



Daily Prayers For the week

By Hovhannes of Garni

(ca. 1180-1245)

*Edited and translated by the faculty of
St. Nersess Armenian Seminary
New Rochelle, New York*

Daily Prayers For the week

by Hovannes of Garni

(ca.1180-1245)

Edited and translated by the faculty of
St. Nersess Armenian Seminary
New Rochelle, New York



St. Nersess Armenian Seminary
2001

*This booklet has been donated by the
Dadourian Family
in memory of*

Elise and Dadour Dadourian

Contents

v

About The Author

XI

About The Prayers

1

Prayers for Sunday

4

Prayers for Monday

6

Prayers for Tuesday

8

Prayers for Wednesday

10

Prayers for Thursday

14

Prayers for Friday

17

Prayers for Saturday

*“Bey joyful in hope,
patient in affliction,
steadfast in prayer”*

St. PAUL (RONIANS 12:12)

This verse and the verses from Genesis at the beginning of each prayer are translated from the Armenian Bible.

About the Author

Hovhannes was born in about 1180 in the village. of Garni, a historic site not far from Yerevan. After spending his early years there, Hovhannes withdrew to a solitary life and was ordained a priest at the nearby Monastery of the Cave, which is an earlier name of the Monastery of Geghard. He then became a well-traveled missionary of the Armenian Church, and is credited for attracting many non-Christians to faith in Christ.

A writer of moral exhortations and a highly revered saint in his day, Hovhannes was endowed with substantial spiritual gifts, including that of healing. Several of his miracles are recorded by the historian Kirakos of Gandzak (1203-1272), a contemporary of the saint.¹

There are three miracle stories pertaining to Hovhannes' pilgrimage to the Holy Land. According to the first of these stories, he arose early one morning to pray at the Cathedral of St. James in Jerusalem before the morning service. While praying, he began to hear songs of praise to the Blessed Virgin Mary emanating from a fresco depicting the Annunciation to Mary by the Archangel Gabriel. Soon all the frescos in the Cathedral began to repeat the words in the refrain, "Blessed are you among women."

In another story, Hovhannes was praying on the banks of the

Krisdos *Gandzakets'i Patmut'un Hayots'*, ed. by K. A. Melik'-Ohanjanyan (Yerevan: Arm. Academy of Sciences, 1961), pp. 348-355.

Jordan River when three Iranian men asked him to baptize them. Doubtful of their sincerity at first, Hovhannes yielded to their request when the eldest among them recounted a vision in which Hovhannes had baptized the old man in his home town of Garni.

A third miracle took place during a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai by a group of forty Armenians, of whom Hovhannes was one. The local monks at St. Catherine Monastery, where the group was staying, counted every person as they began their climb up the holy mountain. When the group returned after the pilgrimage, the monks were astonished to count forty-two people: the original forty plus Moses and Elijah, who had accompanied the Armenian pilgrims.

Hovhannes' reputation for attracting many nonChristians to the Christian faith led to his arrest and trial before an Islamic tribunal in the town of Koghonia (today's Shabin-Karahisar). It is a capital offense in Islam to be converted to another faith; both the proselytizer and the proselyte were to stand trial. Hovhannes and his elderly convert were thus condemned to be burned alive. Crowds had gathered to watch the spectacle, including the young son of the local governor. He was watching the proceedings from a perch high atop the city wall. No sooner had the fire been kindled around the two men that the young boy fell off the wall, tumbling to the rocky ground below. Miraculously, the boy landed unharmed. Jumping to his feet without a scratch, the boy excitedly shouted that as he fell, the holy hand of Hovhannes had reached out to him and cushioned his fall. When the executioners heard this, they

immediately extinguished the fire and released Hovhannes and his convert, convinced that they were truly in the presence of a holy man.

Just as important as his miracles, Hovhannes was mighty in prayer. Most of his written prayers have been collected in the prayer book known as *Agbot'amatuyts'*, which bears his name.²

Hovhannes' spiritual renown compelled the Catholicos Kostandin I (in office 1221-1267) to invite him to Hromklay, a castle on the Euphrates in Armenian Cilicia that served as the See of the Catholicosate at that time. There, among Hovhannes' friends, was Vardan Vardapet Arewelts'i, one of the most renowned theologians of the Armenian Church (ca. 1200-1271), who, after a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, spent five years at Hromklay (1241-1246) as another guest of the Catholicos. The two guests became close friends, until Hovhannes' death and burial at the castle in 1245. Vardan then returned to Armenia, where for years he was a highly sought teacher at various monasteries, especially at the Monastery of Khor Virap, where he died in 1271. Vardan recounted the life and miracles of Hovhannes to Kirakos, who in turn included them in his history.

