

# SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH

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## OCTOBER 27, 2013

### SEVENTH SUNDAY OF LUKE

*The Holy Martyr Nestor of Thessalonica* suffered in the year 306 in the city of Thessalonica together with the Great Martyr Demetrius of Thessalonica (October 26).

*Saint Nestor the Chronicler, of the Kiev Caves*, Near Caves was born at Kiev in 1050. He came to St Theodosius (May 3) as a young man, and became a novice. St Nestor took monastic tonsure under the successor to St Theodosius, the igumen Stephen, and under him was ordained a hierodeacon.

Concerning his lofty spiritual life it says that, with a number of other monastic Fathers he participated in the casting out of a devil from Nikita the Hermit (January 31), who had become fascinated by the Hebrew wisdom of the Old Testament. St Nestor deeply appreciated true knowledge, along with humility and penitence. "Great is the benefit of book learning," he said, "for books point out and teach us the way to repentance, since from the words of books we discover wisdom and temperance. This is the stream, watering the universe, from which springs wisdom. In books is a boundless depth, by them we are comforted in sorrows, and they are a bridle for moderation. If you enter diligently into the books of wisdom, then you shall discover great benefit for your soul. Therefore, the one who reads books converses with God or the saints."

In the monastery St Nestor had the obedience of being the chronicler. In the 1080s he wrote the "Account about the Life and Martyrdom of the Blessed Passion Bearers Boris and Gleb" in connection with the transfer of the relics of the saints to Vyshgorod in the year 1072 (May 2). In the 1080s St Nestor also compiled the Life of the Monk Theodosius of the Kiev Caves. And in 1091, on the eve of the patronal Feast of the Kiev Caves Monastery, he was entrusted by Igumen John to dig up the holy relics of St Theodosius (August 14) for transfer to the church.

The chief work in the life of St Nestor was compiling in the years 1112-1113 The Russian Primary Chronicle. "Here is the account of years past, how the Russian land came to be, who was the first prince at Kiev and how the Russian land is arrayed." The very first line written by St Nestor set forth his purpose. St Nestor used an extraordinarily wide circle of sources: prior Russian chronicles and sayings, monastery records, the Byzantine Chronicles of John Malalos and George Amartolos, various historical collections, the accounts of the boyar-Elder Ivan Vyshatich and of tradesmen and soldiers, of journeymen and of those who knew. He drew them together with a unified and strict ecclesiastical point of view. This permitted him

# AT THE SMALL ENTRANCE WE SING

## ΑΠΟΛΥΤΙΚΙΟΝ. ΗΧΟΣ Α.

**Τ**οῦ λίθου σφραγισθέντος ὑπὸ τῶν Ἰουδαίων, καὶ στρατιωτῶν φυλασσόντων τὸ ἄχραντόν σου Σῶμα, ἀνέστης τριήμερος Σωτήρ, δωρούμενος τῷ κόσμῳ τὴν ζωὴν· διὰ τοῦτο αἱ Δυνάμεις τῶν οὐρανῶν ἐβόων σοι ζωοδότα· Δόξα τῇ Ἀναστάσει σου Χριστέ, δόξα τῇ βασιλείᾳ σου, δόξα τῇ οἰκονομίᾳ σου, μόνε φιλόανθρωπε.

## ΑΠΟΛΥΤΙΚΙΟΝ ΤΟΥ ΑΓΙΟΥ. ΗΧΟΣ Γ.

**Μ**έγαν εὐρατο ἐν τοῖς κινδύνοις, σὲ ὑπέρμαχον Μὴ οἰκουμένη, Ἄθλοφόρε τὰ ἔθνη τροπούμενον. Ὡς οὖν Λυαίου καθεῖλες τὴν ἔπαρσιν, ἐν τῷ σταδίῳ θαρρύνας τὸν Νέστορα, οὕτως Ἄγιε, Μεγαλομάρτυς Δημήτριε, Χριστὸν τὸν Θεὸν ἰκέτευε, δωρήσασθαι ἡμῖν τὸ μέγα ἔλεος.

