

A PRAYER OF OUR HOLY FATHER

ST. ISAAC THE SYRIAN

Lord Jesus Christ, my God: Thou didst weep for Lazarus and shed tears of sorrow and compassion for him. Accept my bitter tears also.

Heal my passions through the suffering of Thine holy Passion. Heal the wounds of my soul through the wounds which Thou didst suffer. Cleanse my blood with Thine holy blood and unite my body with the fragrance of Thy life-giving body. May the gall which Thou wast given to drink by Thine enemies sweeten my soul from the bitterness that the devil has given me to taste. May Thy most-holy body that was stretched upon the Cross elevate my mind, which has been lowered unto the earth by the demons. May Thy most-holy head, which Thou didst bow upon the Cross raise my head, which has been humiliated by the opposing demonic powers. May Thy most-holy hands which were nailed to the Cross by the transgressors raise me to Thee from the depth of destruction, just as Thy most-holy mouth hast promised. May Thy face which received blows and spitting by the impious Jews illumine my face which has been defiled by sin. May Thy soul, which was upon the Cross and which Thou didst hand to the Father, lead me to Thee through Thy Grace.

A contrite heart that is required to seek Thee have I not. I have no repentance. Neither have I compunction nor the tears that return children to their own homeland. O Master, I have no tears with which to beseech Thee. My heart has become cold from the multitude of temptations, incapable of being warmed with the tears of Thy love.

But Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ my God, the treasure of all good things: Grant Thou me perfect repentance and a fervent heart that I may wholeheartedly come forth to seek Thee. Without Thee, I will become estranged from all good things. Therefore, grant Thou me Thy Grace, O Good One. May the Father Who didst beget Thee from His bosom recreate in me the image of Thine icon. I have abandoned Thee; do not forsake me. I have separated myself from Thee; come forth to find me. And when Thou findest me, lead me into Thy pastures, and number me amongst the sheep of Thy select flock, and nurture me with Thy divine mysteries, which dwell within a pure heart, wherein the brilliance of Thy revelations are made manifest. This brilliance serves as consolation and refreshment for them who toil in sorrows and various dishonors on account of Thee. May we all be worthy of receiving this illumination, through Thy grace and compassion, O Jesus Christ our Savior, unto the ages of ages. Amen.