Akathist to Saint John Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople

November 13 (also January 27, translation of the relics, and January 30, the Three Holy Hierarchs)

Kontakion 1. Chosen by God to be a trumpet of the Gospel and a teacher of the whole world, O holy John, you poured out rivers of golden words and taught us repentance, mercy and love. Accept our song of praise, and pray to Christ the Word for us, that our hearts may be opened to His word, crying to you:

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Ikos 1. You were born in Antioch around 349, and your father Secundus died when you were an infant. Your mother Anthusa, widowed at twenty, refused to marry again so that she might raise you in the fear of God, and even pagans marveled at such women among the Christians. Honoring this holy mother, we sing:

Rejoice, child of the great city of Antioch;
Rejoice, for the disciples were first called Christians there;
Rejoice, son of the holy widow Anthusa;
Rejoice, for your mother gave her youth for you;
Rejoice, for she raised you in the fear of God;
Rejoice, for even pagans praised her virtue;
Rejoice, for God prepared you through a mother's love;
Rejoice, flower of Syria;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 2. You studied rhetoric under the famous pagan teacher Libanius, who said that you would have been his successor, if the Christians had not stolen you. Yet you chose the wisdom of the Gospel, and you sang to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 2. You were baptized by the holy bishop Meletius, and you began to study the Scriptures under Diodore of Tarsus. With your friend Basil, you longed for the monastic life, and you wrote six books "On the Priesthood" to explain why you feared to be ordained. Seeing your love for divine wisdom, we cry out:

Rejoice, student of Libanius;
Rejoice, for you chose the wisdom of the Gospel;
Rejoice, for you were baptized by Meletius;
Rejoice, for you studied the Scriptures with Diodore;
Rejoice, for you loved the monastic life;
Rejoice, for you wrote on the dignity of the priesthood;
Rejoice, for you feared the burden of the altar;
Rejoice, lover of divine wisdom;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 3. After your mother's death, you withdrew to the mountains near Antioch and lived for six years as a hermit, two of them in a cave, learning the Scriptures by heart. Your health was broken by your fasting, and you returned to the city, singing: Alleluia!

Ikos 3. In 381, Meletius ordained you deacon, and in 386, Bishop Flavian ordained you priest and entrusted you with preaching in the great church of Antioch. For twelve years, the city hung on your words, and so we sing:

Rejoice, hermit of the mountains of Antioch;

Rejoice, for you learned the Scriptures by heart;
Rejoice, for your fasting broke your health;
Rejoice, deacon ordained by Meletius;
Rejoice, priest ordained by Flavian;
Rejoice, preacher of the great church of Antioch;
Rejoice, for the city hung on your words;
Rejoice, trumpet of the Gospel;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 4. In 387, when the people of Antioch overturned the statues of the emperor and feared his vengeance, you preached to them through the whole of Lent, calling them to repentance. The emperor forgave the city, and the people sang: Alleluia!

Ikos 4. Your homilies on Genesis, on Matthew, on John and on the Epistles of Paul became a treasury for the whole Church, and the Fathers called you the best interpreter of the Apostle. Thanking God for your writings, we cry out:

Rejoice, for you comforted Antioch in its fear;
Rejoice, for your Homilies on the Statues brought repentance;
Rejoice, for the emperor forgave the city;
Rejoice, interpreter of Genesis and the Gospels;
Rejoice, beloved interpreter of Paul;
Rejoice, for Paul himself was said to visit you;
Rejoice, for your homilies are a treasury for all;
Rejoice, golden mouth of the Church;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 5. In 398, you were taken from Antioch by order of the emperor Arcadius and consecrated archbishop of Constantinople. You went to the capital not for honor, but to serve, and you sang to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 5. You sold the precious furnishings of the archbishop's palace and used the money to build hospitals and to feed the poor, and you lived simply, eating alone so as not to waste on banquets. Marveling at your love for the poor, we sing:

Rejoice, archbishop of Constantinople;
Rejoice, for you came to serve, not to rule;
Rejoice, for you sold the treasures of your palace;
Rejoice, for you built hospitals for the sick;
Rejoice, for you fed the poor of the city;
Rejoice, for you lived simply in the capital;
Rejoice, for you reformed the clergy;
Rejoice, father of the poor;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 6. You taught that the poor man is the altar of Christ, saying, "Do you wish to honor the Body of Christ? Do not neglect Him when He is naked." Hearing your words, the faithful learned mercy and sang: Alleluia!

Ikos 6. You rebuked the luxury of the rich, the greed of the powerful and the vanity of the court, and you did not spare even the empress Eudoxia. For this, the powerful hated you, but the people loved you, and so we cry out:

Rejoice, for you called the poor the altar of Christ;

Rejoice, for you taught us to honor His Body in the needy;
Rejoice, for you rebuked the luxury of the rich;
Rejoice, for you did not fear the powerful;
Rejoice, for you spoke the truth to the empress;
Rejoice, for the people loved you as a father;
Rejoice, for you suffered for justice;
Rejoice, prophet of mercy;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 7. In 403, your enemies gathered at the Synod of the Oak and deposed you unjustly, and the emperor sent you into exile. That night, an earthquake shook the city, and the empress in fear called you back, while the people sang: Alleluia!

