

DIVINE LITURGY VARIABLES ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 01, 2020
TONE 4 / EOTHINON 10; HOLY UNMERCENARIES COSMAS AND DAMIAN OF ASIA &
FIFTH SUNDAY OF LUKE

THEODOTA, THE UNMERCENARIES' MOTHER; VENERABLE-MARTYR JAMES AND HIS DISCIPLES JAMES THE DEACON AND DIONYSIOS OF
PRODROMOU SKETE ON ATHOS; VENERABLE DAVID OF EVIA IN GREECE

Deacon: For Metropolitan Paul, Archbishop John, and for their quick release from captivity and safe return, let us pray to the Lord.

الشماس: مِنْ أَجْلِ المِثْرُوبُولِيَّةِ بُولْسَ والمِطْرَانِ
يُوحَنَّا وَفَكَ اسْرِهِمَا وَعَوْدَتِهِمَا سَالِمِينَ، إِلَى الرَّبِّ
نُطَلِّبُ.

- *During the Little Entrance, chant the Resurrectional Apolytikion. Then, the following:*

THE EISODIKON (ENTRANCE HYMN) OF ORDINARY SUNDAYS

Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ.
Save us, O Son of God, **Who art risen from the dead**; who sing to Thee. Alleluia.

هَلِّمُوا لِنَسْجُدْ وَنَرْكَعَ لِلْمَسِيحِ، مَلِكِنَا وَإِلَهِنَا. خَلَّصْنَا يَا
ابْنَ اللَّهِ، يَا مَنْ قَامَ مِنْ بَيْنِ الْأَمْوَاتِ، لِنُرْتَلَّ لَكَ.
هَلِّلُوبِيَا.

RESURRECTIONAL APOLYTIKION IN TONE FOUR

Having learned the joyful message of the Resurrection from the angel the women disciples of the Lord cast from them their parental condemnation. And proudly broke the news to the Disciples, saying: Death hath been spoiled; Christ God is risen, granting the world Great Mercy.

إِنَّ تَلْمِيذَاتِ الرَّبِّ تَعَلَّمْنَ مِنَ الْمَلَائِكَةِ الْكَرَزِ بِالْقِيَامَةِ الْبَهْجِ،
وَطَرَحْنَ الْقَضَاءَ الْجَدِيَّ، وَخَاطَبْنَ الرَّسُلَ مُفْتَخِرَاتٍ
وَقَائِلَاتٍ: سُبِّي الْمَوْتُ وَقَامَ الْمَسِيحُ الْإِلَهُ، وَمَنَحَ الْعَالَمَ
الرَّحْمَةَ الْعُظْمَى.

APOLYTIKION OF SS. COSMAS AND DAMIAN OF ASIA IN TONE EIGHT

O ye silver-hating, wonderworking saints, Cosmas and Damian, visit our sicknesses. Freely ye received, freely give unto us.

أَيُّهَا الْقِدِّيسَانِ الْمَاقِتَا الْفِضَّةَ وَالصَّانِعَا الْعَجَائِبِ، مَجَّانًا
أَخَذْتُمَا مَجَّانًا أُعْطِيَانَا.

- *Now sing the apolytikion of the patron saint or feast of the temple.*

ORDINARY KONTAKION IN TONE TWO

O protection of Christians that cannot be put to shame, mediation unto the Creator most constant, O despise not the suppliant voices of those who have sinned; but be thou quick, O good one, to come unto our aid, who in faith cry unto thee: Hasten to intercession, and speed thou to make supplication, thou who dost ever protect, O Theotokos, them that honor thee.

