

THE 30th DAY OF THE MONTH OF OCTOBER
COMMEMORATION OF THE HOLY HIEROMARTYR ZENOBIUS & HIS SISTER, THE
HOLY MARTYR ZENOBIA
AT VESPERS

On "Lord, I have cried ..." ; these stichera, in Tone IV:
Spec. Mel.: "As one valiant among the martyrs ...":

Having dyed thy vesture with the blood of martyrdom, * O glorious Zenobius, * through grace thou didst accomplish what is most sacred * and therewith didst enter into the Holy of holies * as a wise hierarch. * And then as an unblemished sacrifice * and an all-pure and perfect offering * thou didst bring thyself, O most sacred one, * to Him Who sacrificed Himself for thee.

When thy body was lacerated, * the most splendid beauty of thy soul * was most beautifully shown forth, * O hieromartyr Zenobius, divinely wise and all-rich, * thou adornment of hierarchs, * boast of martyrs, * ever-flowing well-spring of miracles, * dispeller of unclean spirits, divine champion of Christ.

Thy sister Zenobia, * being of one mind with thee, * as well as sharing thy blood, * resolved to suffer with thee, O all-wise one; * for she manfully endured the raging of wild horses, * the threat of fire and violent death. * Wherefore, with thee she hath received crowns of victory * and the kingdom on high, * O Zenobius, initiate of the sacred mysteries.

Glory ..., the composition of John the Monk, in Tone VI:

Let us form a choir for hymnody today, O ye who love the martyrs, in honor of the most pious athletes Zenobius and Zenobia; for they were champions of the Trinity, and with their precious blood manfully choked the invisible enemy in the arena, and have gloriously received the crown of victory. Wherefore, let us cry out to them: O holy pair, luminous twain blessed by the Lord, entreat the Savior in behalf of our souls.

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

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

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

Troparion, in Tone IV:

In their sufferings, O Lord, Thy martyrs received imperishable crowns from Thee, our God; for, possessed of Thy might, they set at nought the tormenters and crushed the feeble audacity of the demons. By their supplications save Thou our souls.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion, or Stavrotheotokion.

AT MATINS

Both canons from the Oktoechos; and that of the saints, with 4 troparia;
The composition of Joseph, in Tone VIII:

ODE I

Irmos: O ye people, let us send up a hymn to our wondrous God Who freed Israel from slavery; and chanting a hymn of victory and crying out, let us sing to Him, the one Master.

Standing before the throne of Christ as a right acceptable priest and a most excellent martyr, O thrice-blessed Zenobius, from the temptations of life deliver those who with love honor thy radiant memory.

Enlightened by the radiance of the effulgence of the three-fold Sun, thou didst dispel the gloom of the false religion of the pagans; and, having illumined all with the light of thy words, thou hast now passed over to never-waning splendor.

Revealed as a noetic ember kindled by the fire of the divine Spirit, thou didst set the hearts of all afire with desire for God, O initiate of the sacred mysteries, and didst utterly consume all falsehood.

Theotokion: Rejoice, O all-holy temple, fleece bedewed by God, sealed fountain pouring forth immortality! O Mistress, preserve thy flock from assault by all our enemies.

ODE III

Irmos: Plant the fear of Thee in the hearts of Thy servants, O Lord, and be Thou the confirmation of us who call upon Thee in truth.

Anointed with the myrrh of spiritual anointing, O Zenobius, thou didst minister like an angel, adorned at thine end with crowns of martyrdom.

Accepting the care of souls, through divine cultivation thou didst show them forth as fertile, O venerable one; wherefore, thou hast been counted worthy of the joy of thy Lord.

The most sacred Zenobia, thine own sister by blood, was shown to be of one mind with thee; for she desired to suffer with thee and to enjoy everlasting glory with thee.

Theotokion: O all-pure Virgin Mother, thou gavest birth to the One of the Trinity Who clothed Himself in humanity. Him do Thou beseech, that He save those who hymn thee.

