened unto me, O God of my salvation.

Having mortified the pleasures, thou wast enlivened by the Spirit; and having bound the mighty one, thou didst plunder his vessels, and by thy doctrines didst enlarge them as receptacles of right profitable virtues.

Having dispelled slothful shortness of speech, O father, thou becamest for them who desired it a twofold bread of life in abundance, distributing nourishment with thy hands and by thy tongue.

Having received from God the talent of teaching, with godly zeal thou didst increase it immeasurably, and thou hearest now the joyous voice of thy Master calling thee to higher things.

Theotokion: The Most High became man within thee in manner transcending the laws of nature, and He appeared immutably flesh and dwelt with men, and hath shown us how to rise up to the heavenly path.

Kontakion of the Venerable One, in Tone II:

Spec. Mel.: "The steadfast..."

Thou didst lighten the heaviness of the flesh by thy works and didst give speedy wings to thy soul by enlightenment, O Michael; and thou hast shown thyself to be a dwelling-place for the Trinity, beholding Whom, O blessed one, pray thou unceasingly for us all.

Ikos: O unshakable pillar of prayer, perfection of the love of heavenly wisdom, abyss of compunction, thou wast not caught up to the third heaven, yet didst clearly behold the cherubim where the never-diminishing Godhead is; and, resplendent with these visions, thou dost render worship and receivest all-divine glory, whereby thou art deified. Wherefore, we are unable to hymn thee worthily, but beg forgiveness, crying out together: Pray thou unceasingly for us all!

Ode VII

Canon of the Martyrs

Irmos: Once, in Babylon, the children of Abraham trampled the flame of the furnace underfoot, crying out in hymns: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Having given your bodies over to wounds for love of the incarnate Word, O martyrs, ye have received from Him a crown of righteousness as an adornment.

Having illumined your minds with divine light, O all-praised ones, with faith ye passed through the darkness of martyrdom, crying: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

With the flow of thy honeyed discourse from thy lips, O all-blessed Proclus, thou givest the drink of divine healing to those who chant: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Thy mind strengthened by divine power, thou didst endure bitter tortures, O Hilarius, crying aloud: O God of our fathers, blessed art Thou!

Theotokion: In that thou art more exalted than all creatures, thou gavest birth to the Creator of all, remaining a Virgin, O undefiled one, who alone art blessed and ever all-glorious.

Canon of the Venerable One

Irmos: Once, in Babylon, fire stood in awe of the condescension of God; wherefore, the youths, dancing with joyous tread in the furnace, as in a meadow, chanted: Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers!

Receiving in thy heart the seed of God's commandments more than a hundredfold, thou didst bring forth as fruit the divine grain: a thousand monks who cry aloud: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

Thy lips were shown to be the vessel of the all-holy Spirit, and the precious teachings of thy tongue were as a flood for those who cry out together to the Trinity: Blessed is the God of our fathers!

Theotokion: He Who created me made His abode within thy womb, and God passed through thee as a man bearing flesh: the blessed God of our fathers was not divided as to hypostasis within the Virgin, nor was He subject to confusion.

Ode VIII

Canon of the Martyrs

Irmos: O almighty Deliverer of all, descending, Thou didst bedew the pious ones in the midst of the flame, and didst teach them to chant: Bless and hymn the Lord, all ye works!

After thy many torments, the savage foe gave thee over to be pierced with arrows, O most lauded Proclus; and cut apart thereby, thou didst commit thy spirit to the hands of God, rejoicing.

Thy precious body was wounded repeatedly with arrows, O holy one, yet inflicted incurable wounds upon the incorporeal foe who do not chant: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Illumined with the splendor of grace and rolled upon the earth like a stone, O Hilarious, thou didst crush the foundation of falsehood, chanting in thy strength: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Shedding drops of thy blood, thou didst extinguish the fire of impiety and hast given drink to the faithful who chant unceasingly: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Theotokion: Incarnate of thy pure blood, O Mistress Theotokos, God, Who fashioned and created me, hath restored the world, which crieth aloud: Bless the Lord, all ye works of the Lord!