يَا شَفِيعَةَ الْمَسِيحِيِّينَ الْغَيْرِ الْخَازِيَةِ، الْوَسِيطَةَ لَدَى
الْخَالِقِ غَيْرِ الْمَرْدُودَةِ، لَا تُعْرِضِي عَنْ أَصْوَاتِ طَلِبَاتِنَا
نَحْنُ الْخَطَاةَ، بَلْ تَدَارِكِينَا بِالْمَعُونَةِ بِمَا أَنَّكَ صَالِحَةٌ،
نَحْنُ الصَّارِحِينَ إِلَيْكَ بِإِيمَانٍ: بَادِرِي إِلَى الشَّفَاعَةِ
وَأَسْرِعِي فِي الطَّلِبَةِ، يَا وَالِدَةَ الْإِلَهِ، الْمُتَشَفِّعَةَ دَائِمًا
بِمُكْرَمِيكَ.

THE EPISTLE

(For Ss. Cosmas and Damian of Asia)

*In the saints that are in His earth hath the Lord
been wondrous.*

I beheld the Lord ever before me.

The Reading from the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. (12:27-13:8)

Brethren, you are the body of Christ and individually members of it. And God has appointed in the Church first apostles, second prophets, third teachers, then workers of miracles, then healers, helpers, administrators, speakers in various kinds of tongues. Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Do all work miracles? Do all possess gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret? But earnestly desire the higher gifts. And I will show you a still more excellent way. If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing. Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends.

الرَّبُّ قَدْ صَنَعَ الْعَجَائِبَ لِلْقَدِيسِينَ الَّذِينَ فِي أَرْضِهِ
سَبَقْتُ فَأَبْصَرْتُ الرَّبَّ أَمَامِي فِي كُلِّ حِينٍ
فَصَلُّ مِنْ رِسَالَةِ الْقَدِيسِ بُولُسَ الرَّسُولِ الْأُولَى إِلَى
أَهْلِ كورِنْثُوسَ.

يا إِخْوَةُ، أَنْتُمْ جَسَدُ الْمَسِيحِ، وَأَعْضَاؤُهُ أَفْرَادًا. * وَقَدْ وَضَعَ
اللَّهُ فِي الْكَنِيسَةِ: أَوْلَى رُسُلًا، ثَانِيًا أَنْبِيَاءَ، ثَالِثًا مُعَلِّمِينَ، ثُمَّ
قُوَّاتٍ، وَبَعْدَ ذَلِكَ مَوَاهِبَ شِفَاءٍ، فَإِغَاثَاتٍ فَتْدَائِيرَ، فَأَنْوَاعَ
الْأَسِنَّةِ. * أَلَعَلَّ الْجَمِيعَ رُسُلٌ؟ أَلَعَلَّ الْجَمِيعَ أَنْبِيَاءُ؟ أَلَعَلَّ
الْجَمِيعَ مُعَلِّمُونَ؟ أَلَعَلَّ الْجَمِيعَ صَانِعُوا قُوَّاتٍ؟ * أَلَعَلَّ
لِلْجَمِيعِ مَوَاهِبَ الشِّفَاءِ؟ أَلَعَلَّ الْجَمِيعَ يَنْطَفُونَ بِالْأَسِنَّةِ؟
أَلَعَلَّ الْجَمِيعَ يُتَرْجِمُونَ؟ * وَلَكِنْ تَتَأَفَّسُوا فِي الْمَوَاهِبِ
الْفُضْلَى وَأَنَا أَرِيكُمْ طَرِيقًا أَفْضَلَ جِدًّا. * إِنْ كُنْتُ أَنْطِقُ
بِالْأَسِنَّةِ النَّاسِ وَالْمَلَائِكَةِ وَلَمْ تَكُنْ فِيَّ الْمَحَبَّةَ فَإِنَّمَا أَنَا
نُحَاسٌ يَطِنُ أَوْ صِنْجٌ يَرْنُ. * وَإِنْ كَانَتْ لِي النُّبُوَّةُ وَكُنْتُ
أَعْلَمُ جَمِيعَ الْأَسْرَارِ وَالْعِلْمَ كُلَّهُ، وَإِنْ كَانَ لِي الْإِيمَانُ كُلَّهُ
حَتَّى أَنْقُلَ الْجِبَالَ، وَلَكِنْ لَيْسَ لِي مَحَبَّةً، فَلَسْتُ بِشَيْءٍ. *
وَإِنْ أَطَعَمْتُ جَمِيعَ أَمْوَالِي، وَأَسَلَّمْتُ جَسَدِي لِأُحْرَقَ، وَلَمْ
تَكُنْ فِيَّ الْمَحَبَّةَ لَيْسَ لِي مَحَبَّةً، فَلَا أَنْتَفِعُ شَيْئًا. * الْمَحَبَّةُ
تَتَأَنَّى وَتَرْفُقُ. الْمَحَبَّةُ لَا تَحْسُدُ. الْمَحَبَّةُ لَا تَتَبَاهَى وَلَا
تَتَنَفَّخُ، * وَلَا تَأْتِي قِبَاحَةً وَلَا تَلْتَمِسُ مَا هُوَ لَهَا، وَلَا تَحْتَدُّ،
وَلَا تَتَّظَنُّ السُّوْءَ، * وَلَا تَفْرَحُ بِالظُّلْمِ بَلْ تَفْرَحُ بِالْحَقِّ، *
وَتَحْتَمِلُ كُلَّ شَيْءٍ، وَتُصَدِّقُ كُلَّ شَيْءٍ، وَتَرْجُو كُلَّ
شَيْءٍ، وَتَصْبِرُ عَلَى كُلِّ شَيْءٍ. * الْمَحَبَّةُ لَا تَسْقُطُ أَبَدًا.