## ΑΠΟΛΥΤΙΚΙΟΝ ΤΟΥ ΝΑΟΥ. ΠΛ. Α΄.

**Λ**ουκάν τον πανύμνητον καὶ ἅγιον ἀπόστολον, τὸν τῆς Ἐκκλησίας γνωστὸν συνθέτην τῶν Πράξεων τῶν Ἀποστόλων, τὸν τε σεμνὸν τοῦ Εὐαγγελίου Χριστοῦ ὑπομνηματιστὴν, ἀξίως τιμήσωμεν ὑμνοῖς ὁσίοις, ὡς νοσημάτων ἀνθρωπίνων καὶ φυσικῶν ἀσθενειῶν θεραπευτὴν, τὸν καθαίροντα πληγὰς τοῦ πνεύματος, καὶ ἀδιαλείπτως προσβέοντα ὑπὲρ τῶν ψυχῶν ἡμῶν.

## ΚΟΝΤΑΚΙΟΝ. ΗΧΟΣ Β.

**Π**ροστασία \* τῶν Χριστιανῶν ἀκαταίσχυντε, \* μεσιτεία \* πρὸς τὸν ποιητὴν ἀμετάθετε, \* μὴ παρίδης \* ἁμαρτωλῶν δεήσεων φωνάς, \* ἀλλὰ πρόφθασον ὡς ἀγαθὴ \* εἰς τὴν βοήθειαν ἡμῶν, \* τῶν πιστῶς κραυγαζόντων σοι. \* Τάχυνον εἰς πρεσβείαν \* καὶ σπεῦσον εἰς ἰκεσίαν, \* ἢ προστατεύουσα αἰεὶ, \* Θεοτόκε, τῶν τιμώντων σε.

## ΑΠΟΛΥΤΙΚΙΟΝ. ΜΟΔΕ 1.

**T**he stone had been secured with a seal by the Judeans,\* and a guard of soldiers was watching Your immaculate body.\* You rose on the third day, O Lord\* and Savior, granting life unto the world.\* And therefore the powers of heaven cried to You, O Giver-of-Life:\* Glory to Your resurrection, O Christ;\* glory to Your kingdom;\* glory to Your dispensation, only One who loves mankind.

## ΑΠΟΛΥΤΙΚΙΟΝ ΤΟΥ ΑΓΙΟΥ. ΜΟΔΕ 4.

**A**ll the world has you, its mighty champion, fortifying us in times of danger, and defeating our foes, O Victorious One. So, as you humbled Lyaios's arrogance by giving courage to Nestor in the stadium, thus, O holy Great Martyr Demetrios, to Christ our God pray fervently, beseeching Him to grant us His great mercy.

## ΑΠΟΛΥΤ. ΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑΣ. ΜΟΔΕ ΠΛ. 1.

**T**he holy Apostle, the All-hymned Luke, \* who is acknowledged by the Church of Christ \* as the recorder of the Acts of the Apostles, \* and the splendid author of the Gospel of Christ. \* Let us praise with sacred hymns as a physician, \* who heals the infirmities of man, \* and the ailments of nature, \* who cleanses spiritual wounds, and prays unceasingly for our souls.

## ΚΟΝΤΑΚΙΟΝ. ΜΟΔΕ 2.

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

# THE READINGS OF THE DAY

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## EPISTLE READING

THE SECOND LETTER OF  
PAUL TO CORINTHIANS 9:6-11

**B**RETHREN, he who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully. Each one must do as he has made up his mind, not reluctantly or under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver. And God is able to provide you with every blessing in abundance, so that you may always have enough of everything and may provide in abundance for every good work. As it is written, "He scatters abroad, he gives to the poor; his righteousness endures for ever." He who supplies seed to the sower and bread for food will supply and multiply your resources and increase the harvest of your righteousness. You will be enriched in every way for great generosity, which through us will produce thanksgiving to God.