About the Prayers

The seven Daily Prayers of Hovhannes of Garni are penitential in spirit. They dwell on our human weakness and sinfulness. Modern Christians sometimes find such prayers somber or sad. Reading over Hovhannes' mournful words, one wonders how horrible a crime would lead a man to feel so utterly dejected as to consider himself "in the mire of sin and death" [Sun]; "in the swamps of diverse sins" [Mon]; "in the inescapable prison of deeds of darkness" [Wed].

Penitential prayers like Hovhannes' are based on the contrast between the righteousness of God and the sinfulness of humanity. They are firmly rooted in the Bible, where, for example, many Psalms (6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, 143, and others), the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the Prayer of King Manasseh are also meditations on the guilt ridden state of the person in prayer. True penitence is not an exercise in self-pity, however, because it looks to God for salvation. To turn to God in faith and in hope is the supreme expression of Christian faith. In their heavy laden sorrow, the Daily Prayers of Hovhannes of Garni celebrate the Armenian Church's conviction that salvation comes not from any human or worldly source, but from God alone. Apart from God, no happiness, no satisfaction, no joy, no hope, no future, no meaning can be derived from this world. Without God there is only loneliness and want. "With God all things are possible" [Matthew 19:261].

The spirituality of the Armenian Church is profoundly penitential. A sense of sinfulness, of unworthiness, and of utter dependence upon God pervades the writings of the Armenian Church fathers. The liturgy of the Armenian Church and the *sbarakans* (hymns) are also imbued with an unmistakable penitential undertone. The Armenian people attributed the constant calamities in their blood soaked history to their sinfully inadequate devotion to Jesus Christ. Our church fathers and theologians poured out the remorseful soul of the nation in prayers, elegies, and hymns that unequivocally testify to our Christian faith. “at emerges from the Armenian spiritual tradition is an existential, theological understanding of human suffering, of the mystery of the holy Cross, and of the concept of being “crucified with Christ” [Galatians 2:20] that is perhaps unparalleled in the Christian world.

The Daily Prayers of Hovhannes of Garni are also typically Armenian in their immersion in sacred Scripture. The account of the days of Creation in Genesis 1-2 provides the organizing principle and abundant themes for the author’s prayerful reflection. Even the most minute detail of the Creation story has relevance for Hovhannes, who weaves profound spiritual insights out of apparently insignificant threads. This corresponds to the fathers’ conviction that divine Truth pervades the words of holy Scripture, even beyond the literal sense of the text. The words of Hovhannes’ prayer are overwhelmingly scriptural. So abundant are the author’s Biblical quotations and allusions, that to identify each one would have doubled or tripled the size of this booklet. Hovhannes breathes sacred Scripture.

The key to using these prayers profitably is to take the time to read and contemplate each day's prayer in quiet solitude. Read the prayer slowly and patiently from beginning to end. Then start again from the beginning, pausing after each sentence. Turn the words and images around in your mind and imagination. Reflect on how each statement reflects your own life. When, for example, Hovhannes prays, "I yielded to the lures of the enemy of life and thwarted your commandments" [Fri], ask yourself: "What 'lures' ensnare me? Who is the enemy of my life? How have I thwarted God's commandments?" When emphatic statements such as, "I have no rest from my excruciating pains" [Sat] seem excessive, mentally rephrase them to better reflect your situation. You will also certainly encounter images and phrases that seem to resonate with you in a special way, virtually pouring forth from your own soul. Stop and savor these words prayer fully. The piercing silence of the Lord's voice may be speaking to you.

The Faculty of St. Nersess Armenian Seminary offers you these prayers in English translation, with the hope that they will bring you physical and spiritual healing, and much more.

Sunday

*Then God said, 'Let there be light';
and there was light.'*

(Genesis 1:3)

Eternal God and Creator of all things, who in the beginning created the heavens and the earth by your almighty power, on this day you brought forth light by your command and separated the light from darkness.

As one eclipsed in darkness through diverse transgressions, I pray you, my Lord and my God, benevolent and abundant in mercy. Let the light of your mercy shine upon me and keep away from me the evil thoughts of darkness. Having succumbed to them, I am being destroyed in the abyss of perdition as I wander with uncertainty.