THE GOSPEL

(For the Fifth Sunday of Luke)

The Reading from the Holy Gospel according to St. Luke. (16:19-31)

The Lord said, "There was a rich man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen and who

فَصَلُّ شَرِيفٌ مِنْ بَشَارَةِ الْقَدِيسِ لُوقَا الْإِنْجِيلِيِّ الْبَشِيرِ
وَالْتَلْمِيزِ الطَّاهِرِ.

feasted sumptuously every day. And at his gate lay a poor man named Lazarus, full of sores, who desired to be fed with what fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. The poor man died and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried; and in Hades, being in torment, he lifted up his eyes, and saw Abraham far off and Lazarus in his bosom. And he called out, 'Father Abraham, have mercy upon me, and send Lazarus to dip the end of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am in anguish in this flame.' But Abraham said, 'Son, remember that you in your lifetime received your good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things; but now he is comforted here, and you are in anguish. And besides all this, between us and you a great chasm has been fixed, in order that those who would pass from here to you may not be able, and none may cross from there to us.' And he said, 'Then I beg you, father, to send him to my father's house, for I have five brothers, so that he may warn them, lest they also come into this place of torment.' But Abraham said, 'They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.' And he said, 'No, father Abraham; but if someone goes to them from the dead, they will repent.' He said to him, 'If they do not hear Moses and the prophets, neither will they be convinced if someone should rise from the dead.'"

