Vesper Propers, October 31

The holy priest-martyr Theodore Romzha. Born in Veliky Bychkiv in Carpatho-Russia in 1911, he came from a poor family and exhibited a vocation to the priesthood. Sent to Rome for studies, he was ordained in 1937 and sent to the country parish of Berzovo. In 1939, he was called to the seminary at Uzhhorod and taught there until 1944. In 1944, despite his youth, he was ordained bishop for the Mukachevo Eparchy. During the Soviet Army’s occupation of Carpatho-Russia, he was tireless in his care for his flock and in his defense of the rights of the Byzantine Catholic Church. On October 27, 1947, he was severely wounded in a staged accident. He was taken to the hospital in Mukachevo, where he was subsequently poisoned, and died. (1947)

Supplement for The Order of Vespers for Sundays after Pentecost, 2006

Lamplighting Psalms in Tone 4 (p. 58).

Bring my soul out of this prison
and then I shall praise your name.

Around me the just will assemble
because of your goodness to me.

Cantor: (Tone 4) Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord;
(on 8) Lord, hear my voice!

Stichera of the holy priest-martyr Theodore - Tone 4 samohlasen

I love you, O Lord, you are my strength! You are my strong-hold, my refuge!

Theodore took this verse to his heart, lived and died in the light of this word.

Lord! feed us as you fed him,

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who fed his people on the Bread for which angels yearn and who now
with the Seraphim in glory cries out: Holy and thrice-holy is
our God, the Lover of us all.

Cantor: Let your ears be attentive
to the voice of my pleading. All repeat “I love you, O Lord…”

Cantor: If you, O Lord, should mark our guilt, Lord, who would survive?
But with you is found forgiveness: for this we revere you.

The cords of death compassed him about but his cries to God reached God’s ears.

Hell bent its sword to claim a shepherd—smite the shepherd and
scatter the sheep—but laying down his own life
the shepherd Theodore defeated Hell’s dark design. Together with the
martyrs he sings the vict’ry song: Holy and thrice-holy is our God,
Cantor:  My soul is waiting for the Lord. I count on his word.
(on 5)    My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.

*All repeat “The cords of death…”*

Cantor:  Let the watchman count on daybreak,
(on 4)    and Israel on the Lord.

I once served the Mysteries. Now I see clearly the Lord, whose face
I dimly glimpsed. I lost my life for the Lord’s sake and so I found it!

Holy and thrice-ho-ly is our God, the Lover of us all.

Cantor:  Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption,
(on 3)    Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity. *All repeat “From the depths…”*
My God reached from on high, he took me, drew me out of many waters. Those who hated truth and unity all seemed too mighty for Theodore. They ambushed him in their hate, but the Lord led him into a broad and open place and he rewarded him for the cleanliness of his hands. Holy and thrice-holy is our God, the Lover of us all.

Cantor: Strong is the love of the Lord for us; he is faithful forever. All repeat "My God reached from on high..."

Cantor: (Tone 6) Glory...now and ever...

Doxastikon - Tone 6 samohlasen

They forced his cart from the road, but Theodore did not waver from the path of...
righteousness. They injected him with poison, but it could not
touch the heart that overflowed with love for Truth. They shrouded their evil deeds in
secrecy, but Theodore’s light could not be dimmed.

Your martyr, O Lord, is our Church’s boast! Through his holy prayers,
save our souls.

Cantor: Now and ever…

Dogmatikon in the same tone (Tone 6, p. 87)

Hymn of the Evening, p. 12

Prokeimenon for the day of the week, pp 114-115

Readings:
II Kings 2: 9 - 14
Isaiah 26: 7 - 13
Sirach 2: 1 - 6
You offered up the sacrifice of praise, O Theodore, father
and bishop, then you, yourself, were offered up as a rational
sacrifice, O martyr, patterned after the Lord,
who was for us both priest and victim.

Cantor: (Tone 7) Glory…

Doxastikon - Tone 7 samohlasen

Ahab’s little flock of goats conquered Syria’s army, for God
dwells both in the hills and on the plain. Now from Carpathian heights,
blessed Theodore has vanquished a host of demons and men. How the
mighty have fallen upon the stumbling block of the Cross!
All of us hasten to take refuge in you, O Lady; and we cry out to you:

O Theotokos, you are our only hope; deliver us from our countless sins, and save our souls.

Litany of the Litija, p 116.

Aposticha

Cantor: Now and ever…

Theotokion

Come, O feast lovers, and gather in the church, to hear Theodore who still cries to us: “Peace be with all!” He now serves before the Throne and the Lamb who like a lamb was dumb before his shearsers.

Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of his faithful.
The god-less ones ground you like wheat, in the jaws of their i-ron hat-tred,

O The-o-dore, cham-pion of the Church, whose ho-ly life and stead-fast-ness in trials

have leav-ened the dough of our faith.

Cantor

How can I re-pay the Lord for his good-ness to me?

Come, O feast-lov-ers, let us go in haste, to the mar-tyr's tomb in

Uz-ho-rod. Sing to him who would rather be lowly in the tem-ple of the

Lord, low-ly e-ven un-to death, rath-er than dwell a-mong the

tents of the wick-ed.

Cantor:  (Tone 5) Glory…
If you suffer for your Faith, said Theodore, then be grateful to God!

For he is offering to you the crown of martyrdom. We sing to the twice-crowned pastor, crowned as bishop and wreathed as martyr, asking him to beseech the Lord for us: for the Lord is good, and he loves us all.

Cantor: Now and ever…

Aposticha Theotokion in the same tone (Tone 5, p. 79)


Troparia

Priest, then All:  

My father, my father! The chariots of Israel and its horsemen!

Up on a cart as up on his bishop's throne, Theodore has been carried
Beyond the sanctuary veil. Let fall, O father, your mantle of pray'r,

and beseech Christ to save our souls.

Cantor: (Tone 4) Glory...now and ever...

“Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos,” p. 119, followed by the Blessing of Bread.