Lord, you who are omnipotent and mighty, light without shadow, unending source of goodness and giver of life, radiate in me the rays of the sanctifying gifts of your Holy Spirit. Clean my heart and soul from the darkness of my sins and from all sorts of iniquity. For being blinded by them, I am unable to look into your divinely resplendent commandments, so as to persevere in the path of righteousness.

All-seeing eye and wakeful guardian of New Israel, the one who dwells among the Cherubim and scans the depths of the earth: Look with your compassionate eyes at your helpless servant fallen in the pit of sin, having neither means nor power to escape on my own. I have no other helper to lend me a

helping hand, to rescue me from my utter perplexities. You Lord, who honor those of ill repute, be my visitor and guardian, I pray. Deliver me by your irrevocable command from the depths of this boundless evil. For there is nothing that can prevent your almighty power.

I pray you, O Merciful One, send me also your divine Spirit, who, while moving over the waters was giving life to your creatures, so that my barren mind may become fruitful, that my prayers may be in accordance with your will, O Most High. For without the help of your Spirit I do not know what is proper to ask. For the Spirit probes your mysteries, O God, and knows our needs and limitations better than we can discern them for our requests. And being moved with compassion at our weakness, He teaches us to make our petitions by faith, so as to have them granted by you along with forgiveness of our sins.

O Most Praised One, do not turn me away from your presence on the day of redemption for not abiding by the vows I made to you, for not being careful to remain in the path of your commandments. For by yielding to the counsel of the prince of deception, I was led astray from the heaven-bound highway into the mire of sin and death. But you, O Provident One, who are never weary of being praised and never tired of being merciful, through your sovereign Spirit keep me steadfast in your inviolable commandments. So that my steps may again be directed to you, who are the source of life.

Now, O Mighty One and Lover of humankind, before heaven and earth were brought forth, you prepared your

kingdom for your saints to inherit. Purge me too from every lawlessness and with them make me worthy of your heavenly kingdom; that with thanksgiving I may praise your almighty Lordship, forevermore. Amen.

Monday

“And God said, ‘Let there be an expanse between the waters, and let it separate the waters from the waters. And it was so.’”

(Genesis 1:6)

My Lord and my God, benevolent and almighty, hope and refuge to all who are perplexed, Creator of existences out of the non-existent and Sustainer of all: On this day you divided the enormous waters by your command. In your infinite wisdom you placed the sweet waters above, as clouds to rain on earth, that springs may gush forth and rivers may flow; and the salty waters you placed on earth below. You stretched out a space between them that there may be a free flow of air, that a perpetual balance of reciprocity may be maintained between the waters above and those below. You did this for the benefit of the whole world and to supply for the needs of the human race, which you proceeded to create, that they may enjoy the blessed glory of your divinity.

Here I am, like the polluted waters below, afflicted in the swamps of diverse sins, corrupted by multiple transgressions. I plead with you, my Creator and hope.

Lift up my debased mind by your compassionate will; purify it with your sanctity, like the pure waters of the clouds. With your sweetness purge from me the bitterness of my decadence, that I may please your divine will and praise the glory of your bounteous gifts.

Do not take the enormity of my lawlessness into account, undeserving though I am of compassion. Do not turn away from me with disgust because of the plenitude of my transgressions by which I am swamped. But draw near to me through your unspeakable compassion and be merciful to me, according to your great mercy. For you are good to all who call on you and rely on your love for humankind.

O Lord, send the rain of your compassionate will and the gentle dew of your bountiful mercy to drizzle in my heart, for having been scorched by a strong desire for evil and the heat of lawlessness, it brings forth no good fruit. Make me fruitful by drenching me with the grace of your love for humankind, that I may bring forth an incorruptible harvest to store for eternal, unending life.

Hear me, O Benevolent One. Absolve me, you who do not remember evil. Make your servant worthy of the mansions above, to be with those who love your holy name, who please you by acting according to your divine will in heaven and on earth. So that with them I may glorify you with unceasing praise: the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, now and always and forevermore. Amen.

Tuesday

“And God said, ‘Let the waters under the sky be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear’. And it was so.”

(Genesis 1:9)

Creator God and Provider for all, who by your merciful will on this day gathered the waters on earth into the deep seas and separated the land from the waters, you adorned the earth with diverse plants, the beauty of flowers and all kinds of fruit trees. As for me, a transient on earth, instead of the good seeds that yield crops of virtue, I brought forth the thorns of sin that prick my soul; and in place of a luscious harvest, I produced the bitter and deadly fruits of lawlessness.

