Akathist to Saint Dimitri, Metropolitan of Rostov

October 28 (repose); September 21 (uncovering of the relics)

Kontakion 1. Chosen by God to gather the lives of the saints into one great treasury, O holy Dimitri, you labored for twenty years so that the faithful might be nourished by the examples of the righteous. Accept our song of praise, and pray to Christ for us, that we may love the saints and imitate their virtues, crying to you:

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Ikos 1. You were born in December 1651 in Makarov, near Kiev, to the pious Cossack officer Savva Tuptalo and his wife Maria, and you were named Daniel at baptism. From childhood you loved the services of the Church and the reading of holy books, and so we sing:

Rejoice, child of the land of Kiev;
Rejoice, son of pious parents;
Rejoice, for you loved the church from childhood;
Rejoice, for books were your joy;
Rejoice, for God prepared you for great labors;
Rejoice, for your heart was open to wisdom;
Rejoice, for you grew in grace and knowledge;
Rejoice, flower of the Kievan land;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 2. You studied at the Kiev Mohyla Collegium, where you learned Latin, Greek and the sciences of your age. In all your studies, you sought the wisdom that comes from above, and you sang to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 2. At seventeen, you entered the St Cyril Monastery in Kiev and received monastic tonsure with the name Dimitri, in honor of the Great Martyr Demetrius of Thessaloniki. Rejoicing in your love for the monastic life, we cry to you:

Rejoice, student of the Kiev Mohyla Collegium;
Rejoice, for you learned many languages;
Rejoice, for you sought the wisdom from above;
Rejoice, monk of the St Cyril Monastery;
Rejoice, for you took the name of the great martyr;
Rejoice, for you renounced the world in your youth;
Rejoice, for you loved obedience and prayer;
Rejoice, lover of the monastic life;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 3. Ordained a priest, you became a renowned preacher, and you traveled through Ukraine, Belarus and Lithuania proclaiming the word of God. Many were moved to repentance by your preaching, and they sang to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 3. You served as abbot of several monasteries, yet you never desired authority, and you often asked to return to a quiet life of prayer and study. Seeing your humility in high office, we cry out:

Rejoice, preacher of the word of God;
Rejoice, for many repented at your words;
Rejoice, for you traveled far for the Gospel;
Rejoice, abbot of many monasteries;

Rejoice, for you did not seek authority;
Rejoice, for you loved quiet and study;
Rejoice, for you served the brethren with love;
Rejoice, humble shepherd;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 4. In 1684, the Kiev Caves Lavra entrusted you with a great work: to compile the lives of all the saints for every day of the year. You accepted this labor with fear and joy, and you began it with prayer, singing: Alleluia!

Ikos 4. For twenty years, you read the ancient lives of the saints in Greek, Latin and Slavonic, and you wrote them anew in clear language for the faithful. You worked day and night, and the saints themselves seemed to visit you in visions to encourage you. Wondering at your labor, we sing:

Rejoice, compiler of the Lives of the Saints;
Rejoice, for you labored twenty years at this work;
Rejoice, for you read the ancient sources with care;
Rejoice, for you wrote for the edification of all;
Rejoice, for you worked day and night;
Rejoice, for the saints encouraged you in visions;
Rejoice, for your books fill the Church with light;
Rejoice, treasury of holy examples;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 5. Your great work, the Menaion of Readings, was completed in 1705, and it became the treasure of the Russian people, read in monasteries, homes and schools. Generations learned holiness from your pages and sang to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 5. St Seraphim of Sarov and countless other saints were formed by reading your Lives of the Saints, and the Russian people came to know the cloud of witnesses through your labors. Thanking God for this fruit, we cry out:

Rejoice, for your Lives were completed in 1705;
Rejoice, for they became the treasure of the Russian people;
Rejoice, for they were read in every home;
Rejoice, for saints were formed by your writings;
Rejoice, for St Seraphim loved your books;
Rejoice, for you made the saints known to all;
Rejoice, for you taught by holy examples;
Rejoice, teacher of generations;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 6. In 1702, Tsar Peter the Great appointed you Metropolitan of Rostov and Yaroslavl. You went to your see in humility, bringing with you few possessions but many books, and you sang to the Lord: Alleluia!

Ikos 6. Finding the people of your diocese in ignorance and the clergy poorly instructed, you founded a school in Rostov, the first of its kind in that region, and you taught the children yourself. Rejoicing in your care for learning, we sing:

Rejoice, metropolitan of Rostov and Yaroslavl;
Rejoice, for you came with many books and few possessions;
Rejoice, founder of the school of Rostov;
Rejoice, for you taught the children yourself;

Rejoice, for you instructed the clergy;
Rejoice, for you staged sacred dramas for the people;
Rejoice, for you lifted the people from ignorance;
Rejoice, enlightener of Rostov;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 7. In your day, the Old Believer schism divided the Russian people, and you labored to heal it with patience, writing books to explain the faith of the Church. You did not hate those in error, but prayed for them and sang to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 7. You wrote many books of instruction, sermons, hymns and a chronicle of sacred history, so that your flock might know the faith. Your writings breathe love for Christ and for the Church, and so we cry out:

Rejoice, for you sought to heal the schism;
Rejoice, for you explained the faith with patience;
Rejoice, for you prayed for those in error;
Rejoice, author of sermons and hymns;
Rejoice, for you wrote a chronicle of sacred history;
Rejoice, for your books breathe love for Christ;
Rejoice, for you defended the unity of the Church;
Rejoice, peacemaker of your people;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 8. You lived in great poverty and gave everything you had to the poor, keeping nothing for yourself but your books. You fed the hungry, clothed the naked and comforted the sorrowing, singing: Alleluia!

