Glory to God for All Things!

A Nature Journal Praising God's Creation

Including the Akathist Hymn

by Protopresbyter Gregory Petrov

Paideia 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!