But you, O unvengeful Lord, look kindly on me, your creature, and do not overlook the work of your hands. Pluck out of me the thorns of vice and the fruits of lawlessness, which I produced on my own. Plant anew in my mind and in my will that which is excellent and desirable, that I may choose the same willingly and to embrace it approvingly, with love.

My lawlessness has risen high above my head and the murky waters of sin cover me up. Therefore I cry unto you, my compassionate Lord. Make me emerge like the dry land and renew my heart that it may bear good fruit, early and varied, pleasing to you, O Lover of humankind.

Once a rational land, which you adorned with plants of virtue, I became parched because of the lures of the prince of the scorching climate. I withered like a plant and the blossoms

of my soul dropped off, the branches of virtue became brittle and the buds of goodness faded away.

Behold, being lost, I cry unto you, O Giver of life. Sprinkle on me the dew of your love for humanity, for my strength has dried up like clay. I have withered like grass on rooftops. Revive me by the renewal of your grace, fresh as in the beginning.

You made me like a delightful vineyard, hedged with the fence of the law, that I may bring forth a sweet cluster, pleasing unto you, my God, the Gardener. But I, by my rebellious will, despised your law. I lie devastated because of my faulty course. I brought forth the sour grapes of all sorts of iniquity.

And now, O Lover of humankind, spare me through your compassion and care for this your vineyard, which your right hand planted. Enclose me again with the hedge of your life-giving law. Take away from me the desire for evil, which combats against my true will; so that being rewarded with the fruits of virtue, I may be worthy of receiving your blessing: to enjoy your indescribable favors with your saints in heaven and to praise with gratitude your almighty Lordship, forevermore. Amen.

Wednesday

“And God said, ‘Let there be lights in the expanse of the sky to give light upon the earth and to separate the day from the night, and let them be for seasons and for days and for years.’”

(Genesis 1:14)

Fashioner of the innumerable luminaries of heaven and all-wise Architect of the house that is the world, who on this day established the luminaries in the firmament of heaven: the sun, the moon, and the constellation of stars for signs and seasons and for days and years.

Now I pray you, O God, Giver of life, stir my mind and my will by the pleasing grace of your spiritual gifts to love you with all my heart. And direct my paths by your absolute power that I may walk in the path of your commandments without straying. I am bound by the inextricable chains of my transgressions; deliver me, Almighty One. Fallen, I struggle in the traps of the one who hunts in secret; rescue me, O Compassionate One. Chained in the inescapable prison of deeds of darkness, I suffer; let the light of your grace shine upon me and rescue me unto the freedom of eternal life, O Caring One.

You are my hope and refuge; you are my salvation. My most sinful self waits with anticipation for you; my soul longs for you, O Lover of humankind, like the stag longs for the springs of water. I thirst for your mercy; give me to drink. I suffer because of famine and feed on the carob for the pigs; nourish

me with your heavenly bread. Having drunk the bitter gall of sin and death, I suffer immensely; extend to me your life-giving chalice. Being stripped naked by the cruel bandits of the prince of death, I shiver; cover me with the garment of your loving-kindness. I am wounded by the poisonous arrow of the invisible enemy; heat my wounds.

Make me, your petitioner, a blameless servant, worthy of the heavenly bridal chamber and the table of immortality, together with those who loved you with all their hearts and kept your commandments. So that with them I may glorify your most compassionate love for humankind, forevermore. Amen.

Thursday

“And God said, ‘Let the waters bring forth swarms of living creatures, and let there be winged birds above the earth across the expanse of the sky.’ And it was so.”

(Genesis 1:20)

My Lord and my God: By your compassionate act of creation you give life to your creatures and nurture them with kindness. By your almighty command you brought forth living creatures in the waters on this day, even great whales, and also winged birds; and you blessed them with your divine blessing, that they may grow and multiply on earth.

Now I pray the immutable Lordship of your benevolence to bless me also, a creature of your almighty hand, that I may bear deeds of virtue. As for the seed of spiritual life, which you naturally planted in the depths of my mind, strengthen me to cultivate it by wholesome thoughts through your grace and mercy, which you give to all indiscriminately. For you are the same and your years are endless. You open your hand and satisfy the needs and wants of all from your inexhaustible treasures. My Lord, do not let me be barren and fruitless of good deeds. Do not deprive me, who am suffering because of my many transgressions, from your care. Lend your ear and hear me, for I have become poor in good things. I have become destitute of your life-giving commandments and have given myself to please my will.

