

A PRAYER OF OUR HOLY FATHER ST. SYMEON THE NEW THEOLOGIAN

I give You thanks,
to me You are a light that knows no
evening,
a sun that never sets.
You cannot remain hidden,
for You fill all things with your glory.
You never hide Yourself from anyone,
but we are always hiding from You,
not wishing to come near You.
For where could You hide Yourself,
since You have no place
in which to take Your rest?
Or why should You hide,
since You turn away from no one
and are afraid of none?
Pitch Your tent within me,
gracious Master;
Take up Your dwelling in me now
and remain in Your servant unceasingly,
inseparably, to the end.
At my departure from this life
and afterwards, may I be found in You and
reign with You,
who are God over all.
Stay with me, Master, do not leave me
alone.
When they find You dwelling within me,
my enemies who seek always to devour my
soul,
will be put to flight;

They will have no more power against me,
when they see You,
who are more powerful than all,
lodging in the house of my humble soul.
You did not forget me, Master,
when I was in the world
and sunk in ignorance,
but You chose me
and separated me from the world
and set me up in the presence of Your glory.
Keep me constant and unshaken
in the interior dwelling-place
that You have made within me.
Though dead,
I live when I gaze on You;
Possessing You, though poor,
I am forever rich,
More wealthy than any ruler.
Eating and drinking You,
clothing myself in You from day to day,
I shall be filled with blessings and delight
beyond all telling.
For You are every blessing
and all splendor and joy,
and to You is due glory,
to the Holy, Consubstantial and Life-giving
Trinity,
worshipped and confessed by all the faithful
and adored in Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
now and ever, and to the ages of ages.
Amen.