

Glory to God for All Things!

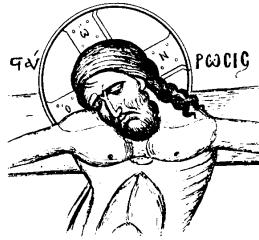


A NATURE JOURNAL
PRAISING GOD'S CREATION

Including the Akathist Hymn

by PROTOPRESBYTER GREGORY PETROU

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PAIDEA CLASSICS

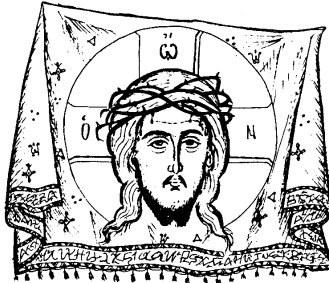


This Akathist, also called the "Akathist of Thanksgiving," was composed by Protopresbyter Gregory Petrov shortly before his death in a prison camp in 1940. St. John Chrysostom was the first to say the words, "Glory to God for all things," as he was dying in exile in the 5th century. This Akathist is a moving song of praise composed in the midst of great hardship and suffering.



Kontakion I

Everlasting King, Thy will for our salvation
is full of power. Thy right arm controls
the whole course of human life. We give
Thee thanks for all Thy mercies, seen
and unseen. For eternal life, for the
heavenly joys of the Kingdom which is to
be. Grant mercy to us who sing Thy
praise, both now and in the time to come.
Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age.



Ikos I

I WAS BORN A weak, defenseless child,
but Thine angel spread his wings over
my cradle to defend me. From birth
until now Thy love has illumined my
path, and has wondrously guided me
towards the light of eternity; from
birth until now the generous gifts of
Thy providence have been
marvelously showered upon me. I give
Thee thanks, with all who have come
to know Thee, who call upon
Thy name.

Glory to Thee for calling me into being!

Glory to Thee, showing me the beauty of the universe!

Glory to Thee, spreading out before me heaven and earth
like the pages in a book of eternal wisdom!

Glory to Thee for Thine eternity in this fleeting world!

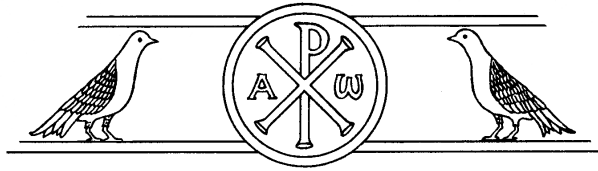
Glory to Thee for Thy mercies, seen and unseen!

Glory to Thee through every sigh of my sorrow!

Glory to Thee for every step of my life's journey!

For every moment of glory!

Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!



Kontakion 2

O LORD, how lovely it is to be Thy guest.
Breeze full of scents; mountains reaching
to the skies; waters like boundless mirrors,
reflecting the sun's golden rays and the
scudding clouds. All nature murmurs
mysteriously, breathing the depth of
tenderness. Birds and beasts of the forest
bear the imprint of Thy love. Blessed art
thou, mother earth, in thy fleeting
loveliness, which awakens our yearning for
happiness that will last for ever, in the land
where, amid beauty that grows not old, the
cry rings out:
Alleluia!



Ikos 2

Thou hast brought me into life as into
an enchanted paradise. We have seen
the sky like a chalice of deepest blue,
where in the azure heights the birds
are singing. We have listened to the
soothing murmur of the forest and
the melodious music of the streams.

We have tasted fruit of fine flavor
and the sweet-scented honey. We can
live very well on Thine earth. It
is a pleasure to be Thy guest.

Glory to Thee for the Feast Day of life!