You fashioned me as a living temple of your creation, but I furnished myself to be a dwelling for demons that hate you. You clothed me with the luminous garment of spiritual birth, but I cast it off in the darkness of sin and death. You gave me a heart of flesh to contemplate your law constantly, but I made it a vessel for thoughts of lawlessness. You gave me ears to listen to your commandments, but I opened them to the guiles of the accuser. You placed in me a tongue as an instrument of blessing, but I, abusing it badly, made it an instrument of injustice. You planted in my mind the good seed of virtue, but I made the thorns of utter apostasy to grow beside it. The good things that you granted me to gain life with them, I wasted on vain things through my thoughtlessness and obtained death and loss for myself. Your divine Lordship made me privileged with glory, but I willingly betrayed myself to the servitude of sin.

O Compassionate One, I pray now, trusting in you. Forgive my transgressions and renew me by the grace of your mercy. I thirst for you, my God; let me drink of your life-giving water. I rusted in my desire for evil, melt me down in the smelting furnace and purify me with the flame of your love. Earthly longings made me an exile from you; extend your almighty hand to me and draw me to you. Instead of eternal glory that does not fade away, I loved the transient and the corruptible. Leave me not to my own inclinations.

The poisonous arrows of the invisible enemy poured upon me. Be my shield of strength and place of refuge that I may live. The thoughts of the wicked inflicted incurable blows upon my soul. Draw near to me with compassion and heal me, O

Most Able One. My enemies surrounded me and shut me up in the snare of their contrivance. Stir up your strength and come to revive me. The seditious ones stripped me naked and inflicted wound upon wound, for I was not wearing the armor of justice, nor had I the helmet of hope of salvation upon my head, nor was I carrying the shield of faith, nor the sword of the word of God. O Most Powerful and Mighty One, take your armament and buckler and come to my help. Tear down the might of the haughty tyrant and tell my soul "I am your salvation." My soul is despondent unto death. Comfort your servant. I proved to be ungrateful to you, O Beneficent One, and I angered your serene nature that knows no rage. You, who do not remember evil, do not repay me according to my lawlessness, but in your mercy atone me.

I cry unto you from the depths of the abyss into which I have fallen, like Jonah from the belly of the whale; pull me out of the valley of darkness into the light of your eternal life. I have sunk deep in the abyss of perdition; stretch forth your arm and rescue me.

I suffer daily in my anguish, for I frustrated your loving-kindness, O my Lord. And the worrisome thoughts about the unquenchable affliction are constantly before me. They batter my soul like mighty waves, rising like mountains. O Benevolent and Unrevengeful One, Mighty Visitor, help me and calm down the turbulent waves of my agonizing mind with the dew of your compassion.

My countless violations inundate me like a murky flood ebbing into a river, sinner that I am. O Lover of humankind,

breathe the sweet breath of your will and dry up the flood of my evil deeds. In your mercy atone my transgressions and count me among those who love your holy name. So that with them I may glorify your unrevenged love for humankind, now and always and forevermore. Amen.

Friday

“And God said, ‘Let the earth bring forth every living creature after its kind...’ Then God said, ‘Let us make humankind after our image and likeness...’”
(Genesis 1:24, 26)

Eternal God, truly good and almighty power, who on this day commanded the earth to bring forth land animals, including creeping creatures and beasts after their kind. Your good nature was not content till you created man from dust, yet in your image, O Creator of the universe. You appointed him as master and ruler over all your creatures and admonished him to abide by your command. He was to enjoy the good things that you gave him freely and without any expectation on the part of your generosity.

Now, my Lord and my God, you have privileged me, despised earthling that I am, with such immeasurable goodness. But I yielded to the lures of the enemy of life and thwarted your commandments, O Giver of life. And I distanced myself from resembling you, my God who fashioned me. I repudiated the beauty of the semblance of my soul through my diverse transgressions -and that without fear.

I was vested with the faculty of thinking so as to flee from the evil one and to choose the good. But I thoughtlessly opted for evil. Yet, overruling my will, you restored me to your divine semblance. Through servitude to physical needs, I became like the irrational animals. I abandoned the light of your

commandments, which you gave me so that they would guide my steps in the right path to the heavenly mansions. But I headed into darkness and fell into the abyss where there was no exit, the pit of perdition.