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## GOSPEL READING

LUKE 8:41-56

**A**t that time, there came to Jesus a man named Jairus, who was a ruler of the synagogue; and falling at Jesus' feet he besought him to come to his house, for he had an only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she was dying. As he went, the people pressed round him. And a woman who had had a flow of blood for twelve years and had spent all her living upon physicians and could

not be healed by anyone, came up behind him, and touched the fringe of his garment; and immediately her flow of blood ceased. And Jesus said, "Who was it that touched me?" When all denied it, Peter said, "Master, the multitudes surround you and press upon you!" But Jesus said, "Some one touched me; for I perceive that power has gone forth from me." And when the woman saw that she was not hidden, she came trembling, and falling down before him declared in the presence of all the people why she had touched him, and how she had been immediately healed. And he said to her, "Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace." While he was still speaking, a man from the ruler's house came and said, "Your daughter is dead; do not trouble the Teacher any more." But Jesus on hearing this answered him, "Do not fear; only believe, and she shall be well." And when he came to the house, he permitted no one to enter with him, except Peter and John and James, and the father and mother of the child. And all were weeping and bewailing her; but he said, "Do not weep; for she is not dead but sleeping." And they laughed at him, knowing that she was dead. But taking her by the hand he called, saying, "Child, arise." And her spirit returned, and she got up at once; and he directed that something should be given her to eat. And her parents were amazed; but he charged them to tell no one what had happened.

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

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**FORTY DAY BLESSINGS: Nadia Vasile and Irene (Joyla) Hakim**

**UPCOMING CHURCH SERVICES:**

**Saturday, November 2, Great Vespers, 5pm**

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## **FR MICHAEL**

Fr. Michael will be attending the National Clergy Retreat from 10/28 - 11/1. Emergency needs should be directed to St. Nicholas Church in St. Louis.

## **VIGIL FOR SAINT NEKTARIOS**

We will celebrate a vigil for the feastday of St. Nektarios the Wonderworker on Friday, November 8, beginning at 7pm. Please plan to join us for the celebration of this great modern-day Saint.

**DONATIONS:** We need 3x\$100 donations for flowers to decorate the icon for the vigil. We also need someone to bake artos for the artoclasia.

## **PHILOPTOCHOS**

**SECOND TRAY:** A second tray will be passed on November 3 to assist the ministries of the Ecumenical Patriarchate. Please give generously.

**GIFT CARDS:** The next deadline to order gift cards will be November 3. Check out the list of available giftcards. These cards make great gifts and also are great for everyday spending. Proceeds benefit the ministries of Philoptochos.

## **PARISH FAMILY NIGHT**

The next Parish Family event will be held on November 10, following Divine Services. Please complete the enclosed registration form if you would like to attend.

## **GIVE A MONTH TOWARDS OUR FUTURE**

A little over one year ago we purchased land for our future growth. As we did last year, we would like to offer families and individuals the opportunity to help offset our additional mortgage payment with a donation of \$640. If you would like to sponsor one month for 2013, please contact Fr. Michael. Thus far we have received commitments for 6 of 12 months. As always, your generosity is a blessing to our community!

## **NEW BOOKS AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE**

The following new books are available for purchase: *Repentance and Confession* (\$9), *Be Ready: An Approach to the Mystery of Death* (\$9), *Do not Judge: Understanding the Vice of Passing Judgment* (\$9). A new CD of Byzantine Music (in Greek), chanted by the Sisters of the Monastery of the Virgin Mary Consolatory is available for (\$15). To purchase any of these items, see Presvytera.

“*u have condemned.’ Immediately he repented and said, ‘I have sinned, forgive me.’ Then the angel said, ‘Get up, God has forgiven you. But from now on, be careful not to judge someone before God has done so.’*”

—SAYINGS OF  
**THE DESERT FATHERS**

## SYNAXARION

to write his history of Russia as an inclusive part of world history, the history of the salvation of the human race.

The monk-patriot describes the history of the Russian Church in its significant moments. He speaks about the first mention of the Russian nation in historical sources in the year 866, in the time of St Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople. He tells of the creation of the Slavonic alphabet and writing by Sts Cyril and Methodius; and of the Baptism of St Olga at Constantinople. The Chronicle of St Nestor has preserved for us an account of the first Orthodox church in Kiev (under the year 945), and of the holy Varangian Martyrs (under the year 983), of the “testing of the faiths” by St Vladimir (in 986) and the Baptism of Rus (in 988).