Sedalion, in Tone I: Spec. Mel.: "Thy tomb, O Savior ...":

Anointed with precious myrrh, thou wast shown to be a priest of God Most High, O all-blessed one. And, strengthened by Him, O hierarch Zenobius, thou didst become a martyr and a fellow citizen with the angels. Wherefore, celebrating thy most holy memory today, we hymn thee.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

O pure and unwedded Virgin Theotokos, thou sole intercessor and protection of the faithful, from misfortunes, sorrows and cruel circumstances deliver all who place their hope on thee, O Maiden, and save our souls by thy divine supplications.

Stavrotheotokion: Seeing Thee stretched out, dead, upon the Cross, O Christ, Thy most immaculate Mother cried out: "O my compassionate Son, Who with the Father and Spirit art equally unoriginate, what is this ineffable dispensation whereby thou hast saved the creation of Thine all-pure hands?"

ODE IV

Irmos: Thou hast mounted Thine apostles like steeds, O Lord, and taken their reins in Thy hands; and thy riding hath been unto the salvation of those who chant with faith: Glory to Thy power, O Lord!

Thou wast revealed as exalted by honorable sufferings, O wise and most sacred one; thou hast received crowns of victory, and hast obtained everlasting joy. Wherefore, we honor thee, O hierarch Zenobius our father.

Willingly emulating Him Who was stretched out on the Tree, O glorious Zenobius, thou wast lifted up, unafraid; and thou didst put off corruption and the coarseness of mortality, O father, thou boast of priests.

Thy mighty soul cast down the fortresses of the demons, and the pagan temples collapsed, destroyed by thy most firm faith, O glorious Zenobius, boast of hieromartyrs.

Theotokion: By thy strange birthgiving thou hast reconciled to God those who had been estranged from Him, O most hymned one. Wherefore, we all glorify thee with loud voices and cry out to thee with faith: Rejoice, O restoration of mortals!

ODE V

Irmos: Wherefore hast Thou turned me from Thy face, 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.

A womanly being hath been strengthened by the Spirit, hath trampled underfoot him who of old ensnared our first mother in paradise, and hath been vouchsafed divine glory in the heavens, resplendent in her virginity and sufferings.

Thy tongue became a shower-laden cloud, which bedeweth the hearts of the faithful with the gentle rain of piety, inspiring them to bring forth the fruit of virtue in a most sacred manner.

With the rays of thy virginity thou didst dispel the darkness of wantonness, and with the light of thy sufferings thou hast destroyed the night of ungodliness, O martyr Zenobia, beautiful bride of Jesus, dwelling-place of the divine Spirit.

Theotokion: **E**ver weighted down with the heavy burden of sin, we cry to thee, O all-pure one: lighten it by thy divine mediation; for thou art the all-glorious intercessor for sinners, having given birth to the Deliverer and Savior.

ODE VI

Irmos: **I** pour forth my prayer unto the Lord, and to Him do I declare my grief, for my soul hath been filled with evils, and my life hath drawn nigh unto hell; and like Jonah I pray: **Lead me up from corruption, O God!**

The prayer of thy divine soul was accepted as incense, O father Zenobius; for thou didst hasten to the Fragrance of the sweet savor of the sufferings of Him Who shone forth from a woman and hath illumined all creation, O all-blessed one.

With the blood of thy suffering thou didst hallow the ground, O blessed one; and thy spirit, ascending to heaven, hath divinely illumined the Church of the firstborn, O Zenobius, thou radiant boast of hierarchs and martyrs.

With the expanse of true piety thou didst restrict ungodliness, O blessed one, and didst show to a people astray the paths which lead thereto, and thou didst save those who were cruelly drowning in the waters of falsehood.

Theotokion: **O** Virgin, adorn my soul, which is held fast in the ugliness of the passions; with thoughts of true repentance make firm my wretched heart; and save me, who have placed unwavering hope in thee, O Virgin.

Kontakion, in Tone VIII: Spec. Mel.: "As first-fruits ...":

With divinely inspired hymns let us worthily honor Zenobius and the wise Zenobia as true witnesses and preachers of piety, for they lived and departed this life together, and have received the crown of incorruption through martyrdom.