But you, O Lover of humankind and Longsuffering One, do not always be angry with me and do not keep vengeance forever. For I am yours from the womb, and you are my Lord and my God. Have mercy on me, the work of your hands, and through your divine grace restore your benevolent image in me, which was distorted by sin. Enlighten the eyes of my mind so that I may straighten my course in the path of your commandments. Harness my earthly desires and my persistently irrational passions through the fear of godliness. Conflagrate my soul with your divine love that I may offer sacrifices of praise, as it pleases your benevolence. Do not let me fall into the hands of the enemy of my salvation, who is drawing near to cast me into the outer darkness. Rather, visit me through your compassion and deliver me.

My strength shattered and collapsed under the deadly blows of the enemy, and my body hit the ground because of the weight of sin. O Merciful one, lift me up, a manifold sinner. Give me strength to shed off evil and to think of the injunctions of your commandments. I was stricken with the venom of the invisible dragon. Consequently, eternal death constantly hangs before my eyes. Have pity on me, O Blessed and Most Merciful One. Extend to me the healing medicine of your heaven-sent gifts, that I may live and praise your unspeakable love for humankind, now and through the endless ages. Amen.

Saturday

“And on the sixth day God finished all his works that He had done, and He rested on the seventh day from all His works that he had done.”

(Genesis 2:2)

Almighty God, unlimited and beyond description, tireless nature and never-failing power: On this day you rested from all your works, which you accomplished through your forethought and all-encompassing wisdom, and you blessed and sanctified them.

As for me, a progeny of sin, I have fallen in the mire of my soul's detrimental and bitter afflictions, which are the result of the deadly winds blown at me by the prince of darkness. I have no rest from my excruciating pains. You, who are omnipotent, alleviate the incurable illness of my soul by your irrevocable command and give me rest from all my manifold pains that have brought me to the brink of death. For you are capable of everything and you are mighty, and nothing is impossible for you.

The love for earthly things and the cravings of the passions overtake my love for heavenly things; they ravage my mind. They enslave me painfully to sensual and vain things every day. They do not give me a respite to catch my breath, to think, to contemplate an escape, so as to be delivered from these unbearable burdens of bitterly hard labor. I pray you, O Benevolent One, who save all, who alleviate the grief of those in distress: Grant that I find an escape from these afflictions

and move on to the freedom of eternal life and the rest that does not pass away, where pain and suffering are shut out.

The waves of sin, agitated by the winds of the accuser's lures, are beating against the boat-like structure of my body, threatening to sink me into the dark abyss of endless torments. O Compassionate One, deliver me from my grief by the grace of your almighty arm and bring me to the harbor of uninterrupted peace, to the heavenly realm, where all sorts of good things are stored and where there is endless joy.

O Lord my God, do not leave me to the whims of my will, lest I be dragged into servitude to transient and vain things, in keeping with my corruptible nature. Do not let me commit the sins I opt for. Do not take away from me the benefits of your grace and mercy because of my lawlessness. In keeping with your prevalent love for humankind, spare me, one of those you created, who am crying unto you with deep sighs.

Hear me, O Unrevengeful One. Have mercy, O Lover of humankind. Forgive, you who do not remember evil. In your great mercy show compassion on me, a manifold sinner. Show me a good token, to the glory of your holy Name, and forgive my sins by your all-sufficient grace. For you are good, O Lord, and your compassion is unlimited.

I pray you, O Lover of humankind, cast me not into the bellies of the beasts in hell, which with fearsome claws and open mouths are eager to swallow my soul. Knock them down; give them an incurable blow by the power of your arm and save your servant from that deadly peril. For you are my life and salvation, and my ever-present help comes from you.

I am terribly worried because of my manifold sins, especially when I picture before my contemplative eyes the impartial judgment, the plain rebuke for every evil deed, the terrible punishment of the unrepentant sinners, the unquenchable fire, the worm that does not die, and the eternal condemnation.

Since on my own strength I am unable to shed off the burden of my sins and to save myself from deserved punishment, I pray you with contrition, O Lover of humankind. Help me to turn away from my pursuit of lawlessness and to resort to you with my entire mind and strength. That with heartfelt remorse I may find forgiveness and grace, so that with your mercy I may be worthy of the eternal rest in your heavenly kingdom, together with your saints. That I may praise your almighty Lordship with them, with constant thanksgiving, throughout eternity. Amen.

Notes of Reflections

Notes of Reflections

Notes of Reflections



ST. NERSESS ARMENIAN SEMINARY

Ս. Ներսէս Ընծայարան

New Rochelle, New York USA

2013