We are indebted to the first Russian Church historian for details about the first Metropolitans of the Russian Church, about the emergence of the Kiev Caves monastery, and about its founders and ascetics. The times in which St Nestor lived were not easy for the Russian land and the Russian Church. Rus lay torn asunder by princely feuds; the Polovetsian nomads of the steppes lay waste to both city and village with plundering raids. They led many Russian people into slavery, and burned churches and monasteries. St Nestor was an eyewitness to the devastation of the Kiev Caves monastery in the year 1096. In the Chronicle a theologically thought out patriotic history is presented. The spiritual depth, historical fidelity and patriotism of the The Russian Primary Chronicle establish it in the ranks of the significant creations of world literature.

St Nestor died around the year 1114, having left to the other monastic chroniclers of the Kiev Caves the continuation of his great work. His successors

in the writing of the Chronicles were: Igumen Sylvester, who added contemporary accounts to the The Russian Primary Chronicle; Igumen Moses Vydubitsky brought it up to the year 1200; and finally, Igumen Laurence, who in the year 1377 wrote the most ancient of the surviving manuscripts that preserve the Chronicle of St Nestor (this copy is known as the “Lavrentian Chronicle”). The hagiographic tradition of the Kiev Caves ascetics was continued by St Simon, Bishop of Vladimir (May 10), the compiler of the Kiev Caves Paterikon. Narrating the events connected with the lives of the holy saints of God, St Simon often quotes, among other sources, from the Chronicle of St Nestor.

St Nestor was buried in the Near Caves of St Anthony. The Church also honors his memory in the Synaxis of the holy Fathers of the Near Caves commemorated September 28 and on the second Sunday of Great Lent when is celebrated the Synaxis of all the Fathers of the Kiev Caves. His works have been published many times, including in English as “The Russian Primary Chronicle”.

*The Uncovering of the relics of Saint Andrew, Prince of Smolensk* at Pereslavl occurred in the year 1539 through the involvement of St Daniel of Pereslavl (April 7).

The holy Prince Andrew was the son of the Smolensk prince Theodore Fominsky. While still in his youth, he was grieved by the disputes of his brothers, and he left his native city going as a simple wanderer to Pereslavl Zalessk. In humility and meekness he spent thirty years as church warden at the church of St Nicholas, near which he is buried. After his death they discovered a princely ring, a gold chain and an inscription with the words, “I am Andrew, one of the Smolensk princes.”

## PROTECT THE GRAVES OF YOUR LOVED ONES

*From Orthodox Life, Vol. 42, No. 3 (May-June, 1991), pp. 19-24.*

*Translated by Matushka Maria Naumenko from Orthodox Russia, no. 17, 1990.*

**“Know that Not One Crime Will Be Hid from God.”**  
(*The Spiritual Meadow*, by John Moschus ch. 77)

**P**rotect the graves of your loved ones. Preserve from disarray God’s vineyard from which the angels will gather the great harvest into God’s storehouses. Do not destroy the tombstones which were erected by loving hands. Do not disturb the peace and tranquility of those who have reposed from earthly cares.

We direct these words to all Orthodox Christians when the summer arrives, when almost all of us will visit the remains of a close one.

Do you know where the custom of meticulously protecting graves from crude vandalism comes from? From very early in the Christian era, from apostolic times. If we were to descend into the catacombs, where the first Christians buried their deceased brethren, we would see with what love they treated the tombs! What heartfelt, gentle, and deeply touching messages and images are engraved there! What light-filled faith breathes therein! Death itself is never called a misfortune, but the passing on to a better life; the deceased one rests in peace, his body is only temporarily given over to the earth, the cemetery itself is referred to as a place of rest. With what supplications did the Christians turn to people—not to disturb the sweet dreams of the departed, not to disturb their serenity! On the contrary they warned of damnation if the graves were disturbed.

At times there were harsh lessons from above to those who paid no heed to the request of their brethren. Losing all shame and conscience, they dared to insult the remains of a departed one.

Here are two accounts from the book *The Spiritual Meadow*.