Ikos 7. Soon your enemies rose again, and in 404, on the eve of Pascha, soldiers broke into the church during the baptism of catechumens, and the waters were stained with blood. You were sent into exile to Cucusus in Armenia. Grieving with you, we sing:

Rejoice, for you were deposed unjustly;
Rejoice, for God shook the city at your exile;
Rejoice, for the people welcomed you back;
Rejoice, for you were driven out again;
Rejoice, for you suffered on the eve of Pascha;
Rejoice, for you went into exile without bitterness;
Rejoice, for Cucusus received you;
Rejoice, patient sufferer;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 8. From exile, you wrote many letters to your friends, especially to the deaconess Olympias, encouraging them to bear their sufferings with patience. You wrote, "No one is harmed except by himself," and you sang to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 8. Even in exile, you cared for the missions to the Goths and to Phoenicia, and you sent help to the poor. Your enemies feared your influence even from afar, and so we cry out:

Rejoice, for you wrote letters from exile;
Rejoice, for you comforted the deaconess Olympias;
Rejoice, for you taught that no one is harmed except by himself;
Rejoice, for you cared for the missions in exile;
Rejoice, for you sent help to the poor;
Rejoice, for your enemies feared you from afar;
Rejoice, for your love was not bound;
Rejoice, apostle in chains;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 9. Your enemies sent you to a farther exile at Pityus on the Black Sea, and you were forced to walk in heat and rain. At Comana, worn out, you received Holy Communion and gave your soul to God on September 14, 407, saying, "Glory to God for all things." The angels sang with you: Alleluia!

Ikos 9. Your last words became the confession of all who suffer, for you gave thanks even in exile, sickness and death. Learning from your thanksgiving, we sing:

Rejoice, for you walked to your death in exile;
Rejoice, for you received Holy Communion at the end;

Rejoice, for you reposed on the feast of the Cross;
Rejoice, for you said, "Glory to God for all things";
Rejoice, for you gave thanks in every suffering;
Rejoice, for your last words teach us thanksgiving;
Rejoice, for you died a martyr in will;
Rejoice, model of patience;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 10. In 438, the emperor Theodosius the Younger brought your relics to Constantinople and knelt before them, asking forgiveness for the sins of his parents. The people received you with great joy, singing: Alleluia!

Ikos 10. The Church glorified you as one of the Three Holy Hierarchs, with Basil the Great and Gregory the Theologian, and she celebrates the Divine Liturgy that bears your name on most days of the year. Rejoicing in this gift, we cry to you:

Rejoice, for your relics returned to Constantinople;
Rejoice, for the emperor asked forgiveness at your tomb;
Rejoice, one of the Three Holy Hierarchs;
Rejoice, companion of Basil and Gregory;
Rejoice, for the Divine Liturgy bears your name;
Rejoice, for your prayers are offered at every altar;
Rejoice, for your words sound in every church;
Rejoice, glory of Constantinople;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 11. Every hymn falls short of your golden words, O holy John, for you praised God more beautifully than all. Receive our poor song, offered with love, as we sing to God: Alleluia!

Ikos 11. Every year on the night of Pascha, the Church reads your catechetical homily, calling all to the feast, "both the first and the last," and proclaiming, "Christ is risen, and life reigns." Rejoicing with you, we sing:

Rejoice, for your Paschal homily is read every year;
Rejoice, for you invite all to the feast;
Rejoice, for you call both the first and the last;
Rejoice, for you proclaim that death is abolished;
Rejoice, for you announce that Christ is risen;
Rejoice, for you declare that life reigns;
Rejoice, for your joy fills the night of Pascha;
Rejoice, herald of the Resurrection;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 12. The grace of God works through your prayers and your words, and countless souls have been led to repentance by your homilies. Glorifying the Lord who speaks through His saints, we sing: Alleluia!

Ikos 12. Singing of your labors, we praise Christ, who made you a preacher, a shepherd and a confessor. We honor your memory and cry to you:

Rejoice, son of Anthusa;
Rejoice, preacher of Antioch;
Rejoice, archbishop of Constantinople;
Rejoice, interpreter of the Scriptures;
Rejoice, father of the poor;

Rejoice, confessor in exile;
Rejoice, teacher of thanksgiving;
Rejoice, universal teacher;

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 13. O holy hierarch John, golden-mouthed teacher of the whole world, receive this our hymn of praise. Pray to Christ our God that He may open our ears to His word, soften our hearts to the poor, and teach us to give thanks in all things, so that we may sing with you forever: Alleluia!

This kontakion is said three times.

Ikos 1 (repeated). You were born in Antioch around 349, and your father Secundus died when you were an infant. Your mother Anthusa, widowed at twenty, refused to marry again so that she might raise you in the fear of God, and even pagans marveled at such women among the Christians. Honoring this holy mother, we sing:

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Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Kontakion 1 (repeated). Chosen by God to be a trumpet of the Gospel and a teacher of the whole world, O holy John, you poured out rivers of golden words and taught us repentance, mercy and love. Accept our song of praise, and pray to Christ the Word for us, that our hearts may be opened to His word, crying to you:

Rejoice, holy Hierarch John, golden-mouthed preacher of Christ!

Prayer

O holy hierarch John Chrysostom, you who taught the whole world with your golden words, who called the poor the altar of Christ, and who gave thanks to God in exile and in death, we come to you with faith and ask your prayers.

Pray to Christ our God for preachers and teachers, that He may give them words of truth and love; for the poor, that He may provide for them; and for all who suffer injustice, that He may give them patience. Pray for widowed mothers who raise their children alone, as your mother Anthusa did. Help us, by your example, to read the Scriptures with love, to honor the Body of Christ in the needy, and to say in every trial, "Glory to God for all things."

Through your prayers, may the Lord grant us repentance and a peaceful end, so that with you we may glorify the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.