Ikos: **W**ith hymns and songs let us praise the valiant and great Zenobius, and the good and pure virgin Zenobia, his fellow sufferer; for they laid low the savagery of the enemy, denounced the ungodliness of idolatry and made clear the Christian Faith. Wherefore, in joy they have now received a crown of incorruption.

ODE VII

Irmos: **I**n the furnace the Hebrew children boldly trod upon the flame and transformed the fire into dew, crying: **Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, forever!**

Having quenched the fire of ungodliness with the outpourings of thy blood, O ever all-memorable Zenobius, with the rain of miracles thou dost ever bedew us who bless the Master, crying: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, forever!

Entering into the divine darkness, thou didst behold the Invisible One insofar as thou wast able, O martyr; and He illumineth the soul and mind of thee who with pious thought dost chant: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, forever!

The Master rendereth honor unto thee who suffered steadfastly, cast down the wiles of the enemy, and chanted aloud: Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, forever!

Theotokion: **O** Virgin, thou hast been revealed to be the place of sanctity from whence God appeared, sanctifying us who chant with faith: Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, O all-pure one!

ODE VIII

Irmos: **T**he divinely eloquent children in the furnace, trampling down the flame of the fire, chanted: **Bless the Lord, O ye works of the Lord!**

Thou wast not afraid of the sword, O hierarch; neither wast thou daunted by tribulations nor terrified of death, all of which showed thee to be a partaker of immortal glory.

Thou didst show thyself to be a minister of the sacred mysteries, O Zenobius; and, having consecrated thyself, thou didst become a sacrifice of sweet savor fit for the banquet-table on high.

Thou didst shine forth radiantly, resplendent with miracles and the beams of martyrdom, O hierarch; and thou didst utterly dispel the gloom of falsehood.

Theotokion: **O** Virgin Mother who conceived the uncultivated Cluster which exudeth the wine of remission, take away from me the drunkenness of the passions, I pray.

ODE IX

Irmos: **E**very ear is stricken with awe to hear of the ineffable condescension of God: how the Most High of His own will came down even unto the flesh, becoming man through the Virgin's womb. Wherefore, O ye faithful, we magnify the all-pure Theotokos.

Thou didst stand before the tribunal of the tyrants, O all-glorious one, proclaiming with splendid voice the incarnation of the Almighty and His sufferings-the Cross, His death and resurrection, whereby He hath saved us, in that He loveth mankind.

O the wonder! How is it that he hath vanquished incorporeal enemies with the flesh? How hath he brought low the greatly crafty one by weakness? How hath a mortal succeeded in uniting himself to the celestial ministers? Rendering him honor, we piously magnify him.

O honored martyrs, ye variously gave your bodies over to divers wounds, looking to everlasting blessedness; for bound together with fraternal love one for another, ye were illumined with the beauties of martyrdom. Wherefore, ye are called blessed.

Shining with the effulgence of the Spirit, your memory hath shone forth upon all today, brilliant with the grace of miracles, abundantly pouring forth rivers of healings. And, celebrating it, we call you blessed, O martyrs of Christ.

Theotokion: **O** portal of the Light, enlighten the eyes of my heart, I pray, driving far away from my wretched soul the heaviest darkness of sin, that I may magnify, glorify and hymn thee, the most-lauded one, with love.

Exapostilarion: Spec. Mel.: "Hearken, ye women ...":

O the wonder! How have mortals made of dust been shown to be, golden in essence? For neither fire, nor the sword, nor the fangs of wild beasts" nor tortures nor wounds did them harm: but, having cast down the incorporeal one while in the flesh, they pray to the Lord in our behalf.

Glory ..., Now & ever ..., Theotokion:

Awesome is thine intercession, O divinely beauteous Theotokos Mary, awesome also is thy glory for all the earth; for in thee do we now boast, having thee as our mediatrix before thy Son and Creator. And we are saved by thy never-tiring supplication.