Close to Antioch there once stood a monastery, called the Monastery of the Giants. The humble ab-

bot of this monastic community recounted the following to two famous visitors, St. Sophronius and his blessed teacher, John Moschus:

“Not long before your arrival, a young man came to see me.

‘For the love of God, accept me into your monastery,’ said the youth. He looked extremely distraught. Sobbing loudly, he cried torrents of tears.

‘Tell me, what is the cause of your grief?’

‘O father, I am an awful sinner .....

The youth again began to sob, and crying aloud, beat his breast. From his great turmoil and extreme grief, he had no strength to relate his calamity.

‘My child, listen to me. Collect yourself a little bit and tell me what is wrong, and Christ will bring peace to your soul. By His fathomless mercy He did not turn away repentant sinners and endured death on the Cross for our salvation. He will accept you with joy into His embrace, seeing your repentance.’

Then, making a great effort, the youth began to speak.

‘Father, I am not worthy of heaven and earth. What have I done! Not long ago, a lavish funeral was held in the city. A wealthy father was burying his only daughter. He spared nothing. All of the jewels which he had given her were placed in the tomb. The deceased one, as in life, shone with jewels and gold. The father, mortified with sorrow and in tears, walked behind the casket. At that time I came up with the satanic idea of robbing the departed one. For two days I deliberated my intent and set out at night to the lonely tomb outside the city. The silence was inexplicable, as if everything was holding its breath. Only the crescent moon hung down its sharp sickle, lighting up the environs and the marble sepulchre. Breaking the locks, I entered the inner chamber. A weak light slipped over the dead one. She lay as if alive, a sleeping beauty. Suddenly, I was frightened. A quiet pain entered my heart. Nonetheless I threw myself on the

dead girl and in exasperation began to undress her. I took everything off... I did not even spare the last underclothes, and took those too... I left her naked, as her mother had borne her. I was collecting everything and about to leave. Suddenly, fear gripped me again. My hands shook. My heart beat loudly in my chest. I glanced at the deceased and froze in fright. She arose from her deathbed and grabbing me by the arm, she spoke:

“So foul one, you had to go so far as to undress me? Had you no fear of God? No fear of the final recompense at the Dread Judgment? Have you no compassion for me, who died in the spring of my life? Did you have no natural shame common to all of us? You are a Christian! Is this the way, I am to stand before Christ? Did my gender not shame you? Did not a woman give birth to you? Did you not desecrate your own mother along with me? Oh, what answer, what excuse, wretched one, will you bring to Christ’s judgment seat? In life not a single stranger’s eye beheld my countenance, and you, following my death and burial, disrobed me and saw my nakedness. Oh, Mankind! To what depths have you fallen! With what feelings, and hands will you approach the holiest Mysteries of the Body and Blood of our Jesus Christ?”

Gasping from terror, I cried out with great effort:

“Let me go!... I will never do any such thing again...”

“Yes, you came here of your own will, but it is not up to you to leave this place! This sepulchre will become our common abode—yours and mine... You will not die now, but right here, after countless sufferings, you will give up your wicked soul in an awful manner...”

I do not remember much of what else I told her... I besought by Almighty God that she release me, I repented, asked forgiveness...

She then said, “If you wish to rid yourself of this fate, give me your word that you will reject the world and will serve God alone...”

“Not only to what you have said,” I swore, “no, even more, I shall not even return to my own home.”

“Dress me as I was before!”

As soon as I arrayed her, she fell breathless on her deathbed. Once again the eyes and mouth were closed, and the hand which had clutched me so firmly lay motionless. And I, the wretched one, ran from the tomb, and came to you...’

Having heard this, I comforted the youth. Clothing him in a monk’s garb, I enclosed him in a mountain cave. Look in on him, if you wish, and see: he is now toiling for the salvation of his soul.”

The respected abba concluded his amazing account. Those who heard it immediately wrote it down for the benefit of all.

