

# ΠΑΣΧΑ 2024

Ἐάν κάποιος μαθήτευσε στὸν Χριστό, τόσα χρόνια καὶ δὲν Τὸν ἀγάπησε, ὅπως Ἐκεῖνος τὸν ἀγάπησε, αὐτός εἶμαι ἐγώ...

Καὶ ἂν κάποιος καταδέχτηκε ὁ Θεός νὰ τοῦ πλύνει τὰ πόδια καὶ ὄχι μόνο τὰ πόδια, ἀλλὰ ὅλο τὸ εἶναι του, καὶ ὄχι μία, ἀλλὰ φορές ἀναρίθμητες, αὐτός εἶμαι ἐγώ...

Καὶ ἂν κάποιος τὴν ὥρα τῆς ἐκτενοῦς προσευχῆς, στὸν κήπο τῆς Θείας ἀγάπης, ὁ Θεός ἔχυνε δάκρυα ἀγωνίας γιὰ τὴν σωτηρία του καὶ αὐτός ἐκοιμάτο, αὐτός εἶμαι ἐγώ...

Κι ἂν κάποιος ξεμάκρυνε καὶ χάθηκε μέσα στὸ πλῆθος τοῦ κόσμου, αὐτοῦ τοῦ κόσμου ποὺ μέχρι μανίας κραυγάζει τὸ «σταυρωθήτω» ἀνά τοὺς αἰῶνες, αὐτός εἶμαι ἐγώ...

Ὅμως... προσβλέποντας τὴν Θεία Ἀγάπη, καρφωμένη στὸν Σταυρό ἐπάνω, καὶ καταματωμένη, νὰ χύνεται τὸ Πανάγιο Αἷμα Του, καὶ νὰ ἀπλώνεται παντοῦ στὸν κόσμο, πέφτω στὸ χῶμα καὶ γίνομαι χῶμα, θρηνώντας τὰ λάθη καὶ τὶς φοβερές ἁμαρτίες μου καὶ μὲ πόνο ψυχῆς ἱκετεύω καὶ δέομαι:

Συγχώρεσε με Χριστέ μου, μὲ τὴν Ἀγαθότητα τοῦ ἀνεκφράστου καὶ ἀνεικάστου Θεοῦ Ἑλέους Σου. Λεύκανε Χριστέ μου, τὸν χιτῶνα τῆς ταλαίπωρης ψυχῆς μου, ἀπὸ τὰ ἀναρίθμητα καὶ ἀσυγχώρητα λάθη μου, μὲ τὴν ἄπειρη μακροθυμία Σου καὶ ἀνεξάντλητη ἀνεξικακία Σου...

Φώτισε καὶ ἔνδυσε τὴν γύμνια τῆς ταπεινῆς μου ψυχῆς, μὲ τὸ θεοῦφαντο ἔνδυμα τῆς μακαρίας ταπεινώσεως...

Σοῦ δέομαι καὶ Σὲ καθικέτευω: Ἀξίωσε με, μὲ φόβο καὶ τρόμο, νὰ Σὲ προσπαύσω καὶ ἀντίσμίρνας καὶ ἀλόγως νὰ καταβρέξω τὸ Πανακήρατον Σου Σῶμα, μὲ δάκρυα καὶ στεναγμοὺς μετανοίας, ἐλπίζοντας ἢ χάρη τῆς Πατρικῆς Σου Ἀγάπης καὶ ἢ εὐλογία τῆς ἀπροσμέτρητης Θείας Συγγνώμης, νὰ μὲ ἀξιώσει ἔστω καὶ ἐλάχιστα νὰ γευτῶ λίγο ἀπὸ τὸ ὑπερκόσμιο Φῶς τῆς λαμπροφύρου Σου Ἀναστάσεως...

Ἀγαπητοὶ μου ἀδελφοί:

Εὐχομαι ὁ Κύριος μας νὰ μᾶς ἀξιώσει, νὰ νιώσουμε ὅλοι, τὸ βάθος καὶ τὴν χάρη τοῦ Θεοῦ Του Πάθους, καὶ τῆς λαμπροφύρου Θείας Του Ἀναστάσεως...

If there was ever a person who remained under the tutelage of Christ for so many years and yet did not love Him as he was loved by Him, this is me.

If there was ever a person whose feet God accepted to wash—and not only whose feet but also whose entire being He washed, not only once but countless times, this is me.

If there was ever a person who remained fast asleep as God intensely prayed and shed tears of agony for him in the garden of Divine love, this is me.

If there was ever a person who distanced himself and became lost within the crowds, the multitude of people who throughout the centuries insanely shout, “crucify Him,” this is me.

Nonetheless, as I look up toward the Divine Love hanging from the Cross, completely covered in blood, and as I see His Immaculate Blood being spilled and flowing throughout the entire world, I fall to the ground, I become dust, and lamenting for my mistakes and dreadful sins I plead and implore:

Forgive me, my Christ, on account of Your ineffable goodness and incomprehensible divine mercy. My Christ, make the garment of my wretched soul radiant; wash away my countless and unjustifiable mistakes with Your infinite forbearance and unending compassion.

Enlighten and clothe my naked and lowly soul with the divinely-woven garment of blessed humility.

I beseech and beg You: Deem me worthy of drawing near to You with fear and trembling, so that I may anoint your Immaculate Body not with myrrh and aloe but with torrents of tears and sighs of repentance, with the hope that the grace of Your paternal love and the blessing of Your immeasurable divine forgiveness will allow me to see even slightly, even for a moment, the other worldly Light of Your glorious Resurrection.

My beloved brethren:

May the Lord deem us all worthy of feeling the depth and grace of His Divine Passion and His light-bearing Divine Resurrection.

With Resurrectional and festive wishes,  
I remain the least amongst hieromonks.

+ *Arch. Joseph*  
Archimandrite Joseph