Ikos 8. At your death, nothing was found in your cell but your books and manuscripts, for you had given all else away. You had asked that your papers be placed in your coffin, as the only possessions you had gathered in this life. Marveling at your poverty, we sing:

Rejoice, for you gave all to the poor;
Rejoice, for you kept nothing but your books;
Rejoice, for you fed the hungry;
Rejoice, for you clothed the naked;
Rejoice, for you comforted the sorrowing;
Rejoice, for you were rich in God;
Rejoice, for your manuscripts went with you to the grave;
Rejoice, lover of holy poverty;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 9. On October 28, 1709, you were found in your cell, kneeling in prayer, having given your soul to God. You departed this life in the very act of prayer, and the angels received you singing: Alleluia!

Ikos 9. Your death was like your life, a prayer offered to God, for you were found kneeling as though still in conversation with the Lord. Seeing this blessed end, we cry out to you:

Rejoice, for you reposed in prayer;
Rejoice, for you were found on your knees;
Rejoice, for your death was like your life;
Rejoice, for you passed from prayer to glory;
Rejoice, for the angels received your soul;
Rejoice, for you finished your labors in peace;
Rejoice, for you rest with the saints you wrote of;

Rejoice, blessed end of a holy life;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 10. In 1752, your relics were found incorrupt in the Monastery of St Jacob in Rostov, and many healings took place at your tomb. In 1757, the Church glorified you among the saints, and the faithful sang: Alleluia!

Ikos 10. The saints whose lives you wrote welcomed you into their company, and now the Church writes your own life among theirs. Rejoicing that the chronicler has become a saint, we sing:

Rejoice, for your relics were found incorrupt;
Rejoice, for healings flowed at your tomb;
Rejoice, for you were glorified in 1757;
Rejoice, for you now stand among the saints;
Rejoice, for your own life is written with theirs;
Rejoice, for Rostov rejoices in your relics;
Rejoice, for you are honored throughout Russia;
Rejoice, glory of the land of Rostov;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 11. Every hymn falls short of your labors, O holy Dimitri, for you gave the whole Church a library of holiness. Receive our song, offered with love, as we sing to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 11. You are a guide for all who write, teach and study, for you showed that learning and holiness can dwell together in one heart. Calling on your prayers in our work, we sing:

Rejoice, patron of writers and scholars;
Rejoice, for you joined learning to holiness;
Rejoice, for you teach us to read with prayer;
Rejoice, for you show that books can lead to God;
Rejoice, for you encourage teachers and students;
Rejoice, for you loved truth above all;
Rejoice, for you labored for the good of others;
Rejoice, model of the Christian scholar;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 12. The grace of God works through your prayers, and those who read your Lives of the Saints still find in them a path to Christ. Glorifying the Lord who speaks through His saints, we sing: Alleluia!

Ikos 12. Singing of your great labors, we praise Christ, who made you a hierarch, a teacher and a chronicler of His saints. We honor your memory and cry to you:

Rejoice, hierarch of Rostov;
Rejoice, compiler of the Lives of the Saints;
Rejoice, preacher of repentance;
Rejoice, teacher of children;
Rejoice, friend of the poor;
Rejoice, healer of schism;
Rejoice, model of prayer;
Rejoice, son of the land of Kiev;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 13. O holy hierarch Dimitri, faithful chronicler of the saints, receive this our hymn of praise. Pray to Christ our God that He may enlighten our minds, warm our hearts and lead us in the footsteps of the saints, so that we may sing with you forever: Alleluia!

This kontakion is said three times.

Ikos 1 (repeated). You were born in December 1651 in Makarov, near Kiev, to the pious Cossack officer Savva Tuptalo and his wife Maria, and you were named Daniel at baptism. From childhood you loved the services of the Church and the reading of holy books, and so we sing:

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Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Kontakion 1 (repeated). Chosen by God to gather the lives of the saints into one great treasury, O holy Dimitri, you labored for twenty years so that the faithful might be nourished by the examples of the righteous. Accept our song of praise, and pray to Christ for us, that we may love the saints and imitate their virtues, crying to you:

Rejoice, holy Hierarch Dimitri, wise chronicler of the saints!

Prayer

O holy hierarch Dimitri, you who labored for twenty years to gather the lives of the saints, and who gave everything to the poor while keeping only your books, we sinners come to you with faith and ask your prayers.

Pray to Christ our God that He may enlighten all who write, teach and study, so that their learning may serve the truth and lead them to holiness. Pray for the unity of the Church, that all divisions may be healed in love. Help us, by your example, to read the lives of the saints with attention, to follow their virtues, and to give generously to those in need.

Through your prayers, may the Lord grant us to pass from this life in prayer, as you did, and to join the company of the saints whose lives you wrote, so that with them we may glorify the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.