### **The second account is as follows:**

Alexandria longed remained the center of Greek scholasticism-up to the time when the Islamic yoke brought its dark clouds to the Orthodox East. Then, it is said, Omar commanded that the Alexandrian library be burned down. Before the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, not one curious traveler ever passed Alexandria by. With its museums, palaces, libraries, it was still considered the highest center of learning for philosophy, philology, literature, astronomy, and mathematics, as well as alchemy, astrology, magic, and other metaphysical studies for which ancient Egyptians were famous. There were also humble and self-sacrificing ascetics of Christian thought. Dedicating their lives to study, they did not seek rewards, fame, riches—no. Their studies served as a pathway to an incomparably higher goal—moral perfection. Such a one was Cosmas the Scholastic, who was described briefly but distinctly by an eyewitness, St. John Moschus.

Blessed John Moschus and his pupil Sophronius (who later became more famous than his teacher), in undertaking their great journey, could not pass Alexandria by. Besides visiting Cosmas, they stopped to see other scholars of that time who lived in Alexandria.

It was hot at noon when they headed for the living quarters of the scholar Stephen. He lived close to the church of the Mother of God. For a long time they knocked at the door. Finally, the scholar’s daughter looked out of the window and said:

“Wait a while. My father, wearied by his studies last night, has not yet risen.”

“What shall we do, Master Sophronius? Let us go to the Tetrapil.”

The Tetrapil was a huge portico, surrounded by columns, in four rows. One could always rest there. At the noon hour even the Tetrapil was empty. On the steps between the columns sat three beggars, all of them blind. What can one learn from blind men? However, the travelers quietly came towards them and, placing their books on the marble floor, sat down next to the blind men. They were engaged in a lively conversation.

“How did you lose your eyesight?” one asked another.

“I was a sailor in my youth. During a journey from Egypt to Constantinople my eyes began to hurt. It was impossible to treat them aboard the ship, and there was no doctor. The disease progressed too far. White patches grew over my eyes and I am now blind.”

“How were you stricken with blindness?” the same beggar asked the other one.

“The tragedy was almost instantaneous. I was a glass blower. A flame jumped from the forge covering me with sparks, and burned my eyes.”

Saying this, the blind man heaved a great sigh.

“Now you tell us of your misfortune,” said both the blind men to their enquiring companion.

“Oh, my misfortune is my own fault! I will tell you the truth: as a youth I was very lazy. No matter how my parents tried, they could do nothing to develop a love of work in me. After their death I spent my fortune in a short time. I knew no trade, and did not like to work. What could I do? I became a thief. Once I had a particularly lucky day. I stole several times successfully, proceeded to finish off an excellent lunch, and then went to look around the town square. Right then I encountered a lavish funeral procession: a well-known rich man was being buried. Instantly, a demonic thought took hold of me: why not rob the deceased one? I followed the procession, which made its way to the church of St. John. Beside the church was a family crypt. When the man was interred, the

crowd gradually dispersed. Evening was falling... Looking around, I decided that no one was watching me. I always carried a chisel and other instruments of my trade. Breaking the lock, I entered the crypt. I remember even now—the damp cold of the tomb encompassed me... The bier stood in the center. Without pausing, I came up to the dead one and took everything from him, then headed home. This will last a long time. Wait, the shroud! It is made from fine cloth and is expensive. Might as well... And I began to undress the dead man. Then—O, terror! He arose, fixed his lifeless gaze upon me—I froze on the spot like a stone. Cold sweat ran down my face. I felt the cold touch of his fingers. He passed them over my face and, stopping at the eyes, plucked them out. Recovering from fright, I threw everything down and ran from the tomb. I cannot describe to you the sorrow which overcame me. I cried unceasingly and considered myself to be lost forever. This is my story.”

Glancing at Sophronius, the teacher noted that he was motioning for them to leave. Sophronius was visibly upset.

Thank you, abba. Today we shall not attend the lecture: we have already received our lesson.

While visiting a cemetery, who has not noticed how some tombstones are broken by some daring hand, how crosses and holy images are defiled. What sorrow this brings to the heart! Is it possible that they do not know what a great sin this is? The wrath of the righteous Judge does not always descend immediately, as in the account above, but God’s punishment will sooner or later come upon those vultures who have lost their conscience and sense of shame. Be wary of such a heavy sin. Do not disturb the peace and tranquillity of those who have reposed from earthly cares. Cemeteries are God’s vineyards from which the angels will harvest the great crop into God’s storehouses.