Canon of the Venerable One

Irmos: Madly did the Chaldean tyrant heat the furnace sevenfold for the pious ones; but, seeing them saved by a higher Power, he cried out to the Creator and Deliverer: Ye children, bless; ye priests, hymn; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

Beholding in the flesh with brilliance of mind the all-unapproachable beauty of the Lord, which thou didst greatly desire, thou now standest before the face of the Trinity, having forsaken thy dust and utterly passed over to the heavens, crying: Ye people, exalt the Lord supremely for all ages!

When thou didst complete thy contest against the demons, O father, the Master bestowed upon thee the most precious crown of kingdom and immortality, more lustrous than gold and more beautiful than any pearl; and, shining more brightly than the sun, thou criest: Ye people, exalt the Lord supremely for all ages!

O thy sweet tongue, wherewith thou hast all-wisely pursued those swallowed up by the deceitful enemy and brought them unto divine transformation, pitching them like tents in the sand, and crying out unceasingly: Ye priests, bless; ye people, exalt the Lord

supremely for all ages!

Theotokion: Thou hast brought life to those slain by the most deadly sting of the serpent, O Virgin who gavest birth to God, the Bestower of life. Him do thou earnestly entreat, that He quell the uprisings of the passions of those who chant with love: Ye priests, bless; ye people, exalt Him supremely for all ages!

Ode IX

Canon of the Martyrs

Irmos: Afflicted with the infirmity of disobedience, Eve dwelt under a curse; but thou, O Virgin Theotokos, hast budded forth blessing for the world through the Offspring of thy pregnancy. Wherefore, we all call thee blessed.

Behold, the radiant, sacred and harmonious memorial of the martyrs hath shone forth, enlightening the whole earth, dispelling the gloom of wickedness, driving away the clouds from men's souls and pouring forth the grace of healings.

Like two spiritual breasts which exude the milk of healings, ye give drink to every heart, O martyrs, driving away the bitterness of infirmities and healing cruel sufferings. Wherefore, ye are meetly called blessed.

Having dyed your robes purple with drops of your sacred blood, O all-glorious ones, wearing them in beauty ye ever reign with Christ, our one King and God, praying for the world.

The earth hath been blessed by your blood and in receiving your relics, and the Church of the firstborn is made divinely splendid by the Spirit. Therein, as martyrs, do ye pray for the world with the martyrs.

Theotokion: O pure Mistress, thine all-pure womb became the abode of the light of Him Who appeared for thy sake, visible in the matter of His body, and Who hath illumined all who are in darkness. Wherefore, with faith we call thee blessed.

Canon of the Venerable One

Irmos: Every ear hath been stricken with awe to hear of the ineffable condescension of God, how the Most High of His own will lowered Himself even to assuming flesh from the Virgin's womb, becoming man. Wherefore, O ye faithful, we magnify the all-pure Theotokos.

Today all the earth is come, proclaiming the divine name of Christ and celebrating thy godly memory; for by thy monastic instructions thou hast made it heaven and hast illumined those who emulate the angelic ranks.

The lightning-flashes of thy miracles have illumined all the ends of the earth, for thy shrine poureth forth healings for those who pray with faith. Wherefore, heaven possesseth thee, while the earth hath the earthly tabernacle of thy body, to which thou didst lay waste with thine asceticism even before the grave.

An earthly mind cannot understand the all-radiant and all-indescribable light of the Trinity, which thou hast now received and whereby thou art manifestly deified. O all-blessed one, standing before the Holy Trinity, be thou mindful of those who commemorate thee.

Theotokion: We were shown to have fallen away from divine life because of the tree of knowledge; but thou gavest birth to Christ God, the Tree of life, Who hath led those who

hymn thee forth from the dark abodes of hades and led them into life which cannot be taken away.

Exapostilarion:

Spec. Mel.: "The heaven with stars..."

Desiring the angelic life, thou didst withdraw thyself from all the beauties of life and madest thine abode in the courts of the commandments of the Lord; and thou rejoicest with the angels.

Theotokion

O Theotokos, thou art the cause of the good things given by God to the world. Move the easily pacified God now to mercy, for the salvation of all.