قَالَ الرَّبُّ: كَانَ إِنْسَانٌ غَنِيٌّ يَلْبَسُ الْأَرْجُونَ وَالْبَزْرَ
وَيَتَنَعَّمُ كُلَّ يَوْمٍ تَتَعَمَّ فَاخِرًا * وَكَانَ مِسْكِينٌ اسْمُهُ لِعَازَرَ
مَطْرُوحًا عِنْدَ بَابِهِ مُصَابًا بِالْقُرُوحِ * وَكَانَ يَشْتَهِي أَنْ
يَشْبَعَ مِنَ الْفَتَاتِ الَّذِي يَسْقُطُ مِنْ مَائِدَةِ الْغَنِيِّ. بَلْ
كَانَتْ الْكِلَابُ تَأْتِي وَتَلْحَسُ قُرُوحَهُ * ثُمَّ مَاتَ الْمِسْكِينُ،
فَنَقَلَتْهُ الْمَلَائِكَةُ إِلَى حِضْنِ إِبْرَاهِيمَ. وَمَاتَ الْغَنِيُّ أَيْضًا
فَدُفِنَ * فَرَفَعَ عَيْنَيْهِ فِي الْجَحِيمِ وَهُوَ فِي الْعَذَابِ، فَرَأَى
إِبْرَاهِيمَ مِنْ بَعِيدٍ وَلِعَازَرَ فِي حِضْنِهِ * فَنَادَى قَائِلًا "يَا
أَبَتِ إِبْرَاهِيمَ ارْحَمْنِي وَأَرْسِلْ لِعَازَرَ لِيُغَمِّسَ طَرْفَ
إِصْبَعِهِ فِي الْمَاءِ وَيُبْرِدَ لِسَانِي لِأَنِّي مُعَذَّبٌ فِي هَذَا
الْهَيْبِ" * فَقَالَ إِبْرَاهِيمُ "تَذَكَّرْ يَا ابْنِي أَنَّكَ نِلْتَ خَيْرَاتِكَ
فِي حَيَاتِكَ وَلِعَازَرَ كَذَلِكَ بِلَايَاهُ. وَالآنَ فَهُوَ يَتَعَزَّى
وَأَنْتَ تَتَعَذَّبُ * وَعِلَاوَةً عَلَى هَذَا كَلِّهِ فَبَيْنَنَا وَبَيْنَكُمْ هُوَّةٌ
عَظِيمَةٌ قَدْ أُثْبِتَتْ حَتَّى إِنَّ الَّذِينَ يُرِيدُونَ أَنْ يَجْتَازُوا
مِنْ هُنَا إِلَيْكُمْ لَا يَسْتَطِيعُونَ، وَلَا الَّذِينَ هُنَاكَ أَنْ يَعْزُبُوا
إِلَيْنَا" * فَقَالَ "أَسْأَلُكَ إِذْنًا يَا أَبَتِ أَنْ تُرْسِلَهُ إِلَى بَيْتِ
أَبِي * فَإِنَّ لِي خَمْسَةَ إِخْوَةٍ حَتَّى يَشْهَدَ لَهُمْ لِكَيْ لَا يَأْتُوا
هُمْ أَيْضًا إِلَى مَوْضِعِ الْعَذَابِ هَذَا" * فَقَالَ لَهُ إِبْرَاهِيمُ
"إِنَّ عِنْدَهُمْ مُوسَى وَالْأَنْبِيَاءَ، فَلْيَسْمَعُوا مِنْهُمْ" * قَالَ "لَا
يَا أَبَتِ إِبْرَاهِيمُ، بَلْ إِذَا مَضَى إِلَيْهِمْ وَاحِدٌ مِنَ الْأَمْوَاتِ
يَتُوبُونَ" * فَقَالَ لَهُ "إِنَّ لَمْ يَسْمَعُوا مِنْ مُوسَى وَالْأَنْبِيَاءِ،
فَأِنَّهُمْ وَلَا إِنْ قَامَ وَاحِدٌ مِنَ الْأَمْوَاتِ يُصَدِّقُونَهُ" *

- *The Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom continues as usual.*

THE DISMISSAL

Priest: May He Who rose from the dead, Christ our true God, through the intercessions of His all-immaculate and all-blameless holy Mother; by the might of the Precious and Life-giving Cross; by the protection of the honorable Bodiless Powers of Heaven; at the supplication of the honorable, glorious Prophet, Forerunner and Baptist John; of the holy, glorious and all-laudable apostles; of our father among the saints, John Chrysostom, archbishop of Constantinople, whose Divine Liturgy we have now celebrated; of the holy, glorious and right-victorious Martyrs; of our venerable and God-bearing Fathers; of Saint N., the patron and protector of this holy community; of the holy and righteous ancestors of God, Joachim and Anna; of the holy wonderworking Unmercenaries Cosmas and Damian of Asia and their mother Theodota; Venerable-martyr James and his disciples James the deacon and Dionysios of Prodromou Skete on Athos; and Venerable David of Evia in Greece, whose memory we celebrate today, and of all the saints: have mercy on us and save us, forasmuch as He is good and loveth mankind.

الكاهن: أَيُّهَا الْمَسِيحُ إِلَهُنَا الْحَقِيقِيُّ، يَا مَنْ قَامَ مِنْ بَيْنِ الْأَمْوَاتِ لِأَجْلِ خَلَاصِنَا، بِشَفَاعَاتِ أُمَّكَ الْقَدِيسَةِ الْكَلِيَّةِ الطَّهَارَةِ وَالْبَرِيئَةِ مِنْ كُلِّ عَيْبٍ؛ وَبِقُدْرَةِ الصَّلِيبِ الْكَرِيمِ الْمُخْيِي؛ وَبِطَلَبَاتِ الْقُوَّاتِ السَّمَاوِيَّةِ الْمُكْرَمَةِ الْعَادِمَةِ الْأَجْسَادِ؛ وَالنَّبِيِّ الْكَرِيمِ السَّابِقِ الْمَجِيدِ يُوْحَنَّا الْمَعْمَدَانِ؛ وَالْقَدِيسِينَ الْمُشْرَفِينَ الرُّسُلِ الْجَدِيرِينَ بِكُلِّ مَدِيحٍ؛ وَأَبِينَا الْجَلِيلِ فِي الْقَدِيسِينَ يُوْحَنَّا الذَّهَبِيِّ الْقَمِّ رَئِيسِ أَسَاقِفَةِ الْقِسْطَنْطِينِيَّةِ، كَاتِبِ هَذِهِ الْخِدْمَةِ الشَّرِيفَةِ؛ وَالْقَدِيسِينَ الْمَجِيدِينَ الشُّهَدَاءِ الْمُتَأَلِّقِينَ بِالظَّفَرِ؛ وَأَبَائِنَا الْأَبْرَارِ الْمُتَوَشِّحِينَ بِاللَّهِ؛ وَ الْقَدِيسِ (ة) (فُلَان، فُلَانَة) شَفِيعِ (ة) وَحَامِي (ة) هَذِهِ الرَّعِيَّةِ الْمُقَدَّسَةِ؛ وَالْقَدِيسِينَ الصَّدِيقِينَ يُوَاكِمِمْ وَحَنَّةً جَدِّي الْمَسِيحِ إِلَهُهُ؛ وَالْقَدِيسِينَ قُرْمَا وَدَامِيَانُوسَ الْمَاقِتِيِّ الْفِضَّةِ وَالصَّانِعِيِّ الْعَجَائِبِ، وَأَمَّهُمَا الْبَارَّةَ ثِيُوذُوتِي؛ وَالشَّهِيدَ يَعْقُوبَ مَعَ تَلَامِيذِهِ يَعْقُوبَ الشَّمَّاسِ وَدِيُونِيسِيُوسَ مِنْ دَيْرِ بُرُودْرُومُو فِي الْجَبَلِ الْمُقَدَّسِ؛ وَدَاوُودَ الشَّيْخِ الْبَارِّ مِنْ إِيغِيَا فِي الْيُونَانِ، الَّذِينَ نُقِيمُ تَذَكَارَهُمُ الْيَوْمَ، وَجَمِيعِ قَدِيسِيكَ، اِرْحَمْنَا وَخَلِّصْنَا بِمَا أَنْتَ صَالِحٌ وَمُحِبُّ لِلنَّبَشَرِ.

Priest: Through the prayers of our Holy Fathers, Lord Jesus Christ our God, have mercy upon us and save us.

الكاهن: بِصَلَوَاتِ آبَائِنَا الْقَدِيسِينَ، أَيُّهَا الرَّبُّ يَسُوعُ الْمَسِيحُ إِلَهُنَا اِرْحَمْنَا وَخَلِّصْنَا.

Choir: Amen.

الجوق: آمين.

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